

ELIZABETH IN HER NEW OREGON HOME

She Tells Nell of the Vicissitudes Connected With the Bringing-Up of Chickens.

AMONG THE POINTED FIRS—My Dear Nell: The triumphant crowing of a jubilant chattering, with voice like a steam calliope, echoing through the woods just now, suddenly reminded me that your chicken education was being neglected, so, dropping my rake on the hillside, among the tall yellow buttercups, I hurried into the house, threw off my sunbonnet, picked up tablet and pen, uncorked my ink bottle, and now your self-appointed guide is again ready to lead you along the primrose paths of poultrydom.

When the conversation had advanced by easy stages to crops, our hostess, dividing her attention between "witch," made a praiseworthy attempt to save the day, by calling attention to the beauty of the sunset. She was just a little too late, even as she spoke the Rubicon was crossed. A speedy consensus of her remark, two protracted faces with unseeing eyes turned automatically westward, but the flow of speech went on. The fascinations of vetch yield to no sunset on sea or land. Mary, with a look of comic despair, turned to me, whispering that the tragic tones of Virginia: "And now there is no way but this"—rose from the table, and I drew a long breath, for her right hand was dangerously near the carving-knife.

To the Hermitage house in search of our brand-new chicks. How humiliating, with ours still in the shell Tom, reading the note, exclaimed, "Confound the luck! We started neck and neck in this race, and they beat us with eggs, and now come under the wire two weeks ahead with young chickens. No wonder they have 'dropped into poetry,' though that second line is superfluous, don't you think? Yes, they must have needed a rhyme for 'chicks' as they well know that 'chick' is with us a lost art. 'Thank heaven it is!' fervently responded the gentleman, turning down the hem of his overalls, as a slight concession to the usage of polite society. The housekeeper, noting the half pint of oats which rolled out on the floor, was calmly ignored, as in the best of circumstances the chickens are ready 'for the great, free, moral, and spectacular exhibition of the recently incubated.' A half hour later in comfortable negligee, we were seated at the social board of our successful competitors.

What topics think you, Nell, are discussed over the tea cups in the hills? Dinner parties? luncheons, receptions? Last night's dinner? No, nothing so giddy as that. Nor do we discourse of art, music, literature and such hackneyed themes. No, my friend, the agricultural mind soars not so far above the soil. The flow of conversation begins with chickens and eggs; the subject of butter is then feelingly brought forward, which naturally suggests cows, pastures; then the but a step to crops in general and "vetch" in particular. Lives there a man with soul so dead that he regards the calendar in the wonderful properties of "vetch"? If such there be, he is not a resident of the hill country. Until we came here I had never heard the word spoken, and now I find the new "inventor" of the sun, the rising to the setting of the sun. You know, Nell, how copious in argument men are, how exhaustively they treat

every subject, so you can imagine what Mary and I have suffered. The talk of the evening of which I write, began as usual with vetch, dwelling chiefly upon the idiosyncrasies of the sitting hen, and the time that it takes to the thick of the fray—especially did we deplore her combativeness; Bert holding up a pair of battle-scarred hands as proof that his recent triumph had not been wholly free from sanguinary features.

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Elizabeth, after a few days, feeling her health and spirits. During the time she was sitting corral was frequently administered and with varying results. Patients with strong constitutions survived it, others died; but the doctor's faith in the efficacy of the sovereign remedy remained unshaken. He had several baffling cases; for instance, there was a hen that looked perfectly well, and ate ravenously. When wheat was thrown out, she would start for it on the ground, but when she was wobbled like an exhausted top, and fall over, perhaps several times before reaching the goal, often landing there on her back, when she would turn on her side and groan, which was the signal for her death. She was soon placed in a private sanitarium and her meals carried to her until death came to her relief. I pronounced this case epilepsy; though Tom said it was a case of locomotor ataxia, and that her own G. A. C. could have saved her.

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A NONPARTISAN CITY ADMINISTRATION

By Hon. Eugene A. Philbin, Former District Attorney of New York.

A NONPARTISAN has been defined, as "one whose judgment or perception is clouded by a prejudiced adherence to his party." In that sense my administration of the office of District Attorney of the County of New York was nonpartisan, and not from the point of view that I ceased to be a party man. I remained a Democrat, but felt that true loyalty to my party meant fidelity to the trust to be discharged.

