

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Let In the Outdoors.

By E. P. Powell.

YOUR best property in this world is not your meadows and your pastures, your cornfields and your orchards, but that property of yours which is much farther away, in the valleys, or even in the skies. Nothing is more absurd than a few windows slashed into a house anywhere and looking nowhere in particular, and even these shrouded with dust-collecting curtains. Glass is not half enough used in our houses. The whole east front of many a country house might be mostly glass, or that front which can let in most of the glory of the world and the sky.

Then your narrow six-foot or seven-foot veranda is a meaningless as well as a useless adjunct. It is just big enough to pinch you, and not large enough to give you comfort. A country house should have ten or twelve foot verandas, on at least two of its sides, or all around it, and here should be everything to suggest comfort and companionship—not only hammocks and easy chairs, but hammock beds, that by day can be drawn up under the roof—Outing.

Faults of the Golfer.

By H. J. Whigham.

THE common faults of the golfer may be named in the following order of importance: Swinging too quickly; taking the eye off the ball; holding the left hand under the club; keeping the hands too near the body; and standing too near the ball. The easiest, indeed, the only satisfactory way of curing all these faults, is to go out and watch some one like Findlay Douglas or Walter Travis or Fred Herreshof play. If you cannot find any expert of the first class, go for the best available; and if you have to fall back on professional advice make your teacher play the ball himself and imitate his stroke.

This, of course is rudimentary advice and certainly not original. The youngest caddie at St. Andrews has learned to request his master to keep his eye on the ball and not to press. The trouble is that no amount of book teaching will make you follow this advice. You have to assimilate it by practice. There are a few other points about the game which I should like to dwell upon, and which are applicable to older players as well as beginners—Outing.

Personal Magnetism A Great Asset.

By O. S. Marden.

THERE have been great advocates at the bar whose charming manner, like the presence in court of some of the world's famous beauties, would so sway the jury and the judge as to endanger and sometimes actually divert justice. A gracious, genial presence, a charming personality, a refined, fascinating manner are welcome where mere beauty is denied and where mere wealth is turned away. They will make a better impression than the best education or the highest attainments. An attractive personality, even without great ability, often advances one when great talent and special training will not.

There is always a premium upon a charming presence. Every business man likes to be surrounded by people of pleasing personality and winning manners. They are regarded as splendid assets.

What is it that often enables one person to walk right into a position and achieve without difficulty that which another, with perhaps greater ability, struggles in vain to accomplish? Everywhere a magnetic personality wins its way.

Young men and young women are constantly being surprised by offers of excellent positions which come to them because of qualities and characteristics which, perhaps, they have never thought much about—a fine manner, courtesy, cheerfulness, and kindly, obliging, helpful dispositions.—Success.

Your Most Important Reserve.

By O. S. Marden.

WE Americans seem to think that it is comparatively easy to bribe nature, that we can break all health laws, doing two or three days' work in one, eating as much at a single dinner or banquet as nature would require for two or three days; that we can abuse our systems in all sorts of ways, and then make amends by drugging ourselves and patronizing the springs and other health resorts. Many Americans spend their lives oscillating between two extremes, abusing their bodies and doctoring them. The result is dyspepsia, exhausted vitality, nervous diseases of all kinds, insomnia, mental depression, insanity.

The efforts of great surgeons to save lives are often ineffective because the resisting power of the body has been ruined by some form of vicious living, or by overeating, under-eating, lack of sleep, or other transgressions of the laws of health. Many people die from minor surgical operations or amputations after accidents because of lack of physical reserve to assist nature in carrying them over the crisis.

The person who lives a perfectly normal life has a vast physical reserve power, which would carry him through any ordinary kind of disease, or tide him over any ordinary accident, a necessary amputation, or other needed operation. But when one uses up all his force, all his vitality, as he goes along of course he has little or nothing to fall back upon in case of a severe accident or other emergency which calls for a great expenditure of physical force or vitality.

TRAINED CITY OFFICIALS.

Some Headway Making in Regard to Minor Places.

A few years ago, when the mayor of a German city was about to be retired under the pension law, the council advertised for a successor. "Candidates who have passed the higher state examinations for the higher judicial or administrative career, and who have had experience in the administration of a large city, are requested to send in their applications."

