

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CIVILIZATION MARKS DOOM OF STIMULANTS.

By Ada May Krecker.

There needs no argument to press home the proof of a decline in the use of liquors. It is perfectly evident throughout the country. And in narcotics a similar change of heart is coming about. John J. Hayes, winner of the Marathon race in London, confesses in a magazine article that "No long distance runner can smoke either cigars or cigarettes and run. One thing is essential, abstinence from tobacco in any form. I suggest running as a certain cure for the tobacco habit to anyone who wishes to break himself of it."

Go where we will among the savages and we find drugs powerful and plentiful employed for setting into action men's powers. It is only among the finest types of the most advanced races that we see them discarded in favor of subtler stimuli. Prof. James, the Harvard psychologist, urges the superior claims, as excitants, of morning air and sunlight and fine skies and mountain walks and dewy flowers and great thoughts and sweet aspirations above the frothy hopes of the foaming glass. They are the natural stimulants of refined organisms.

These need no other. No, not even coffee and tea. An Englishman, E. Baron Russell by name, has been making predictions for the year 2000 A. D. and he has it that by that time the human system will have been so refined that tea and coffee will be placed in the same category that alcoholic stimulants occupy nowadays. The prohibitionists of that remote hour will be campaigning against tea and coffee and teetotalers will sign their pledges in favor of coffeeless breakfasts and afternoon teas without "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate."

QUESTION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

By Cesare Lombroso.

In spite of prison, deportation and forced labor, I argue that the criminals will go on repeating their crimes for the third or fourth time. There is nothing left, therefore, for society to do but to inflict the extreme but effective punishment of death. Assuredly for barbarous men whom prison does not inspire with dread the death penalty is the only thing feasible. Still, this cold-blooded execution ordered by judges and not infrequently accompanied by the gapping of crowds, is repulsive to the delicate senses of civilized peoples. It even may frequently be followed by similar crimes inspired by the law of imitation and the executed victim may become the founder of a criminal end, so to speak.

Of course, if we place upon life and living things the most rigorous and most sacred rights, we who are not God's emissaries have no right or authority over the life of human beings of our kind. But, then,

neither have we the right to deprive them of their liberty nor to inflict upon them any punishment whatever. To pretend that the death penalty is contrary to nature means to feign ignorance of the fact which is written in nature's books in large letters, the fact that organized society is based upon a struggle for existence followed by the most fearful hecatombs.

The fact that there are born criminals, organized for destruction, criminals who are living reproductions not only of the most savage men, but also of the most ferocious animals, far from rendering us compassionate towards them, only hardens and deprives us of all pity towards them.

There remains, therefore, but one excuse for the death penalty, and that is that of radical elimination of a dangerous element. But here we must not forget that in order to attain this desired elimination of a dangerous class one must kill, not ten or twenty criminals a year, but 3,000 criminals in Italy and 2,000 in France. This would be a veritable butchery. And I believe that in our age, in an age so thoroughly imbued with a spirit of humanity, not even the most ardent partisan of the death penalty will suggest such a course.

WHY SHOULD MAN HOLD SUPREME POWER?

By H. C. De Beer.

Ethically there is no such thing as the sex question. Why manufacture one? Are not man and woman alike, yet different; each equal, each distinct, absolutely necessary to each other? Why any antagonism, with increasing distrust, disdain, even disgust? One may understand antagonism from the household tyrant, the pompous bully, the master of the old school, who will woo a maiden on his knees, promising all things, and promptly relegate her to a position of domestic servility once she has surrendered herself. But this antagonism is not understandable and cannot really exist among a great majority of thinking good men, who regard woman as man's helpmate and companion, the friend in all need.

In France apparently woman has not been subjected to the position of servility. She is a factor. Frenchmen recognize in her their natural companion and the source of their happiness. The Frenchwoman has not been forced to descend from her pedestal of womanhood to enter into the arena against man. In France woman's influence is permanent, and the Frenchman, who consider woman a more interesting study than dogs or cricket averages, realize and appreciate it. The French mother is respected, complimented, revered. There are no jokes at the expense of the French mother, the higher mentality, more natural humanity of the Frenchman revolts at that being a subject for lampoons.

What has man to show for his undisputed possession of power during countless ages? Besides certain medical blessings his science has given us many interesting, perhaps noble discoveries. But what of beauty and happiness? Oh, that is woman's province.

GRAND OLD MAN GONE.

The Venerable Doctor Hale, Distinguished Clergyman and Writer.

One of the "grand old men" of the nation passed away in Roxbury, Mass., in the death of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, one of the leading Congregational ministers of the country and since 1903 chaplain of the United States Senate. Distinguished on two continents as a clergyman, he was also famous as a story writer and philanthropist, and some of his stories, notably, "A Man Without a Country," have been read throughout the world and stand as classic in the English language. His contributions to historical literature have been valuable and

paper's South American editor and was regarded as an authority on Spanish American affairs.

