

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

873 SWEET POTATO YIELD.

Texas Farmer Produces 225 Bushels on One Acre of Land. Two hundred and twenty-five bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre is the yield produced on the little farm of S. G. Maddox in the southeast suburb of Weatherford, Texas, says the New York Herald.

From less than one-fifth acre Mr. Maddox dug forty-five full-measured bushels and the potatoes are as fine and smooth as one ever saw. They are of the bunch yam variety, not the regular old pumpkin yam, but of a lighter and brighter color, and grow long and smooth.

Out of one hill Mr. Maddox took sixteen potatoes, the average weight of each being a little more than half a pound; out of another hill he took seven potatoes, the combined weight of which was fifteen and one-third pounds.

Mr. Maddox does not lay claim to be a farmer. This is the first crop of potatoes he ever tried to raise and is, of course, proof of the success of his first effort.

Another part of his crop of which Mr. Maddox is proud is his cotton. Out of 1,200 pounds of lint cotton he ginned a bale that weighed 525 pounds and out of 1,410 pounds of lint cotton he got a bale that weighed 540 pounds.

While Mr. Maddox was telling of this cotton to a party of friends another cotton grower remarked that he had some cotton on his place that would equal it, if not beat it. He was J. M. Phillips, whose farm is two and a half miles east of the town. He showed a sample of cotton, of a very fine grade, which had just been ginned and which gave him a 490-pound bale out of 1,310 pounds of seed cotton.

Mr. Phillips states that he has eight acres of this cotton and that he will get twelve bales from it, that in some places it will produce as much as two bales to the acre and that the land was overworked a half dozen times last spring.

QUEER STORIES

There are in Glasgow 17,000 unlet premises, 16,000 being dwelling houses. Giving evidence at an inquest at Lambeth, London, a woman said that she had had twenty-one children, six of whom were alive.

Word is being passed around among the alumni of Harvard that a plan is on foot to raise a fund with which to provide a memorial in appreciation of the services to the university of President Eliot, who is to relinquish his position next spring, when his resignation becomes effective.

Observes the London Chronicle: "In London the man who demands respect has his clothes made for him. But no New York man who is not a millionaire or near it buys anything but store clothes. And the ready-made clothes are so standardized that you have but to confess your inches and you are clothed in America."

One of the steam shovels engaged in work on the Panama canal, in the operation of which more than 300 employees were engaged, recently lifted out a quantity of dynamite which is described in an official report as being "more than a bushel." What would have happened if the shovel had struck the dynamite instead of the earth around it is easy to imagine.

Before the Royal Photographic Society of England a lecturer said recently: "One of the reasons why Americans excel in certain branches of athletics is that athletic clubs in the United States use the focal-plane photograph and the cinematograph to record every incident of their practices. Afterward faults are corrected by careful study of what the camera shows."

Active road building in Turkey and the opening of a new field for the sale of American automobiles are expected to result from the imperial trade that permitted motoring in the Ottoman empire. American automobilists and motorcyclists are already showing a desire to tour by automobile through European and Asiatic Turkey. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus are long stretches of good roads.

Harvard's new football captain, who is a son and namesake of Hamilton Fish, United States assistant treasurer at New York and Congressman-elect, is a young giant. Although only twenty years old, Fish is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 198 pounds. The Boston papers unite in saying that he will make a great Harvard captain. In all the later games of the season just past, after Captain Burr was injured, Fish was acting captain, and proved a good leader.

Her Friend. There is nothing like a staunch friend. At a "home" in the country which the children of the stunts are allowed to visit for a short term in the summer the following incident occurred. A party of a hundred of the youngsters were on their way back to the city. The attendant noticed that one of the girls, Rosie, was walking clumsily. A writer in the New York Tribune tells the story.

When the attendant heard a chorus of girls all aimed at little Rosie, she saw that the girl was wearing a pair of slippers of large size. Then the attendant remembered that Rosie had had a new pair of slippers and the little girl was asked about it.

