PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHAT IS WRONG WITH SOCIETY?

By Mme. Sarah Grand.

The idea in the air at the present time is that the more complex life becomes the less pleasant; that in the making of mere machines is no lasting joy; that our vaunted progress has been in our manufactures only; and that individuals are neither better nor happier, but rather worse and more miserable, than they ever were. It is the absence of reciprocity that makes life such a dull business. Tea parties, garden parties, dinners, almost our only openings for social intercourse—everybody jeers at them, everybody goes to them, and suffers an exposition of dullness. Why? Because the desire to please is absent from the minds of most of the people we meet. Go to an entertainment and ask yourself afterwards why you have or have not enjoyed it; and you will find the reason in the attitude of the people present towards you. You may take plenty of diverting conversation yourself, and come away with it all on your hands, because the atmosphere, for some reason or other, was charged with antagonism. Or you may, if you are a person of consequence, come away with the flattering sense of having been a social success, because people thought it worth their while to pay you great attention. But seldom in society, as it is at present constituted, do people's hearts expand to each other in the genial glow of a mutual desire to please.

We all of us know all about the simple life. In the song it is asserted that the lark said, "Give us glory," but the dove said, "Give us peace." The dove, however, indignantly repudiated this assertion. She declared that what she did say was, "Give us love, and give us peace." And there is much to be said for the dove's contention. But after all it is what we have in ourselves that decides it. If we cultivate right thinking, right speaking and right doing, all other mattters will arrange themselves in the right way.

THE TERRORS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

By Juliet V. Strauss.

JULIET V. STRAUSS

On taking up my pen to write a few lines, I had thought of placing above them the legend, "Of Interest to Men." We so frequently see above articles about dress and society and house furnishings the words "Of Interest to Women." It occurred to me that perhaps some jaded son of Adam might like to read a few words on the "servant question" that were not what we call in newspaper parlance "a roar." The women all agree that the outlook is black; that the scarcity of servants menaces our homes; that, in view of the difficulties of housekeeping, young people are afraid to marry, and that domestic anarchy and race suicide are imminent.

I get so tired of this incessant complaint I wonder what it must be to men whose minds are already harassed with business and the stern problem of making a living for families bitten by the mad dog style and extravagance that has for several years been turned loose among our women.

The curse that has come upon our nation is the desire to live without work. We are all tarred with the same stick, master and man, mistress and maid; each has decided that, for some reason or other, we are too fine for toil; that work is too hard for us; that we cannot degrade ourselves by working with our hands.

If the first woman who preached woman's rights in sentimental vein could have been suppressed, this inundation of females who are too fine to work might have been spared us. The woman who first preached that the kitchen is degrading and recommended that women get out of it has a dreadful sin to answer for.

If I were called upon to name the crying sin of the women of to-day, I should unhesitatingly say, "Idleness." They are dawdlers—silly creatures, keeping up a pretense of work at things of no importance and letting the holiest obligations of life lie unheeded all around them.

When a woman has become a wife and mother her first duty to society is to make a creditable home and look after the bodily and spiritual welfare of husband and children. I place bodily first because the spirit fades and dies when the body is neglected.

The woman who fails in this, who intrusts the duties of housekeeping to incompetent hirelings while she trots about to clubs and social "functions" (anathemas on the word!) is just simply a big failure as a woman. She is a nonentity, she produces nothing, she is a factor in nothing.

If her complexion is good and her hair perfectly groomed, her hands soft and her nails properly manicured, if she dresses handsomely and has a social instinct and a fine "manner," so much the worse; her failure is the more complete. These luxurious accomplishments amount to nothing. They only render the woman more useless—more of a dead weight for somebody to drag.

Women complain of the monotony of housework. I think it is the least monotonous of all labor. There is so much time to intersperse it with variety. My old dog-eared copy of Shakespeare lies in close communion with the cook book. The daily paper reposes in the rocking chair with my bit of sewing. There is a delightfully shabby old lounge upon which I lie down and rest now and then.

I do not overwork if I can possibly avoid it. There is a beautiful cleanliness about housekeeping that will kill any woman who attempts it, therefore I never attempt it, satisfying myself with a medium of decency equally removed from disorder and fastidiousness.

THE TOO UNSELFISH MOTHER.

By Angela Morgan.

I have a letter from a mother who, after a life of complete self-sacrifice in the interests of her children, finds herself, at the age of 50, utterly without the care and devotion she has a right to expect from them.

