USELESS LABOR TO PERFECT A MISSING SOMETHING

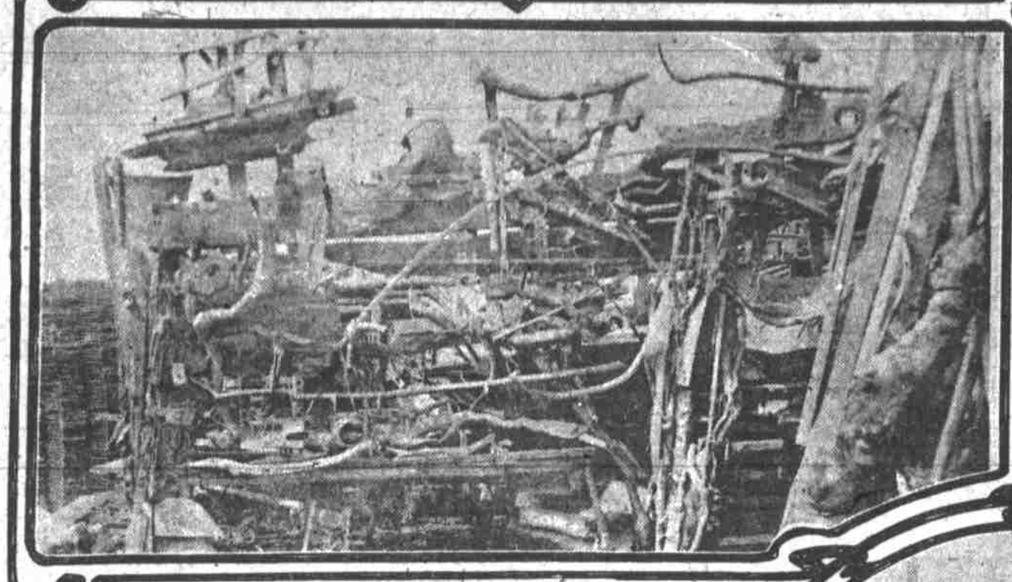
"Francis" and His Strange Shadows of an Almost Obliterated Past Cause Brighter Minds to Reflect--Some Queer Visions of a Shadowed Intellect--Peculiar Inventions He Cannot Explain

By Katherine White.

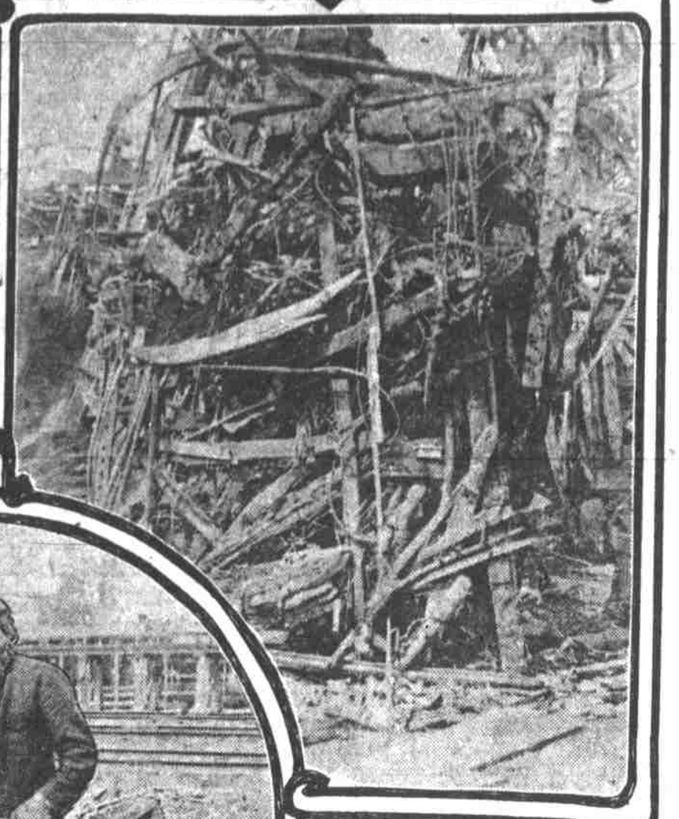
ALL that he knows of himself is that his name is Francis—but whether first, last, or middle he cannot tell. What his parentage, where was his home, what his lineage, he does not know. He is a builder of strange things. Many of them stand about his open air workshop, many others are in course of construction; strange piles of odds and ends of lumber, knotty sticks, stones with holes in them, scraps of iron, of rough lumber. When the things are done he dedicates them to some person or company. And then he goes to work to build another.

