Little Lessons from the School of Experience.

BACK TO NATURE

WHAT a wealth of romance, wild freedom and childhood reminiscence is suggested in the very phrase. To the dweller in the city's walled canyons, with its murky atmosphere, the maddening trolley car, the stuffy flat, the grueling routine and humiliating dependence upon the good will of the boss, comes the pleasing dream of broad, green spaces, sweet ozone and the freedom and independence of God's out-of-doors. Few are there who have known the time when—

"The grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather."

Who do not feel at times that they would be glad to end their life of city drudgery and get back to their childhood home in the country. Few are there, who have known the glad freedom of the farm, as a child, who do not feel at times that they would gladly give up the salary check and the gayety of the city, the opera and the midnight booze supper, to get back once more with Nature and be free from the fetters of formality and dependence upon his fellow man.

This picture of bosky dells and the freedom of out-of-doors is a mirage which hovers around the pigeonholes of many a city desk. It is a dream, which many a figure fighter and pencil pusher nurses to the detriment of his peace of mind.

To those who are blighting their young lives and impairing the efficiency of their city toil, with these dreams and hallucinations of the freedom and independence of getting back to nature, I wish to advertise the fact that there are probably several hundred thousand farmers, dwellers in bosky dells and broad expanses of freedom, scattered around this country, who would break their necks for a chance to trade places with them. It is one of the peculiarities of nature for the man whose daily experience with the green things of the country is limited to lifting a sprig of parsley off a 15-cent steak at the lunch hour, to pine to get back to nature, while the bucolic son of nature, whose knowledge of the city has been gleaned from the weekly paper, would consider his life's ambition satisfied if he could hang out on the 20th story of a skyscraper and ride up and down on the elevator.

What a deplorable lack of perception was shown by our forefathers in the settling of the world, that they didn't build the cities out on the farms and have the farms laid out in the cities. How unfortunate it is that I wasn't born about three centuries earlier, so they could have had the advantage of my wise counsel in this respect. What a lot of suffering and untold misery it would have saved.

Yet what pleasure it gives us, when chained to a desk in the city's confines, to watch when the boss isn't looking and stick our pen behind our pink, little shell-like ear and hark back through the misty aisles of change to the times when, as a barefoot boy we loitered around the "old swimmin' hole" watching for an opportunity to tie a million Gordian knots in the lingerie which lined the bank. Ah, those were the happy days! We didn't think so at the time; when we thought the happy days were somewhere beyond the hills with the trolley car, the fat policeman and the political graft. Now, too late, we see our mistakes, and we long to break the fetters which bind us body and soul to the strife and turmoil of city life and go back to the glad, free existence which we lived as a child, and which is now to us but a dream, a ghost of a dead past.

But don't do it. Don't resurrect the ghost. Don't bust the dream. Keep that vision of your happy days as a child of nature to cheer your weary hours of toil and act as a counter-irritant for the cruel stings of the city's busy hive, and don't spoil a sweet dream by yelling in your own ear and waking yourself up. There is a thousand-fold more happiness in a sweet dream than in a horrible reality, so don't go back to nature looking for eternal peace and freedom. Keep your fetters and your little dream, and let the dead past remain buried. Better pleasant dreams than mourning and wailing in freedom. All ye who long to break the fetters which bind you to the city's strife and go back over the hills to live over your happy childhood existence with nature, take my tip and DON'T.

I had this dream, and I nursed it and fostered it till it grew and got so strong that I couldn't hold it. Like the impulsive child that I am, I kicked off my fetters, packed up my pink underwear and fur-lined collar-buttons, and beat it back to nature.

"Back to my old home haunts again,

Back to my old patched coat,
Back to my rod and the breath of God
Home, and by leaky boat."

Yes, "back to my old haunts again." Back to the farm where the mud had once squashed between my little pink toes as I chased pollywogs in the old millpond, and which I had been seeing in my day dreams ever since, and had come to regard as a perfect arcadia of peaceful content and glad freedom. And I was going to have a real gladsome time and be a boy again, even to chasing pollywogs and letting the mud squash between my toes, which aren't quite so pink as in the days of yore. I had purchased a little patch of freedom back home, and I had thrown off the shackles of city drudgery forever. I was through with all that humiliating dependence upon my fellow man, and I was going to spend the rest of my days in the glad life of freedom and independence which I had always seen pictured in the dreams of my happy childhood days on the farm.