The bitter part is that they make her feel her dependence, seeming to be utterly oblivious of their debt to her. After all her years of self-denial and suffering for their sakes she is now compelled to feel that whatever they do for her is a strain upon them.

The key to your unhappy situation, my dear woman, lies in your own confession that all your life you have sacrificed yourself for your children, demanding "absolutely nothing" in return.

By your own attitude you have taught your children to neglect you and to disregard your rights. By your own actions you have fostered this tendency in them. You have planted selfishness in their natures, and then have persistently encouraged its growth.

If you slight yourself others will fall in line with your meager concept of your own rights. If your ruling passion is to help everybody except yourself, you will discover that people will cheerfully permit you to do it.

SEX IS NO JUSTIFICATION FOR THE MURDERER.

By Everett P. Wheeler.

In the United States it is safer to be a murderer than a brakeman. The percentage of deaths in the former class is smaller than in the latter. The reason why murderers are put to death is because they have shown a willingness and a skill sufficient to enable them to kill with premeditation those whom the law should protect. The only way to insure this protection is by making it impossible for this particular guilty person to commit the crime again. Mistaken clemency in this respect has often caused the death of innocent persons, as in the recent case of the Greek premier.

So far as the question of sex is concerned, all experience shows that, while really good women are more generous and self-sacrificing than the best of men, bad women are worse and more dangerous to society. They are more sly, more crafty, and when they have played their game and been detected find it easy to appeal to a false sentiment which leads many to ask for a remission of the just consequence of a deliberately chosen course of conduct. Men may talk of inhumanity, but as Wellington said, "There is nothing so inhuman as impunity."

FORGET IT.

It may be slang, but all the same
It's corking good advice;
To cut it out would be a shame—
It cuts a lot of ice.
If you are up against it strong
And hard, you shouldn't let it
Disturb your slumbers very long—
Forget it!

If you've a grouch against a guy
You think has done you dirt,
And never speak as you pass by,
It's always bound to hurt.
A grouch is something that will grow,
If you're disposed to pet it;
It does no good on earth, you know—
Forget it!

If little Maudie turns you down;
If you go stony broke;
If somebody should roast you brown,
Just treat it as a joke.
Keep cool and easy in your mind,
Let no mere bluff upset it;
That way is far best, you'll find—
Forget it!

—Chicago News.

The Lucky Woman

WHEN they were respectively of the ages of 18 and 19 it became necessary for the two Misses Venners to do something for themselves. They were orphans, and they divided between them a fortune of £50 a year. The elder and plainer of the two, Ellen Venner, took her own strong line at once. She married a dissenting minister and made for herself a little home at Brixton. The more vulgar of her acquaintances said that it was no great catch.

Beatrice, the younger sister, was fortunate enough to obtain the post of governess to Mrs. Pawling's three dear little boys; moreover, she retained her post, and won for herself some portion of the respect and good will of Mr. and Mrs. Pawling. The three dear little boys kicked her with almost unnecessary profusion and learned very little from her. But then, boys will be boys, and, if we are to be frank, it must be admitted that Beatrice Venner had very little to teach. She had good food, she had £30 a year over and above her private income, she had occasional holidays and two evening dresses, and in course of time a still further blessing was to befall her.

The further blessing came when she had been with the Pawlings for about four years, and it was beginning to be said by papa and mamma that the eldest of the dear little boys certainly ought to go to school now. As he was by far the hardest and most persistent kicker of the three, Beatrice heard this without regret; a governess would still be wanted for the other two. It was at this time that Mr. Pawling's old friend, Mr. Yardley, came to stay at the house.

Mr. Yardley was a youth of about 45, by profession a stock broker, unmarried, priding himself somewhat on a gallant manner with the ladies. He was chubby, tubby and clean-shaven. His hair was very thin on the top of his head and he took something for it. He had an income of £2,000 a year and the most commonplace mind in the city, and he enjoyed both of them thoroughly. His was a mind that would never make a fortune or come to wreck. He was distinctly satisfied with himself. I do not know whether his friends and intimate relations had told him so or whether he had found it all out for himself, but at the moment when he came on that visit to the Pawlings the decision was firm and hot within him that he must not lead this gay butterfly life any longer. He must settle down.

His gallant but perfectly polite eye fell upon Beatrice Venner. In the drawing room after dinner he inquired if she was fond of music, and added, as he always did, that he himself was devoted to it, though he was no performer. Pulled up somewhat short by Beatrice's frank confession that she did not care for music in the least, he added, with a reasonable desire to please, that he himself knew that there were other things, and that he could get along very well without it.

