

When Labor Day Comes Round

By Earl Marble

With all the grass, so lush in June,
In haymows stored or stacked a field,
And July's harvesting in tune
For such a glowing, bounteous yield;
With all the hot, midsummer days
Garnered alike in weeks gone by—
We wait the while the soft wind plays
Through orchard boughs whose yield is nigh.

And while we wait our play-day comes—
The holiday of all the year—
When Labor's noise no longer hums,
And Labor's voice is heard in cheer.
Then hey the picnic, is the call!
And sports come on with leap and bound,
The while we hear a voice—"Play ball!"
When merry Labor Day comes round.



We pack our baskets—or the wife
And children do, with hearts alight—
All heaping full—and seek the life
That Nature whispers us is right.
We all are boys and girls again,
Although our brows with age are crowned!
We are not women now, nor men—
When merry Labor Day comes round.

What merry tales the women tell—
The portly ones we scarce would know
As willow Jane and slender Nell,
In those dear days so long ago!
What roistering yarns the men spin out
While pitching quarts on springy ground,
The other fellows' girls about—
When merry Labor Day comes round.

And thus with sport the day goes by,
The toil of all the year forgot;
For cheaper 'tis to laugh than cry—
For man as well as little tot.
God bless the holiday that comes
Into our lives with such a bound!
When Labor's noise no longer hums,
And merry Labor Day comes round.



Literature on Labor

HAYARD TAYLOR.
Labor, you know, is prayer.
Toll to some is happiness and rest to others.

BEECHER.
It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work, good, honest labor, is healthy.
Let a broken man cling to his work. If it saves nothing else it will save him.

WHITTIER.
Faine to work as well as pray.

HOMER.
Labor conquers all things.

ELIZABETH BROWNING.
Get work. Be sure it's better than what you work to get.

ADDISON.
There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labor. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure.

LOWELL.
Blessed are the horny hands of toil.

SCHILLER.
Labor is the ornament of the citizen. The reward of toil is when you confer blessings upon others.

SCOTT.
Toil is necessary to the enjoyment of leisure.

BULWER-LYTON.
What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the powers to achieve, but the will to labor.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Barbers Denounce the Safety Razors



Safety razors promote efficiency. If allowed to flourish they will eventually accomplish the ruin of American manhood. Rome's celebrated stumps was due to just such introductions as the ornery safety razor.

"And," finished one of the speakers, "after weaning its owner from the refinement of the barber shop, making him minister to the demands of his whiskers across his own threshold, the safety will gradually pull upon the man devoted to it. Growing careless, the man will one day lay open the interior of his face with an unusually negligent swing of the supposed 'safety' razor, and what then? The man, being weaned from the barber shop, does not care to return. He is timid—the fault of the safety. He lets his whiskers assume abnormal proportions. He becomes a hotbed for germs. Therefore, down with the tyranny of the r. s."

It was prophesied that in the short span of a year all the old adherents of the stubble beards and curved Adam's apples will be filling the red plush chairs of the shop. The safety razor, it was allowed, was all right for the mere youths and the trembling hands of the old, but further it had not just cause for existence.

Accident Leads to a Canine Debauch

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—A score or more dogs of assorted breeds livened up things on Fifth avenue the other day by becoming intoxicated on the spilled contents of an overturned brewery truck. It is said by eyewitnesses that the drunken dogs acted almost "human" in the delirious frenzy which followed their excessive libations.



The truck, one of the motor variety, was chugging along Fifth avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets, when it broke down and its contents, several cases of a very popular brand of hop beverage, were spilled into the gutter. Immediately a golden stream, sparkling with the pent-up effervescence, gurgled and bubbled down the gutter.

The day was hot and all the neighborhood dogs, most of which belonged to Fifth avenue storekeepers, were wandering about in search of water to drink.

Blitzen, a graceful greyhound, raised her head from between her paws as she lay in the doorway of a millinery establishment and sniffed the air suspiciously. The couchant Blitzen became rampant.

"Woof, my dears!" she bayed, and in 20-foot jumps made for the spot whence came the tantalizing aroma of the wasting beverage.

Immediately every other dog on the block, and some others from adjacent blocks, realized that at last it was his "day." Following the lead of the leaping greyhound, they made for the gutter and eagerly began lapping up the amber drink.

How many aching heads there were next day in Fifth avenue dogdom will never be known, but members of the large crowd which quickly collected to watch the drinking bout aver that the quantity put away by the canine tipplers was something to marvel at.

The dogs, too full to find their way home, and too dizzy to navigate any way, were later led or carried to their homes by their owners.

