

BY THE PEOPLE

CHANGE THE SHERMAN LAW.

By M. E. Ingalls, Banker.



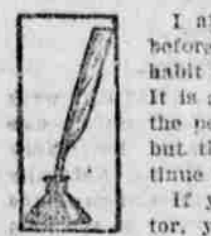
M. E. INGALLS.

I would ask our public men to cease the talk which gives the inference that everything in our corporation life is rotten; which disturbs business men and harms our fair reputation all over the world. It is not true that our business generally is being conducted on unlawful lines. I can state, and defy contradiction, that the railroads of this country, the great interest about which there is so much talk and abuse, are being conducted to-day in accordance with the letter and spirit of the law. The worthless class, the reformer who hopes, without work, to get some of his neighbors' property, are very few. We should not encourage this number or lead our people, who are nearly all comparatively well off, to think that there is any class in this country trying to oppress another.

Above all, the Sherman law, so-called, should be changed. I have repeatedly stated, and I think my construction of that law has been agreed to by the highest in the land, that under the present terms, and if strictly construed, no man can honestly engage in business without danger of violating it. Any agreement, almost, between two parties is a conspiracy. This spirit has been enlarged and re-enacted in State Legislatures until it has produced even worse conditions. In my own State legislation is so strict that if two butchers on opposite corners of the street should agree upon the price of beef-steak it would be a penitentiary offense, and conspiracy can be proved without the usual form of evidence.

WHY THE MEDICINE MAN IS PASSING.

By Frederick Treves.



FREDERICK TREVES.

I am afraid that a long time will elapse before people break off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they are sick. It is a prejudice deep down in the hearts of the people. Why it exists it is hard to say, but there it is, and I suppose it must continue some little time longer.

If you picture the environment of a doctor, you see a room with a multitude of shelves covered with bottles from floor to ceiling. These bottles rapidly are vanishing, and the time is not far distant when they will be reduced to an extremely small number. The empty shelves will be replaced by simple living, suitable diet, plenty of sun and plenty of fresh air. The astonishing history of certain infectious maladies surprises in interest every romance that ever has been written. The tubercle of this moment is killing 50,000 people per annum. Not one of those people need die—the disease is preventable.

Take consumption. In the years 1861-5, the mortality from consumption in Great Britain was twenty-five per 10,000, but it has dropped until now it is less than twelve per 10,000. This compels us to ask what is going to happen if this sort of thing goes on. It means this—it will be impossible to find deaths from scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, diphtheria and the like. There used to be 200 teper houses in England. There is not one in existence now, except as a curiosity, and leprosy has left England since the eighteenth century. In 1065, in the short period of six months, if Macanuly is to be trusted, 100,000 people died of the black death. Where is it now? It has vanished. Did anyone at that time ever dream of suggesting that the day could possibly come when death

from leprosy and plague would be unknown? Yet black death has now no place in the British Isles. As an Irishman would say: "Black death has found that England is no place to live in."

FINANCIERS AS MONEY MANIACS.

By Rev. Dr. Charles E. Locke.



REV. DR. CHARLES E. LOCKE.

Americans are manifesting an itching for money beyond all reason. Money has its good sides as well as its evil. It can purchase privileges and multiply chances and annihilate distance. Money makes possible the greatest philanthropic schemes and generousities. Money makes the world go, and it can be made humanity's supreme blessing.

Alas, that riches so often prove to be pitfalls to those who seek and to those who possess them! Men become money mad. They want money, not for the privileges which it will afford, but to endeavor to satisfy an insatiable greed. Our age is sadly afflicted with this insidious mania, and men are endeavoring to get money, honestly if it is convenient, but they must get money.

What instance of this uncontrollable passion of greed have been seen recently in the diabolical system of rebates by which great corporations have grown richer and respectable smaller dealers have been crushed to the wall, and the high-handed robberies and vulgar criminal extravagances of insurance officials?

