

THE CHILD BEHIND.

Look about as you walk along the street and see how many children you can count chasing after or riding on the ends of wagons in the streets. The odds are heavy that you cannot fall to see such a sight every time you take the trouble to look. Everybody sees the sight and nobody does anything about it. Would you believe that it is just as much against the law for a child to catch behind as it is for a stranger from out of town to stop his vehicle within ten feet of a hydrant. Let the stranger try it on and he soon finds himself in the clutches of the law, says the Hartford Courant. But let a child try it on and there he is. Now the inevitable result of this utter neglect to enforce a law that makes for safety is simply to invite peril. Pretty soon, possibly on another page of the paper in which this article appears, there will be an account of another automobile accident. Some excitable observers will likely call it an automobile outrage. It will be the story of how an automobile ran over a child that had been playing catch behind and had jumped off the vehicle it was stealing a ride on. The one way to prevent these killings for which drivers are not to blame is to impress on the children and their parents that this business, which the law forbids, must stop.

A baby never laughs, an aged person very rarely. But the smile, like the pleasures of the palate, according to Brillat Savarin, belongs to all the seven ages of man and with normal persons it is universal. Imagine a never-smiling human being, and you must assume that he is either a physical or a psychological eccentricity, or both. The Greenpoint youngster who shot himself in Central park, Manhattan, and died a few hours later, is said to have been known among his schoolmates as "the boy that never smiled." He could work, he could study, he could think. He appears not to have been without affection. Yet suicide at the age of sixteen was the climax of a sort of abnormality which science never had an opportunity to analyze or classify. The child that never smiles demands scientific attention. In this rather jumbled up universe occasions for smiling are everywhere. Breaks in symmetry are everywhere. An eye that does not see, a mind that does not comprehend such breaks, is unusual enough to be made a study of for the ultimate benefit of the rest of the race.

Napoleon was the greatest egotist of history. He was not disposed to give credit unduly to other people. Yet he wrote of his mother: "It is to my mother, to her good principles, that I owe my success and all I have that is worth while. I do not hesitate to say that the future of the child depends on the mother." All through life he ordered his brothers and sisters around, and paid slight heed to relatives of any sort. Yet he always treated his mother with respect, and she in her turn never lost her head, but thrifly laid aside resources for the days of adversity which she saw were bound to come. This influence of mothers is inevitable, says the Kansas City Star. The father is away from home a large share of the time. It is to the mother that the child turns. She is his closest companion for the first few years of his life. In all the period when his habits are forming he is constantly in association with her.

It is astonishing how prosperous we should be if there were no waste and losses. We are now told that cattle ticks cost the country \$100,000,000 a year. If we remember aught, the department of agriculture has told us that rats cost us as much as that, and several other varieties of vermin and injurious insects rob us of as much or larger sums. The underwriters tell us that nearly all the \$212,000,000 a year we lose in conflagrations is preventable, and the doctors tell us that the greater part of the sickness, which is a tremendous drain on individual and national resources, is preventable. Some time we may stop these leaks.

There is one district in China which is going to reform the opium scandal of the nation without any sentimental nonsense. Opium feeds under forty are to be executed and those over that age will be imprisoned for life, which is rather reversing the Olesian method. So the habit is bound to be cured without tiresome educational processes.

A California girl has given up a milinary business worth \$25,000 a year to go on the stage as a chorus girl at \$35 a week, says a theatrical exchange. Perhaps she figures that with that income and the stage, a title is assured her.

Among the victims of the de luxe book salesman was a blind woman. One has long suspected that many purchasers of de luxe books make no more intelligent use of them than the blind would.

Certain New York divorcees have shifted the wedding ring from the left to the right hand as a "high sign" of freedom, but none will be likely to shift two.

A dissatisfied husband said his wife's mentality was scant because her nose was short, but that doesn't go in the case of the ant-eater.

Much must be endured, but the woman who wears suspenders is her own punishment.



The SUITORS OF Mr. MERRIWID BY KENNETT HARRIS

MELISSA BELIEVES IN HOME-GROWN CHARITY.

Mrs. Merriwid was sitting at her desk with the mother-of-pearl end of a pen between her teeth and her fine eyes directed to infinite remoteness, when her maternal maiden Aunt Jane broke in on her reflections.

"Are you going to give Mr. Balm a check for the Hindoo Anti-Caste society, Melissa?" she inquired.

