

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

500,000 THEATER-GOERS.

ACAREFUL estimate makes it probable that at least 500,000 persons attend theaters in New York on week days, and 500,000 on Sundays. This means that as a factor in the life of the people the theater stands second only to the public schools. It must at once be added that of these 500,000 or 500,000 not 20 per cent are found at Broadway theaters, or, indeed, at any of the standard theaters. This fact at once throws the theater problem into its right perspective. The plays presented on Broadway are subject to violent criticism just now and have even aroused the reforming ire of the Board of Aldermen; but what of the 100-odd theaters swarming in the tenement districts and offering food wholesome or poisonous to the immigrant, the child and the workman? There are over 500 moving picture shows in Greater New York, seating from 150 to 300 people, situated in the tenement districts, giving a dozen performances a day—veritable institutions in the life of the people. But they are practically unregulated.

On the constructive side, it must be remembered, that no agency in New York at this moment draws as the moving picture show draws. It reaches a broad stratum of people not reached by the recreation centers or the social settlements. Moving pictures, because of their cheapness and often their real excellence, represent the theater itself to the great majority of the wage-earners. They are a social force of commanding importance, whether for good or for ill—a force which must be used and developed.—*Charities and the Commons.*

LET THE COLLEGE BE KEPT CLEAN.

THE public was recently entertained but not edified by newspaper accounts of a young male student at the University of Chicago who had appeared and danced in the costume of a degenerate female of ancient history. Such performances, and the queer taste that engages in them, tolerates them, applauds them and considers them "smart," must inspire most men with disgust. They suggest the advisability of a quiet but rigid inquiry into the social conditions and tendencies in which such incidents arise.

The "female impersonator" on the professional stage is a repellent spectacle. To be offended by similar spectacles in private life is something that all men, especially all young men, should be spared. Furthermore, and apart from the bad taste of such performances, it is certainly not the business of colleges and universities to encourage, tolerate or even wink at enterprises or amusements of the student body which tend to make young men effeminate or young women masculine.

Each sex has its place and its work on earth, and the place and work of one is not the place and work of the other. Whenever and wherever it becomes fashionable or is regarded as in any sense interesting or laudable for men to try to be like women or women to try

CZAR HAS FIVE CHILDREN.

Baby of the Family is heir apparent to the Russian Throne.

Czar Nicholas of Russia and his consort, Alexandra Feodorovna, who was Princess Alix of Hesse, whose grandmother was the late Queen Victoria of England, have five lively children—four girls and a boy. The boy, who is in the high position as heir apparent to the throne of all the Russias, is the baby of the family.

His name is Alexis Nicolavitch, and he is a grand duke. As crown

reason of the lodgment of particles of food between the teeth or in small depressions and dents. Certain kinds of food, especially sugars and starchy foods, if allowed to remain in contact with the teeth set up an acid fermentation, during which the bacteria which are produced literally feed upon the teeth, first eating away the enamel and when that is gone burrowing down into the dentine until the pulp of the tooth is exposed. As soon as they reach the nerve of the tooth a terrible toothache announces the fact.

There are three causes behind all

most important part of the child's early training. A simple alkaline toothpaste or cream should be used once a day, and the dentist should be consulted at regular intervals, because there is no matter in which prevention is so surely better than cure as in the care of the teeth.—*Youth's Companion.*

Direct Answers.

The negroes of Africa are simple and direct in speech. It never occurs to them, writes R. H. Milligan in "The Jungle Folk in Africa," that the purpose of language is to conceal thought, and to commiserate the African for his color is a waste of sympathy. In illustration of this Mr. Milligan gives an amusing conversation with one of his pupils.

One day, when I was talking to Bojedi, something in the course of the conversation prompted me to ask him whether he would like to be a white man. He replied respectfully but emphatically in the negative. I wished to know his reason. He hesitated to tell me; but I was insistent, and at last he replied:

"Well, we think that we are better-looking."

I gasped when I thought of the vastly ill-looking faces I had seen in the jungles, and in apology for myself, I said:

"But you have not seen us in our own country, where there is no malaria, and where we are not yellow and green."

He quietly asked what color we were in our own country, to which I promptly replied, "Pink and white."

Looking at me steadily for a moment, he remarked:

"Mr. Milligan, if I should see you in your own country I don't believe I should know you."

Taking It Out in Trade.

