

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

FORTUNES OF THIS DECADE.

By Chauncey M. Depew.



SENATOR DEPEW.

Nothing more marks this decade than from others than the sudden accumulation of fabulous fortunes. When I graduated from Yale there were only two multi-millionaires in the United States, John Jacob Astor and Commodore Vanderbilt. Neither of them at that period had reached the \$10,000,000 limit. There were not in the whole country twenty people worth a million dollars. To-day there are more than one hundred in Pittsburgh alone who have passed that figure.

These vast fortunes, themselves so conspicuous, so almost incomprehensible, are at present more matters of curiosity than of antagonism. Most of the possessors of them have shown a wise generosity in the distribution of their wealth. In no other country in the world, at no other period, have the rich from their abundance given so lavishly to education, philanthropy and patriotism. Last year the known sums which they thus contributed amounted to the high figure of \$107,300,000.

The sudden acquisition of almost incalculable riches by so many in the last five years has produced many singular results. The most ghastly misfortune which can happen to a man who has been successfully prosecuting and increasing his business until he has passed middle life is to be compelled to sell out and retire. He may receive a sum far beyond any value he ever placed upon his plant and good will. Nevertheless, the sale is generally accompanied by an obligation not to resume and compete. Little outside the factory or office interests him because the cells of his brain have become, some of them, abnormally active, and others paralyzed through disuse. He can think of nothing and he cares for nothing but the shop and its results. Books, literature, lectures, travel, politics, society, and play bore the life out of him. I know half a hundred such men who have come to this condition within the last few years.

WOMAN'S DUTY TO SOCIETY.

By Mrs. Donald M'Lean.

The first duty of a woman to society is to make herself agreeable to those whom she does not consider to be in society. It is easy enough to be agreeable to one's friends. The test of breeding, of course, comes in one's attitude to one's inferiors and one's enemies—two classes which a woman, in considering her duty to society, is very likely in her own mind to exile from society. On the contrary, they are very important members of it. She ought to know this because they occupy so many of her thoughts.

An attempt to be agreeable usually takes a very obvious form—that of flattery. Flattery is exceedingly bad form. Flattery is the spurious coin, the gold coin is simple graciousness. A cardinal principle of being agreeable is to be gracious. Graciousness includes a negative talent—the talent of snubbing nobody. The bane of social intercourse is snubbing. Snubbing is adopted presumably to emphasize one's superiority to the person snubbed. On its face it defeats its



own end. For the woman who wishes to be agreeable to society naturally wishes to make society believe in her. But when she snubs any one whom she considers beneath her she is giving ample proof that either she or her ancestors have not been used to the grade of society in which she finds herself; and that she is, therefore, not what she would have others believe.

The woman who has a right to the social position she occupies, and whose family for generations has been in the same position, will find it necessary to snub no one—neither those whom she meets socially and whom she does not consider her social equals, nor those in other walks of life with whom she is brought into casual contact.

Graciousness to her friends and to her servants, to her acquaintances and to her sewing woman, to her children and to every one asking a favor of her, to those who are gentlemen and to those who are not—that is the first rule of conduct for one who fulfills her duty to society by being agreeable.

The duty of making one's self agreeable to society means simply a woman's duty to let her best impulses rule her all the time. So this becomes a rule for general conduct as well as for social intercourse.

HOW TO CURB TRUSTS.

By James J. Hill.

The commercial expansion of a nation is the best index of its growth. Next to the Christian religion and the common schools no other single work enters into the welfare and happiness of the people of the whole country to the same extent as the railway. Great Britain has retained possession of the oriental trade for the reason that she furnishes the lowest rates of transportation to and from those countries. We are now preparing to challenge her for such share of this business as can be furnished by the manufacturers of the United States.

In a country as large as ours, carrying on enormous undertakings, large amounts of capital are necessary, and this capital can be more readily furnished by corporate ownership than in any other way. The only serious objection to so-called trusts has been the method of creating them for the purpose of selling shares of printed securities which represent nothing more than good will and prospective profits to the promoters.