The conversation passed to other topics. That day, and the next day, and the next, it was quite obvious to Mrs. Pawling that Mr. Yardley was paying marked attention to the governess.

There was no illegitimate secrecy about the man. That evening in the smoking room he explained portentously to Mr. Pawling his decision to marry Mr. Pawling's governess.

"Good heavens! you don't say so?" said Mr. Pawling. "Well," he added, "she's a very good girl, and this will be a rare bit of luck for her."

Beatrice Venner accepted the rare bit of luck with meekness and gratitude. It was true that she was not in the least in love with Mr. Yardley, but she admired his income and his other estimable qualities. Certainly, too, she was not in love with anybody else. She received many congratulations. The letter from her sister Ellen was of a somewhat sub-acid character, implying that she did not expect that they would see much of Beatrice down at Brixton after this. She also added that conscientious scruples would not allow her husband and herself to be present at a wedding in a church. This did not prevent Beatrice from being married in the church, in a beautiful white dress and a beautiful lace veil, with two bridesmaids, with the youngest Pawling boy as a page, with "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" and, generally speaking, with pomp.

"I'M GLAD," SHE SNAPPED.

She was quite happy in a placid way for some time after her marriage, and she did not drop the sister down at Brixton. Beatrice had no children, and her sister had many. Beatrice thought of adopting one of them. Her husband, kindly but firmly, thought not. She had been married eight years and the edge of the luxuries had worn off; her remarkable luck had become quite commonplace, and she was beginning to find her husband a very slow man with a tendency to hypochondria, and one day she went to Brixton to her sister's squalid abode to play a game with her sister's new baby, which was a perfect beauty.

She was late in returning and found that her husband had already got back from the city and was going round the gardens. It was springtime, and she found him standing in the orchard, his frock coat and his silk hat still on him, looking grotesquely out of place. He pointed out the fruit prospects with gravity and with some knowledge of the subject. "It's a queer thing," he said, "that this one tree has got no blossom on it at all."

"I'm glad," she snapped furiously.

He stared at her with his little eyes wide open.

"No, I am not glad," she added quickly, and pressed her lips to the rough bark of the tree and kissed it.

"My dear child," he said in gentle remonstrance, "have you gone quite mad?"

"No," she said, "but I think I shall." Then she ran into the house, and he followed laboriously to inquire what she was crying about.—Barry Pain in the Tatler.

Vicarious Vigor.

One day during Mr. Gladstone's memorable Midlothian tour there was a great handshaking ordeal at the window of the statesman's railway carriage, and although the spirit was willing, the flesh was rapidly growing weak under it. A stalwart young policeman who accompanied Mr. Gladstone proved equal to the emergency. Crouching behind the great man and thrusting his hand under Mr. Gladstone's Inverness cape, the young man gave each comer in turn a grip that had no lack of firmness. "The old man's uncommon veegorous at his time o' life," observed the unsuspecting Scot, stroking his fingers as he moved away. "He is that," concurred another of the policeman's victims, "but did ye notice his nails?"

Webster's Bill that Grew.

Daniel Webster was never noted for attention to detail in business matters. His well-known failings were often taken advantage of by unscrupulous creditors, who gave no receipts for paid bills simply because they were not demanded. Webster was well aware of this, but it seemed to trouble him very little. On one occasion a creditor presented a bill which seemed familiar and Webster asked: "Isn't this bill pretty large?" "I think not," replied the maker of it confidently. "Well," said Webster, handing over the money, "every time I have paid that bill it has seemed to me a trifle larger."

Grossmith's Mistake.

On one occasion, when two Grossmiths—father and son—were engaged to give a village entertainment together, they found, on nearing the place, that they were nearly an hour late. Putting his head out of the carriage window, the elder Grossmith saw a crowd leaving a building. "Go back! Go back! It's all right—Grossmith is coming!" he shouted encouragingly to them. His feelings can scarcely be described when he afterwards learned that the building was a chapel, and the people were coming away from a meeting there.

It is a case of intellectual farming when a man's feelings are harrowed.

PRANKS OF ALFONSO.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF SPAIN'S YOUTHFUL RULER.

How the Young King Notified the People He Wanted to Go to Bed—His Reckless Automobiling Overthrew a Ministry—Queer Capers.

