

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IS GOVERNMENT NECESSARY TO MAN?

By Count Leo Tolstol.



The governmental order of things is a temporary and certainly not a perpetual form of life. And just as the life of an individual is not stationary but continually changes, moves on and perfects itself, so the life of all mankind is unceasingly changing, moving on and perfecting itself. As each individual once played with toys, learned the lessons, worked, got married, brought up children, gained wisdom with age, so the life of nations also changes and perfects itself, only not like an individual, in a few years, but in the course of centuries and ages. And as for man the chief changes occur in the invisible, spiritual sphere of his religious consciousness.

People who, owing to the existence of government organizations, have advantageous positions, picture to themselves the life of people deprived of governmental authority as a wild disorder, a struggle of all against all, just as if we were speaking, not of the life of animals, for animals live peacefully, without governmental violence, but of some terrible creatures prompted in their activity solely by hatred and madness. But they imagine men to be such merely because they attribute to them qualities contrary to human nature, but which have been perverted by that same government organization under which they themselves have grown up, and which in spite of the fact that it is evidently unnecessary and merely harmful they continue to uphold.

And, therefore, to the question, What would life be without government? there would be but one answer—namely: that there would certainly not be all the evil which is created by government. There would not be property in land, there would be no taxes spent on things unnecessary for the people; there would not be the separation of the nations, the enslavement of some by others; there would not be the waste of the people's best powers in preparations for wars; there would not be the fear of bombs on the one side and of gallows on the other; there would not be the insane luxury of some and the still more insane destitution of others.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS?

By Sidney Dark.



The wise man discovers exactly what he needs to be happy and endeavors persistently to acquire the essentials.

The unhappy man is a dull man, and the dull man is the man without a soul. That is the truth, and the whole truth. The dull man eats and drinks and works and sleeps and grumbles and sniggers and is just a ratepayer. Most of us have to do all these things. We have to be ratepayers. The horror comes when we are just ratepayers—and nothing more.

The dull man never laughs at himself, never plays the fool, never loses his head—never dreams. A street is a street to him, not the scene of daily and innumerable dramas. A child is a child, not a bewildering conundrum. He believes the evidence of his eyes (he actually boasts of it), and fancies that things really are as he sees them. There is no conceivable error so utterly false, no heresy so mischievous.

Dullness means a lack of imagination, and without imagination life and happiness are both impossible. Religion and art, from one point of view, share the same mission. They bring to man the sense of amazement. They teach us that the world is a wonderful

fairy palace, the palace of hourly miracles. Then we discover that we ourselves are most amazing creatures. The dull man is not interested in himself, has no self-love. I am certain that no man can love his neighbor unless he has learned to love himself. From ourselves we discover humanity.

I know a nun who is happy dreaming of the glories of a wonderful gray wonder-world. I know a Salvationist who is happy because he is a son of God. I know a cheerful, roystering, often penniless, writer who is happy because to him all men are good fellows and all women adorable. The happy Socialist dreams of the brotherhood of men; the cantankerous Socialist yearns to interfere with his fellows.

It often happens that the men who stimulate imagination and encourage our dreams themselves fail to attain happiness. They stand on the mountain and point out the way, but they themselves never reach the land of delight. They are, however, the great men, and you and I are the common wayfarers. Their way is not our way, and it may be that their sorrow is more precious than our joy.

ENGLAND DESTINED TO LOSS OF INDIA.

By Saint Nihal Singh.



It is not hard to understand the reason why the Britisher is destined to lose India, no matter what concessions he may make to the Indian. The minute the Englishman introduced the Indian to the literature of the Occident a grave began to be automatically dug for him. This grave digging has been going on for at least fifty years. Each succeeding year has given a new impetus to the educated Indians, accelerating the process.

The day has arrived in the history of Hindoostan when the aspirations of the most intelligent of its natives have reached a point where they are utterly intolerant of foreign dependence and guidance. To use a phrase of the times, the Indian wants to be "the whole show." This attitude is fast becoming volcanic in tendency, and this bodes no good to the Englishman in India.

