

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HOUSEWIVES IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

By Della Austrian.

Many American women declare that the trials of housekeeping are becoming so manifold that after a few years of arduous labor they are seized with nervous prostration. To one traveling abroad it is interesting to compare the responsibilities of the foreign housewife and her American sisters. While in Dresden I met a woman who gave me much information concerning this question as it appears in Germany. One day she showed me through her home, artistic in its simplicity. The place was full of sunshine and fragrant odors given off by potted plants. The place bespoke ease rather than beauty. There were plenty of comfortable chairs to be found; there were prints and etchings were everywhere on the walls, and the library was well stocked with books. After I had shown me through I remarked that she must have many servants to keep so large a place in order. She answered, "I suppose my home would appear a great deal more attractive than it does if I kept more servants. You only have a cook, chambermaid, and a woman to do the washing and ironing two days out of the week. Your women have so many more interests than we have no clubs and classes that demand our time. Besides making up the bedrooms, I keep the sitting room and my husband's library in order and do the week's mending. My afternoons are given to reading and an occasional 'Kaffee Klatsch.' Besides, most of the men in Germany come home at noon, so we have dinner at 12 and a supper in the evening. Our husbands lay much stress on their food. Though a woman does not always do her own cooking, it is taken for granted that she will superintend her kitchen. We do all our own marketing and rarely get anything over the telephone. The German woman is not expected to attain social position for her husband nor to entertain. Her function is to please him, look after her home, and bring up the children."

The French woman is probably the best housekeeper in the world. She is devoted to her home and to her family. Her household is exceptionally clean and attractive, though she manages to do it with few servants. If she does not assist in the kitchen, she superintends it; she sees that the table cloths and napkins are snow white and that the table is set with taste. She is equally particular about her own appearance and that of her children.

The English are exceedingly simple and unaffected in their homes. They desire comfort more than luxury. Still, in the family the husband is considered the head of the household. He limits the weekly expense and no improvement made in the household without his being consulted first. Expenses are to be cut if it is his wife who is expected to get along with one servant less. An English woman will live on a leg of mutton served hot on Sunday and warmed up in different styles during the week so that her husband can frequent his club, enjoy oysters and partridge. Notwithstanding that the English are hearty eaters, they are simply. The household is managed with great economy, dinner in the evening being the only elaborate meal of the day.

CONSTANCY MAY BE CARRIED TO EXCESS.

By Helen Oldfield.

Constancy in love is a virtue much lauded of romancers. Yet it may be carried to excess—when the love is not reciprocated constancy is foolish, and when the beloved is bound to another, instead of a virtue it becomes a vice. Even when neither pride nor duty forbids one to worship at the old shrine, when death has broken the tie, the laws of the land sanction a second love, and the hearts of men incline thereto. We all know second marriages which are indubitably happy. It is a merciful providence for humanity that wounds of the heart, for the most part, heal even more readily than those of the body. There are few people comparatively who marry their first loves, nor is this fact always a misfortune. George Eliot, naturally, disbelieved in first love. "Why," she asks, "should a man's first love be his best? Does the artist or the musician produce his masterpieces at the beginning

of his career?" Thackeray tells us that "every man ought to be in love a few times and have a sharp attack of the fever." It is often a blessing when one is torn ruthlessly from one's first love. The mad devotion of a college boy for a woman in the thirties is as unlike the steady flame of his manhood as the flare of a straw heap is to the warmth of an anthracite fire, while the infatuation of a girl of 17 is rarely felt for the sort of man whom a woman of 25 would choose for her husband.

The true philosophy of life is contentment. "In whatsoever state ye are, therewith to be content." This is the victory which overcometh the world. He who cries for the moon, and turns his back upon the electric light blazing overhead, is a fool; while the man who has only a rushlight has still cause to rejoice that he sits not in darkness. When one cannot have what one wants, it is the part of wisdom to accept what one can get and make the best of it. Oftentimes that best will be for better than at first seemed possible. Most tastes in life are acquired, and the blackest bread, eaten with a hearty appetite, has a sweeter relish than the whitest loaf of princes if the "cake bread" be watered with tears. Heartache is bitter, but memory readily loses the old in the presence of the new. Fever is followed by chill, and then one recovers. The latest love is always the one which is loved.