Dr. Hale's influence was extensively felt in all philanthropic movements. His book, "Ten Times One Is Ten," published in Boston in 1870, led to the establishment of clubs devoted to charity, which became scattered throughout the United States, with chapters in Europe, Asia, Africa and islands of the Pacific. He also took a great interest in the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, of which he was one of the counselors and frequent contributor to the Chautauquan. In later years he edited the Christian Examiner and the Sunday School Gazette. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss

PAYING GERMAN PIPER.

Europe's Most Powerful Nation Lives by Grace of Money-Lenders.

The piper to whose lively tunes the German empire has been dancing merrily for so many years has sent in his bill, and the nation or the nation's representatives, though quite willing to go on with the dancing, are by no means prepared to settle up, the New York Times says. Prince Buelow, who has naturally been held responsible for the entertainment and for the expense thereof, is disgusted and discouraged, and it is now formally announced, as it has been often predicted, that he will insist on his resignation.

There are three essential elements in the German financial situation: (1) a rapidly increasing expenditure far outrunning the actual income; (2) a rapidly growing debt, from which in great part current expenses have been met; (3) a system of taxation wholly unequal to annual requirements and framed largely to benefit the land owners on the one hand, while leaving their property largely unburdened on the other. The chief objects of expenditure have been public works, especially canals, the army and fortifications and the navy and a good deal of money has been spent—much of it wasted—on the various colonial enterprises, which have been very costly, and only recently show any signs of paying for themselves. But, as in every other modern country, there has also been in Germany a strong tendency toward a general increase in the scale of expenditures. Living has become much more costly. The old German thrift and economy are disappearing, all branches of the public service are more expensive and the treasury has for years been unable to make both ends meet. The gap has been filled by borrowing. The most powerful and prosperous nation of Europe has been for a long while in the humiliating position of depending upon the money lenders to pay its day-by-day requirements. Naturally, its credit has suffered and it has to pay more for its loans than many a third-rate country.

Orders by Pigeon Post.

An entirely practical use of homing pigeons was cited recently in the London Daily Mail. The inventor of the system is a butcher's son, who employs his birds regularly to carry orders from outlying districts—presumably where there are no telephones—to his father's shop. The plan works excellently.

When the boy goes to collect orders, he takes six of his fastest birds in a trap with him. After he has gone a mile or two and collected a dozen orders, he liberates a pigeon with the slips enclosed in a little metal case attached to the bird's foot. Before five minutes have elapsed these orders are in the delivery wagon on the way to the customers.

At the various stages of his round, which usually takes three hours, the other birds with more orders are set free, and by the time the shop is reached all the orders received by this pigeon-post have been dispatched.

Complex Argument.

"Has local option proved a success in your neighborhood?"

"Yes."

"Then you will continue it?"

"I don't know. The fact that it is a success seems to have turned a lot of us voters against it."—Washington Star.

One suggestion in a thousand is accepted.

TEN LITTLE FIRECRACKERS.

Ten little firecrackers, looking fit and fine;
One dropped off the bunch—then there were nine.

Nine little firecrackers, awaiting their fate;
One became a squizzer, then there were eight.

Eight little firecrackers (three shy of eleven);
One lost his fuse, and there remained seven.

Seven little firecrackers lying on the bricks;
A goat swallowed one and overlooked six.

Six little firecrackers glad to be alive;
Water wetted one but never touched five.

Five little firecrackers in readiness to roar;
One proved noiseless, reducing them to four.

Four little firecrackers waiting lit to be;
One's still waiting, so there only were three.

Three little firecrackers not knowing what to do,
One did nothing and left more work for two.

Two little firecrackers their task almost begun;
Half of them got stepped upon, leaving just one.

One little firecracker, bound to make good,
Blew off baby's fingers as well as its cord.

Winning a Goddess

"Celebrate? Of course we can't celebrate in this town. We can't do nothing until we get together." Postmaster Haston threw away his cigar impatiently and turned to the group of villagers.

"Maybe that's so, but it ought not to be. Just because the cattlemen live in the north end and the land owners in the south they ought not to quarrel," replied Harry Morse, son of Banker Morse, and just home from college.

"We'll get up our own then," suggested somebody, "and let's meet tomorrow night. Fourth of July will be here in a week."

Harry on his wheel met Led Norton, the son of the owner of Hat Six ranch, on horseback a day later and the two young men rode side by side across the level plain for a time. Harry told his companion of the arrangement.

"That's all right," was the reply. "The north end is going to perform. These old fogies may fight if they want to, but we won't be so foolish. We can't help it, of course, but let's go in for some fun out of it anyhow."