Mrs. Merriwid laid down her pen and picked up a letter, at which she smiled in her most inscrutable Mona Lisa manner. "I'm going to give him a check, yes, dear," she replied. Then she added, "But not for his Hindoos. It's more of a checkmate to a proposition for a helpmate. I was engaged in declining an engagement, to be more explicit—nipping the idea of nuptials. In other words, ever since Mr. Balm turned up, I have been deciding to turn him down, and he's just called for a decision. Do you get me, dearie?"

"I suppose I understand," said Aunt Jane, "but I must say—"

"I know it," sighed Mrs. Merriwid. "You can't help it. You are going to tell me that I ought to consider it a privilege to help Mr. Balm to relieve the suffering and succor the oppressed, and that he's a noble, high-minded and benevolent character. It's true, too, and likewise it's too true, but you see, honey, I'm not a Hindoo nor am I a Chinese famine victim nor a Solomon Islander. I am not a resident of Kishinev, or whatever it is, and I was never nearer a rubber plantation than the plant in Uncle John's front yard on Calumet avenue, consequently, I couldn't expect to be ameliorated or relieved or rescued, which I might want to be; there's no telling."

"It's all very well to sneer at worthy objects," said Aunt Jane, warmly, "but I can't imagine anything finer than Mr. Balm's devotion to the cause of humanity. When I think how he gives up his entire time and

energy. "Not that I'd grudge a two dollar subscription now and then to the Babonic Baboos of Bombay if I thought that they needed it worse than the tenants of 'Trinity church," she continued; "but these societies of Antipodean Alibons give me a sensation of lassitude, and when it comes to picking a husband, I want a man who will clean up our own back yard before he takes his muck rake and wheelbarrow over into the next block. That, in effect, is what I'm writing to Mr. Balm, auntie, dear."

"Very well, my love," said Aunt Jane, resignedly. "Pray excuse me for interrupting you. Only the charity that begins at home usually stays there."

"It's a pretty good place for it to stay at that," replied Mrs. Merriwid. "I don't know anywhere that it's more needed."

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RACES VERY MUCH MIXED

Spot in New York That Might With Much Truth Be Described as Cosmopolitan.

The nationalities get a bit confused down Washington square way. Fifth avenue ends a little abruptly at the Washington Arch, and the haughty Americanism of the beautiful colonial doorways on the north side of the square stares into a hodge-podge of races whose Americanism has barely begun to be "made." There is a French church on the south side of the square, and a settlement kindergarten whose pupils are Italians and Slavs and Russian Jews. A Norwegian artist has a very wonderful studio on the same side, and next door to him live a sturdy American from San Francisco whose flat is sometimes shared by a friend who is half Indian. There are Irish policemen on the corners, but they do not "keep off the grass" read "Conserve Erb!" in the square. And of this mixture of nationalities the



"A Noble, High-Minded, Benevolent Character."

energy to philanthropy, it seems to me that I can't admire him sufficiently."

"It's awfully dear and sweet of you," declared Mrs. Merriwid, "and I wouldn't want to shock you by intimating that Mr. Balm was a benevolent boob or a sympathetic simp, but there are such persons, dearie, nevertheless. I like to see a man's eyes bedimmed with a kindly dew of pity as well as the next lady, and I think it's perfectly lovely to burn with righteous indignation and melt with generous sympathy, but it gives me a pain amounting to anguish when all the bedimming and burning and melting is at long range. The trouble with Mr. Balm is he's too far-sighted, and he couldn't see a deplorable condition close by to save his swanlike neck, unless he looked at it through the wrong end of a telescope."

"I like people of wide sympathies," remarked Aunt Jane.

"I'd sooner see them all wool," Mrs. Merriwid retorted; "there's too much shoddy in these extra breadths. I never did have a good ear for long distance calls and, dearie, when I'm writing beneath the French heel of a tyrannical Swedish cook or groaning under the pitiless extortion of my dressmaker and being snubbed by the automobile and winter golf caste, I need sympathy myself and lots of it. If my husband were stopping the entire stock on indigent Igorrotes and homeless Hottentots, I know I'd feel hurt and want to throw things that hurt a little worse."

"That seems to me a very selfish point of view, Melissa," commented Aunt Jane.

