

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## TAX TO STOP BARTER OF TITLES.

**By Paul Morton.**  
The attitude of certain foreign noblemen toward Americans is that we ought to produce treasures here for the export market. I have heard representatives of this class frankly say that they were not brought up to work; that they do not know how to make money. They want somebody to look after the material things of this world, so that they may get a share of good living, and, as the Americans seem to be the most successful money makers nowadays, why shouldn't they trade their titles for the dollars of American business? I have seen recently some of the most astounding and bartered negotiations in this line of bargaining. I was amazed at the fathers who consented to it, even participated in it—men of strength and character at home. I have felt sorry for husbands and for their wives in the mad chase after titled society.

It would like to see an export tax of generous dimensions levied on titles. This could be in the interest of the home. It might keep the American heiresses on this side of the Atlantic. It might keep the American fortunes here, and it might keep some of the foreign nobility at home.

## CHINA AT LAST COMING INTO ITS OWN.

**By Lord William Cecil.**  
The Chinese gentleman has been trained in the philosophy, history and culture of his race, and both in his speech and in his thought he bears the marks of the excellence of that training. He has not only thoroughly realized his national weakness and his consequent humiliation, and the whole mass of intelligent thought in China, which was a few years ago conservative and obscurantist, has now become progressive, even revolutionary.

China has post offices, modern currency, telegraph office, a school system, in fact all the legacies of western civilization. And now she is inaugurating a constitution. At one moment she even ran to a feminist movement, where, having apparently muddled the whole thing and confused it with the rational dress movement, the girls turned out dressed as boys, for they understood that was what was done in the west.

No nation can now say it does not matter what is happening in another. Movements are becoming more and more international. We may speak our language to other nations, we may pride ourselves on our national individuality, but nevertheless we all try to imitate one another. You may go from Vladivostok through Europe to Vancouver and you will find practically the same customs prevailing, the same thoughts in fashion.

Up to a recent date China was absolutely indifferent. Trouser, the garb sacred to masculinity, which even the most reckless suffragette does not don, was the common garb of women folk, and likewise men's

thoughts ran in different lines. Now all this is changing and China is fast becoming a member of our civilization. When she does who will be bold enough to say that fashions originating in China will not spread to the west?

There must be no casting on the rubbish heap of all things Chinese because they are Chinese. The priceless jewels of Chinese wisdom must be preserved. Secondly, there must be built into the Chinese culture the higher and finer part of our social system.

## EGOTISM MOST INSIDIOUS DISEASE.

**By John A. Howland.**  
An old friend of mine, a postmaster in the art of business on a scale involving millions of dollars and thousands of men, insists that one of the greatest handicaps of the young man in business life is an excess of egotism. He admits that a certain stimulus of egotism may be necessary and natural to youth, but long ago he made up his mind that he preferred the young man lacking in egotism to the young man afflicted with an excess of it.

It is one of the subtle characteristics of egotism that it operates in ways making it impossible that the egotist himself shall have the least practical line upon its results. In taking the egotistical point of view to himself the young man constitutes himself the judge of all his accomplishments. Some one else is paying him for services which he is required to render to the satisfaction of that employer, but under the influence of his own egotism that young man may find that suddenly he has assumed the attitude merely of pleasing himself. And is one of the marked tendencies of the position that the further the egotist goes in this direction the easier he finds it to satisfy his own vanity.

Get a line on yourself if you can find reason for suspecting yourself of tendencies to egotism. Get the opinion, too, from some person or persons who will hand you the truth as they see it. You can't afford to take the risk of the disease.

## TRIALS OF THE WESTERN SETTLER.

**By J. B. Decan.**  
After the prospective settler reaches his new home, whether it is in Alberta, Canada, or in the state of Texas, he must acquaint himself with his neighbors and the territory in which he is to live and remember that every one looks upon a stranger with a suspicious eye. Therefore, before he can become acquainted with his new neighbors, he must receive many a snub and still be as one blind and not seeing what is going on around him. Before he can attain a strong footing in the community he must be as meek as a lamb and, although he knows that he is not being treated just exactly right, he is obliged to remain in good spirits and show enmity toward none. If a prospective settler or a settler that has already bought his farm has any new or up-to-date tools the neighbors will want to borrow them. In order not to make an enemy of his neighbor he must refuse, although he does not like to part with his implements. He must look pleasant whether he wishes or not.

