

The decay of French politeness has become a subject for passing concern on the part of the French themselves. It has been frequently remarked by visitors to France, who have alleged a change in French manners within the period of their recollection, says the Charleston News and Courier. The same phenomenon is something alleged of the weather in New England. Scientific meteorologists pool-pool this. They declare it to be all out of the question for climate to be materially affected except by imperceptible processes requiring ages to show results. So as to politeness in France; some contend that the change is more apparent than real. Most of those taking part in the controversy insist or admit it to be a fact. These urge that the causes be identified and correctives applied. There is a disposition, of course, to attribute it to women, "especially elegant women whose ill-manners have no limit," as one expert submits. In the matter worth serious consideration? Or, rather, should not the symptom be welcomed? Is not politeness itself a symptom of decay, like the beauty of old cathedrals, the mellowness of long-stored vintages, or the art of telling the truth? Man in a natural state is not remarkable for good manners and will be cheerfully. That school which holds that the decadence of a people may be traced by observing its cultivation of the habit of telling the truth would probably reason that the diffusion of politeness is in the same way significant, if a less important barometer of falling physical and intellectual vitality. A robust entity does not bother about etiquette.

Modern life is complicated. It is swift. We live at high tension. The sins of society people have become insured to them. Neurasthenia, one knows, is often the inevitable, though much-to-be-deprecated, result of going the pace, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. But what is one to think of neurasthenia in the poultry yard? Comes a publication which devotes itself to poultry and other topics of the farm. In it a correspondent writes of the symptoms of one of his hens—hastiness, nervousness, indifference to food and society. And the editor replies that the symptoms are those of a nervous disease, and he declares that the only cure for the hen is the rest cure in some quiet retreat, away from the feverish atmosphere of the poultry yard. This is a withering indictment of present-day civilization. A hen-like hen—think of that! A debutante of last season, no doubt, who should now be in the full feather of glorious youth a victim of nerves!

The form of Curtiss biplane which travels on the water and land as well as in the air is winning admiration at San Diego. The machine is a standard biplane equipped with bicycle wheels and a pontoon about three feet wide by twelve feet in length placed immediately beneath the aviator with its long axis at right angles to the planes. At the extremities of the lower plane are two small triangular copper tanks, whose function is to prevent the planes from cutting too deeply into the water. Mr. Curtiss seems to have thought of everything but a name for his novel craft. The suggestion that it be known as the hydro-aeroplane shows closer acquaintance with the classics than with the habit of the American people to insist upon cutting long words short.

The February fire loss this year in the United States and Canada amounted to \$16,415,000. While a million more than the February loss last year and \$300,000 in excess of the February loss in 1913 this was five millions below the aggregate for last month, and somewhat below the average monthly loss during the twelve months last past. There is nothing alarming nor is there anything encouraging in the fire loss figures of the first two months of the present year. On account of a heavy loss in January, they are eight millions in excess of the total for the first two months of 1910, but half a million below that for the corresponding period of 1909.

Because a Chicago man insisted upon being a candidate for trustee of one of the large New York life insurance companies, the company has been obliged to spend about \$50,000 in having ballots and proxies printed in eleven different languages and mailing them in sealed envelopes to all parts of the world. He is the only candidate on the so-called policyholders' ticket, although 36 trustees are to be elected. It was a wise law which made provision for policyholders' tickets, but in this instance it has not been advantageous from a financial viewpoint, at least.

"Potentia," an international movement which tends to make all mankind as brothers and sisters, is the latest wrinkle among the lightbrows. The dreamers of dreams continue to dream in spite of the prevalence of commercialism.

Now that we know the world to have been born at least 400,000,000 years ago, it is more than ever surprising how the frivolous old thing keeps up its perpetual giddy whirl.

FOR PUBLIC CONTROL SAYS BOTH HERE TO STAY

Frank Recognition of Public Rights by the President of Western Union and Telephone Companies.

Public regulation of public service corporations has come to stay. It ought to have come and it ought to stay. That is the first and unequivocal assertion of Theodore N. Vall, president of both the American Telephone and Telegraph company and the Western Union Telegraph company. It came in the form of his annual report to the seventy thousand stockholders of the two great corporations. Although Mr. Vall's advocacy of full publicity in connection with the affairs of such concerns was well understood, nobody in financial circles had anticipated so frank an avowal of full public rights in the shaping of their general conduct. It came consequently as a surprise, not only because of its novelty and squareness, but also on account of the unqualified acquiescence of a board of directors comprising such eminent and conservative financiers as Robert Winson of Kidder, Peabody & Co., and Henry L. Higginson of Boston, Henry P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Senator W. Murray Crane, George F. Baer, T. Jefferson Coolidge Jr., Norman W. Harris, John I. Waterbury and others.