SHALL SOCIETY SHARE IN TRUST BENEFITS.

By Frederick M. Taylor, Professor of Political Economy.

The utterances of President Roosevelt regarding the trusts emphasize the question whether or not their permanence is fully assured. In recent newspaper comment much stress has been placed on the throwing of people out of employment. This is claimed one of their greatest advantages, for throwing people out of employment by making their services unnecessary is merely insuring that the sum total of our wants shall be satisfied at smaller cost. Another evil generally charged to the trust is the maintenance of outrageously high prices, but we would probably be able in most cases to take refuge in the use of substitutes. The gas monopoly, the electric monopoly, and competitors in each other, as well as in the new inventions like acetylene gas, or old friends like kerosene. Again, if any one trust push its advantage too far, it will inevitably stimulate competition of allied trusts. If it demands such a high price that there is profit to be made at this price, then competition inevitably springs up. The existence of the trust depends on its not exacting from the public the highest price which could be paid.

It must be admitted that the trust leads to a vast saving in human effort. The great consolidation saves in the utilization of materials. The great factory has so much waste that it pays to establish by-industries. Again, it carries out in the completest way the principle of geographical specialization. The school furniture trust, for example, will not call upon the Boston factory to furnish a school building in Omaha, but will give the order to the particular plant that is nearest to the point. Another advantage promised is a greater freedom from industrial storms, panics and depressions. Unrestricted competition is wasteful and often dangerous to quiet, orderly progress. In a crisis there is no unity of action. It is "each man for himself." Gigantic combinations naturally enough move on more steadily. Competition is shut out. It is, therefore, pretty certain that the industrial cyclone would be much less likely. Thorough-going socialists welcome the process of consolidation among warring industries. One after another, they say, these industries will be organized into trusts and these trusts in turn will consolidate, until all industrial activity is united in one universal monopoly, whereupon the state will take possession and the socialist goal will have been attained. Just what form of regulation the trust will take it is hard to predict. It is probable that, first, a fairly sharp distinction will be made between those industrial institutions which may be left to the ordinary forces of competition and those which need regulation. A few thoroughly consolidated industrial interests will probably be brought under the direct control of the public. The remainder will then be left in the hands of private individuals, but will be subjected to sharp regulation, with such degree of publicity in accounting as shall insure the safeguarding of the rights and interests of the public.



There are quite a large number of people who think that no one but a professional can really know anything about photography, and there is a very general tendency to look upon every amateur photographer, no matter how expert, as distinctly the inferior of the professional, even of the fourth and fifth rate professional, whereas, the facts of the case are, that many amateurs may be found who in skill and attainments are fully the equal, if not the superior, of the best professionals, while the fourth and fifth rate gentlemen are easily outclassed by any number of amateurs scattered through the land. There are professionals who have but the merest smattering of knowledge of their craft. They stick to just one branch of their art, work by rule of thumb, and when called upon to travel outside of their chosen rut are just as much at sea as any beginner among amateurs.

DEATH OF A NOTED SOLDIER.

Major General McCook, Who Passed Away Recently.

In the death of Maj. Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook, which took place at Dayton, O., another old Indian fighter and a distinguished officer of the civil war passed away.

Gen. McCook was a member of the famous "fighting McCook" family, whose earliest ancestor in this country, George McCook, was implicated in a revolutionary movement in Ireland against English rule and who came to America 63 years ago, offered his services to the government and was commissioned a major. He fell while opposing Gen. John Morgan in one of his raids. His ten sons entered the military service of the north, three of them dying on the battlefield.

John McCook was a physician and had five sons. John served in the civil war as a volunteer surgeon and his five sons joined the army of the north. Thus in that great struggle seventeen of the McCooks lent their



GEN. ALEXANDER M.D. MCCOOK.

services to the Union cause. No wonder they were called the "fighting McCooks."