If it is the desire of the government to prevent the growth of such corporations, it has always seemed to me that a simple remedy was within its reach. Under the constitutional provision allowing Congress to regulate commerce between States all companies desiring to transact business outside of the State in which

they are incorporated should be held to a uniform provision of federal laws. They should satisfy a commission that their capital stock was actually paid up in cash or in property, at a fair valuation just as the capital of the national bank is certified to be paid up. With that simple law the temptation to make companies for the purpose of selling prospective profits would be at an end. At the same time no legitimate business would suffer.

AMERICAN FARMERS FOR HAWAII.

By Robt. W. Wilcox, of Hawaii.

I am deeply interested in the bill providing for the division of government lands into home steads for the farmers and middle classes, because at present we only have in Hawaii the very rich and the very poor—the poor being the laborers or coolies.

Out of the population of 160,000, nearly 90,000 are Asiatic, 60,000 being Japanese and 30,000 Chinese. There are also several thousand Porto Ricans, but they are undesirable, as they would rather live in jail all of the time than go to work.

The land area of Hawaii is 4,000,000 acres. Of this area 2,000,000 acres are in the hands of seventy men engaged in sugar raising and cattle raising. The other 2,000,000 acres, which constitute the government lands, are rented and leased to the sugar corporations, the leases ranging from five to sixteen years.

These government lands I want divided up into homesteads to encourage American farmers to go to Hawaii. Instead of dividing the government lands into homesteads of 160 acres, as in the United States, the best lands could be divided into twenty-acre homesteads and the pastoral lands into eighty-acre homesteads either of which would give the American farmer a fine homestead to support his family all the year round.

To give an idea of how fertile the best land is, the sugar corporations produce an average of ten tons of sugar to the acre. The rice planters produce two crops a year, aggregating between 5,000 and 6,000 pounds to the acre. The same land planted with taro, a plant akin to elephant's ears, which is the staple food of the natives, will produce somewhere between 40,000 and 50,000 pounds per acre, and it sells at one cent a pound.

MILITARISM VS. COMMERCIALISM.

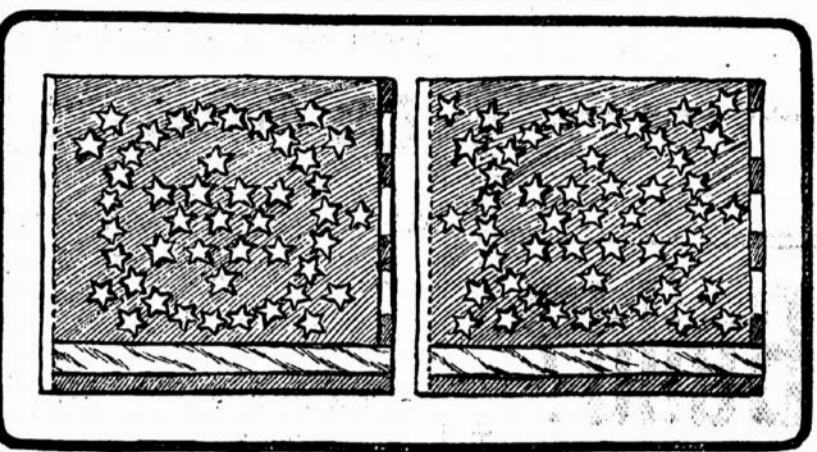
By W. Bourke Cockran.

This nation has been a world power—a world power of surpassing value to the civilization of the world. It has assumed the primacy of civilization because from the very hour of its birth it has been devoted unswervingly to justice. I believe that this country is commercial, that this is a commercial age, that commercialism is predominant; but far from regretting, I glory in it.

The object of every war that was ever waged, at least in the old world, was plunder—that is to say, profit. Vanquished countries are despoiled more scientifically, but more successfully, by tribute. Militarism is the pursuit of profit by plunder; commercialism is the pursuit of profit by industry. No fortune, however great, but was produced by peaceful pursuits. America has given a shining lesson to all the world for the benefit of all ages. It has taught that the pathway to advantage is through honesty and justice and not through violence and plunder.

STARS OF OUR FLAG

The New Arrangement Is Commemorative of Many Great Historical Events....