The example and the inspiration of America has been of the greatest help to the Hindoo. On account of its old-time isolation India, notwithstanding its size and undoubted strength, was practically helpless. But to the knowledge of Occidental literature has been added the knowledge of Occidental literature has been added the Occident. There are many Hindoos in the United States at present, and they have learned something of Western resourcefulness, not only in education but in politics. They have taken or sent some of this knowledge home. When the awakening is complete England's grasp will be loosened.

Two hundred thousand Englishmen domineer over 321,000,000 natives, and the day will not dawn to-morrow when England lets the Indians have complete charge of their foreign and military affairs. Recently Lord Ripon, a former Viceroy of India, said: "It is impossible to place the military affairs of India under the control of the people of India. We, and we alone, must decide how many troops it is necessary to maintain there and what money is needed to keep that force in efficiency."

England's interests in India clash with those of the natives of the land. When the teeming millions of India awake to realize what is best for them the Englishman will become absolutely incapable of holding India.

"are kind of dull and fady, don't you think? I'd have brighter colors and more varnish. I'd have a carpet with big red roses in it and a fancy mantel with lots of little places to set knick-knacks on and a cuckoo clock. I'm afraid," she admitted, "that it wouldn't be a bit artistic, but I'm sure it would be cozy."

"That sounds good to me," remarked Uncle Horace, as she paused for breath. "I've boarded a good deal, too. It's fourteen years since my wife died."

Miss Kitteredge jumped up. Even in her youth she had never been the kind of woman who regards every single man she meets as a possible husband; and for many years she had felt only a second-hand interest in matrimony. She had quite forgotten that Dorothy's new uncle was a widower! What must he think of her, chattering to him like this? Positively confidential with a man she had never seen until three weeks ago!

"I must get at those kitchen cupboards," she declared.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Uncle Horace. "Let Bob and Dorothy fix their own cupboards! I want to talk to you. That house you were describing is exactly what I've been wanting all these years, only I didn't know it! And you are exactly the kind of a woman I want—"

But Miss Kitteredge had fled to hide her old-maidenly blushes in the kitchen. She wasn't ready to listen to any more—not just yet!—Chicago News.

LIFE IN AN ENGLISH BANK.

Some Peculiar Rules Imposed Upon Clerks and Other Employees.

Notwithstanding that all valuables are safely locked away at the end of the day in fire and burglar proof safes, to which are attached automatic alarms which act when locked and unlocked, every bank is specially guarded by at least one watchman; but still further precaution is taken by the establishment of resident clerks with whom the guard has instant communication in case of surprise. Should the watchman fall asleep a tell-tale clock will show in the morning the length of his slumber, for it is his duty to mark off the pegs on it every quarter of an hour during the night.

Until these night watchmen arrive at 7 o'clock or thereabouts the juniors, says a writer in the Pall Mall Magazine, housekeep or keep guard in turn—that is to say, after the bank's business is finished for the day they stay until relieved of their watch. The duty of "housekeeping" is not altogether unpopular, for the ambitious youngster has now the run of the building, and full of the novelty of the situation he can see for himself how things look from "the seats of the mighty" by occupying the chairs of his chiefs for a few brief moments.

Constantly dealing with the public, a bank cashier or "teller" has transactions of all kinds—the dishonest class being specially guarded against. One day an individual dashed into a bank and laid hands (or rather a stick) on a money bag which was within reach and disappeared into the fog. His raid was not entirely successful, for the bag contained not gold but a pair of chickens that the cashier had laid in for his private consumption.

Many are the rules and regulations of the various banks, and it is as well for the youngster to make himself thoroughly conversant with them from the beginning. There is one institution that allows its clerks a certain sum yearly for wearing a white tie; another requires the donning of a frock coat and top hat; still another prohibits their appearing with any hair on the face. Then there is a house which has a rule that under no pretext must a clerk take any notice of its partners in the street.

