

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

THE IDEAL LABOR UNION.

By Chancellor Day of Syracuse University.

There might be a union of great help to its membership and to business. I believe in labor organizations as I believe in corporations. But let it be a union upon principles of mutual benefit and helpfulness both to the laborer and to the manufacturer, both to the workman and to the contractor.

Let it be for the purpose of securing to the employer the greatest proficiency, instantly upon only skilled mechanics pay. Let it consider the interests of the business and how to serve them. Let it compel its wage, not by excluding those who choose to work for less or to work when the union men will not work, but by furnishing the highest type of man and workman, so that business men will say: "If you want the most skilled and reliable mechanic or laborer, you must get them from the union." They will have no one in the union but a first-class man.

TRAINING THE FACULTIES FOR SUCCESS.

By John A. Howland.

Concentration of mind in harmonious relation with bodily activity is the greatest active force in civilization. There are human activities which are effective without concentration in the mind, but somewhere in the harnessing of this force some broad scheme has been evolved without which this aimless force in the individual would be wasted. Concentration of mind is not a faculty; it is an acquired ability to command the faculties of mind and of body, and for the best results this acquirement must insure a harmonious relation between brain and brawn. Advice to a man, "You must concentrate yourself in your work," is about as ineffective as to suggest to him that he grow four inches taller than he is. If he has come to maturity without learning concentration, he is not likely ever to appreciate the need sufficiently to undergo the training necessary to get it.

Concentration of the faculties not only is a safeguard against errors, but it is an assurance that when a more has been considered and determined upon the more will have all effectiveness and accomplish the maximum in results. There is no work in life where this attentiveness does not render assurance to the worker and to everyone interested in that work. This concentration is a visible evidence of dependability in the man. It is

THE CRICKET.

Oh, to be a cricket,
That's the thing,
To scurry in the grass
And to have one's fling!
And it's oh, to be a cricket
In the warm thistle-bicket
Where the sun-winds pass
Winds a-wing,
And the bumble-bee hang humming,
Hum and swing,
And the honey-drops are coming!
It's to be a cricket
That can see a sweet and pick it
With the sting!
Never mind the sting!
And it's oh, to be a cricket
In the clover!
A gay summer rover
In the warm thistle-bicket
Where the honey-drops are coming,
Where the bumble-bee hang humming,
That's the thing!

Meeting the Question

Viola met the postman at the front door. He gave her two letters; one was addressed in Diana Colver's abnormally regular hand, and was bulky, with a fortnight's accumulated affluence; the other bore her name in the familiar calligraphy of Eustace Vandiver, who had proposed to her quarterly for half a dozen years.

She went out and sat down on the veranda steps and broke the seal of the first one to see what was in it. Her letters were interesting, if rather voluminous. She consumed the first eight pages avidly, then suddenly the sheets fell from her hands and fluttered to the ground. The roses, the hollyhocks, the snapdragons, the violets and the nasturtiums, nodding and drooping in the sun-wind, all seemed to swirl into a hideous rainbow of impossible color, the maternal chirping of the birds grew harsh and mocking, the blue of the sky turned black. At last she stooped and gathered the letter into her trembling hands and went on with her reading.

"The minister, the minister, going to be married and to Cloverdale! Billy Colver, Diana's brother, had had a letter from him, so there would be no mistake about it. And she—what a little simperton she had been to waste her affections on someone who was going to wed another girl! Surely, in their intimate relations of the last year he must have guessed her mortifying secret; probably he was taking this very step to get clear of her. Burning tears sprang to Viola's eyes and dripped over her cheeks, throbbing cheeks. But she dashed them away with her hands, and read on to the end, her lips compressed, the blood scorching her temples.

There were his exact words, quoted from Billy's letter: "I am seriously considering making a change in my residence. I hope soon to marry the dearest girl in the world and bring her with me to Cloverdale. But, of course, it will rest with her whether I shall accept the call or not—that is a woman's prerogative, isn't it? However, let us see you in Brookwood whenever it suits your convenience to come."

Viola folded up the closely written sheets and returned them to the envelope. Then she opened young Vandiver's letter with mechanical fingers and glanced wearily at his twenty-fifth declaration of love, accompanied by an impassioned plea to marry him and go for Europe in June, whether he was going to complete his course at Heidelberg. Go abroad—away from it all—show him that she had not given her love unasked, and that—

She fumbled back her head with a quick accession of pride, and excitement to a smile to her lips, a glow to her eyes. She would do it; yes, she would accept Eustace Vandiver and go with him to the ends of the earth if need be—anywhere away from this.