Oh, if I had only kept that dream. If I had only not spoiled the whole pleasing panorama of my vision by trying to grasp the good things which my dream fairly was spreading before my eyes, then I would have at least continued to enjoy the pleasing hallucination. Now I am back in the fetters, chained to the city desk, with my dream busted. No visions of a happy bucolic existence in a broad expanse of freedom, no spells of longing to get back to nature. True, I am now more reconciled to the shackles, but

what a loss it is to have the dream of one's happy childhood days shattered and the horrible reality of it all staring him in the face. Keep your dreams, fellows, and glory in them, because they're not there. Not by a long shot.

I kicked up my heels like a spavined streetcar horse turned out to pasture, and trilled a merry little roundelay of babbling brooks and shady nooks, as I trudged happily up the lane to my little Arcadia. And how joyous it all was just to get out of doors and breathe the pure, sweet fragrance of the atmosphere, and to go to bed at night to sweet dreams, free from all disturbing thoughts of the boss' displeasure, and flurries in the money market. Yes, how joyous it all was—for a few short weeks. A few weeks of unalloyed happiness and dreams of eternal freedom, and then I slowly opened my eyes to the horrible reality of it all, and the naked truth stood before me in all its ugliness. I had been chasing a dream, a mirage of the city streets.

How pleasant was the vision of my dreams, and what a jolt was the awakening. What a terrible thing it is to have your dreams and your ideals smashed into smithereens. What an awful shock to have that fiendish little infernal machine known as the alarm clock explode with a bang and pour 16 gallons of melody into your ears, and yank your warm feet out onto the cold, bare floor of reality, just at the pyschological moment when you are about to grasp the treasures of your dreams. That is the position I was in.

When I got down to business out in that little Arcadia of mine, when the frolic was over and the real life began, the life that was going to bring me freedom and independence and healthful enjoyment, and all that rot which they load onto the farm in literature, it was then that I awoke to the fact that the routine of the city has the routine of the farm backed clear off the boards, for joyous moments and, contentful ease. The murky and much abused city is a haven of delight and a house of mirth compared with that morgue out among the bosky dells and broad expanse of freedom, concerning which the poet has exceeded the speed limit, in the abuse of his poetic license.

Sticking your little pink toes onto the cold oilcloth at 4 A. M. of a December day, when it is cold enough to freeze the lightning rod off the barn, and trying to rustle up a fire in the kitchen stove with a bunch of green wood, some fireproof matches and a liberal supply of combustible profanity, was a little detail that hadn't entered into the vision of my dreams at all. The poet of rural pastorals likewise skips this little detail of bucolic existence. Literature records not the true sentiments of the scene. Anthony Comstock wouldn't permit it. I was wishing to thunder I had a poetic license, too, so I could skip it or color it up to look pleasing like the poets do. I tried to laugh and imagine I enjoyed it, but it was a hollow mockery. It didn't take me long to decide that a steam-heated flat and a gas range and hugging the covers till 8 o'clock had this before-dawn fire-rustling business faded forty ways for comfort and glad living.

I had dreamed, oh, how I had dreamed and painted mental pictures of the joyous and gladsome time when I would take the milk pails and trip lightly through the sweet-smelling clover to the barnyard to milk the cows, while I sang a little ditty from the very joy of living. That joyous little ditty died an untimely death after a few faint gasps at an attempted existence, and in its place I introduced a monologue in my own original conception of the needed improvements to the profane language. It seemed to fit in better with the stage setting and be more effective with the audience. It was also more in keeping with the state of mind of the performer. So at each and every appearance in the character of the milkmaid, two performances daily. I introduced this little monologue in advanced profanity. They were female cows, too, yet they never missed a performance. Sometimes, I confess, it causes a blush of shame to steal over my velvety cheek when I think of the flood of profanity I have poured at the opposite sex.