"I wouldn't wonder," admitted Mrs. Merriwid. "Still, if he had any sympathy or help to spare, I wouldn't discourage him from applying it to a few worthy objects this side of India's coral strand. There are a few children being sacrificed to the Sacred Cotton Bale down south that might be saved by a little concentrated philanthropy, and the minotaurs of the sweat shops and factories are claiming an occasional girl victim in our free and happy land—not to go any farther. If Mr. Balm would burn and melt and get weepy over a few thousand oppressions and body and soul starvations in the United States—and then take off his slipper and his frock coat and black necktie and get busy, I might be stronger for him."

Mrs. Merriwid's color had heightened and she spoke with unusual earn-

trades people thereabouts are well aware.

For on West Broadway, just south of the square, is a most enterprising apothecary, who flings his American sign "Drug Store" invitingly toward the north. Looking southward and east is the announcement that the shop within is a "Farmacia Italiana." Toward the west one reads that this is a "Farmacia Francaise." And in small letters on each sign one can read, if one looks hard, the name of the proprietor—"J. Stroccevic"—New York Times.

History of the Mormons.

Brigham Young was not the founder of the Mormons. That distinction belongs to one Joseph Smith, born at Sharon, Vt., December 23, 1805, called "the prophet," who announced in 1823 at Palmyra, N. Y., that he had had a vision of the angel "Moroni," who gave him the information which (so Smith claimed) led to the finding of the "Book of Mormon," written on gold plates in hieroglyphics. The book was said by the opponents of Mormonism to have been written about 1812 by a clergyman named Solomon Spaulding as a religious romance in imitation of Scripture style. This is denied by the Mormons. Smith was killed in 1844 and Young became his successor.

That Subtle English Humor.

George Broadhurst tells of an English shopkeeper the soul of amiability. "You are an American, sir, are you not?" he asked. "Yes," said Mr. Broadhurst to save lengthy explanations. "Now, I have a conundrum that I always save for the Americans, because they say they are so deuced clever. When you put a billiard ball on the table, what is the first thing it does?" "Why, I don't know," said Mr. Broadhurst, uncertainly, "perhaps it waits for its cue." "Ah, that's very clever, very clever," countered the little Englishman, "but not so good as the real answer. The first thing it does is to look round."

Spread of Education in China.

The ministry of education has made so new investigation into the educational statistics of the country. Now the investigation is completed and a report is prepared, according to which there are 35,998 institutions of learning of all grades, military and naval schools not included. The number of students studying in these schools is 875,760.—Pekin Daily News.

Tales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

Woodsman's Instinct of No Use in a Big City



NEW YORK.—John H. Dawson, a West Virginia mountaineer, who, minus his shoes, stands six feet tall, and without any drapery over his herculean physique, weighs 250 pounds, and can sense his way through the most impenetrable forest, found that the dull monotony of the exterior of flat houses of New York and the endless regularity of the streets were too much for his path-finding abilities.

Dawson arrived in New York the other morning to go to Binghamton, N. Y., to buy a farm. He returned late Christmas eve, having completed his purchase, jubilant over his future home, all his pockets sagging with gifts and good cheer for his wife and seven children whom he had brought here with him. When he reached the city he found he was up against a maze of houses that no teaching of the woodsman could penetrate. Not used to such things as street numbers, the woodsman had neglected to write down his address. That had never crossed his thoughts. Down in West Virginia, his boyhood home, and for the last year in Oklahoma, no matter how dark the night or bad the journeying, his woodsman's instinct and ability to read the danger signals of Mother Nature had always brought him home safely to the bosom of his family.

Lawson left and returned by the same railroad. Leaving the Hudson tube at Thirty-third street, Dawson trudged down Broadway. The simple mountaineer walked bravely along, thinking of his seven little youngsters and the faithful little mountain woman who with him had dared the terrors of a great and unknown city.

But he had not bothered about the street address, and could not find his home. The only description Dawson could give of the flat house where he had left his family was so like thousands of other flats that it was practically useless. Mornung found him still looking. All Christmas day, his heart as well as his body worn out by his search, he tramped through the city, looking in every house that looked like his own, expecting to see the anxious face of his wife beckoning to him.

Finally Dawson went to a police station, but it was way up in the Bronx, and the police tried in some way to get Dawson to fix a locality, but he absolutely could not. Then some one brought a newspaper into the station house. In it was an account of Dawson's disappearance. In the first paragraph of the story the mountaineer found his address. In a minute he took a subway train down town.

