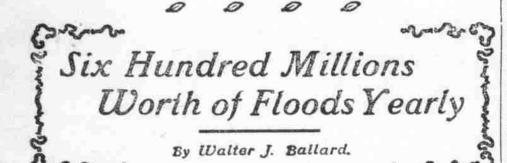
Ly Agnes Repplier.

HE Nineteenth Century and After, that most genial of British dictators, has expressed its opinions-more in sorrow than in anger-on the subject of the American Sunday newspaper. This amazing product of our civilization strikes the English critic with something akin to awe. Its vast bulk, the envormous figures which represent its real or fictitious circulation; its wide grasp of material, from literary novelties like "The Wandering Jew," to the range at which Master Archie Roosevelt shot a rabbit; its determination to provide

entertainment for every grade of intelligence and senility; its advertisements, Its illustrations, and the generous breadth with which it defines that pleasant word "society," are all equally bewildering to an allen. He pauses to speculate upon the "gifted prophetess,' who for twenty-five cents "and upwards" provides "gypsy sympathy," fortune telling, palmistry andspirit communications." He is pleased and surprised to see that the seven royal children of an unpronounceable German principality are as dear to our hearts, and our press, as the lady who sings "Seven Lumps of Sugar, Sweetie," in advanced vaudeville, and whose portrait flanks that of the Germanic nurslings. He asks on what principle of selection this mass of heterogeneous rubbish is collected and dis-

tributed weekly. Above all, the colored comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper is a stumbling-block to the critic's path. For whom, he wonders, and for whom, we wonder, too, can these pictures be intended? Do grown-up people trace the disastrous consequences of Sammy's Sneeze, or follow Faithful Fritz through his ever-repeated ducking and tumblings? Has American humor reverted to the simple anvestral type which regarded an accident of any kind as mirthful? Are the supplements designed for the exclusive refreshment of the feeble-minded, or as a blight upon the intelligence of youth? Or can it be possible that we are all, without knowing it, at the "Slovenly Peter" stage of mental development? These are questions which the Nineteenth Century lacks the spirit and intelligence to answer. It merely observes that "a family which has saturated itself with the Sunday newspaper is in no mood for church-going, nor for any serious occupation"-a statement too obvious for regard. A family "saturated" with the Sunday newspaper would probably be tettering on the verge of idiocy, but the American mind is not of a porous quality. It was the wise Marcus Aurelius who-tormented with the superfluities of Rome-advised his readers to save themselves by inattention from the knowledge of useless things,-From Life.



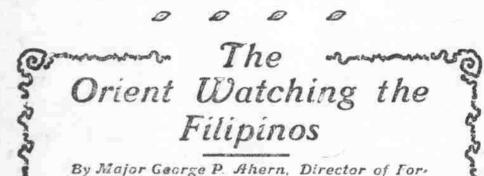
\*\*\*\*\*\* T is estimated by the United State geological survey that floods cost the American people \$100,000,000 a year in loss of property, while the mere menace of these floods prevents the development of thousands of square miles of otherwise valuable property and limits the usefulness of a far greater area. Great as is the annual destruction of property, greater still is the loss by the waste of the water itself. A conservative estimate places the water loss at five times the value of the property loss. If the flood water of the United

States could be stored for future use it would be worth \$500,000,000 a year to us. Therefore, it is safe to say that, directly and indirectly, floods cost the American people a total of \$600,000,000 a year.

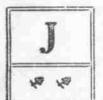
To prevent or minimize this great loss the engineers of the water resources branch of the geological survey have been for a number of years making systematic studies of flood conditions on many streasms throughout the country, and several of their reports have been published. Attention is now drawn to Water Supply Papers Nos. 88, 92, 96, 147 and 162. Renewed impetus was given to the work by the great flood in the Ohio river basin in March, 1907, which was one of the two greatest in a hundred years, the other having occurred in

The ideal remedy for floods, according to the engineers of the survey, is the keeping of the earth's surface in a porous condition, so that the water will be absorbed and held as by a sponge, and allowed to pass slowly into the greams. Vegetation is the great agent that produces porosity of soil, and the most effective form of vegetation for the retardation of surface flow is forest cover. Forestation, therefore, is the prime requisite for the prevention of the needless waste caused by floods.

