

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT

NOVEMBER, 1912



How Long, O Nation?



How long, they say, how long O cruel
nation,
Will ye stand, to move the world, on
a child's heart—
Stifle down with mailed heel its palpi-
tation,
And tread onward to your throne
amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-
heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses
deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

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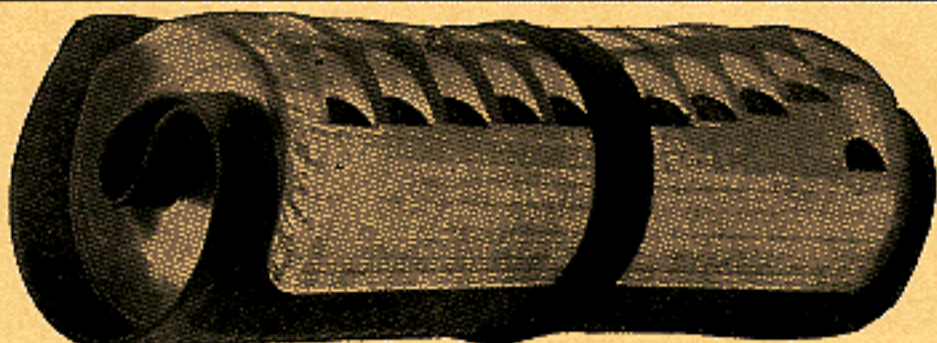
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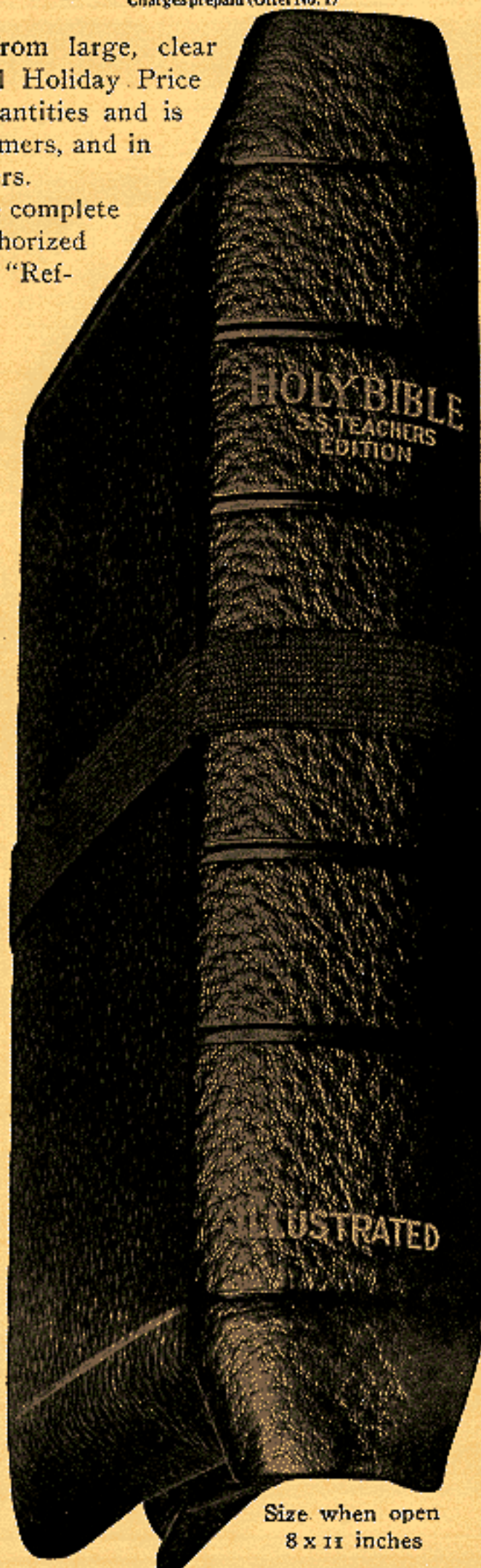
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THE AMERICAN PATRIOT

November, 1912



The Best Service

He serves his country best

Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deeds,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons; as uttermost bequest,
A stainless record which all men may read;

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide;

No dew but has an errand to some flower;
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each helping all the rest,
Make the firm bulwark of the country's power;
There is no better way.

—Susan Coolidge

Purpose of Education

By Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of Schools of Chicago

Ornamental education is doing more harm to the child of this country than almost anything else that I might mention. From the farm child in the country to the pampered child of the cities, we find the victims of ornamental or decorative education, and the responsibility for their failures begins with the parents who regarded education as an attractive wall paper and not as a stepping-stone to a legitimate end.

It is not so very long ago that a mother with whom I have had much experience came to me with this complaint:

"My husband and I have never had extensive means, but through the young girlhood of our daughter we stinted ourselves to provide her with an education. We gave her not only grammar and high school, but piano and French lessons, and also a course in elocution in order to train her voice.

"Now that she has graduated she proves useless. She can dress herself and look very pretty about the home, but she does not want to do anything. I have tried to find out what she learned from her teachers in the way of work, but am unable to discover. We have expended a considerable amount of money covering a period of eight years, and now we have a child that apparently knows less than when she started to school."

I turned abruptly on her and queried:

"At the very start of her education or any time during the period when she was under the control of teachers, did you suggest to her, did you impress upon her that the real object of an education is to teach a person how to work and to induce them to work?"

She shook her head and replied:

"I never thought of that. Education never appealed to me from that point of view. I wish it had."

So far as school expenses are concerned in the United States and Canada, it appears that the average parent annually pays out not less than \$60 a year for seven years for the education of the child, and not

more on the average than \$700 a year. If these were the only family expenses to be faced, the sum, either at the minimum, or the maximum, could hardly be considered a burden, but when it is considered that the child must be clothed, taken care of during vacation periods, be provided with social entertainments and be protected in sickness, with the family et cetera of rent, taxes, growing ambitions to read, travel and to do other laudable things, the expense is enormous unless a definite result is produced from it.

I will admit that educational systems have their faults, but where do these systems spring from? Clearly, from the people. There is no educational

system that can exist for one instant any more than a government can exist unless the people consent. All the armies in the world cannot sustain any government or any educational system if the great mass of intelligent, sober-minded, thinking people decide that the government or the educational system must end. The solution of all educational work and power, like that of all governments, is not in monarchs or presidents or dictators, but in the hands of the people themselves.

So I may dismiss any criticism I might make on existing educational systems and get back to the solution of the complaint, as to why so many

children are ornamentally and not usefully educated. In my judgment the first fault lies at the outset of the child's life. Whether that child be the son or daughter of the humblest farmer on the Snake River or the offspring of the millionaire residing on the banks of the Hudson, the plain duty of the father and mother is to teach it, as soon as it can understand, that it was born into this world to work—to produce, to create that which helps not only itself, but others.

I do not believe in overburdening any young child with thoughts of the seriousness of life. I would keep ideals and joyousness with it as long as possible. I would allow it to romp and enjoy nature under the



ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

best circumstances possible. There is no gloom to real work. There is nothing but joy in the thought of every day learning to do something that will help self, parents, friends and neighbors. There are only two basic laws of life when we get down to its real meaning—the law of love and the law of work. The law of love implies that you do unto your neighbor as you would be done by; the law of work is distinctly that of using every active moment in the interest, not of self alone, but of humanity.

The home should be the great pulpit of the world for teaching this doctrine. We would not have any less merry, romping children in country lanes or on city avenues making their way to the schoolhouse, but we would have children who approached their daily school duties understandingly. They would realize that school was not a makeshift, but a workshop, a training department in which they were fitting themselves eventually to become educators in whatever line of work they took up.

I beg a parent not to blame the average child who attends school for looking upon its duty as an excuse provided to get rid of the hours. The initiative of that thought is not in the child's mind, but in the mind of the parent who fails to show it at the very beginning that there is only one happy, contented way of taking life—the way which leads through the pleasant lanes and the hard roads of work.

What is the use of educating or decorating, as I might put it, the exterior of a boy or girl without paying any attention to the interior of the brain and the use of the muscles of the hands? The great creative work of the world has never been done through the outward appearances of people, but by

their intelligent use—the brain and the nerves and the muscles which run to the tips of the tongue; to the pupils of the eyes; to the auditory transmitter of the ear; to the ends of the fingers.

It is well enough that a boy should know how to wear a tennis suit and play with a racquet; to be clever at football or baseball, but if he cannot chop the family wood or intelligently help in the barn duties or be useful in those home duties which should come under his notice, what is the value of the other things?