The cows of my dreams were picturesque and romantic creatures, the cows of Van Marcke's paintings and Eugene Field's poems, and milking them at dewy morn and tranquil eve formed one of the most attractive features in my picture of this glad life of freedom. Now I would walk ten miles just to get a shot at a cow. This dewy morn and tranquil eve business is a creation of the litterateur and the poet, and there is plagued little romance connected with tying yourself in a knot on the port side of a cow, while the gloaming gloams or the gray dawn is trying to break its back over the horizon, and ducking uppercuts from the hind hoofs while you get a face massage from the switching tail. The soggy barnyard in the drizzly dawn is apt to prove an uncomfortable surprise to the man drilled to a steam-heated office and a rolltop desk.

And after all, tripping through the dewy grass of the sweet-scented Summer and the beautiful snow of lordly Winter, which has a picturesqueness of its own in literature and song, is a mighty uncomfortable method of getting to work compared with the comfortable and unromantic trolley-car. And after the novelty has worn off there are times, oh, so many times, when the wide expanses of freedom, the bosky dells and the sweet-scented clover meadows of our dreams would be much more attractive if they were populated with a little company capable of conversation and fellowship. Toiling in the new-mown hay, which was so attractive in our dreams and concerning which the poet has gone into ecstasies of delight, soon loses its romantic and picturesque aspect when viewed from the business end of a pitchfork. The best place to toil with the new-mown hay is in the monthly magazines. Pitching hay will tangle up your spinal vertebrae in a way that makes pencil-pushing and figure-fighting seem like a pleasant pastime.

Tilling the stony and much-rooted soil with a contrary plow and a spavined old plug horse, harvesting and threshing the ripened grain, and lambasting the eternal daylights out of a bunch of mongrel stock, are little details of farm life better appreciated in the abstract.

And in the Winter, that beautiful season when we saw in our dreams only the picturesque snow sculpture beautifying nature around our little home of freedom, and dreamed of a life of peaceful content and ease with the season's work finished, how you will long for the bright lights and gayety of dear old Broadway, to hear the clatter and bang of the maligned trolley-car, to have the boss around giving you orders and the office boy to swear at, anything to break the spell and put a crimp in this monotonous freedom which you came back to nature to seek. That beautiful piece of snow sculpture in the meadow yonder, about which a poet would rave and an artist would throw a conniption fit, you would gladly exchange for the ugliest old lamp-post that ever disfigured a city street. And how happy you would be to wake up some morning and hear, instead of that feathered barnyard chorus, of which you had so fondly dreamed, the rasping voice of the newsies calling the morning papers. I honestly believe that if a city policeman had wandered up that lane leading to my little Arcadia I would have assassinated him and embalmed his body just to keep to feast my eyes on.

No, keep your freedom and independence of country life, your bosky dells and picturesque surroundings. I am on to it now. The iron heel of the boss and the dull routine of the city for mine. That old millpond of our childhood memories and the poet's fancy is, after all, but a stagnant pool and a boggy mudhole. I have seen these things with mature eyes now, and I know them as they are and not as they are painted in the impressionistic hand of childhood memories. The things which I enjoyed as an unsophisticated child are not for me as a man. My ideals have changed since I crossed those hills to the city streets. Chain me to a desk, bind me up with the fetters of formality, and there let me remain forever and then some. My dream is busted.

Success of First Experiment in Night Banking

BY HERBERT COPELAND.

That there should be occasion for a bank open 24 hours in the day for six days in the week, seems at first thought very doubtful, but New York has, during the last year, proved that there is such a need, and The Night and Day Bank (not Day and Night, as seems the more natural sequence of words) is a distinct success in every sense of the word, for though only a little over a year old, it already has over 2700 depositors and over $3,000,000 in deposits.

The idea of continuously banking is not exactly new, and the scheme has been broached from time to time in various other cities, but it was for New York to experiment on a large scale, and it is in New York that success has been achieved, and in an extraordinarily short time after the opening. It is almost equally sure that no other city in this country, or anywhere, for that matter, could support a bank of this sort, or find any real occasion for it—both on account of the enormous business of all sorts in New York, and on account of its being the clearing-house of the country not only for money but for travellers, hotels, theaters and pleasures of all sorts, and on account of its seaboard location and being practically the exit and entrance of the Western continent.

Location and Building.