Somebody has been recently insisting that the very rich are insane, that the acquisition of the power which great wealth brings unsettles men's minds. It is true, however, that selfishness and arrogance and vulgar extravagance, and foolishness and utter defiance of all laws of safety and society characterize some men who become suddenly rich. The awful slaughter of the automobile mania illustrates this tendency among prosperous people.

WHY WOMEN DO NOT MARRY.

By Henry S. Pritchett.



HENRY S. PRITCHETT.

There is the general supposition that college women do not marry; that higher education is leading them away from the home. This is true, but it also applies to women outside of colleges—women who have mastered an art or a profession. Marriage with them is not a necessity from the point of support; they have their liberty and independence and self-support in their own hands, and they weigh well the advantages they might gain by marrying.

It cannot be questioned that woman's independence as to marriage makes for her happiness, not only as an individual, but as a sex. If the financial question could be eliminated, matrimony would be as nearly ideal a thing as we possibly could conceive, and it seems to be a proved fact that there is little domestic unhappiness among the women who marry from wise choice rather than conventional necessity. Love then becomes the ruling element, as it should be always.

The whole situation is simply this: In the past there was but one future for the girl—matrimony. To-day woman regards herself as an individual. She looks at man from a higher viewpoint, and she weighs his powers of making her happy with her own ability to do the same thing. Marriage is no longer a necessity, and when she has mastered an art she can take the same attitude that man does—of choosing the one she wants. If she does not find what she likes, she has the same prerogative as the bachelor.

VALUE OF CHEESECLOTH.

For Cleaning It Is the Very Best of Fabrics.

Cheesecloth should be used more commonly for household purposes than it is. The material has the special merit of being firm, yet so loosely woven that grease comes out readily in washing; thus it is more easily kept clean than linen or crash, for which it may many times be substituted. An unbleached quality that costs not more than 5 cents a yard is quite as good for general use as more expensive fabrics.

The best kind of dishcloths are made of it. The material should be doubled, raw edges turned in and stitched on the machine. This will wear, and because it cleans so easily, is most sanitary for worn weather, in that it will not become saturated and smell of grease, says the New York Evening Telegram. Rinsing in soap and water will be all that is necessary for cleansing.

For nice furniture, it is the best kind of cloth for cleaning, and all cabinet makers keep three sets for work. The first is used for applying the oil, the second to rub it off, and the third is the polisher. Similar treatment for dining-room tables will keep them in the pink of condition.

Cheesecloth will save the daily use of an egg in boiled coffee, merely by having small bags of the cotton kept in the kitchen. Put the grounds into one, and twist the top around tight with thread, a spool of which should be handy for the purpose. The same bag may be used many times. There is nothing in the cleaning line for which it is not good.

Windows and mirrors will never have a speck of lint on their shining surface if cheesecloth is used, and for all kinds of work it will be found invaluable. A bag made of it should always be kept in the kitchen for straining soups.

Tissue paper is another valuable household asset that all housekeepers do not appreciate. All of it that comes into the house should be saved. Moistened with alcohol, it polishes mirrors to perfection, and even dry will make them shine. Silver, all hardwoods used for furniture, and steel, also brass, if not badly tarnished, will respond immediately to treatment with tissue paper, and for packing of all kinds it is most useful. Lace, silk and all ribbon should always be bronzed between two layers of it, for the materials will not then be shiny.

QUEER STORIES

A mouse seldom lives longer than three years.

The annual fish catch of England is valued at \$33,900,000.

The factories of Japan close on the 1st and 15th of each month.

The absorbing capacity of a brick is about sixteen ounces of water.

There were 188 banks in Germany at the close of 1906, with capital of \$50,000,000 and reserves of \$23,475,000.

The Methodist Conference at Milwaukee adopted a resolution asking President Roosevelt to stop United States army men from playing baseball on Sunday.

Lord Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins) celebrated his ninety-third birthday recently, when he gave this characteristic advice: "Never get mixed up in lawsuits or the law. I think I know something about it."