President Vall's declaration is heralded as the first recognition by those in high corporate authority of the justice of the demand that the public be regarded as virtual partners in all matters that pertain to the common welfare. He goes directly to the point. "Public control or regulation of public service corporations by permanent commissions," he says, "has come and will stay. Control, or regulation, to be effective means publicity; it means semi-public discussion and consideration before action; it means everything which is the opposite of and inconsistent with effective competition. Competition—aggressive, effective competition—means strife, industrial warfare; it means contention; it oftentimes means taking advantage of or resorting to any means that the conscience of the contestants or the degree of the enforcement of the laws will permit.

"Aggressive competition means duplication of plant and investment. The ultimate object of such competition is the possession of the field wholly or partially; therefore it means either ultimate combination on such basis and with such prices as will cover past losses, or it means loss of return on investment, and eventual loss of capital. However it results, all costs of aggressive, uncontrolled competition are eventually borne, directly or indirectly, by the public. Competition which is not aggressive, presupposes co-operative action, understandings, agreements, which result in general uniformity or harmony of action, which, in fact, is not competition but its combination. When thoroughly understood it will be found that "control" will give more of the benefits and public advantages, which are expected to be obtained through such ownership, and will obtain them without the public burden of either the public officer-holder or public debt or operating deficit.

"When through a wise and judicious state control and regulation all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of state ownership are secured, state ownership is doomed."

"If Mr. Vall is right," says Harper's Weekly, in a concise summing-up, "then it seems pretty plain that we are entered upon a new era in both economics and politics. And it is high time we did if evolution is to supplant revolution as an efficient force in the development of civilization."

Unreliable Physiognomy. I am a profound disbeliever in physiognomy. Features are false witnesses. Stupidity frequently wears a mask of intelligence. I know business men who look like poets and poets who look like business men. Men of genius invariably look like idiots, and if you pick out the man who looks most eminent in a party you are sure to find he is a nobody. I always distrust men who look magnificent. Nature is a stingy creature. She seldom gives a man the double gift of being great and looking great. She took care to lame Byron and deform Pope and disfigure Johnson. But the crowning example of her jealous parsimony is Shakespeare. I have always been disappointed with Shakespeare's face. It does not "speak" up to his poetry. It is dull, heavy and commonplace—Adventures in London.

Vegetable Fancy Work. Little Mrs. Bride had almost everything to learn about housekeeping, but she was so enthusiastic in her interest that every one was glad to help her. "I have some particularly fine asparagus," the marketman told her one day, and he displayed a bunch for her admiration. "Picked not three hours ago," he added.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES Make Their Homes on House Tops



NEW YORK.—All of New York's animate myriad do not dwell on the surface. High over the heads of sightseers, at the summit of some of the tallest office buildings in the world, live men, women and children, who find life particularly good there in the hot nights of summer. A writer for the New York Tribune was invited to visit such a home the other day, and after using the elevator to the roof entered a comfortable looking living room, occupied by a happy looking family. Far from earth as it was, the room looked pleasantly earthlike and real.

"Busted" Cupid Kicked Out In Cold



MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—A sleepy and "busted" Cupid, kicked out into the world because of his poverty, one morning recently wearily "hoofed" it along the ties to Oklahoma, whence he had come a few short hours before. Little Jenny Hosmer, an Indian maiden of sixteen years, who had eloped from Oklahoma with Wesley Moran, about her own age, was not long in deciding that a couple cannot live on love alone, and ten hours after the elopement had begun the young lover, tired and dejected, was returning to the plow he had hurriedly left standing in the field, having been given his dismissal by his little sweetheart.

Jenny Hosmer, although only sixteen, is heiress to a thousand acres of land near Oklahoma. The entire town site of Wiebert belongs to her, having been given it in a will by a relative. When she grows up Jenny will be rich, but riches could not compare with her love for Wesley Moran. To

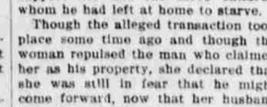
Grandmas Quote Spirits in Suit



DES MOINES, IA.—In the remarkable suit just tried here for the custody of little Jeanette Edwards between her rival grandmothers, in which testimony purporting to be the wishes of the child's father and mother, both of whom are dead, conveyed by means of a spiritualistic medium was offered, Judge Ransier awarded her to the temporary care of the child's mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robinson, and assessed the costs of the action against Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Edwards, the parents of her dead father.