One old house has what is called a "black book" for the recording of mistakes, and a man's name appearing in this means that the offender has the doubtful honor of looking for his colleague's errors. Others again prevent their employees from marrying until they reach a certain specified salary. Some of the more modern institutions require a man to be of a certain size. For this last rule it is difficult to find any other reason than that big, well-fed clerks give an air of prosperity to the concern.

The Brute.

A certain Chicago married man who boasts to the boys that his wife never sits up for him, slipped out for a cigar the other evening after supper, and failed to notice that his wife had her party gown on. When he softly tiptoed into the house at 2 a. m., says the Record-Herald, he was slightly surprised to see a dewy-eyed lady trip down the stairway, turn her back to him and tearfully say:

"There are two hooks I just couldn't reach, won't you unfasten them so I can go to bed?"

Fortunately he could and did.

A girl's love for candy doesn't necessarily indicate a sweet disposition.

The weather man doesn't seem to care anything for popularity.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Napoleon said, no matter how raving or raging, he never dared to let himself get angry above the throat.

The tidal movement in the Petitcodiac river at Amherst, N. S., represents three million horse power a day. A proposition is being considered to harness it.

Tests show that the wind movement of fifteen miles an hour against the side of a building will force 185 cubic feet of air through a one-sixteenth-inch crevice in an hour.

The largest movable bridge yet built in Asia is a double leaf roller lift affair, with an opening two hundred feet wide, erected by a Chicago company for a railroad in Burma.

Ghee is used in India as is butter in America and European countries, and in fact is butter, so prepared that it never grows stale, instances being known of its preservation for as long as two hundred years.

Tectorium, a substitute for glass, is prepared by applying a varnish to a finely meshed iron wire fabric. The varnish consists principally of good linseed oil, in which the vertically hanging wire fabric is repeatedly dipped up to as many as twelve times.

A tank car of 163 barrels of cottonseed oil recently shipped from Kentucky for the Seacoast Canning Company is said to have arrived at Eastport this week in good condition. This being the first attempt to ship oil east in other than barrel packages, the experiment was awaited with much interest.—Kennebec Journal.

The Paris critic, Martin, once only had taken his chocolate in a place other than the Cafe Foy, and he then found it not good. This happened at the Regence, and the young woman at the desk to whom he expressed his displeasure, said: "You are the only one to complain. All of the gentlemen of the court who come here find it good." "They also say, perhaps, that you are pretty," he replied, slowly.

Years ago Mark Twain, who has recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday, used to be fond of telling this story: At the dinner table one day there was a party of guests, for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertaining. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man." "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

A little girl who had a live bantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on a table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich's egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the bantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."

In recent years the most prosperous city in Germany has been Nuremberg, where the consumption of fresh meat for 1908 was more than 38,000,000 pounds. This was an annual per capita consumption of a fraction over 121 pounds, or about one-third of a pound a day for man, woman and child. The population of Nuremberg is largely of the wage-earning class. In many of the manufacturing towns of England the working people do not eat beef once a week.

Breaking away from the time honored program of essays and recitations, the graduating class of the Oswego (N. Y.) high school decided upon a novel plan of celebrating the commencement season. The students some time ago set about raising funds to take the entire class on a sight-seeing trip to Washington, which was all the graduation festivities they had. As one paper puts it, "They propose to learn how the government is run, instead of telling how it should be."

Sausage has even from very early times been a popular table delicacy. Aristophanes was familiar with it, in Roman days the sausages of Lucania were in high esteem. They were made from pork and the nuts of the stone pine, flavored with bay leaves and other things more familiar. Bologna was celebrated for its sausages long before the German sausage had even thought of invading the rest of the world, and until quite lately it was commonly called in England a "polony."

In the United States the great potato State is New York, with 42,000,000 bushels; in 1907. Michigan follows with 27,000,000; then Pennsylvania and Wisconsin with about 23,000,000 each; Maine, 17,000,000; Minnesota and Illinois about fourteen each; Iowa and Ohio, twelve each; New Jersey, eight to nine; Indiana, Missouri, Colorado, California and Nebraska about seven. The rest run from Washington and Kansas, with six each, down to Montana and Texas, with from two and a half to three.