Coal mining has become one of India's great industries. The output last year was 9,784,250 tons, whereas the average annual production for the decade ending 1895 was only 2,758,640. The coal now being worked is near the surface, and with the cheap labor employed, India is able to deliver its coal at the pit's mouth cheaper than any other country in the world. The average price a ton delivered on board freight car was \$1.40 in 1906 and 1907.

Probably in no other State in the Union does a big ranch constitute a district, a family the members of a school board, and the son of the family the only pupil in the school district. Such conditions exist on the Woods ranch, near Hardin, Colo. The president of the School Board is Charles Allyn, manager of the ranch; the secretary is his wife, the treasurer a young woman living in the home, and the pupil of the school the nine-year-old son of the Allyns.

The Retiring Passion. The automobile enthusiast was nearing the end. The latest photographs of his beloved car adorned the walls about him and the odor of gasoline filled the sick room. On a low table at the bedside they had spread his kit of tools and within reaching distance was his gleaming horn.

He looked the outfit over with a dimpling eye. Then he faintly smiled. "Take away that can of anti-freeze," he hoarsely whispered. "I won't need it where I'm going."

In the effort he made to laugh he stalled his heart.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Old Way and the New. The young lady from Boston was explaining. "Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base and a corresponding one in the apex. Then you apply the lips to the aperture, and by forcibly inhaling the breath the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

An old lady who was listening exclaimed: "It beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a gal they made a hole in each end and sucked."

After all, most of us have pretty contented dispositions, or else there would be more unhappiness, considering how often we see our own faces in the glass.

How ugly a frowner looks when it is going to seed!

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

SOCIETY AND THE HOME.

It is a singular thing that to stand on one's own rights, in which it would appear that there ought to be a certain justice, seems, always, in fact, to be a very narrow process, death-dealing to any fine enlightenment. The special structure itself rests on the consideration of the rights of others, and all social life in the home rests on it. Nothing is itself good for anything except in the good that we get out of it, so that the most beautifully furnished house, the most finely cultured people, may not make for anything vital, anything that stimulates the imagination or the heart or the intellect; they may not give any of the spiritual comfort which is informed with heart-blessing interest. No one who goes to such a house gets anything from it as a household, but food and drink and comfortable chairs, and outside conversation. There is nothing more to give—you could get the same in a club or a hired drawing-room. Yet the smallest living room may have that aspect of homelife in it which shows it to be the real thing and a power—power because the action and retroaction of intimate and sympathetic and unselfish interest among the members of a family generate some spiritual thing which know the difference between the person who is conventionally delightful in society and the person who is delightful in society because she is delightful at home.—Harper's Bazar.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

Life is much easier than it used to be, before the discovery of steam and electricity. We cross the ocean in five days, the continent in four. We speak across distances, telegraph without wires. We have skyscrapers with elevators. Automobiles and trolley cars carry us about rapidly. Subways and elevated railroads cut up space in the great cities. But the life of those who inhabit the earth a hundred years hence will be much easier than ours. Our modern improvements will then be ancient history, regarded much as we regard the stage coach. Here, for example, is a hint of what the future has in store; in one daily newspaper are four separate telegrams telling of the progress of inventors in four different parts of the world.

From London comes the news that the British admiralty is considering a new form of marine engine, resembling the turbine but with important differences, which will drive a ship through the water at the rate of 300 miles an hour. In San Francisco the city electrician is working on a device that will enable every policeman to keep in communication with headquarters by means of wireless telegraphy, the receiving station being his



MAMA WAS BUSY.

When the young woman who had been called to the manager's office got out of the elevator she was wearing her hat and jacket was on her arm. As she passed the perfumery counter the girl with the lopping bang called to her and she stopped. "Folks sick, Mama?" asked the girl with the bang. "They ain't now, but they will be as soon as I get home," replied Mama. "I expect they'll have 's'teen different kinds o' fits. I got leave o' absence without pay."

