

effect in the memory, as does the other. Each ought to stand on its own bottom—its qualities, and its appreciation by the people.

There are plenty of folk who wouldn't eat oleo if they knew it—though they probably have eaten a good deal of it without knowing, and are none the worse for it. But there would still be market for butter for those who preferred their bread spread that way, and had the money to pay for their eccentricities. And if the Elgin monopoly couldn't live with that sort of competition, then Elgin ought to be dissolved in oleo, and flung into the Fox river.

For Mr. Franklin MacVeagh doesn't compromise crime with any one.

Six months ago Mrs. Jones lost her diamond ring while feeding the chickens. Last Sunday she had chicken for dinner. No, you're mistaken. The ring, unfortunately, is still missing.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN LIVE ON.

One of the big employers of woman labor in Illinois has stated to the vice sleuths of the Illinois legislature that any woman in health can live on eight dollars a week. Well, aside from arguing that point, I want to go on record with the declaration that if every woman wage earner in Illinois were paid that much money, or more, some of their incomes would be doubled without the resort to crime; and ninety-nine hundredths of the social purity problem would be solved.

Mighty few women are naturally bad. Mighty few of those in the underworld either went there because they wanted to, or stay there because they like it. This is not mere guesswork. And it is not the tawdry sentimentalism that is misled to the belief that an immoral woman is any more to be believed than is an immoral man. There are some women who simply are wicked; who have no character, even when they have talent and sometimes beauty. There are some—though not many—who went headlong into a life of shame, and who could have left it any day, but didn't have rectitude enough to make the effort. They will live and die in the life of the brothel.

But the very great majority of girls would stay good if they could. And the big majority of them, even when they have fallen from their high estate, would turn their backs on the bad life if they could. Give working girls and women a minimum of eight dollars a week, and tens of thousands will be saved every year. It is a pitifully low wage, even at that. But it is so much better than the minimum now being paid them that it would make all the difference in the world to the women.

For there can be no denial of the statement that inadequate pay for work does make for recruits to the army of the fallen. Here is a poem that may help to an understanding of the situation. It is from the pen of Ernest McGaffey, formerly a Chicago lawyer, now a resident of Vancouver, B. C.

The wolf of poverty follows me on
Through the dingy streets of town;
So close beside that his shaggy hide
Might almost brush my gown;
And after him thrust, the wolves of lust
Come, eager to drag me down.

And body and soul have a scanty dole
From the pittance that I earn;
And cold as the breath of the wind of death
Are the lessons that I learn;
With a pitfall dug for my weary feet
And a trap at every turn.

And ever a tempter is near at hand
To lure me with a Judas kiss;
And lead me away if be led I may
To the depths of that black abyss.
Where in serpent guise old memories rise
And over the fallen hiss.

I never may know surcease from woe
Ere I know of Fortune's frown;

I am one of a score of thousand more
Who toll in the cruel town;
And the wolves of lust and of poverty
Are waiting to drag me down.

And the Christ that the Bible teaches of
For only men did die;
Or else would heed in this dreadful need
My bitter, despairing cry;
And the Creeds always for the heathen pray
And the Christians pass me by.

And many and fast the days whirl past
While early I work and late;
And around my path for the aftermath
The basilisk watchers wait;
And civilization bids me choose
The grave, or a harlot's fate.

And I dread the light of tomorrow's dawn
And the weight of the future years;
My life is blurred by a hope deferred
And my heart is numb with fears;
And my hands that rise to the sullen skies
Are wet with a woman's tears.

Alone I walk where the spectres stalk
In the roar of the mighty towns;
Oh! God, for a knight to aid my fight
Of high and of pure renown;
Is there never a man to lift me up
Where myriads drag me down?

A New York burglar confesses to twenty robberies, saying that he did it to bedeck his sweetheart with jewels. Love makes the yegg go 'round.

BEEN A PRETTY GOOD LEGISLATURE.

In this country every fellow ought to get the benefit of his good work; the credit of his rank. Wherefore, the Utah legislature, nineteen-thirteen sprint, is entitled to walk up and receive its little old diploma. It has been a pretty good legislature.

Some of the gentlemen inhabiting house or senate in past years may have the notion that this is a little the worst legislature that ever troubled the printer, but they are wrong. There have been worse. It is doubtful if there have been better.

