

BEST ROOMS TO BOOST TOWNS

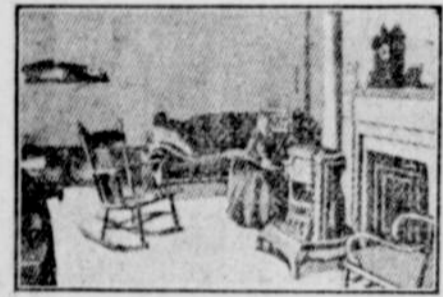
How They Tend to Improve Any Community.

GREAT BENEFIT TO WOMEN.

Very Useful to Shoppers and Visitors From the Country—Methods of Supporting the Rooms—Increasing in Numbers and Popularity—Brattleboro's Successful Venture.

In a paper read at a civics conference held under the auspices of the Woman's club of Concord, N. H., Mrs. Edward N. Pearson, the club's president, spoke on a phase of town improvement, which is both useful and attractive. She said in part:

"The subject of city rest rooms becomes interesting when we learn of places where they are successfully supported. In every community there are public spirited citizens who desire to improve the condition of the home town, either in making it more beautiful or more habitable both for resident and visitor. It may be true that Concord is conservative, but it is equally true that when an appeal is made to further a worthy object her citizens respond generously. One of the questions that interests us this evening is, Does Concord need a rest room? We answer, Yes, because there are no rest accommodations that women may make use of while shopping or when detained here for any reason. The hospitality of the stores has been gratefully accepted, but they cannot offer the freedom a rest room would provide. Among the patrons of such a room there would be women living in extreme parts of the town who are obliged to take their young children with them while shopping and women from the adjoining towns who from January to December leave



A REST ROOM.

at doors the good things from the farms and who would appreciate a place where they were welcome to rest, to eat their lunch and enjoy a refreshing cup of tea. During the automobile season tourists would avail themselves of the privileges of a rest room.

"The progressive spirit in the west and south is resulting in an increasing number of these rooms each year. In Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Idaho, Iowa, Ohio, Tennessee and Virginia women's clubs have taken the initiative. The president of the club in Oakland, Neb., writes that the Commercial club co-operates with them in furnishing fuel, light and one-half the rent. Furniture and reading matter were donated by interested citizens. A club in Oklahoma has recently opened a rest room for women from the rural districts. The expenses are met by weekly subscriptions of 25 cents from the merchants, who are heartily in favor of the enterprise. The president of the Greenville (Tenn.) club writes that four of the club members of tact and business ability called upon every business man in town, soliciting subscriptions and explaining the needs of a rest room for the women of the county and towns who came to Greenville to do shopping. Without an exception the good citizens contributed liberally to the cause. These contributions were used to buy the necessary furniture. The women appeared before the county commissioners, laying their plea before the body of men, who agreed to allow them \$20 a month as a permanent fund. With this encouragement they secured two centrally located rooms. Each member of the club gave something toward the expenses of a matron. These rooms soon becoming inadequate for their needs, two more were added, one to be used for a tea room, the other for a reading room. Again the rooms were too small. An eight room house was rented, and now every room is in use.

"To bring the subject nearer home, we find that in Concord, Mass., last year the D. A. R. organization bought a dwelling house and opened a rest room that was well patronized. I was told recently of their ambitious plans for the future. In Portland, Me., the large department stores have rest rooms for their patrons. In Vermont, Rutland and Burlington have the question under consideration. Perhaps the best concrete example of a rest room, tea room and woman's exchange we have heard of is in Brattleboro, Vt. Members of the W. C. T. U., having the courage of their convictions, made known their intention of opening a room where women from the rural districts having business in Brattleboro could have rest privileges. The opportunity to secure a large room that was vacated was made use of, the owner of the building making a gift of \$25. Failing to interest other organizations to join in their plans, the

board agreed to give \$10 a month toward the expenses. The furniture was loaned by the Y. M. C. A. auxiliary, with the privilege of holding their meetings in the room. Tag day has brought yearly \$400 each year, a sum to be used as a permanent fund. The woman's exchange pays half the salary of the matron. The income is further increased by the sale of tea, coffee and light lunches; also by the rent of the room evenings to small parties. The president of the Brattleboro club writes:

"Knowing as I do the benefits of such a room, I should urge any body of women who contemplate such an enterprise to go forward courageously. When the people of your town see what it means to them it must be they will rally to assist you." "The most creditable work in New Hampshire is not found in those clubs that provide simply a lecture and entertainment course, but in those that possess an earnest, progressive spirit that wins recognition from the communities where they are organized."