NEW ARRANGEMENT OF THE STARS OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

THE lack of symmetry and historical significance in the arrangement of the stars on the blue field of the American flag has for years been a subject of comment among observing patriots. Many men have given much time to a plan of placing the stars in some design which would appeal to the people of the country, but all have failed in evolving anything satisfactory until the design which J. R. Stahlnecker of Silverton, Colo., has worked out was submitted to Congress. Mr. Stahlnecker's plan is pictured above. He worked on the idea fourteen years before he was satisfied with it. The work has required more thought and study than would appear necessary at first to most people. But it was no easy matter to take a given number of stars and get out a design which would commemorate the great events in the history of the country and yet attain an artistic and symmetrical effect.

In Mr. Stahlnecker's plan, the center group of thirteen stars represents the thirteen original States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. Around this group, in a circle, are twenty-three stars which represent the States which were admitted between that time and the close of the Civil War, the group of thirteen and circle of twenty-three together representing the great seal of the United States. These three great features are to be unchanged by any following events. The first event brought the flag into existence, the second made the life of the nation more secure, and the great seal is indissolubly connected with both.

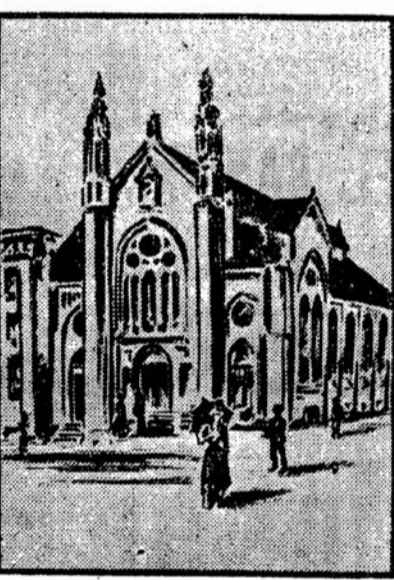
The stars outside the circle of twenty-three represent the States which were admitted between the close of the Civil War and the Spanish-American war. This places two in each of the four corners and one midway on each side, the design as a whole representing the union of States as they are at the present day. As New Mexico, Arizona, Indian Territory and Oklahoma come in, their stars may be placed in the extreme corners. Then, if Hawaii and Alaska are in time, also admitted, their stars may be placed midway on each side of the field, making an outside ring which, with those recently admitted and with the four territories which ask admittance, will inclose all the rest, making the whole design beautiful, historical, symbolical and symmetrical.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CHURCH AND ITS PASTOR, REV. DR. SCHICK.

THE new Grace Reformed Church, now in process of construction, will be finished about Dec. 1, at which time it is expected that President Roosevelt will have returned to Washington for the resumption of his strenuous duties as the head of the American nation. This is the church in which the President worships, and it was he who laid the corner stone of



REV. J. M. SCHICK, the new building on July 1. The new edifice will be of Gothic design, the material of Cleveland Lower Canon gray stone, and the auditorium will have a seating capacity of about 600. The newspapers always refer to this little church as the Dutch Reformed, but, according to the pastor, Rev. John M. Schick, this title is erroneous. He says this church is properly described by the term "Grace Reformed," and that if it have any national origin at all it is German rather than Dutch. It is a differentiation from the Lutheran churches in that its underlying spirit is republicanism, whereas that of the Lutheran churches is monarchic. Dr. Schick is a pleasant



GRACE MEMORIAL CHURCH.

gentleman, rather under than over the medium height, and possesses the serenity which learning and experience give to the professional man. He is now an intimate of the Roosevelt family and is often a guest at the Sunday night suppers in the White House, to which the President loves to invite those who are especially congenial with him in their views of life and work.

MACHINE MADE TORCHON LACE.

Austrian Invention Imitates Hand-Made Product.

Some fair imitations of hand-made lace are already manufactured by machinery. A recent invention by an Austrian named Matitsch renders it possible to reproduce one more variety, known as torchon lace. The real article is a moderately coarse but pretty lace and is used on garments which it is desirable to put through a laundry.

Herr Matitsch, after being associated with the lace industry in Vienna and inventing a machine which did not give satisfactory results, went to Nottingham, England, where he perfected the model in 1899. It was then necessary to make the Jacquards for each pattern, that it was desirable to produce. This part of the work was performed upon the inventor's return to Vienna. Hitherto it has been necessary to have a separate machine for each design. With the Matitsch machine it is only necessary to substitute one Jacquard for another, as in weaving cloth.

