

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GROWTH OF MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IDEA.

By Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott.

I am personally in favor of the municipal ownership of all forms of industry that are necessarily municipal monopolies.

There are three theories of government—first, the Russian, that the people cannot take care of themselves, and the few must look after the many. Secondly, there is the police theory. Government should preserve order and keep off foreign aggression, but every man is for himself, and the devil take

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT the hindmost. This is the theory of the eighties. We are now working toward the third. The state is an organism with intelligence, sensibility and will, as exhibited in public opinion, spirit and law. It has the right to do for itself anything it can do better than the individual. This is sometimes called socialism, but I have lived too long to mind about mere words.

We have already adopted the third theory of government. Our state policeman does many things. He builds lighthouses, runs a weather bureau and educates our children. In two cities he operates a subway and in all cities he maintains the parks. The state, in fact, is recognized as an organism to do things for all. This is far more democratic and implies a greater faith in humanity than individualism, for it means a belief in the faculty to cooperate.

The danger of municipal ownership is far less than the dangers from corrupt combinations of political machines and favored corporations. If the people can combine for war and education, why can they not do it for transportation?

HOPES BLIGHTED BY RICHES.

By Marcus Haggood.

A lawyer the other day hazarded the remark that there were more fortunes made by deliberately blighting one's hopes for a career than by carrying them out.

Our firm drew up a contract recently," said he, "by which a young woman was given \$100,000 outright to renounce a vaudeville career of which she had made the beginning of a great success. She had been married, having made a runaway match against her parents' wishes. Her family disowned her. She decided to go on the stage. Her first appearance was an overwhelming success.

"It was now that the parents stepped forward with the long delayed offer of assistance. She had been advertised under the name she had borne in girlhood. To see their proud name advertised upon the vaudeville billboards was too much for the old couple, and they made over to her the sum mentioned upon the condition that she would retire at once and forever to private life.

"A young fellow who had great musical talents had for a father a practical business man, the owner of a brewery. One day an organist of note offered to give him musical training free of charge.

"It was now that the young man's father stepped in not only with a yarning as to the utter impotency of the musical career, but with strict injunctions as to his duty in making something of himself as a business man. He also gave him increased responsibilities and a substantial increase in salary. The result is that now the man is overwhelmed with business of which he has been made trustee. He has no time for the music that his soul loves, and it

is the regret of his life that he did not take his opportunity when he had it.

"Recently a man of not unkind motives wrecked a fine artistic career. His nephew only needed a little timely help and sympathy to develop into a successful painter. His uncle, however, considered that he was going to the limit of irresponsible bohemianism. He ignored him for a time, but when the struggle was at its hardest and he was handicapped by an ailing wife his uncle died and bequeathed his fortune to him upon the condition that he give up art altogether. He accepted the terms far more for his wife's sake than his own, but the loss of his life work and the abandonment of his ambitions broke his heart."

PROFANITY IS A FOOLISH HABIT.

By Henry Oyen.



What's the use of swearing? It never brought back a mispent hour, never mended an error, never made anything in this world better.

There is profanity when things go wrong, profanity when they go right. If a clerk in an office drops a blot of ink on his paper he curses it. Everywhere among the lower ranks of workers there is to be heard profanity, and the boys coming to work, hearing those immediately over them indulge themselves thus, think it is good and right and proceed to devote much of their time to a broadening of their vocabulary along vicious lines.

One large employer who has expressed himself sharply on the subject says that the man who must resort to swearing to express himself, no matter under what stress, is not the kind of a man who makes a good business man.

In social life he is still more of a failure. Few men care to spend much of their time in the company of a man who fills the air about him with foul oaths and obscenity. He is apt to become looked upon as a mild sort of outcast by clean talking men, and as his habit grows upon him he will be allowed plenty of time to try out his swear words on himself alone. It is absolutely a senseless habit, the use of all profanity, and its use marks a man as a fool in addition to being vicious.

SLOW MAN FAILURE IN BUSINESS.

By E. R. Calvin.



His desk was a model of neatness, and it was a great pleasure to his employer to know that a paper might be discovered in a second. Each pigeon hole in the desk was marked and submarked; the inkstand never varied from its chosen spot an eighth of an inch; the paper weight the same. Dust was an enemy which was routed almost before it settled. Yet this employee had not advanced to anything higher than the position that was given him four years before.

