

WHY MARRIAGE KILLS VICE OF THE POOR.

BY FREDERICK De L. BOOTH-TUCKER,
COMMANDER of the VOLUNTEERS of AMERICA.



BOOTH-TUCKER

THE work of the army of which mine is the honor to be commander lies largely with the poor. We are better acquainted with every item of their real life, their surroundings, their vicissitudes, than anyone could possibly be who did not go into their homes and live with them their daily life.

Marriage conditions among the poor have formed the theme of much of my personal research and of many of the reports made to me. It is one of the great—of the very great and very grave—questions of the day.

Marriage among the rich may mean any one of many things. It may mean social or financial advancement; it may be a mere matter of convenience; it may be the outcome of idleness and propinquity.

But marriage among the poor is the most cogent means of reform. By making marriage universally possible among those who are not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods the most deadly blow imaginable would be dealt to vice. The greatest step toward by such means taken toward vice's utter elimination.

"Marriage is an honorable estate" and "not to be entered into lightly." But, too often, under present conditions, the poor man cannot afford to enter into it at all. Yet he, perhaps far oftener than his wealthier brother, recognizes the "honorable" condition of that "estate."

I say this advisedly. Among the poor infidelity is far less frequent than among the rich. The poor man and his wife hold the marriage relation more sacred than do those of greater worldly wealth.

It is therefore doubly unfortunate that a class so worthy of the blessings of matrimony should be so frequently debarred from those blessings; that the people who maintain the sanctity of the marriage tie and who, moreover, bring up larger

families as a rule than do persons better able to afford to do so, should be forced to remain single while men and women whose marriages are of no advantage to the community nor to posterity may wed at will.

Conditions among the poor are in many cases such that the rearing and the keeping together of a family are rendered impossible. On every had the poor man's efforts to establish and maintain the sacred relations of matrimony are discouraged.

How, for instance, can a poor man take to himself a wife when the cost of living is so high that he can barely support life in himself? How can he ask a woman to share his lot when he knows he may at any time be thrown out of work and perhaps be obliged to watch her starve? How can a man rear a family when the chances may be all against his being able to maintain it? For a man cannot maintain a family when he has no work. The sight of a starving wife and children has driven many a man to desperation—even to crime.

Yet it is the right of the poor to have a home. With them that right is as inalienable and perhaps more precious than with the rich. And social conditions should be so arranged as to allow the poor to escape from the burden of vice through the blessed bonds of matrimony. These conditions, which are rendering marriage among the poor more and more impossible, are every day bringing more and more sin into the world.

I maintain most strongly that there is a remedy for vice. And that remedy consists in making marriage possible among the poor and in providing for such people a home.

In this country, it is true, there is a brighter side to the question than in Europe, as may be proved from statistics.

In London out of every 1,000 marriageable persons 729 are unmarried. More generally speaking, less than one-third of the marriageable population of London (the largest city of the world) enter the state of matrimony. More than two-thirds are single. The conditions for marriage there are all against the poor man and woman. They may fall in love as utterly as could any millionaire, but the gates of the Eden of matrimony are closed against them and guarded by the flaming sword of poverty. They may sigh for marriage, but they realize that such a luxury is far and away above their means.

In this country the marriage statistics are almost exactly the opposite of London's. Here about two-thirds of the marriageable population are married, leaving barely a third unwed.

The explanation of this difference between the two countries is, of course, easy to find. It consists in the better wages, the increased chances for work, the general conditions which prevail

in America. It is easier for the poor to live here than in London, but every year it is growing less easy. In proportion with the poor man's growing inability to support a wife, vice proves itself to be on the increase. This advance in vice is found even in the west, and there, as well as in the east, it is due to the growing financial disability to marry.

During my recent visit to Kansas City several married women applied to me for positions on the Salvation Army farms. On investigation I learned that they had not heard from their husbands for years.