Blame Middlemen for the High Prices



INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—An experiment to determine how far a city can go in reducing the cost of living is to be made in Indianapolis under the direction of Mayor Shank. Following a suggestion of James Wilson, secretary of the department of agriculture, that municipalities take up the question, the mayor appointed a commission to make an investigation. These men will spend the next few weeks investigating conditions that are supposed to be responsible for the high cost of farm and garden products. On their report will depend the city's action.

Several years ago Indianapolis established a market place for the purpose of giving the people a chance to deal direct with producers and in that manner to keep prices as low as possible. Preliminary inquiry indicates unscrupulous middlemen have been bartering the market, buying up farm produce at wholesale prices and then selling at whatever prices they could extort, thus forcing all prices on the market upward. Some have even gone so far as to disguise their employes as farmers and have them take their places in the market with what were supposed to be farm wagons with fresh produce. It developed that middlemen control the prices of four-fifths of the produce handled on the Indianapolis market and that they have advanced the prices to suit themselves.

Comparisons made between the prices of a few farmers not taken in by the middlemen with the prices fixed at the market stands show that the farmers have been and are selling food stuff at an average of less than one-half the amount fixed by the middlemen. Tomatoes, apples, potatoes and other staples have been sold 50 per cent. lower by the farmers than by the market stand proprietors in spite of the city's regulations.

The city government hopes to get at the bottom of the situation soon and to devise means by which the middlemen will not be able to grab the farm products and force the people to pay their prices. The farmers are maintaining that they are not responsible for the existing conditions and that the high prices do not benefit them.

Divorces a Close Second to Weddings

KANSAS CITY, MO.—As a habitation of the matrimonially distressed, Kansas City, according to figures just compiled, has Reno backed into oblivion.

These figures show that one of every three Kansas City marriages has its finale in the divorce court. In 1910 the figures showed that one in every four marriages in this city were failures and the great increase in the number has caused much perturbation in the churches.

Various causes have been given for it—the high cost of living, the laxity of the divorce laws, the greater independence of women.

Whatever the cause, since January 1 there have been 1,900 marriage licenses issued, and in the same time nearly 700 divorce suits filed. This is an increase in the number of marriage licenses issued over a like period in 1910, but a proportionately greater increase in the number of divorce suits filed. Incidentally, more children from broken homes have been taken charge of by the juvenile court than in any similar period. Sociologists and ministers are worried at the showing and there is a demand for more stringent divorce laws.

Judge Porterfield of the juvenile court also is worried at the showing, but he sees no relief in more stringent divorce laws. He believes that the only remedy lies in making requirements for marriage more severe, and still not so severe that its result will be to drive many persons into common law marriages.

"Too many persons marry who should not," Judge Porterfield says. "The whole of this divorce trouble begins, and right there the lawmakers must begin if they are to help conditions. You can't legislate divorces and broken homes out of existence as long as just anybody can get married regardless of mental and physical defects. There ought to be a commission to pass on the mental and physical condition of applicants for marriage licenses, and on the earning capacity of the men. Worthless men who can't even support themselves marry."

"Something will have to be done or the people of this and other states will find themselves the keepers of a lot of degenerate children. A man and woman should be required to know each other at least six months before they are married. It would be an outrage to make property restrictions, but the man should give evidence of an earning capacity and frugality that by strict economy, would provide the necessities of life for two at least. They should be without such diseases as would be bequeathed to children."



How It Got Out.
"Glady's Maud promised faithfully that she wouldn't breathe a whisper about my engagement and now it's all over town."
"She kept her word."
"I don't see how."
"She didn't breathe a whisper," she wrote it in a note."

Self-Educated.
"But don't you think you could learn to love me?" he inquired of the beautiful heiress.
"I've always said I was hard to learn," she replied, tantalizingly.
"But I am not a book," he protested.
"Oh, I can read you, all right," she answered.—Judge.

HOME TOWN HELPS

ALL CLASSES AID IN WORK

Many Cities Devoting Energy and vast Sums to Cause of Civic Improvement.

It is one of the practically hopeful phenomena in cities making effort to become prosperous and comfortable, here and in Europe, that the work is not in the hands merely of art societies and "beautifiers," but in the hands of boards of trade, chambers of commerce, taxpayers and merchants' associations, shippers, manufacturers.

Boston felt itself declining, not as an American Athens, but as a well let the report which stirred up her business men speak for itself:

"The foundation of convenient thoroughfares incidentally creates sites for important buildings. Are the court house and Symphony hall, Horticultural hall and the Conservatory of Music and the Christian Science temple placed where they show to the best advantage? How much they might have added to the city if they occupied monumental sites?"