"Well," said Rosie, "you see the shoes ain't mine. They're Katie's. I know they're awful big, but her mamma ain't had any work lately, so she couldn't buy her a new pair. She just gave her own shoes to Katie."

"Katie felt awful bad about it and cried all the way to the station. The girls all laughed at her, so I just lent her my new ones and took hers."

"You see, teacher," said Rosie, raising her eyes to the attendant's face, "Katie's my friend."

Woman can diet as easily as they can get over a love affair; but men can't do it. Women talk too much about marriage to suit the men.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE TRAGEDY OF VANISHING FORESTS.

HERE are some men in public life who profess to believe that trees grow about as fast as they are used and that it is foolish to worry about the future and try to make provisions for it. This opinion is sometimes heard in the halls of Congress.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who has given the subject much attention, says: "We are now using in one year as much wood as grows in three, with only twenty years of virgin growth in sight." This is an alarming prediction, but Chief Forester Pinchot thinks it is too favorable. He says the country is now consuming 100,000,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure, annually, which will exhaust our supply of timber in fourteen years. We cannot afford to run out of American lumber in fourteen, twenty, or thirty years. The waning supply must be replenished. Our bare hills must be reforested on a large scale. When the necessity of this is demonstrated so that the most incredulous must believe it, the indifference to reforestation will give place to zeal, and spasmodic efforts here and there will be succeeded by a comprehensive and continuous work of tree planting.—Philadelphia Press.

SCHOOLS FOR MINERS.

IGHT has dawned in the minds of some managers of the Pennsylvania anthracite companies, and they are said to be planning to open schools in which operatives can be taught by experts how to meet the technical and foreseeable exigencies of their dangerous calling. Better late than never. No discipline, however strict, can defeat the perfect works of ignorance. An ounce of prevention in mining, as in everything else, is worth a pound of remedy. State supervision of obedience to law is necessary, but can be diminished in cost and severity by such action as is now contemplated.—Boston Herald.

END OF NIGHT RIDING.

IT is very natural for Kentucky to rejoice over the sale of the Burley Tobacco Society's holdings to the American Tobacco Company. Farmers in the central and eastern counties may now go to bed without fear of being roused to see their acres scraped, their homes burned, and themselves assaulted. But there is little reason and no wisdom in the pleasant prophecy that night-riding will never come into vogue again. This may prove true; if it does, though, it will not be because the outlaws have been pacified by their share of the \$14,000,000. Unless the state has learned its lesson, cheap tobacco may bring on another period of anarchy, and yet another. To prevent this, the laws exempting farmers' pools from the general restrictions upon monopoly must be repealed; selling agents must let independent manufacturers bid for their bales; and independent planters

must be guaranteed every feasible protection. A large program, we admit, and one requiring the good will of the whole population. But now that peace has come, it will be all too easy to let bygones be bygones and forget the deeper evils of which the past three years have been but a passing display.—New York Evening Post.

HISTORY WE OUGHT TO STUDY.

HISTORIANS give much importance to political lines because they exist, and not enough to the races and incidents that produced those lines. Rome is the center of all European history, and in its dominance drew to itself all the states of Europe; but in its decline these states were divided

into smaller states by the cohesion of racial bonds. The wars of the past have been due to racial ambitions working in one form or another. History in its telling has only recently been placed upon a scientific basis, accepting the theory that science is without prejudice and preconception; it has done little for enlightenment and much for that confusion which results from perversion of fact and the glorification of some particular race. It is men, not races, that have made history; and only when we deal with men and their motives and throw the light on all in a spirit of justice and truth that history is worth while.

Racial history is almost wholly neglected, and we hope that some day a historian will devote himself to the important work of getting out a school history which will enable the scholar to know what the races coming to this country are and what they have been doing in the past, which will dissipate many popular fallacies and help greatly in the problem of assimilating these old races as they enter this new country.—Boston Traveler.

SHRINKAGE IN INCOMES.

