HOUSE FOR FREE SEEDS.

LOWER BRANCH OF NATIONAL LEGISLATURE PASSES THIS APPROPRIATION.

Members of Congress "Haze" Opponents of Free Seeds.—Confusion Precedes Final Vote on Bill.—Agricultural Oratory.

When the House of Representatives took up the agricultural appropriation bill, quite a discussion arose over the elimination of the usual free seed item by the committee on agriculture. The House gave to the country during the days of debate, a spectacle that elsewhere than on the floor of that parliamentary body, would have been known as "rough house."

There was a great tendency to "haze" members when they spoke in defense of the action of the committee. Much was said about the attempt to strike down the hard-working farmer and take from him that helping hand in the shape of free seeds which had been held out to him for so many years.

None of the advocates of free seeds emphasized the fact that the total value of the package containing five small packets which forms the quota sent to each farmer cost the government 1 ¼ cents, and that each member had the enormous sum of $150 worth of these seeds to distribute among his entire constituency. The arguments advanced sought to prove that the withdrawal of this subsidy of less than 2 cents to each farmer would drive the entire agricultural voting strength of the country into bankruptcy.

ELOQUENCE ON TAP.

Some of the speeches made will go rolling down the "corridors of time" as specimens of that matchless eloquence always on tap in the House of Representatives when a great national issue is up for consideration.

Mr. Henry, of Connecticut, submitted innumerable letters from his constituents and from organized granges urging the abolishment of the free-seed practice. Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming, delivered himself of a humorous speech in which he poked fun at the Department. Mr. Burleson, of Texas, opposed free seeds because he did not believe the intelligent farmers of the country expected the government to aid them in their business. Farmers, under all circumstances, he said, had supported the government and never expected the government to support them.

Mr. Burleson paid his respects, rather sarcastically, to certain members who advocated free seeds on the floor and then in the cloak rooms sneered at the "Reubens" and "hayseeds" who demanded them. Mr. Burleson challenged anybody to show a single resolution passed by an organized body of farmers favoring this "species of graft."

Mr. Mondell held the attention of the House until he had concluded, and his speech was the one cool, dispassionate episode of the day. "The question is," said he, "Shall we continue to endear ourselves to the hearts of our constituents by distributing among them a few packages annually of seeds of unknown vintage and uncertain heredity of the fragrant onion, the luscious rutabaga, and the humble but glorious—'the kind that mother used to make—pie promoting pumpkin, or shall we, with Spartan self-denial, forego this ancient and potent promoter of our claims to statesmanship?"

Mr. Mondell concluded by convulsing the House with a famous poem written by the "poet lariat" of his State on the subject under discussion by the House.

When Mr. Cocks, the representative of President Roosevelt's district on Long Island, began to denounce the free-seed evil he soon had the House by the ears. Messrs. Sulloway and

(Continued on next page.)

SCENES IN ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETRY.
Where Are Buried 26,000 Union and Confederate Dead.
1. Monumept to 2,111 "Unknown Dead."
2. Mansion House of Gen. Robert E. Lee.
3. Amphitheatre Where Memorial Services Are Held.

ANTI-MONOPOLY LAWS.

Regulations in France Which Rigidly Prohibit the Cornering of Necessary Commodities.

It seems that our anti-trust and monopoly crusaders might learn something from the methods employed in our Sister Republic of France. There, capitalists are limited in their operations of "cornering" commodities. This applies particularly to those products which are considered necessities of life, such as grain and its products, bread, meat, wine, vegetables, fruit, butter, vinegar, coal, wool, silk, etc. Any "cornering" of such articles is a criminal offense in France. It has been so, with varying forms of penalties dealt out, since 1793. The offense has been made so broad and sweeping that it now includes all persons who destroy or permit to perish merchandise of prime necessity, whether it is their property or not.

The criminal code prohibits manipulations tending to bring about an advance or fall in price that is not warranted by the law of supply and demand. The law does not include tobacco, of course, for tobacco is a government monopoly and controlled absolutely by it. The punishment meted out to the violators of this law consists of both imprisonment and fine, the term and amount being measured by the magnitude of the offense. In addition to this the offending manufacturer, merchant, or manipulator has his factory or business establishment placed under police supervision, the expense of which he pays for from two to five years. There is no more trouble in handling offending corporations than individuals. Every director or employee in a managerial capacity is responsible. For a second offense, the penalty is so severe that it would result in the extermination of almost any establishment.