The time is far off when American cities will insist on having trained mayors, but as regards some minor offices there is a gradual, reluctant acceptance of the theory that the men who fill them should know their business, and that it matters nothing where they fall from, so they do know it. For instance, Charles B. Ball, after having had training in sanitary work in Washington, D. C., and New York, was made chief sanitary inspector here. Now the mayor of Milwaukee, after casting about for a good man, has asked him to be health commissioner of that city. The mayor is a Socialist, but he did not feel bound to offer the place

to a "comrade." He wanted the best man, regardless of politics or locality. He does not share the belief which most local politicians seek to foster, that in each community there can be found the best qualified man for any and every office. In other words, no jobs should be allowed to go out of town. The mayor of Milwaukee may have some social and economic theories with which we disagree, but he is sound when it comes to guarding the public health. If he keeps on as he has begun he will be the best mayor Milwaukee has had.

We are beginning to recognize, through costly and sometimes shameful experience, the value of trained men in municipal work. The expert is slowly coming into his own.—Chicago Tribune.

Insurance authorities tell us that it requires about 300,000 new houses every year to supply our increase of population and 80,000 more to take the places of those that are destroyed by fire.

Among all their palaces and estates it is Balmoral that the members of the British royal family have always looked upon as their home.

AN OLD ADAGE IN NEW DRESS.

By Bernice Babcock.

Vain ambition's sparkling bubbles
Sometimes catch men with their glow;
We're attracted by their brightness
And delighted with their glow.
But a bubble is a bubble,
And a bubble, be it known,
Will not in the great forever
Wear away the stone.

Prothly spray goes leaping, dancing,
On the bosom of the tide,
And men oft forget the current
That the scum-spread ripples hide.
But success on others' efforts,
Like froth spray, it must be known,
Will not in the great forever
Wear away the stone.

Real, true worth-drops in man's hurry
Are sometimes passed rudely by—
They are plainer than the others,
And attract no idle eye.
But stanch worth bears sure momentum,
And real worth-drops, be it known,
Will, if constantly kept dropping,
Wear away the stone.

A Game--- and Its Consequences.

"Late again for dinner, late again," Mr. Lucas closed his gold hunter with a vicious snap, and cast a long suffering eye toward the door through which he expected his wife to appear.

He was seated in an armchair, his dress clothes beyond reproach, his well brushed head and whole appearance denoting care and attention; a good looking man of 35 or thereabouts, with no special characteristics beyond a desire for law and order in all things.

The door opened, and he rose with some dignity as his wife hurriedly entered.

"So sorry, Richard—but that last rubber of auction was interminable; we had spades every time, and you know what that means."

"Spare me details," he murmured, with a slightly irritable gesture of the hand. "You know I loathe the game and I suppose—er—you intend to come in to dinner dressed as you are?"

"I will change if you don't mind waiting—I am really not hungry."

"Probably not after having spent hours in that unhealthy atmosphere—I have been in the open air all day, and am therefore feeling quite equal to my dinner."

She threw down her gloves, and prepared to follow him to the living room.

"You've been golfing, of course?" "Yes, Simpson and I have had a most delightful day; the air was beautiful over the hills, and I am proud to say I did several holes in bogie."

She crumpled her bread indifferently.

"I never can imagine how great, strong men can grow so enthusiastic in knocking a little ball into a small hole—and bridge, after all, is an intellectual game."

Mr. Lucas hastily swallowed a glass of wine and almost choked over it in his anxiety to answer.

"Bridge," he averred, "is, I am quite confident, at the bottom of half the nervous disorders of the age, and it seems to me that it has a most demoralizing effect. A year ago, you, my dear Leonora, would have thought it impossible to sit down to your dinner dressed as you are at present."

"So sorry, Richard; I know you hate unconventionality, and I really meant to be back in time, as I have to be off to Lady Thurston's at 9 o'clock."

Mr. Lucas seemed almost to rise from his chair, his voice rang sonorous with righteous indignation.

"Leonora!" "Eh?" She looked up from a small card covered with figures, which she had been surreptitiously studying.

"Did you want anything, dear?" "A look of fury crossed Mr. Lucas's face. "Want anything? Yes, I want the woman I married—the woman who used to be a companion to me, who was content with her own fire-side occasionally of an evening, and who was pleased to entertain and to be entertained by my friends, instead of a pack of silly, cackling, gambling, brainless women, with no ideas above bridge scores."