She went to her room and sat down at her desk, but something seemed to dull her brain and numb her hands; she could not write a syllable. In

evidence of the quality of brain which the worker possesses. It reflects the faculties which education and experience have developed harmoniously. Without this power of concentration every one of these faculties must prove a poor, broken reed instead of a lever that might move a world.

ENJOY BEAUTY WITHOUT ANALYZING IT.

By G. Santayana.

To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it. To have imagination and taste, to love the best, to be carried by the contemplation of nature to a vivid faith in the ideal, all this is a more, a great deal more, than any science can hope to be.

When a man tells you that beauty is the manifestation of God to the senses you wish you might understand him. Yet reflection might have shown you that the word of the Master was but the vague expression of His highly complex emotions. It is one of the attributes of God, one of the perfections which we contemplate in our ideas of him, that there is no opposition in His will and His vision between the impulses of His nature and the events of His life. This is what we commonly designate as omnipotence and creation.

PEOPLE, NOT THE BOSSES, RULE.

By Gov. Hughes of New York.

You may say all you please of the cunning of political maneuvering and of the resources of chicanery. All schemes will prosper and all plays if the people set out to deal with a real issue of popular government and the supremacy of the constitution of this State over race track gamblers. It is well that there should be organization to advance party principles. It is well that it should be effective; vigorous and skillful leadership is required. But it is the duty of an elected officer to serve the people and not any particular man, and no party leader has a right to assume the role of dictator, or to violate the manhood of elected officials as to parade them before the people as subject to his domination.

despair she took her portfolio under her arm and returned to the veranda; she shaded the orchard beyond and entered her and she ran down the steps and past the door bells to the gate on the other side. Entering, she sought her favorite retreat in the fork of a gnarled old apple tree. A lazy breeze was blowing, stirring the leaves about her with a vague, musical rustle, and cooling the hot blood in her cheeks. She took up her pen and selected a sheet of note paper. A twig cracked sharply, and she sat up alert. The paper slipped from her fingers.

"Did I startle you?" inquired a deep voice under the apple tree for his age, she thought. He must be at least thirty, but his black hair was full of waves.

Viola tossed him first with a coldness, then with assumed indifference, finally with a friendly smile that was the hardest thing she had ever accomplished in her twenty-one years. But he must never guess—unless he had already done so—and if he had she must not work to prove to him that he was altogether wrong!

"Viola," he began in his straightforward way, "I've come to you with a confession. I hope you are not going to—disapprove?"

For a second the girl said nothing. He looked at her for the first time, she thought. He must be at least thirty, but his black hair was full of waves.

his eyes bright and clear, his face ruddy with health.

"I'm considering a somewhat important step," he went on musingly, his glance sweeping the sky, the ground, and settling at last upon her slightly flushed face, "and I want your—your advice."

For boys and girls

LANES TO MY GROWING SON.
Stop pulling father's papers round.
Don't pick holes with his pens.
And please remember not to drink
Your verystifying daddy's ink;
It costs him many years.
Now, come give dad that book you found
Before you have it all unbound.

Stop playing with that match, my dear,
(Yes, I've no doubt it burns);
Now, why should daddy buy you meat
If you forever try to eat
The small change that he earns?
You needn't cry and think it queer
When that shoe-button hurts your ear.

'Cause you can't eat the gravel walk,
Don't bite your nurse's arm.
She'd let you eat it, but she feels
That it might spoil your other meals
And do you tummy harm.
And really, son, papa must balk;
You've marked the whole house up
with chalk.

You will lift pussy by the foot;
No wonder you got scratched.
Don't talk down stairs; you'll break
your legs.
And don't play ball with fresh-laid
eggs.
Or how can they get hatched?
If in the grate your head you put,
Of course your hair gets full of soot.

Envoys
Wherever you're going,
Come right back now!
Whatever you're blowing,
Do stop that row!
Whatever you're drinking,
Will make you sick!
Whatever you're talking,
Forget it, quick!
Whatever you're doing to play with,
Drop it!

In short, whatever you're doing,
STOP IT!
—Julian Street, in The Century.

A BRAVE BOY'S OPPORTUNITY.

Probably the first resolution Jeff made was that some day he would be a railroad man. His training to that end began at a very early age, for his father held a responsible position in a great locomotive building works, and he was to visit Jeff paid there. Hardly a detail escaped his observation.