Mrs. L. H. Edwards of Cedar Falls, sister of Secretary of Agriculture, "Tamm Jim" Wilson, and Mrs. W. H. Robinson, a physician of Denver, were the litigants for the possession of Jeanette, who is eight years old. The opposing grandmothers are spiritualists, each marshaling what she believed to be a formidable line of ghostly evidence in support of her cause.

Sells Wife and Children for \$1



PHILADELPHIA.—According to the story told by Mrs. Mary Gugisa of 1817 South Lee street, this city, to Magistrate Hughes she and her three children were sold by her husband for \$1 to a man who, she declares, has threatened to take her by force. In broken English she asked that her husband be found and made to support her and the three children whom he had left at home to starve. Though the alleged transaction took place some time ago and though the woman repudiated the man who claimed her as his property, she declared that she was still in fear that he might come forward, now that her husband has disappeared, and force himself into her home. "It was three years ago," she said, "that my husband sold me. He wanted money for more liquor. He gave me and the children for \$1, and I didn't know anything about it. When the

man came to me and said: 'I will live here, I own you, you belong to me, I paid for you,' I thought he was crazy. I said, 'you won't live here,' and I tried to drive him out of the house; then he showed me my marriage certificate and said he had bought me for \$1. I snatched it from him, and I have it now where he can't get it; but I am afraid."

Magistrate Hughes sent two of his officers to the woman's home to verify her story.

The youngsters were huddled together on the kitchen floor before the stove, which apparently had not had fire in it for days. The baby of nine months was crying, and the other two, Joe, five, and George, a year or so younger, were gnawing at chips of wood which they had picked up in the street to kindle a fire. There was not a vestige of food in the house and the children were blue with cold and half starved. In one of the upper rooms the officers found an emaciated boy, Mrs. Gugisa's brother, who recently came from Poland, and who is suffering with tuberculosis.

Magistrate Hughes provided enough money to buy food for the family for a few days.

The Night Owls.

Oldback—Do you believe in hereditary influences? Youngpop—Sure; now my baby is wakeful at night, and I fully believe it is just because my wife always insisted on sitting up and waiting for me to come home.

First Choice.

Mr. Jawback—My dear, I was one of the first to leave. Mrs. Jawback—Oh, you always say that. Mr. Jawback—I can prove it this time. Look out in the hall and see the beautiful umbrella I brought home

Amplifying the Idea.

"Young Mosslekus has bought a patch of ground in the suburbs and thinks he is going to get rich on it. He's a crank on what they call intensive farming."

Season of Calmness.

Jane Jones said to me: "In case of not knowin' what to do next, I've found it handy to set around a spell and do nothin'. Arter that you're always some calmer and kin hoop your self in."

Neighborly Comment.

"What do you think of Mrs. Gammon's idea of keeping Lent conditions?" "Judging from my experience of her, I think it is in never returning anything she borrows."

Peer Green.

"Green's wife is a suffragette, isn't she?" "Yes, and Green says he wouldn't mind that so much if she didn't always act as though it is his fault she can't vote."

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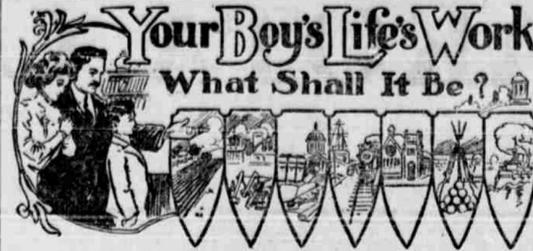
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ADVERTISING MAN.

Here is an occupation open to you, boy that is certain to be profitable if you are able to become proficient in it. It demands a fair amount of talent and unlimited energy and perseverance, but the outcome will bring him satisfactory financial reward and may even lead to something far beyond that. It is a calling that offers practically unlimited possibilities. By C. W. JENNINGS.

No phase of modern business

life has shown more progress during the past two decades than advertising. Formerly there was little in the business to develop or utilize talent of a high order or to command respect from the public. The modern successful advertising man is an influential factor in business and even in public life and receives a salary commensurate with his ability. The managers of the sales departments of the largest business concerns are but the highest type of advertising men and upon their direct efforts rests the prosperity of such institutions. Governments, even, have use for the ad. man and do not hesitate to give him ample remuneration for the results he obtains by means of stimulating popular interest.