These are his pride and they furnish his whole occupation. Day by day he labors at them, adding a bit here and there. He says they express his philosophies of life.

The sign he bears in his hand is to be hung over them when they are taken to the Forestry building, as he thinks they will be—"Forestries palace," he calls it.



ONE OF THE MASTERPIECES



"PORTLAND BEFORE IT BECAME A CITY" HE SAID

THIS IS FRANCIS

Lettered Board.

It consists of a board upon which he has lettered in rough characters these words, and above it is fastened some brush by which it may be hung.

He does not mind if you look at his work, for he believes in it and likes to explain it to those who are patient enough to hear him. This first is Portland before it became a city. It is founded upon a whale, which is a fishy-shaped piece of board at the bottom. Upon it is nailed a heel of a shoe, indicating that it was sold for a piece of leather when it was young—but methinks this is a slightly mixed version of the founding of Carthage. As a tribute to its industries, is also an old pair of overalls, nailed on. Neustadter's overalls, Francis says they are.

On high in a prominent place is an oil box nailed fast—all these things are solidly built—which is lettered, "Carnegie's Library." Upon one side is Washington's hatchet and above and through all are stones with holes, through which are fastened pieces of wire, and things that he says are fish, made of bits of board or knots or roots, picked up here and there, and indicating the element of water which has helped to make Portland great. In a prominent place is a rose bush, securely nailed on, and a board lettered, "Rose City," explains its presence. This thing is dedicated to President Roosevelt's father. Over the strange conglomerate mass bends an arch—the arch of heaven, says Francis, and he ought to know.

Even more strange and wonderful is the next one, which contains so many elements of religious thought and mystic philosophy that one loses count in trying to enumerate them.

Some Queer Visions.

A striking feature of this one is the manger in which the infant Christ lay, and his work bench at which he labored. At one side is a patent lever to move a board which is being planed. Francis says he does not know who invented it. This has also a cave underneath—you must not call it a soap box—where Obadiah fed the thousands. (This legend is difficult to locate in sacred history). It represents also the cave in which Romulus and Remus were nurtured and the cave in which Rip Van Winkle slept. In fact, all of these, according to the builder, are one and the same story.

This article, or structure, contains also a replica of the first sawmill, an original. The whole is surmounted by a ship, named "Supples' Ship Yard." Upon it also is the "Eternal Balance," which is so neatly hung that it oscillates up and down.

One of these masterpieces that is even harder to understand is the "United States Snag Boat," which dug up the "Original Zodiac" from the sunken islands of Atlantis. The zodiac itself is a most complicated piece of work and is not yet finished; when it is it will be attached to the snag boat. It is made of a wagon tire, a window frame and other odds and ends, and it has upon its circumference all the signs of the zodiac represented in knotty snags, roots and knobs and boles. In the center is a carving representing Christ between two thieves. But that, says Francis, is a myth, meaning that Christ was midway between good and ill.

"An Invention."

An invention which is intended to be set up at street corners to mark the streets is a very large and prominent piece of work. It has the points of the compass and figures for the streets. For instance, the one made is meant to be placed at the intersection of Sixth and First streets. It has a large 6 a l, and in simplified spelling, Nor, Sou, Wyst and Est. Its advantage is obvious, for one can see from a long distance just what streets he is approaching instead of having to hunt the sides of buildings or poles for this information.

Another invention which is not fully understood by the curious people who come to look upon it, is a model for a lightning rod. Francis says he can not explain this to anyone but Thomas Edison. He would understand. To those who do not know, it looks like a lot of poles, strung with insulators and wires, and built up around a 10-pound lard pail. But it really is a lightning rod.

Lightning's Peculiarities.

It has a very long and elaborate explanation, the chief point in which is that lightning does not really strike a person. What it does is to remove from the air the quality which holds people together and then they go off of their own accord.