Jeff still remembers his awe and gratitude when he was permitted to enter the cab of a locomotive while it was being tested. The engine was being pulled over at the back yard of the locomotive works upon rails, the driving wheels rested upon large steel wheels which were connected with various kinds of measuring apparatus. Thus the engine might "go" at the rate of a mile a minute and yet not move from its position.

All this was a new and exciting world to Jeff, and he was to see it one day when traveling in Italy. A wheel of his carriage broke down, and he repaired to the shop of a blacksmith in a little village, and desired him to mend it without delay.

"I would," said the smith; "but this being a holiday, my men are away at church; even the boy who blows the bellows is away."

"Now I have an excellent chance to warm myself," said the unknown Emperor. So, taking his place at the bellows, instead of calling an attendant to do so, he followed the smith's directions and worked as if for wages.

The work was finished, and instead of the little sum which he was charged, the sovereign handed out six gold ducats.

"You have made a mistake," said the astonished blacksmith, "and given me six gold pieces, which nobody in this village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the laughing Emperor as he entered his carriage. "An Emperor should pay for such a pleasure as blowing the bellows."

There is something doing here all the time.
The tank is lined with rocks and the lobsters and crabs are all the time climbing up and down on their ragged projections.

"Him," says a man who appears to know something about fishes and who, accompanied by a small boy, is looking in at this tank. "Rock crabs, hey? Codfish like rock crabs. The crabs roam around looking for the crabs and eating 'em."

But the small boy doesn't seem to be so much interested in rock crabs considered as codfish food as he is in the antics of these particular crabs in the tank. With his eyes fixed on one that is climbing the rock wall, he follows him so to the top, and then the small boy says:

"Now see him slide down!"
And sure enough the crab lets go and slides down the face of the rock to its base, to light there easily on the ground in front of them, the tank's sandy bottom.

The lobsters walk straight up the face of these rocks with entire facility, and then turn around and walk down the face, with no danger of stumbling or losing their hold; and carrying their big claws up clear of the ground in front of them, they walk all around the tank.

The lobster may not be the most graceful creature in the world, but it gives one a new idea of him and an entirely new interest to see him walking around easily in the water on his long, slender legs and carrying his big claws in front of him. And sometimes over in a little depression in the back of the tank you may see a lobster lying low in the hollow, as he might do in nature, waiting for something to come along that he can seize upon to eat. Everybody likes to watch the lobster.

Crabs bury themselves here in the sand, leaving so little of themselves above the surface that you have to look hard to find them; and the little founders, after the manner of their kind, do likewise. And the founders change their color to match that of the sand, in which they bury themselves, so that with only their noses sticking out it is very hard to find them. Here is a little founder that has buried itself so with a part of its body over a buried rock crab, and the crab wants to get out, and it starts up and starts the founder, which rises up and shakes a shower of sand from its back as it swims founder fashion away.

And to be sure the tomcod are always lively, and so too the perch, and what with the crabs and founders that are burying themselves in the sand, and the lobsters over at the back lying in wait and the crabs and lobsters that are gravely walking around or climbing the rocks and sliding down hill, there is enough of interest in the familiar creatures here to keep a throng of people constantly looking on.—New York Sun.

THE EMPEROR AT THE FORGE.

Many persons often resent being called upon to do a piece of work which they think beneath them, especially if it is a task which properly belongs to someone else. But every one should cultivate an obliging disposition, and be able to help in any emergency to the extent of his ability.

Emperor Joseph was a good example one day when traveling in Italy. A wheel of his carriage broke down, and he repaired to the shop of a blacksmith in a little village, and desired him to mend it without delay.

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ARM AND GARDEN

Rich people with poor appetites will pay big prices for fat house lambs.

Be slow about making promises; then you won't have so many to break.

A really good ewe will raise twin lambs better than a scrub will bring up one.

A sheep is not particularly bright mentally, but will respond to kind treatment.

When feeding ground oats to young pigs it is better to give the oats and throw out the hulls.

You can make lambs fat without corn. Feed them barley, alfalfa, turnips and field peas.

Watch for ticks on the lambs and at the first sign of the pest dip. Ticky lambs cannot thrive.

It's all right to "put your shoulder to the wheel," but be sure the wheel is steered in the right direction.

Sheep will eat weeds if very hungry, but they don't like them any better than a man likes poor, sour bread.

Putting the best foot forward means putting up a bluff. The only successful bluff is the one that gets there with both feet.

