

"The Luxury of the Rich"

By Charles Johnston

F

OR any one who has imagination, there is a curious and wonderful story behind a "luxurious" bill of fare. Let us begin with the wines; and let us assume that they are genuine, for one can usually have the authentic thing by paying the price for it. The wines on a richly decked table really represent the work of hundreds of French peasants, with their wives and children, who, in the midst of a lovely country, rise early and toil late, with loving and tender care watching over the growth and ripening of the fruit of what is one of the most beautiful and decorative plants in the world. Millions of these thrifty, simple people depend for their well-being and comfort on the constant demand for wines, and for the best and purest, and therefore the most extensive wines. The rich do not compel these people to work; nature compels them to work. What the rich do is to influence the direction in which they shall work, and to bring within their reach all kinds of commodities in exchange for their work.

So other things on the same table represent the well-being, the family comfort, of shepherds in the hills, perhaps, of our west, or of Wales or Scotland; or the wealth of fishermen on the rivers of Maine or along our New England coasts; or down south, in the Gulf, or in the oyster beds at the mouths of our rivers; or, again, the earnings of the hunters along the fringes of the sea marshes, or among the woods and hills, or on the prairies; vigorous, adventurous men, with a warm love of every changing aspect of natural beauty, who are thus able to lead half-wild lives under the fair dome of heaven. It is just this putting in motion of a huge army of folk, scattered over widespread regions, carrying out exacting tasks, that makes the cost of an expensive banquet; and the rich man is simply the factor determining in which of a score of directions a constant stream of resources shall flow, bringing the power to work, and recompense for work, to a varied army of good people all over the world.

The basis of the whole thing is that the richest man in the world cannot spend a penny except by paying some one for something.—Harper's Weekly.

:: The Berliner ::

Unpleasant Qualities on the Surface, Admirable Ones Below.

By Robert Haven Schauffler

W

HEN I speak of the Berliner I do not mean the highest stratum of Berlin society; for the gentleman and the gentlewoman are fairly constant types the world over. I mean the person whom the young clerk, fresh from the provinces, sets about imitating; the person whose origin is recognized the moment he enters any European cafe; the person with whom the stranger to Berlin has exclusive dealings.

The Berliner inclines to military standards in appearance and character, very much as official Berlin does. A smooth, determined chin, a daunting glance, a right noble pose, a rapid stride, are all the mode. An upturned mustache has recently been de rigueur, and one notices with joy that even the bronze mermen on the Heydt bridge possess the imperial "string-beard."

One of the Berliner's most trying characteristics is his superiority. He has known the latest joke at least 10 years. Do not try to tell him anything or to strike from him the least spark of enthusiasm, for news is no news to him; he was born blasé. His eleventh commandment is, "Let not thyself be bluffed," his life motto, "Nil admirari." In conversation he instinctively interrupts each fresh subject to deliver the last word upon it, and to argue with him is to insult him. There is something cutting in his speech. Perhaps Voltaire's influence on the great Frederick, the critic king, started this dreadful habit, which seems to grow with indigence. It is a curious coincidence that the first performance of Goethe's "Faust" should have been given in Schloss Monbijou, the home of the Hohenzollern museum; for it would almost seem as though the Berliners had modelled their daily speech after the caustic, sneering, telling style of the engaging villain in that drama. They have little humor, but much wit of the barbed, barracks variety. And their target is the universe.

Because their unpleasant qualities are on the surface and their admirable ones are below, the Berliners do a grave injustice to the rest of Germany. Many foreigners go first to the capital, are repelled by the people they first meet, and hasten on to France or Italy with the idea that all Germans have corrosive tongues and manners of a drill sergeant. Whereas there is no wider difference in temperament between the people of Naples and those of Warsaw than between the citizens of Munich and the citizens of Berlin.—The Century.

What Shall We Do with 5,000,000 Women?

By "Amused Teacher"

W

HEN President Woodrow Wilson in his talk before the Southern society generalized on the logical nature of women's minds he evidently was not acquainted with the arguments of the president of the National society for the Civic Education against woman suffrage.

