

No Danger of Militarism.

The opening of the war college at Washington gave opportunity for showing the characteristic American spirit. This was fitly illustrated in what was said by Secretary of State Root, who is regarded as the "father" of the war college because he, while secretary of war, gave impetus to the movement which has resulted in the completion of the structure. There was nothing inconsistent, said Secretary Root in effect, in a nation devoted to peace possessing at the capital such an institution as this. The necessity for military instruction was never more apparent than now, in the light of the demands of modern science. And the country, however friendly relations may be with others, that neglects proper precautions assuredly is not wise. Secretary Root added: "We are not a military nation, and never shall be. We are warlike enough to rise in defense of our rights. We are singularly like the English, and singularly unlike most of the nations of the continent. Our ideas are political and not military. We do not therefore naturally run into the mold of military organization." Fears of the United States being swept into the vortex of "militarism" are absurd, declares the Troy (N. Y.) Times. But preparations for effective defense are based on the soundest principles and the purest patriotism. Secretary Root's address at the war college struck a note to which the common sense of the country responds with promptness.

Tragedy of Vanishing Forests.

There are some men in public life who profess to believe that trees grow about as fast as they are used and that it is foolish to worry about the future and try to make provisions for it. This opinion is sometimes heard in the halls of congress. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who has given the subject much attention, says: "We are now using in one year as much wood as grows in three, with only 20 years of virgin growth in sight." This is an alarming prediction, but Chief Forester Pinchot thinks it is too favorable. He says the country is now consuming 100,000,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure, annually, which will exhaust our supply of timber in 14 years. We cannot afford to run out of American lumber in 14, 20 or 30 years, declares the Philadelphia Press. The waning supply must be replenished. Our bare hills must be reforested on a large scale. When the necessity of this is demonstrated so that the most incredulous must believe it, the indifference to reforestation will give place to zeal and spasmodic efforts here and there will be succeeded by a comprehensive and continuous work of tree planting.

A Kansas school teacher is in trouble because she pasted strips of court-plaster over the lips of a boy who would whisper in school. Now the father of the boy has hired lawyers to see whether the constitution provides for such forms of punishment, and if not to make the teacher share a part of her salary with the boy to soothe his ruffled feelings. If the teacher wins out before the courts what a large field it opens up! What a fine thing it would be, for example, if those running for office could paste broad strips of court-plaster over the mouths of their fool friends! They could feel comparatively safe with only their enemies running at large. Many homes might be happier if the man of the house when he wanted to sit down for an evening of quiet meditation could just seal in this way the lips of the dear and devoted wife who wanted to spend the same evening telling him of his shortcomings.

The mulberry, "wisest of trees," as Pliny termed it, really "likes London," and fruits profusely even in the grounds of the Charterhouse, at murky Smithfield, London mulberry trees are mainly derived from a fad of James I., who wanted to found a silk-growing industry. With the proverbial folly of a pedant, the British Solomon introduced the black mulberry, disliked by silkworms, instead of the white variety, which forms their food. The black mulberry had been planted by Cardinal Pole at Lambeth in 1555, and there were still older specimens in the garden of Syon House. According to a pretty Greek legend, all mulberries were originally white; but a mulberry tree was growing beside "Ninny's tomb" when Pyramus and Thisbe died there, and the blood of the lovers turned the fruit to its present color.

The English suffragettes have elected again to go to jail. This is ominous for the conquering of the movement, for when women make martyrs, of themselves they can succeed better than any known agency in making life highly undesirable for other people.

A daughter of the celestial kingdom has just joined the 707 women now studying in the University of Berlin. This is Miss Li Tsu Zung, the youthful daughter of a deceased physician of Shanghai.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

MAY HEAD BIG BANK



Frank A. Vanderlip, who, unless the unforeseen happens, will succeed James Stillman as president of the National City bank next January, began his business career as a reporter on a Chicago newspaper in 1889. Believing the opportunities offered in Aurora, where he was born November 17, 1864, were too limited, he went to Chicago for a broader field.

After a short period of general reporting he was made financial editor to succeed Joseph French Johnson, now dean of the school of commerce and finance of the University of New York.

After seven years of daily newspaper work Mr. Vanderlip secured an interest in the Economist, a Chicago financial weekly. He enhanced the prestige of this publication by issuing under its name a supplement known as "Chicago Street Railways" that conveyed more information concerning the mortgages, contracts, agreements, and statistics than had ever before been presented.