## SEED OF THE VIOLET.

**Flower Blooms Twice in a Season—Has an Explosive Pod.**  
The common wild violet affords one of the most remarkable illustrations of the care and apparent forethought of nature in providing a species, a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says. As everybody knows, the violet grows in the shade, in pastures, woods and fields where the grass is abundant and long. It comes up early in the spring and flowers at a time when the grass is just beginning to grow and succulent. Of course, it is liable to be cut down by the scythe, but much more likely it is to be bitten off by grazing animals.

The violets that come in the spring either do not seed at all or very sparingly. But in the late fall the plant bears the crop of blossoms that are never seen save by the professional botanist. They are very small, utterly insignificant in appearance, and grow either just at or below the surface of the ground. These are the flowers which produce the seeds for the next season. The flowers on long stems blooming in spring are only for show; the hidden flowers are for use, and the number of seeds they bear may be judged from the ease with which a wild violet bed spreads.

When the seeds are ripe the pod expands—the main theory is that a considerable distance, often to ten or twelve feet from the parent plant, so that in spite of its boasted modesty the violet not only takes care of itself, but becomes a troublesome aggressor.

When in the pretty Hollywood The Bee felt too "shut in," He turned upon poor Tommy With a sharp and cruel sting.

It's never safe to muddle With a very busy bee. As I think little Tommy Ben, he'll surely agree.

—Mary E. Merrill in the Christian Register.

**HOW RUTH HID.**  
"Let's play hide-and-seek," said Ruth, from her little stool near the fire.

"Yes, let's," agreed Tom, jumping up. It was a dismal stormy holiday. All the family were in the sitting room of the big house. There were papa, mamma, Sister Mary, and big Brother Henry, who only talked.

"Let's play hide-and-seek," said Ben, who was as much of a boy as ever, although he was tall as papa. He threw down his paper. Mary was willing, but papa and mamma were not much interested until Ben explained his plan.

"Mamma will hide. Ruth somewhere, and we will all see if we can find her. We'll rule out the attic and the cellar. Any other place is fair."

"Yes, hide me!" cried little Ruth, joyfully, jumping up and down. "I'll hide under the table, and you'll find me in the laundry, where they were to stay until mamma called 'Ready!'"

As soon as they had gone, mamma thought for a minute. Then she carefully took out the ornamented grate under the marble mantelpiece in the dining-room. Ruth had always thought there was a fire-place back of it, but it was only a make-believe fireplace, for there was just a wicker chair where she can be hid.

"Don't laugh or make any noise," cautioned mamma, and she called the "seekers."

"It was dreadfully hard for Ruth not to make any noise; she did want to laugh when they passed her many, many times. She heard Mary say that she had looked under all the pillows on the beds. Ben said he had even looked in the sugar barrel."

Ruth heard where she can be hid, father, leaning up against the very mantelpiece under which Ruth was hidden. "We've looked everywhere. She's too big to get in a drawer. I begin to think, mother, there must be a secret closet, there must be a secret closet."

"Nobody had. They all went upstairs again."

Ruth felt rather cramped and drowsy. She heard them walking around in the nursery, then their voices seemed to grow farther away in the distance.

Ruth heard a scraping sound. Ruth felt herself moved. Then father's voice rang out—

"I've found her!"

There was a rush on the stairs. Ben and Mary came in breathless, with Tom bringing up the rear. Ruth heard in father's arms and heard her mother laughing. "Emma touched the gray looking object. 'It looks like paper,' she said. 'It is paper,' said Uncle Jim. 'Wasp was the first paper maker. They found it in a hole in a tree, and they got busy at work to make paper. They chewed up the crumbling wood into a paste and spread it out into a sheet, and when this sheet hardens and dries it is a paper, one of the layers to be used in making this dry, warm nest for the little wasps to live in.'"

Both the little girls looked at the wasps' paper and Mabel asked, "Did men learn to make paper from wasps?"

"Perhaps so. Paper is made from wood, but the way we make it, only wasps do it. The wasps make it, and they found it in a hole in a tree, and they got busy at work to make paper. They chewed up the crumbling wood into a paste and spread it out into a sheet, and when this sheet hardens and dries it is a paper, one of the layers to be used in making this dry, warm nest for the little wasps to live in."

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## For Children Home

**A BUMBLE-BEE.**  
Tommy, in a Hollyhock Saw a Bumble-bee Gathering up the honey, A busy bee was he.

He quickly closed the petals With his finger and his thumb, And said, "Now, if you listen, You can plainly hear him hum."

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"Do you suppose my mother knows about it?" she asked.

"Of course she does!" declared Mabel, before Uncle Jim could answer. "But we will go and tell her that we know about paper, too." And the little sisters started happily off in search of their mother—Alice Turner Curtis, in Youth's Companion.

