

### WHEN GRANDPA PLAYS.

I don't know what makes Grandpa tired; he's hardly done a thing. Except to put some hammocks up and help us children swing. He only came an hour ago, and we've been here all day. He says we're most too much for him, and thinks he'll hardly stay; he just played drop-the-handkerchief and blind man's buff, but he says, "My! we've had a lot of breath and tired as he can be. He says it's most too much for him to play leap-frog and ball. But we have been here all day long, and we're not tired at all!"

He started to play hide and seek, and first he had to blind. And then he ran with all his might to see who he could find. Tommy Watkins beat him in from there behind a tree. Till Grandpa had to give it up and say, "All's out's in free!" And then he sat down on a stump and said he's tired to death. He had to hold his sides a while till he could catch his breath. He said he'd like to shake a tree and make some apples fall. But he's too tired, and we boys here are hardly tired at all!

He only ran in under once when we were in the swing. And then he had to rest because he's tired as everything. And once he showed us how to climb a great, tall tree, but when he only got a few feet up he slid right down again. He said he used to climb a tree, oh, very, very tall. And sit across a branch way up and never tire at all. But now he's out of practice, and his legs won't hold him. The trunk, and he feels safer when he stays down on the ground!

And sometimes when he goes back home and holds us by the hand. All wringing wet and out of breath, our Ma says, "Goodness, Land! I think you are the youngest boy of all the boys in sight!" But Grandpa rubs his legs and arms and limps and says, "Not quite!" And sometimes in the parlor, why, he says he was so strong. When he was just a boy they used to take him right along. To lift the heavy things and do the hardest work, you know. But now us boys'll tire him out in just an hour or so.

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

### In the North Woods.

By Helen M. Palm.

The short summer was hastening on in the breathless fashion of the north; it was still early in August and there had been no rain for weeks in Ange-La-Baie. The sun burned red like a ball of fire; the green woods and fields had taken on a livid, sickly hue under the smoke-tinged light, and a faint acrid smell was in the air. From dawn till dark the people tolled feverishly, gathering the premature harvest and fighting the forest fires that crept stealthily toward the village and the north and west.

Old men, women and girls—all turned into the fields to lend a hand. Grandpere Labelle swung his scythe bravely at the head of a line of mowers, boasting that he would show celtic jeuness how to lay a swath, while the young men laughed and applauded, yet each kept a jealous eye on the sweep of his neighbor's scythe; and the girls watched Jean or Pierre or Maxime—as the case might be—from under their lowered eyelids.

As to Roger Crewe, there was but one mind, not a man in the whole comte could do a bigger day's work than the young American who found time in the midst of his own labors to help save the threatened crops.

"I think me," piped the impish little Elmire, resting upon her rake and following with her eyes the tall young man who pitched the hay so easily upon the towering load, "I think me, M'sieu Roger is mos' bes'-lookin' young feller the 'is in Ange-La-Baie."

"Chut!" whispered the other girls, reprovingly, "you don't lak' to have heem hear you, I s'pose."

"Ba oui! He's a man, now—lak' the res', ain't it?" persisted Elmire, mischievously; "don't mak' not'in' if he's surveyor for the beag railroad, an' if heem carry hees head so high, he cannot to see always who's pass heem by. ToINETTE he can see hevery tam'. Ba oui! But what will you? ToINETTE is very tall. How can one help to see ToINETTE?"

Quite unmoved apparently by the laughter that greeted this sally, the tall girl upon whom all eyes had turned, went steadily on with her work. A little in advance of the others she moved rapidly across the meadow, tossing the grass lightly from her fork and spreading it with a free sweep of her strong young arms. Yet the color rose in her pale, clear cheeks—she knew even better than Elmire. If it could have been otherwise! But what would you? The father was a good father, but he was very strict and hard to turn, and his talk was all of foreigners and heretics. Made no difference that the mother tried to help her, telling—not once, but many times—how L'Americain had brought le petit Jean home safe when he was lost in the big snow storm and no one else could find him; how he had saved Adele and her children when the river rose and washed their house away. "Tiens les femmes!" was all that she could win, "I don't say M'sieu Roger he ain't hall right. But a good Canayen, he's good enough for me. L'Americain, he can't come here on ma house. An' he can't court ma girl!"

