

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TRYING TO TEACH CHILDREN MUSIC.



One of the best posted music masters in Chicago estimates that over \$3,000,000 a year is absolutely wasted on music lessons for girls and boys who have neither liking nor aptitude for music. He figures that one in five girls in Chicago takes piano or voice lessons at some time in her career, and he declares that not one of 500 of these possess more than enough talent to drum out a popular air.

"The amount of money wasted in trying to teach music to children is something enormous," he says. "Naturally every parent wants his child to have some accomplishment, and when you speak of accomplishments for girls to nine out of ten fathers the only accomplishment they can think of is pounding a piano—half of the fathers believe that any girl can play a piano if she takes lessons.

"There is a young woman who lives near me. She has no talent. Her father is a workingman on a salary. For eight years he has been spending from \$300 to \$800 a year on music lessons for her. She could not learn to play well in two lifetimes. Her idea is to make noise. She cannot even keep time. She attempts anything and butchers it wonderfully. She could have learned to play just as well at home—because she never could be a musician, anyhow. I have upbraided her teacher for taking the money and not informing the family of the impossibility. 'I tried,' he said. 'They were insulted, and told me she would one day be a greater musician than myself. Some one would have taken the money, anyhow—so I have been taking it until my conscience hurts.'

"The best way for a parent to do is to have some competent teacher—one recognized everywhere—to pass upon the child's possibilities. Then he should send the child only to the best teacher. There it will not only learn to play properly and develop its talents, but it will be money well expended. It will cost more per lesson, perhaps, but the limit of advancement will be reached sooner. And the parents will know when the education is as complete as the child's ability will permit."

OIL BURNER TO REPLACE STEAM ENGINE.



The steam engine would not have lasted so long as it has but for the mechanical perfection of its design. The part it has played in the past in the development of our modern civilization was, of course, most important, but, if for two reasons only, it is doomed. It is clumsy; the energy it has made available for a thousand purposes is more than counterbalanced by the energy it has wasted. The problem appears a simple one. On the one hand we have the bottled sunlight which we call coal. On the other, we have a piece of machinery. In the furnace the coal and air are transformed into a mixture of hot gases, but the greater part of the heat of the gases and the whole of their volume goes up the chimney. The wastefulness of this proceeding is estimated at from 90 to 95 per cent.

We want a prime mover which will burn its fuel in the working cylinder. Its piston will be worked by the products of combustion as their volume increases and as they expand

against a steadily decreasing resistance. Or we look for a combustion engine burning, continuously oil and compressed air, keeping up high pressure in a gas chest, and driving a turbine with the products of the combustion used expansively as is now done with steam. At the world's fair, St. Louis, three Diesel engines drove the generators for power and light. They used 226 gallons of oil, and the cost of the day's fuel was less than \$8, working out at 1 cent for one horse power per four hours and forty minutes. They required three gallons of lubricating oil per day. Here we have efficiency much greater than in the ordinary steam engine. Time, no doubt, is required before we shall be within measurable reach of perfection. But it took 100 years to pass from a James Watt engine to a triple expansion Corliss.

PARTISANSHIP IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.



MAYOR WEAVER.

By Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia.

I have no panacea for municipal woes. On one point, however, I have reached a conclusion based upon recent experience, and that is that political partisanship is the enemy of good municipal government. All the sources of municipal degeneracy find shelter and breeding under the folds of the tents of partisanship. These camp followers of party are, in fact, not partisans at all—they are of no party and of all parties. They lay their eggs, cuckoo-like, in the nest of any triumphant party, but they follow surely in municipal government wherever partisanship rules therein.

Publicity, non-partisanship, vigilance—this is the trinity on which the gospel of municipal reform must be founded, and may God speed the day when they shall constitute the accepted faith of a free people.

DIVORCE NOT AN UNQUALIFIED EVIL.



By Rev. Minot J. Savage.

I have intimated that one of the distinguishing characteristics of modern times is the growth of divorce. A great many people are frightened and think that this is one of the "deplorable" fruits of the wider freedom granted to women. I believe on the whole that a larger number of divorces at the present time are altogether to be welcomed. They are almost always in the interests of oppressed women, giving them another opportunity for a free, sweet, wholesome life. There are cases where the divorce laws are abused, but not nearly as many as the frightened ministers of many of our churches seem to imagine.

Law does not make marriages. The church does not make marriages. Men and women, if they are ever married, marry themselves. All the law can do is to make a clumsy attempt to protect. All the church can do is to recognize and try to consecrate a fact which already exists.

But if there is no marriage then it is desecration to keep up the sham. If there are children, that complicates matters, but many times the woman is simply released from an intolerable, outrageous existence and given an opportunity once more to find something sweet and hopeful in the way of love and life.

RHEUMATISM CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

When the joints are sore and swollen, and the muscles throbbing with the pain of Rheumatism, relief must be had at once, and it is natural to rub the affected parts with liniments, oils, etc. This treatment does good in a way, by temporarily relieving the pain and reducing the inflammation, but has no effect on the disease itself, because Rheumatism is more than skin deep; it is in the blood and cannot be rubbed away. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, weak kidneys, poor bowel action, stomach troubles and a general sluggish condition of the system. The refuse and waste matters, which

While at work for the F. C. & P. E. R. in the swampy region, I contracted Rheumatism and was completely helpless for about four months and spent over \$150.00 with doctors, but got worse every day, and finally quit them and began S. S. S. I took a few bottles and was cured sound and well. My health is now splendid, and I weigh 175 pounds. There is a lady living near me who is now taking S. S. S. for acute Rheumatism. For two months she could not turn herself in bed, but since beginning your medicine about three weeks ago has improved rapidly, and is now able to sit up. I can recommend S. S. S. to all suffering from Rheumatism. Ulab, N. C. S. C. LASSITER.