Maj. Gen. McCook was born in Ohio in 1831 and graduated from the Military Academy on July 1, 1852. From 1853 to 1861 his name is associated with campaigning against the Indians upon the plains on which Denver is now situated.

Gen. McCook obtained a commission as colonel of the First Ohio Volunteers in 1861, and served throughout the war, receiving various commissions and brevets for signally distinguishing himself in a large number of battles. Among the principal battles he was engaged in were Corinth, Shiloh, Perryville, Bull Run, Pittsburg Landing, Murfreesborough, Stone River and Chickamauga.

At the close of the war he resigned as major general of the United States Volunteers and became lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, regular army. He was stationed at most of the principal posts of the west. He was colonel and staff aide-de-camp to the general in chief July, 1875. He became colonel of the Sixth Infantry, December 15, 1880. He was in command at Fort Douglass, Fort Leavenworth and other stations up to July 10, 1890. He became brigadier general, United States army, July 10, 1890.

In 1894 he became a major general and retired from the service in 1895. He married Miss Annie M. Colt, of Milwaukee, in 1869. Her mother, Mrs. Henrietta Colt, gave much of her time and her ample means to the promotion of the objects of the United States Sanitary Commissions during the war.

FINDS FAMILY OF WILD FOLKS.

Live in Trees in California and Child Has Monkey Paws.

Hunters who returned from the upper end of Calaveras, Cal., report having come upon a family of tree dwellers in the wilds of San Antonio river.

One of the party, while hunting for mountain lions, came upon what he thought was a lion up in a tree. He tried to get closer, so that he could get a better shot at it, when he noticed that the supposed animal had on

a garment of some kind. It was rapidly climbing through the limbs of trees and escaping from one tree to another. The hunter gave chase and, after a long race, gained on the fugitive until he could make out the features of a child, apparently about 10 or 12 years old. It was thinly clad with gunny sacks tied about the waist.

The hunter halted the child, but only frightened him. The little fellow scampered the faster down the deep and dark ravine, where he was joined by a man and woman similarly attired. All three of them quickly disappeared by going up one of the largest pine trees. The hunter followed.

The tree proved to be the habitation of an entire family. Old pieces of burlap had been woven into a peculiar nest, shaped like a large hat. The nest was securely fastened to the limbs of the tree, while a similarly shaped basket in another tree held a lot of dried fish, pine nuts, grain, roots and other articles of food.

Efforts of the hunter to get the tree dwellers to descend were of no avail. They appeared badly frightened, but made no attempt to attack the intruder. They retreated as he advanced, shielding the child from his gaze. They were smaller than the average adult, having the dark skin of the Indian race. They were slim and lithe of build, and talked to each other in a strange language. Their hair was unlike that of Indians, being rather short and of a tawny color. Their hands and feet were long and claw-like, especially those of the child, which resembled in a great degree the paws of a monkey.

The hunter went back to summon his comrades. When they returned the tree dwellers had fled.

STRONG SCOUT.

Carried a Woman on His Back for Fifty Miles to Save Her.

Capt. Francis Marion Schell, scout, plainsman and intimate friend of "Buffalo Bill," is dead. He took the first wagon train to California in the gold excitement of 1849. Capt. Schell had many escapes from Indians, and practically every trip he made his wagon train was attacked by hostiles.

He was a man of great strength. It was his proudest boast that he once carried a woman fifty miles on his back to a place of safety. Alone he was making a scout, and incidentally prospecting for gold, when he found a woman lying on the trail. She had been abandoned there by a wagon train because of her illness. Capt. Schell picked the woman up and, fastening her on his back with ropes, as she was too ill to hold on, he carried her to the nearest camp, fifty miles away. There the woman recovered.

At the time of the gold excitement of '49 Capt. Schell, who had just been discharged from the army, after having served in the Mexican war, started for California with his young wife. The start was made from St. Joseph, Mo., and, because of his army experience, Capt. Schell was appointed leader. Without losing a man he carried the party to the California gold fields.