"You're kidding me?" "No, honest!" "Was you making a roar?" "Not me, I got it by the complaint route, all right, but it wasn't me making the complaint. A customer, I didn't turn handspikes to wait on her and then get out in the aisle for her to wipe her feet on me."

"Don't you never think it," said Mama. "It ain't pshaw nor yet pish-tush. It's what, if you want to breathe, you wait till the customer's got his check and his change and then do it easy."

"O' course, you don't want to get too fussy, Mama," said the girl with the bang. "Was I too fussy?" demanded Mama. "Well, if I was I'd like to know it. I was talking to Annie about something when the customer come up and I didn't notice her. She didn't blow no horn or even sound a gong. First thing I know she says, 'Are you very busy, if you please?'"

"Was I busy? I guess she knew whether I was busy or not. Huh! And so-o polite. Well, I didn't say nothing. I just went on finishing what I was saying to Annie. It wouldn't have taken me more than a minute, but she was in a rush. Her time was worth a dollar and a half a second. 'If you will please wait on me,' she says. 'Well, I broke off right there, I'd like to know what more she could have wanted than that. 'Was there something?' I says. 'Right in that tray,' I says, pointing to it."

"So she went to musing around in it and I went on to finish what I was saying to Annie. Presently she coughs. Well, I ain't any lady, throat doctor and I didn't take no notice of it so she says, as if I was dirt: 'I wish you could find time to wait on me. If you haven't time I must ask for some young lady who has.' What do you think of that?"

helmet; thus permitting the whole force to be instantly summoned in case of need. Brussels tells us of an airship which seems to have solved all the problems of aerial navigation, and in Morristown, N. J., a machine is coming to completion which will write letters talked into it, thus doing away with stenographers and typists. A hundred years hence the world will be a different place from what it is to-day. Most work will be done by machinery, space will be virtually annihilated, communication all over the earth will be instantaneous. What then will become of national prejudices? The world will be one nation. War will disappear. All people will speak one language. But will poverty be wiped out? Will man's real concerns, those of his own nature, be less disturbing? Will envy, hate and all uncharitableness die away? Will man be any happier, any more content?—Chicago Journal.

THE PHILIPPINES TO DATE.

NINE years ago the Philippine Islands came into the possession of the United States through conquest and purchase. The first general election for members of a national legislature was held on July 30, and the Nacionalista party, or the party a faction of which demands immediate independence for the islands, elected a majority of the fifty members of the assembly. The total vote, in a population of more than seven millions, was about a hundred thousand. In Manila, a city containing more than 200,000 people, only a few more than 7,000 votes were cast. The islands were governed by the army from 1898 till 1902, when a civil commission, created by Congress, took charge of the administration of public business. The civil commission continued the policy of establishing local self-government begun by the military rulers. Arrangements were made for electing mayors and town councils by popular vote, and for the choice of provincial governors by vote of the councils. At present the government of about 900 towns is as independent as that of towns in America.

The census was completed in 1905, and the creation of an independent elected assembly to assist in making laws for the whole group of islands was promised at the expiration of two years, if order was preserved in the meantime. It is in fulfillment of this promise that the recent election was called.

The new assembly will be the popular branch of the Philippine legislature. Its acts will have to be approved by the Philippine commission, sitting as a legislative body. This commission, containing four Americans and three Filipinos, has been the responsible governing body since the withdrawal of the military governor in 1902.—Youth's Companion.

AN ODD SUPERSTITION.

British Fishermen Balk at the Name of Graham.

