

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

AMERICA'S PROGRESSIVE POLICY.

By Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury.



L. M. SHAW.

"After the Civil War the nation entered upon an extensive policy of internal improvement, subsidizing so long as necessary transcontinental lines of railway and permanently continuing the subsidizing of rivers and harbors, so after this later war we appear to be entering upon an equally progressive policy of external improvement. Not as the crow flies, but as ships sail, it is nearer from Liverpool to San Francisco via Cape Horn than from New York to the same port via the southern extremity. Start two ships of equal speed from Liverpool, going to our Pacific coast, one through the Suez Canal and the other by Cape Horn, and two vessels of the same speed from New York, one going westward and the other eastward, and both English vessels will reach their destination before either of ours. Cut the isthmian canal, and it is nearer from New York to Hong Kong via Nicaragua than from Liverpool to the same point via the Suez.

We must have the largest merchant fleet ever kissed by ocean breezes, and these carriers of international commerce must be built of American material in American yards by American labor. They are to be manned by American sailors, fired by American coal or, more probably oil, and they are to float the stars and stripes.

Whether this will be accomplished through government aid or by American patriotism and American capital and American energy I cannot say. Whether this consummation shall be contributed to by statesmen or achieved by financiers is immaterial compared with the importance of the thing itself. American wealth, American energy, plus Hawaii, which is ours, plus the Philippine Islands, which are ours, plus the isthmian canal, which we will surely build, transfers the sovereignty of the Pacific Ocean from the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes.

HOW YOUNG MEN MAY RISE.

By Samuel Brill, New York Merchant.



I began my business career as a newsboy. My beginning in life was a humble one. I was only 13 years of age when I left the school I was attending and started out to earn a living. Even at that early age I had a thirst for knowledge and availed myself of every opportunity to improve my mind. I picked up papers in the street and bought second-hand books with the few pennies I could spare and took them home and read them evenings. Young men who are now occupying subordinate positions in stores or workshops have the same material from which to draw inspiration and assistance that I had, the only difference being that now there is more of it.

I only had \$150 when I started in business with my brother, who had a similar amount, but I had what I would to-day call courage, or a something within me that gave me confidence to struggle on toward the goal of success. By keeping a careful watch on my expenses, by living very simply, even after fortune had begun to smile on us the business grew rapidly.

To-day we have over 200 employees in our four establishments. I have an excellent chance to study men, to analyze their motives and watch their efforts to get on in the world. If young men will follow my advice, which is born of experience, and will deny themselves what they call luxuries in their younger days, say between 18 and 28, and save their money, when they are 30 years of age they will have accumulated a few hundred dollars with which to start in business for themselves or to lay the foundation of a substantial bank account. They can engage in the same line of business as their employer, on a

smaller scale, and by studying the situation carefully and by keeping constantly on the alert, they will be able to climb the ladder of success.

This is not idle talk; it is experience. The young man who is indifferent to his surroundings remains in a rut. The one who is energetic, not afraid of work and is known as a hustler, commands a good salary or starts in business for himself.

HOW HUSBANDS ARE SPOILED.

By Edith Joscelyn.



An excellent proverb of Russia runs to the effect that in the relations of two persons—and it is more true when one is a man and the other a woman—"one kisses, the other turns the cheek."

A too-adoring wife—or a wife who shows her love too much—is very apt to produce a selfish husband—a man who is "never satisfied."

Thus, out of the very wealth of her love, she proceeds to manufacture a selfish man!

"But mustn't we show people that we love them?" asks the adoring little woman despairingly. Yes, of course you may, my dear, and if you do it wisely you will lift up and improve those to whom you give your heart and devotion. But all human things are fallible. Therefore you must temper your love with discretion and wise, far-seeing discrimination. Do not "spoil" your husband. Do not allow the love which ought to be the guiding star of his life which should be a stepping stone to higher things, to make him into a selfish, exacting, fault-finding person.

It is common enough. A wife often becomes selfish because of her husband's great love. A man who started marriage with only a normal average share of masculine selfishness is frequently transformed during the first year of matrimony into an impatient, inconsiderate man, who is always demanding, never giving.

If he discovers that you are awed before the majesty of his criticism, he will be puffed up with an undue sense of his importance. By all means try to have everything in the home life as perfect as possible. But do not let him think that it is all done for his sake—done lest he might complain.

