

PAIERS BY THE PEOPLE

HONORABLE FUNCTION OF THE POLITICIAN.

By Elihu Root, Secretary of State.



ELIHU ROOT.

We often hear remarks made which indicate an impression that politicians are rather a low set of fellows, with selfish aims and corrupt practices, who manipulate party politics for their own advantage, and that the less self-respecting gentlemen have to do with them the better.

If that is ever the case, and it undoubtedly is the case at some times and in some places, it is always because at such times and in such places political control is allowed to go by default.

Another reason or excuse for not taking part in political affairs is the direct reverse of those that I have mentioned; it is that the party management is satisfactory; that matters go along very well, and that a man does his duty to his party if he supports its ticket with his vote, and perhaps contributes his fair share toward the payment of its expenses. This position can never be maintained.

None of these reasons for not taking part in party politics is ordinarily the real reason. The real reason is that men are unwilling to spend the time and the money and the labor necessary for the due performance of their duties as citizens; that they prefer to attend to their professions, their business, their pleasures, and allow others to govern them, rather than to take part in governing themselves.

They are willing to pursue a course which, if shared in by the rest of their countrymen, would bring our constitutional government to an immediate end, wreck our prosperity and stop our progress.

HOW WOMEN MAY RETAIN MEN'S RESPECT.

By Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania.



Women should never forget that they stand on a superior level, and when they place themselves on an equality with man they do but descend from those heights. It is the natural instinct of man to venerate woman, first in the person of the mother who bore him, next in that of his wife, then again of his daughter, or it may be of the sister or sisterly friend who watches over his children. It is not too much to say that, in all times and places, and under all circumstances soever, a truly womanly woman will hardly fail to obtain proper deference from men. In the hour of trouble, in sickness and fatigue, our husbands and our sons seem to us just such dear spirit children, whom we must do our best to help and comfort, however inordinate the claims may be which they make on our sympathy and indulgence.

Young girls cannot too soon begin to prepare themselves for the hours of loneliness life must inevitably

bring, and they should resolve from the first that whenever left thus they will spend the time profitably in acquiring useful knowledge, in enlarging their mental horizon so as to be able to share their husbands' pursuits and understand their aims, to become their worthy companions in every enterprise. For this no tremendous display of learning is requisite, that would often rather weary a man than not, instead of giving him the sensation of repose he seeks. One of the friends of my youth, an unmarried woman, whose skill with her needle was unrivaled, always had a book open before her while she worked, and whilst executing some lovely piece of embroidery of such graceful design and in such delicate colors that it looked like a water color sketch, she would learn all the finest passages from her author by heart. Thanks to this system, she was able to relate stories without end to young people without ever having to refer to a book.

RAILROADS AND THEIR EMPLOYEES.

By Chauncey M. Depew.



SENATOR DEPEW.