Some remarkable stories, dealing with his eccentricities, are told of King Alfonso of Spain. These eccentricities began in childhood, when most healthy minded youngsters of his years would feel inclined to seek the same relief from tutors, prime ministers and other dignified guardians. It was during his first tour in the Spanish provinces, three years ago, that the people of his country first had the opportunity to observe the capers which hitherto had been reserved for the eyes of the palace courtiers.

It was on this journey that the King complained of being bored, and asked why he could not go to bed. Pacheco, the general in charge of him, explained that etiquette demanded that the people leave first.

"Oh, they must, eh?" replied his Majesty. "I'll soon send them away."

A moment later, in a hush, Alfonso doubled his fists, placed them to his mouth in imitation of a bugle, and sounded taps. Everybody stood aghast and glanced toward the King, who again sounded taps, stretched his arms and yawned. The people took the hint and departed.

In Leon the King was met by a brilliant procession to escort him to the Town Hall. On the way a triumphal arch attracted his attention. He called on the driver to stop, alighted, unslung his camera, and proceeded to take pictures of the arch.

In Santander the King received the city's keys on a street stand. As they were handed to him the crowds cheered.

"Long live the King! Long live Asturias! Long live Spain! Long live Santander!"

In the stillness which followed, the King leaned toward the Duke of Veragua, who was on another stand, and cried:

"You didn't get anything this time, did you? No long life for you."

On the road from Oviedo to Mieres the King spied a small-gauge railway, and asked where it led. He was told to the mines several miles away. This roused the King's curiosity, and he said:

"I want to go there. Let us turn."

General Pacheco remonstrated and said that the people of Mieres had been waiting since morning to see the King, and it was already late.

"Am I not King!" he exclaimed. "I'll do what I want to, and I want to see the mines."

His Majesty then compelled the party to go with him to view the mines. In consequence the people of Mieres, after a long wait, thought that the King was not coming and nobody was in the streets to welcome him when he arrived.

In the past three years more serious breaches of palace etiquette have alarmed some of the ministers, who seem to think that even a youthful King should recognize the dignity of his position and understand that it is impossible for him to indulge in the pranks permissible to other youths of his age.

Recently Alfonso in passing through an ante-room in the Madrid palace met Admiral Chacon, a venerable sailor who was formerly aide-de-camp to the King. Alfonso approached the admiral and said to him:

"What office are you filling now?" The admiral replied that he was attached to one of the bureaus of the navy department, whereupon Alfonso answered in a loud voice:

"Is that so? Well, my dear Chacon, I suppose you idle your time away there just as you did when you were at court." The King then raised his hand and slapped the face of the old sailor, after which he walked off laughing boisterously.

Chacon, in relating the incident later, said: "When I felt his Majesty's hand hit my face it was all I could do to restrain myself from disgracing myself and my uniform."

On another occasion, as Alfonso was going to his private apartments in the palace, he noticed for the first time, outside his door, a small bell button fixed to the wall and covered with a glass case. The King inquired what the button was for, and was told that it connected with a bell in the guard room of the palace and was to be used only in the event of grave danger threatening the King. Before any one could interfere Alfonso broke the glass, pushed the button vigorously, and then ran into his apartments.

Instantly there was a frightful racket in the palace. Cries of "Assassin!" were raised, and the palace filled with soldiers. A company of halberdiers and cuirassiers dashed up the stairs with loaded carbines and drawn swords, and rushed into the King's suite of rooms. There Alfonso met them, almost in hysterics from his laughter. The soldiers retired, unappreciative of the joke.

Alfonso's reckless speeding through the streets of Madrid in his automobile has repeatedly been commented upon in the Madrid papers, and it has been said that the attempt of the late Maura government to compel the King to stop his breakneck speeding was the real reason why the cabinet fell. Premier Maura, at an audience with the King, pointed out the danger of using the streets of Madrid as a race course, and the fact that the municipal laws were broken by his Majesty. Alfonso was greatly angered over the remarks of the premier, and at once demanded the government's resignation for impertinence. The resignations were handed in and a new government was formed.

A more serious phase of this young King's independence of thought and action is concerned with the mother who has devoted her life to his education and rearing. Her care has made him a healthy, sturdy youth, although he promised to inherit all the physical weaknesses of his sickly father. He is capable of great physical endurance and can stand up under fatigue that would exhaust men of apparently greater strength. Although he has almost reached his majority he follows still the daily routine laid out by his mother when in 1891 his royal curls were cut and he set out to prepare himself for his high place.