IT is said that there has been a great shrinkage in the professional income of the physicians throughout the United States of late, and that it is not wholly attributable to business depression. An elaborate statistical investigation would be required to tell whether the public is spending more money on more doctors, or whether the shrinkage is due to other causes, as for instance, a wider diffusion of knowledge of the laws of sanitation, etc. Physicians will differ in their diagnosis while recognizing the fact. One Boston physician insists that there is a combination of causes at work, and enumerates among them the overcrowding of the profession and the high cost of living, which he holds is reducing the middle class—classifying by incomes—on whom physicians and surgeons must depend for more than a hand-to-mouth practice. Another bluntly says that people nowadays are better guarded by public sanitary agencies than their fathers were, and that the general average of physique is correspondingly higher.—Boston Transcript.

OUR MODERN WORLD OF CULTURE AS PICTURED BY THE LONDON PAPERS.



THE NEWEST PHASE OF PARISIAN LIFE: DINING BETWEEN THE ACTS.

The recent production of "Die Gotterdammerung" without "cuts" at the Paris opera caused the management to make provision for their patrons to the extent of arranging that they could dine in the theater during the long interval between the first and second acts. The idea met with the immediate approval of fashionable Paris, and became the rage. The hour's interval has now been

done away with, but the dining goes on, despite the fact that the performance begins at 7:30, has but two entr'actes of ten minutes each, and is over by midnight. It is now being asked in the English papers whether it cannot be made possible to dine at our own theaters.—Illustrated London News.

THE ACTOR AND HIS PART.

Many a Play Oves Everything to the One Who Has Leading Role. The "star's" philosophy has generally been that the public pays to see him or her and not the play, says George Middleton, in the Bookman. With the case of some this is true, and that accounts for the large majority of monologues foisted on a public which follows a "star." This is no new development; it lies inherent in this historic temperament and in the average desire to see "fireworks," it has always existed and will continue so. The absurd stage version of Guy Mannering, for instance, owed its half century of vitality solely to the great opportunities afforded the actress in Mez Merrilies. Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Jannaschek made their reputations in the part. Rip Van Winkle is an even greater example; Joseph Jefferson, full in love with the character in the tale and endeavored for years to obtain a play which would sufficiently present Rip's many lovable weaknesses. Even with all Boucicault's amazing skill the play can hardly be called a masterpiece—yet it served the venerable actor forty years and will only survive because he played it. The same may be said of the dramatization of "The Cricket on the Hearth" it was the character of Caleb Plummer alone which made it live. The fourteen versions of Don Quixote, including those tried by Irving and Solheim, owe their existence solely to the whimsical, extravagant acting opportunities offered in the Don—yet not one has ever had the least success as a play. Of all the versions made of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," that made by T. Russell Sullivan for Richard Mansfield alone had success. This play, which incidentally brought nothing to Robert Louis Stevenson, might have been played year in and year out by

MADRID CALLED FRIVOLOUS.

Spanish Capital a Spendthrift Town and Devoted to Gossip. The note of Madrid is frivolity, according to the London Times. It is a spendthrift town. Nowhere do so many people of modest means keep carriages or at least hire them. The automobile has supplied a new outlet to an old passion.

Nowhere do so many people who cannot afford to have a motor driver, or to buy regular supplies of petrol (which, to be sure, is both dear and bad in Spain), keep an automobile. Therefore they turn out now and again for a short run at high speed to their own glorification and the danger of the public. As for that public, it lives in the streets and in a perpetual state of brisk talk.

What London or Paris news comes through to Madrid, except telegrams, is mostly gossip. Important matters appear to interest the Madrilenos little. What did interest him was when a young person appeared on horseback in Hyde Park in a director's costume. Feather-headed and light-heeled, the Madrilenos, on the other hand, good-natured and easy to live with.

Madrid women dress well and the charm of the Spanish woman is never denied. Modern Madrid is sometimes supposed to be modeled on modern Paris, but the writer's view is that there is nothing Parisian about Madrid except the skin.