The piano, the correct speaking of English, good dressing and good appearance, all have a natural place in the life of a girl, but that is not all that there should be to her life. Can she take up her share of the household duties of her mother? Does she understand household economics? Can she bake, sew, or, if unqualified for such duties, can she type, keep books, manage a cash box or undertake any other legitimate work, such as would naturally fall to her sex?

This is the question which I put to parents who are annually spending small or large sums of money on the education of their children. How far are you directing that education into the channels of work? How much have you impressed upon the child's mind that it is just as much its duty to begin a certain amount of work at six or seven years of age as it is your duty to fulfill every day the tasks which come to your brains and hands? When parents will consent to look at education from this point of view, many of the present severe problems of the public school system, dealing directly with the character of the child, will have been solved.

Patriots at Play

C. S. Pilkington, who has charge of the Lincoln Legion Patriots at Westerville, Ohio, is alert and ready to hold the interest of his boys. He recently organized and successfully carried out a hounds' and hares' race, which the Patriots thoroughly enjoyed. He prepared, with the aid of other good men, a Hallowe'en entertainment in which the Patriots took part. This picture shows the hares and hounds. Mr. Pilkington can give any boyman who writes him some good suggestions as to how to interest the boys.



Patriots At Play.

Friends of the Patriots

This is a photograph of J. H. Littleton, of Springfield, Ohio, who is secretary-treasurer of the Springfield Paper and Merchandise Company, superintendent of the First Lutheran Sunday school, and a firm friend of the Lincoln Legion Patriots. Mr. Littleton is a member of the advisory board of the Clark county Lincoln Legion Patriots, and is always ready, though a very busy man, to stop his work and give his time to help the boys. Another of his duties is that of county Sunday school superintendent.



J. H. LITTLETON.

Oran F. Hypes, who formerly was a member of the Ohio general assembly, is also one of Clark county's good, dry men. He has given invaluable assistance and advice to the Patriots.

Boys In the Country

Boys are "natural resources." They can be "worked out" as soil can be impoverished by forever exacting the same thing of them and never fertilizing them with play. Country boys need rotation of experience, as fields need rotation of crops. Boys are exploited like a timbered hill, when the nobility that crowns them is cut off and turned into money. And when the crop of boys is exhausted in the country town the community produces less of everything else, writes Warren N. Wilson, Ph. D., in the Baptist and Reflector.

Boys leave the farm because they are made work-cattle. They sleep and eat in the house, but they "work like a horse." When a boy feels most at home in the barn his father ought to ask the question, "What am I doing to make him at home with me instead of with the hired man?"

When a boy smells like a cow every time he comes into a closed room his mother, instead of scolding him, should help him to find associates among ladies rather than bovines. That boy is in danger of leaving the farm for hatred of it or sinking to an animal level and ceasing to care. In the former case the farm loses him. In the latter case the church loses him; the school, the grange and the social gathering lose him and the stable gets him. In both cases the community loses him.

The great men at Washington say that all classes must work together for the conservation of natural resources. The boy is a natural resource for whom the church should summon all kinds of people to work together in order that his soul may be saved for the heavenly city and his body saved from the earthly city. His mind should be conserved by a knowledge of the world about him. The country school should teach him the mysteries of the soil, the habits and value of birds and the marvelous wealth of the vegetable world about him. Unfortunately the country school in America has wasted more boy property than all the predatory corporations have wasted in the way of timber and water power.

The country school and church should make the community

enjoyable for the boy. My first and most valued words of praise as a minister came to me from the father of a big family, who thanked me for giving his sons an opportunity for wholesome recreation and happy social life. I had no difficulty converting the souls of this family, because their hearts were starved for social enjoyment and healthy company.

Profit-sharing, too, is as good on the farm as in the steel industry. Every farmer's son should have an allowance even if the farm has to be mortgaged to pay it to him. If he were a laborer you would be obliged to pay him, and as he is both your son and your farm-hand, he has rights of ownership as well as wages to his credit. If you do not give him a square deal in the way of money, he will desert you when you need him most and go out to practice upon the rest of the world the same unfair "closeness" which he learned on the farm where he was born and brought up.

Some Things Our Girls Should Know

That a substantial, common school education is a good foundation for future training.

How to plan and cook a nourishing meal.

How to do the family marketing.

How to wash and iron clothes.

How to darn stockings and to sew on buttons.

How to make their own dresses.

How to make shirts.

How to make bread.

All the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room and the parlor.

How to wear calico dresses with as much dignity as the more expensive ones.

That thick, warm shoes are sensible footwear in cold, damp weather.

That a good, round, rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives.

That paint and powder cannot beautify.

That the more one lives within her income the more she will save.

That the farther one lives beyond her income, the nearer she will get to the poorhouse.

How to say no and mean it, and how to say yes and stick to it.

That a good, steady, greasy mechanic is worth a dozen oily-pated loafers in fine clothes.

How to regard the morals and not the money of young men.

That tight lacing is injurious to health and form.

That they should never have anything to do with intemperate and dissolute young men.

That truth, honesty and uprightness are essential to good character.

That they are now laying the foundation of the character of their children.—Hope.

Driving the Boy from Home

"You are too noisy. You bring in too much dirt. I can not be bothered with all these tops and strings and traps around. Go and play on the street!" Thus the irritated mother—the strict housekeeper but poor homekeeper—actually drives her boy away from under her care and from under wholesome home influence to find his amusement with the street waifs.

The boy need not be driven out-of-doors very often, before he begins to love the street corner better than his home, thinks a writer in the Gospel Trumpet. He soon learns that in order to be considered manly, he must talk evil about his mother and women folks; his mind is filled with the obscene; he learns the tricks and mischief of his companions in committing petty offenses and evading the officers of the law. Frequenting the saloon corner, he learns the bad language of the drunkards and is placed under the strong temptation of tobacco-using and liquor-drinking.

And why does he spend his time with these evil associates? His Sunday school teacher has told him repeatedly that he must not "stand in the way of sinners," that he must not smoke, nor drink, nor swear, nor tell lies, nor steal, and that he must always

obey his mother. His Sunday school teacher has probably done the best she can for the boy, but why does he still persist in frequenting the saloon corner. Plainly, because his mother drove him out on the street too often, and now he has cultivated a desire for evil associates.

Upon whom shall we place the blame? Mothers, instead of paying such nervous attention to your household duties, give more attention to the training of your boys. The boy needs a place to while away his time, and that place should be furnished at home, not on the street with bad companions.

The Redman

Before we civilized him,
While yet he paint and feathers wore,
Before the foreign paleface
As an intruder sought his shore,
A lot of knotty problems
Which exercise our matter gray
Were all solved by the redskin
Years before we crossed his way.
Governmental ownership
Of public-utilities,
From the buffalo on the prairies
To the fragrant summer breeze,
To him was an old story.
For his America was free
From trusts, and graft, and magnates;
And the aborigine
Was a staunch prohibitionist;
No vile booze joint flourished then
To tempt the mighty hunter
To the weakening ways of men;
The fresh air cure was practiced
Without science, schools or books;
While the servant girl problem,
With its horrible hooks and crooks,
Left undisturbed the native.
In his simple life did lie
No millinery demands
The eagle could not supply.
But since we civilized him,
And allotted out his lands,
Taught him to live in houses
As civilization demands,
To leave off paint and feathers,
And adopt our food and drink,
We've studied out a lot of things,
And we now begin to think—
A house is not a blessing—
The outdoor life is the thing;
A little paint and powder,
A heap lot feather and wing
Look well upon the white squaw;
And we view now with alarm
The white man's red fire water
Which does all mankind harm;
And, learning of the redman
The science of wood and stream,
Would live amidst the glories
Of an Indian summer's dream.

—Maud Russell, Fort Duchesne, Utah.

Snakes as Pets

The slaying by crushing and mangling of non-poisonous snakes, with the agony caused the animal, is as cruel and indefensible as the same destruction applied to a robin, says A. S. Williams in the Boy's Life, the Boy Scouts' Magazine. As people become more enlightened about the real nature of harmless snakes this common cruelty will lessen and eventually almost cease. Of all wild animals snakes are the easiest tamed and the most readily adapted to contact with man and the life of a boy will be enriched and his happiness increased by observing and studying these animals in nature or even by catching them and keeping them in captivity instead of by murdering them. Then

here is the practical reason for sparing harmless snakes because of their benefit to the farmer. Serpents are probably the greatest force in nature for preventing the rapid multiplication of the many species of rodents, wild and domestic, which to cereal crops alone in the United States do injury to the amount of \$100,000,000, according to the estimates of the United States department of agriculture.