When I assumed the office I understood that I had been appointed as a Democrat; in other words, that Governor Roosevelt would not have made the appointment if I had been a Republican, but would have selected some Democrat who he believed would administer the office solely in the interest of the people. The reason for this was that the official necessary was a Democrat, and the Governor, with a high regard for the will of the people that has always characterized him, felt that the appointee should be of the same political affiliation as the man elected to the office, and whom he had been compelled to remove. The action of Mr. Roosevelt in thus refraining from taking advantage of the occasion to give his party a most important and valuable public office was greatly appreciated by the people of New York, and I believe contributed not a little to the election of a Republican Mayor a few months thereafter.

From one point of view there is no more satisfactory person to deal with than the practical politician. His familiarity with public affairs and with the vicissitudes of politics enables him to adapt himself to the circumstances, and nine times out of ten he is satisfied that you are not actuated by purely personal or political motives, but simply by a proper realization of your official obligation. A very distinguished Judge of New York City, who has been many years on the bench, and is able, therefore, from personal experience and an unusual opportunity for observation, to speak with authority, told me that his official experience with politicians was most satisfactory; that with the citizen who was above politics it was very common to make requests that involved nothing less than a violation of the judicial oath of office. They seemed to think that such a consideration should not be regarded except in the case of politicians or persons of humbler conditions of life.

I found that there was a philosophical admission to the inevitable as represented by the law, and an unwillingness whose appreciation of the obligations he had assumed precluded his permitting any circumstances to interfere with its proper discharge. It is not so with people in private life, particularly those of the higher classes. I found that it was quite immaterial that the crime committed was a serious one, or that the perpetrator had shown great disposition as to render it almost certain that he must always be an enemy of society if he were a man of high social standing. The position was always taken that the former respectability of the defendant and the social advantages that he had enjoyed should satisfy the District Attorney that no criminal prosecution should be instituted, and that he was not to be treated as a person who came from a humbler environment. The District Attorney was expected to realize the immeasurable gulf that separated the drawing-room from the jail, and therefore overlook the fact that society had been wronged, or that opportunity might be given for the perpetration of further wrongs, and waive the enforcement of the law.

The low standard of the official duty in our municipalities is due more to the selfishness and cowardice of the upper classes than to any other cause. The substantial business man, particularly if he has large interests at stake, lives in mortal dread of offending the influential politician. Every one who has engaged in reform work has often found that such men, while willing to contribute thousands of dollars to the movement, insist upon having their names withheld. The corrupt politician who receives contributions from the business man, and who is not a professional politician, in which case a greater number of persons who have not previously been dependent upon

most encouragement is not only the reward with which he is treated, but also in applications for irregular favors. It is common for him to be treated by men of high standing as a social equal on those public and private occasions when they are brought together. He is appealed to when the law places it in his power to exact a duty, and asked to waive it, although perhaps if the citizen submitted to the law the inconvenience or expense would be comparatively trivial, and certainly so when compared to his civil duty.

I have known such citizens to bribe policemen to refrain from performing a duty, and at the same time join earnestly in a movement to attack police corruption. The relation of the two things is a curious one, and the two great public morals it is always difficult to get jurors because of the fear of persecution by the defendant's political associates. And get the average politician is wholly without courage, and will concede that the law will be determinedly invoked he will quickly surrender.

When the representative citizen shall stand shoulder to shoulder in maintaining the law, no matter what the consequences may be, we will have a higher standard of official duty, and not before. The first cost will be more than made up by reduction in taxation and freedom from blackmail. Let us not demand enforcement of the general law while we ourselves seek evasion.

It is safe to say that New York City has never had until now a thorough business-like administration of the police department. In the years past the existence of a board of four commissioners, representing various political parties, made compromises frequently necessary, and it is doubtful if at any time such a body had four men who were all unselfishly devoted to public interests. Under such conditions it is nothing less than remarkable that the police force of today is even as efficient as it is.

An opportunity is given to the present head of the police department to put it in a better condition than it has ever known, and there is reason to believe that before his term of office has expired he will have accomplished a result. He has, in the hundreds of patrolmen on the force a nucleus for a capable and faithful body. While it is true that over the past few years some vicious and wholly dishonest men, yet the average man will readily respond to the demands of discipline, and give good and efficient service.

