

A LESSON FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

There comes to my door quite regularly a poor Arabian woman, selling small wares. She carries two heavy baskets, each one of which would be a heavy load for a strong man to carry about all day.

Seating herself cross-legged on the floor—as is the custom—before her opened baskets, she usually begins her trade by tightly closing her eyes, shaking her head emphatically, while wringing her hands, she says: "War! War! War! No trade; no money; husband dead; five children; no speak English. Ah!"

At first I looked upon this introduction as a part of the transaction, but by longer acquaintance I found a most generous and appreciative heart.

During her last visit, after a few small sales, she drew from her bosom something apparently very precious to show me. It was her license for peddling. Had I not read it with my own eyes I could never have believed it. There it stood: "Paid \$50" for peddling in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, signed by the proper authorities.

I tried, in vain, to make her understand that Massachusetts was very large; that she needed only a county license. But no, the "officer" had said so. She had paid it—"fifty dollar!"

And then I thought how this poor woman was taxed upon her tea, sugar, clothing, etc., and that she already paid, in her rent tax, her full share for the privileges of government and social advantages. But alas, too many private interests are allowed to live out of her labor.

Is it not enough to make one long for the single tax, one that shall tax privileges and not labor? This poor woman must pay \$50 a year before she can exercise her natural right to labor. By our laws we bind grievous burdens upon the weak.—Eliza Stowe Twitchell, in *The San Francisco Examiner*.

SEEN AND HEARD IN CHICAGO STREETS.

The tall, splendid women have come home.

Within one week the average height of the women seen in the streets of Chicago going about their marketing and their shopping, has considerably increased—apparently several inches.

Have you ever noticed what little, slim things stand behind the counters in the great stores, or sit perched up on stools in the cashiers' boxes? And their mothers—those women who trot perspiring through the shopping

streets in August, and have it all their own way at the summer bargain counters—they are little women, too, but they have grown dumpy.

And now once more there are great, handsome creatures on the streets—slender and lithe and graceful, if they are quite young, like Diana, or like Diana's friends the tall deer; curved and magnificent if they are older, like Juno and her kine. How fine is their carriage, and how delicate their complexions, and how their eyes shine! For the most part they look sweet and good, too—just princesses out of a fairy tale. I long to become acquainted with almost every one of them.

The sweet, good look is probably traceable to their comfortable homes, where there has been leisure to learn pleasant ways and to express that affection that all women need for their full blossoming. The clear complexions and bright eyes come of course from fresh air and healthful exercise. But how about the distinctly greater stature?

I wonder if that is not a consequence of better nutrition all the way up from babyhood.

Wouldn't it be lovely to bring about a restoration to all the little, seamstresses and shop girls of their birthright—the probability of developing into such glorious women!

Alice Thacher Post.

SCHOOL-YARD PLAYGROUNDS.

The experiment of using the schoolyards as public playgrounds for the children of the crowded districts of Chicago has proved a success from every point of view, and the closing exercises held in the yards on Thursday afternoon, August 25th, brought to a regretful termination for this year at least an approximation of what the schoolyards should always be used for.

Six yards were used, two on the North Side, the old Franklin, now the Lyman Trumbull school, at Division and Sedgwick streets, and the Kinzie school at Ohio street and La Salle avenue; one on the West Side, the Washington, North Morgan street, near West Ohio; two in the crowded Seventh ward—the Walsh school at Johnson and Twentieth, and the Washburn on Fourteenth street near South Union; and the Holden school, at Thirty-first and Loomis streets, had its beautiful yard in full use.

In addition to the yards, the kindergarten room at the Foster school, O'Brien and Union streets, was used as a playroom, and Miss Mary E. Johnson, the trained kindergartner

who had charge there, made a glowing success of the organization of several clubs of the neighborhood children for rational play and cooperating amusement.

A pleasant feature of the work was the loan by several of the Turner societies of athletic apparatus, parallel bars, jumping poles, ladder see-saws and the like, upon which both girls and boys were drilled in simple athletics.

By an appropriation of the city council of \$1,000 for the "improvement of small parks and temporary playgrounds for children during vacation," it was possible to equip the yards with swings, sand piles and see saws, and to place in each yard a competent custodian to care for the property, guide and control the boys, and direct the athletics, and a fund raised by private gifts in connection with the vacation school fund added to each yard a trained kindergartner to care for and play with the little children.

These playgrounds have been a godsend to the neighborhoods in which they were located, and the police say that it has cut down their trouble with juvenile mischief in these localities to almost nothing. Mothers have sent away their children in the mornings with the assurances that for the day they were safe, and it has been the unanimous testimony of the neighbors in every case that the playground was a blessing.—Chicago Commons.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AGAIN.

For The Public.

The general impression prevails, and it is probably correct, that a college education is a hindrance to business success. A young man undergoes the discipline and acquisition of a college course in the faith, fostered by admiring friends and fond parents, that he is preparing himself for the active duties of life, and discovers when he is through that he has achieved a large stock of misinformation about how to get on in the world. He finds himself ill prepared to conquer what is usually regarded as success in life.

The reason is not obscure. The college man spends several years in training his faculties, he thinks, to their highest possible state of efficiency, in bringing himself to the highest personal excellence of which he is capable. He expects to succeed by reason of his individual merits. His ideals are rich in personal coloring. He would achieve a place in the world by being something worthy of it, by bestowing some service upon the world.