The next requisite is the construction of reservoirs to hold the waters so that they may be made useful during seasons of low water. Nearly all Amertean rivers can be readily controlled by the construction of storage reservoirs on the headwater streams. The cost of such work, though heavy, would be as nothing compared with the enormous benefits to water power and irrigation, as well as to flood prevention and navigation,



estry in the Philippines .



6 Marianana UST now the English, French, and Germans in the Far East sneer at the American idea of establishing an ideal republic in the Philippines. They say we are making a grave mistake in giving the natives too much leeway. The English in India give a few selected natives a little power, but the great majority of natives in the English colonies have no voice in the government and earn little social recognition, The American experiment, which probably is the most re-

OT Employment may may may may may be to

markable the world has ever seen, gives the poorest native the same chance as the wealthiest, education being free to all. At Manila, instead of climbing up a tree to see what is going on, the Filipino citizen can go to a reception of the governor-general and shake his hand and leave feeling of considerable importance. While the representatives of European civilization sneer, the eyes of the entire Orient are turned seriously on this great American experiment. If it succeeds, there will be startling developments in Java, China, and India, not to mention other countries. The natives of India will say to themselves: "If such great freedom can be given to the Filipinos, why cannot it be given to us?" Manila today is swarming with Orientals from all Eastern countries, for it is one of the cosmopolitan cities of the world.





HE old patriotism was much concerned with guns and flags and all the paraphernalia of war. The new patriotism is to be a thing of schools, hospitals and churches and mission halls for all who feel the extraordinary burdens of life. The new patriotism will concern itself with clean streets and well built houses; it will demand that the rich be satisfied with less and that the poor have more; it will not be so spectacular, but it will be more real, more vitally related with the raw needs of human life. The day of the hero on

horseback is past; the day of the hero in the bonds of civic self-sacrifice has

## A DREAMER.

Here lies a little boy who made believe; Who found in sea and city, hill and star What wise men said were not; who loved to weave Dream warp and woof more fair than

things that are. He made believe that heavy toil and stress Were only play, and sang the while he

He made believe that wealth and fame are Than faith and truth-that love cannot be bought;

That lures our eyes, to nobler ports we That grief was meant to forge the living Soul,
And death itself is not for men to fear.
At last he made believe his play was

| That honor lives; that far beyond the goal

A kindly Hand the darkening curtain

drew.
So well he made believe he nearly made
The world believe his make believes were true.

-Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.

BY MRS. JACQUES FUTRELLE.

Rhodes took a running jump into a window, and hers followed. suit of flauncis, a soft shirt, a pair of tennis shoer and a mussed linen hat, kicked his evening dress into a corner, and made for open country He dedged behind a hedge to avoid a man who was aiming a camera around rather carelessly, passed out a gateway at the end of a graveled walk, then turned and shook his fist at the marble palace with which some idiot had thought to adorn the

Adorn! Posh! It was a sight. that huge, grinning pile that reared its head out of a Noah's Ark forest, with its little trees just set so far apart, and so nicely matched that the eye ached at sight of them,

He got away from it all as quickly as possible, and scrambled down into the wood, where a little stream gurgled and there was a smell of the soft, mossy earth. Now this was country, this little wood with the sun light filtering through the trees, this little stream, coming out of the nowhere and dancing merrily on to the same place. He dug his hands into his trousers pockets and chuckled. Ages ago, he remembered, he had gone to the country-to grandma's. She had thrown away his gocks, whacked off his curis, slapped kim into overalls, and turned him loose. What a time he had! He whistled sortly at the recollection.

He ventured across stream, and standing half way on the biggest rock, stooped to scoop up the water with his hat.