"We were almost giving him up," said Mrs. Dawson, "when this morning, I happened to look out of the window, and there, on the other side of the street I saw John, his arms full of bundles, looking at the numbers on the houses. I ran out on the stoop to call him. You never saw any one so glad to see any one as he was me."

The city may be all right, says Dawson, but he feels much safer in the mountains with the wild animals.

Forgets Home Number; Lands in Station House

CHICAGO.—Because his memory deserted him at the most critical time—the time to go home—Frank H. Harlow, a manufacturer of advertising novelties, after touring the North Side in a taxicab for four hours in a vain search for his domicile, was forced to spend the night at the Chicago avenue police station by the accommodating but irate chauffeur.

When Harlow finally decided that he would go home the other night he summoned a taxicab and crawled in. "Where to?" asked the chauffeur. "Home," was the curt reply.

"Where is home?" persisted the inquisitive driver.

"Why—er—lesh see—er—that's funny. Can't remember. I see, just moved, can't remember. Somewhere on North Side. We'll find it."

The chauffeur drove to the North Side and Harlow kept his eyes peeled for apartment houses. At last he saw one that looked like "home" and ordered the driver to stop. Out he got and into the building he went. Ten minutes the driver waited and then Harlow emerged.

"They shay positively I don't live there," he said. "Lesh go somewhere else."

Away they went, with Harlow peering out of the window at the buildings as they flashed past. Again they



stopped before an apartment and Harlow ambled in.

"Wrong again," said Harlow coming out. "Couldn't find name on letter box."

At the next place Harlow remained inside longer than usual and the chauffeur heard heated words from the hallway. The hour was growing late.

"Never saw such un'commodatin' people," Harlow told the driver. "Rang every bell and they got mad. Said I was crazy. Looks just like home, too. That's funny."

Finally the exasperated chauffeur looked at his meter. It registered four hours, a goodly number of miles and a considerable fare.

The driver bundled his fare back into the machine and drove to the Chicago avenue station.

When he heard the story the next morning, Judge Maxwell discharged the prisoner.

Ankle-Binding Skirts Keep Cars Behind Time



INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tight-fitting skirts delay traction cars, and make it almost impossible for conductors and motormen to keep up to the required schedules. Especially is this true in the case of cars which make many stops. Men at the traction terminal station estimate that it takes a woman three times as long to board a car as it did in the days when they wore wide skirts.

Doss Shafer, patrolman, stationed at the traction depot, is an observing man, and he has had his attention called to the tight-fitting skirt nuisance by train crews many times. He says some women trying to board a car often make from three to five attempts before succeeding.

One woman with a tight skirt hob-

bled to the step of a car the other day. In each hand she carried a suit case. After three attempts to board the car she said with a sigh: "I don't believe I can manage it."

It was then that Shafer stepped forward. The conductor, who was ready to start the car, grabbed the suit cases, and Doss gave the woman a boost that lifted her to the first step of the car, whence, in spite of the tight skirt, she struggled to the platform, affirmed Samuel Thrasher, caller at the traction station.

"Tight skirts certainly delay traffic," said Thrasher. "It does not seem possible, but when it is found that thirty seconds longer are required for a woman to enter a car than formerly, it is soon seen that a great deal more time is consumed at stations. Women to get on a car in tight skirts generally need help. However, some of them boost their skirts to their knees and scramble on without any help. These new creations of fashions make it almost impossible for women to step up the fifteen to eighteen inches necessary to get upon the first step of an interurban car."

Hats Take Aerial Trip When Gale Hits Detroit

DETROIT, MICH.—Unusually high winds the other day were responsible for a real deal of sidewalk acrobatics upon the part of pedestrians who defied the gale by wearing stiff hats.

At one time three men ran a foot race across Michigan avenue at Griswold street in pursuit of elusive headgear. At times it seemed as if the only way to keep an overcoat fastened in front was to nail the edges to gether.

One of the prize feats of the wind, however, was when a chilly zephyr went ripping down Lafayette boulevard at Griswold street, tearing a Derby hat from the head of a young man, carrying it in eccentric gyrations through the air, and depositing it unceremoniously upon a ledge in front of a window on the second story of the German American bank building.