In deploring the entrance of women into the industries she thinks "the time has come when we must consider, and consider seriously, whether this movement has not gone far enough." For the sake of the argument let us decide to agree with her, but let us pretend that we want to be practical, though of course we really don't.

Would this home-loving lady (who seems to have plenty of money to stay at home) mind telling us what she would have us do with the five million working women we already have on our hands—I mean are going to have when we have decided they have gone far enough?

Those whose savings seem to make the venture safe might be put to bed and strapped down if they can't be made to behave any other way. The hundreds of thousands of women whose husbands cannot support them might be killed off in some humane manner. The women who have parents to support could be disposed of in the same practical fashion. And the "bachelor maids" with no one but themselves to support and no account nobody—a gentle application of chloroform and all would be over, with no one the worse. Only the widow is left, and she—but she can usually dispose of herself, and we forego advice.

No Tightwad.

"If you pay cash the watch will cost you forty marks less."

"What do I care for forty marks—charge it."—Filegende Blaetter.

England eats between 30,000 and 40,000 tortoises every year.

Art Values.

Artist—I would like to paint that old Rosinante of yours. How much would you charge me for two hours a day on him?"

Farmer—One dollar, and in ten days you can keep the horse.—Filegende Blaetter.

LOVE'S APPETITE.

"Love grows by what it feeds upon"—
I'll have a slice of moon,
A liberal cut of rustic bench,
And please enclose a spoon.

"Love grows by what it feeds upon"—
Then me some kisses brew,
A half a pint of honeyed words,
And a maiden just like you.

"Love grows by what it feeds upon"—
So cut me a carress,
A pound or two of toasted hugs—
And—a sugar-coated "Yes!"
—Oscar Loeb, in Gunter's Magazine.

She Nearly Despaired

BUT AT LAST SHE WAS ASTONISHED AND REWARDED.

She Let John Button Her Gloves and Hold Her Coat and Get Her Ready to Go Out, But He Was Very Shy—Turned Down the Gas Three Times Before He Understood.

"Ah," she said, entering the room, "are you ready?"

"Yes," piped John, picking up his hat and rising to his feet, "I'm ready."

She put her black caracul coat on one chair, her ermine boa on another, her vanity bag on a third and herself on a fourth.

"Come," she said, "I'll let you button my gloves."

And as John comes awkwardly forward and starts on his appointed task, let us carefully consider this matter of buttoning a lady's glove. In the first place, she was seated and John was bending over her, a dangerous position and most naturally to be relieved by kneeling on the floor at her feet or sitting on the arm of her chair. Then, again, as every one knows, it is not the easiest thing in the world to button a pair of black gloves at night, and John had to bend over further and further while she gave him tender little glances from time to time as though to encourage him and to see that he was not growing discontented with his work. Further, and further he bent over, and more and more tender grew her glances until at last he drew a full breath and said:

"How nicely you did it!" she whispered. "I don't know how to thank you!"

"Oh, that's all right," he said. And turning to her impedimenta he added:

"Shall I help you with your coat?" "I wish you'd do something else for me first," she bashfully said. "Do you mind, John?"

"What is it?" he asked first. "I think—I don't know, but I think—that one of the buttons on the back of my waist has come undone. Do you mind, John?"

And as she turns around and resigns herself to him with a pretty little air of helplessness, let us give a modicum of thought to this somewhat intricate subject as well. In the first place, every time he nearly had the button where he wanted it, she drew her shoulders forward a bit and he had to start all over again. It was an exceptionally pretty waist; a gold and amethyst chain hung over the back of her shoulders; a string of pearls encircled her throat and ended in a little clasp at the back; the riot of her back hair was partly confined by a knobby tortoise shell ornament, and various little curls threw themselves around in an ecstasy wherever they had a chance. Then, again, she kept turning around to see how he was progressing, and glancing at him over her shoulder, and turning back quickly again when she caught his eye, and putting her head on one side and looking coy. Ah, very, very coy she looked and especially so when he murmured:

"That's it."