The Editor

Who tells you when your friend is dead,
And your dearest foe is wed,
Or into foreign lands has fled?
The editor.

Who says your effort far outranks
Those of your rival poet cranks,
But all the same "declines with thanks?"
The editor.

Who weeps with you when you are sad,
And smiles with you when you are glad,
And laughs at you when you are mad?
The editor.

Who knows all things political,
Who's witty, sharp, satirical,
But never egotistical?
The editor.

Who knows how much he ought to know,
But never knows what is not so,
Nor shows how much he doesn't know?
The editor.

—Poughkeepsie Courier.

Independence

Unconquerable spirit!
Liberty of speech and press;
The right to life and love
And happiness!
These were the prizes
To be won
By thee and thy compeers,
Immortal Washington!

And we, thy sons,
With careless lip,
The honied treasures stored by thee
Most sweetly sip!
Yet, may thy hardships
Teach us all
To sacrifice our ease or life
At country's call!

—Douglas Dobbins.

Famous Swords

Damascus blades were made in Damascus, Syria, and though these famous weapons were in use among nations little skilled in the metallurgic arts long before the Christian era, they have long defied attempts at imitation. They were distinguished for their keen edge, capable of severing heavy iron spears or cutting the most delicate gossamer fabric floating in the air, and for the peculiar watered appearance of the steel, which was covered with black, white and silvery veins, paralleled or interlaced. General Anassoff, in the first half of the nineteenth century, established works in the Ural mountains and succeeded in producing good imitations of these blades. He used a process of his own invention and tempered the blades in boiling grease.

Ten Nights In a Barroom

By T. Alex Cairns

SECOND NIGHT

Morals and the Saloon

The saloon, that serpent-crowned Medusa, having evolved from a cradle of innocence into a stygian monster, holding the belt of the world in crime, stands convicted today at the bar of the world's assize.

It has run the lecherous gamut of vice and taken the decalogue's negative as its creed and platform. Built on the perverted passions of men it holds in enmity every righteous bulwark of the social order. Since that gray day when Lyman Beecher, father of more brains than any other American, hurled his six fiery phillipics at this moral pretender, the rattle of forensic shot and shell saloon-ward has gone on incessantly until the premise of saloon immorality has become well-nigh axiomatic. The second night in the Barroom will be given to the examination of the saloon's credentials as a moral force in the community.

Morals Defined.

Morals, or ethics, for the terms are practically interchangeable, are two-fold and double-catalogued. One is ideal, theoretical, judiciary. The other is real, practical, executive. One wears a robe and mitre, the other blue jeans and buckskins. One is the poet's dream, the other the plodder's humdrum.

Considered objectively, or from the standpoint of practice, morals are simply the current customs of the social order and to be moral is to obey with a Tolstoyan non-resistance these social customs. Bernard Shaw, the world's keenest living thinker and writer, presents this subject with his usual or unusual searchlight clarity and indicates actions which are at once moral and sinful. In such cases morality is criminal.

For example a woman of India is immolated on the funeral pyre of her husband and this is moral. In the young days of Israel morals compelled a man to marry his dead brother's widow even though a half dozen brothers might thus force him into polygamy. Morals were once on the side of chattel slavery, now they are on the side of chattel slave. In a certain corner of Africa today it is moral to roast and eat your fellow-man. In Japan it is moral to commit hara-kiri. In Russia it is moral to send patriots to exile in frost-bitten Siberia. In America it is moral to work tender children a dozen hours a day in the grim tartarus of a coal mine. And measured by this yardstick of morality the saloon is as moral as any Prince Albert clergyman in the land. Such morals are only a

matter of chronology and geography.

True Morals.

But we will not allow the saloon to slip its tether so easily nor to sneak from the seat of the scornful into the amen corner. Though it may pass muster before a corrupt tribunal of hit-and-miss epochal custom, it must still face the sun-crowned court of higher ethical appeal.

By this moral standard therefore it shall be judged, that an individual or an institution to be moral must live in harmony with the general good, must be contributory to the universal welfare. That he is immoral whose act by becoming everybody's act would prove a menace to the happiness of all. Let Bacchus and Gambrinus face this bar of equity and find acquittal and our indictment falls.

Our gentle reader will bear in mind that ethics differs from religion in that ethics deals with the relation of man to man and religion with the relation of man to God. While there may be a black-and-white contradiction between the tenets of different religions, there may be and is a bond of ethical omnism that unites the multi-colored, multi-lingual, multi-racial, multi-religious families of the earth into one inseparable brotherhood. While the Valhalla of the Norseman and the Nirvana of the Buddhist and the Heaven of the Christian may be contradictory, they will all subscribe to this: I believe in love, the power almighty, maker of heaven and earth. And love, that alabaster box of ointment very precious, is an ethical principle, is the very pinnacle of the moral Sinai.

And the root of this cosmic law, inviolable, irrefutable, incontrovertible, unimpeachable, is found in the nature-instincts of man and beast everywhere and everywhen.

Kropotkin, that fine humanitarian philosopher, whose exile from his native heath proves Russia still barbaric, says that "The animal world in general, from insects to men, know perfectly what is good and what is bad."

Such knowledge constitutes their moral creed or code. Ants will rush into the flames of the burning anthill to save their larvae or offspring. Monkeys are fearless of the hunter's gun when pleading with lamentations for the body of their dead comrade. When animals in the frigid forests of the North are beset by enemies they form a circle and the females and calves keep in the center while the bulls and stags stand with their backs to their families and their faces to the foe. A five-pound mother hen will defend her chicks against a two-hundred pound brute of a man. These actions are all moral. They follow the uni-

versal law of each for all and all for each.

And this moral law is more primary and fundamental and inherent in man than even the art of speech. The moral sense is as native with us as the five physical senses. So true is this that Darwin in physical science and Spencer and Buchner and Kant and Hecoute in philosophy and Jesus and Buddha and Mohammed in religion, all agree that the supreme pronouncement of morals from the day the morning stars sang together till the sun rose over the hills of this very day, is that golden rule, so golden as to pave the streets of every ethical paradise, "Do unto others as you would that men should do unto you."

Be a soldier of the common good or you are a traitor to the race. Every insect obeys this law. Every beast obeys this law. On this platform stands the world.

In the application of this law let it be remembered that morals cannot exist apart from society. Morality is a social attribute. A solitary man on an isolated island cannot be moral or immoral. Not till his life touches some other life can we speak of him as a moral being. Individual morals is a paradox. The criterion of moral action is the effect upon the happiness of the human race. Professor Clifford says that "in the highest natures the tribal self is incarnate in nothing less than humanity." And the first step in human morality was the tribal conscience of the individual.

The Prisoner At the Bar.

How think you the prisoner at the bar, the liquor traffic, will stand before the marrow-sundering scrutiny of this divine ukase? Is the saloon useful to society? Then it is moral. Is it hurtful? Then it is immoral. Would the general weal be enhanced by the expansion of the saloon's soul to a universality? Suppose every man were a Bacchus and every woman a scarlet bacchantae and every festal board an ovation to Gambrinus, would the human race then enter like a Roman triumph into the millennium?

The saloon is the very patron-devil of that dry-rot, dog-eat-dog, Abel-killing, altro-cursing individualism which has made of egotistic laissez-faire a social slaughter house. Every law of the tribe is a Damoclean sword suspended over its head. Every virtue born of broad-brained and tender souled humanitarianism is to the saloon an avenging Nemesis. The plunderbund of the liquor trust holds the victim's dollar as the alpha and omega of its existence. It has the altruism of a jungle python. To the

golden rule it prefers the rule of gold.

Cross-Examination.

If the prisoner at the bar wants acquittal let him answer affirmatively these questions:

1. Did you feel called of God to enter the saloon business?
2. Was your saloon started by a church subscription?
3. Do you open your saloon every morning with prayer?
4. Would your material ambitions be satisfied with a drunkard's drink-filched home?
5. Would you enjoy the delirium tremens as a nightly lullaby?
6. Would you kill your own boy on the spot if he failed to acquire the St. Vitus step of the saloon?
7. Would you exchange the den of a philosopher for the cell of a maniac?
8. Will you sign a contract to suffer every pain inflicted by your lava cup?
9. Could you possibly think of any-

thing more important to be taught in the public schools than the art of getting drunk?