Paris works desperately hard, is intensely interested in serious things and producers, thinkers and men of intellectual and scientific eminence. Madrid certainly does not work hard, does not appear to be much interested in anything but frivolity and few of her greatest men, even statesmen, are much more than names.

SPARROWS AT SAME PRICE.

Same Old Sermon by Preacher Fused Man Away Three Years. The Rev. Simon Purple was an eloquent speaker, but he seemed to have a list of sermons which, when he once began, he went right through to the end and then started at the first sermon again, and so on, says Tit Bits.

A young man in the congregation was about to leave for South Africa, but the Sunday before he departed he attended the church service.

In the course of his lecture the minister used an illustration in which were the words "A man can easily purchase two sparrows for 3 pence."

The young man, after being absent for about three years, returned and again on the first opportunity attended divine service. Strange to say, he heard the same narrative by the same minister, the phrase striking him most being the "two sparrows for 3 pence."

At the close of the service the minister in his courtesy, came and shook hands with the youth, and welcoming him back to his home asked him if he noticed any changes about the place.

The young man, evidently quite unconcerned, replied: "Aye, man, there's two or three changes, but there's yin thing I can see—the price of sparrows is aye at the same old figger."

If a boy is healthy, he can make a clean room look in ten minutes as though a cyclone had passed through it. Ever occur to you that you are wasting time when telling your troubles?

MEN WIN BY DIRECTING THEIR YOUTH.

By John A. Howland.

Ask most men of ripened worldly experience the one thing in their lives which they regret. Somewhere you will discover that most of them are nursing consciousness that they did not "find themselves" soon enough as young men. They let too many young years run away from them.

Youth is disposed to have its fling. It would need another estate wholly to escape the promptings which come to the young head on the young shoulders. But in these later years especially, when so much of the world's work is in the hands of the young man, it is more than ever devolving upon him to get a line on himself. So many of the world's ways and means are new—so many of the world's arts are to be learned in the scientific and technological schools—that the young man must be both student and worker.

The young man cannot be too alert to the significance of all that comes in touch with in the life of the outside world. There is no phase of life which may not yield to him under observation, something by which his after course may be directed and shaped. He cannot too soon learn the face of Opportunity. He cannot too quickly cast off the non-essentials which would clog his progress.

MODERN MOTHER MERELY A HOUSEWIFE.

By Lady Mac Laren.

A Greek philosopher has advised that "if any man has two loaves, let him sell one and buy lilies, for the soul has its needs as well as the body." This is the kind of catering for the housewives of the future, to collect the flowers of heart, and mind, and soul to deck the board, so that the breadwinner, worn with the toils of the day, will find more refreshment than in the present monotony of mutton. It is in such an atmosphere that patriots are raised and noble qualities find favorable soil.

What elements in the home as it exists to-day can be dispensed with? The departments sentenced to disappear are many.

The basement would be gone, with its scullery, its coal cellar and its dust bin. The pantry would be gone, with its redundant knives and forks, napery and plate. The servants' hall would disappear, and, in great measure, the troops of servants would be gone. Upstairs the dining room would be gone, and the drawing room also. All the spare bedrooms would be gone, and most of the servants' bedrooms. What, then, would remain?

Father's sitting room would be left. Mother's sitting room would be left. And, best of all, the children would remain, taking their right place in the house, the first place, each with a private room always well warmed and lighted, and designed for rest, meditation or private work, places where young minds would have that space, leisure and solitude which induce true growth.

Women must move the public mind. They must sit

PAST AGES NOT WITHOUT VIRTUES.

By Walter Bagehot.

Nation making is the occupation of men in the early ages. And it is war that makes nations. Nation changing comes afterward, and is mostly effected by peaceful revolution, though even then war, too, plays its part. The idea of an indestructible nation is a modern idea; in early ages all nations were destructible, and the further we go back the more incessant was the work of destruction.