It takes courage to adopt new methods of farming in an old dog neighborhood, but success will soon change public sentiment.

The man who has no bad habits, never makes mistakes and never falls so is too good for the company of ordinary mortals and should be let alone.

The main object in the first few months of a pig's life is to produce bone, muscle and growth—sort of get him in shape to carry a big load of corn to market.

A trap net will pick out the poor and the good layers, giving a chance to dispose of the dross and thus keep the workers. Have you ever stopped to consider the matter?

Some men who boast that they go to work before daylight sometimes spend so much time at the grocery store and the old fishing hole that they lose more than they gain by the early bird method.

Get your incubator early next spring and try only a few eggs at first. So many beginners at artificial incubation waste hundreds of eggs and valuable time in the midst of the hatching season getting acquainted with the principles that should have been observed when there was less at stake.

Forest Distribution.
The timber output of Maine last winter was 900,000 feet, and the indications are that these figures will be about equalled this year. The scarcity of labor prevented operations to a large degree.

Wounds on Trees.
The following mixture is recommended for wounds of any kind on trees: melt resin and wax a little crude petroleum in separate vessels, pour into a third vessel three parts of resin to one of petroleum. This seals the wound very effectively, until grown over. It is said to not run in warm weather, nor crack in cold, and cuts covered with it will not fall to heal.

A Government Garden.
Old Fort Brown is now an orchard and garden, in which citrus and other fruits and a variety of subtropical plants are growing, besides the truck that is specially adapted to that soil and climate. When the excursionists of the San Antonio Business Men's Club were in Brownsville a few days ago they were treated to some of the fine melons grown in the government inclosure, and were gratified by the exhibition of the great variety of plants and vegetables illustrative of the agricultural and horticultural possibilities of the lower Rio Grande valley. There need be no fear of overproduction where there is judicious marketing. The markets of the North and East will readily absorb all the early fruits and vegetables of southwest Texas, which, by reason of their earlier appearance in the market, are without competition from the outside.—San Antonio Express.

SHEEP SENSE

He—I'd go to the end of the world for you. She—You won't have to go that far, I'm here.—The Sphinx.

"Bridget, wasn't that policeman making love to you in the kitchen last night?" "He tho't he was, mum."—Lila.

Passenger—How do you feel, my good man, when the giant waves are tumbling over the ship? Old Salt—Wet, ma'am—werry wet!

Pa—Sometimes I get discouraged about Willie, Ma—What's the matter now? Pa—Here he is, 11 years old, and he can't throw an outcurve yet.—Newark News.

"Have you ever been cross-examined before?" inquired a barrister of a witness who was occupying his attention. "Have I exclaimed the man. 'Didn't I just tell you that?'"

Bacon—There's one thing I can't understand. Egbert—Tell it to me. Bacon—When a couple get married, it is said they become one. But, again, they say it takes two to make a quarrel.

Teacher (to new pupil): "What's your name?" New Pupil: "T-tommy T-tinker." Teacher: "And do you stutter all the time, Tommy?" New Pupil: "N-n-no, m-m-ma'am; o-only when I t-t-talk."

Mrs. Updown—I trust that we shall get along very nicely, Nora. I am not at all difficult to suit. Nora (to the new maid)—No, ma'am; that's what I thought the blessed minute I set eyes on the master.

"How do you account for Casey's wonderful success as a policeman?" "The fact that he used to work in the ditch." "How does that account for it?" "It made him proficient in the art of throwing mud."

Mr. Bunsby—If that young man's coming here to see you every day in the week, you had better give him a hint to come after supper. Miss Bunsby—I don't think it's necessary, pa. That's what he comes after.

An editor reported by Lippincott's as saying—when asked on what he based his assertion that his small boy was cut out for an editor—"Why, everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the waste-basket."

Mr. Batch—I have my doubts about this idea that the more you give away the more you have. Mr. Phamleigh—No question at all about it. I gave away my daughter two months ago, and now she's returned to me with her husband.

Farmer—I'm a-goin' to drive to town some day next week, Marthy. His Wife—You can't Hiram. I was just lookin' over the skedool of auto races and there ain't an open date for horse-drivin' on the roads for the next ten days.—Puck.

Little Miss Helen learned that moving day was near she asked for a trunk in which to pack her belongings. "But what have you to pack?" asked her aunt. "Why," replied the child in surprise, "my Teddy bear and other useful things."