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

"THINKOGRAMS."

Each of us is a wireless telegraph station for the transmission of thought, and each of us is his own operator.

We send our silent messages day and night from our station to other stations. The things we think are the messages we send and receive.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

If we think good thoughts and helpful thoughts we send out and receive messages of good and of helpfulness. Every instrument that is attuned to this kind of messages receives and sends out such "thinkograms."

And— If we think evil and destructive thoughts we send out—and receive—evil and destructive thought messages.

Or— Some may send out messages for help and assistance, just as Jack Binns, the wireless hero, who sent his "C Q D" calls from the sinking ship over the Atlantic. And, believe me, there are receiving instruments so delicate they receive such appeals.

Each operator adjusts his instrument to take only what he wants to hear, just as the wireless machine is adjusted to receive only one kind of aerograms.

Some of us have failed properly to attune our thought machines, and they send out and receive all sorts of jumbled and discordant messages.

Mind you— If your thought transmitter sends out a smile message, a message of smiles comes back; a frown message brings back frowns; a hateful message hate, and so on.

You say this is fanciful? It is not. In so far as mental telepathy has been investigated it is the same sort as the wireless telegraph. It all depends upon the attuning of the instruments to the waves.

You do not understand how the wireless operator aboard the ship sends the dots and dashes out on the waves of the air to the station on the land, do you?

But they go! So you do not understand how your thought messages go out over the waves of mental transmission to the sensitized brain station of another, but—

They go! How necessary that we should attune the delicate machinery of thought telegraphy so that only the good and true and brave "thinkograms" shall come and go.

SACRILEGIOUS YOUTHS.

The Memorial day parade was passing by.

The Sons of Veterans, acting as escort of honor, were in advance of the old soldiers, some of whom were marching, and some, too feeble to march, were being conveyed in automobiles.

Suddenly, out from a cross street, came an auto with its "honk, honk, honk." It was occupied by two giggling girls and two callow boys. The machine plunged into the parade just behind the band, the silly girls giggling and the silly boys making noises after their kind.

And thus the machine remained so far as the present writer could see.

An old lady who stood on the sidewalk—she was the widow of a veteran—exclaimed as the tears rolled down her cheeks:

"Oh, what a sacrilege!"

It was sacrilege indeed. Of course the flippant youngsters did not so regard it. They were out for a holiday lark and were unconscious of any special irreverence.

That is the pity of it. The incident is typical. A disregard of sacred things is common to a certain class of youths.

To these pert young people a day set apart for patriotic uses makes no appeal. The flag is only a bit of bunting without significance. And patriotism? Why, that is fit only for old men who wear bronze buttons.

Is it not so? And this uncaring, indifferent disposition is often found to exist alongside a seeming contempt for parental authority, a disregard for the aged and a general recklessness for the rights of others.

Perhaps I am an old fogey, but do you

know what I wanted to do with the saucy quartet of the auto?

I wanted to take them, male and female, one by one, across my knee and teach them the first principles of decency and respect.

Who is to blame? Parents and teachers. It is easy to cultivate in the heart of a child an understanding of the self sacrifice of patriotic endeavor and a deep seated love of American institutions.

No child thus instructed would do what these malapert youngsters did on Memorial day.

LIVING WITH PEOPLE.

Human life is a school, and one of its most difficult lessons is the art of living with people.

It is not easy to live with people. At the best there is friction.

To live in this world with people means wounds made in contact, injustices suffered, annoyances, misunderstandings, heartaches.

One must needs cultivate self forgetfulness, self control, good cheer, charity. One must learn to overlook an unkindness, forget a discourtesy and endure in his optimism.