The Night and Day Bank building is at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, a location chosen with much care, and finally decided upon because it is central to all the varied interests to which the bank makes a peculiar appeal—theaters, hotels, restaurants, the shopping district, and is close to the Grand Central Station with its hundred thousand daily commuters, and will also be near the new Pennsylvania terminal when that building is opened. The land, at the time of its purchase in 1905, brought the record price outside of the Wall-street district, and the 11-story building of white marble is a perfect example of the highest class of modern office-building. Its exterior is almost severely plain, though the entrance is marked by two unusually beautiful Doric columns.

The bank occupies the ground floor and the basement, and the upper floors are let to various uptown branches of downtown establishments, including "diamond merchants from Maiden Lane." What a fascination there is in these words! They sound so little sordid, so Eastern and so old English, and the tales they tell at the bank of the transfer of fabulously priceful gems in a little room off the safe deposit vaults, set apart for this purpose, lighted by prisms in the sidewalk under the feet of the unthinking passer, make the eyes glitter and the mind return to Aladdin's cave. Not long since here was sold one of the world diamonds—under the tread of $3-shoes, in a street which was not, 50 years ago.

Romantic! Yes, but is it not pleasant to find romance in modern business? Indeed, while their bank is, of course, run on thoroughly business principles and is a thoroughly business success, there is something about it, the very name, which somehow appeals to the other side, too; and makes both the building and the system more than generally interesting to the ordinary person who is not a banker.

Those Stupendous Doors.

The main floor of the bank is, of course, much like that of all modern banks, though remarkably light and cheerful, owing to its white finish. But when you descend to the vault there is a somewhat unusual feeling. The main hall from which the vault, the coupon rooms, the women's rooms lead is peculiarly beautiful, finished in white unpolished Alabama marble. Perfect examples of Doric fluted columns with a fine simple entablature surround the hall, with colored mosaic panels, representing the hours, between them heroic half-draped statues, of the same marble, representing Night (a woman), and Day (a man) guard the stairway; and green bronze lamps, of Greek design, hang from the ceiling. The whole effect is peculiarly beautiful, and satisfyingly massive without being oppressive. The huge door leading to the safe deposit vault is a marvel of modern mechanism, with its steel bars and bolts, wheels and cogs, and the four time locks, all visible to the "awed" beholder through a vast sheet of plate glass. And the awe is increased when you are told that this door, so easily moved, weighs 17 tons, and its frame 20 tons, that the vault is not only burglar, fire and waterproof, but air proof as well.

It was something of a shock to the New England conscience to find a duplicate of this door leading from the other side of the vault into the coupon-room—that conscience could not find excuse for the extravagance of two when one would seem to answer the purpose of safety. But New York is not New England, and two are impressive. The drawers in the vault are finished in burnished copper, and have elaborate locks of the new sort of combination that safeguards the loss of keys and transfer of boxes. The coupon room, and the special room for women, are attractive in all respects, and, of course, have all the most modern conveniences. But to the working of the bank, there is a temptation to linger on these superficial attractions.

Three Shifts a Day.

It was because conditions seemed to demand a medium of exchange for the immense volume of business done in New York after the usual banking hour that the Night and Day Bank was planned. Tradition and the business habits of years had to be overcome, as well as the problems of arranging practically three banks in one, that uninterrupted service might be had. This service is arranged as follows, and has proved thoroughly satisfactory. There are three complete forces, each working eight hours. Each shift is in charge of an assistant cashier. This officer, in such hours as are not covered by the president and cashier, is the acting head of the institution.

The day starts at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, as far as the bookkeeping of the bank is concerned. At that hour receiving teller No. 1 takes charge in the receiving cage, and paying teller No. 1 in the paying cage, remaining on duty until midnight. On this shift an assistant teller is necessary in the receiving cage, to take care ofthe deposits that are offered. The second shift takes charge at midnight and runs the bank until 8 o'clock in the morning.

From 8 A. M. until 4 P. M. the tellers are known as receiving teller No. 3 and paying teller No. 3. On this tour the extra help is required in the paying cage.

Teller No. 3, at 4 o'clock, makes up the day's proof, including the figures carried over from teller No. 1 and teller No. 2, each of whom has been required to prove his own work. There also is included the report from the teller of the women's department, which is run with a distinct force in rooms of its own, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 6 P. M. Each paying teller has his own cashbox and is held responsible for its contents.