Notwithstanding the devotion of his mother, the King is said to be lacking in respect for her, and many stories bearing on this attitude are told. These, however, are circulated by his political opponents and denied by his supporters.

If you do a disastrous thing carelessly, it is the same thing as if you did it on purpose.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ON BEING TEN.

I'm nearly grown, you see.
Next birthday I'll be ten,
And I suppose that life will be,
Oh, very different then!
Though being nine is very nice,
And you do pleasant things,
I think at ten there will be twice
As many happenings!

I know a girl who's ten, and I
Have often heard her say
She does not have to ask, but goes
Just where she likes to play.
And when you're ten I think that you
May sometimes sit up late.
At nine, no matter what you do,
You go to bed by eight!

I think you give your toys away,
You feel so nearly grown;
You're very quiet at your play,
You go downtown alone.
There's lots of things you do, I s'pose,
That I don't even know.
O dear, when anybody grows
It is so very slow!

But wouldn't it be very strange
When I was truly ten,
If I should think I'd like to change
To nine years old again?
Of course, it always seems to me
To be ten would be fine!
But do you think I'll ever be
Just homesick to be nine?

—Ethel M. Kelly in Youth's Companion.

A HOME-MADE RAINBOW.

Paul woke up with a vague sense of injury upon him. He felt that he was entitled to a good cry, but for a moment he could not recall the reason. Then he remembered. Mama had gone shopping, and had left him at home with Aunt Emily. He had not cared at all at the time, because he and aunty were drawing pictures, and mama had gone boldly out of the front gate, in her best hat, which is a very different affair from stealing out the back way, disguised in a sunbonnet; and Paul had fallen asleep over a six-legged donkey with ears that reached to his knees.

The atmosphere had appeared so calm and serene, and now a storm burst out of a cloudless sky. At the first sob Aunt Emily's step was heard on the stairs.

Aunt Emily was a kindergarten teacher from the city, who was spending her vacation at Paul's home, and her wiles to entrap little boys into being good were numerous; but on this occasion Paul made up his mind before she entered the room that he would not be cajoled by any of her tricks.

"I'm so glad you woke up, Paul," said aunty. "It is lonesome downstairs."

This was too transparent. Paul opened his eyes and looked at her contemptuously. She was good to look at, though, her hair was so shiny and her teeth were so white.

"Come on down," she continued, "and finish your donkey. You didn't give him any tail."

"I don't want the old donkey!" wailed Paul. "I want mama."

"Well, mama will be back pretty soon now. Let us go down and build a house for her." But Paul flopped over on his stomach and refused to be comforted.

"I wish I knew of some little boy who would play horse with me," said Aunt Emily, plaintively. "I haven't been a horse for three days." The cried remained unabated. "Come on, honey, and I'll show you the things in my trunk."

Wonderful things came out of Aunt Emily's trunk, and Paul had often longed to see the entire contents; but aunty believed in husbanding her resources.

Even this offer proved unavailing. The noise had not diminished in volume, but the quality had changed somewhat. It evidently required an effort to keep it going.

"My, O my!" said Aunt Emily. "It sounds like a thunder storm."

The noise dropped a few notes lower, and presently a distinct rumble was heard. He and aunty had raised lots of thunder-storms.

Suddenly Aunt Emily had an inspiration.

"Paul," she said, solemnly, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll promise not to cry any more till mama comes, we'll play that this has been a thunder-storm, and I'll make a rainbow."

Paul opened his eyes. Aunt Emily certainly did wonderful things, but this was drawing strongly on his credulity.

"You can't make a rainbow," he said, doubtfully.

"Yes, I can," she asserted.

Paul slid reluctantly off the bed. Anyway, he had brought the terms of his surrender rather high.

"Ye'es," he said. "But," he added, threateningly, "if you don't make a really one I'll cry till mama comes."

Out on the lawn Aunt Emily turned on the water and picked up the garden hose. Then, with Paul at her side, she turned until the sun's rays fell obliquely through the spray, and a miniature rainbow, in all its rosy glory, sprang into view. Paul gazed in awe for a minute. Then he whispered, "Aunt Emily, can you make moons and stars and things?"—Harriet Sing Baptie in Youth's Companion.

SCHOOL 1,000 YEARS AGO.

Are you going to school?
Yes?
Then you'll be interested to contrast the system of English education of the ninth century with that of our own twentieth.