The forest fire that was eating its way through the great north woods drew daily a little nearer to the settlement; it was like a wild beast prowling on the outskirts on which one must keep a vigilant eye. Watching the smoke from his tiny porch as night began to fall, Roger saw it shift to the southward and suddenly recalled that that way lay the little Lac Garou where old Manon, the half-crazy ward of the village, lived perched alone in a little cabin two or three miles from Ange-La-Baie. Grasping his stick, he set off at a rapid pace, reproaching himself that he had not

thought of her sooner. Jean Bourchier her special protector had gone down the river for the day; and ToINETTE, whose tender care for the forlorn old woman had not escaped him, would be anxious, he knew.

As he entered the path that gave the shortest cut to the pond, he saw that the fire was racing with him. In the gloom of the forest it showed plainly, a thread of rosy light from which sprang at intervals sharp, sword-like tongues of flame that leaped forward before the wind. He hastened his pace to a run, rejoicing in his strength, and in a shorter time than he had thought possible a little rise gave him a glimpse of the cabin; it was lighted by a lurid glow and flames were darting from the roof. Bending close to the earth, he crashed through the underbrush, following the sound of voices that rose above the crackling of branches, and emerged upon a little clearing.

ToINETTE on her knees, her arms locked about the old woman's wiry, writhing form, was struggling to hold her back. "Come with me, ma mere, come with me!" she urged in eager, coaxing tones; but Manon struck at her blindly with shrill cries of anger and strained fiercely toward the burning cabin on which her eyes were fixed. The girl gave a deep sigh of relief and let her tired arms fall as her burden was taken from her.

The fire was closing in; there was plainly but one way of escape open to them—the pond—and in order to reach it now they must make a wide detour. ToINETTE, familiar with the forest, led the way fearlessly and Roger followed, holding Manon in his arms. A raft moored to the bank was quickly loosed and pushed out into the cool darkness that still brooded over the little lake. The flames were racing around the shores as if to circle them with a wall of fire.

They were not alone on the pond; other panic-stricken creatures had taken refuge there also. Foxes, coons, squirrels and chipmunks had gathered on the shore, crawling far out on the overhanging branches that dipped into the floor, and clinging there until the pursuing flames forced them into the pond.

"We shall be like Noah," said the young man, smiling, and ToINETTE smiled back at him. They were very tired and drenched to the skin; a broad, red mark across the man's cheek and temple showed where a flying brand had struck.

For a long time they did not speak, and when at last ToINETTE, vaguely oppressed, lifted her lids she dropped them again before the ardor of his eyes.

To return to the village by skirting the line of the fire seemed impossible, the way would be long, and it was plain that old Manon, who was still bent upon returning to her cabin, would have to be carried by main force. Steadily creeping forward, they had almost escaped from the ruined forest, when suddenly voices rang out in the silence, unbroken since Manon had ceased her wailing.

"It is my father," said ToINETTE, listening; "they are searching for us."

Jean Bourchier reached them first of all, pushing through the underbrush.

"We should have died, Manon and I, without him," ToINETTE whispered in her father's ear, as he took her in his arms.

"C'est bien, ma fille, tha's hall right," he faltered, and turning to Roger he would have caught his hand, but the young man drew back.

"Tiens! La jeuness! It must always have its way!" Jean brought out at last in his deep, sighing voice, and lifting his daughter's hand, he placed it in Roger's and clasped his own above it, folding them both in his strong grasp.—The Delineator.

### NORTH CAROLINA WILD DOGS.

Great Pack of Them on State Lands—Will Attack People and Cattle.

For thirty years there have been wild dogs in a great tract of woods known as the Grimes lands, west of Raleigh, part of which recently bought by the state embraces some 1,300 acres. These dogs twenty years ago attacked a herd of milk cattle and the latter had to be killed, some of the dogs having the rabies.

From time to time the wild dogs have been shot, but they cannot be exterminated. On two occasions they have attacked people passing through the woods and had to be beaten off. On the last day of February, which marked the close of the hunting season, with a number of boys I was rabbit hunting in these woods. A rabbit was jumped and made a wide sweep in his run.

Most of us stood on the watch for him to "return to his bed," as the darkies say, and presently the music of the dogs bringing him back was heard in the distance. The rabbit was seen coming down hill where the trees stood rather wide apart and suddenly two very large dogs mottled in color and looking remarkably like hyenas, dashed at him and rabbit and dogs went over.

At this instant a colored man came up with his gun and rushed at the dogs, which fled, leaving the rabbit kicking but bearing on the rump the deep marks of the dogs' fangs. The dogs had appeared like ghosts and they disappeared in the same manner. It was a remarkable incident. When the pack arrived the owner was holding up the rabbit. The dogs appeared to take no notice of the tracks of the wild dogs.—Raleigh correspondence Forest and Stream.