"Twenty, 25, 18 minus ten—I really was in luck this afternoon." She totted numbers off on her fingers quite oblivious of the storm of words showered upon her by an irate husband. "Yes, dear, do go on—eight—13 minus four—"

Something in the atmosphere caused her to glance up, and she felt a little startled on seeing the expression on her husband's face as he spoke in a low, concentrated tone, as if striving to control his anger.

"If you can spare a few minutes of your valuable time, Leonora, I should like a little serious conversation with you."

"Yes, dear," she murmured, smothering a yawn. "Shall we tell the servants they may leave the room?"

"Leonora, are you aware that you have become the slave of a vice?" "A what?" she turned with a start of surprise.

"You surely do not pretend to be unaware of this very obvious fact?" he replied, stiffly.

"I am unaware of being the slave of anything! What on earth do you mean, Richard?"

"What should I mean, but that you eat, drink and live bridge. If I happen to overhear any of your conversation, it is always in reference to what somebody did at the game, and if they have blocked their partners or played a wrong card, it is regarded as one of the tragedies of life.

Your whole mental powers are confined within a pack of cards. If you would only take up some outdoor game!"

"Golf, for instance?" she said sarcastically.

"Exactly!" he approved.

"And you are not a slave to that, I suppose?"

"Slave! To open air and exercise? To a healthy, manly pursuit?" Mr. Lucas gazed at his wife in grieved astonishment. "You can scarcely realize what you are saying, Leonora."

She gave a sudden exclamation. "Richard, we have been married five years, and during four years of that time I have heard nothing but bogies, bunkers, stymies, rubs on-the-green, and all the other idiotic terms of an idiotic game. I was left, day after day, to make my own pleasures, every Saturday till Monday you rushed off to town with some golfing friend; when you came home in the evenings you were so tired that you went to sleep. At first, I used to be afraid you were ill, afterward I found out that on these occasions you had merely played what you call a 'rotten game,' and had been badly beaten by your adversary."

"I fail to see a single point in your argument, and what you tell me convinces me more than ever of how very undesirable are the people with whom you are associating."

"It is not my friends, it is that my ideas of life have become enlarged by constant reading during my lonely hours and by studying human nature and seeing what a delightful thing marriage can be when there are mutual interests, or at least mutual toleration—there must be either one or the other."

"If you call never seeing each other 'mutual toleration,' stated Mr. Lucas, with dignity, "that is precisely what we enjoy."

"I am very happy," she returned. "Instead of loneliness, I have an absorbing interest, and I am prepared to meet your golf tragedies with my bridge triumphs." She smiled once more, her brief fit of anger over, her eyes again anxiously on the clock. "I must go now," she said. "I am really very sorry. I was late for dinner, Richard, but I feel that though we have not agreed we have come to a better understanding and I am sure when you think over our little talk you will see that your craze for golf in the first instance drove me to take refuge in bridge. Say we decided, you to retire from the golfing world and I to abjure bridge, what would be the result? We should both be miserable and fight like cat and dog."

Mr. Lucas sat perfectly silent, moving the spoons and forks slightly nervously. "I suppose St. Paul was right," he ventured at length, "when he said 'Moderation in all things.'"

She moved toward the door. "What a confession! But then you know we are led to believe that St. Paul had no personal experience of his sex."

She paused, her hand on the door, a charming figure with just that carelessness of attire so fatal to some women's appearance, but which always seemed to add beauty to hers.

"We are not odd people, are we then to live all the rest of our lives like this?"

Something unusual in her husband's tone caused her to glance at him quickly, she thought his eyes seemed wistful and her impulsive nature was touched. She crossed the room and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Shall we try to live up to St. Paul?"

"To what extent?" he asked almost bashfully.

"Shall we agree to keep a day or two out of each week free to be together, and see how it works?"

A gratified look crossed his face. "I am sure, my dear, I am quite willing to meet your wishes in every way."

She dropped a light kiss on his forehead.

"Then that's all right, isn't it. And now, dear, I absolutely must go, but I will be back as early as I can."

"I will wait up," said Mr. Lucas, with the air of conferring a favor.

"Thank you," she hurried away, with a slight pucker between her brows, conscious that though she had done her duty, she did not feel quite the glow of satisfaction that is supposed to be the reward of virtue.

