PROMINENT PEOPLE

MADE A GOOD GUIDE

Representative J. Hampton Moore, who succeeded John Dalzell on the ways and means committee, while hailing from Philadelphia, knows his Washington like a native. During the visit of a party of home friends to the capital, Mr. Moore was showing them the sights of the city and, while coming from the northeast entrance of the White House grounds their attention was attracted by the group of heroic figures that make up the Lafayette statue at the southeast corner of Lafayette square.

This presents, with other things, a woman with a garment about her loins—which she is frantically grasping—holding up a naked sword to Lafayette, who is standing above. Her attitude is one of eager, nay, anxious and insistent supplication.

As the party approached the statuary group, Representative Moore struck the posture of a guide, and, in the professional twang of the craft, droned out in sing-song: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we come to the far-famed statue of the great soldier and statesman, Marquis de Lafayette. Below him is a woman in suppliant attitude, holding a sword. Apparently she is speaking earnestly to him and—"

"But, Mr. Moore," interrupted one of the ladies of the party, "what is the woman saying to Lafayette?"

Mr. Moore smiled, gazed quizzically at the statue a moment and smiled again.

"That's very plain, if you observe the condition of her attire, madam," he replied. "She's begging him: 'Here, general, take this, quick, while I catch my clothes!'"

And thereafter the lady's interrogations were wholly impersonal!

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS"

Representative Heflin of Alabama is a great believer in the return of bread "cast upon the waters," and in proof thereof relates a story of the time when he had first entered politics.

It seems that about five miles from the Heflin home a negro jubilee of some sort was in progress and was attracting hundreds of negroes from all parts of the surrounding country. One of those who wished to attend the function and had driven many weary miles was unfortunate when he reached the vicinity of the Heflin residence. One of the wheels on his buggy broke.

The old darky had been told where Representative Heflin's father lived, and probably also that the elder Mr. Heflin had a sympathetic heart. Therefore, he went to the door and asked the elder Mr. Heflin, who had a blacksmith shop, to let him borrow a wheel for his broken buggy.

"Ah knows you think Ah ain't never gwine ter bring back dat wheel, Mr. Heflin," said the old man, "but indeed Ah is! Ah suttinly will bring it back ef you'll only let me have it!"

The wheel was loaned and the negro went on his way rejoicing. And that was the last time the elder Mr. Heflin saw either the wheel or its borrower.

Some years later, however, when the present representative had been persuaded to enter the race for the state legislature, he saw the old darky. Mr. Heflin had just come to the end of a pause in a campaign speech when the wheel borrower arose in the back of the assemblage.

"Ah'd just lak to ask yo' one question, suh. Are yo' the son of Dr. Heflin?"

And when he had received an affirmative response from the speaker of the day, the old darky continued:

"Well, den, Ah just wants to tell yo' one thing. Ah never took dat wheel back to yo' father. Ah just kept postponin' it and postponin' it and Ah guess Ah'll never see yo' father again in dis world an' he'll never see dat wheel. But Ah'm going to tell yo' now, dis old man and his three sons is a-goin' to cast their votes for yo'."

WRITING FOR A LIVING

Ambassador Walter H. Page, speaking lately to the British authors, dwelt upon the folly of writing for a living. From the standpoint of mere barnyard gumption, he said, it is absurd for anybody to start out to spend his life trying to support himself or herself with the pen. As the ambassador has been an extensive dealer in literature as a magazine editor, he ought to be able to speak with some degree of authority on the subject. His testimony is in practical accord with the great majority of those who can speak from the experience of an author, an editor or a publisher. One of the most successful women authors, pecuniarily considered, at least, was Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. In her autobiography she dwells on the subject of authorship, speaking from a wide experience, and her advice to persons who are attempting a career of authorship is to the same effect and very much more pungent than that of Ambassador Page. She says: "Write if you must, not otherwise. Do not write if you can manage to earn a fair living at trading or dressmaking, at electricity or hod-carrying; make shoes, weed cabbages, survey land, keep house, make ice cream, sell cake, climb telegraph or telephone poles, nay, even be a lightning rod agent or a book peddler before you set your heart upon it that you shall write for a living. Do anything honest, but do not write unless God calls you and publishers want you and people read you and editors claim you." Thomas Bailey Aldrich used to say that a literary man could not earn his salt out of pure literary labor, either in Boston or New York, unless he turned to editing or to journalism.