The only reason, he says, that this idea never occurred to Edison or Benjamin Franklin or Newton is that all of them were raised in urban and classic surroundings, while he himself had the practical education that he picked up in the briar patch with the rabbits. He insists strongly on the briar patch and the rabbits, and believes that they did him a lot of good.

A point on which Francis spends much thought is the origin of words and letters. Cathedral and chair, he says, both came from the same word and so he has represented the first cathedral as a chair.

A combination harrow and seeder he has built out of some rough roots. He has dedicated it to Roosevelt's three terms; the two he did serve and the one that he ought to have served, for this he is emphatic about. It is triune and represents these three.

There are many other strange things in Francis' open air workshop. One is the stone from which Pocahontas drank. One is Mark Twain's writing table. One is the gate to Mount Vernon. One is Thomas Jefferson's grave. One is a representation of the earth, sun and moon and inscriptions on barrel heads, a lecture, Francis says, on the movements of the heavenly bodies, and quotations from Psalms and Job concerning moons. One represents the shin upon which in the old times the most beautiful girls were bound and shipped off to propitiate the god of waters, in Egypt.

One of the things that the visitor must not miss seeing is "Rip Van Winkle's 20 Year Dormitories." This is a large box-like structure patiently and laboriously inscribed in reference to its meanings and destiny. References to Roosevelt are not lacking, nor to the Rose City.

When President Roosevelt was a baby Francis held him, so he says. In his arms and something that Roosevelt must surely regret in the face of all this devotion to him, is that his weak eyes, an affliction from which he suffered as a baby, so seriously affected Francis's eyes that for 40 or 50 years he has not had the full use of them. Not long ago, however, when he was looking at a picture of Roosevelt's children, he began to cry, and from that time on his eyes have been growing stronger.

Do you laugh at his erratic fancies? Is it funny to see him building his rustic representations, jumbled odds and ends of trash, and imagining that he is doing something that is worth while?

But there is another thought that is more sobering. If you talk to the old man, you cannot but be impressed with occasional words and phrases. His trade, he says, is that of a laboring man. But what laborer, who was no more skillful at his trade than this poor old derelict, uses such chance phrases as he?

Talks of Newton.

He talks of Newton and Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Edison. He says they had "urban and classical training." Is that the phrase of an illiterate man? He talks of Atlantis, of Romulus and Remus, and of "Thor emerging from a snow bank." Are those things common in the thought of an ignorant man?

Beyond his career as a laborer, Francis remembers nothing, but it is by no means certain that in his earlier years he had not a certain amount of education and training. He says that these strange things he builds represent his thought on church history, and church architecture, on philosophy and literature. He says he has "developed a plan which includes a complete revolution of letters." This is not the language of a man without education.

Poor, dirty, haggard, picking up a vicarious existence, heaven knows how, and spending his time on futile labors, Francis, it is evident, has had another life very different from this. In the inexplicable mystery of life, some great sorrow, some accident, some great shock, has come to him, and blotted out his past, mercifully, perhaps, for these things we cannot fathom.

A Reflection.

Perhaps some mother waited for her boy who went from her in all the joyous hope of youth, and expectation of great deeds. Who knows what years of hoping and longing, what years of mourning, and what hopeless waiting, were hers?

Or some sweetheart, promising her youth and beauty, when his spurs were won, perhaps, waited for her lover. Waited and longed and sorrowed for the man who never came back. Or was it a wife who saw her husband, her protector, her pride and her joy, go forth to his daily toil, from which he never returned to her?

Be sure, man does not drift away into oblivion, become a floating bit of jetsam on the flood of human life, without some woman's heart breaking in sorrow.

Sad it is—but women are made that way.

Toils in Useless Labor.

And so poor old Francis toils at his useless labor, builds and hammers and thinks he expresses his philosophy, his face lined by the heavy hand of time, his scant gray locks covered by a dingy old cap, his feet half covered with ragged shoes, his coat pinned together with a piece of wire. People come and look at his structures and laugh. He receives them kindly, welcomes the children, explains his philosophies, tangled fancies chasing each other through his unhinged mind.