The moral of the story printed below, which is quoted from the New York Tribune, is that a young man who contemplates changing his occupation or position should take care that the bargain he makes with his new employer is definite. There is also another moral—for employers.

The proprietor of a certain Turkish-bath establishment, seeing a strong-looking young man working in a butcher's shop, and being impressed by his magnificent muscles, told him to resign and take a rubber's position with him.

"I'll give you more than you are getting now," he said.

The young butcher, resigning in good faith, turned up the next morning at the bathhouse.

"Well," said the proprietor to him, "I'll put you on at once. What did you get at the butcher's?"

"Six dollars and my week's meat," returned the young man.

"What did that amount to?"

"About three dollars."

"Well," said the proprietor, "I offered you more to come here, didn't I? I'll give you six dollars in money and four dollars' worth of baths weekly. That is a dollar more than you got at your old place."

As It Seems.

"What makes you say he made his money easily?"

"Don't you know? All he did was write a play."

It's a mighty mean grocer who puts a screen over his apple barrels.

A MISNAMED EXHIBIT.

Rejoice Joy to the Museum Visitors and Weep for the Curator.

A curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art is threatened with insanity, the cause being a small misnamed exhibit in the gallery outside his office door.

"Twenty times a day," declared the harassed man, "people discover that that china statuette out in the Franklin collection is named General Washington instead of Benjamin Franklin. Then they burst in here and announce their discovery and wonder that no one ever noticed it before. Half my time is spent in explaining that we know it well, that it was simply a mistake of the potter who labeled it in France over a century ago, and that we cannot change it nor wouldn't if we could."

"Of course I tell them this courteously and patiently, and you know what a strain that is when you are going over the same thing for the thousandth time! I'd latch the door, only there are too many employees seeking me all day long, so here I must sit and listen to the names of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin repeated a million times till I wish that neither of those glorious patriots had ever lived. And it's driving me insane, I tell you; it's driving me insane!"

Just then the door opened and a lady popped in with:

"There's a statue out here named General Washington, but I'm sure—"

And the weary curator, being a Southerner, rose smilingly to his task.—*New York Times.*



Johnny—The camel can go eight days without water. Freddy—So could I if I had no water.—*Harper's Bazar.*

You have a fine house and piece of ground here!—Yep! Made it all with my pen.—Writing?—Nope; plg.—*Judge.*

The Colonel—Confound it, sir; you nearly hit my wife! Jagsen—Did I? Well, you have a shot at mine.—*The Sketch.*

Judge, did you ever try an abn-uh-uh frapper?—No; but I've tried a lot of fellows who have.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Ethel—Jack simply raved over my figure and my complexion. Maud—And is he still in the asylum?—*The Clubwoman.*

"She said she'd marry me if I felt the same way a year from then." "Did you?" "Yes, but toward another girl."—*The Tatler.*

"Why marry at all?" asks Lady Arthur Paget. One reason is that most of the ladies insist upon it.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"What broke up the suffragette parade?" "A department store hung out a sign announcing \$2 silks at \$1.99."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"I've had to give a great many wedding presents," declared he. "So have I," responded she. "Suppose we marry and get square with our friends?"

"If I were you I wouldn't be a fool. Diggs." "True," replied Diggs, complacently. "The unfortunate part of it is that you are yourself."—*The Circle.*

"My daughter's music," said the proud parent, "cost us a lot of money." "Indeed!" rejoined the visitor. "Did some neighbor sue you?"—*Chicago News.*

Barber (rather slowly)—Beg pardon, sir, but your hair is turning a bit gray. Victim—Shouldn't wonder. Look at the time I've been here.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Club Doctor (with view to diagnosis) And now, my man, what do you drink? Patient (cheerfully)—Oh—er—well, doctor, I'll leave that to you.—*Bystander.*

Mrs. De Crump (day after election in 1915)—Where did you get the new hat? Mrs. Poll Worker—My husband gave me \$5 yesterday for my vote.—*Brooklyn Life.*

Mother—And when he proposed, did you tell him to see me? Daughter—Yes, mamma; and he said he'd seen you several times, but he wanted to marry me just the same.—*The Sphinx.*

Redd—Didn't I see you going along in your automobile to-day? Greene—What time? Redd—Four o'clock. Greene—Four o'clock? Oh, yes, we were going then.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

He (triumphantly)—I adore everything that is grand and exquisite. I love the peerless, the serene, the perfect in life. She (blushing coyly)—Oh, George, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?