**HOW DEAN SWIFT CURED HER.**  
An instance of Dean Swift's straightforward good sense, accompanied by amusing eccentricity, is related in connection with his visit to a farmer near Quilca, with whom he went to dine. The farmer's wife was dressed very expensively and her son wore a top hat on his hat. The dean of St. Patrick's saluted her as though she were a duchess, and with low bows, handed her to a seat, proposing to her husband that they "look over the farmer's demesne."

"The devil a foot of land belongs to me, or to my son," replied the farmer. "But I have a pretty good lease from my Lord Finnell, but he will not renew it, and I have only two years left." Then Dean Swift asked when he was to see Mrs. Riley, wife of the host. "There she is, sitting before you," replied Mr. Riley. The dean raised his eyebrows and shook his head. "No," that is not Mrs. Riley, for I've always heard her spoken of as a woman of sense, and this lady is dressed in the fashion of a duchess. No, Mrs. Riley, the wife of a poor farmer, who only leases, would not wear silks and satins and costly ornaments; she would dress according to her station in life."

Mrs. Riley, feeling the rebuke, arose and left the room, soon returning clad in a gown of plain stuff and wearing a poor farthingale. The dean, with outstretched hand, said: "Ah, that is the good wife of the farmer. Why, madam, your husband tried playing a trick on me a while ago by presenting a gayly bedecked woman of fashion to me as his wife. But I was not easily taken in." He then took a penknife and cut the gold lace from the young son's hat, and threw it in the grate. Then resuming his good humor, he entertained the family till dinner was announced. When the hour of his departure arrived he took from his pocket a small bit of paper, neatly folded. Handing it to the son he explained: "I do not wish to rob you of the value of your gold lace, but I give it you in a more useful form."

After the dean had gone the young son opened the paper and beheld four shilling guineas. Some months later Mr. Riley received notice from his landlord that Dean Swift had asked that his lease be renewed, a request which the Lord Finnell would gladly grant.

And Mrs. Riley and her young son were cured of their foolish fondness for dress which had led them into extravagance their poor circumstances could not well afford.

**A LITTLE WANDERER.**  
Down in dark, lonesome cellar, in a deep barrel lined with rags, was a little gray kitten. He was very hungry and weak. His mother was a thin, shabby, old cat, not able to supply the hungry little kitten with enough food.

As days rolled on, the little kitten grew larger. The small amount of food that he received daily just barely kept him alive. He often longed for more, but one day matters turned even worse. His mother was killed by some bad, cruel boys. The small, helpless kitten moved for its lost mother, but his cries never brought her back.

By this time the little kitten was old enough to run around, but he could not climb to the top of the tall barrel. But God had not forgotten what he had made of it, so he crept further and further. At length he came to a step and managed to jump up. Now he was out in the noisy street and before long he could not trace his way back to his old barrel.

While he was meeting and slowly gaining this way and that, the little girl and her mother came along. When she saw the kitten she ran to pick it up. It was love at first sight. It was the first time he had ever been picked up by human arms.

The little girl wanted to take it home, but her mother refused because she had so many already. But a few tears and some babyish coaxing finally got the mother's consent.

So the little kitten found a good home and plenty of warm milk and some other little things to play with. To-day he is a beautiful, fat, loved and petted by all the children—Ebba Nahstein in the Brooklyn Eagle.

**SELF PORTRAITS.**  
A single phrase has often served to make a man famous, and many well-known personages are readily recalled by some striking utterance.

How many readers will be able to credit the following sentences to their proper sources?

1. "I am the greatest historian that ever lived."

2. "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my mother."

3. "I would rather men should ask why my status is not set up than why it is."

4. "Where liberty is not, there is my country."

5. "I have the arm of a woman, I have the heart of a king, and I am ready to pour out my blood."

6. "Circumstances! I make circumstances!"

7. "My country is the world; my countrymen are mankind."

8. "I am the State."

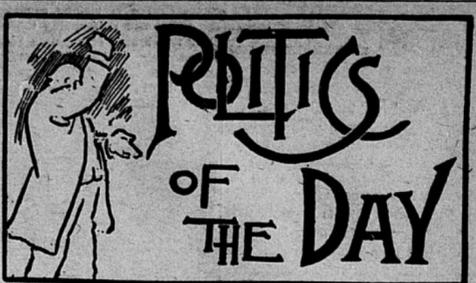
9. "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never! never!"

10. "Here I came, I saw, I conquered."

11. "Here I awoke one morning and was written in water."

12. "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."—Philadelphia Record.