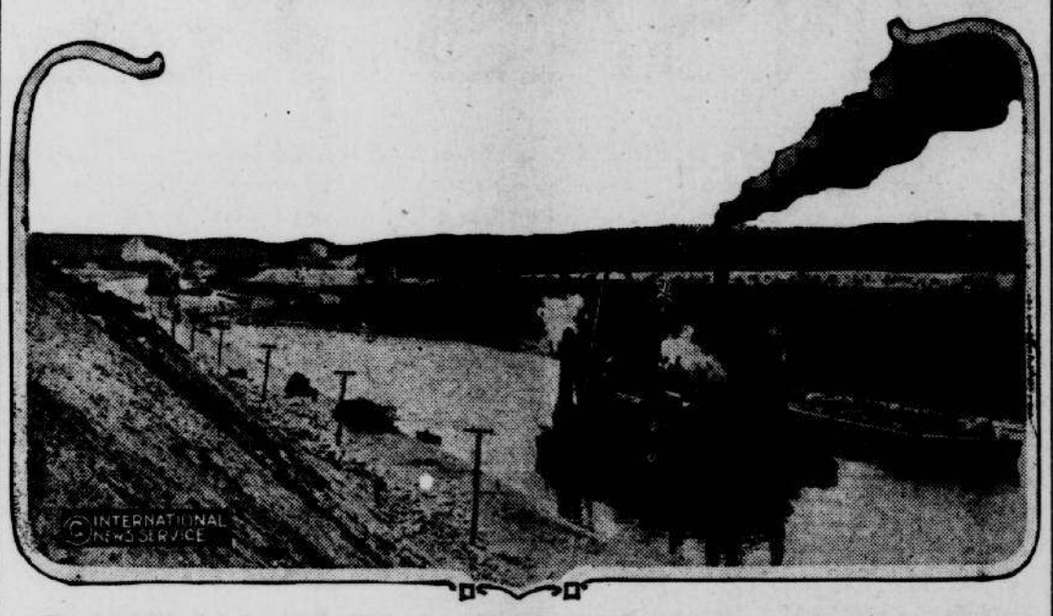
TURKISH ENVOY ADOPTS MOSLEM FAITH

Alfred Rustem Bey des Bilinski, who has just succeeded to the post of Turkish ambassador to the United States is not a Turk. His father was a Pole and his mother was a Miss Sandison, of an aristocratic British family. The ambassador has recently received widespread commendation in many Turkish newspapers because he, a short time ago, embraced the Moslem faith.

"It is like coming back home," said the ambassador in Washington the other day. "I have so many good friends here that it is a great delight to serve my government in Washington.

"No, I do not apprehend another war in the Balkans. I am one who earnestly hopes for peace and believes there will be peace. Turkey, it is true, lost some territory in the recent war, and while it is always bad for a nation to lose territory, it will probably prove a blessing for us in the end. The Turkish army is in far better condition than ever. It is smaller, but more efficient, better disciplined, and better trained."

CAPE COD CANAL NEARING COMPLETION



The great Cape Cod ship canal, which will be of immense service to coastwise traffic, is now not far from completion. This photograph of a section of the canal near Bournemouth, Mass., shows in the background a dyke that must be dynamited before vessels can pass through.

MILITANT SUFFRAGETTISM HAS COST GREAT BRITAIN $4,500,000 TO DATE

Conditions in England Undoubtedly Are Rapidly Verging to the Point Where a Bitter and Merciless War Will Be Waged—"Let Them Die," Is Becoming Slogan of Englishmen Regarding Imprisoned Women Who Refuse to Eat.