"Our report offers some suggestions for street changes that will create monumental sites, as well as for cutting streets through waste and deserted districts near the city centers, and for the profitable expansion of the city—expansion that might bring dead land into activity, raise taxable values, increase the use of the water front or harbor, and thus add to the riches of the city."

"The fever for municipal improvement has also reached South America and we are told that in Rio Janeiro they are not only building fine docks and improving the harbor, but that a space of two and a half miles long and three hundred feet wide has been appropriated through the settled city from water to water for a boulevard one hundred feet wide and over a mile long. The sale of the one hundred feet on either side is said to have paid for the whole improvement. In the short space of eighteen months the city constructed this beautiful avenue and gained an enormous amount of taxable property."

"In Formosa the Japanese are planning a capital. Mr. Fashima, the architect who has the design in hand, has recommended the essential principles of the original plan of Washington."

"These American cities which have had time to think are devoting energy and vast sums of money to work of this or of similar character. They find that municipal improvement not only tends to their own convenience, but also to attract strangers and to directly contribute toward a city's material prosperity."

PLEAS FOR THE PLAYGROUND

Boys and Girls of the Cities Should Have Their Public Places of Recreation.

Herr Froebel, in "The Education of Man," says:

"Every town should have its own common playground for the boys. Glorious result would come from this for the entire community. For at this period games, whenever it is feasible, are common, and thus develop the feeling and desire for community, and the laws and requirements of community. The boy tries to see himself in his companions, to feel himself in them, to weigh and measure himself with their help. Thus the games directly influence and educate the boy for life, awaken and cultivate many civil and moral virtues."

From the eastern part of our country comes an eloquent plea for the tendent of playgrounds at Pittsburgh, writes: "From the juvenile court, from prisons, from hospitals, from students of social evils, from every department of science devoted to the study of man, comes the warning that in our day, as in no other day, the world has yet seen, we need in our great cities to give heed to the nature and spirit of childhood and youth and to the right of the people to happiness. Society has not so much forgotten as it has failed to realize in these strenuous days of materialism how much modern city and social conditions are making void for many a fundamental tenet of our national creed. In the boys and girls of the streets, in the delinquent, the fallen, the outcast, the unsuccessful and the misfit there is the same hunger for happiness that is in our own. But if that hunger must be satisfied in the tenement, in the street, in the cheap theater, saloon or public dance hall, or not at all, who can wonder at individual ruin or social disaster?"

Telling a Secret.

"Horace," asked his uncle, "what was the subject of your graduating essay?"

"The Alarming Prevalence of Hyperkatabolism," the young man answered.

"What put such a queer topic as that into your head?"

"I was racking my brains for something unhackneyed, happened to pick up a dictionary, opened it at random, and 'hyperkatabolism' was the first word that caught my eye. It was as easy as pie after that. Don't say anything about it, will you?"

Beautifying the Home.

While critics have been calling loudly for something true and original in American architecture, there has been quietly developing a type that is really both new and artistic, says Charles M. Cheney in the House Beautiful.

Discarding the restrictions of tradition, a strong and virile style founded on the best principles of composition and design is asserting itself in the small house. Beauty is arrived at through the simple elements of construction.

HARVESTER AT WORK

Uncounted Miles of Bountiful Crops Make Glad the Farmers of Western Canada.

YIELD WILL BE RECORD ONE

Practically Beyond Reach of Accident, the Fruit of the Fertile Fields is Being Gathered—Elevators and Railroads Will Be Taxed to Their Capacity.

On a beautiful Saturday afternoon, four weeks ago, the writer started for a twenty-mile drive into the country, from one of the hundred or more new towns that have been well started during the past spring, in the Province of Saskatchewan, in Western Canada. Mile after mile, and mile after mile, was traversed through what was one continuous wheat field, the only relief to the scene being the roadways that led back into other settlements, where would have been repeated the same great vista of wheat.

What a wealth! Here were hundreds and thousands, and millions of bushels of what was declared to be a quality of grain equal to any that has ever been grown in the province. As we drove on and on I thought of those fellows down on the Board of Trade at Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Duluth. While they were exploiting each other's energies the farmer of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba was contemplating how much he would realize out of his crop, now past any danger of accident, over what his anticipations were two months ago. One man said to me: "The profits of that field of wheat will give me sufficient money to purchase 320 acres of land, for which the railway company is asking \$6,400, and pay it in cash." Another, with a field of flax—it was only 320 acres—said



Steam Plowing in Western Canada.

he could do the same and still have a balance in the bank. Flax produces wonderfully well, and the current price is about \$2.50 per bushel. We then drove over into another township, getting further back from the railway, and the main traveled road.