It must not be said that the careless, untidy man will move faster in the business world than the kind described. But the man with the ready brain, the quick, alert movements, and with originality is the one sought by the alert employer. Upon his desk may repose dust, his papers may be scattered about in fine disorder, but his trained brain, his quickness of action and movement, win for him that which the slow man of system never gains.

System is indeed a necessity; it is the oil that smooths the wheels of commerce. But slow system is the dust that clogs the wheels. The business qualifications rank in order—keen judgment, prompt decision, complete knowledge of affairs, attention to details, and this last is not to be confounded with aggravating systematization carried to an extreme.

talking about her, and she started a slander suit. He heard that she was talking about him and he instituted another suit. Then the deacon's sister chipped in and had her say, and the widow began a third suit. The deacon had once saved her barn after it had been struck by lightning, and now he instituted a claim for salvage.

The law works slowly in a country town. A lawsuit is a thing to be hung onto as long as possible and made the most of. The first two suits were tried and appealed, and the two others were called and adjourned several times, and finally two years had passed away and no one was better off and no point had been settled.

One morning almost as soon as the deacon was out of bed he received notice that his spotted ox was lying dead in the widow Green's cornfield. The animal had broken down the fence and overfed. The deacon was met at the gate by the widow, who said:

"I could say that you had a jumpin' ox and that he should have been poked, and that you had damaged me ten dollars, but I shan't do anything of the sort. I lost a cow and you've lost an ox. I sued and you sued. I was a fool and you were ditto. Shan't we shake hands and call it square?"

"I—I guess we'd better," the deacon replied, after taking a moment to think it over. "That is, provided you'll have me, and we both wear the same poke after this."

"Well, I don't mind. But dear me, what dunces we were to go and lose two whole years over it."—New York Daily News.

MONUMENT TO JOSEPH SMITH.

Latter Day Saints to Mark Birthplace of Their Founder.

On Dec. 23 next will occur the 100th anniversary of the birth of Joseph Smith, revelator and founder of the Mormon Church.

To commemorate the event the church intends to erect on the site of the "prophet's" birthplace a monument which shall attest the reverence in which his memory is held. The 400,000 living members of the church, most of them dwelling west of the Rocky Mountains, propose to make of the boulder-strewn acres lying

PROPOSED MONUMENT, among the hills of Vermont a garden spot such as they have made of the desert plains of Utah. To this end, an official of the church has recently completed the purchase of the old Smith farm in Sharon, Vt., where picturesque ruins mark the spot on which stood the humble cottage of Lucy and Joseph Smith, parents of the Mormon leader.

For more than a century the little town has pursued its way in peaceful obscurity, unsought by tourist, its charms unknown save to the chance summer visitor.

A magnificent monument, summer cottages for the accommodation of visitors, and the transforming of the farm into a beautiful park will yearly bring hundreds of "Latter Day Saints" who will come to pay their devotions at the shrine of the Prophet Joseph.

The ruins of the old place will be left intact. A few feet to the eastward of the foundation stones, and at the crowning point of the hill on which they stand, will be placed the memorial monument. The design for this is already being exhibited in Salt Lake City, and unbounded admiration is expressed for its simple impressive beauty. It shows a massive block of Vermont granite from which rises a perpendicular shaft 38½ feet high, a foot for each year of the prophet's life. The stone will be highly polished from base to pinnacle and the sides inscribed with quotations from Scripture and prophetic utterances of the famous seer.

Plans are also under way for a cottage which will stand on an eminence facing the monument and overlooking the broad sweep of the orchard. The plot of ground purchased includes two beautiful clear mountain springs which rise about 80 feet above the site selected for the cottage.

Higher Aspirations.

Uncle Winthrop—And what do you desire to be when you have become a man, Emerson? When I was your age I wanted to be a pirate.

Emerson Lowell Backbeigh—The aspirations of modern youth are so different, uncle. Now, I should like to be a promoter.—Puck.

Waiting for the Supreme Test.

"So you are really in society?" said the friend of earlier years.