As far as the business of the public with the bank is concerned, there is no departure from the calendar dates. A check which is dated September 30 is payable any time after the midnight, which marks the beginning of the calendar day, and not one minute before. An obligation which is due on September 30 and not paid on that date is protested in usual course, as it would be at any other bank. Sunday is observed by closing the bank at midnight of Saturday and opening at Sunday midnight. Legal holidays are kept in the same manner.

The changing of shifts is so easily done as scarcely to attract the attention of the ordinary observant customer. The man who comes in at one minute to 4 o'clock transacts the business with teller No. 3 at one window; and the man who comes in at one minute past 4 simply steps to the next window, behind which teller No. 1 is standing, at the beginning of his day. Teller No. 3 has closed his window and is at liberty to take as much time as is necessary to make his proof undisturbed.

The rooms provided for the exclusive use of women are only open from 9 in the morning to 6 at night, the natural and convenient hours for household and shopping purposes. But should any emergency arise in which a woman may wish to deposit or draw, this is provided for by a duplicate set of signature cards kept in the main banking room, so all she has to do is to apply there, as at any bank.

Depositing Jewels After Opera.

Speaking of the women's part in this bank (surely the catering to women shows "canniness") there is a rather interesting and amusing tale—a true one. When the bank was first opened there was naturally much curiosity about its purpose and plans, and more or less newspaper talking. It was rather idly given out, among other things, that women who kept their jewels in the safe deposit vaults should stop at the bank on the way to the opera, put them on there, go to the opera, return to the bank, and deposit them. This had never been done, and it was thought rather unlikely it would be. But lo and behold! the "power of the press," and suggestion, immediately after the tale appeared in the papers, women did show up and do this—and have continued to do so, to a certain extent.

One thinks of New York as a city of spenders in the afternoon and evening, rather than of savers; but it also saves, for the Night Bank has found that many times as much money is deposited with it during these hours as is drawn out. Among these depositors are theaters, hotels and restaurants in great numbers. It is estimated that over $500,000 passes nightly in cash over the hotel and restaurant counters of New York, and $100,000 and more through the theater box-office windows. It has been found that most of these places like to get their cash "out of the way" for the night, and for this the Night Bank has been found most convenient. Also the big department stores show a larger per cent of sales in the afternoon, and many of them make use of the continuous bank for their deposits. Of even more importance is this safe late depositing place for small tradesmen and the like, who have seldom proper facilities for protecting their money over night. To these a night bank which will handle small accounts is of inestimable advantage.

Collecting With Automobile Safes.

In collecting their cash the bank makes use of automobile safes—a rather interesting sight as they chug about the streets till 1 o'clock in the morning. These meet the trouble that all banks have in collecting large amounts, at great risks, by hand of messenger. The cars are built on a special design, equipped with a fireproof and explosive-proof safe, fastened to the chassis. Two men, a chauffeur and a messenger, go with the car. When the messenger is out of his cage, the car is "dead," and cannot be started by the chauffeur until the messenger returns to his place.

The bank's customer locks up his deposit in an individual safe deposit box (provided for him by the bank) and the messenger drops it into the safe through a shutter opening. He can drop the box in, but he can get nothing out of the safe until it is unlocked by a combination, the mechanism of which is detachable and is kept at the bank.

The deposits of restaurants, theaters and the various chains of stores operated by concerns that carry their accounts in the Night and Day Bank are taken up in this way and the car is also used for sending out payrolls as called for by depositors.

It was a pleasant and rather awe-inspiring sight to one who never handled money to watch these things drive up and unload; then go into the bank and see them opened; making guesses as to what each little leather-covered tin box would produce. One or two of them that I saw certainly produced "wads," some only a small package, and much silver.

Another field in which a bank that is open "after hours" fills a recognized want is in providing means for prompt remittance by cable. The same sort of thing applies to telegraphic communication with the West of our own country. In ordinary procedure, if the need to transmit funds arises after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, there is no means of effecting the transfer until 10 o'clock the following day; which means receipt of the cabled draft in London, or on the Continent, after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, owing to the difference in time. Then there is the necessary wait until 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day before the funds can be drawn at the foreign bank. The depositor at the Night and Day Bank can have his remittance cabled at once, so that it will be in hand on the opening of banks abroad at 10 A. M., the first day—a saving of full 24 hours.