"How would you go about making a layer cake?" asked the inexperienced wife. "I'd put the heavier layers on the bottom," replied her husband, the geometrician. "That is the way to keep the center of gravity well within the circumference of the base."

"When Clubber gets arguing he loses all tact." "As for instance?" "Why, last night he told an opponent who is lame that he hadn't a leg to stand on; another who said that he was sorry he couldn't see things as he did; and a man who stammered he urged not to hesitate in expressing an opinion."—*Stray Stories.*

Unexpected.

Bessie—Yes; he held me on his knee, and I rested my head on his shoulder, and just as his muscles brushed my cheek he said—

Jessie (expectantly)—Yes; he said—

Bessie—Isn't it heavenly weather for this time of year?—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"To escape criticism," says an advertising card, "do nothing, say nothing, be nothing."

ONE OF US TWO.

The day will dawn when one of us shall harken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb;
And moans shall fade, noons pale, and shadows darken
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence
Alone with memories that but sharpen pain;
And those sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of Summer dawn in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long-tormented letters thro' salt tears;
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token
That speaks of those love-crowned, delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth, a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty—
O God! O God! have pity on that one.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How Andy Fired No. 24

In the big railroad yard stood a crowd of call boys awaiting orders. In the center of the crowd was Pete Casey, boasting as usual.

"No, you don't know how to put in a shovel of coal," I'll bet the whole lot of you couldn't hit the door, if I once got the chance, you'd see we do!"

"Like this," cried Pete, and he picked up an old shovel that stood alongside the round house in which the waiting engines were groaning and wheezing, and then went through some motions to show how he would do were he a fireman.

"You wouldn't stand that way at all. You've got the shovel left-handed. The engineer would throw you out of the engine if you stood on his side of the cab. Let me show you how to do it," said good-natured but shrewd Andy Simpson. The other boys knew he was right and now began to snicker at Pete's mistake.

"No you don't show me nothin'. What's the diff when you're only standin' on the ground, whether you shovel right or left handed? Get away, and don't you dare to take hold of that shovel. Get away now, or I'll hit you with it, and if I hit you once you'll never know nothin' again."

With that Pete lifted up the shovel and was about to bring it down on the head of Andy when around the engine shed came the foreman. He cast a glance at the two boys facing each other in daring manner.

"What's the matter here?" he asked of Pete.

"Nothin', nothin' at all. Me and Andy's just been doin' a couple of stunts with the shovel," was the false reply from Pete.

The foreman turned around to go away, but had taken only a few steps when he looked back and said:

"Well, since you are both so anxious to do something, you, Pete, may go and call Berkley, and Andy you may come into my office, as I have a little business for you to attend to."

If Pete was angry before he was enough to eat coal now. Engineer Berkley's call was one of the toughest on the list, so the boys said, because he lived several miles from the round house, and the caller who went after him had no time to waste in order that Berkley should reach his engine in time to take the train out on the scheduled time. Then, too, Berkley was rather crabbed with the boys, and he seldom asked them to ride back on the street cars with him. As they could not afford to pay their own way, they were always pretty well "pettered out" by the time they reached the round house again. If Berkley did arrive late, then he usually put the blame on the caller for not reporting to him in time.

No sooner had the foreman disappeared from sight than Pete began to give vent to his rage and spite by snarling, blistering and boasting of what he intended to do to Andy.

"I pity Andy. He'd better have kept his mouth shut. Simpson can look for another job now," were some of the expressions whispered by the boys among themselves when they saw how angry Pete was. They had not forgotten how he had compelled a former call boy named Jim Wright to give up his position, simply because Jim refused to make a call for him one cold, rainy day, while he, Pete, sat in the round house and listened to some engineers relating hairbreadth escapes which they had made. Already Pete had a plan in mind whereby to get Andy into trouble with the crabbed engineer, and if the plan worked out all right it would put an end to young Simpson's being a call boy or anything else around those railroad yards.