London.—"Let them die!" Yes, but will they die unavenged? Will the fatalities be all on one side? These are the questions serious Englishmen ask themselves today and the answers are not comforting. Militant suffragettism is undoubtedly verging rapidly to open bloodshed.

Mrs. Pankhurst once said that to make an Englishman pay attention to anything you must hit him between the eyes with a brick. It was on this theory that she started a campaign of militantism, or as she put it, open revolution against man-made government and man-made institutions.

As the desired results failed to be produced the suffragettes have increased the dose. The first serious outrages on property were in 1912. Prior to that they had been only isolated cases, such as window breaking at the home of the premier. Since 1912 the fury of the women has increased in a geometrical progression indicated by the following estimates of property destroyed:

1912	$ 40,000
1913	500,000
1914	4,000,000
Total	$4,540,000

Militancy, few seem to remember, has been the feature of but a small percentage of the years of Mrs. Pankhurst's public career in the cause of ballots for women; and it has been the plan of attack of a much smaller percentage of the years through which her family have struggled to put women on a political equality with men.

Her father and mother were strong suffrage advocates and workers for many decades before the present celebrated leader was old enough to mount a stump. Other relatives of forgotten days also spurred Mrs. Pankhurst to her life work. She married a London barrister, who was throughout his career devoted to the women's cause. Only many years after his death did Mrs. Pankhurst and her three daughters startle the world with their appeal to force.

It was the endless delays with which the English government met them, the wiles of constitutional subtleties, the trickery, the broken promises, the belief that they might lose even with a clear majority for them in the houses of parliament, which finally caused

Miss Christabel Pankhurst.

Mrs. Pankhurst to cry aloud. That is literally the first form militancy took. Mrs. Pankhurst and a few chosen followers started interrupting meetings with questions.

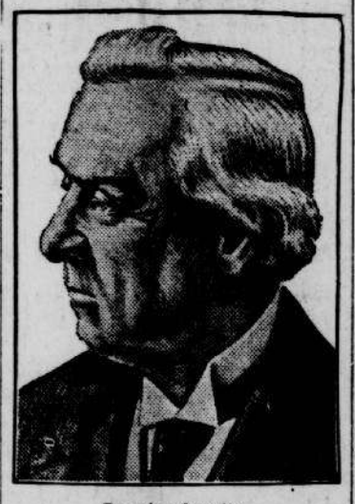
While heckling the speakers at such a public meeting in 1905 Christabel Pankhurst and Annie Kenney, the latter a factory girl of remarkable character, were arrested.

In these days of wholesale arrests, forcible feedings, ambulances, hatchets and firebrands, this statement does not sound startling. But it shocked England at the time. Intelligent Englishmen knew the Pankhurst family, their intelligence, refinement and ability. The brick seemed to take effect.

Mrs. Pankhurst then conceived her militant plan. She resolved to press her advantage. She said once that she was helped to her decision by the advice of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, premier before Asquith: "You will never win by quiet means. You must pester and irritate."

To perfect the organization of her militant force, Mrs. Pankhurst sought and obtained an interview with Gen. Bramwell Booth, commander of the Salvation Army, and invited his advice on the ordering of the great undertaking.

The general counseled Mrs. Pankhurst to adopt a plan of military organization on lines largely similar to that of the army. At her request he wrote out such explanation of the system as seemed adapted to her needs and advised her that as commanding



Premier Asquith.

officer she must insist that her general orders should be implicitly obeyed. Those who failed to do so must leave.

With this idea in mind Mrs. Pankhurst sent out a circular announcing that the union would be formed on military lines, that the officers must be obeyed and the commanding officer supreme. All who objected to such a form of government were asked to withdraw. A number did withdraw, among them Mrs. Despard and Lady Cook (Tennessee Claflin). The Women's Social and Political union attempted nothing soldierly in costume, though the colors—white, violet and green—are displayed in such a way on the dress of every member that they have almost attained the dignity of a uniform.