And then he wandered on. By George, there was a little house! It was just a camp, set off in the heart of the wood, where a chap would be alone with nature, He stumbled upon a sign "To Let," and he went closer. The house was furmished; he could see pots and pans sung upon a row of pegs r : he peered into a window, and farther along, in another room, was a bare table and some chairs set against the wall. He climbed upon the porch, and turning the corner, he ran plump into a-goddesa! a nymph of the wood, a little maid of Arcadia in a print gown. In one hand she was clutching a big nun hat and in the other some wild

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, pulling the mussed linen hat from his head, and scraping a low bow. "Er-do you live here?"

She gave him a big baby stare out of the two most wonderful blue eyes, then the lids dropped. Ah, shy little maid of Arcadia!

"No," she replied. "Er-do you?" He ventured a smile, just a little one, for she looked awfully scared. "No. But-er-I'd like to," he

dared. "Er-wouldn't you?" She spread out her hands in a Httle gesture of exasperation.

"I've dreamed of it," she burst out, "and I've set my heart on it."

"Really?" he asked politely. "Really! But no one seems to know who owns it; no one seems to nooks and corners. Finally she sat know who lets it. It's just here with that exasperating little sign to tanta- the Dresden china hands under her Hze me, when I to much want to chic.

have it." She looked so pretty in the little print gown with the big hat and the bunch of wild flowers that he almost lost the drift of what she was say-

"I suppose you don't belong here-

abouts?" he inquired.
"No." Then she looked him over,

and added, "Do you?" He nervously twisted the mussed Lat between a thumb and forefinger as she giggled into the flowers.

"I'm ashamed to tell you where I telong-so I won't," he laughed. "We'll pass that," she said after a

moment, "if you'll be so very kind as to find out who owns this place." "And then?"

"Then I want the key." "Oh!" He waited a moment to watch a smile that threatened. "And then?"

"Then, of course, I'll take possession. Why," she went on quite breathlessly, "why, I've watched here for days and days to keep any one else from getting it." "Piggy-wiggy!" he ventured.

She tossed her head into the air.

"Way?" "Watching here for dars and days when I've only just come."

"It's a great place to be alone," she remarked coolly. "Alons by yourself or alone with

"I wish I could get in," she interrupted. "I pecked in at the window and it looks so dear." He pushed a window open; it was-

n't even locked. She looked sur-"Why, I could have been in days and days ago!" she exclaimed. "I

think I'm silly." The remark was really a question. She looked at him as if she espected him to contradict her, but he didn't, 'adia."

even I imagined," she gurgled. "Don't you think it darling?" "Yes, I do think it-darling!"

riedly. Suddenly she drew back.

"We haven't broken anything."

"I'd call it climbing in." He put one foot across the sill, and

daring was quite beyond belief.

put forth hers-a little Dresden china hand-and prepared to climb,

Mr. John Wallace Van Courtland | Instead, he thrust his head in at the

"Oh, it's dearer and cuter than

She looked at him quickly. "What a big room," he added hur-

"Why, this-this is house breaking."

"We are breaking in."

then the other. "Oh" she said breathlessly. Such

"Won't you climb in, too?" -He offered a hand to assist her. She Then she hesitated.

"It's house breaking in the eyes is just to get away?" of the law."

Their eyes met and his hand closed over hers among the flowers.

"Oh, little maid of Arcadia," he said softly, "where have you been so long that I am only just finding you?'

"I wonder!" she mused softly. He came round the table to take

her in his arms. "Wait," she begged. "I want to tell you something."

He sat down upon a corner of the table and obediently waited. was a long time beginning.

"I'm going to be married in the morning," she said finally.

"Yes," he agreed after a long time. "It's going to be a wedding that the newspapers will call brilliant, and all that sort of thing. Columns have already been written about my gown, and there will be dozens of bridesmaids. Why, reporters have been snooping down about the place for days, and I've been dodging cameras until I'm tired."

"Poor little girl!" "I'm making what the newspapers

call a great match." "Really?"

"Really." "A prince?"

"I think so." "Anything else?"

"Everything else." "Well?"

"Well-then I'm going to Europe."

"Yes." "I don't want to go to Europe!"

"No?" "No." "You mean," he questioned, "you

don't love the man you are going to marry?" "Not that. I do love him, but I've been to Europe ever so many

times, and this-this little place is Arcadia." "I suppose," he suggested, "Europe

"I suppose."