I made inquiries, and in each case found that the wage-earner of the family, unable to get work, had gone away, penniless, to seek a livelihood elsewhere, and had been forced to leave his wife and little ones to shift for themselves. The stories were profoundly pathetic. For they told of men and women whose right to wed and rear families was inalienable and yet who had been forced to part from all that each held dear. Poverty, not more merciful death, them did part. Can any situation be imagined that would be more crushing to a man of heart and of pride than to be forced thus to condemn to poverty and loneliness the woman he loved? Could witnesses to such a tragedy require a stronger deterrent to matrimony?

There is far more suffering of this kind among the poor than the world at large ever hears of. Poor people are proud, and most of them have a passionate love of home. I have seen whole families resign themselves to probable death sooner than to allow their homes to be broken up.

The great dread of the unfortunate poor is lest their children be taken away from them and committed to an institution. "Domicile" or the breaking up of the home is to the poor man what regicide is to loyal subjects of any king.

From a sociological standpoint there are many arguments for allowing the poor man to have a home and family. It is his right. He is fonder of his children, as a rule, than is his rich neighbor. His home is dearer to him. Home ties are his only joys, his only recreation.

When I find a man starving and unable to support his family I do not believe in tearing out his heart by proposing the breaking up of his home and the commitment of his children to an institution. I suggest to him rather, that he go into the country, where work is more plentiful and living cheaper, and I try to find the means for him to do so.

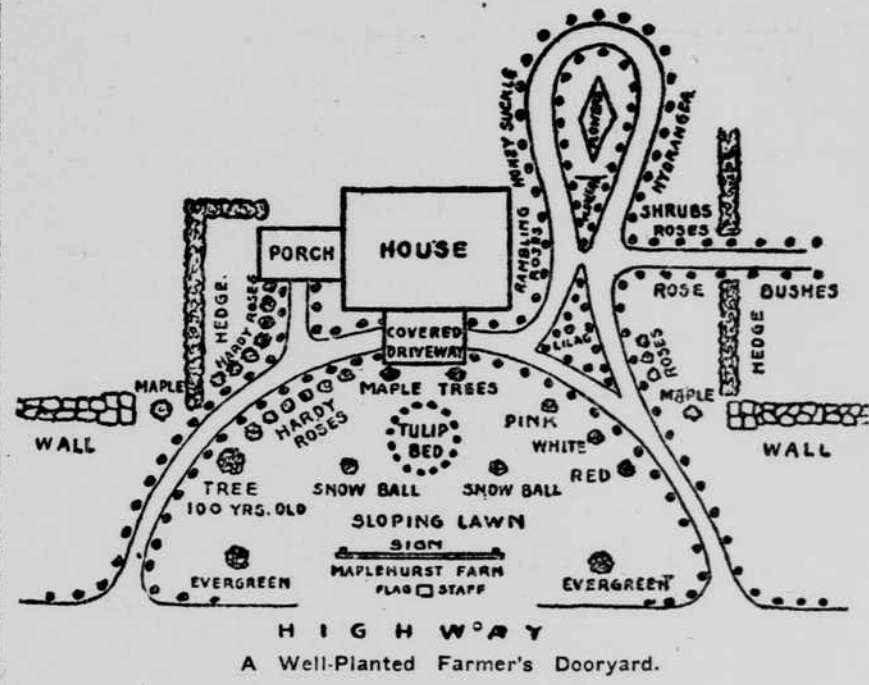
Perhaps the best maxim to solve the marriage problem among the poor is:

"Place waste labor on waste land by means of waste capital, and thereby convert the trinity of waste into a unity of production."

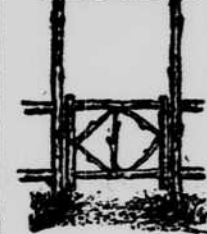
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A RUSTIC GATE AND BEAUTIFIED GROUNDS

Suggestions for Improving the Farmer's Dooryard.