**HORSEPS REMEMBER.**  
A firehorse, after his retirement, never forgets that he was a firehorse. He never forgets the clang of the gong, the sharp snap of the electric signal, or the sound of the engine whistle and bell. If one of these old horses who has fallen into the hands of the huckster happens to be near an engine house when the alarm rings in, he will dash after the engine, no matter what kind of a load he may be drawing.—Christian Register.



## OPTICS OF THE DAY

**Thrift Through Bargain.**  
The Democratic party, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "wants to see what the Republican party will do, and then opposes it. The American people dislike a party of negotiation."

This is like committing burglary by stealth and then abusing the occupant of the house for cowardice and stupidity, the Republic replies. There has not been a year since McKinley's first election in which the Republican party has not lived and thriven by stealing from the Democratic party. So far is the Democratic party from being a party of negotiation that it has set the pace for the Republicans ever since 1892.

With a bold initiative the Democratic party has drawn its lines of battle, and forced the Republican party one after one to retreat from its position. The Republican party has waited to see what policies the Democratic party would make irretrievably popular and then has stolen them to save itself.

The votes from the election of 1896 were hardly counted before the Republicans saw the fatal folly of long resistance to the Democratic policy of reconciliation between the sections. McKinley was the first great Republican reconciler. Roosevelt and Taft have faithfully followed in his footsteps.

The income tax which President Taft now urgently recommends was favored by President Cleveland in 1892 and enacted by a Democratic Congress in 1894. Regulation of great corporations, tariff revision, freedom of downward revision of tariff, on which the Republican party has found favor with the people are of Democratic origin. The Republican party took them up only because it saw that it would be beaten if it didn't.

But the Republican party has made bad use of the goods it has stolen from the Democrats. The legitimate powers of the Federal Government have been perverted to reckless invasions of the rights of the States. Regulation is made an excuse for taxing privileges granted by the States. Freedom of downward revision of the tariff are fulfilled by upward revision. The Democratic Party has been stolen merely to serve the gods of monopoly and imperialism.

**Mr. Taft and the Insurgents.**  
The seemingly authentic news that President Taft intends to defend the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill on his way through the middle West and to rebuke the senators who have opposed the outrageous scheme of robbery engineered by the bosses of his party is welcome news to Democrats. The insurgent Republicans of Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota and Wisconsin have no reason to be cast down by the news. They are not the special session did not settle the tariff. That issue is thrown more conspicuously into the arena of political contest by the Republican party's faithless repudiation of the promises on which it won last year's election. People who repudiate a tariff taxation, as a vast majority of the American people undoubtedly do, will be thankful for the President's aid in keeping the matter under discussion.

It will not be easy for the President to defend the new tariff. It is far from being the product of a revision of the opposite of what he promised last year in the name of the Republican party. He has admitted that it is not what the people expected. It is not possible to see how Mr. Taft can find enough good in the new law, unless from his point of view, to parade him to commendation. Apparently the corporations tax amendment covers all the other sins which the measure commits against the welfare of the country.

In the final stages of the bill the President found some ugly jokers and by intimations of vote dragged them out of it. The law is still full of jokers, however, whose malicious grin will be revealed from time to time. Everybody who has looked into the business of all undertakings the wickedest of these jokers, who would add full 25 per cent will be added to the Dingley rates on a large proportion of the articles of general use imported into this country.

Out here in the West Mr. Taft cannot persuade the voters of any party to condemn their senators and representatives for opposing this outrage with all their might. But Democrats and all good tariff reformers will be delighted to see him try.—St. Louis Republic.

**Listing the Corporations.**  
The paradox of a tax by the Federal Government upon a privilege conferred by a State comes up conspicuously in the instructions sent out from Washington last week requiring internal revenue collectors to begin listing and classifying corporations for the new tax.

Under the law, if it is not knocked out in the courts, every corporation in the country must make its returns on or before March 1, 1910, and annually thereafter. But how are the internal revenue collectors to make up their lists? What sources of information have they, except upon common hearsay, upon which to decide whether a given concern is a corporation, a partnership or an individual?

The name on the street sign will generally indicate the character of the concern, but State and local records, save which the Federal Government has no sort of authority, are the only sources from which the collectors can compile their lists with any approach to completeness. They can get a list of all the concerns incorporated by the State, but State and local records, save which the Federal Government has no sort of authority, are the only sources from which the collectors can compile their lists with any approach to completeness. They can get a list of all the concerns incorporated by the State, but State and local records, save which the Federal Government has no sort of authority, are the only sources from which the collectors can compile their lists with any approach to completeness. 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