For almost eight years now the Women's Social and Political union has fought. It was some time before the women could bring themselves to do any great damage. Letter boxes were destroyed by the process of pouring vitriol into them or dropping lighted matches through the openings. Golf greens were attacked. Annoyances of all sorts were practised.

As time went on the extent of the outrages increased. Larger and finer structures were put to the torch. Mrs. Pankhurst was arrested (about ten times in all) and at each arrest the vindictiveness of her followers became deeper.

They had their medals of honor. Hundreds who had been arrested and subjected to torture, perhaps deserved, in jail wore proudly the insignia of their suffering on their breasts.

Then came the first martyr, Emily Davison. She hurled herself among the galloping horses in the Derby last year, caught the bridle of the king's horse, threw him, and was so badly trampled by the cruel hoofs that she died a few days later.

Some of the followers were alienated by the growing violence of the campaign methods. In October, 1912,

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst.

Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, whose wealth had been a great aid, left Mrs. Pankhurst. They parted friends and with perfect frankness on both sides. At this time Mrs. Pankhurst said:

"We have been grossly betrayed by the government, and that warrants militancy. It is our only weapon. Alarmist rumors are afloat to the effect that we intend to make attacks upon human life. To that we give an absolute and uncompromising denial."

But six months later the pig-headed methods of British officialdom had caused her view to change. Following her conviction in Old Bailey and her sentence to three years' penal servitude, Mrs. Pankhurst said (April 12, 1913): "Human life is now in peril, for we have resolved no longer to respect it, and trouble of all sorts must be faced."

In her speech to the judge and jury, she has furnished the motto for her suffragettes: "I deliberately broke the law, not hysterically, not emotionally, but for a set and serious purpose, because I believe it is the only way."

Is the only way, now that the destruction of $4,540,000 worth of property has been without effect, actual rebellion with firearms?

If the Ulsterites have their way, with the English government, by means of volunteers, drilling and gun-running, the women militants may follow the same course. They quote freely Sir Edward Carson's bold admittance that his course of action is illegal. The Orangeman, they say, has substituted for the brick between the eye of the transport worker and the militant, the steel-jacketed bullet which cuts short argument. Mrs. Pankhurst said recently:

"The women of England are in full revolt. We are in active rebellion. We are in a state of revolution and war is never agreeable. I expect to die for the cause."

5,000 Feet of Water in Well.

Fullerton, Cal.—After being drilled to a depth of over 5,000 feet without encountering oil in commercial quantities, the well of the Fisher Oil company in this field has been sold to Dr. Davidson of Bray, who will use it to supply water for his ranch, on which the well is located. The well was disposed of for the price of the casing, and is said to have cost nearly $75,000 to drill. Work was in progress over two years.

Davidson has pulled out the inner pipes, thus getting a good supply of water for irrigation. The water rises in the pipe to within ten feet of the surface, and it promises to furnish his pumping plant with an inexhaustible supply.

BLAMES DRINK FOR INSANITY

Dr. T. D. Adlerman, Expert, Says That Nation Soon Will Be One Huge Asylum.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Alcohol is the chief cause of insanity, according to Dr. T. D. Adlerman, a specialist in nervous and mental diseases of New York, who addressed the National Electric Medical association here recently. He declared the United States is progressing toward the stage where it will be one large insane asylum.

"We have practically become known as a nervous nation," asserted Doctor Adlerman. "We rush and we hurry, turning night into day, and we hurry the body to decay with tobacco, alcohol, sexual excesses and abuses. We must stop this disastrous rush and headlong hurry.

"Alcohol makes more insanity than all other causes combined. Where it is not the initial cause it is the developing cause. In the United States there are 250,000 insane and the same number of feeble-minded, which exceeds the combined strength of the army and navy.

"There is an answer to this condition and it is safe and sane eugenics. The world must see to it that there is a great evolution of character in men and women. There should be laws to prevent the propagation of defectives, to prevent marriage between feeble-minded and insane. There is nothing for us doctors to do except to become advocates of eugenics."