With an ugly wink Peter started out in the direction of Berkley's house. But as soon as he had gone up the tracks a short distance, far enough to be out of sight of the round house and the foreman, he slipped down between several cars and waited for his enemy, for Pete had made up his mind to settle account with young Simpson before going to the engineer's. He guessed the foreman had a message on that to send Andy, but there he was mistaken. It was, however, more than a half an hour before he discovered his mistake, and then only when one of the boys came along and told him that the foreman had Andy at work in his mouth shut. Simpson can look for another job now," were some of the expressions whispered by the boys among themselves when they saw how angry Pete was. They had not forgotten how he had compelled a former call boy named Jim Wright to give up his position, simply because Jim refused to make a call for him one cold, rainy day, while he, Pete, sat in the round house and listened to some engineers relating hairbreadth escapes which they had made. Already Pete had a plan in mind whereby to get Andy into trouble with the crabbed engineer, and if the plan worked out all right it would put an end to young Simpson's being a call boy or anything else around those railroad yards.

Andy looked out of the cab window.

come into his office, as he wanted to see him.

"Well, my boy, the night foreman has left word that you need not come to work next week. Can you give any explanation for this?" said the foreman as Andy entered. Andy was so surprised that he could do no more than stammer the words: "No, sir," for at once his quick mind thought of all the plans he had made for the future; how he would be an engineer some day and would hold the throttle of the iron monsters that he so much admired.

But why had he been discharged? He was trying to recall what he might have done to merit this reward when the foreman recalled him to his senses.

"I am sorry for you, Andy," said he. "I have never had any complaints to make about your work, and should have been glad to keep you and to see you become an engineer, for I know that you would have made a good one. However, in the meantime I shall investigate the cause of your discharge."

"Thank you, sir," said Andy. "I don't know what I could have done that was wrong, and I did want to be an engineer."

He turned and left the office slowly, thinking of what his mother and father would say. However, when the time came for him to go home he did it bravely, and instead of scolding him they encouraged him by saying that maybe everything would come out all right. They had faith in their boy, and when he declared that he had done nothing to merit discharge they believed him.

Andy had come to the roundhouse for the last time, as he thought, and was standing with some other boys, on their old stamping grounds. The others were discussing the latest happenings, and, of course, telling how things ought to have been done, but Andy did not have the heart to say anything. Pete was just in the midst of his well-known act, "blowin' off steam," when one of the boys came running from the foreman's office. He was so excited he could scarcely speak. "Twenty-four's comin' up the road and the boss is going to send one of us to fire her. Fireman Smith hasn't shown up yet, and there ain't another man in the yards 'cept engineers," he cried.

"Wonder who he'd take?" was the question all began to ask excitedly. Even Andy's eyes began to sparkle in their accustomed brightness. But there was not much time to think over the affair before the foreman stepped from his office.

"Come in the office and be quick about it, boys," he said. And they were quick about it, too.

"I have a question to ask you," said the foreman, when all the boys had crowded into the office, "and the one who answers it correctly shall fire the

passenger on her trip up the road. How many tons of coal will the tender of 24's engine carry?"

There was silence for a minute, as if not one of them knew; then came the answer, "Nine," from Andy Simpson.

"That is correct," said the foreman, "and that is the amount of coal that you will have to shovel before you reach the yards again. Go and get on the engine at once and do your work so that Engineer Lane shall have no cause for complaint. But stop a minute. Several days ago I gave orders that you were to be discharged at the end of the week. I have since investigated the cause of complaint against you and find that you have been performing your duty faithfully, so that you may come to work again next week. Success to you, my boy."

The foreman had scarcely finished speaking when there went up a shout for Andy that made the old office ring.

Then the boys picked him up and carried him to the engine, which was already hooked to the passenger, ready to start. Andy's head was all in a muddle, and he hardly knew what he was doing until he felt the big hand of Engineer Lane take him by the shoulder.

"All you've got to do, my lad, is to take that spoon and give it to her; the old 'speeder' will do the rest," was the engineer's advice, as he pulled the throttle and the train began to move.

Andy never worked harder in his life. He not only shoveled the coal, but he put it into the furnace as he steamed its best, and before he knew it he was whirling along the country at the rate of a mile a minute. Number 24 was an accommodation train and it only went up the road forty miles and back. The big engineer would look down and smile with satisfaction at his little freeman.

"Don't work too hard, my lad," would be his exhortation now and then. "She's workin' easy and has plenty of steam."

On the return trip the boy began to feel pretty tired, but he had too much grit to show any signs of weariness. It was the proudest time of his life.

"How I will surprise father and mother with the good news!" thought he.