MODERN EDUCATION

Is our modern system of education adequate to our needs? In discussing this question, three distinct phases present themselves to us, namely, the intellectual, which concerns itself with thought; the moral, which has to do with conduct; the practical, which deals solely with results. No education worthy the name can be considered complete or well rounded which does not combine within itself all of these phases. To get a clear idea of our subject, then, before we storm its citadel, let us ask ourselves, "What is the purpose of education?" Says a well-known writer of the day, "The object of all education should be to increase the usefulness of man—usefulness to himself and to others." In other words, it should fit him to fight successfully the battle of life. Everything that does not help toward this end should be considered as a waste of time and energy. In how far then our present system of education fulfills its purpose must be the object of our investigations.

Let us begin with the intellectual phase, which as we all understand it has its development in the schoolroom. I will state the case first as it presents itself to the casual observer; crudely perhaps, yet briefly and simply. The child is taken to school at a tender age. It is provided with textbooks of various quantities and quality. These books contain a given number of facts which must be memorized within a given time. The child is taught that certain things are accepted these statements upon faith, reasoning faculty, yet remaining ignorant of the reasons. The child is then taught to write, to read, to count, and to measure. After the process of stocking the memory has been completed in one class, an examination takes place, and it is found that a reasonable number of these facts are in the mind of the child, the fortunate possessor of such memory is allowed to pass on to a higher grade, where the stocking process continues.

Knowledge That Molds. The brain is created not to be idle. All odds and ends are stored away therein, with the expectation that at some future day these things might come in handy. In the meantime, as a matter of fact, these things are often forgotten or left to rot in the lumber room of the mind. During the retting process, a large piece even during the school term, for as soon as a new grade is reached that which has gone before is crowded out by that which is now put in, and, oftentimes, that which is stored away during the stocking process is the least valuable of all the information acquired. If this statement seems exaggerated to you, just turn to your old schoolbooks and see how many of all the questions therein propounded you can answer correctly. Perhaps the results would astonish some of you who had never given the matter a thought. But to continue.

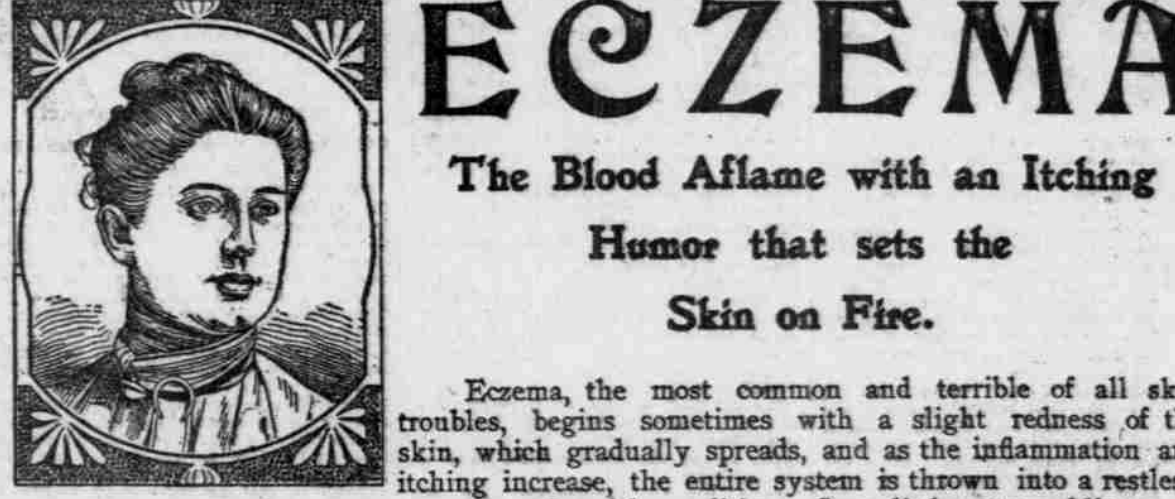
The child, let us say through school. It has graduated that mecca of all schoolboys' aspirations; received a diploma; passed with high honors and won the respect and admiration of all his schoolmates and teachers. What next? Youths and maidens are now supposed to be ready to begin the battle of life. But—ah they really fitted to enter upon their duties—to take up the responsibilities of life? How many graduates realize the matter of duty at all? If there are any among you here today who believe that our school and home training is all that is needed, let me ask you.

to expect a man when, after he had formed the habit of drink to leave off drinking to a lecture on temperance. Give the child to understand while it is studying that the school is not the end of learning in the world. Indeed, if education would only build more upon this thought there would be less attempt to crowd all the knowledge which a child is meant to attain into a nine or ten years' school term. We have a lifetime before us in which to learn.