So little it takes to put this delicate mental machinery of ours out of balance, so slight the dividing line between genius and insanity. It might come to any of us. Heaven grant that if it be so, we may do our race no more injury, cherish no more malice, make life no harder for others, than poor old Francis, patient, kindly soul, laboring unceasingly with his incongruous and motley junk.

BERLIN, A CITY FULL OF MUSICIANS

Advanced to the Highest Perfection of Art--Study of Men Whose Composition Has Set the World a Pace in Harmony

BERLIN, June 10.—Berlin undoubtedly has more concerts in a season than any musical center in Europe. Often as many as nine are given in a single evening. When it occurs, as it frequently does, that two great artists like Sauret and Thibaud, or Godowsky and Dohnanje, are playing the same date the poor student must choose between them or divide his evening and hear the first half of one program and the second half of the other. Fortunately the prices permit this. The most choice seats cost 5 marks, or $1.25, with very good ones for 25 cents, or one mark. Godowsky and Dohnanje are so popular that they double this amount and still have full houses. All the other great artists are satisfied to play for the standard price as quoted. One learns to husband his strength and carefully select the artist and program most worth hearing, for many of the concerts are given by aspiring amateurs and neither instructive nor pleasing. Tickets for all saals are on sale weeks beforehand. At Bote and Bocks the office is open all day, and at Wertheims daily from 12 to 2 p. m. We have attended so many concerts that we shall speak only of the most interesting and of those given by violinists firstly.

A Great Favorite.

Sarasatti, with his snow-white hair and fine old face, is a great favorite with the Berlin audience (more for what he has been than for what he is). His tone is still smooth and his technic brilliant, but just as age has claimed the vitality and strength his body once possessed, so it has weakened the life of his tone. He gave two concerts to packed houses.

Ysaye stands in a class alone. It is hardly just to compare youth with mature manhood, or manhood in its prime to tottering old age. Ysaye has no great rival among the men of his own generation. He possesses the power to draw tears or provoke smiles. He has already passed the summit of his possibilities and must strive to maintain his position of superiority in the musical world.

Sauret has recently returned from America, and is receiving an appreciative welcome both in concert and among pupils. At one time he was the husband of Carreno and was then at his best as a performer. Now he contemplates a school in England.

Marteau, the successor to Joachim to the chair at the Royal Hoch Schule, was a disappointment. He draws a smooth tone and his technic is quite finished, but he lacks power to hold the attention of his audience. He is a Frenchman who copied the German school. The result is that his playing has no individuality, no thrill.

Kreisler, like Ysaye, has no peer among men of his age. His technic and interpretation are the work of a master. It seems strange, but until this year he has never been popular with the Berlin public. This season he received an ovation. Whether it was that the man's art had grown, or his audience was composed mostly of Americans, the fact remains that the concert given before his departure for America was accorded the best reception Kreisler has experienced here. The Mozart Concerto won him most enthusiastic applause. Huberman, Thibaud and Hartmann belong to the same generation.

Moods for Playing.

Hubermann is Polish. He depends on moods for his playing. The first evening we were charmed. His technic was marvelous, the musical effects pleasing and his whole audience won into sympathy with him. The second evening he was "out of sorts with the world." He struck his strings, one heard "wood" and felt his dianamic effects to be automatic, the result of much practice.

Thibaud belongs to the French school. His work is exceedingly dainty and enchanting. His tone is exceptionally full, smooth and sympathetic. He played Lalo's Spanish symphony so exquisitely that the people "went wild."

Hartmann is by far the best of the three. He draws as beautiful a tone as Thibaud and has better technic. He occupies so prominent a place here that we shall speak of him and his work later.

Cymbelist Von Vescey and Elmen are under 20 years of age and all artists. Musically, we prefer Elmen.

Von Vescey we have met and he is charming.

There are other violinists like Saroti, the Italian, Antoneitte, Siegel, Spiering, etc., who have given concerts, but they are lesser artists.

The pianists especially deserving mention were Sauer, Bauer, Godowsky, Rachinoff, Gabrielovitch, Hamburg, Busoni, Johnas and Dohnanje.

Dohnanje is the preferred teacher at the Hoch Schule. He really gives very few lessons, but lends his name to the school and devotes his efforts to composing and concertizing, in both of which he is very successful. His interpretation of Brahms and Chopin are ideal.