It was almost dark as Engineer Lane blew his long whistle for the railroad yards. Andy climbed upon his seat and looked out of the cab window. He saw the boys standing on the platform waiting for him. As he stepped down from the engine they hoisted him upon their shoulders and carried him round and round the office. But that was not all. When they were through with him Engineer Lane took him into the office and told the foreman how the "little fellow" had worked. "I wish I always had as good a fireman," said he.

Andy Simpson was the first of all the call boys to become a fireman. But he did not remain long in that position, for he soon learned the ways of the locomotive and was advanced to the position of engineer, the honor that he had so much longed for.

As for Pete Casey, he was never seen in the railroad yards after the day that Andy fired the passenger. The foreman had investigated and found that it was none other than Pete who had been erasing his own name from his position opposite that of Engineer Berkley, and placing that of Andy there instead, so that Andy should be blamed for neglect of duty and discharged. He did this after the boys went home in the evening, for he had not called Berkley during the day, and thus thought to put the blame on Andy Simpson. It was he who neglected to call the foreman on the day that Andy won his laurels.

And his bitterest thought, on leaving the yards forever, must have been that though he had been trying his best to ruin Andy, he had only succeeded in helping him on to success.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Health of the Farmer.

It is perfectly apparent to any one who is at all familiar with country life that many of the women who are called upon to preside over the farm house are properly equipped for the work that is set before them, says the Baltimore Sun. The outdoor life of the farmer should be the most healthful of lives, and yet it is, we believe, a fact that they are not longer lived nor more healthy than those engaged in sedentary occupations.

There are various reasons for this. One is the farmer's own lack of care in looking after the sanitary condition of the surroundings. The air he breathes may be polluted by a pipe near his back door; the water he drinks may be polluted by drainage from his backyard or by things which fall into his well. This is not the fault of the woman.

The average farmer is also notoriously careless about keeping dry. He is in and out in all weathers and is prone to sit with wet clothes or wet feet. The woman's contribution to his health, when there is any, comes in the form of ill cooked and unwholesome food.

An Awkward Perhaps.

It was at the funeral of a man who had left his young and attractive helpmeet a widow for the third time. At the time of his death the clergyman was away on a European trip, and in this emergency, Rev. Dr. Blank was called upon.

A neighbor instructed him hastily as to the admirable qualities of the deceased, his benevolence, piety and kind disposition, and gave him various points as to his family relations. During the funeral discourse no outsider would have suspected that the clergyman had not been a lifelong friend of the dead man. When, however, he came to mention the widow in his prayer, it was evident that his data in regard to her had become a little confused. He said:

"And now we commend to Thy care this widowed handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again." Then hesitating an instant, he added, "And perhaps again."

We need to think big railroad men were about the smartest things that ever drew the breath of life, but lately we are catching them in a lot of foul things.



CHILDREN OF THE RUSSIAN AUTOCRAT.

prince he is known officially as the Czarévitch. In some European courts this he is referred to as the Czarévitch. He was born in 1904; Olga in 1895, Tatiana in 1897, and Anastasia in 1901.

DECAY OF THE TEETH.

The Three Principal Causes—Food That is Cleansing in Effect.

Of all physical ailments to which the human race is subject decay of the teeth is perhaps the most general and widespread. This is true at least of modern times, for examination of ancient skulls has shown that although the ancients suffered from decaying teeth they did not suffer to such an extent as we do to-day. The examination of the school children of the present day betrays an appalling state of affairs in this regard.

We know that the tooth itself is covered with a shield of enamel which is intended to remain intact and preserve the dentine, or real tooth material, from the assaults of harmful germs formed in the mouth, principally by

this trouble—improper food, wrong ways of eating and lack of cleanliness. The mistake of serving too much overcooked, soft food is responsible for much of the trouble, and this is just as true for little children as it is for adults. The teeth were given us to bite with and to chew with, and if they are defrauded of their natural work they become unhealthy.

In addition to this, certain articles of food, such as raw apples and nuts, which call for mastication before swallowing, are absolutely cleansing in their effect upon the teeth. Mechanically they remove masses of soft decomposing material. Besides this, masticating promotes the flow of saliva, which in its turn helps the growth of the good germs which are needed to fight the bad ones, for it should be remembered when it is said that the mouth is always full of bacteria that the good germs are making a brave fight there as well as everywhere else in the body.

Finally a tooth brush should be the first birthday present, and its regular and persistent use should be made a