"I never go away from home for a day without Tom, lest he might not be so comfortable. I'm sure he would feel terribly neglected if I went off on a visit enjoying myself, while I left him to the tender mercies of the servant," continued Mrs. Smith. "But there's no satisfying him."

It would be the finest thing in the world for Tom if he were made to feel "neglected" for a bit, while his wife enjoyed herself elsewhere.

If we have an "angel in the house" we are too apt to be unaware of the privilege. Absence makes us miss her. Tom would think a great deal more of his wife if she were not always on the spot when he wanted her.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

By John Mitchell, President United Mine Workers.

Government by injunction is one of the most insidious, harassing and dangerous methods resorted to by the enemies of workingmen to destroy labor organization and to circumvent the constitutional right of trial by jury. The whole system of government by injunction grows from the distrust of the ultra capitalists for democratic institutions. The reasons given for the issuing of injunctions are always misleading and false. So far as these injunctions are issued in labor cases they are never issued excepting in such cases as call for the exercise of the criminal law. Government by injunction is not only hostile to organized labor, but it is hostile to constitutional liberty. If the American people do not check this arbitrary power, it will result in the annihilation of labor unions and then of all other forms of association disliked by capitalists.

"Mother, I'm beginning to see things more clearly," said the girl, with a sudden brightening of her face. "I hate poverty, but I love Leslie. If Leslie were a pauper I should groan horribly, but I shouldn't give him up!"

Mrs. Travers began to laugh. "Well, it isn't as bad as that, is it?" she returned. "After all, Leslie has quite a respectable income. I admit it might be larger, but then, there's every prospect of its increasing as time goes on. Do you know, Mabel," Mrs. Travers continued, "you're just a little bit inclined to exaggerate your future husband's straitened circumstances?"

"Perhaps I am," admitted Mabel. "But then—"

"Oh, I know what is in your mind," interrupted her mother. "Poverty is always comparative, and so, because you have been accustomed to a big house with plenty of servants, a little house with only one servant must seem poor and mean to you."

Mabel looked puzzled.

"You see," said Mrs. Travers, "when you compare the big house with the little one, you're comparing your father's position with Leslie's, and the one, you know, is nearly thirty years older than the other."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mabel, with startling emphasis. "What a silly child I am!"

And Mrs. Travers smiled in a satisfied way. She knew that her daughter was cultivating the proper frame of mind.

"And I never thought of that! I actually expected Leslie to start where father left off! Why, of course, it's unreasonable. Mother, I remember now what you told me once—things have come to you gradually. You and father began just as Leslie and I are going to begin!"

"Well—no, not quite," returned Mrs. Travers.

"But you were almost as poor, weren't you?"

Mrs. Travers laughed gaily.

"If you must know, my dear," she said, "your father's salary when I married him was exactly half the income Leslie is making now."

"Mother," said Mabel, "you make me more and more ashamed of myself."

"Oh, but ours was a dangerous experiment. You see, our income was below the minimum of discretion."

"Anyhow, the experiment ended happily."

"As it happened."

Mrs. Travers blushed charmingly.

"It was a risk, though, which I shouldn't like you and Leslie to run."

"You think I don't love Leslie as much as you loved father, and no wonder, after the way I've behaved," said Mabel, humbly. "Mother, I wish—I wish Leslie were as poor as father was, so that I might show you—"

The sentence was elliptical, but Mabel's mother understood.—New York News

BUSY MEN SHORT OF FRESH AIR.

Indoor Workers Find It Difficult to Renew Store of Oxygen.

Men of affairs in New York find it as difficult to get fresh air as exercise. Some of them find time for an hour with an athletic trainer, but are too occupied to devote another hour to taking the air; that is a long process nowadays in this city. It perversely happens that the men who are absorbed by the large matters of life here are those who are most strenuously urged by the physicians to take the air, says the New York Sun. Certain maladies to which they are especially subject are best treated by periods of time passed out of doors. Gout, for instance, yields more promptly to such a course than to any other. But it happens to be just the thing that most busy men are unable to do.