Technical Achievements.

Godowsky surpasses them all in technical achievement and breadth of understanding. His interpretation, dianamics and tone coloring leave nothing to be desired.

Bauer is cold, Hamburg careless. Hamburg was severely criticised for the unprecedented liberties taken in the Chopin numbers. His second concert was canceled.

Sauer is very artistic. Every selection bears the stamp of his charming personality and he arranges his programs so cleverly that interest increases with each number. He always receives an ovation.

Busoni, who was so well received last year, was a disappointment this. Perhaps it was owing to a poor selection of numbers, they were all dismal and depressing. He played an unpublished rhapsody by Liszt and the general consensus of opinion is that it is fortunate for the concert goers that it was not given to the press.

Rachinoff was well received. Just at present he is very popular as a composer. Gabrielovitch played the concerto for piano by Rachinoff to a most enthusiastic audience.

There are many composers of note in Berlin, Strauss, Bruch, Weingartner, Nachez, Nevin, Sauret, etc., etc.

Probably the most "talked of" man is Richard Strauss, at least people well qualified to judge assign him that distinction. Whether this prominence be merited by colossal talent, and he be living "ahead of his time" as he claims, or be caused by eccentricity and radicalism in his musical ideas, or be only the result of good advertising, the future must decide. The fact remains that he stands prominently before the public, admired by some, censured by many but interesting to all.

Salome Is Sung.

"Salome" is still being sung to "ansverkauft" houses, composed mostly of curious transients and students, who go to study the composition. As far as the plot is concerned, there is not a single redeeming moment of elevating sentiment. Most plays and operas, however immoral, have at least one worthy character and moments of pure and ennobling aspiration or sacrifice. This has none. The music is a very good setting for the verse and like it, sensuous and ignoble from beginning to end.

Fortunately the songs of Strauss are taken from better pens and are more beautiful. He is a prolific writer and his compositions meet a ready market.

No question arises as to why the public is so enthusiastic over Arthur Hartmann, violinist, pianist, composer and linguist. At the age of 26 years, his genius and industry have won him the homage which the Berlin public so willingly accords him. In fact he is so popular that the moment he enters the concert hall, even as a spectator, every opera glass is centered on him. His life has been exceedingly romantic and its history is strikingly similar to the lives of Mozart, Beethoven or any great artist, born in poverty, forced to arduous tasks by an over ambitious and exacting father, a time came when longer endurance ceased to be possible and the few belongings were tied in a bundle and violin in hand the boy, then 11 years old, started out in the world to perish or succeed according to his strength. Emerson says that, "Nature, when she adds difficulties adds brains." Certain it is that the difficulties were so tremendous that the most wonderful part of the man's talent is that he overcame them and arose to the prominent place he now occupies among the artists of the world. As a violinist he ranks first in his generation.

Ysaye and Kreisler, the only artists worthy of comparison, are far his senior. Ysaye might be his father and Kreisler his elder by an even decade. They are distinguished only as violinists. Hartmann played an excellent piano and his compositions are sublime. They are similar to Wagner's only with the Hartmann personality forcefully stamped thereon. He is devoted to his baby son and has just completed a suite of four scenes from his life. The first is "Teaching Baby to Walk." The music pictures the uncertain timid little step which sometimes results in a fall, etc. The whole story contained in the title. The second number is entitled "Bed Time," a truly beautiful lullabye, which ends with the clock striking seven.

The third number of the suite is the heaviest. It portrays the baby's first serious illness. One feels the benediction of peace descend from above and knows that the crisis has been passed in safety. The fourth and last number is "Tag," a rollicking game between baby and father. We heard Mr. Hartman play these from manuscript and are anxiously awaiting to procure a copy from the hands of the publisher.

They are to music what Whitcomb Riley's poems are to literature, and Hartmann like Riley has caught the refreshing atmosphere of the nursery. He has many much more pretentious things. He, himself is especially enthusiastic over his MacDowell transcriptions which are so very popular.

He showed us a most appreciative letter he had received from Mrs. MacDowell, expressing her sincere gratitude for the assistance rendered the MacDowell fund. She also sent him the original manuscript of "To a Wild Rose." Mr. Hartmann has many valuable letters from colleagues. He has concertized with Patti, Greig, Godard, Leschetizky, Hans Richter, Godowsky, De Pachmann, Bauer, Saint-Saens, etc.