The inventor does not intend to organize a company to make lace, says the New York Tribune, or even the production of more machines. He has already put nearly \$100,000 into his experiments and is now looking for a company to buy his rights. The Nottingham lace manufacturers profess not to be disturbed by the prospect of competition and say that the Matitsch machine will injure French manufacturers chiefly. In Vienna the papers think that a new era in lace making is ahead.

Strategic Slang.

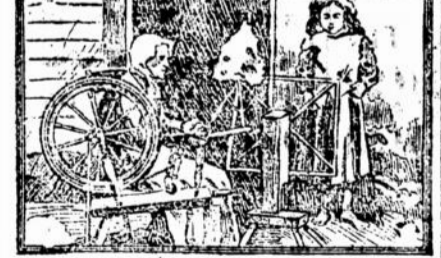
The enemies of slang—and we are all its enemies on occasion—will have to confess that it sometimes has value, if only to conceal thought. Harper's Weekly is authority for a story in which a single slang word was the means of accomplishing important results.

When Lieutenant Gilmore's party was captured and sent into northern Luzon by the Filipinos, the prisoners were all condemned to death. Some were murdered, and the rest of the party was abandoned in the jungle, be-

WAS A ROSY-CHEEKED GIRL ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

This is a picture of Mrs. David B. Stamp, of Finchville, Orange County, N. Y. She is a little, old, almost forgotten woman, living in a little, old, almost forgotten town. You would scarcely believe to see her that she was an old woman as long ago as the outbreak of the Civil War; you would scarcely believe that one hundred years ago she was a plump, red-cheeked, girl playing on the shores of the blue Hudson, and the prettiest girl at that, for many miles in all directions. But that is exactly what she did do and what she was, and now as she sits among the gathering shadows of life's twilight, waiting for the night to fall, she can look backward across the century and say that the world with all its teeming millions has been born again since that far distant time when she was a little girl at play.

Mrs. Stamp was born on the shores



MRS. DAVID B. STAMP.

of the Hudson one hundred and eight years ago. She spent her girlhood there and saw the trial trip of Robert Fulton's first steamboat. She remembers when the country rang with the praises of General Washington. She remembers the day he died. She remembers the Marquis de Lafayette, Andrew Jackson, the war of 1812, and recalls most of the principal events that have taken place in her lifetime. Mrs. Stamp spends most of her time at her spinning wheel, which, like herself, belongs to an almost forgotten time. Every garment that she wears, as well as nearly every piece of fabric in her humble home, is homespun goods, the work of her own hands.

The Prince and the Painter. When King Edward was still Prince of Wales, he sat to Julian Story for his portrait. The Prince could give the painter but a short time, so Mr. Story worked at high pressure. A little incl-

LOADING WHEAT BY ELECTRICITY.



Behold the electric starvedore! It suffereth not from fatigue and it quitteth not even at the lunch hour, and yet it loads wheat upon a vessel in a style far beyond the possibilities of human hands. Just watch it, if you please. The sacks of grain come aboard by a sort of trolley and are dumped into the hold at the rate of one every two seconds. It is, in fact, the latest achievement of electricity as applied for power purposes. The picture is from the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture.

dent given on the authority of the London Chronicle exhibits the manly sympathy of the present sovereign of England.

While the Prince walked back and forth at intervals to the painter, the painter worked at the background, never putting down his palette. The result was that his thumb went to sleep. Toward the end of the sitting the painter was pulling his thumb to get the blood into circulation, when his royal sitter saw and sympathized.

The next day, when the Prince came for a second sitting, he said: "I didn't sleep very well last night, and I thought of you. I was worrying about your palette. Couldn't you have the thumb-hole padded?"

Fruitless Caution.

One of the pleasant incidents connected with the celebration of Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday was the reprinting of "The Man Without a Country," which helped to make him famous. Dr. Hale wrote a preface for the book, and told not only how he came to write it, but of the way in which one well-laid plan came to naught.

When the story was published in the Atlantic Monthly the utmost secrecy

Long-Felt Want.

Green—Congratulate me, old man! My fortune is made.

Brown—Come on with the explanation.

Green—I have discovered a new kind of cloth for cheap clothing that will fade alike all over.

Somebody ought to protest in vigorous fashion against the foolish habit of pounding tin pans around a man's house when he gets married.