Mr. Vanderlip did not remain long with the Economist. Contrary to the advice of his partner and some of his friends, he became private secretary to Lyman J. Gage, who March 4, 1897, assumed the office of secretary of the treasury. Mr. Gage at the time of his own appointment was the president of the First National bank. He was the one banker in Chicago the newspapers were accustomed to seek for views on financial matters.

Although Mr. Vanderlip began as a private secretary, he was within three months made an assistant secretary of the treasury, and this position afforded him a wide range of opportunities. He was not only an assistant secretary of the treasury but was in a way the confidential adviser of the secretary himself.

After four years in the treasury department Mr. Vanderlip resigned on February 26, 1901, to become vice-president of the National City bank.

The National City Bank of New York is by far the largest banking institution in this country. It has a capital stock of \$25,000,000 and surplus and undivided profits of \$25,219,000. Its deposits are over \$226,500,000.

IS CHAMPION OPTIMIST



William C. Brown, first vice-president of the New York Central railway system, is an Optimist. Moreover, the title should be spelled with a capital "o." No lower case letter would ever do justice to the great mantle of optimism that covers Mr. Brown as a blanket. It is an avalanche that falls over and around and about him like the yellow sunshine or the balmy air of spring.

Not that Mr. Brown ever lets his optimism interfere with his business. Far be it. Rather, he permits the optimism to gild and refine the sordid business necessity—to hallow it and make it a bright rose color instead of the dull gray that is presumed to be its natural hue.

In the pleasant pursuit of his calling as the high priest of optimism, Mr. Brown has just announced that the railroads of the central west are about to boost the freight rates on January 1 next. He smiled pleasantly when he said it, as though it were just the one thing the commercial world had been waiting for and longing for during the past six months.

Of course, there was an immediate response in the way of a long-drawn howl from the large business interests. What does Mr. Brown do then? Does he crawl back into his hole of a private office and refuse to see any of the reporters? Does he come out with an explanation that does nothing but retract? Does he rush into print with another interview that gives masses of dry figures and comparative tables? Not for a minute. On the contrary, he permits himself to be quoted again. He explains that the business interests really want a raise in rates. They don't know it, but they want it bad. Now he's going to call a little meeting—just a conference—of the business interests, and explain to them just why they have been longing for the rate boost. He is going to make them like the idea.

Wherefore we repeat that Mr. Brown is certainly an Optimist.

AN UNPOPULAR ENVOY



Charles S. Francis, American ambassador at Vienna, is the latest incumbent to find that special job a long way less attractive than it seems from a distance. Mr. Francis followed Bellamy Storer in the position—and all the world, or that section of it which reads the United States newspapers, remembers how Bellamy quit. He resigned, it is true, but the act was accompanied by red fire effects during which President Roosevelt expressed several chaste but emphatic opinions of Mr. Storer and likewise of Mrs. Storer.

Mr. Francis has seen much of the diplomatic game before, and should have known how to work it. He was secretary to the Russian embassy while his father was United States minister some 30 years ago, and on his own hook he had been minister to Greece, Roumania and Serbia. Moreover, he is a newspaper man, owner and editor of the Troy (N. Y.) Daily Times, and might reasonably be expected to have all the tact, sangfroid, smoothness and nerve anybody would need even at the court of Vienna.

But Mr. Francis has apparently got in wrong with Francis Joseph and some of his friends. He came home to vote, of course, and now, on the eve of his return, some of the Vienna papers are editorially hoping the boat sinks before he gets back. "Never in diplomatic circles," says one Vienna journal with a name like a handful of pled type, "Never has a more unpopular man held the post of ambassador. He and his family, knowing no French nor German, have complained of Viennese ignorance of English, and have never concealed their contempt for Vienna houses, shops, climate and women. When he should have returned hospitalities he subtended the embassy to the Japanese legation, sent the ladies to America and himself occupied a back room on the fifth floor of a hotel, paying \$1 a day." And a few other bon mots of like tenor.

Mr. Francis may be a good ambassador. In fact, he must be, for he has been a typesetter, reporter, city editor and held other jobs wherein it requires the diplomacy of an angel to keep out of eternal feuds and knockdown arguments with the foreman, the editor and other domineering enemies of civilization.