His Student Days.

In his student days he lived in the same house with Kreisler, Godowsky and De Pachmann. Naschez has just completed a concerto which Hartmann is to play on his American tour. Critics pronounce it the best concerto produced for violin for years.

Hartmann is a successful teacher. He believes one must develop the "thinking man" and be thoroughly conversant with all that is good and beautiful in art, literature, science and music, before one can absorb the best in any special line. He insists on his pupils reading all they can and forces well-selected books into their hands. He studies and analyzes their eccentricities and personal shortcomings, teaching each as an individual. The result is that pupils have come to him from all the masters of Germany, Ysaye, Seveek, Joachim, Halle and others as well recognized, included.

Taken all in all there is no more thorough musician, and none with greater promise for immortality than this man now on the threshold of life. For years he has devoted his energy to gleaning knowledge with what concentration of purpose one may judge by the results obtained. When he devotes this same energy and force to creative art, in composition, the music of the world must be greatly enriched by his gifts.

Another man very popular and prominent musically is Nikisch, director of the Philharmonic orchestra. His home is in Leipsic, but he conducts 10 concerts a season in Berlin. His orchestral work is generally conceded to be superior to Weingartner's, although the latter is a better accompanist, and has the position of capellemeister of the Hof orchestra. While at Mr. Godowsky's home we heard an interesting comparison of Weingartner and Nikisch. Godowsky had just played the Beethoven concerto at the Philharmonic with Nikisch directing, and Dahnanie the same concerto under Weingartner's baton at the Hof opera. During the conversation Godowsky exclaimed: "No one accompanies like Weingartner, but there is no orchestra like the Philharmonic." We were quite amused at the little Godowsky girl. She cannot speak English but is an enthusiastic American. Godowsky has a very interesting family and an unusually happy home.

One is impressed by the fact that the most sought and successful teachers in Berlin have at one time been in America.

America is the financial mecca for concert players. Though as a nation, pronounced "unmusical" (by the Germans) the artist who fails to win the approval of the American public loses prestige here.

America on her side, hesitates to accept an artist without an European career, which goes to show that nations are like individuals prizing most what others deem superior.

Shall write of the opera, singers and teachers here next letter.

HELEN and EVELYN CALBREATH.
Berlin W. 30, Germany.

BORROWING, A WEAKNESS--By Landon Carter

AMONG the daily and trivial customs which so frequently cause misunderstandings — effect friendships and even wreck affection, none is so common and so belittling as the habit of borrowing. It is doubly pitiable, in so much as it is almost always unnecessary and no matter what the necessity may be, to do without, is generally more desirable than to incur feelings of obligation.

Business loans between friends are frequently peculiarly unfortunate, because the bitterness of possible complications is generally in proportion to all former love and it is decidedly the part of wisdom and economy to employ a trust and loan company rather than to appeal to a friend, for in the former instance, there is no obligation, whereas in the latter, it can not be reckoned, for there is no known power or standard sufficiently subtle to equalize sentiment and the material; so it will be well for all to bear in mind that a forfeited friendship is a far dearer form of interest to pay than the highest commercial percentage.

The quotation, "The way to lose a friend is to lend him money," has almost become a proverb and Thackeray speaks of the way in which a five-pound note will break up a half century's attachment between two brethren.

The inexperienced will unreservedly state that there is some abnormal weakness in a friendship so easily affected but inexplicable as it may seem, the fact remains that sooner or later such tests prove disastrous.

Have we not all heard such remarks as "That family owes it's success in life to my father's generosity?" and no matter how punctilious the said "family" may have been in their payments and notwithstanding what numerous evidences of gratitude may have been shown, there is almost always an indescribably latent feeling of over beneficence on the part of one, while the other is ever conscious of a sense of debt, impossible to liquidate.

It is true that the same feeling which prompts a kindness should, in all charity and generosity forbid any allusion to the matter, however "it is human to err" and frequently a friend's prosperity, born of another's bounty, creates heart-burnings, especially when the benefactor may have become less fortunate. These are of course the darkest and most unfortunate complications, whereas others may be proportionately beautiful, however, when dealing with uncertainties, it is always well to calculate and prepare for the most serious results.