During 1908, 19,328 foreigners landed at Yokohama and 15 other open ports of Japan, 1400 fewer than in 1907. Chinese led with 6844, followed by 2493 British.

### Science - Made Marriages Best.

So Say Dr. Byrd Powell and Other Experts, Who Explain Why.

The statement recently made in Chicago by the distinguished Egyptologist, James H. Breasted, that the marriages made in 5500 B. C., being scientifically prearranged, resulted in true domestic happiness, recalls the statement made by Ehrenberg, the German scientist, that the human race began to decay and disease to manifest itself only when communities began to permit ill-sorted couples to marry. Science, says the German, has attempted to guide and control every condition of life save the most important, namely, that which provides for the continuity of the race of men.

Men of the intellectual attainments of Stahl, Powell, Westermarck, have long since pointed out the fatuity of allowing romance to be the pivotal point upon which the institution of marriage should rest. That societies have allowed this to be as for the past two thousand five hundred years, has been the cause of the advent of the "affinity," or the idea of affinities, bringing in their train a whole series of unhealthy bodies and unwholesome minds, society, both political and economic, necessarily suffering therefrom.

Under the paternalistic regimes of flourishing ancient communities, it is shown, the master or chief of each family was chosen for his general wisdom. Every member of the family owed him blind obedience, under pain of forfeiting property or of being excommunicated. He it was who, in family council, decided whether a marriage wished for a given couple was suitable or not. He referred back to the teachings of that interesting old medico, Hippocrates, and, considering the mental and physical attributes of the pair—let us call them Balbus and Cornelia—would discourse to himself somewhat after the following manner:

"Balbus, I note, is a young man in whom the sanguine temperament predominates. I can see this by his fair hair, his fair skin, his light blue eyes. His flesh is firm, his pulse is strong, the forehead recedes and the nose is of the 'courageous' type. The lips are somewhat thin. Cornelia, on the other hand, is distinctly of the nervous type. The forehead is high; she is capable of considerable thought and reflection, and will consequently not be over-optimistic. She will, therefore, balance the over-optimism of the young man; her pulse is feeble, and she will neutralize the tendency to intensity in the offspring. She is the proper mate for Balbus, and, consequently, I agree to the two getting married."

This was roughly the way in which the highly civilized ancient communities provided for the perpetuation of a proper race. If the chief of the family found that the physical and mental characteristics of a couple that wished to marry were not of sufficient diversity to neutralize each other's tendency to produce unwholesome exaggeration of individual characteristics in the offspring, then he forbade the match.

More, perhaps, than any other scientist, Dr. Byrd Powell, an American, has organized both thought and research on the subject of stigmata, or race-rearing. Powell divided all classes of beings into bilious and sanguine, which he termed the vital temperaments, and cephalic and lymphatic, which he termed the non-vital.

The sanguine and bilious temperaments we all know as being roughly the spirited and the calm, or reflective. The cephalic were the purely intellectual people, and the lymphatic, a somewhat nondescript class, attached to good living, without much power of reflection or indeed character. Intellect was conspicuous by its absence in these persons. A combination of two vital personalities tended to produce too much intensity. A combination of two non-vital temperaments tended to produce a minimum of force of character, both physical and mental.

Again, a combination of bilious with bilious, or sanguine with sanguine, or cephalic with cephalic, or lymphatic with lymphatic, could only have one result—each type cancelled the other, and sterility was the result. The happy mean, productive of the highest type of offspring, was found in a judicious admixture of the sanguine with the cephalic, and the bilious with the lymphatic, the latter better still if on a sanguine foundation. According to these deductions, Mr. Edison, the inventor, is possessed of a highly and most properly balanced personality. Napoleon, according to the same calculations, possessed the fourfold temperament. Powell himself possessed the bilious-encephalic temperament. Roosevelt would be described as possessing the bilious-encephalic on a sanguine foundation. The Scotsman, Lord Roseberry, would come, however, with Edison and Taft, nearest to the ideal in the way of results by proper and scientific mating.—New York World.

### Playground League.

Boston women established the first playground in 1902. Last year there were eight, and nearly \$2000 was expended, or about \$1 for each child, a very cheap price for the amount of good obtained. The Playground league is the name of the society of the playground boys themselves, who wear buttons and discipline all bad boys, thus making the government easy enough for those in charge. Not the least important result of the playgrounds in that city is said to be that involved in the self-government.