MEMORIAL DAY.

No memorial day, or Decoration Day, as it is more generally known, has ever come around, since after the institution of the observance, more than thirty-five years ago, when a better state of feeling existed between the North and South, and between the men who fought in the war, than now. There has been a decided tendency this year to all sorts of Blue and Gray proceedings. The Grand Army posts and the Confederate camps have mixed themselves up in a most genial way.

This does not mean that the special value of the day, to the northerner, as a commemoration of the services and death of the Union soldier has lost its fine edge. On the contrary, it has gained in zest. The soldier died for the Union, and those who lay flowers on his grave cannot do so without thinking of the Union and its sacredness. But the Union is now secure forever. The rancors of war time are dead. The work of the hero of that war is complete. There is now no further occasion for maintaining the conflict that he had part in.

At the side of the soldiers' graves, in this year of 1906, many stalwart grandsons of men who are buried there will stand with flowers in their hands. 1865 was a good while ago. A certain amount of the decorating this year will be done by veterans' great-grandsons. For there were old fellows in the ranks of Bull Run and at Gettysburg on both sides. But there were youngsters, too, and thousands of these we have with us still. They are honored above all other men, and properly, on Memorial Day. It is their day. Nothing can be more impressive than their annual turnout. It is the nation's most beautiful spectacle, and the honoring of it weaves into American lives the enduring pattern of patriotism.

Boston has a public school teacher—Miss Clara Doane—who has taught continuously for fifty-seven years.

IS OLD AS HE FEELS.

AT EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS, SENATOR PETTUS DISGUSTED AT BEING CALLED AGED.

Constituents Idolize Him—But They are Preparing to Hold an Election to Decide on Successor—in Case He Dies.

Something unusual is happening in Alabama. The people unanimously want Edmund Winston Pettus to continue to serve them in the United States Senate as long as he lives. Yet they are preparing to hold an election to decide upon his successor. The reason is that when Senator Pettus' present term expires, in 1909, he will be 88 years old, and the election is to be held because Alabamans fear he will not live longer than that. But "Grandpa" Pettus is indignant. He says he is as spry as he was at 60 and that he expects to live out the whole six years of another term. He is candidate for re-election on the platform: "A man is as young as he feels."

Senator Pettus had reached the time for chloroforming, according to the so-called Osler doctrine, back in '63—about the time he was performing deeds of daring in defense of Vicksburg, fighting with the Confederate army. It seems that the situation had become desperate; volunteers were called for a forlorn hope. A brigade of reckless Texans offered for the service, and Pettus offered to lead. And he did lead—led where fight was hottest, and at the head of the column, his six feet four looming large in front, that protruding lower jaw set on taking those works at any cost. Where that tall figure rose and that black straight mane waved those Texans followed. They loved him for his daring, and when all was done and they learned that he was from Alabama and not from Texas they insisted on adopting him for their State, and by one acclaim he was christened "Old Texas." Pettus was a Forty-Niner. He rode from Alabama to California on horseback with a company of some forty of his neighbors. He was a mere lad then of twenty-eight, but had already had adventures in the Mexican war, in which he fought. At eighty-five his record is said to be something like this: Enjoys a game of cards, reads his Bible, loves flowers, runs no bills, carries a red bandana, calls his wife sweetheart, has a fund of subtle humor, and being a Senator who works, hasn't time to think whether the Grim Reaper is twenty or only ten years off. That, his friends believe, is a good enough platform in itself.

Joys in Tree Planting.

In the early spring the tree fakir is thriving upon the fad for foreign trees and shrubs. About the time the snow disappears in early spring the tree fakir takes his grubbing hoe, his pruning shears and a ball of twine and goes into the woods. There he grubs up tree sprouts—sumach, oak, alianthus, hickory, beech, poplar, chestnut—or almost anything else will serve his purpose. These he trims and prunes and ties up in bundles for removal to the place where they are to be stored.

When the spring tidying up of the home garden commences the tree fakir makes his appearance in public. He will show pictures of rare Japanese or Chinese or Mexican or East Indian shrub trees and offer to supply you sprouts at a figure that is most inviting. You see an opportunity to get a plant worth $12 for $1, and then you think of the envy which that queer, red-leafed, wide-spreading bush will excite in the breast of your neighbor—and you buy.

