

ern women's suffrage association, declared her disbelief in the possibility of women's gaining the franchise through any Federal Amendment. [See vol. xvi, p. 346; current volume, page 299.]

—That the four retired members of the Chicago Board of Education were entitled to their seats, was decided by Judge Foell of the Superior Court on February 25. An appeal was taken by the attorney for the Board, and meantime President Reinberg continued to refuse recognition to the four old members. The three new members present, who took their places, were then cited for contempt of court by Judge Foell; and only upon their promise not to take any part in Board meetings until their case should be decided by the higher court, were contempt proceedings dismissed. [See current volume, page 204.]

speaks for the real estate interests; not for the suffocated babies of the tenement dwellers.



Even Too Silly for Brother Charley.

Cincinnati Times-Star, April 1.—“We are the richest and most powerful nation on the globe, with a population of one hundred million souls—the very flower of the human race.”—Champ Clark in the House of Representatives, March 31, 1914. If an individual went into a public place and talked about himself in that fashion he would be set down as an unmitigated ass. The speaker pays no great compliment to the good sense and good taste of the American people in thinking that they still like to hear that sort of guff from their public men.

PRESS OPINIONS

Sorry He Deported Them.

Daily News and Leader, (London), March 10.—General Smuts has announced that the banishment of the deportees is not permanent; that they are at liberty to return so soon as they can make out a case satisfactory to the South African Government, and that they are guilty of no crime, but simply the victims of “unprecedented circumstances.” The Government, in evicting them, were combating revolution, not hunting individuals. The statement is a very interesting one, less for its practical effects—which are probably nil—than for the temper of mind which it argues. For it shows, as Mr. Merriman and others were not slow to point out, a very remarkable change of front on the part of the South African Government. Only a few days ago General Smuts was more or less challenging the exiles to return if they dared; now he is almost apologetically opening a door to repentance. Whether that is the result of remonstrances from Downing street or is due to other influences remains to be seen. So far as it goes, it is satisfactory evidence that even in South Africa it is not possible flagrantly to override the law without subsequent inconvenience. The force of public opinion can make itself felt in Russia. General Smuts is probably only beginning to feel the results of his impudent defiance of it.



Human Lives of Secondary Interest.

The Christian Socialist (Chicago), April 1.—Frankly for sale are the editorial columns of the New York Times. In a recent issue—that of February 12—it refers as “Unfit to be voted on” to the Herrick-Schaap bill for a popular referendum on the so-called “Singletax bill” for New York City—cutting in half the tax rate on buildings, and with progressive decrease thereof until the whole burden falls upon the land value. The Times bitterly opposes the plan to have the people of the state vote concerning the method of their own taxation. New York's housing conditions are among the world's worst. The east side rookeries, dumb-bell tenements, unventilated rooms crowded to unbearable suffocation—all these are rooted in high building rents. But the Times

RELATED THINGS CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

INTO THE MAELSTROM.

For The Public.

Into the maelstrom of duty fling I myself.

Take from me, Lord, all the thought of the valor
That seemeth within me. Let me forget
The ultimate glory that martyrdom yields;
Let me rest in the raging of seeming mischance;
Let me lie in the arms of the law
That Nature hath laid all about me!
May the turbulent waters that roll
Cast me out into whatever fate
Is prepared for the life that is mine,—
Nay, is Thine!

I am come to my place.
I am come to my own heritage;
Not the cell nor the rack nor the cross;
Not the warrior's wild joy
At the deep biting lance in his heart
While the world shouts its loudest acclaim;
Not that imminent peak on the shores of despair
Whence the true soul may speak
The most hated truth in the world:

But rather, in the dusk of evening mild,
I cool the brow of one pain-twisted child,
Who looked at me a moment since, and smiled.

RICHARD WARNER BORST.



A PIONEER EFFICIENCY EXPERT.

For The Public.

It was nearing nightfall in a pleasant valley of the foothills. The little farms were full of busy people; soon all these kind neighbors would look up at the sun, say, “Most suppertime,” and start for home comfortably tired but very cheerful.

An old man was walking along the country road, carrying one of the red carpet-sacks of the high-comedy stage, but it was genuine, heavy, and contained about all he owned in the world.