HOME TRADE BOOSTS

Paying the Fiddler

WE ALL realize that when there is dancing going on, whether it be the new-fangled tango or the old-fashioned polka or waltz—some one must pay the fiddler.

We cannot have music without paying for it, nor can we have much of anything in this world without paying for it.

If we expect any person to do something for us, we expect, naturally, to do something in exchange for such favors as we receive. If we accept favors, but evade the responsibility of making any returns for them it will not be long before we discover that the unpaid for favors become curtailed.

Probably we become provoked, after the favors have stopped, and acknowledge our own stupidity. It is generally too late when we wake up and then it is merely the old story over again—of locking the door after the horse has been stolen.

Many of us in this community devote more or less of our time to the raising of produce of various kinds. We have vegetables, butter, eggs, milk, etc., to sell.

We find it a convenience to sell such products in the local stores. Some of our business men buy up the small quantities, as well as the larger lots, and ship all together to the more central markets.

This facility for disposing of such articles is a great convenience to us. If the local storekeepers did not buy our produce it would be difficult for us to find a market. In fact, there would be no market for small quantities except at ruinous prices.

Therefore we are favored, to a very considerable extent, by the fact that our local storekeeper stands ready to buy from us. This places us under certain obligations. The local storekeepers are entitled to some consideration from us in return.

HOW MANY OF US APPRECIATE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THIS FACT?

How many of us think of this when we have some cash to spend? How many of us consider that the local storekeeper is entitled to our trade and that we are morally bound to consider him as the proper repository for our orders and the recipient of our trade?

It is regrettable that many of us must plead guilty to an entire forgetfulness of any feeling of obligation. Therefore, we send our orders, with the cash, to the mail order houses, to whom we owe nothing.

We are enticed by cleverly written advertisements and neatly worded descriptions of goods and merchandise so that we deceive ourselves into believing them to be true. We forget the local storekeeper and his favors; we forget that he is a benefit to the community and to every individual in the community; we forget that he is affording us an opportunity to dispose of our produce—that he has his money invested in a stock of merchandise that he has selected because he believed we would need such articles and would wish to buy them at home.

Every dollar we send away from home to the mail order houses brings us closer to the limitations of our local opportunities. Every dollar diverted from local trade adds to the restrictions of our trade facilities at home so that we are not only permitting, but we are inviting, our local merchants to close up shop and go out of business; or to move to some community where their efforts will be more appreciated.

By our lack of appreciation we are urging our local storekeepers to restrict their efforts to carrying only the lines of merchandise that are the most profitable for them and to cut out all goods that we can buy in the city. We are actually inviting disaster.

LET US AWAKEN TO A REALIZATION OF THE CONDITIONS WHICH CONFRONT US. LET US PLACE SOME LIMITATIONS ON OUR DISREGARD FOR EXISTING CONDITIONS AND LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

We can see what the consequences must be if we fail to do our share toward supporting the establishments of our business men in town, for the handwriting is written plainly on the wall.

Shall we read the writing and profit by the message or shall we continue to dance merrily and foolishly on until the time shall come when we must pay? And how shall we pay?

There will be only one way to pay and that will be with much more than the profit we shall have derived from our dealings with the mail order houses. WE WILL PAY DEARLY UNLESS WE AWAKEN TO A FULL SENSE OF OUR RESPONSIBILITIES, AND AT ONCE.

We wish to dance, but let us change the tune—or the fiddler.

GETTING OUR MONEY'S WORTH

IN EVERY transaction we expect to get our money's worth.

When we buy merchandise from our local storekeepers we examine everything with the utmost care, we test for strength and look for quality. We discuss with the merchant the desirability and value of everything and after we shall have decided that we will effect a purchase we are convinced that we have obtained full value and that we can depend on our purchase as being what we want.

Then, again, if for any reason we have reason to be dissatisfied with that which we have bought we can talk it over with our merchant and any discrepancy will be readily adjusted.

