

THE OBSERVER

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THE HORSE "COMES BACK."

Not so many years ago "They keep their horse and carriage" was the mark of wealth and fashion.

Then came the automobile. The people with horses and carriages were back numbers. Really swell folks had their "cars."

On a recent fair Sunday the benches along the drives in New York's Central park were filled with people watching the automobiles go by. Nothing but automobiles. Touring cars, limousines, runabouts, taxicabs, silently, swiftly they scooted along. The watchers on the benches turned on even the most luxurious and costly a bored gaze.

Suddenly the spectators were roused to attention. "Look!" said one to another. "Aren't they beauties! That certainly is some swell turnout."

Along the drive there passed a handsome victoria, drawn by a pair of beautifully groomed bays. The harness was silver plated; it shone and clanked. The coachman and footman were in livery. An elderly man and woman occupied the carriage—a well dressed, dignified couple, who looked neither to the right nor the left.

Automobiles have become common. Your milkman takes his family out in his car. The people on the bench in the park knew that many of the passing automobiles were occupied by folk of no better social standing than themselves. But the victoria—its clinking, gleaming trappings, its high stepping steeds—there was unmistakable aristocracy.

The horse and not the automobile is again the mark of fashionable distinction, even as it was before the first gasoline car was ever built.

LOOK WHAT THIS TOWN DID!

Towns that make no attempt to wake up and show some form of civic pride should look at the example being set by Mowrystown, Ohio, a little village which cannot boast more than 300 souls. Five years ago this little Buckeye state village was such a run-down place that even the local undertaker thought there was no further use in staying. Streets and sidewalks of the village were

unimproved, the alleys were filled with trash, the vacant lots had fine crops of weeds, and no one in the village seemed to care a rap whether school kept or not.

One day a live idea struck one of the business men of the village, who otherwise had been about as much of a dead end as the other business men but the idea was live, and so stuck around for awhile. It was: "Why can't something be done with this town of ours?" The idea made itself so felt that the business man told his neighbor about it, and the two called in a third to talk it over. The result was that the idea got to buzzing in the heads of several of the business men at once, and it developed into a real live movement.

The movement of "cleaning up" the town got a good start, and the good start kept on until today Mowrystown is not to be scoffed at. The village has four miles of cement sidewalks, the streets are improved, the vacant lots mowed, the business men are alert to anything of a civic nature that will help their village and further improvement conditions. The only thing poor about the village is the crop of weeds, for the weeds are not doing well.

COLLEGE WOMAN WHO SAYS SHE IS NOT KITCHEN-MINDED.

A Wellesley college graduate tells in the October Woman's Home Companion what she got out of college. Following is an extract:

"In regard to the question of general culture, if you are inclined to be severe about it, you might say that I got only a superficial knowledge of many subjects. Nevertheless those bits of information have given me much pleasure from time to time. They afford starting-points for more information, and furnish pegs to hang new knowledge on. Suppose my husband brings an old classmate home to dinner, or suppose we meet some interesting man at a party, or on an ocean steamer—it is my experience that most people are interesting when you know how to draw them out; it is easy to win the most alluring shop talk from an artist, a sociological experimenter, an archaeologist, if you already know enough of his subject to ask him leading questions about it. I don't have to sit by 'like a bump on a log', as one of my neighbors complainingly described herself, while men talk of big things like the political situation, the stamping out of tuberculosis, and the probable scientific value of airships.

"Neither am I relegated to merely feminine chit-chat, of fashions and saucypan. I may love to cook, but, thank goodness, I am not 'kitchen-minded'. My range of interests makes me an all-round companion to my husband, and I think that is intensely worth while."

UNCLE SAM, POLICE OFFICER.

Maintaining the peace in Central America is straining the naval resources of the United States. That is why President Taft ordered the Tenth Infantry instead of marines to Nicaragua. Later he found a few more available marines and countermanded the order. The reason may be that before long the Tenth may be handy to send to Mexico.

The extent of the job we have on our hands in Nicaragua is evidenced by the fact that we have a total of more than two thousand marines in that country. In addition we have gunboats patrolling the Mexican and Nicaraguan coasts and military contingents near the Mexican border. If intervention in Mexico should be necessary—and the steadily increasing disorders make it more than likely—we will face a great task. Mexico, unsettled and mountainous as it is, would offer a problem that might take years to solve. The pacification of the Philippines would seem easy by comparison.

Yet the United States is bound to perform this police duty in case of extremity. We have by the Monroe doctrine told the world to keep off this hemisphere. Practically this means that when foreign property and lives are menaced we will protect them. If we did not it is quite certain that Great Britain, Germany or whatever nation was involved would. In the present instance, both in Nicaragua and Mexico, it is American property and American lives which are chiefly in peril.

The situation brings up the still pending proposition that this country become a creditor of Nicaragua by means of a loan and thus keep a hand on its internal affairs as we do those of Santo Domingo. The prospect of graft is known to be at the bottom of most of these revolutions and in Santo Domingo American control of the finances has served, not only to advance general prosperity and trade, but to discourage disorder. The same remedy was proposed for Nicaragua and Honduras, but so far the senate has not seen fit to authorize the proposal.

YOUNG WISCONSIN FARMER BOY WHO DISCOVERED COMETS.

In an article in the October Woman's Home Companion appears the following: "A young farmer boy in Wisconsin was so interested in astronomy that he built a telescope himself. He ground the lenses himself, and then turned out a really serviceable instrument. Not so very far from where this boy lives is the greatest telescope in the world, but every once in a while this country lad, with his crude, home-made telescope discovers a comet before his neighboring astronomers do. Comets are usually named for the man who discovers them, and so young John Mellish has a number of comets to his credit in the records of astronomy."

BACK TO THE FIG-LEAF AGE.

The following rhyme is going the rounds of the papers to show up the ridiculous fashions of the present day. It originated on the Pacific coast, it is a good one, and it contains the essence of the modern fashions:

Don't you wear no clothes at all?
Don't you wear no shimmy shirt?
Don't you wear no petty skirt?
Just your corset and your hose—
Are those all your underclothes?
Little girl, when you're on the street
You appear to be all feet.
With your dress so very tight
You are sure an awful sight.
Nothing on to keep you warm?
Crazy just to show your form?
Little girl, you won't live long,
Just because you dress all wrong.
Can't you wear more underclothes
Than your corset and your hose?
After while I do believe,
You will dress like Mother Eve.

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