A woman on the train asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at the station. He replied: "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two to two two." The woman turned to her companion and said: "I wonder if he thinks he's the whistle on the engine."

"I didn't know your mother was dangerously ill," said the observant neighbor. "Why she ain't!" replied the dainty daughter. "What made you think that?" "I saw you washing the dishes this morning." And is it any wonder that they never speak as they pass by?—Detroit Free Press.

The class was discussing animals—how they walked, got up, etc. After the explanation of the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher asked: "Do you know any other animal that gets up like a cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand. "What is it?" asked the teacher. "A calf," was the whispered reply.

In a Glasgow car was an aged Irishman who held a pipe in his mouth. The conductor told him he could not smoke, but he paid no heed. Presently the guard came into the car, and said with a show of irritation, "Didn't I tell you you could not smoke in this car?" "Well, O'm not smoking," "You've got a pipe in your mouth." "So I have me feet in me boots," replied Pat. "But O'm not walking."

Professor of the Eagle.
Everybody recognizes the American eagle as the emblem of the United States, but not everybody knows that before the eagle was adopted the popular symbol of the young nation was a rattlesnake.

ARM AND GARDEN

reach it. The large breeds will prefer to lay on the ground rather than attempt to reach a high nest, even when a footway is provided. Some hens learn to fly over a fence by first learning to reach a high nest.

Never have the nest so constructed that the hen must jump down into it as broken eggs will be the consequence. Rather place the entrance so as to prevent her to walk in upon the eggs.

New Mexico's Range Problem.
A late bulletin of the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, by E. O. Wooten, botanist, contains much valuable information upon the "range problem" in New Mexico. A part of the book is devoted to a discussion of the extent, condition and relative value of the range; the apportionment of lands; the kinds of forage plants, weeds and poisonous plants, and topography and climate. It is pointed out that, of the 75,000,000 acres in the territory, 90 per cent is probably never used for anything but grazing, while 98 per cent is at present so used to a greater or less extent.

The lands of the territory are roughly divided into: Mexican grants, 5,000,000 acres; railroad subsidy grants, 10,000,000 acres; territorial lands, 5,000,000 acres, including homesteads, mining claims, etc., 2,500,000 acres; government reserves 2,500,000 acres. Some thing over 1,000,000 acres are cultivated. There is very little tree desert in the territory, such consisting only of mesquite, yucca, white sand, salt flats and some few high peaks.

About 75 per cent of the area of the territory is covered with blue grama grass and its allied species. The black grama prevails in the extreme south and along the benches of the Rio Grande valley. Other grama grasses prevail in the Hachita country and along the Guadalupe, Organ and Chisos mountains. The salt flats and river beds. Arizona fescue is found in some high mountains. Of 300 species of grass reported, 90 per cent enter into the forage crop, but twenty-five or thirty varieties furnish the bulk.—El Paso Herald.

Grade Stallions.
Wisconsin horse breeding is said to be in a deplorable condition. Prof. A. S. Alexander of Wisconsin College of Agriculture, publishes statistics of the department of horse breeding in the University of Wisconsin. An astonishing and deplorable condition of affairs in horse breeding in that state, a knowledge of which should lead to strenuous efforts toward improvement, in a new bulletin of the experiment station entitled "The Grade Stallion Situation in Wisconsin."

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The Hen and Her Nest.
Many claim that the nest should be on the ground, but all claims that hens should have their nests on the moist ground are unsupported by facts. What is required for the hen in winter is a snug, warm location, while in summer she should have a cool place, says the Washington Farmer.

The best material for a nest is dry earth on the bottom, with chopped hay over the earth. Then dust the nest, hen and eggs with a good insect powder, and put a small quantity of tobacco refuse in the nest.

Should an egg be broken, or the nest become foul, clean it thoroughly. The broken egg will cause lice quicker than anything else. But first see that the hen has no lice, then give her good eggs, and she will bring off a brood if she has a warm and comfortable nest.

The nest should be made movable, so that it can be taken outside for cleaning, and should never be placed where any of the fowls can roost upon it, or cause it to become filthy. It should never be so high as to compel effort to

Howing to the Lins.
"Mr. Heeler called you a back writer, pa," said the editor's little son. "What does he mean by that?" "It means, my son," replied the editor, "that I've got a hatchet always ready for such miserable creatures as he is."—Philadelphia Press.

He Would.
"Roosevelt loved a man who has a large family."
"The man who married the fat woman in the museum wouldn't he?"—Houston Post.