Many sorts of primitive improvement are pernicious to war; an exquisite sense of beauty, a love of meditation, a tendency to cultivate the force of the mind at the expense of the force of the body, help in their respective degrees to make men less warlike than they would otherwise be. But these are the virtues of other ages. The first work of the first ages is to bind men together in the strong bond of a rough, coarse, harsh custom. And the incessant conflict of nations effects this in the best way.

Long ages of dreary monotony are the first facts in the history of human communities, but those ages were not lost to mankind, for it was then that was formed the comparatively gentle and guidable thing which we now call human nature.

CHARACTER MAIN FACTOR IN SUCCESS.

By William E. H. Lecky.

One of the most important lessons that experience teaches is that on the whole and in the great majority of cases success in life depends more on character than on either intellect or fortune. Temperance, industry, integrity, frugality, self-reliance and self-restraint are the means by which the great masses of men rise from penury to comfort, and it is the nations in which these qualities are most diffused that in the long run are the most prosperous.

Cardinal Newman has painted the character of the perfect gentleman:

He is one who never inflicts pain. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast. He is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled. He has no ears for flattery or gossip. He has too much good sense to be affronted by an insult. He is too clear-headed to be unjust. He is as simple as he is forcible and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence.

dividing them from one another, and yet—to him, how great! He was thinking of one woman. * * * He wondered. * * * But no, it was inconceivable she could have waited for him! Waited, too, for what?

He said aloud: "But there is one, this last chance, to sink or swim. To-morrow!"

Yes, he had come to this that he had staked his all on one last throw; his future as an artist, the woof of fortune, fame, applause, rested upon a question of to-morrow's ruling.

And the contingency was so remote; the possibility that the picture he had sent in might be hung in the academy for this year. This was his vow, after years of contemptuous ignoring of the expert judgment that had in the past thrown his out again, and yet again, from among those whose work they approved, and he condemned.

He was giving himself his last chance! And, meantime!

He dropped the blind and walked to the door. He took down from it his cap. He went out into the wet night.

"It is really remarkably like Selena—Selena ten, or fifteen years ago. What did you say was the name of the

for the man who had looked at her so keenly. "His face is familiar," she said to herself. "I dare say he knew me." She began to move enterprisingly towards the doorway, where Ralph Paterson had come to a pause, his dark face standing high above the sea of men and women who drifted past him. "He is a head above any of them," she told herself with satisfaction. "It simplifies matters when you are looking for a person in a crowd like this. In that way both he and Selena are very obliging people indeed. He would make a very good pair with Selena, too; I wonder who he is. He has an air, though he is shabby; but then an artist can afford to do as he likes in the matter of dress, and he certainly can't be an ordinary, everyday individual with that head." Her incoherent thoughts ran on, and when she reached Ralph Paterson she had decided that she must have met him at some time or another, and have forgotten. "Though he is not the kind of man one forgets," she added to herself.

She said now, at once holding out a hand: "I can't remember for the moment where I have met you, but I feel sure that we have seen each other before." And then, as he looked at her with dawning comprehension, and that certain amusement: "I am Marlon Sefton, of Sefton Park; perhaps we have met in Hampshire."

But that was improbable, as they were both aware. None the less, Ralph Paterson's smile came, and with it a certain reserve of manner. "We have met—yes, I am Ralph Paterson."

His smile, she told herself, was charming, much more charming than in the days before he had gone away to Paris to lose more than he had gained. She said at once, with ready appreciation of the situation: "Then you heard me call you a lame dog?"

"It was that—until today," he said. She looked at him a moment keenly. Then she said softly: "Here comes Selena. Need I introduce you to her—it is fifteen years since she last saw you."

He had turned as she spoke, and his eyes followed the direction of hers; they rested upon Selena Scarsdale with a certain fierce self-restraint in them. "No, I think I should need no help to remember," he said.

She glanced at him. "They are all very cross with Selena; she is thirty-three and unmarried still! The Scarsdale women always marry in their teens; it is an unwritten law," she added quickly. "My picture?"

"It is Selena—in her teens." Her eyes asked him a question. "I said in answer to it: 'She has always been the one woman in the world to me.'"