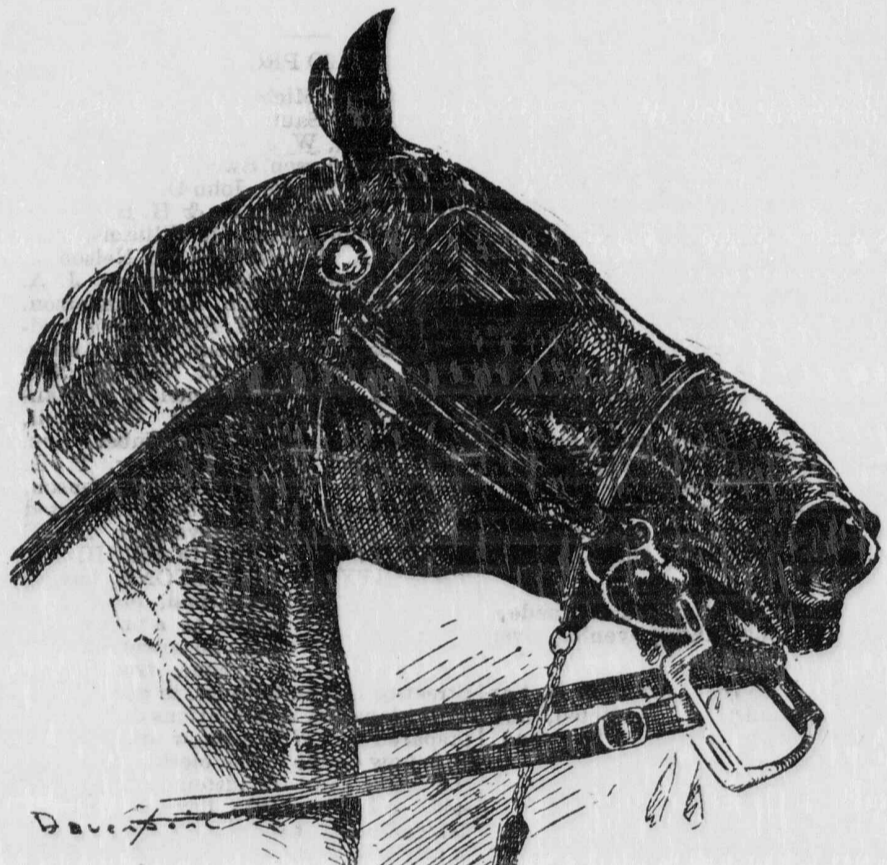
While the railroad employes formed but a small proportion of the electorate at the time I became associated with the railroads forty years ago, when you add to the one and a half millions directly upon the pay rolls the men who dig out the ore from the mines and those who turn the ore into rails, fishplates, and spikes, and those whose finished product comes in the form of the cars upon the tracks, there are at least one-fifth of the voters dependent upon the railroads for their living.

The demand upon the railroads of the country is now greater than they can answer. Conditions of ten years ago have changed, and the farmers who are now revealing in prosperity need more railroads to transport the fruits of their labor.

The railroad plant is insufficient to meet the demands of the country, and the country is growing more rapidly than railway mileage or equipment construction. I am not one of those who fear that socialism, or advanced radicalism, or untried theories put into unwise practice are to be carried into effect to such an extent as to produce financial or industrial paralysis. I believe that these great corporations should be under the rigid supervision of the States and of the general government.

Because of the present marvelous development the American people want railways built, and they believe that those who take the risks should have a fair return upon their money. The millions of people who make direct investments or indirect ones through their deposits in savings banks and other institutions, and that vast army of labor, comprising one-fifth of our electorate, who are dependent upon railway prosperity for their living, are the substantial basis of the safety of the present and the growth of the future.

HOW HORSES ARE TORTURED.



If you will stop to notice the character of the bits used on the horses you will get another view of the cruelty done to our faithful servants. And if you could make an examination of these bits and headgear, you would be more astonished than ever.

It would be impossible to estimate the suffering that horses undergo from high checking and from the weight of metal brought to bear on their frail underjaws.

The modern fashionable bit weighs two and a half pounds. The weight of that bit rests on the lower jaw, where the bone is the frailest in the whole anatomy of the horse. There are no teeth to prevent the big, heavy bit from bruising the tender jawbone. At that point there is only a tusk. I have seen that lone tooth so sore and tender from where the heavy bits hit it that the horse could hardly be bridled at all.

Besides this two-and-a-half-pound bit, there is another bit in the horse's mouth, one to which the checkrein is fastened. The latest fashionable check works on a pulley. Then, with a martingale fastened to the noseband and bellyband, the horse can't even toss his head higher, if it was a physical possibility, to get the temporary rest that that would afford him.

But we seem to be getting worse instead of better. The latest invention is a bit with a tremendous paw running back and squeezing the horse's tongue down so that he cannot move it.

This last effort of fashion, of course, is to keep the horse's tongue from lolling from his mouth when he is checked so high that in his agony he lets the tongue out to try some change to relieve the pain. Though the bulldog in

the seat of the carriage may have his tongue hanging out without showing bad form, still for the hot, prancing horse to do it is simply intolerable!

If you want to imagine something of the agony of the modern fashionable carriage horse, go to any swell harness store and lift the head stall with the bits in place. And any horse will go better with a plain snaffle bit. Its weight is one-tenth that of the other, and the horse obeys the rein quicker. But the objection to the snaffle bit is that a horse will act naturally; he will look around and enjoy his work, if he can. The bit doesn't hurt him, and he does not appear excited.