Why do many wives put on the injured-martyr air instead of telling their husbands just what they want or think?

Why do many husbands work hard for their wives and families, but never think how the wife would appreciate an invitation to a theatre, a little dinner at a restaurant, a box of candy, or some flowers brought home unasked?

Why do many children resent anything their parents say, and look on them as bores, and long to be grown up so as to escape from them?

Why do so many rich folks look on their poor relatives as being always on the lookout for favors, and so prevent the poor relatives from giving them little presents or being natural with

Why do so many poor relatives look on their rich relatives as arrogant and purse-proud, scarcely admitting any good qualities. and always adding or prefacing any account of the rich relatives' generosity or kindness with, "If I were as rich as he it would be my delight to do so-and-so," instead of being appreciative of the

Why do many employers say their clerks are a stupid lot and unworthy of consideration? Why do many clerks look with envy on their employers, and

rage over every correction or sharp word? Why do men laugh at women's lack of business ability, and yet sneer and rather look down on the woman who shows she has

Why do many persons behave more courteously and kindly to outsiders than they do to ones they really love best of all?-From McCall's Magazine

gan, which delayed matters and al- she pulling at the wild flowers with If it is necessary for the hostess to lowed him to hold the hand for one uervous fingers and he twiddling the remove the courses, dishes, etc., long, delicious moment.

would only waste your breath, for I'd not understand one thing. But kissed them extravagantly.

I'il come in if you insist," She chewed her lip and gave him a look out of the wonderful eyes that | cadia?" made his heart do a lap in quicker time than it had any business doing. "I do insist-I most emphreically

insist." he insisted. "Oh, since you insist!" And the palace on the hill." next instant she stood within the room.

He ecstatically watched her little excursions about the house, poking into cubby holes and examining down at the big table and clasped

"Isn't it dear?" she asked, her eyes shining.

He only nodded to that, for he couldn't quite think of any words wonderful enough to express more.

"If I had this place," she went on 'I'd fill those shelves with books, I'd scatter magazines here, there, all over. I'd have an easy chair here and another easy chair there, and still another easy chair there, and I'd

stuff pillows everywhere." "If I had this place"-he caught the tone-"I'd have a book thereany old kind of a book-a tobacco pouch there, a pipe here, another pipe there, my hands in my pockets

and my feet on the mantel." 'Is that a man's idea of being com-

"It's my idea of living in Arcadia." They laughed outright, happily, riotously. Suddenly she remembered something. "How do you like my gown?" she

asked. "Perfect!" "A simple, pink, checked gingham

gown," she mused. "And my flow-"Wonderful!"

"Picked in Arcadia," She nestled them against her cheek

and kissed the petals lovingly. "Don't you love to be free?" she breathed, "to be just yourself, to get away from the position you've got to uphold?"

"I wish," he replied fervently, "I never had to look evening dress in the face again." "What is evening dress?" she

asked.

"It's the most awful, most horri-"Hush," she Interrupted. won't speak of such things in Ar-

"Well, why go to Europe?" he "Why not live here in Arasked.

"Really?" "Really."

"But who has the key to Arcadia?"

"The man in that awful marble possible.

"Uncle George?" "Uncle George."

"Why, how foolish. It's like the window that only needed a push. I never even asked." Something else occurred to her. "If Uncle George knows, everybody else will know," she complained.

"Did you ever notice that Uncle George was sentimental? I think he can keep a secret."

"Of course we will start for Europe." "Of course." "And sneak back here when no one's looking?"

He nodded. "And bring my books?" "And my pipes."

"And I'll read to you while you put your feet on the mantel." "Really?" "Really."

They gathered up the wild flowers from the table, where they had fallen, closed the window behind them and climbed the hill to the marble palace at the top. Mr. John Wallace Van Courtland Rhodes pulled the evening dress from the corner where he had kicked it only a short time before, and got into it for the last time, - From Woman's Home

## Americans Growing Bigger.

Companion.

A tailor whose firm has been continuously in business in Philadelphia for 105 years has compiled from his books of measurement some statistics the frosting slightly with vanilla. that discount the statements of the pessimists.