"I wouldn't say for sure," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Nobody has ever approached me with any proposition to write up my past unless I paid to stop 'em."—Washington Star.

Here is what you owe to them: Your mother took care of you, and your father paid the bills. You never will have such a snap again.

THE "HASHISH" HABIT.

Measures Taken by Egypt to Suppress Traffic.

The Egyptian customs administration have made some very clever hauls of "hashish" during the past few days, says the Pall Mall Gazette. At Alexandria over a ton was captured in one lot and it was valued at nearly £2,500.

The restrictions against "hashish" in this country are most rigorous. Its indulgence is forbidden both by the Mohammedan religion and by law. Formerly "hashish" was imported only by way of Alexandria, but owing to the sharp outlook which was kept the importers had to seek other means. It is now landed on the coast of Tripoli and thence conveyed across country. This increases the difficulties of capture, and so the government is changing its tactics and instead of trying to stop the importation is endeavoring to prevail on the government of Greece to prohibit the cultivation of the drug in that country.

As a new commercial convention is being drawn up between Greece and Egypt, the present is an auspicious moment for insisting on this prohibition. The Hellenic government demurs at having to interdict the cultivation of "hashish," as this is one of the chief resources of the Peloponnese; still as the number of "hashish" or hashish smokers is increasing rapidly in the Piræus as well, the Greek authorities will soon find themselves forced to take the proposed step in the interests of their own subjects.

"Hashish" is indulged in to an enormous extent in Egypt—in Cairo especially. There are no public dens, as they have all been cleared out. But many an innocent-looking private house forms the cloak behind which the smoking of this demoralizing product is carried on in peace and without fear of interference by the police. This is one of the reasons why insanity has increased to such an alarming extent in Egypt. As far as one can see, the only effect the campaign against "hashish" has had, is to increase its cost—it now stands at 50 francs a kilo—but that does not deter the inveterate smokers, who abound in their thousands. The drug has such a hold, a fascination for them, that they will pay any price to obtain it. Some of the poorest natives go without meals for days in order to be able to purchase sufficient to send them off to the "haven of delight" brought on by a smoke.

GOD IS GOOD

To This Country in Spite of the Things that Go Wrong.

In spite of the things that go wrong, God is mighty good to this country.

Never before in the history of this land has nature opened her cornucopia more generously and poured out greater plenty.

The west has a record-breaking wheat crop, and it takes less of it to make a barrel of flour than in previous years.

The South has a good cotton crop, and the growers are talking ten-cent cotton and prosperity.

The corn crop of the country promises to be 800,000,000 bushels larger than ever before. The whole indicated corn crop, at present prices, means something like \$1,640,000,000 to the farmers.

There are indicated bumper crops of oats, rye, rice, flax, barley, tobacco and potatoes—worth hundreds of millions.

The farmer is not alone in being blessed.

Throughout the land, from the lakes to the gulf and from sea to sea, the factories are humming with busy life.

There are no strikes of consequence and no prospect of any.

The steel industry is many months behind its orders.

Every shipbuilding plant and car shop is worked to its fullest capacity.

In the great arteries of commerce the ships and freight trains are carrying all they can.

The barometers of business, the retail stores, are registering their finest records.

The bank reports show a steady increase in savings.

Every city of enterprise has its home-building boom.

Perhaps never before, anywhere in the world, did an entire people live better than do the people of this country to-day. There is money to spare in pleasures. New York alone spent \$80,000,000 on its summer vacations. Before the season ends 200,000 Americans will have sailed for Europe. In Philadelphia 85,000 people in a single week attended six ball games.

All goes well in this land of the free! —Memphis News.

Mean.

"Wot do you think of that guy? I asked him for some grub."

"Git it?"

"Naw; but he told me how I could."

"How? Workin'?"

"Naw. By pickin' my teeth."—Detroit Tribune.

It is a pity that the closer some poets live to nature the farther away from publishers they are apt to find themselves.

A PARABLE.

Together came two souls at Heaven's gate; Strangers to each in their transfigured state.

Before them stood the servant of the Lord— A shining angel with his flaming sword.

Then to one trembling spirit of the dead The guardian angel of the portal said:

"Dost thou thine earthly enemies forgive?"