This rustic gateway, which was built at a small cost, may be worth imitating, modified, of course, to fit the surroundings. This one is between two cedar trees, and from it a winding path leads to a pretty rustic cottage. Such a gate would be entirely out of place at the entrance of a stately or formal building. The cuts give an idea as to how the gate is made. The two uprights and the cross-piece on the top are of locust. All the rest is of cedar. Parts of the smaller branches have been left on the pieces that go to fill



up the gate. A gateway like this would not prove effective against pigs or chickens, but would turn larger animals. It is not only cheap and durable, declares Farm and Home, but decidedly attractive, because so perfectly in harmony with its surroundings.

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Two Stately Cedars Stand Guard.

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CRAB GRASS

By Prof. Beal.

During the sunny days of May, almost every person living in the country has an annual attack of the fever



Portion of a Plant Reduced, a. b. Opposite Sides of a Spikelet; c. Floret.

to plant a garden. The seeds once covered in the mellow soil are left, possibly almost forgotten, from two to four weeks, while the young onions, beets, lettuce, radishes, parsnips, salsify, make feeble headway and are almost smothered by weeds, chief among which is most likely the grass here illustrated. Not satisfied to have one set of fibrous roots for a single plant, the branches lay over onto the ground and other sets of roots grow from the joints. Everyone who has

ever made a garden knows that these roots are the toughest found anywhere.

During August and September it is usually uppermost in thin, old pastures, meadows and lawns, but stops suddenly with the first hard frost of autumn, leaving vacancies to be filled the next spring by another crop of crab grass, or some other kinds of weeds.

This plant resembles Bermuda grass in some respects, but crab grass is an annual, and Bermuda perennial with very stout, creeping and underground stems.

There is another grass becoming very common in thin lawns and meadows, known as small crab grass, Panicum linearis, having much the habit of the weed above mentioned. Note now two differences: The first takes root at several joints and has very tough roots; the second has no roots from the joints. Stems of the first are more or less erect; stems of the second are prostrate, spreading about equally in all points of the compass. In other respects they are much alike. The constant use of the hoe is about the only practical remedy. Being an annual, it can be destroyed by preventing it from going to seed for a few years.

Feed the Calf Well.—So much has been said about skim milk for calves that some people have a notion that it is even better than whole milk. Remember the cow in the days of the calf's youth.

Keep Climbing.—It is easier to go down hill than up; but consider the bump at the bottom, and go the other way.

Clean Feed Box.—It's both slouchy and wasteful to feed grain in a feed box that is not clean.

Begin Gradually.—To get the best returns from a team begin gradually with the hard work.

90 BUSHELS OF OATS TO THE ACRE.

WHAT MR. KALTENBRUNNER HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS GRAIN CROPS IN CENTRAL CANADA.

Writing from Regina, Saskatchewan, Central Canada, Mr. A. Kaltenbrunner writes:—

"Some years ago I took up a homestead for myself, and also one for my son. The half section which we own adjoins the Moose Jaw Creek; is a low, level, and heavy land. We put in 70 acres of wheat in stubble which went 20 bushels to the acre, and 30 acres of summer fallow, which went 25 bushels to the acre. All the wheat we harvested this year is No. 1 Hard. That means the best wheat that can be raised on the earth. We did not keep any wheat yet, as we intend to sell the other part to people who want first class seed, for there is no doubt if you sow good wheat you will harvest good wheat. We also threshed 9,000 bushels of first class oats out of 160 acres. 80 acres has been fallow plowing, which yielded 90 bushels per acre, and 80 acres stubble, which went 30 bushels to the acre. These oats are the best kind that can be raised. We have shipped three carloads of them, and got 53 cents per bushel clear. All our grain was cut in the last week of the month of August before any frost could touch it. Notwithstanding the fact that we have had a late spring, and that the weather conditions this year were very adverse and unfavorable, we will make more money out of our crop this year than last.

"For myself I feel compelled to say that Western Canada crops cannot be checked, even by unusual conditions."