True, they defeated some bills that should have been enacted into law, and they left to the death of inattention many others that could and should have been enacted into law. But the record of a legislature, like the record of a man, ought to be made up on the average of what he did. And there have been some good things. If there isn't to be any racing, there isn't to be any public utilities commission. If there is to be no sterilizing of criminals, there also is to be no Sunday closing of decent and proper places and sorts of amusement.

The roads of the state will be better for the work of this legislature. The finances of the state will be safe as ever. The state institutions here and in other sections will do a little better in the future than they have done in the past.

But ever and above all the rest, the money devoted to the construction of the state capitol will be used for the building of a state capitol. It will not be employed for the enrichment of any private person. It will not be diverted from the purpose for which the people want it used. It will not be made the basis for the banking fortune of any astute gentlemen whomsoever. And the capitol will be at least as good as was originally planned. It will be a credit to the state. It will be an advantage to the whole west. It will never be regretted by any citizen of Utah.

There have been some mighty small potatoes and few in a hill, in this legislature. But there have been some mighty big men; some good men; some that are going to appear again in house and senate. I look for the future management of Utah to be vested in the persons and the powers of the men who constituted the session just closed.

Those of us who have long opposed interference of church in state affairs are of the opinion that a commercial body ought to keep out of politics and attend to business.

TRAIN LOADS OF SOLDIERS.

One of the recent magazines printed a photographic picture of a train of cars in Bulgaria, carrying soldiers and supplies to the front. It reminded me of the railroad that bisected our old farm in Indiana, and the daily pictures at the time of the civil war. There would be many consecutive days in which the trains would go past, usually trains of freight cars, and loaded with soldiers. If they went east—it was the Pennsylvania, and that was the way to get from the northwest to the southern states—they were Union soldiers. If they went west—which was from the seat of war—they were rebel prisoners, going to Camp Douglas, which now is a part of Chicago.

Those trains were wonderfully interesting to me, a lad of seven or eight years. Glimpses told of the men in all sorts of occupation. There were bunks at the ends and sides of the cars, and the wide doors were opened. Often soldiers would sit there in the door, swinging their legs, and shouting to every one they passed. The rebel prisoners were not allowed quite so much privilege. The doors were barred in their trains, and Union soldiers with muskets rode on the roof, with rifle ready. They were an endless source of wonderment, and imagination could conjure up all sorts of stories from the material of those passing trains.

One time a soldier train was wrecked just west of our farm, where the road ran through a big oak and walnut forest. I don't know what was the cause of the accident, nor how much damage was done. But there were strange soldiers in the neighborhood for days afterward. When my father asked one of them, who appealed for food at the farm, how he was going to explain his absence when he reached his command, he replied: "I will tell them I was lost in the woods." Which stripped soldier men of much of the romance they had previously worn for me. The idea of any one getting lost in the woods!

But for months after that wreck nearly every boy in the neighborhood had relic mementoes of the event. Some had bayonets; some few had guns. There were some drum sticks, though I never heard of a drum being found. There were belt buckles, and fatigue caps. But mostly the boys found those paper cartridges in use through the second year of the war—the sort that had to be ripped open with the teeth before they could be safely loaded.

Once a train carrying twenty loads of rebel prisoners was wrecked in the same place, and a lot of the Johnnies got away. There were stories of rebels appearing to frighten people almost to the end of the war. They could be heard of everywhere, and at every hour of the day—if one happened to be alone. No one ever reported them as showing themselves before a number of witnesses.

The railroad used to carry any quantity of cannon and lots of those mortars that proved so effective in the campaign about Vicksburg. One time the train stopped for some unknown reason right in front of the farm, and a brakeman lifted my brother and me up to the deck of the flatcar, and let us touch those mortars. He wanted to put me into one of them; but I drew the line at that. It might have concluded to go off; and I had no desire to be a projectile.

The imaginative value of these things was increased by reading the daily paper, the Chicago Tribune. It must have had a very capable corps of writers in the field, for the impression their stories made on me has never entirely departed. They invested every page with a most thrilling interest.

The passing trains, loaded with soldiers or with munitions of war, were welcomed with jubilation by us boys. But whether they went north or whether they went south they were, in the eyes of the women who watched them from curtained windows, freighted with the sad cargoes of tears and fears and woeful wondering for their soldier boys.