Of course, the editor may feel a little peevish about something.

MAY GET TREASURY POST



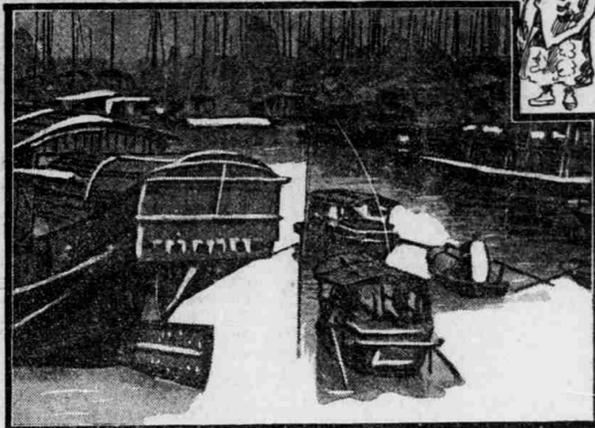
Joseph H. Millard, formerly a United States senator from Nebraska, is said to have been tentatively tendered the secretaryship of the treasury in the coming Taft cabinet. At least, he is near enough to a probability to make it reasonable that five and twenty bright young newspaper writers in various portions of the country, beginning at Washington, should sit down and click out on their typewriters the near-positive assurance that the job has been offered, accepted and all but started. That may not mean much to the reader, or it may.

Mr. Millard is a banker of Omaha, and is one of the real pioneer bankers of the west. His institution, the Omaha National, is considered one of the soundest of the western country. It has always been a great lender, and never a borrower, in the east. During the hard times which followed the dry years of 1894-5, when Nebraska was in the throes of bankruptcy and hundreds of settlers were compelled to go east to save their lives, the Millard bank and its minor connections were never in peril.

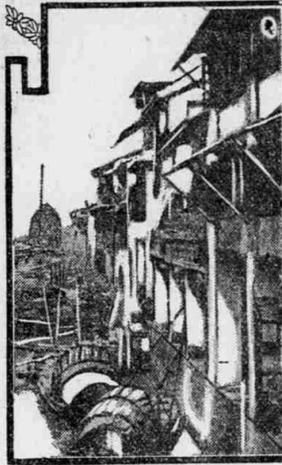
Born in Canada, the Omaha banker is still an American in that both of his parents were residents of this country who were temporarily domiciled across the border. His early years were spent on the farm. He has been president of the bank since January 1, 1867. He was mayor of Omaha for one term, and served one term in the senate.

FLOATING SLUMS OF CHINA

BY A. E. JOHNSON



PHASE OF LIFE NOT OFTEN SEEN BY TOURIST



CANTON, CHINA'S GREAT COMMERCIAL CITY

is of course hardly necessary to point out that, as against this low rate of pay, the standard of living is correspondingly different.

The "houses" which make up these vast floating slums are of all sizes. Some are but 15 feet long. From these cramped dimensions, however, they range up to a length of 50 and 60 feet. A boat large enough to accommodate a family of moderate size can be obtained for \$20, and since the anchorage is free it is obvious that the Tankia effects many savings impossible to the shore-dweller. For a hundred dollars a boat that is (comparatively) luxurious in its appointments can be obtained; and not infrequently European travelers who wish to make a prolonged sojourn in the vicinity of Canton, and do not care to pay the high prices charged in the one hotel, hire a comfortable house-boat, at a cost of about one dollar per day. In that case the native owners occupy a small space in the bow, where all cooking is done for the traveler without extra cost, with the additional advantage of free transportation to any point on the river.

Most of the boats, however, are small. A thatch of palm leaves, or a cover of matting, over a part of each boat serves to protect the occupants from sun and rain, and serves as an eating and sleeping place. The interior presents a curious picture of domestic economy, beside which the arrangements of an Irish cabin or a crofter's cottage in Lewis are palatial. On many of them pigs and chickens are reared, and frequently, when the smallness of the boat does not afford deck-space for such stock, a box or cage is suspended from the stern to serve as a pigeon or chicken coop. Nor do sties and henneries, in addition to the apartments of the family, exhaust the accommodation of the tiny craft, for on many flower gardening is carried on, a considerable space being set apart in the bows for the flower pots.