One of the most curious of British fishermen's superstitions, the one which perhaps to this day has the strongest hold upon them, is that connected with the name of Graham. No fisherman will go to sea if he has heard this name mentioned, nor will he do any manner of work upon that day. He will refuse to sail in a boat with any one bearing the name, and a house painter from Newcastle called Graham, who had been sent to do some work in one of the large houses, found his life made so miserable by the villagers that he incontinently returned to the town, leaving his work uncompleted. The women who bait the lines in the winter will unbait every hook and rebait the whole length—the labor of hours—if they hear it mentioned. A local tradesman bearing this unfortunate patronymic is never referred to save as "Puff," another, an innkeeper, is known as "Lucky Bits." No rational explanation is to be found. On one of the most intelligent fishermen being questioned on the subject he laughed the idea to scorn. Why, his daughter was married to a Graham. But, he added, a strange thing happened two years ago when he was off at the herding fishing and had not been home for some weeks. Having received a letter at Shields to say that his son-in-law was ill, he halted a passing boat which had come from the north, asking if they had heard how Jack Graham was. "And, wad ye believe't, ne sooner had aa sved the words than there was a crash, and the mast went over the side!" None of the crew spoke to him for the rest of the day.—New York Post.

Suffered for His Chickens. In London as far back as 1701 a city ordinance was passed to suppress the early morning cries of the street hucksters. This law was so severe that a person arrested twice for the same offense could be imprisoned for ten years. There is one record of a man lingering in prison for ten years. When his time was up he was asked what his crime was.

"For selling chickens that squawked," was the reply. In the confusion of the trial the fact was not brought out that the chickens and not the man were responsible for the din that aroused the wrath of the disturbed citizens.

A Temporary Position. The Boss (to old employe who has been with the firm forty years)—I'm sorry, Watson, but owing to the bad state of business I don't see my way clear to keep you on after the end of this month.

Watson—Well, sir, if you say I must go I suppose I'll have to, but if I'd known this wasn't to be a permanent job I'd never have accepted it.—Tattler.

The Last Journey.

"The last time I saw Galley he was bound for California. Don't you wish you could have traveled the way he did?"

"No, he's dead."

"I know he is now, but—"

"I hope to travel in the opposite direction."—Philadelphia Press.

Not Like Mother Made.

Hubby—Why—it's—er—original, my love, extremely original.—Kansas City Times.

If you expect to get rich, you must make money when times are dull.

"HAMLIN, THE BAKER."

MUSHROOMS AND TOADSTOOLS.

When Cyrus Hamlin was a student at Bowdoin College he added something to his studies which was not a part of the curriculum, a providential elective, as was proved many years later when he became president of Robert College in Constantinople, and when the necessity for good bread for the soldiers of the Crimea was brought to his notice. In "Cyrus Hamlin, Missionary, Statesman, Inventor," the story is given.

One day at Bowdoin, Professor Smith delivered a lecture on the steam engine to Hamlin's class, not one of whom, perhaps, had ever seen a steam engine. Those were the days of the stage-coach and the ox team.

After the lecture he said to Professor Smith, "I believe I could make an engine."

The professor replied, "I think you can make anything you undertake, Hamlin, and I wish you would try."

He did try, and succeeded. By working twelve and sometimes fifteen hours each day, he built a steam engine sufficiently large to be of real service as a part of the philosophical apparatus of the college.

During the Crimean War there was great need of good bread, and not a steam flour mill in Constantinople. The memory of his steam engine encouraged President Hamlin to think that he could establish a flour mill and a bakery, and cast good wheat bread upon the troubled waters of that Eastern war.

He imported a steam engine from the United States, and by the help of Cro's "Dictionary of the Arts," and after labors which surpassed the legendary labors of Hercules, he was ready to grind flour.

Might not a chemist make good bread? He had the theory in his head; the next thing was to have the art at his finger ends. This is the way he speaks of the result:

"My bread came out as flat as a pancake, and too sour for mortal man to eat. But the next was better, and the third was the best."

He was soon selling bread so sweet, so palatable, and in loaves so much above the leavel weight that "Hamlin's Bread" became famous.

bread, which the soldiers could hardly eat.

Really the Only Genuine Safe Rule is to Eat Your Steak Without 'Em.

Perhaps there would be fewer poisonings from the eating of what are called "toadstools" if people both could and would get it through—or, rather, into—their heads that there are no such things as toadstools, at least in the sense in which the word is commonly used, says the New York Times.