### TRAMPING GREATLY INCREASED.

657 Trespassers Killed on the Pennsylvania Lines in 1908.

The Pennsylvania railroad has just had figures compiled showing that in 1908, 657 trespassers were killed and 791 injured on its lines. These figures are referred to in a letter which President McCrea has sent to Orlando F. Lewis of the Charity Organization Society.

The Pennsylvania two years ago began a movement to secure the co-operation of towns and cities along its lines in suppressing vagrancy, but in his letter to Mr. Lewis President McCrea says that so far they have failed to accomplish this desired object. The letter says:

"If we are to be at all successful in our handling of the vagrancy problem it is essential that there be co-operation between the town and county authorities and the public or private charitable organizations. One of the difficulties our railway police force meets with is that county authorities will assert that a vagrant be permitted to move from one county to another before being arrested and the county in which the arrest is made charged with the maintenance of the prisoner. County authorities and their constituents object to the expense entailed in the maintenance of these people. When vagrants are arrested and incarcerated in county jails it is seldom that any record is taken of them, and when they are released and again incarcerated in the jail of another county the latter county has no record showing former incarcerations. With co-operation the records of vagrants would be accessible to all county authorities and confirmed tramps could be singled out and given adequate punishment."

The figures compiled show that 2,989 persons were arrested for trespassing along the Pennsylvania lines last year, 442 for vagrancy and 19,457 for illegal train riding, more than double the arrests in the previous year. Some of the increase, the railroad officials say, was undoubtedly due to the fact that more men were out of work, but the figures also go to show that the tramp problem is growing more serious. In England, it is pointed out, trespassing of this kind has practically disappeared by reason of stringent laws passed.—New York Sun.

### "EQUAL SUFFRAGE A FAILURE."

Votes of Mormon and Immoral Women the Cause, Says Mr. Wood.

That the result of equal suffrage in the four states in which it exists has done more harm than good was the conclusion reached by Frederick Wood in an address given at the Berkeley theatre before the National league for the Civic Education of Women.

"In Idaho, Utah and Wyoming," said Mr. Wood, "the granting of the ballot to women has simply served to increase the strength of the Mormon church. In Colorado the vote of the immoral women, who are strictly under the control of the political bosses, according to whose dictates they vote as a part of the price of their immunity, is sufficient to hold the balance in practically any city or county election. It is a shameful story, unprintable in detail. What the result of such conditions might be in New York I leave to your imagination. Judging from my personal observations of the workings of equal suffrage in these four states, its results seem to indicate the ability of the corrupt political machine to influence the female voter to break away from those influences and practices which have been decreed on the part of men."—New York Tribune.

### Brimfield's Trees.

Intelligent and well directed enterprise can give to almost any town, even a small one, enviable prominence. For instance, Deerfield is well and favorably known throughout the state and country by the thoroughness with which it has preserved and made public its historical records, and the comprehensiveness of its collections of local antiquities. Now Brimfield is coming into public notice because of the attention that is being given to forestry there. Principal Kenney of that place is an enthusiastic and skillful planter of trees. He is developing a forest tract to which he has this year added a thousand white pine seedlings, two thousand Norway spruce and four thousand American beeches. Last year he set out two thousand white pines and a hundred catalpas, which are doing well. A number of his pupils work for him on Saturdays and they, as well as some of the citizens, are catching the spirit to the great benefit of the town. He proposes to transform a part of the school campus into an arboretum, containing many specimens of trees, both useful and ornamental. There is no waiting for Arbor day proclamations. Every day when opportunity offers is an arbor day there and the impulse that has been started will continue to have a healthful influence upon the community.—Boston Transcript.

### Musical Reception.

Brown—"What did your wife say about your being so late home the other night?"

Jones—"Nothing at all. She just sat down at the piano and played 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story.'"—London Tit-Bits.