How life can be endured in such quarters, cribbed, cabined and confined, well-nigh passes comprehension. It has been estimated that about Canton there are not less than 85,000 inhabited craft, and that of this vast number some 40,000 are permanently located—250,000 to 400,000 human lives, that is to say, daily rising and falling with the tide. Births, deaths and funerals all take place within the narrow limits of the boats, and many are the inhabitants of the floating slums who never set foot on land throughout the whole of their strange existence.

Not all the boats in the dense mass that blocks the riverside are squalid, however. There are some as gaudy and resplendent as the majority are wretched and poor, and these are familiar to every one who has visited Canton. "Have you been to the flower-boats?" is a question continually heard in the hotel, and he is sure to be a recent arrival who answers in the negative.

The "flower-boats" are, in brief, the pleasure resorts of Canton. Whole streets of them are moored in rows that extend from mid-stream to the shore, and every night they are thronged with seekers after pleasure and recreation—of a sort. For it cannot be pretended that the amusements to be found thereon are of a very high moral order. Concerts, or rather sing-songs, are held on some, but most cater to that gambling instinct which is the national vice of China.

Vision of Husband Drowning True.

Boston.—In a vision in which she says it seemed as though she was viewing actual happenings, Mrs. Lottie Johnson of Beachmont at midnight saw her husband, George Johnson, clinging to an overturned boat in mid-ocean, heard him cry for help, and finally, with one despairing shriek, throw up his hands and sink.

With the cry of her husband ringing in her ears, Mrs. Johnson awoke and ran screaming to her mother. Her husband had started early in the evening with a friend in a power boat for Gloucester.

Early the next morning the power boat was found wrecked on the north shore about twenty-five miles below Beachmont. With ordinary speed the boat would have reached there about midnight. The body was picked up at noon, and the medical examiner said he had been dead about 12 hours.

PROVED BY TIME.

No Fear of Any Further Troubles.

David Price, Corydon, Ia., says: "I was in the last stage of kidney trouble—lame, weak, run down to a mere skeleton. My back was so bad I could hardly walk and the kidney secretions much disordered. A week after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I could walk without a cane, and as I continued my health gradually returned. I was so grateful I made a public statement of my case, and now seven years have passed, I am still perfectly well." Sold by all dealers. 50c a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

WHAT WOULD HE HAVE SAID?



"Get up, Jack. You mustn't cry like a baby! You're quite a man now. You know if I fell down I shouldn't cry, I should merely say—'Yes, I know, pa; but then—I go to Sunday school—and you don't.'"

TORTURED SIX MONTHS

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hand and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

Kicks.

Harry Payne Whitney the day his own and other noted horsemen's racers were shipped from London on the Minnehaha, said of the death of racing in New York:

"A good many jockeys have been hard hit. A jockey told me last week a very sad tale of misfortune. I listened sympathetically."

"Ah, Joe," said I, "when a man is down, few hands are extended to him." "The jockey as he chewed a straw, smiled bitterly. "Few hands—yes—that's right," he said, "but think of the feet."

A Multiplicity of Fathers.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting: "Land where my papa died, land where my papa died."

Ardyce interrupted: "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is 'Land where our fathers died.'"

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sideways, and in a very surprised tone gravely asked: "Two of 'em"—Delineator.

Grown-Up Children.

It is not only the frivolous whom the spirit of childishness is just now leading astray. Silliness is the fashion even among the wise. Women especially affect a kind of childish shrewdness in talking of serious subjects. Like children who have the habit of romancing, they lose the sense of reality, and because they never talk exactly as they think they begin to think exactly as they talk.—London Spectator.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Good Digestion Follows Right Food.

Indigestion and the attendant discomforts of mind and body are certain to follow continued use of improper food.

Those who are still young and robust are likely to overlook the fact that, as dropping water will wear a stone away at last, so will the use of heavy, greasy, rich food, finally cause loss of appetite and indigestion.

Fortunately many are thoughtful enough to study themselves and note the principle of Cause and Effect in their daily food. A N. Y. young woman writes her experience thus:

"Sometime ago I had a lot of trouble from indigestion, caused by too rich food. I got so I was unable to digest scarcely anything, and medicines seemed useless.

"A friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food, praising it highly, and as a last resort I tried it. I am thankful to say that Grape-Nuts not only relieved me of my trouble, but built me up and strengthened my digestive organs so that I can now eat anything I desire. But I stick to Grape-Nuts."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.