Information regarding free homestead lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta may be had on application to any Canadian Government Agent, whose advertisement appears elsewhere. He will give you information as to best route and what it will cost you to reach these lands for purposes of inspection.

He Didn't Care.

"I like simplicity," said Senator Beveridge to a Washington reporter. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble, too. Two men met in front of a hotel one day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze.

"An' now," the speaker pompously concluded, "perhaps you will coincide with me."

"The other's face brightened up. 'Why, yes, thanks, old man,' he declared heartily, moving toward the barroom door. 'I don't care if I do.'"

—Home Magazine.

NO MARRIAGE BELLS FOR HIM.



"What's the matter, boy?" "Gee! Mamie says it's leap year an' she's goin' ter propose to me!"

The Details.

"The particulars?" "Well, Capt. Feebles was shot in the back, originally, and went around with his back bent a good deal like an interrogation mark, until he got a portly slab of back pension. Then he straightened up his back until it was decidedly concave instead of considerably convex, dyed his whiskers a fighting black and set out in pursuit of a buxom widow, who, being a widow, knew exactly how to be caught while maintaining all the symptoms of eluding capture to the very best of her ability."—Smart Set.

Good Work Has Slow Growth.

Bancroft spent 26 years on his history and Webster 26 on his dictionary. 'Tis the same with the great inventions. It took years of study and experiment to perfect them. Everything must have a foundation, otherwise it cannot stand, and the more solid the foundation the safer is the structure.

FRIENDS HELP.

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in plgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"Single Blessedness" Robs Life of Joy

BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK



SENATOR DEPEW

RECENTLY a young lady who had just come back from a month's honeymoon called on me.

"How do you like matrimony?" I asked.

"I am utterly wretched," she replied. I asked her why.

"Because I did not try it sooner."

And that speech of hers, frivolous as it may appear, sounded the keynote of the marrying question far more truly and resonantly than could the sneering epigrams of a world full of cynics. I bear unqualified testimony to the fact that the man who passes his life in what is miscalled "single blessedness" has missed most of life's pleasures.

Life at 20—even at 30—may seem pleasant enough to a man without a wife to share its triumphs and failures. The world is young. There is much to distract and amuse. Home perhaps seems "a place to go when all the other places are closed." Friends are plentiful; relatives and immediate family are about him.

But when a man reaches middle or old age? Friends are not so many nor perhaps so disinterested as at 20. Old-time pleasures lack their zest.

Blessed, thrice blessed, then, is the man who has home, wife and children to ease that last stage of life's long climb. Most miserable of mortals is he who must look forward to a loveless and lonely old age.

Annexing a wife and family in youth is merely a higher and wiser form of putting money in bank. No other investment yields such interest in later years.

Let a man marry just as soon as he can support a wife. The youth who puts off this great step in order that he may search through the world for an "affinity" is foolish. In the search he is more than liable to pass by his true "affinity" and to choose at last a wife whom no stretch of imagination could twist into an affinity for anyone. The traditional man who wandered for days through a forest looking for material for a cane, and who at last picked up a crooked stick, was fortunate if that crooked stick did not turn out to be a snake.

A man is just as likely to hit upon his ideal early in life as later on. My advice, then, as the supposititious man's lawyer, is: "Don't wait."

"Marriage halves one's privileges and doubles one's troubles" is an idiotic saw probably invented by a bachelor. There is too much talk of this sort. Men speak of matrimony as a millstone tied about the neck of youth. The lives of the world's most successful men give the lie to this fallacy.

Search the lives of the men who have made history, of the men who have achieved true greatness, who have won fame, who have acquired wealth.

The vast majority of them were married. Of these the greater part, married young. Their wives, instead of transforming themselves into shapely but heavy millstones and dangling about the galled necks of their liege lords, have, in nine cases out of ten, done more than all other influences combined to crown their husbands' lives with success. Nearly all great men who have been married would confess they owed much of their fame or wealth to their wives.