Which is not easy. As some one has said, "We need to have our sharp corners rubbed off and to learn sweet reasonableness and tolerance for other people's points of view."

In practice many of us really forget at times that there are other people in the world.

Note a few little things: Does the woman who wears the unconscionably big hat seriously realize how inconvenient she makes it for others?

And the woman with the long sharp hatpin, which endangers the eyes of her neighbors?

Some people will carry a closed umbrella in such a way as to trip pedestrians or impale them with the sharp ferrule.

Others will stop a friend in the middle of the sidewalk and compel the stream of humanity to eddy around them.

Or one has a habit of making a sudden halt to look into the shop windows, causing the one who is close behind to topple over him.

Or there is the one who opens the car window or shuts it down, consulting only his personal comfort and totally disregarding the wishes of the other passengers.

Little things? Yes, and mostly the result of thoughtlessness, a forgetting that there are other people with whom one must live.

I say nothing of the disagreeable person who is loud or fussy or grouchy or dictatorial, deliberately refusing to live amicably with other people.

Let us not forget that even should we get to heaven we must live with people.

The Rubicon.

The Rubicon, a small river separating Italy from Cisalpine Gaul, formed the limit of Caesar's command, and to cross it was virtually to declare war against the republic, since the senate had expressly declared that Caesar should lay down his arms and disband his forces within a limited time under penalty of being declared an enemy of the commonwealth.

It is said that Caesar lingered for hours on the brink of the Rubicon before making up his mind, remarking meanwhile to Potho, one of his generals, "If I pass this river what miseries shall I bring to my country, and if I do not pass it—undone."

Soon after he exclaimed, "Jacta est alea" (the die is cast), and, spurring his horse, he crossed the stream, followed by his leaders.

This historic incident of Caesar's is also led to the famous expression, "to cross the Rubicon," which came down to mean to take an irrevocable step.

Mat Currency in Samoa.

The medium of exchange between Samoans themselves is still fine mats, as it has been as far back as their history can be verified. The services of one Samoan to another, a bride's marriage settlement and the price of land are all paid in fine mats—mats which take months of patient labor to produce, whose texture is as fine as woven cloth. But, of course, any transaction between merchants or other white men and the Samoans must of necessity be performed through the medium of coin, and in minor purchases between the whites and natives the unit of value is the shilling. The Samoan majestically scorns to notice the existence of any coin whose value is less than 25 cents; therefore, even though you may be able to purchase a bunch of fine bananas for that amount, you will also pay a shilling (about the same amount) for a dozen—Los Angeles Times.

Consistency.

Counsel (to female witness)—What's your age? Witness—Twenty-nine, sir. Judge (looking up from his papers)—Did you not appear before me some ten years ago? Witness—I did, my lord. Judge—And was not your age on that occasion also twenty-nine? Witness—It was, your lordship, but what I says I stick to. I'm not one of them persons who says one thing today and another tomorrow.—Idena.

The Song of the Aviator.

(After Ben King.) Nothing to do but fly, over the hill and town; Nowhere to go but up, nowhere to fall but down.

Nothing to see but clouds; nothing to breathe but air; Nothing to dodge but winds; nothing but death to dare.

Nothing to do but go, wherever she told you to go.

Nothing but arms to break; nothing but skulls to crack.

"Tis a tame and a quiet life! More stirring by far to be in the path of a wild joy ride when the riders are on a spree. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Music Was Fatal.

A New York politician once found it necessary to attend an entertainment at an orphan's home and he was having a bad time of it. The selection by the boys' band was particularly distressing. Turning to a friend the politician said with a shudder, "No wonder they are orphans."—Success Magazine.

The Spider and the Fly.

"Will you walk out of my parlor," Said the spider to the fly, "Your feet are full of typhoid, And I do not wish to die." —Life.

Way Out of It.

"Don't you think a woman should have a vote?" "Sure, provided she doesn't use it." —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Sunday Piety.

The devil does not care how meek A man may be on Sunday If he can use him all the week. Beginning early Monday. —New York Times.

According to Me.

"What is alimony, ma?" "It's a man's cash surrender value." —Town Topics.

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