10. Can you congratulate every broken-souled mother whose anguish started at your bar?

Convicted.

The very hung-dog expression of the prisoner declares him guilty, guilty in the first degree and morally bankrupt and makes superfluous any further cross-examination. When first motherhood was crucified on the cross because of whisky and beer, when first childhood's prattle was hushed by the saloon on the corner; when first manhood was imbruted by the dead sea fruit of the bottle; when first the brain of genius reeled with the fumes of drink; when first wifehood heard with terror the step of her staggering spouse;—then it was demonstrated for all men and all time that the liquor traffic is incompatible with human happiness and is therefore immoral,

unethical and that in the superlative degree and at a geometric ratio.

Here then is morality, that no sorrow surges through the human soul that does not sear my own. That no hope pulses along its wearied nerves but starts a rapture in my heart. That I am in tune with the finite, en-rapport with the race. That I know myself to be a microcosm of the macrocosm, a little of the large. That I know that the human race, in whose arms I lie cuddled, moves daily, caravan-like, leagues onward toward the sheltering plains and living springs of universal brotherhood.

But all this is an unintelligible shibboleth to that maudlin-pated, anti-human monster, the saloon. He is every whit an anarchist. About his own sensual corpulence he draws a circle of blood and shuts out the world and imprisons himself. This is immorality.

Let the execution of the criminal be speedy and merciless.

At the Bottom

What is the problem of the age? The unfit. What is the chief concern of those who believe in practical Christianity? The amelioration of the conditions in which mankind lives, and the bringing about of such a state of affairs that those who are unfit now may become fit, and that there shall be no unfit in the future. The conservation of humanity is the most important conservation of all. There are many activities working toward the solution of the questions that vex and perplex us. It is in the unification of these activities that there is hope. Though conditions admittedly are bad, there is a steady improvement to be noted all along the line.

But much work remains to be done. Within a stone's throw from the home of any of us there are conditions which should be relieved. This is true especially of American cities. Poverty, crime and disease are everywhere found, but they are most prevalent in the larger municipalities. Of course, such conditions as are described in the following are extreme, but they are far too prevalent. It is not pleasant, writes Miriam Finn Scott in *Everybody's*, to live at the bottom. But millions of people in this broad, rich America, live

there. They are honest and hard-working, save for a comparative few. And yet, despite all their desperate struggling, they have not been able to crawl up out of the dark pit of life. The walls have been too steep, their strength too little. Some of them, to be sure, do manage to scramble over the edge of the pit and out into the broader life beyond—children mostly, lifted up by their parents' arms. But the pit is always full.

Suffer in Silence.

These pit-dwellers, she continues, do not advertise their hardships; they fight their battles silently, behind closed doors. To the outside world they may even show smiling faces. You must know the people to know their stories; and the bits of experience and struggle here presented, typical of the cases of tens of thousands have come to me through years of close acquaintance.

In a city like New York, the minimum wage on which a man can with any pretense of decency and comfort support a wife and three children is sixteen dollars a week. The single item of rent is appalling; in the districts of Manhattan Island where the poor are most thickly crowded, the land alone, without a stick of improvement, is worth from \$150,000 to \$170,000 an acre. But to meet the high rent and the ever increasing cost of living, the great majority of fathers in New York get less than this minimum wage, and many far, far less.

The Silvers have always been at the bottom. Mr. Silver is a shirt-maker; or, more correctly, he is a fraction

of a shirt-maker, for he makes only a part of a shirt. His part is hemming the bottom of shirts, and for this he gets one and three-fourths cents a dozen. He thus manages to earn about seven dollars a week.

But this has been far too little for his wife and four children, so Mrs. Silver has had to supplement his earnings. She is a skilled but not very rapid seamstress; for a time she sewed and embroidered infants' clothes. These dainty hand-made garments, for the babies of up-town mansions, were sold by the shop at a great profit. But of this profit Mrs. Silver got the barest trifle.

Later she secured a place in a laundry. On her return from the hard day in the laundry she had to begin her housework, which frequently kept her going until midnight, or later. Before daybreak she was up again, preparing food and getting the house in order for the day. At six she would take the children from bed, often half asleep, and dress them for school. And at a quarter to seven she was off to the laundry.

Taste Cup of Poverty.

Recently there was a slack in Mr. Silver's work and he was laid off. At the same time one of the children fell sick of typhoid fever. Mrs. Silver, of course, had to give up her place in the laundry to nurse the little boy. At the best they had barely kept alive, with never a dollar ahead for emergency. Their experience was not the occasional experience of almost every poor family; they borrowed, pawned, mortgaged their future in every possible way—and yet knew the bitterest hunger and despair.

(Continued on page 13.)

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A Magazine for the Home

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Something to Help the Boy

It is an oft-repeated truism that saloons cannot exist without the boy, and the same may be said of the saloon's chief enemy, the churches. The men who are with us today will pass off the stage tomorrow, and their places will be filled by the lads who are coming on. Old toppers must die and the ranks of saloon customers must be filled by the boys. Leaders in righteousness do not live forever, and as they go away from us there must be young men to take up the fight. It is important, then, that the oncoming generation should be started and kept in the right lines, enrolled under the right banners. Every boy who goes wrong makes two boys against right, the same as a vote against the right candidate makes two votes for the wrong man.

By abolishing, so far as possible, those things which destroy the boys, by making the youths stronger to resist such temptations as remain, and by enlisting them early in life for the right, we can hope eventually to win. Votes for the boys, education for the boys and prayer for the boys are all powerful helps. There is another line of effort that should go with all the rest, and that is keeping the boys straight by providing for their amusement and entertainment, so they may be kept away from evil influences.

Every pastor, Sunday school teacher and most instructors in the universities and public schools are interested in the boys and are willing to do everything possible to keep the lads from going wrong. But some of us have not much notion of what is best to do. Our prayers may not always accomplish just what we desire. There must be works as well as faith, there must be knowledge as well as zeal. There is often a great problem arising as to how to reach and hold the boys. If we can keep the boys interested we shall be able, in large measure, to prevent their going to saloons and other evil places for the entertainment and sociability they have a right to demand.

There are few church workers who have not bright and attractive homes in which they can, from time to time, provide amusement for the boys. There are few superintendents of Sunday schools who, with the aid of others, cannot give entertainment to the youths in the church and neighborhood. There are few pastors who are unable, at some time or other through the year, to reach and interest the young.

Of course, healthy, blood-red boys will not be

treated as sissies. There is such a thing, indeed, as going too far along the line of playing My Lord and Lady Bountiful. But with the use of consecrated tact and knowledge, every church ought to be able to prevent dozens of young men every year from going astray. Often a smile and handshake will work wonders. Remember, though, the average boy resents being "preached to."

Let us work with all our might to put saloons out of the land, but, until this great work has been accomplished, let us not neglect to do our part toward keeping the boys out of saloons.

The Madman of Sau-Ming

Ho-Chih-Chang was a great Chinese statesman who flourished and begat wisdom under Ming Haung, of the T'ang dynasty. He was born 659 A. D., and died many years later. He was a great power in his time, but he became one of the "Eight Immortals of the Wine Cup," and that ultimately finished Ho-Chih-Chang, great and powerful as he was. The "Eight Immortals of the Wine Cup" was a coterie of great and wise Chinamen who formed a swell drinking club, and most of them thereby went to the bad, like Ho-Chih-Chang.

One day Ho-Chih-Chang imbibed too much wine after dining with the Immortals, and fell from his horse into the bottom of a dry well. There he went to sleep, and was found snoring.

On account of this exploit, he gave himself the title, "Madman of Sau-Ming." Ming Huang, the emperor, also recognized the affair by bestowing upon him the title, "Ho The Devil."

Drink will make a fool of a man, not only while he is living, but a thousand years after he is dead.

It is now twelve hundred years since Ho-Chih-Chang died, but he is still best known in history for getting drunk and thereby falling into a well and snoring.

When tempted to take a drink, remember what a monkey drink made of "Ho The Devil."

Try and think of a single man in history who has been made great by drinking. The list of those who have been ruined that way would fill many large volumes.