Secondly—We have too much memory cramming. Originality and the faculty cap in school if united to a slow memory. Memory instead of thought is made the test of capability. What would we think of a housekeeper who kept continually laying in stores and stock of eggs, flour, butter, cream and sugar, and never mixed them into palatable dishes for her table? What would be the result upon the digestive organs of the family? Well, there is such a thing as mental indigestion, and some pupils suffer with it to such an extent that as soon as they are through school the strain is removed they disgorge.

You might ask, perhaps, "Would you do away then entirely with memory drills?" By no means. Memory drills are necessary and change the method. As is done in later years and all through life, facts must be accumulated and stored in the memory from day to day, but these facts must all be assimilated and the storing must be made a unconscious process. It must not be made a burden. We all know that whatever makes a deep impression upon the mind is indelibly printed upon the tablets of memory. Therefore, our sole concern with teaching a child facts should be to make these sufficiently impressive and to give plenty of time for assimilation.

Thirdly—Too many assertions are accepted without question, assertions that in later years must be discarded as false. Let us stop to think a moment, are you yourselves not landing many things in your childhood which in after years you learned to know as false? And did this help to strengthen your faith and trust? Or did it not rather tend to weaken it, even there where faith should have been a guiding star—a plank of safety? Why teach children things that you do not believe yourselves? You say they will find out for themselves. In the hands of their will, and the knowledge of the deception practiced upon them will make them cynics in ethics and skeptics in religion. Is this the end you wish to attain for your children?



PRESIDENT OF THE MINNEHAPA CLUB.

Gentlemen—I suffered with Eczema on the hands and face for over a year. It was not only annoying and painful, but very unsightly, and I disliked to go out in the streets. I tried at least a dozen soaps and salves, and became very discouraged, until I read in the papers of the cures performed through the use of S. S. S., and determined to give it a month's trial at least. I am pleased to state that I soon noticed a slight improvement, sufficient to decide me to keep it up. After the use of six bottles my skin was as soft and smooth as an infant's. This was a year ago, and I have never had any trouble since.

MISS GENEVA BRIGGS, 216 S. Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

The humors and poisons that produce the itching eruption, roughness and redness of the skin, must be rooted out before there is complete relief from the terrors of Eczema. Nothing applied externally does any permanent good, for whenever the blood is overheated, or the skin is reacting during Spring and Summer, the disease breaks out again. You can't rely upon washes, soaps and salves, or such things as are applied to the surface, for they do not reach the seat of the trouble, which is internal and deeply implanted in the system; the blood is aflame with the itching, burning humors, which are carried by the circulation to the surface and are being constantly forced out through the glands and pores of the skin, and you can never heal the sores or stop the aggravating eruptions with external applications.

To neutralize the acids in the blood and expel the humors and poisons is the only way to get permanently rid of this torturing skin trouble, and no remedy known does this so quickly and thoroughly as S. S. S. It purifies the blood and restores it to health, and the outbreak of the poison through the skin ceases, and the sores and eruption gradually disappear. S. S. S. builds up the thin acid blood, makes it rich and strong, and restores to it all the elements of nutrition, and drives from the circulation all impurities; and under the tonic effect of S. S. S. the general system is invigorated and toned up, and you not only get rid of your old skin trouble, but the health is benefited in every way. S. S. S. being a strictly vegetable medicine, acts gently, leaving no bad after-effects, as do Arsenic, Potash and other minerals which are usually prescribed in skin diseases.

Eczema cannot be cured by anything applied to the surface of the body; the blood must be purified and the cause removed, and in no other way can this deep-seated skin disease be reached. If you have Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Nettle Rash, or any form of Eczema, you will find S. S. S. does its work well and thoroughly, and relieves the itching and burning, soreness and pain, and soon produces a lasting cure.

Write us, and medical advice or any special information desired about this King of Skin Terrors will be given without charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.