The popular impression, which amounts to a conviction, is that there are two kinds of fungi, one that is edible and one that is poisonous, and that when the former have been called mushrooms and the latter toadstools a sufficient distinction has been made. Of course words can be so employed, and the name of a thing certainly is the name by which it is known, but the trouble is that in this case the distinction does not distinguish, its failure to do so makes it extremely dangerous, and, not least important, that it causes great range among the scientific folk and not much less among the folk who only have a scientific turn of mind.

The danger arises from the fact that too often the person who has been told that a certain fungus is a toadstool and therefore not to be eaten, assumes that if he avoids that particular variety in the future he is safe. Had he been told that it was one of the many poisonous varieties of mushrooms, he would not only have acquired a bit of accurate information, with incidental realization of what an immense number of varieties of mushrooms there are, but he would have been put on his guard against giving undue weight to having learned to recognize one variety that should be avoided.

To the mycologist a mushroom is a mushroom—when it isn't something with a much longer name, which it usually is—and for him its mushroomness, so to speak, is not at all affected by the little detail whether its consumption as non-food is followed by death or survival. As a practical man he does, to be sure, divide the species he knows into the edible and the non-edible, but he never calls the latter toadstools, as if they were something quite different from the former, for he knows that they are all of one family and that there is no one peculiarity by which they can be divided.

The old rule—if you eat it and live it is a mushroom; if you eat it and die it is a toadstool—has an element of truth in it, though there are certain signs by which an unknown and untested mushroom can be accused of being poisonous without much danger of doing it an injustice. Perhaps a good way is to let them all alone. Even the best of them is of no measurable value as food and is innocuous only when gathered at just the right time and promptly prepared in just the right way. As for the gustatory merits of the mushroom, they are chiefly the products of suggestion and imagination.

Every man thinks he's a devilish good critic.

HER LITTLE MISTAKE.

A lady who has a great respect for the conventions, and also an abiding fear of the mental angles of the "health-en" Chinese, says a writer in the Bohemian, recently went down into New York's Chinatown, and there began a search for a curio to give to a friend. She walked into a shop on Pell street, acknowledged the bow of the grave gentleman who owned the place, and looked about her. She noticed a curious dagger, and in the pocket which she had supposed all Chinamen to understand, said:

"Say, John, how muchee ketchum this knife?"

"The price named seemed to her enormous. "What's a matter you?" said the lady. "No wantee buy store, wantee get knife."

The proprietor gravely took the dagger from her hand. "The price, madam," he said, in perfect English, "is twenty-five dollars, and the price is reasonable. The knife is considered one of the finest specimens of the work of Muey Ling, the armorer who won fame in the fourth dynasty. If madam will look closely, she may be able to see the mark." Then he held the blade up for her nearer vision.

"And do you know," said the lady, when speaking of the occurrence, "he so took me off my feet that I fled from the shop with a hastily stammered apology."

"I understood later that he was a college graduate, and one of the men who are 'advancing China.' But what I have never been able quite to solve is whether he expected me to believe in Mr. Muey Ling of the fourth dynasty, and how much he was just having fun with the intelligent American woman who was trying to talk down to him."

Probable Parable. Before the collection was taken at a negro place of worship the minister, a colored man, declared his regret that a certain brother had retired to rest the night before without locking the door of his fowthouse, to find in the morning that all his chickens had vanished. "I don't want to be personal," he continued, "but I had my suspicions as to who stole them chickens. If I'm right in those suspicions, dat man won't put any money in de box which will now be passed round." There was a grand collection, not a single member of the congregation feigning sleep. "Now, bredderen," announced the minister, "I don't want all yoa appetites spoilt by wondering where dat brother lives who don't lock his chickens at night. Dat brother don't exist, mah friends—he was a parable for purposes ob finance!"

Humility is one of the ingredients a self-made man occasionally forgets to mix with his material.

A man should remind his wife occasionally that a little credit is a dangerous thing.