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day is drawing near. There has always been a good-natured chaffing as to which is our national bird—the eagle or the turkey. On the Fourth of July we let the eagle scream and we exalt that fowl to the nth power and station. But the glorious Fourth is five months back in the dim and distant past. Now the turkey reigns supreme. Cranberries, celery and pumpkin pies will be members of his cabinet, and there will be none in this broad land who, if given the chance, will not hasten to do honor to this great monarch.

This Thanksgiving Day is strictly an American institution. Other nations, it is true, have special days for thanksgiving and prayer, but our November holiday belongs especially to the United States. It is very fitting that this one day should be set aside for public recognition of the goodness of God to us as individuals and as a nation. Our material prosperity has been abundant, and our growth in morality and intelligence has furnished us with a proper subject of gratitude. This year has been a good one along all lines, and while there is much that makes us sad and many things that give us grave concern, yet, on the whole, we have no reason, as a people, to complain.

So, while we are enjoying our prosperity and giving thanks for it, let us not forget those who may have been less favored than we.

American Boys for President

The election is over and the nation knows whom it has elected as its president and vice president. This has been one of the most hotly contested and strenuously conducted campaigns in the history of America. Never, perhaps, have party lines been so much disregarded as in this instance. This has been a campaign in which the man, as an individual, and not his party or his political principles, has stood out. The voters have been for this candidate or that candidate, not for this party or that. Through it all there has been too much mud-slinging, too much personal invective. As a matter of fact, there is little likelihood that the American people will ever select as their chief magistrate a man who is so mean, corrupt and vicious as each of the candidates has been charged by the opposition with being.

But this is what we started out to say: Each of the candidates for the presidency and vice presidency was once an American boy. Our federal constitution wisely provides that no man except a native-born American can become president. The fathers of our country doubtless had in mind the idea that nobody who came from a foreign land could be quite so patriotic as the native, and they must have feared, too, that foreign-born citizens, used to kingly rule, might seek, if they attained the presidency, to turn the republic into a monarchy.

So each of the candidates has been the product of American civilization, and he has come to the enviable position of being a party standard-bearer chiefly through his own attainments and his own energy. It matters not what one's ancestry has been or who was

one's father in running for the presidential office. Many of our presidents, most of them, in fact, have been of lowly birth and obscure origin. In only one case has the son of a president been given the honors which his father enjoyed, and in a single instance grandfather and grandson both filled the presidential chair. Herein is another phase of the matter: Royalty succeeds itself, and the kingly office is handed down from father to son, without regard to fitness. In America we elect those who serve us, regardless of their ancestry, and there is no royal blood here.

Any American boy, therefore, may aspire to high place in the nation's rule. He has before him the history of our country, and he is enabled, by reading its pages and comparing notes, to find out what sort of man is needed in the presidential office. He must note, too, if he is an observant boy, that the standard of excellence demanded is steadily becoming higher. But he need not be discouraged, for, with the advancing standard there is also an increase of opportunity to attain to that standard.

There are boys of today, in all grades of the public schools, and in all stations of life, who some day will be called on either to sit in the nation's highest legislature, or to fill its highest executive or judicial office. Who knows that some of the readers of the Patriot are not among the number?

It is because we love the boys and girls, because we look to them to give us the coming men and women, that we oppose all things that would corrupt, debauch or ruin them.

Earth's most hallowed sanctuary is the cradle in the home. It should be guarded from every foe. True patriots are those who stand for God, home and native land.

Judge A. W. Terrell, of Texas, declares that a well regulated saloon is like a sleeping serpent—his venom is still there, and safety demands that he be destroyed.

We should make it very easy for our boys and girls to do right, and very hard for them to do wrong.

Those whom the world has delighted to honor have been sober men, of clean living and clear vision.

"Let your light so shine"—give men to understand where you stand.

Measure for Measure

We get back our mete as we measure—

We can not do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,

The bush for robin and wren,

But always the path that is narrow

And straight for the children of men.

—Alice Cary.

Reclaiming the Delinquents

The treatment of the delinquent had perplexed the statesmen of all ages, and in their efforts to protect society against the criminal, all kinds of methods had been tried. For centuries the underlying principle of penal law was that of vengeance and repression. The state tried in vain to suppress crime by the terrors of torture and intimidation. "All hope abandon ye who enter here," might properly have been inscribed over the portals of every penal institution a century ago, for the life of the prisoner was ingeniously contrived to produce misery and despair, so that his mind might be filled with the hideous terror of it, in the belief that upon his release fear would act as a deterrent of crime to others. Even on his release the pitiless vengeance of society followed him up, for the criminal at that period was marked and branded for life, so that he might serve as a living warning to others. If he tried to fall into step with the world again he met with merciless opposition on every hand. Did it work as anticipated? Of course not. In fact crime against property became even more daring, until experience was crystallized into the axiom that "Crime thrives upon severe penalties."

Penal Colonies a Failure.

So declared W. P. Archibald, of Ottawa, Canada, dominion parole officer, in a recent address before the Orillia Canadian clubs. Mr. Archibald said that penal colonies are a failure. In the older countries, he asserted, the prisons and jails became so choked that the government had to resort to the transportation of prisoners to penal colonies, especially established for the disposal of their human rubbish.

After eighty years of futile experiment of this character, the failure of the transportation plan was admitted, and practically abandoned. But this was not without its value, for at least it gave to the world the lesson in many cases that a desperate criminal could turn over a new leaf under a new environment, and become a useful member of society. Following this advent came the new methods in the penal institutions, brought about by Howard, Elizabeth Fry and others, who accomplished many great reforms in the treatment of the criminals, and with them came the dawn of a new life for the erring classes, and opportunity succeeded where mere cruelty had failed.

Humanitarian Plan.

In the Victorian era the penologists, profiting by the failures of the past, evolved the humanitarian plan of reformation and rehabilitation. They began to work with the criminal as well as for him. The beginning of the twentieth century had witnessed the

advent of preventive methods as well as the adoption of many curative agencies now in operation in Canada's penal institutions.

The cause of social disorders, the relationship between pauperism and crime, the better housing of the poor, child placing from the crowded and congested slums of our larger cities, were all vital questions in the new criminology of the Dominion, and they had the thoughtful and serious consideration of the best thinking people from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The Dominion penitentiaries working from the principles of authority and discipline, accompanied by industrial and educational methods, with the helpful auxiliary of the parole system, (embracing the kindly oversight of the discharged prisoner, in providing friends and employment on the day of his discharge), had produced magnificent results in the reformation and rehabilitation of the criminals of our Dominion.

It was only through individual contact that one became acquainted with prisoners and their real needs. In almost every case he had met they possessed a weakened will power, from the oft-yielding to passions and the indulgence of a criminal life, yet he found in almost every case that there was a degree of moral reliability. Following up the prisoner one would soon locate the "vital spark of good." This, when cultivated not only by a devotion to the individual, but by a practical treatment of the case in hand would generally produce tangible results.

The Repeater.

The great plague of society was the recidivist, or the "repeater"—who had gone to prison three, four, or five, perhaps fifty or a hundred times. Some of them had gone up as high as one hundred and fifty times. Such men were often quite proud of their record and would refer to it with great satisfaction. It was a grave question how to deal with the men for whom people had lost hope. In the early days of his work in the prisons he used to preach to the prisoners, but in spite of his most earnest efforts, he felt that there was a great gulf fixed between him in the pulpit and the prisoners in the pews. Finally he got down among the prisoners to discuss the situation with them, and talking with one of them one day, the man said, "If you will get employment for 'em, I'll try." From that time he had preached less and worked more. Of the men for whom he had obtained employment, many had not only improved socially, but had become true Christians.

Education, Industry, Religion.

The three great forces which made for the uplift of the criminal, he said,

were education, industry and religion. Work was a great regenerator. In the past a discharged prisoner had too often found it difficult or impossible to obtain employment. He was frequently a self-made Ishmaelite, who owed society a grudge which he was glad to get the opportunity to pay off. The law of industry was one of the greatest factors in keeping the criminal from coming back to prison, and also in winning him back to a life of truth.

It was often the wife and children of the criminal who were the greatest sufferers from his detention. Frequently they would not seek for charity. Mr. Archibald told a touching story of a woman who had become blind from the strain of sewing for long hours in an effort to provide for her family while her husband was in the penitentiary. The charity that went about with open hand nearly always had a motive behind it. The deserving cases usually had to be sought for. He came in contact with many of them through the letters, often of a most touching character, received by the prisoners in the penitentiaries.