One or two of the athletic trainers whose services are so much in demand at high prices have all their clients work in what is practically the open, as the windows are unclosed and the patients protected from the cold by heavy clothing. But more usual is the prescription of a doctor who has numbered many well-known men among his patients. He told them to ride always with the windows of their cabs open, whatever the weather might be. By that means the journey to and from their offices could always be made a method of taking the air. And most of those who tried the prescription were so convinced of its value that they stuck to it. William C. Whitney attributes his general good health for years to his devotion to this habit, and he has not been seen in a long time riding in a carriage with the windows closed, no matter how cold the weather.

Browning by Phonograph.

Robert Browning's words and tones have been preserved. He spoke into a phonograph cylinder some time before his death. Ten or a dozen years ago there was a gathering of notables at the Chelsea residence of the late Rev. Hugh Hawes to hear the instrument give back the voice of the dead poet. The precious cylinder is kept in the British Museum.

It takes a strong-minded woman to convince herself that she is homely.

CANADA'S DIAMOND FIELDS.

Mines as Rich as Those of South Africa, Perhaps, Near Hudson's Bay.

Somewhere in the far North, south of Hudson's Bay, lie undiscovered diamond fields as rich as those of South Africa. At least, this is the assertion of Professor W. H. Hobbs in an article written for the Popular Science Monthly.

In proof of his remarkable statement Professor Hobbs has prepared a map which shows within a few hundred miles where the great diamond belt may be found.

The reason of his investigation was the discovery of the following seven diamonds in Wisconsin and adjoining States:

"Eagle stone" 16 carats
Oregon diamond 4 carats
Kohlsville diamond 21 carats
Saukville diamond 6 carats
Burlington diamond 2 carats
"Dowagiac stone" 11 carats
Milford diamond 6 carats

These diamonds were picked up by farmers who were ignorant of their worth, and kept as curios for years before their true value was discovered.

The Saukville diamond was kept on the clock shelf of a farmhouse for sixteen years before it was recognized as anything but a curious bit of bright quartz.

The "Eagle stone" was kept for seven years and then sold to a Milwaukee jeweler for a dollar, neither buyer nor seller having any idea of its worth.

Perhaps the strangest fact about these discoveries that attracted the attention of Professor Hobbs was that the soil in which these seven diamonds were found was not in any case the kind from which diamonds could be produced.

In spite of all the digging and delving that followed every discovery no second stone was ever found.

Professor Hobbs soon discovered that all these diamonds, besides a number of smaller ones, had been found along the ridges of land formed millions of years ago by the great glaciers that had moved down from the north.

He at once concluded that the precious gems had been carried to the places where they were found by those moving icefields that are known to have existed long before there was any life on this planet.

When at last the glaciers stopped and melted, the diamonds which they had carried on their backs were dropped upon the ground, to be discovered ages afterward by Wisconsin farmers.

The important question, therefore, to be answered is: At what place did the glaciers pick up the diamonds?

Professor Hobbs replies by tracing seven lines northward from the places where the stones were found, showing that they come almost to a point just south of Hudson Bay.

"The ancestral home of these diamonds," says Professor Hobbs, "must be in the wilderness of Canada between the points where the several tracks converge upon one another. It is by no means improbable that when the barren territory about Hudson Bay is thoroughly explored a region for profitable diamond mining may be revealed."—New York World.

The Unknown Swamp.

Within twenty miles of one of the largest and most energetic of the Southern cities of the coast, and on the border lands of two of the oldest Southern States, there lies a district some two or three hundred square miles in extent, but little better known, at this day than it was 150 years ago when George Washington himself laid out a route through its wilderness. The name alone, "The Dismal Swamp," is a by-word everywhere. When the spring is far enough along for the wild honeysuckle and jasmine and the arbutus vines to be hanging in delicious masses over the sides of the ditches and reaching down to the red-brown water, of a color so clear and warm and sunny, then there is a festival time in the Swamp. Companies of young people come from the villages lying around the borders of the swamp, twenty or thirty at a time, with some slight camping outfit, embark on large, flat-bottomed dugouts that draw but little water, and then are poled up the ditches for ten or twelve miles from the fertile farm lands of the outer-world to the savagely luxuriant beauty of a lake hidden in the midst of the wilderness. Then at a camp on the lake shore they spend a night or two, fishing in the lake, polling along its shores, doing a little shooting perhaps, much dancing in the evenings and merry-making, until they are poled out again, often by a different route. A real spring festival that has been a habit in that country for many years.—Leslie's Monthly.

Not Feazed by Lightning.