"There it goes," yelled a portly individual who had hold of his own hat with one hand while his other hand grasped the tails of his overcoat in an effort to prevent him from becoming a whirling dervish.

"There it is," said a rosy-cheeked young woman who had an iron clutch on a white plume and a



bank of flowers which decorated a broad-brimmed felt millinery creation.

The young man who had lost the bowler stood mournfully on the edge of the walk.

"How you going to get it down?" asked a youth, who, in passing, noted the affair.

"Wait for it to blow down, I guess," gloomily remarked the owner of the hat.

And he did.

In many portions of the city small signs were wrested from their fastenings; in others fences lost the top board, some plate glass windows were blown in on Lafayette avenue. But everywhere hats were flying.

It was a regular turkey-trot, bunny-hug, Boston glide and Argentine wriggle for the hysterical hats and the wandering winds.

IDEAS for HOME BUILDERS

By WM. A. RADFORD



Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

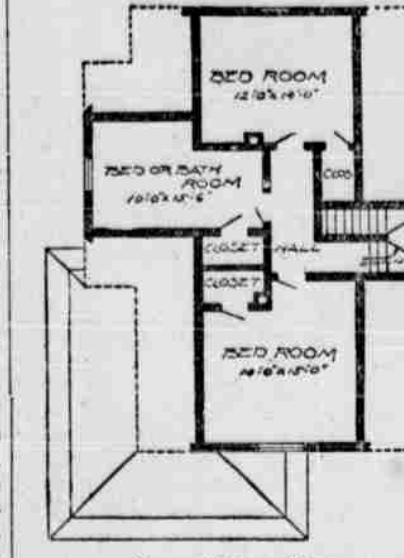
Compactness, neatness, and convenience, combined at the same time with commodiousness, are the striking features of the cottage design here presented. The house has three bedrooms upstairs. There is more cozy comfort tucked away under this roof and within these four walls than is ordinarily found in two houses. A study of this little plan will easily convince a person that it is not necessary to build a great big house in order to accommodate a good-sized family. Five bedrooms is unusual, even in a regular two-story house; but we have them here in a cottage 30 feet wide by 46 feet long, costing \$1,800 to 2,200 according to the prices of labor and material in the place where it is built.

This little cottage is not only cozy, neat, and comfortable, but is supplied with modern conveniences, and looks well. There is a great deal in looks. If the house is a "good looker," the owner can put up with some inconveniences in regard to size or arrangement; but this house is also well planned for comfort.

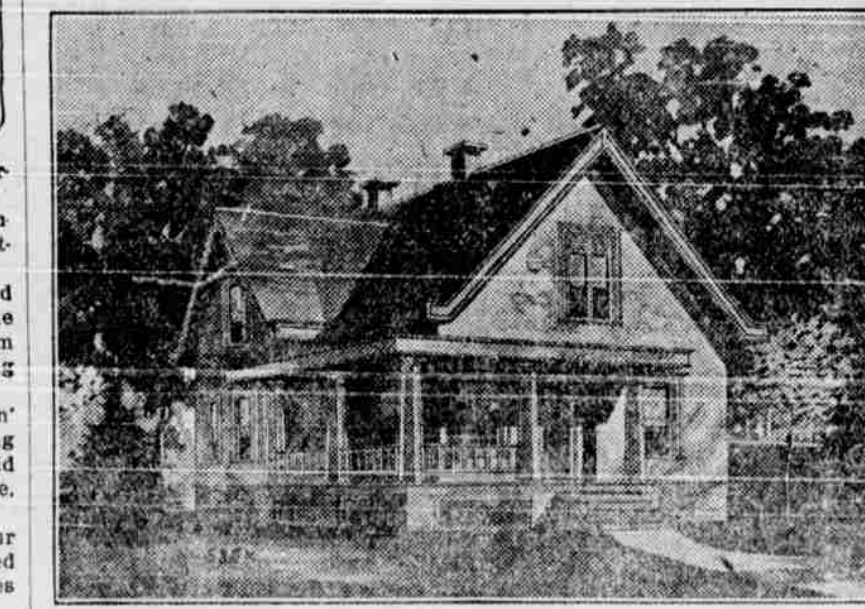
In this arrangement the dining room is the room of the house. It is living room, hall, reception room, and a room of general utility. There is no objection to making such a dining room answer so many useful purposes, provided the room is well kept. A lot of housecleaning is needed where there is so much being done in one room; but it costs the rest of the house. It probably costs no more labor to keep

sprinkling, or it may be sold to a neighbor. The interest on the cost of the plant would be from \$22.00 to \$30.00 a year; the repairs, little or nothing.