The whole aim of the penal institutions of the present day was to equip the inmates for taking a useful place in society, on regaining their liberty. To this end a number of trades were taught. In times past, he blushed to say, the men in the penitentiaries were given the most menial work to perform, no matter how tender their bringing up might have been. Society seemed to glory in degrading them as much as possible. Nowadays they were treated well. For one thing they were well fed in prison. He always lived on prison fare and found it to agree with him quite as well or better than what he got in hotels. On entering the penitentiary, the prisoner was given a choice of trades. Though there were a number of trades, it was sometimes difficult to satisfy them. For instance, on one occasion when the warden of the penitentiary had gone through all the trades, none of which seemed to appeal to the man who had been committed to his keeping, he said in despair, "Well, what would you like to be?" and received the answer, "I think I should like to be a commercial traveler."

It was not only by industry that they were endeavoring to reclaim the criminal, education also had its part to play. There were teachers in the penitentiary whose duty it was to take the fifteen or twenty per cent of boys and men, who, when they reached that institution, could neither read nor write, and give them instruction in the fundamentals. It was interesting and almost pitiful to see men of sixty or seventy learning to read, but they often did it with great eagerness.

Reduce Number of Boys.

One of his chief efforts was to reduce the number of boys in the penitentiary. He hoped the time would come when it would be a crime for a magistrate to send a boy to the penitentiary. The boys usually came there because of some fault in their training or in their environment. He had investigated the case of one lad. He claimed that he had never had a chance, and had learned that he was brought up in a home where he had never had boots and had very little clothing, that he had never tasted bread until he came to prison, the family having lived entirely on fish and potatoes; and that he had been in the habit of fishing through the ice in the winter time in his bare feet, and that the whole family had lived like animals in a small hut with one room, in which there was nothing but a mud floor. One day in a fit of passion, which he had never been taught to bridle, he struck a sister a blow which killed her. Then the law, which had had no interest in him up to that time, stepped in and sent him to prison for life. These conditions existed, not in one of the crowded cities, but in the outskirts of a town of about 2,000 people. There this family had

lived unknown to the authorities or to the people, until crime was committed. Was it not well that we should take pains to investigate that such conditions did not exist in our towns? Was it not a shame so much was spent for punishment and so little for reformatory work?

Parole System.

Since the parole system had come into vogue, seven years ago, 3,735 prisoners had been released, and of this number only 79 had gone astray, while 2,148 had been rehabilitated. In the working out of the system he had received much assistance from the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, and other religious agencies, who had aided him in finding employment for the men and in making their difficult road as easy as possible. Only one man who had been sent out had met with a rebuff, and that had been through a misunderstanding. It was not a system of pardons. There were only seventeen pardons granted last year, whereas there used to be an average of about 260 per annum. If the men did not carry out their promise to live a better life they had to return to penitentiary. The greatest difficulty to be contended with in helping the paroled or discharged prisoner was

the grudge society holds against delinquents.

Better Methods.

In the evolution of prison administration, the defect of the born cripple, the idiot, the insane, is no longer charged to the poor victim who, hampered by adverse circumstances, has a burden too heavy to be given any mortal man to bear. It is not very long ago that a world about as intelligent as our own believed that disease, deformity and sin came from the some cause—some sort of an evil spirit or genius that found his abode in man. The way to destroy the evil was to destroy the man. But systems have undergone a great change—for the paramount purpose of all our efforts now in vogue in our Canadian penitentiaries is while necessary to punish, correct with the punishment. We advance in methods, as science and religion shed their light on a fallen humanity, and the needs of the unfortunate and erring of our fair Dominion are being met in a practical and helpful way. After all, it is best for those who have been wronged to forgive, and best for the ex-prisoner to try to make amends for his wrongs inflicted. True, it is an uphill task, but not without its compensation.

All Hallowe'en

By J. H. Larimore

Thursday night's Halloween! There now, Jim Johnson, you needn't frown and shrug your shoulders. I can remember when you and Bill Mason and a lot of the other fellows used to go out on the night of Oct. 31 in the years-of-our-Lord gone by, and literally raise Cain. You're over that now, eh? Well, I'll bet you a nickel I can gather up a bunch Thursday night and go around to your house and get you out with the rest of us, carrying off Old Man Smith's front gate and putting Pap Snyder's spring wagon on top of the Methodist church.

You might plead rheumatism or your bald head as an excuse for a few minutes, but if I'd get up the remnant of that gang we used to belong to down in Shuleyville, and come by your house, giving the old yell, you'd forget you were a grandfather and come out in a hurry to join the bunch. I don't believe you've changed very much, even if you do weigh 200 pounds and sign your name as James Johnson, president of the board.

Old Shuleyville Gang.

Remember how we used to carry on? Why, the kids these days don't know anything more about celebrating Hallowe'en than a Fiji Islander, knows about how to beat the pastor out of his salary. That old Shuleyville gang could walk right around the boys of this day. And we didn't do any great

harm at that. Nobody was hurt, no property was ruined. We simply put the neighbors to more or less trouble the next day, and, I fear, were more or less responsible for the utterance of a lot of cuss-words.

You haven't forgotten, I'm sure, that we used to take Hallowe'en as a time to settle scores with the old grouches. If a man had been a pretty decent sort of a fellow with the boys, such as letting us have a few apples now and then, or chase rabbits in his deadening, we didn't do much to him. It was the old fellows, and young ones too, who had used us dirty mean who got the benefit of our visits. Never let them escape, though.

Treatment of a Miser.

There was old Nate Hoskins, meanest man in the township. Why, that old fellow used to give his children a penny apiece to go without their suppers, then charge them a penny for their breakfasts. He's the same individual who cut the toes off an old leg-horn hen because she scratched up his garden! Yes, the very same old miser who puts pants buttons into the contribution box, and used the wart on the back of his neck for a collar button. I used to drive our cow past his place at night, and I always hurried her along for I was afraid he'd look at her, and all our milk would be sour!

Don't you remember the time we took a couple of apples off one of his trees that was growing outside the fence, along the road, and he set the dog on us? Well, don't you remember how we got even on Oct. 31? Something used to happen to Old Man Hoskins on that date every year. One year, I remember, we took his farm wagon apart, and put it together again on top of the covered bridge, three miles away. Hoskins was a deacon in the church, but they say the next morning that his remarks weren't fit to go into a Sunday school paper.

Cow Went Astray.

Another time we took one of his cows and a bunch of fodder from Mose Frazier's field, and we tied the cow in the Red Bank schoolhouse, and left her the fodder to eat until Nate found her.

Mose Frazier was another man we boys didn't particularly love. He never used the gang especially mean, but he was harsh and cruel with his boy Ned, and as Ned couldn't well help himself, we took the revenge for him. I remember how we took Mose's old ram and tied him up on the roof of Jenkins' barn. In Mose's own barn we put a bucket of water over the door in such a manner that when he went in he got the full benefit of a shower bath.

There was old Tod Hamer. Tod,

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you know, used to be pretty mean to his wife, especially when he was drunk, which was most of the time. One Hallowe'en he got what was coming to him. We boys fixed up a bottle of stuff that was calculated to burn him all the way from mouth to stomach. We enlisted the aid of Bill Morgan, who also took his nips, but was decent about it. That night we hid along Tod's lane, and sent Bill into the house to call Tod out.

One Promise Kept.

Bill told Todd he had something to drink, and Tod was eager to get it. So Bill handed over the bottle and Tod took a big swag. You should have seen him dance and heard him yell. While he was making contortions we fellows sprang up out of the grass and made him run the gauntlet of our buggy whips. Then, when he had promised on his knees to refrain ever after from beating his wife, we let him go. He kept his promise.

Ancel Patterson, you remember, was the slovenliest mortal who ever lived. His wife was neat and tidy, but he never took a bath, never shaved those brindle whiskers of his and never had his hair cut, so far as anyone could remember. Well, one night we caught Ancel on his way home. He was pretty much frightened, for we made him believe he was in the hands of the really Ku-Klux Klan. It was a pretty chilly night, but we took Ancel down to the creek and stripped him to the skin, then threw him into the water. Next, he was brought out and scrubbed with towels and soap, and thrown back in again so the soap would wash off.

Scorned By His Wife.

We burned his old clothes, and dressed him in an old suit that had been discarded by the father of one of the boys. Some other fellow provided a hat and a third dug up a pretty fair pair of second-hand shoes. Thus apparelled we took Ancel to the barber shop and paid for a hair cut, not a mere trimming, but a cutting with the clippers. We also had all his beard shaved off. Then we sent him home. His wife didn't recognize him, of course, and wouldn't let him in. So the poor fellow had to spend the night in his barn. I noticed that thereafter, while not exactly a Beau Brummel, Ancel showed at least 300 per cent improvement over his former appearance.