There are, of course, obstacles to happiness in married life. So also are there needs and shoals in the Atlantic. But the sailor does not for that reason become a landsman. He studies the shoals and learns to avoid them. The pitfalls in matrimony can far more easily be studied and avoided by any couple possessed of a moderate degree of sense.

My belief, from observation, is that 75 out of 100 marriages are happy, and that not more than five out of that number are unhappy.

Apart from love itself there is a companionship in married life that draws closer and more beautiful as the years go by.

During my last visit to Europe I met a distinguished man who expressed the deepest interest in our country.

"Why do you not visit us, then?" I asked him. "If you have so kindly a feeling for America and Americans?"

"Because," he replied, simply, "my wife could not stand the voyage, and I would not, for any personal or selfish reason, be responsible for one day's separation from her."

The couple had been married 40 years. Again, many a man or maid postpones marriage because in neither's heart has dawned that wonderful creation of the novelist known as "love at first sight."

This is a mistake. Propinquity is the most powerful factor in making two hearts beat as one.

Many women form their ideals of a husband on novels and plays. Disillusionment is bound to follow. They find that the once idealized husband is only a common mortal without even a pin-feather on his shoulder blade. Then the wife feels she has been deceived. So she has. But by herself; not by her husband.

Another grievous blow to many a wife is that her husband does not always remain her lover. She forgets that he is toiling every day for her welfare, as no lover would toil. She forgets also the wide difference between masculine and femi-

nine nature. Man loves, but not quite as woman loves.

While a man may become so wildly infatuated as to spend his business hours in drawing Cupids all over his letterheads, yet love can never permanently occupy so large a place in his life as it does in woman's. His life is too full, too active, too varied in its interests.

Concession on both sides is the sovereign remedy for domestic differences.

If you were to drop two strange cats into a barrel and then clap on the lid you would not marvel at the ensuing sounds of wrath nor at the floating upward of errant scraps of fur.

Yet when a man and a woman, reared along different lines and in separate environments, do not agree in every particular the world stands aghast at the tale of marital infelicity. Whereas a little forbearance, a careful study of each other's moods and failings will soon reduce this strife to a minimum.

I believe that no couple who began by loving each other and had the right consideration for each other ever came to serious trouble. The effort of each to please the other leads in a little while to not having to try, because of the sympathy between them.

"Kiss and make up" is a good rule. If the couple do not properly consider their relations there will be a good many kisses, but far more necessity of making up.

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A Handicap Now.

"What sort of telescope do you use for seeing things on Mars?" The eminent astronomer, habituated to scanning the heavens at magazine space rates, stayed his pen but an instant. "I have learned," he replied, "not to rely on any telescope. The best of them badly hampers the play of the imagination."

Works of William Shakespeare, at the close of the discussion the three judges held a brief consultation, and decided in favor of the negative.

"Why did you decide against us?" subsequently asked one of the disputants. "You know we presented good arguments, while the other fellows didn't show any."

"That's all right," answered the judge to whom this question was addressed, "but two of us had just bought expensive copies of 'The

Church to Be Built of Paper.

Paris is to have a new church made entirely of paper, rendered impermeable by means of a coating of quicklime mixed with curdled milk and white of egg. It will accommodate 1,000 people.

OF INTEREST TO THE JUDGES.

They Were Concerned in Authorship of Shakespeare's Work.

The question for discussion before the debating society that had met in the little schoolhouse belonging to District No. 13 was this: "Resolved, That the works published under the name of William Shakespeare were really written by Lord Bacon."

The debate was fierce and prolonged, but, as frequently happens in such cases, the disputants on one side had informed themselves thoroughly, while the others, relying upon their having depended solely on their oratory.

Hence the "Baconians," having learned all that could be said in favor of their contention, made really a very plausible case and had decidedly much the

better of the argument. At the close of the discussion the three judges who had been selected for brief consultation, and decided in favor of the negative.

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