Here we found ourselves in the center of a Swedish settlement. Those forming the settlement were originally from Nebraska, invited to put up our horses and stay over for dinner, and a dinner that was enjoyed not only on account of the generous appetite created by the exhilarating drive, but also because of the clean linen, the well-prepared dishes of roast fowl, potatoes, cabbage, and a delightful dessert, some of the history of the settlement was learned. The host and hostess were modest in describing their own achievements, and equally modest as to those of their friends, but enough was learned to satisfy us that they had come there about three years ago, in moderate, almost poor, circumstances. Most of them had received their homesteads as a gift from the government, and by careful diligence had purchased and paid for adjoining land. They had plenty of cattle and horses, some sheep and hogs, and large well-kept gardens, showing an abundance of potatoes and cabbage and other vegetables. Their buildings were good. Schools were in the neighborhood and there was evidence of comfort everywhere.

On to the Park Country.

Reluctant to leave these interesting people, the horses thoroughly rested, were "hooked up" and driven on, under a sun still high in the heavens, with the horses pulling on the bit and traveling at a 12-mile an hour gait over a road that would put to shame many of the macadamized streets, we were whirled along a stonious drive through the woods and then out in the park country.

Here was another scene of beauty, groves of poplar, herds of cattle, fenced fields of wheat and oats and barley and flax. Here was wealth, and happiness and surely contentment. The crops were magnificent. The settlers, most of them, by the way, from Iowa, had selected this location because of its beauty. Its entire charm was wholesome. Fuel was in abundance, the soil was the best, the shelter for the cattle afforded by the groves gave a splendid supply of food, while hay was easy to get. They liked it. Here was a sturdy farmer, with his three boys. He had formerly been a merchant in an Iowa town, his children had been given a college education and one of the boys was about to marry the accomplished daughter of a neighboring farmer.

Through Land of Wealth.

The invitation to remain to supper was accepted, but that given to remain over night was tabled. It was only a 25-mile drive into town over the best of roads, through such a

Rich Crop in Manitoba.

In Manitoba it was the same. The fields of grain that were passed through in this province promised to give to the growers a bumper yield, and as high as 35 bushels of wheat and 60 bushels of oats was freely discussed.

It would appear as if the expectation of an average of 25 bushels of wheat throughout the three provinces would be met.

In a few days the 40,000,000-bushel elevator capacity throughout the country will be taxed, the 25,000,000 bushels capacity at Fort William and Port Arthur will be taken up, and the railways and their equipment will be called upon for their best. Today the great, broad, yellow fields are industrial haunts, the self-binders in work in its giant task of reducing into sheaves the standing grain, the harvesters are busy stacking and stacking, the threshing machines are being fed the sheaves, the large box wagons are taking it to the elevators, and no matter where you go it is the same story and a picture such as can only be seen in the great grain fields of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Market for Human Hair.

The quint annual hair fair was held at Limoges, France, a few days ago. This curious market brings the great dealers in human hair and the representatives of important hair-dressers from all parts of Europe, buyers and sellers coming from Berlin and Rome, Spain and Austria, and from all the great towns of France. Fair and dark hair is seen there in great quantities, but here and there can be seen rarer plaits of white hair, which with the red, are sold for as much as \$60 and \$70 a kilo.

splendid country, all one beautiful picture, and such an opportunity to use one's imagination in figuring up the amount of the wealth of the crops through which the trip into town took us, was not to be enjoyed every day. And away we started.

It was delightful. We drove and drove through avenues of wheat, which today, having yellowed with the beneficent sun, is being laid low by the reaper, stacked and threshed by the thousands of hands required to do it, and in great wagons is being taken to the elevator.

A night's ride of this great province of Saskatchewan—into the southwestern part—and from appearances it might have been as though a transfer had been made across a township. There were wheat fields, oat fields, barley fields and flax fields, and many more that could not be seen. Yet there they were, and during the night we had passed through a country similarly cultivated.

It will all secure a market and get its way to ocean or local mill by means of the great railways whose well-arranged systems are penetrating everywhere into the agricultural parts.

Prosperous Alberta.

We afterward went over into Alberta, and here again it was grain and cattle, and here again it was comfortable farm homes, splendidly built cities and towns, the best of churches and the most thoroughly equipped schools.

While talking with a Southern Saskatchewan farmer he said that the land he was working, and for which he had been offered \$40 an acre, had been purchased five years ago for \$12 an acre, but he won't sell. He is making a good profit on his land at \$60 an acre, and why should he sell? Further north, land was selling at from \$15 to \$18 and \$20 an acre. It was learned afterward that the soil was similar to that in the south, the price of which today is \$60 an acre. The climate was similar and the markets as good. In fact the only difference was that today these northern lands occupy the same position that the more southerly ones did five years ago, and there are found many who