In the ordinary day banks when a large number of checks are deposited towards closing hour, a great amount of overtime work is demanded of the clerks, and frequently large depositors are requested to come earlier or the deposits will not be accepted except for the next day. Now a bank which is running continuously with three sets of clerks can take such deposits at any time and arrange them for collection, sending the out-of-town items by the earliest available mail, and clearing the local checks next morning. This frequently means the saving of one day's interest on a considerable sum, 300 days in every year. On an account averaging $5000 a day deposits, the saving in a year would represent interest on $1,500,000 fo one day.

This instance of the conveyance of the night system was told me: A railroad deal of some importance was being talked over at dinner in one of the hotels and the terms agreed upon toward the small hours. The party came to the bank, had their checks drawn and certified, and the papers properly acknowledged before a notary in the bank, and were soon on their several ways; whereas, without this convenience they would have had to wait till after banking hours the next day, and possibly lost much valuable time.

Another man, a stranger in New York, had, on account of sickness, to hire a special train at midnight. He was in a quandary, as he had no friends in town, and hotels and the like were shy of cashing his checks. He heard of this bank, came, proved himself "good," got his money and bought his special train on time. The same sort of thing has happened with getting money for an early-sailing steamer. Of course these emergencies are not frequent, but when they do come up they are very important.

A "Jollier" There, Too.

The bank is making an effort which is meeting with much favor, to bring back the personal side of banking, so to speak—the friendly, "old-fashioned" relation between the banker and client. There is at all times present an officer who is for the time the actual executive, who is willing and glad to "talk over" things with the customer and discuss any matter of investment—the management believing that there is much to be gained on both sides by the individual relation, not purely that of corporation with corporation—and certainly this atmosphere of personality was very evident and agreeable, even to a casual visitor—there was not the so frequent in many business places atmosphere of "being over and done with it" as soon as possible.

A Messenger Boy's Embarrassment.

One of the men told me, among other interesting "things doing" here the night before the Knickerbocker crash (there was a lot going on here that night), an amusing tale of the difficulties of changing large bills. A man came in and wanted to get his cash from the Knickerbocker, and as the regular bank messengers were out he was willing to risk (his own risk, of course) a regular messenger boy. It's an old story, but a good one. The boy went, and started back with the money, which was in 13 $500 bills. He met another boy and boasted. He was tempted, he fell. They started for a spree. He nobly flashed a $500 bill at a pool place. They would not change it. Every other place they could think of was tried with the same result. No one would change it. They got angry. They spent all their own money. They ran out into the country with the same result—they simply could not get rid of a bill. At last they were found nearly dead with hunger and anxiety; and eventually they came back and confessed; and, cruel world! were "sent off." A real instance of Mark Twain's million-dollar note.

Another man came in one night in the midst of "showing some friends the town" and wanted to deposit his surplus funds, if they would take a small deposit. He put a bill down, half concealed, but showing "the yellow." There was a talk, etc., he lifted his hand and it was a $10,000 bill. Even "vulgar money" has its piquancies. The night I was there I looked around for some of those things, but it was not my fortune to see any of 'em—just a few people came in and out, and the automobiles drove up and deposited, and I had time to gossip, just as I had had in the morning.

The natural question is, will there be other night banks. Hardly yet awhile, but there is talk of an all-night department store. If that (and there is more or less in the idea), what may not come? The entire city may run like this bank, in three "shifts"—at least two! "What a thought! But Boston need not worry—yet.

Regulation of Corporations

BY W. H. ODELL.

TO A LAYMAN in finances it seems evident that some legislation is much needed for the government of the great corporations. The progress of events has revealed the necessity for safeguarding along the lines of unlawful practices and "wildcat" speculations. Honest dealings and conservative management are demanded for the protection of commercial interests and the upbuilding of great business enterprises.

The old saw, "Corporations have no bodies to be kicked and no souls to be damned," does for slang, but in the business world accountability is demanded for protection against unlawful practices and in behalf of a confiding constituency. An act to prevent unlawful practices, to be deterrent, must have a personal application. There is no good reason why the officers or management of a corporation should be more favored than a private citizen or company. Mr. Smith or the Jones Company, entering into some business enterprise, succeeds only as he or they are able to establish confidence in their integrity and business acumen within the range of their activities, and in law they each and all are personally responsible for unlawful practices and also for all financial liabilities, their liabilities are not limited to the capital invested in the enterprise, but is only limited by their ability to pay.