Mustard sandwiches are simple and good. Rub a little mustard with the butter before spreading on freshly sliced bread.

x x x

If the blade of a bread knife is heated, fresh bread may be more evenly cut. In cutting fudge or caramel candy into squares, first dip the knife into boiling water.

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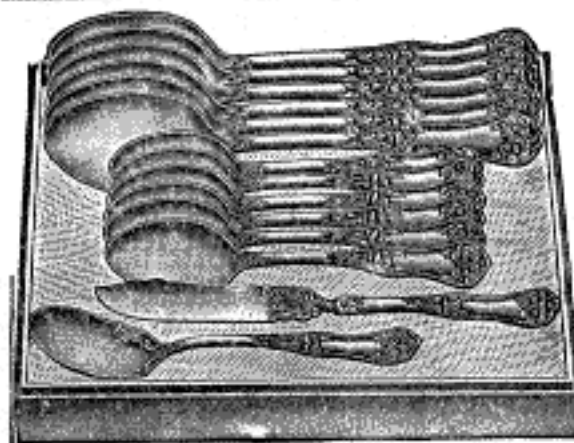
6 Teaspoons Butter Knife
6 Tablespoons Sugar Shell

This handsome 14-piece Silver Set is made by the Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., of the highest grade, good heavy nickel silver metal, finely finished, and fully warranted not to wear off. The beautiful flower design is nicely embossed on all pieces.

Half Set, Worth \$1.50

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At the Bottom

(Continued from page 7.)

It was for the sick child, for whom they could do so little, that the mother suffered most. "When Willie was recovering," she told me, "and was all the time hungry, I had nothing but just a little bread to give him. How he did beg for more! And I—all I could do was to sit by his bed and tell him stories, so's he would go to sleep and forget it."

The Robinsons have always been at the bottom. Once there was a hope that they would scramble out. Mr. Robinson was a tailor—and it was his ambition to lift his family to the level of better things. "He worked hard—he never complained—he was good—so good!" Mrs. Robinson said to me.

For twelve hours a day, even sixteen in the busy season, he sat in the close, hot shop, working on ladies' cloaks, striving to keep pace with his electric-driven machine. But the bad air, the long hours, the relentless pace of the high-speed machine—these soon began to tell on him. One day he collapsed at his work. The boss sent him home with a doctor. The doctor examined him. He said nothing, but looked out of the window into the air-shaft.

"I suppose I'll be all right in a day or two?" the tailor anxiously asked. "There's nothing serious, is there?"

The doctor turned around half savagely. "Nothing but consumption—sweat-shop consumption," he said grimly. "Your work has eaten you up. Stop it, get out into the country, and you may get well."

"But how can I get out into the country, doctor? I have no money—and what will my family live on?"

In the Country Now.

That question the doctor could not answer. There were a wife and three little children for the tailor to support, so he went back to his machine. He tried harder than ever to keep the pace. But one day he was too weak to leave his bed, and then—well, he's out in the country now. In a shady graveyard over near Brooklyn.

That was two years ago. All this time Mrs. Robinson has been both father and mother to her little brood; the hope of climbing up out of the pit of poverty seems all gone now. She struggles valiantly, but for all that she does not mount an inch. She has become janitress of a wretched tenement, and in payment she gets two dark rooms as a home. This yields her no money, and to secure food and clothing for her young children she goes out as a scrub and washerwoman.

Their food rarely comprises anything better than bread, washed down with coffee or tea.

"I am grateful, believe me," she told me, "when we have enough of just dry bread to go around. Meat,

butter, eggs—" she shrugged her shoulders and smiled painfully—"I guess I wouldn't know them any more if I'd see them."

Last winter was particularly hard

for Mrs. Robinson. She had barely enough outside work to keep the family alive. All during the winter, save on the very coldest nights, she had no heat in the house. On these ex-

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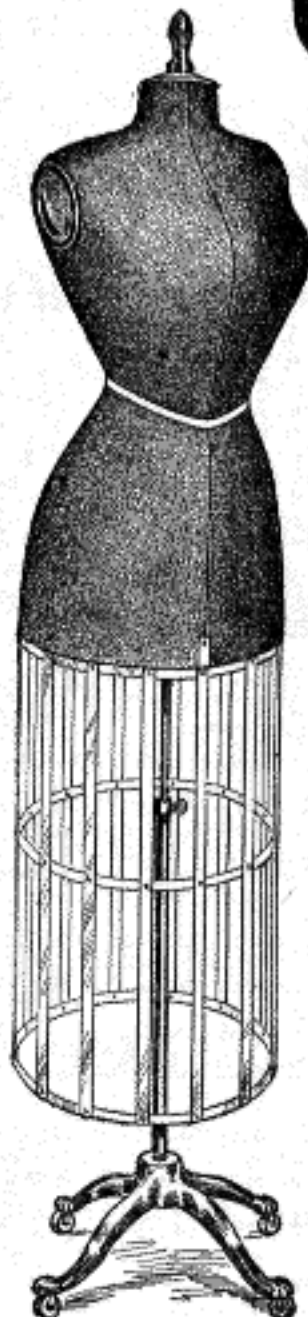
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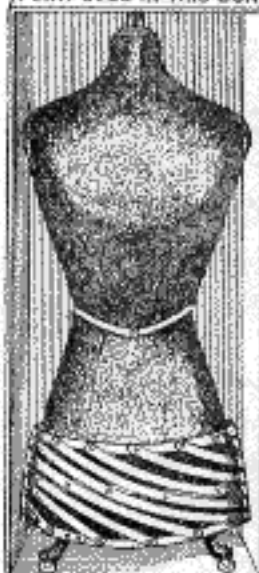
with the Form—which with Form enclosed may be set in the closet out of the dust and out of the way when Form is not in use.

The Figure is the newest model, graceful in appearance, and the whole Form is solid and substantial in construction. The Bust part is made of a superior quality of **papier mache** and covered with Jersey Cloth. The Skirt is made of best grade of flexible spring steel—flat—highly finished and nickel-plated. With ordinary care the Form will last a life-time and give you a world of satisfaction.

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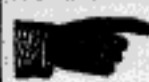
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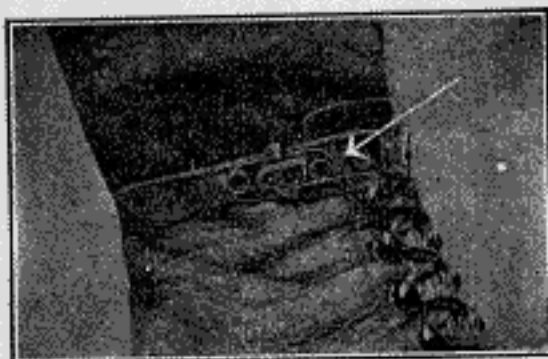
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ceptionally cold nights there was fuel—paper and other inflammable waste that she had saved out of the garbage cans. But this was too poor in quality and small in quantity for a real fire, so she would sit up practically all night, keep a little fire going beneath the tea-kettle, bottle this hot water, and at frequent intervals place these hot bottles at the feet of her little ones.

Mrs. Robinson is a widow; so is Mrs. Freeman, though her husband still lives; and both have been made widows by the dangers inherent in their husbands' trades. Mr. Freeman was an iron-worker and was doing very well. His wages kept his wife and children in comfort and the couple were looking forward to giving their children an education and a start in life such as they themselves had not had. Then, one day, a chain gave way—a piece of steel fell—and Mr. Freeman lay two months in a hospital. When he finally was taken home his working days were over. His great hope was that he might get some help for his family by recovering damages from the company; but the company easily beat him in the courts. His union aided him for a while, but a union can not have a helpless man dependent upon its treasury forever, and so at last the burden fell upon little Mrs. Freeman.

Shock Ruins Her Life.

When the accident occurred she was a handsome young woman, although frail and of a nervous temperament. But the shock of her husband's accident, the worry and strain of years of work, the continuous waiting on her helpless husband—the sum of all these has at last broken her. She has become a victim of hysteria; is, in fact, subject to occasional epileptic fits. In consequence she can no longer do regular work; no one wants to give employment to a person who is nervously undependable. She does manage to earn a little, but only enough to pay for their food, which is mainly very stale bread at a penny a loaf. As for rent, they have to accept it from a charitable society.