She felt you cannot be quite happy serving two gods, when one is bridge and the other your husband.—The Throne and Country.

This Year's Crop.

With the beginning of May field work throughout the country continues in corn and cotton planting. These two crops for the current year probably will represent 145,000,000 acres. Spring wheat seeding is well out of the way, and covers another 20,000,000 acres. We do not know yet how much abandoned acreage there may be of winter wheat, but certainly there should be no less than 30,000,000 acres for harvest, with due allowance for the portion which is plowed under for corn or other crops on account of poor prospects. These four crops of 165,000,000 acres constitute the chief sources of income of the American farmer. By the end of the month of May 165,000,000 acres of spring crops mainly the result of sixty days of field work. There will, of course, have to be some replanting of corn. The soil is rather dry, but that is much better than the other extreme.—Wall Street Journal.

Literal Lannigan.

Mrs. Subbats (who has hired a man to plant shade trees)—Digging out the holes, I see, Mr. Lannigan. Lannigan—No mum. Ol' m' diggin' out the dirt an' laving' the holes.—Catholic News.



Goes to Brussels.

Mrs. J. Scott Anderson, principal of the Swarthmore school and kindergarten for the deaf, has been appointed to represent four different organizations at the International congress of Home Education, to be held at Brussels. Gov. Stuart sends her to represent the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and she will also represent the American Academy of Social and Political Science, the Philadelphia league of Home and School associations and the Woman's club of Swarthmore.—Pa.-New York Sun.

Fiftieth Anniversary.

Mme. Marie Kraus-Botte celebrated at her home in New York City her 50th anniversary in kindergarten work. Mme. Kraus-Botte was a pupil of Frau Froebel, and speaking of her early experience said:

"I was almost afraid to come to America. I was afraid the Indians, whom I was sure I would meet in America. I have always been glad that I overcame this groundless fear. I shall keep right straight on with my kindergarten work, and some people tell me I am good for 50 years longer."

The celebration was given by the Kraus Alumnae association, which is comprised of pupils of Mme. Kraus-Botte.—New York Sun.

Don'ts for Hostesses.

Don't make your guests feel that they are "company" visitors, and that they are straining every effort to entertain them.

Don't make the mistake of asking uncongenial people to meet each other. This is often the reason for the failure of a party that would otherwise have been a success.

Don't think it necessary to be constantly providing your guests with entertainment. Every one likes to be left alone sometimes, and a guest will often enjoy a quiet evening at home far better than a party.

Don't talk only on topics that interest yourself. Find out your guests' tastes, and, as much as possible, consider them.—Indianapolis News.

Women Descended From Kings.

Chicago women are busy these days tracing their ancestry back to kings and queens. Among the women descended from royalty is Mrs. Heaton Owsley. She was the daughter of Carter H. Harrison, Sr., and this family has come down directly from Alfred the Great. Mrs. Owsley has among her ancestors a signer of the Declaration of Independence and two presidents of the United States. The children of Mrs. Honore Palmer trace their line back to English royalty. Mrs. Palmer was Miss Brown of Baltimore, whose forefathers were prominent in the history of Maryland. This family is interwoven with descendants of Lord Fairfax, The Tylers, Adamsons, Lees, Curtises, McClellands, Livingstons and Browns of Chicago all claim descent from kings.—New York Press.

The Latchkey Girl.

It used to be considered the natural and proper thing for girls left behind in the marital race to remain in their fathers' houses.

But during the last quarter of a century fathers have begun to look on daughters who do not marry as failures in life, and the daughters have begun to wish for some wider sphere than playing second or third fiddle to their mothers.

Then came the wail of the superfluous woman and the gradual uprising of the latchkey girl, who determined to earn her own living and make her own way in life, regardless of the man who was unable to make for her the home for which she craved at the bottom of her heart.

And thus there grew up a race of bachelor girls in flats, who lived on caramels and sausages.

They were thought very shocking and emancipated, these latchkey bachelor girls when they first started, but we are quite used to them now, and, indeed, the militant suffragettes have made them seem very domesticated and old fashioned.

People have practically realized that it is quite possible for girls to live their own lives without throwing their bonnets or "Merry Widow" hats over the windmill, and the homes must now be comparatively few in which three or four maiden daughters live on with their parents, gradually getting older and older, and more and more faded, waiting for the husband who comes Tot, even looked upon by every one, parents and friends, as failures in life, for whom the deadly epithets "poor" and "old" are the only ones fitted to their hopeless and drab existence.—Philadelphia Star.