The water invariably escapes when it is only half tide.



Heredity. "Do you believe in heredity?" "Certainly; I know a barber who has three little shavers."—Ex.

Youngman—I wonder what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you? Henpeck—Marry her.—Philadelphia Press.

Dawson—Blenks is a great believer in fate, isn't he? Lawson—Yes, he has to blame his incompetency on something.—Somerville Journal.

An Insinuation. Flora—Yes, I sing in a church where they have an awfully small congregation. Dora—Then why don't you stop singing?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Swellman—I dreamed last night that I was with a box party at the opera. Mr. Swellman—I wondered why you were talking so loud in your sleep.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Eastside—That is a lovely gown, but haven't I seen it before? Miss Westside—No, I think not; I have only worn it at a few smart affairs this season.—Town and Country.

"It says here, Samantha, that Reverend Toogood was a saloon passenger on the Majestic." Beats all how them preachers do cut up when they git away from hum.—Judge.

Arthur—Yes. I think Minnie loves me very much. She's a dear girl; she has a large heart. Harry—A heart like a London omnibus; always room for one more.—Boston Transcript.

Clergyman (late to come to parish)—Your neighbor, Smith, says my sermons are rubbish. Farmer—Ah, ye needn't mind 'im, sir; e's a mouth-piece for other folks.—Tit-Bits.

Flossie—I'm afraid, Bridget, that mamma is dissatisfied with you. Bridget—Is she, now? Faith, thin, she'll soon have a chance to be dissatisfied wit' somebody else!—Puck.

Inducements Held Out. Harriet—What shall I say in the advertisement for a cook? Harry—Well, say that we'll take her with us to any summer resort she may prefer.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing to Show. "What is your nativity?" asked the magistrate. "Ain't got any, y'r honor," said the blear-eyed inebriate, feeling in his pockets; "the police took everything I had."—Chicago Tribune.

She—You wouldn't mind saying this over again to-morrow, would you, dearie? I am a member of the M. P. D. C. Club. "Why, what does that mean?" "Moonlight proposals don't count."—Life.

Convincing Proof: May—I had no idea before last night that Mr. Pilcher was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideals. Maud—How did you come to find it out? May—He proposed to me.—Bazar.

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that? Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other one.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Sure Test: "How can you tell real cut glass from the imitation?" asked Mrs. Gaswell. "You can't, always," said Mr. Gaswell, "but when anybody offers you a piece of real cut glass for fifteen cents, don't buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week, because you told me that you had your mother to support." "I know, but my mother got married and now I have two to support."—Ohio State Journal.

Farmer (in cart)—Hi, stop! Stop, you fool! Don't you see my horse is running away? Driver of motor car (hired by the hour)—Yes, it's all very well for you to say "stop," but I've forgotten how the blooming thing works!—Punch.

Bobbie—You know them preserves out in the pantry wot you told me not to eat? Mother—Yes. Bobbie—You know you said they'd make me sick if I et 'em, didn't you? Mother—Yes. Bobbie—Well, they didn't.—Ohio State Journal.

"Belinda, your brother George tells me that you were sitting on that little Mr. Thomkins' knees last evening. Is it true?" "Yes, papa; but I'm sure you wouldn't mind." "It was just one of those little moral lapses, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Haddock—I met poor old Rhyns creeping towards his office to-day, and he complained bitterly of being all run down this spring. Juddock (defensively)—Well, confound him, he had no business getting in front of an automobile.—Harper's Bazar.

The Floor Walker: First Clerk—Poor Jim! It will be a long time before he gets another place. Second Clerk—Don't you believe it. Why, he got a place as floor walker. First Clerk—You don't say so? Second Clerk—Yes; he's got a new baby.—Judge.

Mr. Williams (Fanny's admirer)—Is your sister going to the seaside this summer, Tommy? Tommy—That all depends on you. I heard ma say if you and Fanny were engaged before the season opened, there wouldn't be any sense in her going.—Stray Stories.

The Kind That Get Away: "That little minnow," said the first fish, "seems to have got a big opinion of himself all of a sudden." "Yes," replied the other, "he managed to wriggle off a hook this morning, and then heard the fisherman bragging about his size."—Philadelphia Press.

Most good doctors are homely.