But the trouble with drivers of "stylish" horses is that they do not understand how these things decreed by fashion torture the horses. I believe I know human beings as well as I know horses, though men and women are the harder to understand. I have no doubt if this matter could be seen in its proper light we would not be content to ride behind horses with maimed tails and half broken jaws to attract attention without hiring a man with a megaphone. Mankind is vain, but not intentionally cruel.—Homer Davenport in the Chicago American.

Better than They Knew.

A congregation in a hilly district in Ohio bought a small tract of land and erected a church building upon it. Then the question of insurance came up. Mr. Sipes, the wealthiest member, who had contributed more than half the money needed for the new structure, declared that he did not believe in insurance. "This is the Lord's building. He'll take care of it," he said. His view prevailed, and there was

no insurance. In a few weeks the building was struck by lightning and almost totally consumed by fire. Another one was erected, Mr. Sipes contributing the greater portion of the fund, as before. This time the demand was almost unanimous that it be insured, but Mr. Sipes again objected, on the same ground.

"If it burns down again, brethren," he said, "I'll agree to rebuild it myself."

Again he carried his point. In less than a month the new church was struck by lightning again, and although strenuous efforts were made to save it, the loss was almost total.

"There must be some reason for this, brethren," said Brother Sipes. "I am going to find out what it is."

Thereupon he employed a force of men to sink a shaft on the site of the twice-destroyed church. Within a few days a rich vein of iron ore was found, and the church property was sold for many times the amount needed to buy land in another locality and build again.

"I tell you, brethren," said Brother Sipes, "it pays to trust the Lord. He's a great deal better business manager than anybody in this congregation."

A Slight Gap.

A genealogist, like a poet, must be born, not made. The naive statements offered by persons whose one desire is to show a lineage which will secure them admittance to some exclusive organization drive the real genealogist to rage or tears.

"I don't see why I can't join the 'Daughters of the Early Founders.'" said an indignant young woman to a friend. "My line is perfectly clear except in one place. It's so absurd!"

"What is the troublesome place?" asked the genealogist.

"Oh, it's in the eighteenth century," said the young woman, with much irritation. "They just failed to keep the records of course. Of all foolish things! Why, I can remember back to grandfather, you see, and mother remembers two more generations, and we're perfectly sure our ancestors came over from England in the seventeenth century. The name is spelled a little different, but of course it's they, because they must have come. And just because I haven't been able to connect them with great-great-grandfather in the eighteenth century, they won't let me in. It's so—so paltry!"

Wasn't Asking Much.

A florist of Philadelphia was one day making the rounds of his properties near that city when he was approached by a young man, who applied to him for work.

"I am sorry," said the florist, "but I have all the help I need. I have nothing for you to do."

"Sir," said the young man, with a polite bow, "if you only knew how very little work it would take to occupy me!"—Success Magazine.

Europe and America have about 80,000,000 lives of honey bees.

THE OLD-SOAKEM BUCKET SHOP.



How dear to my heart are the bucket shop earnings,

When fond recollection presents them to view;

The clerk, the mechanic, for wealth vainly yearning,

And every one else I was able to do.

No longer they'll come with the bulk of their wages,

And hand them to me, when for margins I call;

No longer they'll find in the newspaper pages

The news that a bucket shop's gone to the wall;

The well-furnished bucket shop, swell looking bucket shop,

The bucket shop ready to go to the wall.

How oft have they stood by the ticker and waited

To learn what their profits were going to be!

How oft to their sorrow they've found they were fated

To leave all their profits forever with me.

Their coin! How I seized it with hands that were glowing,

And safe in my pockets it speedily fell;

Alas! now my business they've been overthrowing,

The bucket shop business that did 'em up well.

The lucrative business, the get-rich-quick business,

The bucket shop business that did 'em up well.

Alone in my sorrow, I scarce can believe it,

I'll profit no more as a bear or a bull;

My business is gone, and I ne'er can retrieve it,

I find they have broken my wonderful pull.

No longer I'll rake in their money and spend it,

No longer be out when my customers call;

The Legislature has passed a bill that will end it,

Forever the bucket shop's gone to the wall.

The old soakem bucket shop, cash-getting bucket shop,

The bucket shop now that has gone to the wall.

—Detroit Free Press.

"MILKMEN" OF BELGIUM.

