

if I live that long—or not at all.” People came from all the region around to see him at work. Many of them went home and tried to do the same; but none of their buds grew.

The farmer’s eldest son went about with Huff, “cronied with him,” as the boys remarked, spent evenings in his room writing long letters on a big school slate, until they grew very fond of each other.

Wrote the boy, who was fifteen: “Could I make your kind of a tree-sharp?”

“You have the natural quickness, the energy,” was the answer. “But you can’t pay the price.”

“Why not?”

“The price, my boy, is thirty years of study and training of body and mind; probably the loss of hearing to some extent. You notice that I run along a row at top speed, head down all day, make three slashes with my (unpatented) crooked knife, and shove a bud in. You want more education, and there is other work for you in the world.”

The boy saw the rightness of this view, accepted it with a look, began to write on the big slate an account of how Don Vallejo had found and settled Peace Valley in old Spanish days—the ruins of his adobe flour-mill were in the canyon.

After this the boy and the tireless, young-hearted old expert drew even closer together, exchanging confidences, comparing ideas.

“Mother,” the lad said, “he tells me all about his life. Once he had a family. He was well off, too. It was on a river and the railroads took trade from the town. He is saving all he can, so as to buy an acre or two, have a cabin and a garden and enough to keep off the county. He has the place picked out. He says that everyone who loves soil ought to have a little more than twelve square feet. He is worried, too, for he says the price has climbed up and up as people made improvements around in that district.

“I wish we could afford to give him his acre,” the mother answered, “but you know there’s the mortgage that works while we are asleep.”

In a few weeks the old specialist was ready to leave. He and the boy sat together in silence for a long time one evening. Then the man put his hand out and clasped the boy’s freckled fingers. “You have done me a lot of good,” he said. “I’ll miss you mightily. If . . . if you are ever old, poor, deaf, landless, and very often alone with yourself and your work, remember that I shall be somewhere, and still—as now—shall love you as if you were the boy I lost thirty years ago.”

The boy did not tell that to anyone. It was not the sort of a thing to talk about. But when word came along the next season that Huff had broken down with rheumatism and so had lost his old skill, the boy cried over it. Then it came out that though he had often earned so much, he cared for several crippled relatives, and now peo-

ple were helping them. And a few weeks later, when the veteran, the pioneer efficiency man, passed away gently in his sleep, the boy saddled a colt and rode fifty miles across the hills to the funeral.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



## ATTRACTIVE LEGISLATION FOR CITIES.

For The Public.

As a small boy I remember watching father tacking tin over the rat holes in the feeding entry, and one day while idling about the barn, I said to him, “Dad, why not catch these confounded rats?” “Catch them” he replied. “My boy, they are things mighty hard to catch in this world, these sharp-eyed rats.” Father admitted his inability to solve the rodent problem and therefore had a prolonged, continuous, unending amount of tin-tacking to do.

Legislation to a great extent in the past has been tin-tacking. Whenever and wherever we have seen a so-called evil stalking through our land, forthwith in our endeavor to stop its progress, we have tacked up the sign, “Thou shalt not!” Finally to our surprise and sorrow we have discovered that the brusque sign, “Thou shalt not!” has done little to stop or even check the advance of the evil. We are beginning to observe that our legislative measures time and time again have condemned as evil a natural human force and desire; that the natural desire has been shoved by prohibitive laws into shadow zones, and very often from shadow zones back into Stygian caves and black infernos where vice and crime are most difficult and often impossible to reach and regulate.

I have had opportunity to observe closely the rapid growth of certain sections of West Philadelphia. Well do I recall those great games of baseball and football played on the open lots and fields after the day’s work or on Saturday afternoon. Later, building operations robbed us of our ball fields, and strict prohibitive laws prevented us from playing ball on the streets. Today I find a very large portion of those very same men and boys who spent many a pleasant afternoon and evening playing ball, now loafing about pool rooms, cigar stores and street corners. With cigarettes constantly in their mouths and with their unexercised bodies they are a gruesome contrast to the boys I knew only a few years ago. No more do I hear that live yelp, “Slide, you dub! Slide!” Now I overhear all kinds of foul language, rot and smut. Just recently I heard that one of the fellows has made a fool of himself—has gone to the dogs. I am now seriously asking myself if West Philadelphia has not also played the part of the fool.