Mr. Black has said that the eclipse of friendship through death is not nearly so sad as the many ways in which friendship may be wrecked. There are worse losses than the losses of death and to bury a friendship is a keener grief than to bury a friend, the latter softens the heart and stimulates life; while the former hardens and embitters.

Like all things love and friendship have their limit and there is no surer means of undermining their faith than by taking unnecessary liberties and in proportion the depth and sacredness of love should be properly guarded and in all conditions of life private, domestic and public it is well to remember:

"Neither a borrower or a lender be
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."
—Shakespeare.

HAPPY ALONE ARE *The* POOR

By Israel Zangwill.

THE only people who seem to escape the malady of the century are the poor. The "Weltschiner" touches them not, however great their sufferings, it is always individual.

The privileges of poverty are, I fear, insufficiently appreciated in these grasping times. It is not the taxes that the poor man is exempt from. There is a much more painful tax on income than the pecuniary—it is the thought of those who are worsted in the struggle for bare existence.

Vae victis! Yet those who achieve the bare existence, who starve not, neither shiver, have surely enviable compensations.

Not theirs the distressful wearying problems of sociology. Far from feeling any responsibility for their fellowbeings, they do not even fulfill their own personal duty to society—witness the breeding of babies in back streets.

They have no sympathies with the troubles of any other class; they eat their hard crust and drink their bitter beer without a thought of the dyspepsia of the diner-out and their appetite is not dulled by any suspicion of heartsickness in good society.

Starvation other than physical they do not understand, and spiritual troubles are caviare. The state of the rich does not give them sleepless nights—they have no yearnings to reform them or amend their conditions.

The terrible overcrowding of the upper classes on Belgravian staircases wakes not a pang; they are untouched by the sufferings of insufficiently clad ladies in draughty opera boxes and royal ante-chambers, and the grievances of old men move them not.

Not theirs to ponder sorrowfully over the lost souls of politicians or the degeneration of public manners.

They live their own lives and whatsoever the burden, they do not bear any one's but their own.

Fishing on Horseback.

From Fry's Magazine.

On the California coast they fish on horseback. After a big blow enormous numbers of squid are sometimes seen washing about among the pounding breakers.

When such news comes to the town every man or boy who can beg or borrow a horse goes galloping down to the beach armed with a six-foot bamboo, at the end of which is a strong steel hook.

They dash into the surf and driving the sharp steel into the squirming jellylike creatures haul them ashore one by one and leave them lying high and dry upon the beach, pumping ink and water and with their long, sucker rimmed arms coiling about like snakes. Squid sell for a couple of shillings apiece.

Their flesh is good for bait; the pen, a long, opal tinted bone which extends from the tip of the tail to the neck, forms the cuttlefish bone of commerce, and the eyes, which when dried look like large dull pearls, find a ready sale among curio dealers.

Making Boat From a Tree.

From the Morehouse Hustler.

Charles Holman is constructing a new boat. He discovered a catalpa tree that has a perfect shape for the purpose.

It will be constructed on the steamboat style, and the catalpa tree makes one solid piece from the top of the bow to the stern, it having just the curve necessary to make a good shape. The boat will be designed primarily for passenger service, will be about 26 feet long and be equipped with a six-horse-power gasoline engine.

IMPROVING THE RACE--By Mrs. John A. Logan

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IF the next generation is not composed of model types of men and women, it will not be on account of neglect on the part of the present one to train them for complete lives.

Beginning with perfect mothers, which is to be the result of vigilant watchfulness of the Mothers' congress, who have undertaken to train mothers so that they may be able to train their children domestic science, hygiene, education, morality, religion, patriotism and political economy, are some of the topics that are to be drummed into the heads of the women until they fully realize the responsibilities of motherhood.

It has occurred to me that there should be organized a "Fathers' Congress," through which medium the recreant fathers could be converted to keener appreciation of their duties and share in bringing up children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Such a movement would doubtless insure greater perfection in the race. Parents under such wholesome guidance and real co-partnership would assuredly be able to establish a right spirit in the home, supervise the education and moral development of their children, confer on home economics and guard their sons and daughters from the pitfalls that are on every side of youth. Their joint efforts would naturally be more effective for the good of their children, the state and the nation.

