

A Censor of the Press

By Agnes Repplier.

THE 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 enormous 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 sensibility; its illustrations, and the generous breadth with which it defines that pleasant word "society," are all equally bewildering to an alien. He pauses to speculate upon the "gifted prophetess," who for twenty-five cents "and upwards" provides "gypsy sympathy," fortune telling, palmistry and spirit 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 distributed weekly.

Six Hundred Millions Worth of Floods Yearly

By Walter J. Ballard.

IT 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.

The Orient Watching the Filipinos

By Major George P. Ahern, Director of Forestry in the Philippines.

JUST 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 liberty. 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 remarkable 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.

The New Patriotism

By A. J. Haynes.

THE 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 come.

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 wrought; He made believe that wealth and fame are less Than faith and truth—that love cannot be bought; —Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.

A SNEAK INTO ARCADIA.

BY MRS. JACQUES FUTRELLE.

Mr. John Wallace Van Courtland Rhodes took a running jump into a suit of flannels, a soft shirt, a pair of tennis shoes, and a muddled linen hat, kicked his evening dress into a corner, and made for open country. He dodged 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 country.

WHY?

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 them? 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 kindnesses? 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 sense? 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.

"It's—I'll explain the law," he began, which delayed matters and allowed him to hold the hand for one long, delicious moment. "Don't bother," she burst in. "You would only waste your breath, for I'd not understand one thing. But I'll come in if you insist." She chewed her lip and gave him a look out of the wonderful eyes that made his heart do a lap in quicker time than it had any business doing. "I do insist—I most emphatically insist," he insisted. "Oh, since you insist!" And the next instant she stood within the room. He ecstatically watched her little excursions about the house, poking into cubby holes and examining nooks and corners. Finally she sat down at the big table and clasped the Dresden china hands under her chin. "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 I'd stuff pillows everywhere." "If I had this place"—he caught the tone—"I'd have a book there—any 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 comfy?" "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 flowers?" "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 horrible—"

"Hush," she interrupted. "We won't speak of such things in Arcadia." They were both silent for a time, she pulling at the wild flowers with nervous fingers and he twiddling the muddled linen hat. Suddenly he leaned forward and imprisoned the little hands within his own, then he kissed them extravagantly. "Well, why go to Europe?" he asked. "Why not live here in Arcadia?" "Really?" "Really." "But who has the key to Arcadia?" "The man in that awful marble palace on the hill." "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 Companion.

Americans Growing Bigger. A tailor whose firm has been continuously in business in Philadelphia for 105 years has compiled from his books of measurement some statistics 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 hips. The average chest of 1795 was thirty-six inches. It is now thirty-eight 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 waist, on the other hand, has lost two inches. —New York Press.

Household Affairs.

KEEPS POULTRY SWEET. 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 at once. 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 be arranged for this occasion. If it is necessary for the hostess to remove the courses, dishes, etc., should be so placed that she is absent from the table only a few moments, 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 possible. It should be understood previously that the host 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 Nuts—Peel and 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 center of each apple 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 boiled milk. Bake in deep lined plates, as for custard pie. Whip the white of the eggs and frost, having favored the frosting slightly with vanilla. Brown nicely. This is sufficient for two pies. **Boiled Suet Dumplings**—One cupful of chopped suet, two of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; mould into dumplings and boil half an hour. Serve with maple or warm sugar syrup, or jam. If any are left over, they are excellent fried for supper or breakfast; cut in thin slices, and fry a delicate brown in butter or dripping. Serve with syrup of any kind. The same recipe may be turned into baked apple dumplings by rolling out the dough, and moulding around large tart apples. Put in a baking dish and cook in a quick oven.