There is no occupation your boy could choose that offers brighter prospects if only he exerts himself and is determined to get to the top. It is not essential that he should possess exceptional qualifications for the work. As in most kinds of life work, hard work and study will carry him to the desired end—in this case a loftier pinnacle than may be attained in most business careers.

Assuming, then, that your boy wishes to make a stir in the world as a director of publicity, that he is 16 or so years of age and has had the usual schooling, his first step will be to go to one of the large advertising agencies and ask opportunity to begin at the bottom.

As in other beginnings, his first job will be that of office boy, and his pay \$5 or so a week. However, he will be given work right at the beginning that is the very foundation of all advertising. He will be shown that advertising measurement and cost are based on the space taken in various publications by different advertisers, all of which is put into tables for future reference. There are 14 agate lines to an inch. The length of the line is the width of the column. The cost is estimated at the rate of so much an agate line.

Through the business handled by his firm he will become familiar with the writing of advertisements, the charges made by different publications, the field covered by them, what their circulation is, what special class of advertisers patronizes given magazines or other publications, what publications are best adapted to facilitate the sale of various articles, what form and size of advertisement to use, exercising his artistic and publicity sense by becoming familiar with the display value of various kinds of type, etc.

As he advances in knowledge of all these things, and thereby becomes of greater value to his employer, your boy's pay will steadily increase until, after a couple of years, he will probably be getting \$10 or so a week, and will be on a fair road to higher and more rapid advancement.

Advertising agencies are firms that place the advertising and publicity work for companies or individuals that do not maintain their own advertising departments. Thus John Doe Co., wholesale hardware merchants, conclude that this year they will spend \$20,000 in advertising; so they arrange with an agency to distribute this money for them, the agency selecting the publications or other means and apportioning the outlay where it will do the most good. For this work the agency receives a commission of 10 to 15 per cent., not from the hardware firm, but from the publications.

Therefore, the principal soliciting done by the agency is to get these accounts from advertisers. As the agencies themselves are solicited by magazines and other publications, your boy becomes familiar with both sides of the game.

Your boy's advancement to the position of solicitor will depend entirely upon himself. Naturally he will have to possess a pretty good knowledge of the business, so as to meet all arguments and objections from persons who also are well informed, and he must present an appearance that will begot confidence. Probably he will not be competent to do all this until he has been with an agency for several years; but all this time he will be improving himself in the office and becoming an authority on advertising generally. He will be earning from \$15 to \$20 or even more a week by the time he is in his early twenties, if he has applied himself assiduously to his work.

Then will come his determination to increase the business of the firm by his own efforts, and he will go out after an account. If he succeeds he will receive one-third of the commission the agency gets. Thus, if he persuades the manufacturer of a face cream to let his firm spend \$10,000 in advertising, the agency will receive at least \$1,000 commission from the publications selected, and your boy will get \$333 of this.

He is now a full-fledged solicitor

and it will not be long until his earnings are large. If he shows that he can get large business he will be put at that work exclusively and ultimately will be made a member of the firm or will establish one of his own. The possibilities of this business are shown somewhat by the fact that the largest agencies handle as high as \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a year, of which their commissions are more than one-tenth. Deduct office expenses, fees to solicitors, etc., and you can see what the earnings may be.

Another opportunity is likely to come to him even before he is made a member of the firm—he may be asked to enter the employment of a manufacturing or jobbing or other concern as an advertising manager or manager of the sales department. The salary in this position may be very large. There are numerous sales managers who receive as much as \$25,000 a year; for upon their efforts rests the prosperity of the business, and the man who handles advertising and other publicity business is supposed to know where the expenditure of a dollar will bring back many more. His experience as advertising agent gives him an accurate knowledge of how to spend money to get the best results.

The writer is acquainted with three young men who established themselves as a firm of publicity experts, catering principally to the exploitation of large business interests. They made arrangements with as many as 5,000 newspapers throughout the country so that, upon payment of a stipulated charge, they could secure simultaneous publication in all of these papers of whatever project they were promoting. Before long they were handling the exploitation of large tracts of land in the south, and even undertook successfully the direction of a vigorous campaign started by a large state to attract settlers. This led to their entering into a similar arrangement with one of the great South American republics. Now they are making literally loads of money. The head of this partnership is in the early forties and his chief partner only about 35.