The abundant helps of the present age are innumerable. The kindergarten and graded public schools for all ages, from infancy to their majority, furnish opportunities for the poor and rich to reach the goal of their ambition for knowledge and thorough preparation for life work in any chosen channel.

For recreation we have the playgrounds, athletics in all its branches and innumerable clubs with their manifold objects for the gratification of the varied talents.

All manner of societies are engaged in uplifting mankind to higher and better lives. Charity, philanthropy, Christianity the state and all creeds of religion are busy with problems for the benefit of the people.

Legislators, teachers, preachers and priests are laboring for the welfare of the inhabitants of this fair land; the doors of opportunity swing outward for the industrious and the ambitious without regard to creed, nationality or previous condition.

Philanthropy has made it possible for the poorest of girls and boys to acquire the highest education offered in any country on the globe, and has opened up avenues to fame in every department of intellectual development. Teachers of theology, morality, science, art, political economy, jurisprudence, patriotism, the economies, agriculture and everything that could contribute to the intellectualism of a nation, are, on every hand, inspiring and promoting students to the highest attainments.

Few are embarrassed by the shackles of poverty who are not willing slaves to beastly appetites or vicious habits.

So circumstanced, why should not the next generation be as nearly perfect as it is possible for mortality to become? A generation born under these conditions should lead the world in civilization, wisdom and humanity.

DOOM of the SMALL NATIONS

By Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

IT IS futile nowadays to decry empire or to protest that virtue is only found in small communities when we observe that other nations, alike the most autocratic and the most republican, are following a similar bent.

If Russian expansion is capable of being regarded as Caesarism, and of being identified with the imperialism of material rather than moral force, what is to be said of the empire making phase upon which America, the most democratic and hitherto the least imperial of all countries has entered?

I believe that even at this moment if you were to poll the whole of the United States, you would find a large and possibly an overwhelming majority opposed to any concrete policy of imperial expansion.

But circumstances have proved too strong for the Americans. The same impulse that carried them early in the last century to the Rockies and the Pacific, now that the continent has filled up, is driving them further afield. It has compelled them to lay hands upon the Samoan and Sandwich groups in the open Pacific, to assume charge of Porto Rico, as they will ultimately have to assume charge of Cuba, to clutch at the isthmus of Panama, and in the case of the Philippines to stretch out their hands even to the shores of Asia. (Political parties may denounce and the more thoughtful Americans may deplore the expansion. But I doubt if any president, Democratic or Republican, will come to congress with a message to revoke it.) If, then, even in the case of a nation where there is so little of the instinct of militarism or aggrandizement as America, the country is found heading straight towards an imperial destiny, is not the conclusion inevitable, that she is merely obeying a general law, and that providence once pronounced to be on the side of the big battalions, is now found to be on the side of the big nations?

In Europe the same lesson is taught by Germany, which has repudiated Bismarck's warnings against over-seas adventure, by Italy, which has barely achieved national consolidation before she starts forth upon external expansion, and France, the growth of whose colonial empire is only second to that of our own.

Japan has been swept into the same vortex and can not resist the inexorable compulsion.

If the doom of the small nations has not sounded, at least the day of great nations seems to have dawned.

The Merry Widow Hat.

Purchase the untrimmed article, remove the crown, and insert a soft pillow in the opening. It will make an excellent veranda seat for the summer cottage.

Buy the extra heavy straw variety and remove crown same as before. Insert a rubber pad with name of apartment house lettered upon it in the aperture, and use for door mat.

One modishly trimmed hat elevated on a pole in the center of a field should keep crows at a distance. It can be taken down during a shower so as not to deprive the vegetables of moisture.

Trim carefully in the usual way and leave it in the front dooryard. The neighbors will all envy you your beautiful flower garden.

When drowning push the head up through the crown, sacrificing the trimming, and adjust the brim under the arms. It should act as a life preserver.

Turn untrimmed article upside down and affix to tripod. It will do for a makeshift poker table.

Set the decanter inside the crown and arrange glasses around the brim. This will be a unique waiter for serving liquid refreshments.