"Aye," came the answer. Quoth the angel "Live."

Then said the angel to the other one: "Unto this man great evil hast thou done;

"For him be it what fate is thine to say; As he shall judge, so shall it be this day."

In silence stood he there, and none may tell What dreams were his of torture and of Hell;

But when at last he dared uplift his eyes, Wide swung the gate, and there was Paradise!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

HOW THEY SQUARED IT.

ONE day, after Deacon Allbright had been a widower for a year, he came home from the village, half a mile away, to be told by his sister Sarah, who was keeping house for him, that a cow had broken down the fence and got into the cornfield. "Whose cow is it?" was the natural inquiry.

"I dunno, but I think it is the widder Green's. I think it's that new cow she bought about three months ago."

"And why didn't you go down and drive her out?"

"You know why. I've got the rheumatism so I can hardly get around the house. I couldn't chase a cow a rod if my life depended on it."

The widow Green, living next west of the deacon's, had been a widow for three years, and it was common talk when Mrs. Allbright passed away that she and the widower would make a match of it. The deacon had called occasionally, and had always been very good about lending tools and giving advice, but neither party had thought of the idea of marriage—not yet.

In early spring the widow had bought a cow, and that cow had jumped every fence on the deacon's land within two weeks, but he had always driven her back home without a word of complaint. On this occasion, however, the bovine had not only torn down a rod of fence and eaten her fill of juicy cornstalks, but destroyed in a spirit of mischief, and the deacon was vexed.

"I've stood it and stood it and stood it," he said to himself as he surveyed the damages, "but I can stand it no longer. The widder Green must be made to understand that her cow can't go about like a roarin' lion, knockin' down fences and trampin' down corn. I estimate that she has damaged me ten dollars' worth, and that widder has got to be sharply talked to."

He drove the cow to the home of her owner, giving her a vigorous whack, on the way, whenever he could get near enough, and when he had reached the house and been saluted by Mrs. Green he said:

"Widder, I told you two months ago that your new cow was a jumper."

"Yes, you did."

"And that you must put a poke on her."

"Yes."

"Well, you didn't do it, and she's damaged me ten dollars. When I found her in my cornfield just now I almost wanted to kill her."

"I'm sorry, deacon," was the humble reply.

"But bein' sorry won't do," said the deacon, who felt that he had the advantage and should press it. "Jumpin' cows should be poked. I told you that long ago, but you don't seem to care two cents."

"I was goin' to poke her."

"But goin' to poke a cow and pokin' her are two different things. That was

the way with Mirandy. She's dead, and I don't want to say anything ag'in her, but she was always goin' to do, and never doin'. You're a widder woman, and I'm sorer sorry for you, but you must obey the law same as other folks. The law says that a jumpin' cow—"

"Never mind what the law says, deacon Allbright," interrupted the widow. "You are makin' a great fuss over a few stalks of corn, and if you'll tell me what the damage is I'll pay it. I never thought you was such a man."

"But you've got a jumpin' cow."

"Then let 'er jump. A stand ready to pay all damages."

"But you are mighty sassy about it."

"I've a right to be. I've got no man, thank heaven, to boss me around."

"It would be better if you had. Then you'd know that any one who owned a jumpin' cow was obligeed—"

"Deacon Allbright, how much do I owe you?" exclaimed the woman.

"If 'twas any one else I'd say ten dollars, but bein' it's you—"

"I won't pay ten cents."

"Then I'll sue you for damages!"

"You can sue till the chickens become ducks. You could boss Mirandy around and make her feel as humble as a cat, but you can't boss me. Go ahead with your old lawsuit!"

The deacon said he would, and turned away. Before he had gone forty rods he changed his mind, and there would have been no legal trouble but for the cow. Not satisfied with what she had done, she took advantage of the occasion to die. It was from overfeeding on the juicy stalks and young ears, and a witness was found to come forward and swear to certain whacks the deacon had bestowed upon her anatomy as he drove her along the road.

"He's so powerful quick to talk about lawsuits that I'll give him one!" said the widow when she heard that the jumping cow had passed away. And within four hours she was in the village consulting a lawyer.

When Deacon Allbright received notice that he had been sued he, of course, started a counter suit. Then some one told the widow that he was