Sooner or later your boy should have a few years' experience in the advertising department of a newspaper so that he will be given the variety of work at top speed and in every branch of the business that is almost essential in one who expects to reach the top. He can get so intimate a knowledge of people and their wants in almost no other walk of life. If he wishes to remain with the newspaper or magazine, his goal will be that of advertising manager, or business manager, which, commercially speaking, is the most important post on the publication.

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Plea of a Purist.

This writes a purist of Dorchester: "For the honor of Boston culture, will you not call attention to the proper pronunciation of the new vocabulary concerning airplanes? Positively, it sets one's teeth on edge to hear about 'aero-planes' and 'aero-nots,' to say nothing of 'Bleerotts' and 'bi-planes' and 'avayshun.' It is bad enough to see 'airplanes' in bold type, but 'aero-plane' is tough. Say a word, too, about that terrible new coinage 'onto.' When the brave 'aero-not' gets up 'onto' his ear, it is really pretty bad, but not so dangerous as to get up 'onto' his banter. And while you are about it, do ask 'em to take time to say 'telephone' and not that dreadful 'phone.' She who 'phones' so often wears a gigantic collar and some what gummy fluff, and exhibits a vast amount of dentistry for the money. And ask her, too, not to buy a 'rimlet' for her hair, nor to take 'Johanna Hoff' if she wishes to 're-juve.' Or, if the subject is too large for your space, will you just ask the Colonel, who finds opportunity to adjust atomic as well as cosmic affairs?"—Boston Transcript.

Feared Census.

Britain's House of Lords was for nearly half a century an implacable opponent of a census of the population, fearing a growth of sentiment politically antagonistic to the landed aristocracy as the result of the disclosure of the rapid growth of the commercial cities and manufacturing towns. The first census of England, in 1807, revealed a total population of 8,892,536, not much more than London has today.

Sorry He Spoke.

Mr. Snapp—What a spectacle that Mrs. De Coltoy was, sitting there in the box without a thing on her shoulders. Mrs. Snapp—Nothing on her shoulders? Why, John Snapp, your eyes weren't off them five minutes while we were in the theater.

No Reason for Pride.

"We won't print any such stuff as that," said the editor, loftily, as he handed back the manuscript. "Well, you needn't be so haughty about it," retorted the Irregular Contributor. "You're not the only one who won't print it."—Tit-Bits.

Might Be Improved.

"That policeman who comes to see you, bridge—is he an officer of good standing?" "Just fair, mum; he's a bit stoop shouldered."

She Knew the Symptoms.

"What makes you think he had been to a drinking party?" "He came home," sobbed the young wife, "wearing a phrenograph horn for a hat."



You'll be delighted with the results of Calumet Baking Powder. No disappointments—no flat, heavy, soggy biscuits, cake, or pastry. Just the lightest, daintiest, most uniformly raised and most delicious food you ever ate. Received highest reward World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, 1907.

MADE HIS ESCAPE IN TIME

Metaphors of Millionaire Found No Response in the Breast of the Farmer.

The millionaire accepted the farmer's cordial invitation to ride, and with much scrambling gained a seat on top of the hay.

"My good man," said the millionaire, patronizingly, "this swaying, rolling, sweet-scented divan is a couch upon which I could win slumber and be irresistible to the arms of Morpheus whenever I courted sweet sleep."

The farmer stifled, "I'll hear no more of your talk; I'm a respectable married man, and I'll ask you where your 'goin' so' I can avoid the place." Dreamily the millionaire smiled, "I'm getting back to Mother Nature, who has been outraged and abused by me for years; I am a broken man, and she will forgive me and bring me back to health."

The farmer stopped the team and pulled a three-tined pitchfork from the brace socket—but his passenger was gone.—Success Magazine.

ON THE RAILROAD TRAIN.



Feeble Guardianship. "I wonder," said the Sweet Young Thing, "why a man is always so frightened when he proposes?" "That," said the Chronic Bachelor, "is his guardian angel trying to hold him back."—Stray Stories.

Getting the Worst of It. "Blighins isn't very lucky in driving bargains." "No. He says he can't even change his own mind without getting the worst of the deal."

Reducing the waits between the acts will not lighten a heavy play.

Advertisement for Post Toasties with cream. Text: 'It Does The Heart Good To see how the little folks enjoy Post Toasties with cream Sweet, crisp bits of pearly white corn, rolled and toasted to an appetizing brown. "The Memory Lingers" POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.'