These statistics show that the American in the past century has grown taller, stronger and slimmer -greater in height and in chest girth, less in the girth of waist and

The average chest of 1795 was thirty-six inches. It is now thirtyeight inches. The average height was five feet seven inches. It is now five feet eight and a half inches. The length of leg has increased in the same proportion. The shoulders and chest have greatly developed. The large tart apples. Put in a baking waist, on the other hand, has lost dish and cook in a quick oven. two taches .- New York Press.

# Household Affairs

Dead game, poultry, etc., can be kept sweet for weeks by rubbing them well with powdered borax under the wings, legs, tail and placing a little in the mouth of the bird.

STOCKINGS OVER SHOES. Save old stockings, cut off the

feet, leaving about four inches of the leg. These worn over the shoes on slippery days will protect both young and old from falling .- New York World.

### TOMATO REMOVES INK.

If you happen to spill ink on white wash goods, before you laundry it take red tomatoes, the canned ones will do, rub well on the ink spots, let it dry over night, then put it in the boiler with the other clothes to boil. It will come out beautiful and white. I have never known it to fail .-- New York World.

### CARE OF BROOMS.

If you labor under the impression that you are getting or keeping clean when you do the sweeping with an old lopsided broom, get over the idea

In these days of dust the most perfect implements are necessary to fight it and a broom that is never rinsed out in clean water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved adds more germs to a floor than it takes up.

Never use a broom after it has become lopsided, as it not only does not do the work, but harder on the worker, being much more difficult to propel.-New Haven Register.

## BUREAU DRAWERS.

As careful as housewives are, they sometimes neglect to keep the dresser drawers in good order and the handkerchiefs, sheets, stockings and the like are thrown in any place which will conveniently hold them. One would have far more room and much less bother if the articles were all placed together. After the laundry comes home put all sheets together, all pillow cases and articles of like kind in one pile, tie with white tape and give them a place in the drawer where they will always be found. There is quite an art in folding clothes to make each piece small and easily packed. It is nice to have all articles arranged like this. Place between the various packages the little envelopes of sandalwood. It has lasting and delicate odor that is pleasing to the most refined taste.-New Haven Register.

SET TABLE IN EARLY EVENING.

The table should be laid in the afternoon, and on a side table place all extra plates and dishes, such as silver, that may be required for the meal. If there is not a serving table in the room, a common one should 'It's-I'll explain the law," he be- They were both silent for a time, be arranged for this occasion.

mussed linen hat. Suddenly he should be so placed that she is absent "Don't bother," she burst in. "You leaned forward and imprisoned the from the table only a few moments, little hands within his own, then he and there is no confusion in her movements.

> Even if she has a maid to serve the meal the dishes must be ready before the guests arrive. Otherwise the hostess will be obliged to give instructions during dinner, a breach of good form to be avoided whenever

> It should be understood previously that the nost is not leave his place under any consideration. Nothing will give a greater air of confusion than to have two persons moving around a room. The man should keep his seat and preside while the hostess attends to the dinner .-Washington Star.



Baked Apples with Nats-Peel an. core the apples, then place in a deep pan, allowing a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and half a cup of water to each apple. In the centre of each appie place a tablespoonful of chopped nuts and strip of lemon or orange peel, and over the whole sprinkle cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake slowly, and the juice will become jelly-like.

Date Pie - Simmer slowly one pound of dates in enough milk to cover. Sift them through a sieve to free from stones, add one-half cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, a little cinnamon and a pint of bolled milk. Bake in deep lined plates, as for custard pie. Whip the white of the eggs and frost, having flavored Brown nicely. This is sufficient for two pies.

Boiled Suet Dumpling-One capful of chopped suct, two of flour, one teaspoonful of sait; mould into dumplings and boil half an hour. Serve with maple or warm sugar syrup, or jam. I any are left over, they are excellent fried for supper or breakfast; cut in thin slices, and fry a delicate brown in batter or dripping. Serve with syrup of any kind. The same recipe may be turned into baked apple damplings by rolling