Just to the extent that this section of the city

has failed to provide for the satisfaction of the natural desires for wholesome amusement, just to that extent should it be debited for the vice and immorality that is certain to flow from the degenerating environments that have sprung up to replace the ball fields.



Now we have awakened. No more tin-tacking; we are after the rats. We are seeing causes. Progressive, live-wire people are realizing the practical and scientific advantage of a new type of regulations; regulation to which Lester F. Ward, the sociologist, has given the name, "Attractive Legislation." Instead of saying to the growing boy who is constantly bubbling over with enthusiasm, "Thou shalt not play ball!" we are legislating for athletic fields. For the normal healthy girl who loves to dance we arrange for well supervised dance-halls instead of trying to keep the girl at home.

Legal prohibitions, made in the past, kept the individual from following natural inclinations. The new legislation believes in allowing natural desires to manifest themselves, and socially provides an environment which will make those manifestations contribute toward happiness and progress instead of toward vice and crime.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is a city that has accomplished much within the last ten years in the way of attractive legislation, thanks to her progressive people, especially to her women. Public playgrounds, athletic fields, baths, recreation parks, free concerts, and summer camps have done much to remove the possibility of crime in 1920, to say nothing of the present. James A. Bell, formerly manager of the Harrisburg Board of Trade, testified enthusiastically that not only hundreds but thousands of girls, boys, women and men were daily taking advantage of the results of attractive municipal legislation. Harrisburg is one good example. Boston, New York and Chicago also bear witness to the wholesome effect of publicly conducted amusements.

How foolish, utterly foolish, to plant wheat in an ash heap! But see where we have been rearing our children! Is it any wonder that many of them are anemic, sluggish and backward? When will we realize the great advantages that result when a city considers the environment of its children as its own responsibility? Isn't it high time we apply the wisdom of the old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure"? Eugenic education is doing much to insure a well-born child. Let us now give serious consideration to this newer legislation which will give children a chance for normal growth, and adults an outlet for their natural desires.

Just as the elements of nature—fire, water, wind and electricity, have been utilized by mechanical invention for the good of society, just so will the innate forces of mankind be given an environment

by attractive legislation that will make for full development and growth. Evolution wills it! Progress demands it!

At last we see that, fundamentally, human nature is good. We are finding that a great deal of this so-called evil, instead of being inherent in our make-up, is due to a bad environment which has side-tracked natural forces that otherwise would have gone on for improvement. We are learning that what is natural is divine. Heart-deep most of us are square.

Yes, "Attractive Legislation" will ever demand a new type of legislator. In the future the person who makes our laws must be essentially an inventor, a person with a scientific knowledge of economic and social forces. As the civil or mechanical engineer must understand the stress and strain of materials, so must the coming law-maker realize the importance of human desires and their cravings for satisfaction. Men and women will be needed who are as well trained in economics, sociology and social problems, as in political parties and statesmanship. We shall demand a Jane Addams, a Ben Lindsay, a Florence Kelly, a Frances Perkins, and a Tom Johnson—people who know, who have proved their worth, who command appreciation. We shall learn that attractive legislation calls for attractive legislators.

CHARLES ERVIN REITZEL.



### ELLIS PARK.

By Helen Hoyt, in Poetry.

Little park that I pass through,  
I carry off a piece of you  
Every morning hurrying down  
To my work-day in the town;  
Carry you for country there  
To make the city ways more fair.  
I take your trees,  
And your breeze,  
Your greenness,  
Your cleanness,  
Some of your shade, some of your sky,  
Some of your calm as I go by;  
Your flowers to trim  
The pavements grim;  
Your space for room in the jostled street  
And grass for carpet to my feet.  
Your fountains take and sweet bird calls  
To sing me from my office walls.  
All that I can see  
I carry off with me.  
But you never miss my theft,  
So much treasure you have left.  
As I find you, fresh at morning,  
So I find you, home returning—  
Nothing lacking from your grace  
All your riches wait in place  
For me to borrow  
On the morrow.  
Do you hear this praise of you,  
Little park that I pass through?