"Oh, how degrading it is to live on charity!" Mrs. Freeman has cried out to me. "If only I could be like any other person, and work, I would be the happiest women in the world!"

Mrs. Freeman's misfortune has been the cause of many little tragedies. One day she received some money which she had been expecting—money which would relieve her family's dire need. As she hurried home with it her joyous excitement was too much for her; it brought on one of her fits, and in the attack she lost her little treasure.

Mrs. Goldman, when she is seen outside her little home, always looks fresh and neat, and has a warm, radiant smile. But behind the front she shows the world is a bitter struggle—a common struggle. There are eight

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PUBLISHERS.

members of the family, and of the eight all but the two youngest, little more than babies, are working to sup-port the home. Yet the family still remains in the pit of poverty.

The father, unable to get better employment, is an itinerant glazier; he carries his wooden box of tools and panes of glass about the streets all day, looking for broken windows to repair. His earnings do not ex-ceed three or four dollars a week. The mother sews at home, and at her best does not make more than five cents an hour. The four older chil-dren, the oldest not yet thirteen, ped-dle cheap candies about the streets after school hours. And yet the sum of all these meager earnings does not cover the meager family budget, so the three-room flat is shared with a widow and her child.

No Money For Light.

At the end of a winter afternoon when I called at the Goldman flat—up five flights of stairs and back through a hallway—I found Mrs. Gold-man in the kitchen busily sewing, and the two youngest children playing on the floor. There was no light in the room save from the coals of the kit-chen stove, so Mrs. Goldman was sit-ting close to the window to get the dying light of the dingy day. She greeted me cordially, and after a slight pause she said:

"You didn't know I was a stylish dress-maker, did you?" She held up a boy's waist of coarse pattern.

"I make the latest Paris styles in these—three for a quarter—and fur-nish my own buttons." And then she added, rather embarrassed, with-out ceasing from her rapid sewing, "I am trying to finish these quickly so that I can send them to my customer and get my twenty-five cents for my quarter gas-meter. Then we can have some light."

The waists were finished, they were sent off in charge of the older of the two children, and Mrs. Goldman and I sat there chatting in the darkness till the child returned with the money for the gas.

Mrs. Goldman's work-day begins at four or five in the morning, and late into the night she is still up, washing, ironing, or still sewing on her boys' waists. And many a night it has hap-pened that her only sleep in twenty-four hours was gained seated in her chair, her head resting on the table and her sewing still in her hands.

"But what can you do," she said to me, still with a smile, "If you want to live and you do not want to bor-row, beg or steal? You've got to work. Thank God, I have the hands to do it with."

Mr. and Mrs. Mendelssohn have both reached their three score years and ten. Mr. Mendelssohn is a fur-rier by-trade, but for some reason no boss wants him any more. Occasion-ally he gets a small job and so earns a few dimes. Luckily they have chil-

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dren, but all of these are married, and are having a struggle of their own, so none of them can afford to give much. The dwelling place of the old couple is one room behind a store, and their food consists chiefly of bread, herring and tea. For the Sabbath, Mrs. Mendelssohn gets two cents' worth of cream, which she stirs in a bowl and makes into her own kosher butter.

Are Cheery Optimists.

Poor as they are, this helpless old couple have a happy attitude that is hardly understandable. Every day they live, they say, "is a present from God." And poor as they are, they are themselves charitable; every Friday a couple of cents go into the "blind box."

Also, they are hospitable. The last time I called on the two, Mr. Mendelssohn quickly left the room and soon returned with an orange in his hand. This he insisted I should eat. All during my visit there was not one word of complaint. Just before I left, the bent, white-haired old man shook hands with me warmly and said with a smile, "I am all right. It's my pocket that's a little sick."

But when old age has come, and there are no children, then the situa-

tion is far worse. Mr. and Mrs. Hauptman have long since passed the years of effective working, but having no savings, no children, and being too proud to ask or accept charity, they still try to struggle on. A one-room cellar, its ceiling on a level with the sidewalk without, its walls cold and damp, a small cot, a wooden box used as a table, one chair minus a back, a little stove, a few dishes—such is the "home" of this hard-working old couple—literally at the bottom.

Mr. Hauptman, useless for anything else, has in his old age taken up a trade that is allied to rag-picking: He gathers up scraps from the floors of clothing factories, sorts them and sells them; he considers himself fortunate when he cleared two or three dollars a week. Until a year ago, Mrs. Hauptman occasionally found work as a midwife and was able to add to the support of the two. But the winter before last she caught cold in her right arm; for months she paid no attention to it, though the pain continued. At last she was persuaded to see a doctor, and three months ago she went through a very serious operation. After eight weeks in the hospital she returned to her cot in the cellar, where she spends all her time now, lying there alone, day after day, in the cellar's constant blackness. All she sees of the great outside world is the feet of the passersby. Since the cot is the only bed, old Mr. Hauptman sleeps on the damp pavement beside her—the floor softened by his bag of rags.

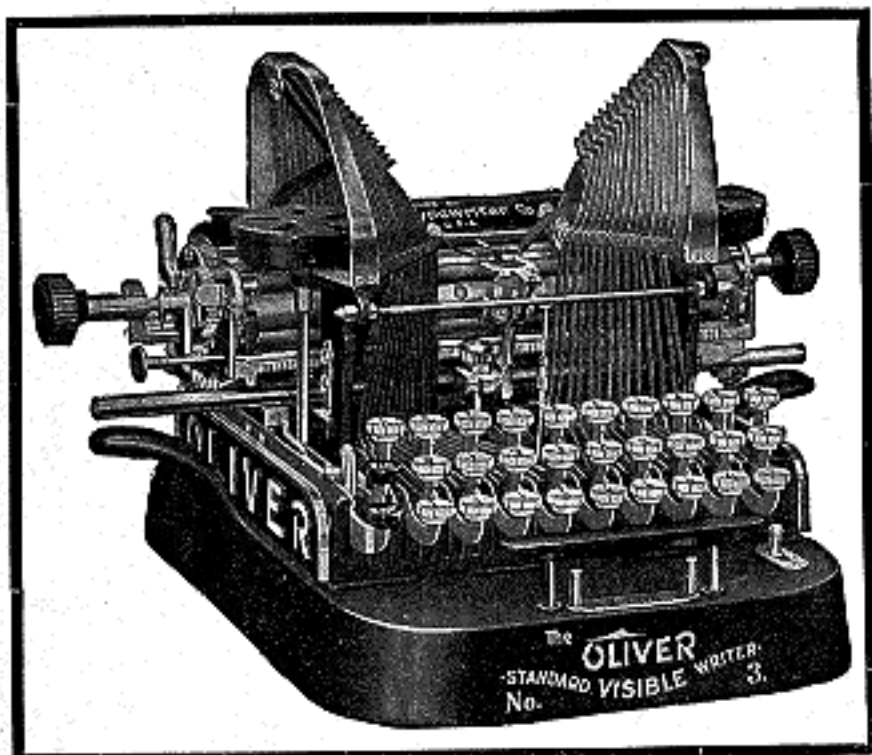
Some of these people, as I have said, are uncomplaining; they have not known anything better, and so they have the heart to smile. Some are too weary, too sodden with labor to complain. Some are too engrossed with the tremendous problem of last month's rent and today's bread to have room in their minds for anything else. But among them is an ever-growing number who are beginning to think, beginning to question.

This questioning is stirring the souls of men and women who live in misery about every mine and every great factory. As yet the question is, with the majority, only a question—vague and half-formed at that; as yet only a few have shaped an answer in their minds. That ever-growing, ever-spreading question is much as it was put to me by a coal-carrier—one of those bent-backed creatures who from morning to night carry bags of coal up tenement stairways.

"Why is it," said he, "when this is the richest country in the world, when the things we need are piled up in abundance everywhere, when we are willing to work and work hard, when we try our best—why is it, with all this, that we must still work and live and die down here, in misery and want, at the bottom?"

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It is a great manifold— as many as twenty carbon copies can be made at one writing.

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EASY TO OWN.—On our plan you pay just the amount that machines of this quality earn as rental. Four dollars a month is only thirteen cents a day. You practically rent the machine for thirteen months, and then it is yours, and you save practically one-half and you use the machine while paying for it. It will surely earn its own way—bring you in more money than you pay out.

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