He prospected with only indifferent success, and then established a hotel, which he ran for twenty years. He took a conspicuous part in affairs in California until he left. He was at one time assistant doorkeeper of the House of Representatives and later served as lieutenant of the capital police. At the time of his death he was a watchman in the War Department.—New York World.

The Author and His Living.

Mrs. Woodby Ruyter—What does your husband do for a living? Mrs. Kauton (haughtily)—He's an author.

Mrs. Woodby Ruyter—I know, so is mine; but I say, what does your husband do for a living?—Philadelphia Press.

We have an idea that if you could see the inside of some heads, you would find them stored with as useless articles as there are in the top bureau drawer.

A BRAINY WOMAN.

Western Beauty Who Is the Head of a Big Electrical Enterprise.

A beauty with brains is one definition of the word anomaly. A synonym for it is Mrs. Iva E. Tutt, of Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Tutt has more beauty than most women and more brains than most men. At present she is engaged in a \$3,000,000 enterprise in Arizona, the erection of two electric power plants which will supply power exclusively for mining purposes. The project is a big one. It means that the mining industry of Arizona will be revolutionized by the introduction of a power which will cost but one-third as much as the power now in use.

The scheme is Mrs. Tutt's own. While on a visit to Arizona she discovered two unused water rights which could be had at a fair price and a promise to organize a company and proceed with the storage of the water and the development of electrical current. Mrs. Tutt contracted for the water rights, took out her engineering party, followed the transit every step of the way back to the mountains, where few men and no women had ever gone before, to the head of Fossil creek, and returned with all plans formulated for the prosecution of the work.

Last, and by no means simplest, was the financing of the enterprise.

JOYS OF A VACATION SPENT

UNDER CANVAS IN THE WOODS

MORE and more popular is camp life becoming each year, says Country Life in America. With those who go into the deep woods in quest of big game and fish the camp life is, after all, the real attraction, and not the mere desire to kill. But where one can make these trips, there are thousands who cannot. For these there are peaceful rivers, wood-girt lakes and beautiful spots on the shores of Old Neptune available for quite as charming a two weeks' outing beneath canvas. In making up a camping party, choose your such congenial spirits as shall be forsworn to philosophical optimism. And let there be a wag among them, who, catching the humor of every situation, puts to flight all thought of discount. A level site near a spring with plenty of shade, a pleasant sheet of water with good fishing, pine boughs for a bed and drift wood for a fire, and who would trade his life for a king's patrimony? How delicious the fish flavored with the pungent smoke of the fire! How rarely satisfying the simple bill of fare, and how few, after all, are the needs of this life! Yours is the joy and happy freedom of the gypsy and vagabond. You have become a species of civilized barbarian, and it is good. Sunshine and shower, what matters it? You take what comes and give thanks, and if you are of the right sort some of the beauty of each is absorbed into your very nature. Long days, lazy days but happy days, are the days in camp. Hap and mishap will don the jester's cap and bells and parade through the memory many a time during the after months.

The fact that she was willing to risk her own money in the scheme helped Mrs. Tutt in interesting additional capital, and two companies were formed, one to erect a 6,000 horse-power plant, the other 1,500. Of both companies Mrs. Tutt is vice president and general manager, and all that the rest of the stockholders know about the work is what she reports to them from time to time. She has entire charge of the construction work, with headquarters at Prescott, Ariz., and the directorate is so divided that whenever Mrs. Tutt happens to be, whether in Prescott or Los Angeles, there is a quorum and a meeting can be held.

Knew Her Intimately.

Dolly—What would you do, Cholly, if you were rich?

Cholly—Well, Dolly, if I were rich enough to be perfectly reckless I think I would propose to you.—Somerville Journal.

The Favorite.

Though Gibson girls and Wenzel girls attract by charms and airs, Most fellows seem to want a girl Whose name will change to theirs.—New York Times.

Gossip isn't real bad unless the telling of it makes an hour seem like two minutes.