Queer Rig of Milk Peddlers Who Are Mostly Girls.

There is a land across the sea, sandwiched in between Holland, Prussia and France, that is more densely populated than any other country in the world. It is the kingdom of Belgium, where there are a little more than 550 inhabitants for every square mile of territory. The inhabitants are of French and German origin of about equal proportions, are quite numerous enough to engage in great manufacturing industries, but who are, nevertheless, pastoral in their pursuits and depend on the soil for a livelihood. Many canals and a network of railroads through the country enable the farmers to transport their products to the markets, and the climate in general is de-



TYPICAL BELGIAN MILKMAID.

lightly temperate. Cattle is one of the chief products, and the corn and fruit crops come next. Many engage in fishing, and in recent years the coal and iron ore mining has grown to great proportions. Lumbering is also carried on to a considerable extent.

But cattle raising and fruit farming appear to be the national occupations. The inhabitants seem naturally adapted to such tasks, and they are surely more picturesquely interesting to the traveler when thus engaged. Dairy products cut no small figure in a country where cattle raising is an important industry, and the milk peddlers of Belgium are without a doubt the most interesting characters the traveler will meet in any country in Europe. All through Belgium you will meet the milk peddler, whether on the city streets, the villages and towns or the country highways. And as a general thing they are the robust red cheeked girls from the farms, with their milk cans and jars loaded on carts in which dogs are the motive power. The picture with this article shows a milkmaid with her cart and dog.

Milk and butter are ridiculously low priced in Belgium, and the peddler has got to make a lot of sales before a dollar is earned. However, the purchasing power of a dollar is a lot greater in Belgium than it is in this country, so things about even up. Next in importance to stock and fruit raising is agriculture, and, although Belgium is not large, it excels most of Europe.

WHY FOOD FADDISTS THRIVE.

Enthusiastic Belief Adds Taste that Insures Digestion.

Much light has been thrown on the process of digestion in the last few years by the investigations of Pavlov, a Russian physiologist, and others. These investigations have changed very materially our views of this process and have served to explain many things relating to food, especially why it is that every food faddist thrives upon his particular diet, although it may differ in toto from that of his neighbor who thrives equally on his own regimen. Stories are told of dyspeptics, living for years on carefully selected food of the blandest and "most easily digestible" sort, and suffering misery, who suddenly conceived a longing for corned beef and cabbage and surreptitiously devoured a meal of it. To their delight as much as to their surprise, there was nothing to pay for this yielding to the promptings of nature; digestion was perfectly performed for the first time in years. Such stories are not always apocryphal; they may be founded on fact, and their explanation is the same as that of the success of the food faddist.

Pavlov found in experimenting on dogs that an abundance of gastric juice was secreted when they had food that they liked, even though this food was mechanically prevented from entering the stomach; whereas, when they were fed on things they did not care for, but could eat only when half starved, the secretions of gastric juice was very scanty. This he called the "appetite juice," the process in the stomach being analogous to the familiar phenomenon of "watering in the mouth," or increased salivary secretion caused by the sight or smell of savory food or even by the thought of it. He found also that the composition of the digestive fluids varied with the kind of food, each article swallowed calling forth, through some mysterious signals transmitted to the stomach from the tongue and palate as soon as they had tasted the morsel placed in the mouth, just the sort of fluid best adapted to its digestion. The enthusiastic appreciation by the dietetic crank of the unsavory food which he is persuaded will assure him strength and long life gives him a taste for it, and so the motherly stomach provides an abundance of gastric juice of the proper composition and thereby saves him from the otherwise inevitable consequences of his folly.

Six of One, Etc.

"Look at poor Mrs. Smith working that heavy lawn mower. Isn't it a shame?"

"Yes, perhaps it is; but listen to poor Mr. Smith putting the baby to sleep."

Contentment.

"Deey say contentment is better dan riches," said Uncle Eben; "but I mus' own up dat I'd kind o' like to try both an' decide foh myself."—Washington Star.

To a man with a little sense, probably the greatest annoyance in the world is a fool.

Popular Science.

For removing rust from polished steel, an effective mixture is made by taking 10 parts of tin putty, 8 parts of prepared buckhorn and 250 parts spirits of wine. These ingredients are mixed to a soft paste and rubbed in on the surface until the rust disappears.