But her only response was to put her head a little farther on one side and to look coyer than ever.

"It's buttoned," he said. "Tee-hee!" she giggled. "Tee-hee-hee!"

"Shall I help you with your coat?" asked John.

"Wait a minute," she said.

And running upstairs to her mother's room she cried:

"Mother! Tell me! Do I look all right?"

"Turn around slowly."

Yes; you look all right. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I don't look—er—funny or anything; do I?"

"Nonsense! Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering. That's all."

And, running downstairs, she said to John:

"Now you can help with my coat!"

And as he helps her with her coat, let us take thought together and reflect upon this phase of the question, too. Helping a girl with her coat can be divided into three stages: holding, tucking in the sleeves, adjusting. So in the first place John held it, but it was in vain that she tried to find the sleeves and at last John

had to take her hands and guide them into their places. Next she turned around, pink and rosy, so that John could tuck in the sleeves of the waist. Very plunk was her face, and very rosy, and very close to John's, but John only blinked his eyes and when it came to the third stanza he refused to sing at all and left her to adjust the coat herself, smoothing it over the shoulders and pressing it in at the waist as though she liked to do it herself and wouldn't let John do it, even if he went down on his knees and asked her with tears in his eyes.

"And now my boy!" she smiled.

He slung it around her neck in a sheepish manner but it seemed to her just possible—just barely possible—that his finger touched her clumsily under her chin; a suspicion that was confirmed by the brick-red tints of John as he picked up his hat again.

"Now I'll turn the gas out," she whispered.

And down—down—down went the gas to the merest point of light, where it remained for a good thirty seconds and then suddenly turned up again.

"Oh, there you are!" she cried.

"Why, where did you think I was?" asked John from the doorway.

"Never you mind!" she exclaimed, and down—down—down went the gas, only to flare up again after an interval.

"I thought I heard you tiptoeing over here," she accused him.

"No, no," said John, "I—I was right here all the time."

So for the third time she doused the glim and her expectancy was at last rewarded by the tumult of John's shy approach. Yet, although his first tiptoeing step kicked a hassock across the room and his second nearly knocked a cabinet table over, he must have surprised her after all, for when a certain chirp had chirped she cried in utter, utter astonishment.

"Why, John! How dare you!"

Adding, though:

"But somehow I always knew you loved me!"

And concluding:

"Mother will be pleased when I tell her!"—New York Evening Sun.

PTOMAINE POISONING IS INCREASING.

(From Leslie's Weekly.)

The startling statement is made that since the enforcement of this absurd "rulings" against the use of preservatives, even in harmless amounts, the number of cases of ptomaine poisoning has shown an alarming increase. Prior to the enforcement of the "ruling" against the use of borax and boric acid in small amounts for the preservation of meat, fish, fowl, sausage, oysters and other foods which readily become contaminated, the number of cases of ptomaine poisoning was very much smaller than it is now. The explanation is this—that packages of food which are now compelled to bear the pure-food label are regarded, by reason of this label, as wholesome, though they are sometimes contaminated because the use of preservatives in the slightest degree has been forbidden. The consumer partakes of these labeled foods freely, because of his belief that they have the protection of the pure-food label, and suffers accordingly. The sentiment of the entire nation is heartily in favor of the strongest enforcement of the law intended to prevent the manufacture of impure and unwholesome food products, but it is not in favor of the seeming purpose to make the pure-food law a pure-food fad of impracticable and notoriety-seeking theorists, who desire to keep themselves before the public, and who have ambitions for higher pay and loftier places in the public service, and hence are constantly seeking to impress their importance upon the people.

Helpful Hints.

I would rather be able to make people appreciate things they don't get than to sell them things that they don't appreciate. In fact, it is very much easier to sell them things that they think they appreciate.