"And you with her the one man, believe that—and do not keep her waiting." The pair were close upon them, Selena and the other. He said abruptly: "Thank you."

When he turned Selena was holding out her hands to him with a little exclamation of astonishment and delight; before the expression in her eyes the other woman looked away. Marlon Sefton's voice was sharp as she said quickly: "He's quite gray, and he has had a bad time that'll mark him forever; but I'm glad he has got Selena."

And Ralph Paterson was saying to Selena: "It was an inspiration—stalking all—on you!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Goal

The studio was in darkness. By the window one spot of red light showed itself in the intense gloom; it was the lighted end of Ralph Paterson's cigar. It was a cheap cigar, and its rank flavor struck unpleasantly upon his palate; but Ralph Paterson continued to smoke it. "For my sins," he said to himself, "and they are many—against art and against my fellow-artists if I am to believe what the world says of me."

Ralph Paterson was engaged in that dreariest of all dreary tasks; he was marshaling to an undesired goal an unwilling conscience; he was explaining elaborately to himself why it was that the fates had been unkind when they had thrown him into the world minus an artistic love—or patience under-misfortune, plus the artistic delight in painting pictures for his fellow-beings, which the great public would have none of, despite his persistence.

There was upon the easel by the window a canvas. Ralph in the darkness could not see it; but he was intensely conscious of its presence with him in the room. It was an old canvas, ten, fifteen years old; one of the last of those earlier paintings of his which had won him in his youth a certain fame with picture dealers of a fifth-rate taste—they were the expression of the Ralph Paterson of fifteen years ago, who had never dreamed any but the most unexciting dreams of comfortable, homely fame. They had been the product of an artist who had seen no life outside the narrowing artistic conventions of an unambitious art school in a little manufacturing town in the Midlands.

This one of these was a terrible thing, or so it seemed to Ralph Paterson as he sat there in the black darkness and called it to mind—but his kind had brought him in a livelihood! There was merit in it, merit because it gave promise of better things; it was that merit that twisted Ralph Paterson's lips as he thought upon it.

"What is merit, promise?" he said aloud.

He rose and began to pace to and fro in the darkness. A simple enough feat; for the room was bare of night but the necessities; a bed, an easel, a cheap washstand thrust into a corner, a row of pegs behind the door.

And he had begun differently! He laughed at the thought of the first few years of comparative affluence, following the sale of several canvases, when he had, returning from a strenuous apprenticeship to a new ideal in the Latin quarter, lived upon his small capital and high hopes. Those days were far enough away now!

He tossed the end of his cigar away with an exclamation. He crossed to the window, and stood there looking down upon the hurrying crowd below. The night was wet, and a sea of dripping umbrellas moved past in an endless stream, their owners unseen by the watcher above.

Numberless women! Women out on such a night! One, another, and another, and another! A sea of women, and every one her own distinctive self. Ah, how slight was the difference



TURNED AND LOOKED AT THE SPEAKER.

artist? * * * Ralph Paterson? * * * Ralph Paterson—why I remember him quite well. He painted very nicely when he was a young man, before he went to Paris or somewhere to gain technique, or color, or something or another he hadn't got. But whatever he gained it was less than what he lost—and he couldn't find a public for the wretched things he called portraits, and his sitters called libels—when he came back. I have heard that he went under, starved in a garret. We all thought he had died—Selena, too, for she had a kind of liking for him. Selena was always like that, always looking after the lame dogs. * * *

The lame dogs! Ralph Paterson turned and looked at the speaker, and she, surprised by his sudden unconscious movement, stared back at him a moment with some interest. She said to herself: "I wonder if he is the author of some of the atrocious I have been criticising freely for the last half hour? He looks decidedly wolfish."

She watched him with undisguised amusement as he moved away, then she turned to her companion: "I wish you would find Selena; she would like to see this, I'm sure. I believe she is still in the first room."

"This lame dog has done well for himself, at any rate," she thought. "He has got a good show for his work." Her restless eyes still raked the room