"I'm with you. We are to have a goddess of liberty in a flag dress and a golden crown. You can't guess who it is to be."

"That homely Miss Lyons, of course. She always forces herself to the front."

"Wrong—Miss Dorine Vandelee."

"Why, her father is worth half a million."

"Well, she will do anything for me," with a satisfied air.

"Oh, ho, that's it, is it? and the cat-tle king-to-be rode away. In his heart was a little bitterness, for Dorine was to him something better than the rest of the girls of the town, north or south, and he did not like at all the tone of his companion's expression.

So North Mayville prepared for its parade and speeches, and South Mayville did the same. Harry and Led met often and exchanged notes as to the progress of the work. It was to be a very bitter rivalry.

For days the two sections of the town were excited. The tales of the doings of "the other side" were related with great exaggeration. Dorine heard them and wondered if her party was to be so very much outshone.

"They tell me that they are getting up a caricature of me," she said to Harry.

"They would not dare," was the eager response. "If they did I would punish the author myself."

"Who is in charge of the other side?"

"Led Norton, of course."

Dorine's color heightened, but Harry did not notice it. He was at last rewarded by securing her promise that she would act the principal part in the parade. He went away wondering how he could arrange it so that he might be near her on the glorious occasion.

On the eve of the important day there was a gathering in the back room of the Cattlemen's Club. Around the table sat six of the largest owners of stock on the range. They talked of the morrow.

"I am in favor of knocking them out once for all," Colonel Norton was saying. "That side of the town has got to be wiped out eventually or our property will be worthless. Let's scare their old parade out of sight and let them see that we are running the town."

Some objection was raised, but in the end the worthies were all satisfied with a plan that promised dire trouble for the neighboring burg. But only the six cattle barons knew of it when the morning dawned. The rivalry of Western towns does not permit of much confidence or exchange of courtesies.

There was another conference that night, but the cattlemen did not know of it. Only two were in it—Harry and Led. When they parted it was with a laugh and a merry call from the former: "It will be fun for all of 'em."

Independence Day dawned with the beauty of the prairie skies shining over the town. It was a day for the young to rejoice in and for the old to be thankful for. Mayville was astray early and there was not a resident who did not feel that he was interest-

JULY 5.

ENEMIES OF THE BIRDS.

Result of Taming Robins—Domestic Cats and Nestlings.

In the Northern States many of the protected birds are induced to build their nests in or near buildings and they are fed and sometimes partially tamed. This is commendable, of course, but robins, for example, are included in the list of game birds in some of the Southern States and efforts made to fawn them here may result in their destruction on their southern flight in the autumn. Accustomed to frequent the homes of their northern friends if they evince similar habits in the South they are often killed for the pot, Forest and Stream says.

In the course of time the Southern States will protect these birds, but until this is done it would be well to remember the result of feeding birds near our homes. Of course, the mere fact that they are not molested when in the North causes many birds to nest round our houses, but if they must be fed this should not be done near dwellings.

There are few women who view with calmness the killing of harmless birds by cats. On the other hand, there are few owners of cats who take any steps to prevent these depredations. The taming of birds in places where cats are permitted to roam at will means certain death to a large majority of such birds, and so far as we know there is only one preventive and that is to remove the cat from the field of activity.

The theory that cats keep the country home free from rats and mice is pretty—or was, before Puss, pampered and overfed, became more fond of the heat of the kitchen range or the sun than that of her traditional hunting fields. Now that the birds are encouraged to nest near by, almost within her reach, with a minimum of effort she varies her diet now and then with a nestling and is content.

To prevent hounds from hunting boxes we confine them until ready to accompany them, but we encourage song birds to nest near dwellings and at the same time permit one of their worst enemies to harry them daily.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

The First Conflict.

Some of us find the very first conflict of all hard enough—the fight with self.—Rev. Charles F. Aked, Baptist, New York City.

Standard of Right.

It should be borne in mind that without some knowledge of the true nature of God there is no standard of right.—Rev. Hiram Vrooman, Presbyterian, Providence.

Factor in Life.

What a man thinks in his heart is his creed. Every man has his creed, and his creed whatever it is is a determining factor in his life.—Rev. Murdoch McLeod, Presbyterian, Tacoma.

The Difference.

The essential difference between a religious and irreligious person is the difference between their intentions and purposes respecting right and wrong.—Rev. Hiram Vrooman, Presbyterian, Providence.

Hearing Trouble.

Never hear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.—Rev. J. B. Remensnyder, Lutheran, New York City.

Well Born.

It is a great thing to be well born, not in the matter of clothing or material riches, but to be well born into the possession of those things which cannot otherwise be obtained.—Rev. Luther B. Wilson, Methodist, Pawtucket, R. I.