### The Farmers of the Future

Give the Boys a Chance—Everywhere They Are Showing What They Can Do

By L. C. Brown



WANT to take my hat off to the five thousand Indiana boys who belong to county corn clubs in that state. These boys show the mettle which makes the sort of farmers who do things. No one questions the value and importance of the work of these five thousand boys; and when such sturdy, manly fellows, without any scientific training, can go out and plant and cultivate corn and get a yield of from 75 to 100 bushels an acre, we need have no fear of the permanency of agriculture in Indiana. While college experimenters and scientific farmers are doing their utmost to get increased yields, these boys are showing us how to do things and get results. They have the capacity to absorb practical knowledge. They are capable of growth along lines which mean the most good for the agricultural interests of the state, and for this reason they should be given every opportunity to mingle and work with progressive men. Not all farmer boys will have an opportunity to take a four-year course at college, yet many of them can attend the "short course," and most of them no doubt can attend institutes and corn shows and learn what other men and boys are doing. Indiana, Illinois and Missouri boys have the energy and they have the temperament to do great things. Now, give them the opportunity. Let them work out these hard crop problems in a practical way. Give them a chance to show their worth.

Here is what the "short course" at Madison, Wis., did for a bright German boy. While at Madison he learned how to raise oats so that it would make good seed. So when he went back home he told his father that it would pay to clean their seed thoroughly and keep their fields clean. The weed seeds were cleaned out of their seed oats and the field was gone over twice and all weeds pulled up. The oats were carefully shucked and carefully graded before they were offered for sale. The whole crop of 1,400 bushels was sold at 75 cents a bushel for seed. That was three years ago. That boy set the pace for the boys in his county, and now many of them are growing seed crops, which they are selling at from 10 cents to 25 cents above the market price.—New York Tribune.

### Women in Industry

She Is There to Stay, and She Needs the Suffrage

By Katharine Houghton Hepburn

WOMEN'S health is injured by their present conditions of work, then for the good of the race something must be done about it. Either women must be forced out of industry or special legislation must be enacted to protect women workers. Women have gone out of the home into the factory because their work has gone out of the domestic system into the factory system. They have simply followed their work, and any attempt to force women workers back into the home would necessarily be accompanied by the forcing of industry back into the old-fashioned domestic methods of production. This is obviously impossible. If we cannot force women out of industry, then, as existing conditions are disastrous to their health, we must enact special legislation to improve these conditions.

Now, one of the best ways of improving the conditions under which any class works is to give that class the suffrage. Legislators make the laws regulating the conditions of work and hours in factories, and legislators, naturally, pay most attention to the interests of those who elect them. If the workers are women and are therefore in need of special legislation for the protection of their health, one of the surest ways of securing that legislation is to make the legislators dependent on the votes of women as well as men for continuance of office.

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, in upholding the constitutionality of the Oregon law limiting the hours of women laundry workers to ten hours a day, said: "Her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions—having in mind not only her own health, but the well-being of the race—justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man." Justice Brewer believes in woman suffrage as a potent factor in securing such legislation.

### Love and Life

By Elbert Hubbard

HEY say that love is blind. Love, perhaps, is short sighted, or inclined to strabismus, or sees things all out of their true proportions, magnifying pleasant little ways into seraphic virtues, but love is not really blind. The bandage is never so tight but that it can peep. Then, look you, the virtues you behold in the beloved you really make your own. The only kind of love that is really blind and deaf is platonic love.

Platonic love hasn't the slightest idea of where it is going, or what is going to happen, and so there are surprises and shocks in store for it. The other kind, with eyes a-peep, is better. I know a man who has tried both. Love is progressive. All things sleep, or become something else. And often they become something else by dying. Behold the eternal paradox! The love that evolves into a higher form is the better kind. Nature is intent on evolution, yet of the myriad of spores that cover the earth, most of them are doomed to death, and of the countless rays sent out by the sun, the number that fall athwart this planet are infinitesimal. Disappointed love, or love that is "lost," often affects the individual for the highest good.

Love is for the lover, just as work is for the worker. Love in its essence is a spiritual emotion, and its office seems to be an interchange of thought and feeling; but sometimes, thwarted in its object, it becomes universal, transforms itself into sympathy, and, embracing a world, goes out to and blesses all mankind. The love you give away is the only love you keep.—New York American.

### Trade Stagnation

By Andrew Hutton

DESPITE the optimistic talk of trade revival and returning prosperity, business is nearly as bad as ever. We are told that the money and credit situation has improved, but the actual business conditions remain unaltered. This country has had good times and bad times regardless of the money system, and we have had business depressions in every civilized country under nearly every kind of financial system.

Obviously the cause lies deeper. One fact, however, stands forth as self-evident. All laws and systems of taxation that tend to prevent the consumption of wealth from keeping pace with its production are clearly storing up a panic.

The problem before us, and the only one worth a sensible man's consideration, is how to free industry from the unjust taxation that it now bears, so as to allow capital and labor to employ themselves productively.