Making of a Gentleman.

And thus he bere, without abuse, The Grand Old Name of Gentleman. The lines are quoted at the beginning of that very pretty old story, "John Halifax, Gentleman" than which there is no more healthy story from the pen of a woman who loved and knew young people well, says the New York Press.

You cannot make a gentleman of your growing bobbledoh boy unless you commence when he is small—oh, very small, before he begins to be self-conscious—and keep it up through the fleeting years of his rapid growth, when he knows just enough to be embarrassed if he realizes that he is

being looked at. This is the time when he will try to slur over the little niceties of life, and he will succeed, too, if the parents have not begun right.

Your first duty lies in an early start, it will be a humble beginning, for it rests on two very little things; but they take on tremendous proportions, and the task will grow with every day that the boy neglects or you neglect the frequent interruption and the passing in front of mother.

Little boys may be held to several of these small courtesies long before it is possible to burden the child with a host of hard things that make play out of the question and childhood miserable.

One of the next rules for early observation is that of the hat.

"Hats off every time," is a part of the code that it would almost seem unnecessary to mention were it not so obviously neglected by the big clumsy boy who grows up with a fear of being sneered at by "the boys" should he be what they call a prig, and were it not also so frequently delayed by the embarrassed man, who is slow to conform just because he was not made to come up to time when he was developing.

The matter of pulling out a chair for mother or for auntie, or of giving up a chair for grandmother, or of vacation father's favorite seat, all are little matters; but were they taught and insisted upon from the ages of five to 15, grown men would not fail to pull out the chair at the crucial moment, to their own embarrassment and to the righteous indignation of the young or the older woman they are escorting.

If the boy, all the years he is a little boy, can bring himself to open the door with alacrity for the older members of his own family, his will be an easy manner when manhood is reached.

Sister is to be considered, too. She is not beneath the notice of the well-bred boy. His should be a pride in helping on the stubborn overshoe and hers the joy of benefits received. Do you mean to tell me that there will not be more and deeper devotion between the brother and sister when personal courtesies have been observed than when they have been neglected half the time, or totally overlooked?

Sister's friends may be brother's, too, in later years, and the very best and most lasting friendships have been formed this way. So why not begin with assistance for the departing guest, be it never so little?

"Small service is true service," many times, and the trifling lift that brother may give to the tiny coat has been known to ripen into a lifelong courtesy between man and woman.

Parents who mean the best that is in their power for the growing boy would do well to remember that the minor attentions are never too small to be worth inculcating, and that a lack of them, besides being one form of indignity to the mother herself, may develop into unmanly conduct, for which the boy, in after years, will blame those who neglected his early training.

Fashion Notes.

In the fashionable shops the draped princess is the leading model for the dressy frock.

One of the pretty ornaments for the hair is a butterfly made of white and gold sequins.

White serge suits have black or green collars and cuffs. Green is also used on dark blue.

The new veils are novel and conspicuous, but not becoming. Colored lace veils are still popular.

Waist, of black large-meshed cable net, made over white dotted net, have shallow yokes of Irish crochet.

Velvet ribbon in the leading colors is combined with flowers for the trimming of hats. It is also used for belts.

Long pearl and diamond chains are in high favor and old cameo brooches linked together are made into collar-ettes.

New parasols of taffeta silk are in solid colors, some with narrow tucks forming a border, others perfectly plain.

There is a revival of the use of velvet bags and many of plain black, beautifully mounted, are seen in the shops.

The newest belts for shirt waists are wider than have been worn and leather girdles of all colors are much in favor.

A double accordion-pleated white net labot edged with black chinchilla lace is attractive with a half-mourning toilet.

Silks of every sort are being used for frocks. Shantung in the thick weaves, moires and foulard are much in demand.

Very practical women's motor bags of morocco or pigskin are fitted with brushes, combs, mirrors and other toilet articles.

White butcher's linen collar and cuff sets, the edges scalloped with white or color, are worn on silk and wool suits alike.

A stunning parasol is of black and white shepherd's check, in rather small pattern, with a three-inch border in a Dresden design.

A deep hem reaching to the knees is used on many skirts of arzerpore dresses, the hem being a material contrasting to that above.