In Wessex (the Middle South of England country of the West Saxons) there lived over a thousand years ago Alfred the Great, or Alfred the West Saxon, as many call him. He was the fifth son of Aethelwulf and his first wife, Osburh. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in the year 849 A. D. Swithin (the St. Swithin with whom we connect the forty days of rain) was Aethelwulf's friend and counselor.

In that day education was mainly designed to elevate the clergy. War and hunting were the chief occupations.

Even the king's sons were not overburdened with learning; Alfred distinguished himself, however, by committing to memory an illustrated book of songs and received it for his own as a gift from his mother, because he was the first of the sons to master it.

The following questions and answers illustrated the quaintly poetic educational bent of that day:

Q. What is light? A. The torch of all things.

Q. What is day? A. The incitement to work.

Q. What is snow? A. Dry water.

Q. What is spring? A. The painter of the earth.

Q. What it the sea? A. The path of the daring, the frontier of the land, the divider of the continents, the hostelry of rivers, the foundation of rain, a refuge in peril, a treat in pleasure.

Q. What is the tongue? A. The whip of the air.

Q. What is the air? A. The guardian of life.

Q. What is life? A. The joy of the good, the sorrow of the evil, the expectation of death.

But Alfred (the old spelling is Aelfred) was not content with this education of words. As a child he had accompanied his father to Rome. They paused a few months in what is now France. When Alfred became king he showed the wisdom of these journeyings by welcoming all manner of foreigners. Wise men, hunters, traders, explorers—he catechised them all.

He was always learning!

As he sat at table he had around him the wise men, whom he commanded to read books to him. He surrounded himself by the great men of the church, and at length could read and translate from the Latin.

His love of learning was not merely for the pleasure of it; he applied everything to the good of his people. He was a real saint, whose works are an open book.

How many boys of today would pursue their studies if all influences led the other way?—Philadelphia Record.

SPEARED BY A SWORDFISH.

The fishing schooner Eva Mildred, Captain Charles York, lately arrived at Boston from the Southeast Georges with 75 large swordfish on board. One experience of the fishermen was thrilling. It was late in the afternoon when the lookout at the foretopmast sighted the fish floating on the surface of the water. He hailed the deck, and the man at the wheel steered for the fish, the spearsman making ready to strike at him. It proved a very big one, and the spearsman sent the lily iron weapon for killing the fish into him with all his force.

The man on the deck holding the buoy attached to the lily iron rope had scarcely time to cast it overboard, so sudden was the dive of the surprised fish. It fell to Edward Estes to take the dory and go after the fish with a rowing mate. Estes caught up to the buoy, and planting himself at the stern of the dory, began to pull in the line. As soon as the fish felt the first tug on the line he turned in the direction of the dory, and came for it like a flash Diving within ten feet of it, he came up under it, and drove the hard, bony sword nearly two feet through the bottom within a few inches of where Estes stood.

The sword caught fast, and the fish nearly overturned the dory in his attempts to get free. Estes cut the intruding sword off at the bottom of the dory and the fish freed itself and later was killed. The piece of sword cut off by Estes was kept on board as a trophy.

Mr. "Buttinski" Roosevelt.

Did you ever see the like for luck—of this man Roosevelt. Time and again he has butted in—as he did in Cuban reciprocity, and in railroad legislation, and the Trust question and the coal strike, and every time he has won. And more than that, every time the people have been with him in his winning. Every time he has had a moral purpose behind him. Strange, isn't it, that given a strong man, and luck always gets on the moral side of any question? It is the weakling and the wobbler that changes the luck of God's side in a fight. But President Roosevelt has been strong, and his strength has brought victory wherever he has espoused the right. He has gone out of his way to do it and has been known to his enemies as "Mr. Buttinski." He has seen humanity lying bleeding on the Jericho road, and has not been with the priest and the Levite in passing on the other side. He has been the Good Samaritan of this decade. The Good Samaritan was a buttinski—all good people who try to relieve the poor from the iniquities of the strong are buttinskies. If it hadn't been for Mr. Buttinski during the ages, the world would not be as far along toward the golden age as it is today.—Emporia Gazette.

Value of Riches.

Though riches often prompt extravagant hopes and fallacious appearances, there are purposes to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them. They may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigor. This they will enable a man to perform; and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the consequence of divine favor, and the hope of future rewards.—Rambler.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

The Ohio Campaign.