I was severely troubled with Rheumatism. I had it in my knees, legs and ankles, and any one who has ever had Rheumatism knows how excruciating the pain is and how it interferes with one at work. I was truly in bad shape—having been bothered with it for ten years, off and on. A local physician advised me to use S. S. S. I did so. After taking two bottles I noticed the soreness and pain were greatly reduced. I continued the medicine and was thoroughly cured; all pain, soreness and inflammation gone. I recommend S. S. S. to all Rheumatic sufferers. J. L. AGNEW, 803 E. Greenbrier St. Mt. Vernon, O.

is made pure and rich, and as it goes through the body nourishes and soothes the irritated nerves, eases the throbbing muscles, and dissolves and carries out of the system the irritating particles in the joints which are keeping up the pain and inflammation. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism permanently, and in addition tones up the digestion and stimulates the different members of the body to their full duty so there is no cause for another attack. Do not waste time trying to rub Rheumatism away, but get it out of the blood with S. S. S. so that the cold and dampness of Wintex will not keep you in continual pain and agony. Special book on Rheumatism and any medical advice will be given free.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA

The Wasteful Captain.

She was a fair passenger in search of information and the captain was, naturally, only too willing to gratify her. He had explained that the action of the propeller forced the ship through the water and added, as a further item of information: "We made twenty knots an hour last night, miss."

"Did you really?" said the sweet girl. "And whatever did you do with them all?"

The captain went red and his eyes dilated.

"Threw them overboard," he said, shortly.

"Fancy!" she said.—Tit-Bits.

Somewhat Different.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "pronounce 'delighted.'"

"Yessur," replied Johnny. "Do you want it according to Webster or according to Roosevelt?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if it is according to Webster it is 'de-lighted,' and if it is according to Roosevelt it is 'dee-light-ed.'"

The Mean Things.

Miss Passay—It seems so funny to me now when I think how terribly afraid of the dark I was when I was a child.

Miss Speitz—But you're not afraid of it now?

Miss Passay—Of course not!

Miss Speitz—No, the dark must be so much more becoming to you than the light now.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Intricate Problem.

Mrs. Kbrown—That conductor insulted me.

Mr. Kbrown—How?

Mrs. Kbrown—Wanted me to pay fare for Tommy.

Mr. Kbrown—Well, Tommy is quite a chunk of a lad. He looks—

Mrs. Kbrown—And you, too? Do you mean to insinuate that I look old enough to have a child old enough to have to pay car fare?—Cleveland Leader.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Hosea Ballou.

THE GOOD ONE DOES.

"FINE weather for hayin'," said Ellakim Fairhaven. To his material nature, God's sunshine and grand glitter of earth and sky were but the instruments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessions to "a good crop."

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting.

"Yes," said she. "Who's that a-comin' up the path?"

"One of the new hands, I calc'late," said Ellakim, screwing his eyes. "I didn't agree to give him his supper and board into the bargain a night before the job begins—and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of 9 years, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child!" said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress, "what ails you, and what do you want here?"

"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging—poor papa is so sick and tired, and—"

"No, I can't!" abruptly broke in Ellakim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place."

Slowly and wearily the two poor travelers turned and plodded their way down the broad, dusty road—the languid footsteps of the invalid scarce keeping up with the tripping pace of the child.

They had walked what seemed to Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly to them to "stop."

"It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven.

"Ellakim—that's my brother—he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dundas', and I cut down through the lots to overtake you. I tell you I can't somehow get your fa-

ther's face out of my mind. You're sick, ain't you, mister?"

"I shall soon be quite well," he answered, calmly—and Comfort Fairhaven's more experienced eye detected the hidden meaning which the little girl never once suspected.

"Where you going?" said kind Miss Fairhaven.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essie. "Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying my papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now!"



"OH, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU."

But I won't stay with him unless papa stays, too!"

"I suppose you want to get to Loudsade?" said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort; "but I'll tell you what—I'll make Jacob get out the wagon, and with a good buffalo robe over the seats, you'll ride easy enough. They'll be back after Ellakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'—I hain't no patience with that kind o' religion—and while you're waitin' I'll bring down a snack o' bread and meal and a bottle of my currant wine. 'Tain't good to travel on an empty stomach."

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he had speckled all

away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So, if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't care where—"

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.

"What wages do you ask?"

Poor Miss Comfort—the blank word wages called a rusty glow to her cheek.

"I ain't particular about that so long as it's a good home."

"Here's a place that might perhaps suit you—housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponceau's, No. — Fifth avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person of your appearance would suit."

Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the Queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth avenue mansion.

The door swung open on its silver-plated hinges, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered.

Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff little courtesy.

"I've called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by a young lady's arms being thrown round her neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried out, ecstatically. "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whither. If it had not been for your kindness papa never could have lived to reach his home. And you shall live with me always now and be my darling old friend!"

So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed, nominally a housekeeper—really the trusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury.—Indianapolis Sun.

An Oversight.

Regular Customer (to waiter)—As an old customer, I generally have two slices of beef, and to-day you have brought me only one. Waiter (with a look of surprise)—By the powers, but you're right. The cook must have forgotten to cut it in two.

It is strange that to say a girl looks like a ghost is not considered a compliment; ghosts are angels.

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