He climbed a gentle rise, looked into Peace Valley, sat down on a rock and evidently liked the lay of the land, the homely houses, the orchards and vineyards. A boy came along on horseback. The old man pulled a small slate out of the inside of his open vest. It hung around his neck by a black shoestring, and a bit of pencil was tied to it. He wrote a question, stopped the boy, gave him the slate, looked him over with swiftly appraising glance.

The boy wrote back, "Third house, sir; biggest orchard, red windmill. You'll like the folks. My aunt's deaf too." Then he galloped off. The old man smiled cheerfully over the lad's last remark. "Hope she has a garden of her own," he said to himself, as he started for the "third house."

He found the farmer sitting under the buck-eye tree that was planted by the door in memory of his Ohio birthplace, "New Harmony," a Quaker village. The farmer sprang up, gave him a chair and a cheerful look, noted the slate and instantly understood. The old man presented a letter addressed to the farmer; it was written by a woman in another county who grew seedling fruits as well as grafted ones, and took prizes at the horticultural shows. What it said was: "I hear you mean to start a tree nursery. It will be a good one. I send my old neighbor, Jerry Huff. He has his own way of budding, grafting and pruning trees; he is worth ten common men in these lines. Also is worth knowing—he says everybody is."

The farmer gave him a handshake, motioned for the slate, wrote: "Have supper and stop with us till we can talk this over. You come well recommended, young fellow!" Huff took this in, enjoyed it, nodded with approval, tucked his slate away, took up a magazine, and settled back in his chair.

At the supper table the farmer's wife sat by the stranger, took possession of his slate with a gentleness all her own, introduced him to the family, to the Dana boys—neighbors' sons who helped on the farm—and to another neighbor's daughter, Ann, who ran the kitchen. Before supper was over she somehow managed to establish half a dozen lines of common interest. After a little he ventured on a slateless remark or two; it was plain that he felt at home. "Generally use the slate," he said later. "Keeps me from talking too much and interrupting others. But you make it so pleasant I have to chip in a trifle."

After supper Huff went into the farmer's office and explained his ideas. He had his own tools with him, and he wanted to look over the place the next day. Then he would show how he managed and state his terms, which were always by contract. The old farmer loved what he called "odd characters with characters inside of them"; but he was fairly surprised at the mingling of

specialized knowledge and originality the stranger displayed, whose eyes were bright and glad as he spoke of what he called his "profession."

"You and I love trees," the farmer wrote on the slate when they rose from the talk.

Swiftly, tenderly as a mother might speak of a loved child, the young-hearted wanderer answered: "Yes, and the dirt they grow in. Wish I had a little! When I was young I was not foresighted. Now the good acres are away beyond me!"

The invisible angel who ever walks among men, touching their souls with sudden realizing sense of each other's hungers, whispered—then to the old Ohioan, who, as ever in crises, fell into New Harmony speech. Quickly he wrote on the slate: "Therefore thee remains free to stay in Peace Valley for the good of all of us. May the way be made clear for thee to have thine own acre with us here." Thus was knit between those two strong-hearted men a comprehension of each other that never failed them.

In the morning Mr. Huff took the farmer out to the nursery of young trees ready for fall budding and fairly stunned him, for the man was really a pioneer efficiency expert without knowing what the phrase meant. In those quiet far western valleys trees were budded by men, each one of whom moved along on the ground, trimmed a small tree, slowly cut a bud from a "bud-stick" in his box of tools, inserted it into the tree, wrapped it, and went on. Result, 100 trees in ten hours' work. Huff had been up early, had a hundred buds prepared and in damp moss, had asked the farmer to have one of the Dana boys trim up a hundred trees, had short strings cut and ready. Then he began, saying that the two boys must follow and do the tying. He had reduced the motions from about thirty to five, and he put buds in at the rate of two thousand a day.

The farmer went and looked at every one of the hundred trees, tied several himself in the new way which Huff insisted on, and wrote on the slate:

"Thee is a genius. What arrangements shall we make?"

Came the answer: "You have half a million trees, and a crew of thirty men cannot handle them before the budding season is over. Give me six good men to trim and to tie; I'll bud and insure 98 per cent to grow. I'll do it in 30 or 40 days, by contract."

They went into the office and closed the contract. Huff began securing buds within the hour. As time progressed it became evident that he was as remarkable an expert—without calling it that—in setting grafts and in pruning as he was in the budding. But he would not prune any orchard in the valley unless it had been well started and well kept up. Said he: "I want to handle an orchard for three years—"

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, and 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