By and by you shout with joy and call your wife out to see the tiny leaves, and then you begin to brag and look down upon your neighbors. You invite them in to see the wonder, and you talk learnedly of horticulture in Japan or the East Indies.

And then your glorious tree bursts into leaf—when you discover that you have bought an ordinary, common, everyday sumach or a maple, or, perhaps, a scrawny little peach tree. Then you lie in wait for him, and you meet with another disappointment. He doesn't come around any more.

Afterthoughts.

The ratio of married couples living to celebrate the golden anniversary is 1 to 11,000.

According to Pekin reports, the Chinese bandits are almost as active as East Side rioters in New York.

A Milwaukee poetess won a barrel of flour in a poetical contest. Few poets are so lucky in landing the dough.

"Chicago bristles," says Henry James, proving that they took him on the usual sightseeing trip through the stockyards—hogs and cattle.

The baby that was born in a parlor car on the Lake Shore road can claim that whatever success he achieves later in life was due to early training.

Henry James calls himself a "frustrated American." Those of us who have tried to understand Mr. James' books belong in the same class.

The Washington State Supreme Court has given George H. Melse $14,000 for the loss of a leg. George's financial standing is now assured.

Dr. Wiley, the Government Chemist, is looking into the question of how long refrigerator plants may keep food without detriment to the consumer. He is, of course, after the cold facts.

RED TAPE IN DAYS OF '61.

The Best Way to Get Brooms Was to Beg the Money and Buy Them.

A veteran of the civil war, in commenting on the so-called Panama circumlocution office, gave some amusing reminiscences of the working of the "rep tape" during the days of 1861.

"I was quartermaster sergeant in a New York regiment and had been detailed to assist in handling a bunch of recruits," he said. "At the end of the first week I discovered that we were out of brooms, and when I reported the matter to the lieutenant he told me to stop off at the ordnance store when I rode in to get the rations. I made out a requisition for half a dozen brooms and he signed it. When I got to the store I showed it to the sergeant in charge and he laughed at me.

"'You must get it signed by the major,' he said.

"I finally hunted up the major and he told me that the order must be on army form 790,897K, and not on foolscap. I told him that my party were recruits and we had no stationery. He told me to go or to send to Washington and get some. I explained that this would take long and that the brooms would not do any good if we did not get them sooner. He then asked if the lieutenant was the commander of my corps. I answered that of course he was not. 'Then,' I was told, 'he must put under his name "For Officer Commanding.'"

"I went back to camp, and after writing out a new requisition had the desired improvement made. When I returned to the major he explained that it was all wrong. Instead of saying 'required for such a regiment and company, six brooms,' I should have concluded it with 'brooms six.' I scratched out the line and rewrote it. I was then told such corrections were not allowed, and a new requisition was necessary. I drew up a new one and asked if it was all right. The major reluctantly said he thought it would pass. I then rode back to camp and got it signed. Taking it to the ordnance store I was informed that nothing could be issued on such an order. It had to be registered. I asked for further particulars, and was informed that this could be done at the major's office. Once more I trotted back and eventually a corporal placed my paper under a little stamp and inflicted a mark something like a notary's seal. Again I went to the ordnance store.

"'Is this all right now,' I asked.

"'Yes,' answered the sergeant. 'It's a bit irregular, but it will do.'

"'May I have the brooms now?'

"'You can't have them at all,' answered the sergeant, severely.

"'Why, in Heaven's name, can't I?'

"'Because,' he replied as he turned away, 'we haven't any. We are all out of them.'"

Scrutinize your change carefully; a dangerous counterfeit thousand dollar bill has been discovered.

Pirates have stolen a Standard Oil vessel. There is apparently no longer honor among members of the profession.

Dr. Wiley, chief chemist of the Agricultural Department, says that bottled whiskey is the safest. Of course it is, as long as it stays bottled.

The Chicago News says that a man may flirt with some of the girls all the time and all of the girls some of the time; but that no man has a right to flirt with all the girls all the time.

It is solemnly asserted that the two great political parties together, only spent four million dollars during the last presidential campaign. How could they manage to pay for stationery alone with such a miserly allowance.

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

MRS. GOODLETT OF NASHVILLE—FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF NATIONAL ORDER.

Strove for Years to Unite Various Southern State Organizations—Active Worker in Many Charitable Institutions.