The whole country is laughing at Senator Dick, of Ohio, although he does not seem to know it. In the severe stress that the Republican machine of Ohio is now laboring under with its rotten management of State affairs, it is natural that Senator Dick and boss Cox should want to switch the issue to the tariff or any old issue but the right one. As there are no Congressmen or Senators to be elected in Ohio this year and the campaign is entirely on State issues, that are very uncomfortable for the Republican machine, it is hardly any wonder that Dick and his machine would prefer any old issue rather than the one every one is talking about. That's what makes people laugh at Dick.

Cox, the Cincinnati end of the machine, is ardently taking up the tariff issue. He declares Pattison, the Democratic candidate for governor, is a free trader and Cox does not intend to have any free trading in Cincinnati if he can help it. The Dick machine is, of course, for protection. It has been protecting the trusts and corporations so that they only pay about half the taxes they ought to, who in return have kept the Dick machine in power by paying liberally to the Republican corruption fund.

Protection is the breath of life of these patriots. No wonder they proclaim Pattison as a free trader and fear his election. When elected governor he will execute the laws as he finds them against the corruption and grafters, and if the people of Ohio will elect a legislature to work with him for "a square deal all round," they will forever discourage the Dick and Cox brand of protection. There will then be free trade for the honest traders of Ohio, which they never have enjoyed under the Dick and Cox machine, for it has protected favored corporations and individuals at the expense of the great majority of the people of the State. There will not only be free trade in Ohio, but with her sister States, which the constitution of the United States makes obligatory.

Yet even if Senator Dick could have his way and turn the attention of the people of Ohio from the evil effect of his machine rule to the national question of tariff reform, he would find the great majority of the people of Ohio standing with President Roosevelt in declaring that the tariff must be revised so that the trusts cannot sell cheaper abroad than here. That is good Democratic doctrine and Mr. Pattison, of course, favors it, and if President Roosevelt is a free trader why Mr. Pattison must be.

Senator Dick will find that he cannot make an issue. The people make issues and they have selected civic righteousness and the retirement of the Dick machine with its boss, Cox, and its trailer, Herrick, as the paramount issue, for they are sick and tired of them.

Is the Millennium Coming?

Those numerous Republicans in Massachusetts who are petitioning the State convention of their party to declare for tariff revision have gone much beyond the reciprocity stage. They declare for the placing of hides, coal, iron ore, lumber and wood pulp on the free list and also for a reduction in "duties upon manufactured and other articles." When Republicans right within the bailiwick of the Home Market Club, that believes the tariff, if revised, should be revised higher, are taking this Democratic position, it is surely a sign that the reign of the standpatters will soon be succeeded by a more sensible regime. To think that these hitherto stout protectionists acknowledge that protection does not protect them, but is injuring their business and are ready to have their own tariff favors decreased or abolished is almost incredible.

Hitherto all these Republican revisionists have been willing to see the other fellow's protection cut off, but never admitted until now the rate of duty was too high on their own products. It is not difficult to believe, after this, that they may yet come to their full senses and be found voting with the Democrats, for the leaders of the Republican machine declare they will grant no quarter, but compel the convention to declare outright for protection.

The Tariff Robbery.

There must be some agreement between the railroad managers and the steel trust for a rake off, or the railroads would never be so lamblike and submit to being robbed on the steel rails and other steel products they buy, without strong protests. Here is the Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, contracting for 170,000 tons of steel rails at the price the trust sets of $28 per ton. That costs the stockholders of that railroad about $1,300,000 more than if there was no tariff. The tariff on steel rails being $7.84 per ton and the price in England being $20 a ton, or less for such a large order. The consumer in the end pays this tax, for the railroads get the money back on their rates on freight and passengers, and the $1,300,000 tariff tax that the Pennsylvania Railroad will pay—which the government does not receive, but the steel trust collects—is added to the cost of living, which all pay their share of. When you come to think that all other railroads are paying the same tax to the steel trust, the cost to the American people is enormous.

Tough on the Public.

The chairman of the committee appointed by the Republican legislature of New York to investigate the life insurance companies has curious ideas. "Our object will not be to punish anybody for wrong doing in the past," says he, "We are after conditions, not men." This plan of only punishing future criminals is rather tough on the public, but has its advantages for the Republican members of the legislature and even Senator Depew will feel easier. Now if this plan of Chairman Armstrong could only be taken up by the United States Senate what a relief it would be to Senators Burton, Mitchell and the other Republican Senators whose reputations are under a cloud.

No Reciprocity.