SONG.

Give me back my heart, fair child;
To you as yet 'twere worth but little;
Half beguiled, half beguiled,
Be you warned, your own is brittle.
I know it by your redd'ning cheeks,
I know it by those two black streaks
Arching up your pearly brows
In a momentary laughter,
Stretched in long and dark repose
With a sigh the moment after.

"Hid it! dropt it on the moors!
Lost it, and you can not find it!"—
My own heart I want, not yours;
You have bound and must unbind it.
Set it free, then, from your net,
We will love, sweet—but not yet!
Fling it from you;—we are strong;
Love is trouble, love is folly;
Love, that makes an old heart young,
Makes a young heart melancholy.
—Aubrey De Vere.

OTHER PEOPLE'S IDEAS

On the morning after her niece's wedding Miss Kitteredge put on her rubbers and walked over to add a few finishing touches to the daintily furnished apartment in Indiana avenue, which was awaiting the return of the happy pair from their bridal trip.

She was surprised, on entering, to find the groom's Uncle Horace surveying the place with evident satisfaction. There was, however, nothing strange about this, for it was well understood, in both families, that it was due to Uncle Horace's liberality that Robert and Dorothy were beginning life with two sets of draperies at every window and real Cirrassian walnut furniture in the reception room.

"Pretty complete outfit, eh?" he observed.

"Oh, it's perfectly beautiful," replied Miss Kitteredge. "None of the others have had anything so fine. You see," she explained, "Dorothy is the fourth one of my nieces to be married

and I've helped each one of 'em to fix up her home."

"I've noticed that you were doing your full share toward fixing up this one," said Robert's Uncle Horace. "Did they turn all the hard jobs over to you?"

"Old-maid aunts come in handy at weddings," said Miss Kitteredge. "But I've enjoyed it, even though I did get tired."

"Better sit down and rest a while," suggested Robert's Uncle Horace. "These things," indicating by a gesture the furniture of the reception room, "don't look as though they were made to sit on. I suppose, though, that they're the proper caper."

"Yes," she replied. "Dorothy says they're excellent examples of the style of Louis—something—I can't pronounce it—and that the lines are extremely good, if you know what that means!"

"I don't," he said. "But I think I'd prefer the lines of these big leather chairs in the den."

He settled his portly frame in one of them and Miss Kitteredge perched herself flutteringly on the edge of the couch.

"I mustn't sit but a minute," she said. "I promised Dorothy that I'd arrange the things in her kitchen cupboards. It's funny," she continued, reminiscently, "what different ideas people have about fixing up houses. Now, when Emma, my oldest niece, was married, she was crazy to have everything oriental. There was a big Japanese umbrella hung from the ceiling and things embroidered with scratchy gold thread and big vases with dragons on 'em and little bamboo tables scattered around till you couldn't walk through the rooms."

"Margery was the next one and she was wild over mission furniture and fuzzy Navajo rugs and Indian pottery with queer black figures on it."

"But Clarice, her sister, always declared that mission furniture was 'positively brutal' and when she set up housekeeping she went in for the colonial style—mahogany bedsteads with

pineapple posts and an old spinning wheel in the parlor, you know."

"And now Dorothy's trying to make her parlor look like the palace of some wicked old French king!"

Robert's Uncle Horace laughed—a big, noisy, hearty laugh. "You've had considerable experience fixing up houses according to other people's ideas," he said.

Miss Kitteredge sighed gently. "Of



"WHAT WOULD BE YOUR IDEA?"

course," she said, "I don't have any time for housekeeping. I make dresses—gowns, I mean—when I'm at home and I just board; but sometimes, just to pass the time, I picture to myself the kind of a house I'd fix up if I was doing it."

"What would be your idea?" he asked, regarding her with interest.

"Well, in the first place," she declared, "I wouldn't bother so much about having things match and harmonize, because I think it makes a better variety if they don't. And the things in this place," she continued,