Practically all the California and Texas fuel oils contain more or less water, sand, asbestos, fiber and marsh gas, says the Paint, Oil and Drug Review. Some grades of oil flow freely, while others are more viscous, even though they have a lower specific gravity.

The inferior Bohemian graphite, which is too impure or compact for use in pencils, is ground fine and freed from sulphides and other heavy minerals. The refined material does not contain more than 50 or 60 per cent of graphite, and is used in the manufacture of inferior crucibles and for stove polish.

According to the English Mechanic, articles of brass or copper boiled in a solution of stannate of potassium mixed with turnings or scraps of tin in a few moments become covered with a firmly attached layer of fine tin. A similar effect is produced by boiling the articles with tin turnings or scraps and caustic alkali or cream of tartar.

The number of carriages and vehicles of every description crowding the streets of Paris augments continually, and the danger, not only to pedestrians, but to the carriages themselves, has become so great that an engineer, Monsieur Henard, proposes the establishment, at the most dangerous crossings, of a circular "island of refuge" in the center, and the regulation of all traffic in such a manner that every vehicle traversing the crossing-point, no matter what its ultimate direction may be, shall pass round the central plateau in the same direction. Thus the danger of collision and the peril to foot-passengers would be reduced to a minimum. The cut illustrates the operation of this proposed whirlpool of traffic.

The interest of astronomers in the strange red spot, about 30,000 miles in length, which has been visible on the surface of the planet Jupiter since 1878, is intensified by the recent observations of Mr. W. F. Denning, and others, on a remarkable change in its rate of motion. In a period of about three months last year it was displaced some 16 degrees of longitude from the position calculated as the basis of its former motion. This is the greatest change that has ever been observed in its rate of motion. On Jupiter the visible surface of the planet does not revolve, like the surface of the earth, everywhere with the same angular velocity, but, in general, the parts nearest the equator move with the greatest rapidity. Thus the huge planet resembles a rotating ball of constantly changing clouds, and in the midst of these the great red spot seems to float.

Uncle Job's Lesson.

"Yas suh," began Uncle Job, surveying his hearers with an expression of virtuous sadness, "yas, suh, I sholy gib lat trifling Ab'aham a lesson he neveh obgot!" Then, seeing an inquiring look in the eyes of some of his hearers, and hearing a question from the lips of one of them, he decided to go more into details about the nature of the lesson he had imparted.

"Wad' I do tuh him? I's gwine tuh ell you-alls. Ab'raham fair drawed de lightning on hisself wen he hed de dacity tuh 'vite me tuh he house tuh at eh turkey dinner."

"Turkey," repeated Uncle Job, after a telling pause, "wen dat liverashous 'ascal neveh raised any turkey in he life 'cept oven some wite man's roost. 'Hit sho was er fine turkey, but I showed dat Ab'aham dat stolen goods profiteth little. Dat turkey was er big robleh, an' dere was nobody but me an' Ab'aham dere; an' I seasoned dat bird 'vif admotions tuh be good an' wahngs f'om de wrath to come."

"Hit sholy would hev tasted good ef it hedn't ben stole. But de sauce o' it deed well did an' a sinneh rebuked alnos' made hit relish, an,'" concluded Uncle Job, with pious satisfaction, "though hit was er bad pull, I's bound o say I held out to de end an' finished lat turkey, spite ob Ab'ahams hints dat he spected hit tuh las' him er week."

Some Long Words.

The comic papers frequently poke fun at the long words of the German language, yet the English language can furnish some pretty long words, too. Here are some of the longest English words: Subconstitutionalism, incomprehensibility, honorificabilitudinitas (it will be noticed that this word contains seven 's'), anthropopaganian, disproportionableness, vellopedestrianism, transubstantiationableness, proantitransubstantiationism. This last word is no doubt the longest in the English language; it contains thirty-three etters.

A Delicate Hint.

"They say Miss Sharpe can convey a hint with such tact that it is impossible to take offense."

"Yes, she has quite a gift that way. The last time Mr. Staylate called there she asked him to have some slight refreshment and then brought in a plate of breakfast food."—Baltimore American.

When a widower has waited as long as two years before marrying again, he is very proud of the fact.