Therefore it follows that the officers of a great corporation should be held in law upon the same footing that a private citizen or company is held; this liability for misdemeanors or infraction of the law, however, should be limited to the personnel of the management. The stockholders in a great corporation have no voice in the management of the enterprise save in a remote and somewhat indirect method of electing the directors, hence should not be held responsible in any sense for unlawful practices, and not beyond the par value of their holdings for financial losses, but the directors or officers who are responsible for the management should have no exemptions in law not granted to a private citizen engaged in business. They each and jointly, according to the measure of their responsibility, should be held personally for all infringements of law punishable by fine or imprisonment, and the fines should be limited to their personal holdings and not taxable to the property of the stockholders. The recent fine imposed by Judge Landis upon the Standard Oil Company, of over $29,000,000, while justifiable under the law, yet it was confiscatory of the property of the innocent stockholders, the effect of which is to shake the confidence of shareholders in corporation stocks, resulting in a great shrinkage in values and direct crippling of business enterprises.

Confidence in the management is an important element of value in all commercial enterprises; it must dominate stockholders and dealers in the products handled. This is evidenced by the prominent array in suitable display heads of the names of the promoters, in the many advertising devices employed to secure patronage. And it is from confidence thus inspired that investments are made. It is therefore of the utmost importance that that confidence should not be betrayed; to this end safeguards are needed.

This is especially true in all banking institutions where individual deposits are sought and made, not for speculative purposes, but for safe-keeping until needed. Personal responsibility on the part of the directors and officers of management for all unlawful acts and financially for all losses to the limit of their ability to pay might have a restraining influence in the matter of permitting names to be heralded as promoters and managers. The business of directors is to direct, and not for the use of their names to be used as decoy ducks for would-be duck hunters. The promoters of any enterprise are presumed to know that the proposed enterprise is legitimate and that by conservative management would be a success, and upon this assumption they should be understood to act and held accountable.

Personal responsibility, as thus briefly outlined, wisely guarded and strictly enforced, would have a two-fold beneficial effect, viz.:

First—A restraining influence against unlawful practices.

Second—It would promote conservative methods in financial dealings, both essential to healthy business conditions and equitable and just as to all parties concerned.

Business conducted upon a lawful and conservative basis may suffer loss, by reason of floods, fire and panics, against which there is but little opportunity for protection, but this is the risk common to all, and all must take their share of the medicine.

Salem, Or.

When You Weigh Most.

Did you ever consider how the average human being's weight fluctuates night and day?

If you weigh yourself regularly before and after every meal you would be astonished. We lose in bed at night 2 pounds 4 ounces. Between breakfast and lunch we lose 1 pound 14 ounces. Between lunch and dinner we lose 10 ounces more. Total loss, 4 pounds 14 ounces.

At breakfast we gain 1 pound 12 ounces; at lunch 1 pound; at dinner 2 pounds 1 ounces. Total, 4 pounds 14 ounces.

Thus, day by day, gaining nearly five pounds, our weight remains uniform. If we ate but half or a third of what we do it is logical to suppose that our organs, digestive and so on, would have but half as much work to do, and that our brains in consequence would be able to do twice as much. That is the logical supposition, and no doubt it is the correct one; but man is still too nearly animal to eat only what he needs. He insists upon eating until he can hold no more.

Dreams.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

I dream of you;
Not only when in sleep I lie
And on the roses shines the dew
While Summer winds go whispering by,
But also when the sun is high,
And wandering in the upper blue
White cloudlets flake the Summer sky,
I dream of you.
I dream of you.
In every beautious form I trace—
Each budding leaf, each floweret new—
Some fair reflection of your face;
In every mossy woodland place
The limpid brook goes singing through
I catch your voice's tuneful grace,
And dream of you.
I dream of you;
Yes, Fancy is my constant guest,
Love's sweet handmaiden ever true;
And Hope she brings, and all that's best;
And Memory fond at her behest
With lovely visions hastens, too—
By Fancy, Hope and Memory blest,
I dream of you.