Few have accomplished more for living patriotism as well as perpetuating the memory of the heroic dead of the Southland than Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, of Nashville, Tenn., the founder and first president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. No one but a woman of such force of character united to the social training that comes from inheritance through a long line of ancestors, together with parliamentary experience, could have conceived and firmly established in so short a time a society that now numbers 40,000 members.

Mrs. Goodlett is very modest in speaking of this cherished child of

MRS. M. C. GOODLETT,
President United Daughters of the Confederacy.

hers, whose birth has given monuments and loving tribute to both living and dead Southern heroes. Her object in uniting the women of the South was to bring them together, to pull shoulder to shoulder with the Confederate veterans in extending all necessary aid to the needy survivors of the war between the States; to protect historic places of the Confederacy; to record the part taken by Southern women, as well in untiring effort after the war in the reconstruction of the South as in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle; to honor the memory of those who fell in the service of the Confederate States; and to cherish ties of friendship among the members of the society.

She worked for years striving to organize the United Daughters of the Confederacy before even her own association of which she was president would co-operate with her in calling a convention and inviting other Daughters of the Confederacy to unite in forming a national association. At this time, besides being President of the Tennessee Daughters, she was a member of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the National Prisoners Association, and the National Humane Association, and was educated up to the point where she could see the advantage of consolidating the scattered forces of Confederate workers who were few and far apart. Her work with the national associations showed her the great possibilities in concert of action, and, having time, means, and social influence to back her in the work, she determined to carry out her plans, and unflinchingly fought opposition from start to finish. The result was that on September 10, 1894, the Society of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized at Nashville, Tenn.

When the Tenneseeans announced a little over a month ago that they proposed to have a portrait of Mrs. Goodlett painted and placed in the museum at Richmond, Va., appeals came at once from the chapter of the States requesting that they might also contribute toward honoring their founder. The requests were complied with and the portrait was unveiled at Nashville, Tenn., June 8, 1905.

Granted.

At the Grant family dinner Major General Frederick D. Grant told this story on himself:

"I was booked to speak at a large dinner in town and the toastmaster felt it incumbent upon him to make my path as smooth as possible. He therefore spoke of my father and said I strongly resembled him. This had the desired effect on the people present, and they gave me their best attention.

"Although I spoke as well as I could, I felt that everyone was disappointed in me and I sat down with relief that it was over.

"The toastmaster rose and smiled at me. Then he said to the guests:

"'Didn't I tell you he was just like his father? He can't speak worth a cent.'"

SEEING IS BELIEVING

IT IS NOT AN EASY MATTER

to make a million people believe that so good a magazine as ***Maxwell's Homemaker Magazine*** can be published for ten cents a year.

But we are **doing it** because the magazine speaks for itself and tells its own story.

Here is what one of our subscribers at Crockett, Texas, writes:

"The March number of your excellent magazine is before me. It is certainly filled with helpful articles, and I would be glad to know that every family in Texas had the benefit of its teachings. The first article in this number, 'A Homecrofter's Garden,' should be preserved for reference. THE ARTICLE 'HEALTH IN THE HOME,' IF CAREFULLY FOLLOWED, WOULD SAVE SICKNESS IN EVERY FAMILY. Anything that I can do to assist you in extending your circulation in Texas will be gladly done."

Our circulation has grown so satisfactorily that with the April number we were able to enlarge the magazine and add several new features, and it will continue to improve every month.

If you have not yet seen the magazine, write for a free sample copy. It will convince you that for only *ten cents a year* you can get a magazine of more real genuine value than any other magazine that is published to every one who is really studying how to make the home life better and happier, how to lighten the housekeeper's labors, how to bring up the children and keep them and the whole family well and strong all the time, and do it all on a moderate income.

"The Delights of Gardening" in the April number would open the door of a new life in many a family if they would read it.

And here are some of the other Departments:

Stories and Sketches, Little Folks in the Home, Home Etiquette, The Home Garden, Garden Notes, Editorial Comment, The Home Study, Music in the Home, Entertaining in the Home, Home Sewing, Care of the Home, Health in the Home, Home Cooking, Building the House (with plan and design for a cottage home), ***Home Handicraft, Home Cheer.***

You will get this April number and in addition ONE WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION, covering twelve copies of the magazine, one each month for twelve months, if you will put *one dime* or *five two cent stamps* in an envelope with your name and address (*write it plainly*), and mail it to **MAXWELL'S HOMEMAKER MAGAZINE, 1405 Fisher Building, Chicago, Ill.**

Do It Now—Don't Delay