It takes genius to let your hair grow and get make plain people believe you are sensible. There are only two of us, Buffalo Bill and myself, and I don't think so very much of Buffalo Bill.

The most comfortable way to economize is to travel with a good spender.

You can't fool all of the people all of the time, but you don't need to, to make a good thing of it.

Don't make fun of religion unless you are sure of your audience.

Be good to people and you will find them easier to work.

A wise fake goes a long way. Anything is a thought that gets printed.—Judge.

The answer to the question: "Are we a beef-eating nation?" is given in the fact that Swift & Co. sold \$750,000,000 worth of BEEF IN 1914. Armour \$375,000,000 and others \$375,000,000. Making the total to \$775,000,000 per year alone.

MAN WITH ONE ARM BECOMES A PRODIGY.

Spurred on by Misfortune, He Conquers Difficult Arts and Industries.

The remarkable achievements of William G. Collins, a one armed postman, who received a presentation at Rochester on retiring after forty years' service, are worthy of a chapter in Smile's Self Help, says the London Chronicle.

Bereaved of his father, and having the misfortune to lose his right arm in a gun accident at an early age, he set to work to learn to write with his left hand and became an expert penman. He learned shorthand and taught the art to his brother and his schoolmaster's son, the former becoming a reporter and the latter official police reporter at Scotland Yard.

Want of means prevented him from realizing his ambition of becoming a schoolmaster, so at the age of nineteen he obtained an appointment as a rural postman. His duties left him free for some hours in the middle of the day, and this spare time he devoted to remunerative work in photography and carpentering. He was a pioneer in small holdings and farmed an acre of land for pleasure and profit.

Then he decided to build a six-room cottage for himself, being his own architect. Although he had only one hand, he first of all moulded thousands of concrete bricks and then built the house with them. This task occupied ten years, as he did all the internal fittings himself.

The introduction of the parcels post necessitated the use of a conveyance, but Collins was equal to the occasion and built his own mail cart, which he painted and varnished with the skill of an artist.

WISE WORDS.

When money talks it is always sure of an audience.

Silence isn't always golden. Sometimes it is an admission of guilt.

Tell a married man he doesn't look it and he will be terribly flattered.

The world gets lots more pleasure out of calling a bluff than recognizing the real thing.

There are men who never bow to the inevitable because they don't recognize it when they see it.

Just because fools and children speak the truth is no reason why they should monopolize the conversation.

It isn't the knocker who gains admission to our confidence.

About the easiest thing in the world for some people to make is a break.

Even in fishing for husbands it is generally the big ones that get away.

To be considered eccentric all a woman has to do is to prefer comfort to style.

Most things are governed by the law of supply and demand, but the crop of fools isn't one of them.

There are people so constituted that they seem to get a lot of enjoyment out of never having any fun in life.

Popularity isn't always worth the price.

High ideals are often as unmanageable as airships.

After all, it may be better to be paid back in your own coin than never to be paid back at all.

The world would be a great deal more unhappy than it is if we had all married the girls we fell in love with at first sight.

Nailing a lie won't always keep it down.

A politician is a good bit like a piano. If he is square he is considered old-fashioned.

On a windy day it is quite trying for a woman to attempt to hold up her skirt, hold on her hat, and hold her tongue all at once.—From "The Greenwood Lake Philosopher," in the New York Times.

Proper Bestowal of Charity.

There are not a few among the disciples of charity who require in their vocation scarcely less excitement than the votaries of pleasure in theirs; and hence it is that diseased sympathy and compassion are every day expended on out-of-the-way objects, when only too many demands upon the legitimate exercise of the same virtues in a healthy state are constantly within the sight and hearing of the most unobtrusive person alive. In short, charity must have its romance, as the novelist or the playwright must have his.—Dickens.

Didn't Make a Sale.

Of course the shoe clerk was new to the business or he never would have made such a break.

"What you need, madam," he said, "is a number five instead of a number three."

"Number five?" echoed the fair customer indignantly. "You must be thinking of the size of your hat, young man."—Chicago News.