The Canadians are considering the question of increasing their tariff rates, already quite high, and putting on a high rate of duty on many articles now on the free list. The vegetable growers are complaining that every year large quantities of vegetables are shipped from the United States to the principal cities in Canada and sold at prices below the cost of production at the centers where they are disposed of. On the other hand, the United States tariff prevents the Canadian vegetable growers from retaliating.

There will soon be an impassible tariff wall between us and Canada if the protectionists on both sides of the line are allowed their way and another good market will be closed to American products. The day for reciprocity has passed and the era of retaliation is opening and yet the Republican leaders declare they will stand pat.

Political Corruption Proven.

When the Demierats claimed, in 1896 and succeeding campaigns, that an enormous corruption fund was raised from the railroads, banks, trust companies, insurance corporations and other sources, it was indignantly denied by the Republicans. Since those campaigns the evidence has been leaking out that those charges were true and the amount not exaggerated. Enough money was subscribed to buy every voter that was willing to sell his vote in the doubtful States and the result in 1896 showed that of the votes so bought, about 20,000 divided between the close States decided the election.

The latest evidence on the providers of that corruption fund has been given by Mr. Perkins, partner of J. P. Morgan, and also connected with the New York Life Insurance Company, before the committee of the New York legislature now investigating the life insurance companies of that State. He testified that the New York Life Insurance Company paid $50,000 last fall to the Republican campaign fund and that greater sums were paid in 1896 and 1900.

These enormous contributions from one corporation indicate the vast amount of money used to corrupt the voters of the United States, for there is no doubt the other insurance companies paid similar amounts, and the railroads and trusts even more.

1896 was the beginning of the era of graft and corruption that has since spread like a prairie fire from one end of the country to the other and that has resulted in the scandals that have been exposed of the Republican management of our national affairs and those States where that party is in the ascendency. Will the honest voters allow such a system to continue? If they do, it is not too much to say that the republic will be undermined and a Wall street oligarchy of wealth will soon rule instead of the people. We are not very far from that to-day. We hear of visits of Wall street magnates to Oyster Bay and we see their partners appointed to positions where they can do vast service to their associates, which from the nature of things must be to the detriment of the people.

Is any one foolish enough to believe that these corporations contribute these large sums without expecting, and probably being promised, advantages or special privileges in return. The trust corporations pay to prevent tariff reform; the railroads pay to prevent being controlled; the bankers and life insurance companies pay because they are controlled by the same financial interests and receive special favor and privileges from the political managers.

How do the Democrats, who are paying double for life insurance than what it is honestly worth and who own stock in railroads and banks, like their money being expended to keep the corporations in power, instead of the larger dividends that would be paid under an honest administration.

It is now up to the voters to stop this corruption and the only way they can stop it is by defeating the party that is in league with the corporations.

Political Potpourri.

Mr. Bacon, the new Assistant Secretary of State, was a partner of J. P. Morgan, and is still director of fourteen trusts, but President Roosevelt evidently thought his experience in organizing the trusts would be useful in forming combines with foreign countries.

Paul Morton and Senator Depew, both, declare that the Equitable will contribute no more to any political fund. This will be tough on the G. O. P. managers and the grafters at Albany, especially if the other life insurance companies are made to do likewise.

Indiana Republicans have been boasting of having $70 per capita deposited in the banks of that State. If these deposits are figured on the basis that the State funds were, it is not much to boast of. The Republican Auditor's deposits are shown to be over $145,000 short of what they should be.

Some of those Republican members of Congress who were landed in their seats by the landslide last fall are telling in interviews what they are going to do in the way of legislation at the coming session. It will take all the next recess for them to explain to their constituents how they didn't do it and blame it on the speaker and the committee on rules.

Mother's Rival.

"My dear," said Newed, "did you bake that pie we had for dinner last night?"

"Yes, love," replied his little wife. "I hope it was all right."

"You bet it was," answered the treasurer of the combine. "I haven't had a nightmare like the one it gave me since I quit eating the pies my mother used to make."

Ten million pounds of shrimps are caught annually on the German coast. Most of them are netted at depths of thirty or forty feet, but a great many men and women still earn a living by gathering shrimps from the flat beaches at low tide.

There is no plant which animals so detest as the castor oil plant, it being poisonous to the whole animal world. A goat will starve rather than eat it, and those destroyers of everything green, the locust and army worm, will not feed upon it.

Nearly every Chinese can read, but about 90 per cent of the women are entirely uneducated.

Horse racing in Italy is dead since the introduction of automobile speed contests.