A curious characteristic peculiar to the California redwood tree is that if the head is cut off by lightning a new one will gradually grow out in its place as shapely as the first.

If a woman is a widow, and has a solemn 12-year-old daughter, the girl has her duties the same as any chaperon.

WITH PENCIL AND WITH INK.

A little boy came from his school one day, With his heart in a flurry of glee; "Oh, papa! they've taken our pencils away."

And I'm writing with ink," said he, And his breast was filled with manly pride.

For it joyed him much to think, He has laid his pencil and slate aside, And is writing his words with ink.

Ah, innocent child! could you guess the truth, You would ask of the years to stay Amid these slate-pencil doings of youth,

For a tear will wash them away, But out in the great world of life and men

The wrongs that we do and think, We cannot so easily blot out again, Because we then write them with ink.

The Point of View

MABEL TRAVERS stood at the gate and watched her lover's retreating figure until it disappeared round a bend in the road.

There was a discontented expression on her handsome face as she walked slowly back to the house and entered her mother's drawing room.

Mrs. Travers looked up from her work as Mabel, with a little impatient sigh, threw herself into a chair.

"Well, dear?" she said brightly.

"The returned Mabel in a tone that implied the contrary.

"Is anything the matter?" asked her mother. "You haven't quarrel with Leslie, I suppose," she added, playfully.

"No—yes—at least, really, I'm not quite sure," was the unexpected reply.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Travers.

"Mother, it's horrible to marry a poor man!"

Mrs. Travers looked at her daughter in pained surprise.

"My darling!" she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, I know I'm a wretch to say it, and—perhaps I don't mean it—and yet—"

"Don't be afraid to tell me, dear."

"Mother, Leslie and I have been having a business talk. That's what he called it. It was hateful!"

"But very necessary. Leslie was wise, darling."

"Yes—I suppose so. He said that, as we were to be married so soon now, it was only right that I should know exactly what he could offer me. Oh, mother, I had no idea that Leslie was so miserably poor!"

Mrs. Travers eyed her daughter with a troubled look.

"He has never made any secret of his income," she said.

"I know; but I didn't realize how little it was till he went into all the wretched details about rent, and servants, and housekeeping money, and all the rest of it. Oh, it all seemed so mean and sordid!"

And Mabel flung out her hands with a little gesture of impatience.

"I am very sorry to hear you say that, Mabel," said Mrs. Travers gravely. "It almost makes me afraid," she went on hesitatingly, "you ought never to have promised to marry Leslie. Perhaps you are not the right kind of wife for him, dear."

"Mother!"

Mrs. Travers rose from her chair and laid her hand lightly on the girl's dark head.

"Tell me, child," she said, "do you really and truly care for him?"

At this Mabel hid her face in her hands and burst into a flood of tears.

"I—I do love him," she sobbed, "but—but—oh, I don't know what is the matter with me!"

And the girl spoke truly. She knew that she loved Leslie, yet she was miserably conscious of disappointment and disillusionment. That day she had realized, for the first time, the prosaic meaning of a limited income. She had been accustomed to think vaguely of poverty as a rather romantic kind of thing that made love all the more delightful. Leslie's statement of hard facts had scattered all her pretty, sentimental notions to the winds. Her heart had sunk within her as she listened to her lover's description of their future home—a modest villa in the suburbs, with one maid to assist her in her household duties. She dreaded the prospect of all the petty economies they would be obliged to practice, and for a moment, though she hated herself for it the next, she had felt almost angry with Leslie because he was not a richer man. She loved Leslie, she told herself again and again, and yet—

Something of all this the girl contrived to sob out in her mother's sympathetic ear, and as Mrs. Travers listened, the look of perplexity on her face gradually changed to one of relief.

"I think I understand," she said. "Oh, I'm a horrid, mercenary wretch!" cried Mabel.

"No, I don't think you're that," replied her mother, quietly, "only—well, want of money is never a pleasant thing. We all love wealth and prosperity, and it's perfectly natural that a woman should want her husband to be rich rather than poor. I don't blame you, dear, for regretting Leslie's poverty; only I thought you cared for him less because of it—"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Mabel eagerly. "Mother, you don't think that I meant that!"

"I was afraid at first, when you spoke so bitterly," replied Mrs. Travers gently. "But I know now I was mistaken."