Morality.

Morality is the unadorned life. Behind every good deed there stands the majesty of the moral law which makes a man never satisfied with himself. Such morality is identical with the true religion.—Rev. Leslie E. Learned, Episcopalian, Pasadena.

Man and Universe.

The universe is not man's inferior in intelligence, but the moment he can rise in knowledge to grasp her secrets, yields her vast wealth, and as a servant, emancipates her new found master from the slavery to toil.—Rev. Claude H. Priddy, Episcopalian, Brooklyn.

Rock of Ages.

The breakers and foam may cover the rocks a while, but when the storm subsides the rocks are still there to weather a thousand other storms. Man's fleeting foam and high-sounding breakers are helpless against the Rock of Ages.—Rev. F. Watson Hanna, Episcopalian, Brooklyn.

Fidelity Over Dress.

A reasonable amount of care and attention to dress is obligatory upon us all, but what God thinks about the weeks and the months spent in worry, anxiety and heartless frivolity over a costume for some brilliant fête, it is not difficult to conjecture.—Rev. John Deans, Congregationalist, Providence.

Science's Return to Religion.

Science after its wandering in the wilderness, after its search for acids and salts and laws and principles which govern the material universe, is turning back to religion and is seeking at this very hour to interpret man as something more than a physical organism, the component parts of which can be explained; he is seeking to interpret man in terms of the spirit, the very thing which Jesus Christ did.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Christian, Louisville.

Fishing for Sheep.

When sheep were introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock of them ran into the sea and were floated by their wool. Some fishermen saw them, and thinking them to be a new species of fish, made haste to try to catch them with hooks and nets. Next morning they brought home a catch whose value was greater than any load their boats had ever carried.

If people are to be believed, the final straw is put on their backs six or seven times a day.



This is no time for mirth or laughter
The cold grey dawn of the morning after.

ed in the celebration, both for the purpose of making for his side the best showing possible and to outdo the opposition. The rival parades started at 10 o'clock.

The two young men were the respective marshals of the day and each guided his troops as best he could through the crowds that filled the streets. The south enders were gowned in their finery from the stores. The Goddess of Liberty rode on a float all by herself and the horses were gaily fitted out for the occasion with ribbons and bunting. The north end had a more modest, but more expensive aggregation. It had in line all the cowboys of the ranch owners and there were some fancy riders among them who could and did make the onlookers wonder at their skill.

As the bands played and drowned out the noise of each opposition company the two marshals of the day led the lines toward a tree-lined avenue and then with a quick turn brought them out plump against each other in the broad street! It was the most exciting time of the town's history. The men were mad and the women indignant—the children alone were happy. They saw two parades instead of one.

But suddenly something else happened. Out of the grove that hid a stable sprang a number of men with guns. They leaped into the road and fired them with deafening reports. It was intended to frighten the south enders and it did. It also frightened the others, for the parades were there together.

"My stars, what a panic!" exclaimed Colonel Norton. "I wish we had not done it!"

Well he might. The teams went and there, out of the control of the drivers. Then one was seen running down the street—it was the one with the Goddess of Liberty. Behind it went two riders—Harry and Led. It was a race for a life. The two young men were well mounted, but they had swift horses to catch. At the end of the road was a hill and down at the bottom a bridge. Their time was short. On one side rode one and on the other his rival. Now both realized that they were to test the love of the woman they both admired.

Dorine clung to the wagon, which pitched and wavered, alone on the vehicle.

"Here," shouted Harry, "jump to me and I will hold you!"

"Here," put in Led, in that strong tone of his, "let me catch you! I'll come alongside!"

She looked from one to the other. Even in the terror of the position she saw something of the situation and wished for an instant that she could escape making a choice before the crowd. But a look ahead told her that that was impossible—now was her time.

The hill was nearer and nearer. The people were wondering why she did not leap, for they saw it was impossible for the riders to stop the team. Suddenly she satisfied them. With an abandon that showed how strong was her faith, she threw herself far from the wagon—toward Led Norton.

The young cattlemen was ready for the duty of the minute. He reached out his strong right arm and as she came to him threw it around her

Both Ready for the Fourth.



A Fourth of July Game.

The new Fourth of July game of "abbreviated states" calls for lively competition. A prize is given for the first correct list of the following questions:

- What state reminds you of a great rainfall? Ark.
- What state can be often multiplied? Tenn.
- What state commences the domestic week? Wash.
- What state is mightier than the sword? Penn.
- What state is always sure of itself? Kan.
- What state has a medical degree? Md.
- What state is a chronic invalid? Ill.
- What state is a maiden? Miss.
- What state suggests a sheltered spot? Del.
- What state is a woman's name? Minn.—Washington Star.

CELEBRATING!