There is no need of doing without modern conveniences in the house because one happens to live in the country or a small village. With a rainfall of forty inches during the year, which is about the average for the greater part of the United States, the roof of this cottage house would collect 800 or 900 barrels of water, which



Second Floor Plan.



distributed in the main room in order than to distribute the work over several others. There is no stereotyped plan of keeping house in the United States. We have a good many styles of houses, and they all have some merits, so long as the roof sheds water.

The advantages in a house like this are the saving in expense in first cost, and a saving in heating every winter as long as you live in it. It is an advantage to have the kitchen shut away from the main part of the house, where it is cool in summer. When the porch is used as a sort of kitchen annex, as it probably would be by most housekeepers, the arrangement is especially attractive.

The water supply in all houses that are built in villages and country places is a question of serious importance. One reason why life in small places is not more attractive, is the lack of modern conveniences in the home. How much better it is to build a small house, thereby saving money enough to install a water system with a pressure tank, plumbing, bathroom, and hot and cold running water in as many places in the house as you want it. Such conveniences

vided with the proper filters. Cisterns are not deep enough to involve much labor in getting the water out. A hand-pump will answer very well for a small house, to keep the bathroom supplied; but there should be a storage tank somewhere. This may be a plank tank, copper-lined, up in the attic; or it may be a pressure tank in the cellar or in the ground outside. Either arrangement is good if well put in and taken care of afterwards.

Pressure tanks are the latest and the most satisfactory equipment when they are mechanically right in every way. An old steam boiler makes a good tank, but it must be both watertight and air-tight. It must be large enough to hold water for household use for a week, and still have air-space enough to give the necessary pressure. The water is pumped with a force pump into the tank through a pipe that enters at the bottom, thus confining the air in the upper part of the boiler shell. The water is forced in at the bottom and taken out from the bottom. When the air pressure gets too low to force the water up to the highest water tap, more air is forced into the top of the pressure tank by means of a large bicycle pump.

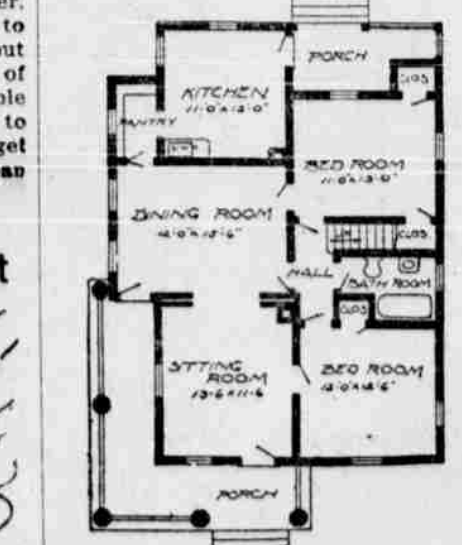
A boiler shell 3 feet in diameter and 12 to 16 feet long would answer the purpose very well. It should be filled about two-thirds full of water under a pressure of from 20 to 30 pounds. A little experience will soon show the most desirable pressure. The kind of water-pump and air-pump used will determine whether it is best to pump the water against the air or to pump air against the water.

Architect of His Own Fortune.

Prof. Arminius Vambéry, the world's most famous orientalist, who celebrated his eightieth birthday not long ago, was a tailor's apprentice as a lad, and received no education other than that he was able to pick up. His father was a poor Jew, and the boy had to work his way. At eighteen he had already mastered four European languages. In addition to Turkish, and then became a private teacher. His long life in the Orient gave him perfect command of many tongues. At Constantinople he was counselor to Abdul Hamid. He is proud of his lowly origin, boasts of the many books he has written, cares little for wealth, but is said to be unusually susceptible to flattery. For years he has been professor of oriental languages at Budapest.

Varieties of Sharks.

The many varieties of the shark are divided into the littoral, the pelagic and the bathyal, according as they are found near the shore, or in the ocean, or at great depths. Besides those mentioned there are the liver, the hound, the shovel-nose, the tiger, the hammer-head, the porbeagle, the fox or thresher, and the basking shark, sometimes, though wrongly, called the sunfish.



First Floor Plan.