This would all be very well for an ideal world, but it poorly fits the

world into which he is rudely thrust. He soon finds his ideals in his way. The ideals which inspire the business world do not point to personal excellence, but to excellence of position. The prevailing ambition is not to accomplish a noble deed, but to acquire a commanding place; not to be something great, but to get something great. The approved plan in practical life is to achieve distinction, not by bestowing a service upon humanity, but by extracting a service from humanity. One's success is measured, not by what he gives but by what he succeeds in taking. The desired end is reached by driving a bargain, by securing command of opportunities, by getting something for nothing.

The college man has to reconstruct the premises by which he has argued out a successful career. He has been taught that the ideal great man is the great poet, the great philosopher, the great inventor, and such he would humbly emulate. But he finds the great American ideal is the manipulator of natural resources, the man who gets in on the ground floor when nature offers her bounties.

The artists, the thinkers, those whose efforts have increased the sum of human comfort and enlarged the scope of human knowledge, do very well as the canonized saints of the next generation, but the man who has an eye to worldly success does not advise his son to follow them. The bonanza mine owner is a far more attractive character for imitation purposes.

The fact that we celebrate and canonize our heroes and our benefactors, even if it is after they are dead, does us great credit. It shows that we are secretly ashamed of our material standards. We would really like to be better and aspire to better things if the conditions under which we live would permit. We would all really like to have a condition prevail where the man who has been a moral force in his community, whose life has been a benediction to his fellows, whose days have been full of happiness, may be set down as the "successful man," instead of one who has only acquired the ability to bind more burdens upon his already overburdened fellow men.

JOHN TURNER WHITE.

I have not much stomach for any war, and little or none for a war which began for humanity, and then, by the ruling of an inscrutable Providence, or perhaps an ironical destiny, became a war for territory, or at least for coaling stations.—William D. Howells, in Harper's Weekly.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Leave to earn it by our skill;
Leave to labor freely for it,
Leave to buy it where we will:
For 'tis hard upon the many—
Hard, unplied by the few,
To starve and die for want of work,
Or live half-starved with work to do.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Fair reward for labor done;
Daily bread for wives and children;
All our wants are merged in one.
When the fierce fiend Hunger gripes us,
Evil fancies clog our brains,
Vengeance settles on our hearts,
And frenzy gallops through our veins.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Give us that, all else will come—
Self-respect and self-denial,
And the happiness of home:
Kindly feeling, education,
Liberty for act and thought;
And surely that, whate'er befall,
Our children shall be fed and taught.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
Give us that for willing toil:
Make us sharers in the plenty
God has showered upon the soil;
And we'll nurse our better natures
With bold hearts and judgment strong,
To do as much as men can do
To keep the world from going wrong.

What do we want? Our daily bread;
And trade untrammelled as the wind;
And from our ranks shall spirits start,
To aid the progress of mankind,
Sages, poets, mechanicians,
Mighty thinkers shall arise,
To take their share of loftier work,
And teach, exalt, and civilize.

What do we want? Our daily bread:—
Grant it:—make our efforts free;
Let us work and let us prosper;
You shall prosper more than we;
And the humble homes of England
Shall, in proper time, give birth
To better men than we have been,
To live upon a better earth.
—Charles Mackay.

ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

We pray, "God give us this day our daily bread;" but our Father answered that prayer before the foundation of the world. Even in the present monstrous organization of production, the people could not by any possibility consume all that they produce in any given year; and the possibilities of production have scarcely been touched.

A conservative statistician estimates that the state of Texas alone, if its resources were all organized to that end, could support the present population of the world. An eminent Austrian economist figures that all that is produced in the Austrian empire would require but three hours a day labor from each toiler, if production were rationally organized and each man to toil; and that if the production of Austria were equitably distrib-

uted each family would have enough for an abundant life.

"If," says Henry George, "men lack bread it is not that God has not done his part in providing it. If men willing to labor are cursed with poverty, it is not that the storehouse that God owes men has failed; that the daily supply he has promised for the daily want of his children is not here in abundance."

In the early part of 1897, when meetings for the relief of the famine in India were being held in English and American cities, when contributions were received from newsboys and washerwomen, scores of ships laden with wheat, and carrying millions of money, arrived in English ports as rents from the people in India for the privilege of living on the lands which the English had taken from them.—Prof. Geo. D. Herron.

THE CAUSE OF THE IRISH FAMINE.

Ireland, of all European countries, furnishes the great stock example of over population. The extreme poverty of the peasantry and the low rate of wages there prevailing, the Irish famine and Irish emigration, are constantly alluded to as a demonstration of the Malthusian theory worked out under the eyes of the civilized world. I doubt if a more striking instance can be cited of the power of a pre-accepted theory to blind men as to the true relation of facts. The truth is, and it lies on the surface, that Ireland has never yet had a population which the natural powers of the country, in the existing state of the productive arts, could not have maintained in ample comfort. At the period of her greatest population (1840-45) Ireland contained something over eight millions of people. But a very large proportion of them managed merely to exist—lodging in miserable cabins, clothed with miserable rags, and with but potatoes for their staple food. When the potato blight came, they died by thousands. But was it the inability of the soil to support so large a population that compelled so many to live in this miserable way, and exposed them to starvation on the failure of a single root crop? On the contrary, it was the same remorseless rapacity that robbed the Indian ryot of the fruits of his toil and left him to starve where nature offered plenty. A merciless banditti of tax-gatherers did not march through the land plundering and torturing, but the laborer was just as effectively stripped by as merciless a horde of landlords, among whom the soil had been divided as their absolute possession, regard-