This is the principle of all good business. The buyer meets the seller face to face and examines the goods before closing the deal. The seller is responsible for his representations and the buyer can always find him and adjust any differences which may occur.

On the other hand there is the mail order method.

We receive a book from the mail order house, illustrated with expensive pictures of various articles. The descriptions of these articles are always optimistic and gloriously pleasing. Our minds are impressed by the charming wording of the descriptions and the selection of adjectives creates in our minds a desire to possess these wonderful things.

All sorts of promises are made in the book, or catalog. We will be accorded the greatest possible consideration, we will be allowed all kinds of privileges; we can return the goods at the expense of the house if not satisfactory; shipments will be made with promptness and despatch; any damages in shipping will be adjusted at once; "Our Mr. So-and-So will give your orders his personal attention," etc.

We are flattered and cajoled by the clever wording of the catalogue and the statements made in the "fake" personal letters sent to follow up the catalogue. We are touched in that tiny spot of vanity which, though small, seems to be everywhere and to respond to the slightest touch.

We are allured by the prospect of obtaining such magnificent and desirable articles at such remarkably low (?) prices and we are flattered by the statement that Mr. So-and-So will give our order personal attention.

We begin to believe ourselves to be "some punkins" and we are inclined to swell up and look askance at our less fortunate townsmen who have not been singled out for such distinction as a letter, signed in person by Mr. So-and-So.

Therefore, we decide that we will send an order for something. We forget that we can go into the store of our own local So-and-So, whom we know and to whom we are perhaps responsible for past favors. But it is easy to forget all this in the happiness and exultation of having been singled out by the great mail order "boss" as a desirable person with whom to do business.

SO WE SEND AN ORDER, CASH WITH IT, OF COURSE.

Then we wait for the article to come. More waiting. Then we write to the mail order "boss."

We get a succession of form letters in reply, but no merchandise. We waste a lot of time and patience and postage stamps and stationery. Finally the shipment arrives.

We are astounded. This hardly looks like the article we expected. So we write again. Then follows more correspondence. We are told to examine the article again thoroughly and compare the description with it. We do so.

Yes, the technical description is the same. BUT THE CLEVER STYLE IN WHICH IT IS WRITTEN HAS DELIBERATELY MISLED US. The illustration has lied to us deliberately, because the picture was toned up and exaggerated for the sole purpose of misleading us.

We are stung. We could have gotten a far better value from our local storekeeper for the money. The lying letters we received from Mr. So-and-So were merely printed form letters and were probably never seen by the alleged signer, who is in Europe spending the dollars which we, and other similar dupes, have sent him.

Bah! Why will be persist in such foolishness? Our common sense should tell us better. But no, probably we will do the same thing over again when we get the same sort of flattering and lying dope from another mail order house that has bought a list of names, containing ours, from the house which stung us.

YES, THEY WILL PASS OUR NAMES ALONG, ONE TO THE OTHER. WE HAVE PLACED OURSELVES ON RECORD AS BEING "EASY MARKS."

In the meantime we may go to our local dealer and buy the article we really need. He will guarantee it and, perhaps, give us credit for it if we need it.

LET US SUPPORT OUR LOCAL BUSINESS MEN. THEY ARE ENTITLED TO OUR TRADE AND WE KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT FROM THEM.

Fear Is Useless.

Phobism is an addition to fear (another name for worry). If smugness be unlovely from a social point of view, phobism is fatal to its victim, writes Eliot Park Frost in the Atlantic. Did it ever occur to you that fear can become a habit and a luxury, just as smoking is? But probism is the most hazardous.

We fear poverty, we fear disease, we fear death, we fear that we shall be snubbed socially. And each separate fear impairs our capacity for work in a definite, measurable way. I know many people addicted to the use of fear. Some of them use it to excess. To the psychologist, fear is the most expensive of all habits that people indulge. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths per cent of fear is as useless as a deckhand on a submarine.

Switzerland's embroidery trade suffered a loss of nearly $2,000,000 last year because of fashion's decree that soft, clinging materials shall be worn.