

ostrich to such a degree as working amid the sour sap of saw-logs. Not Dickens's "Fat Boy" nor big "John Ridd" ever ate more enormously than does the average lumberman.

So long as the homesteader works for the lumber company, he can gratify his voracious appetite at the table of the lumber-camp or *waugan*. (*Waugan* is French-Canadian for shanty-boat.) But when he comes back to his claim, he finds the berries and buttermilk but insubstantial diet. I have dined with a man who was "baching it," who had been without animal food or butter for several days, and who hungrily devoured biscuits which showed great brownish-green freckles from an overdose of soda, thickly spread from a pail of lard which he had purchased in honor of my arrival.

The conscience of the average settler is not more sensitive than his stomach. According to his code of ethics, the eighth commandment was promulgated before the Northern Pacific Railroad was built or the Declaration of Independence signed, and hence it has nothing in the world to do with "timber trespassing." He would not steal a tree from his neighbor, of course, even though its value was small; but if he should be hard up, as he generally is, and the section of land next his own belong to a soulless corporation, or to that intangible thing which is called "the Government," he does not hesitate to cut a tree here and there, nor to sell them back to the railroad company which already owns them.

Just as soon as the homesteader gets anything that he can call his own, he begins to mortgage. Everything is mortgaged: his land, of course; his horse, if he has one; his wagon, harness, and plow; his ox—often ox, not oxen—for the "nigh ox" has a habit of getting mired in the swamps, held down by tamarack-roots, and so dying to slow music; his ass, still more likely to be in the singular number, for a pair of mules is away beyond his "pile." Even the chickens are mortgaged. Then, a few years later, when the inexorable interest has defaulted, and the well-dressed mortgage-broker, with his spanking livery team, has driven out from the county town for the last time, bringing the notice of foreclosure, what wonder that the improvident settler grows pessimistic? It is his own fault, no doubt; but then the family had to be fed.

While the shortcomings of the settler are being recited, it is well enough to mention his wastefulness. One young timber-ranger who had lost himself in the woods at night in winter, at last happened on a deserted lumberman's camp. Instead of taking the trouble to build a fire in one of the cabins, he wrenched the door from its fastenings for a bed, set fire to the building, and lay basking in the heat of the flames until they died down and he grew cold. Then he fired another cabin.

The pioneers in every State have hard work, no doubt, but the men who undertake to make farming land out of what was once "big timber country" must surely have the heaviest work of all. Here are the gigantic stumps of the white pines on the uplands, the moldering beaver-dams along the streams, the tangle of tamaracks encumbering the hay-meadows, the charred jack-pines on the ridges, the forests of young hard-wood timber on the shores of the lakes, the thickets of brushwood on the levels, and the snow-storm of poplar-trunks and birch-branches in the valleys. All these must be cleared, burned, leveled, pried up by the roots, before the owner gets down to his farm.

But his imagination and his faith in the country and in his claim are simply touching. He must have a vivid imagination to be able to call the worst possible stump-and-gopher-hill combination a "Government road," because, forsooth, a military scout once rode over the uncorroded trail during the last Indian outbreak. He must have large faith in his county-seat to be able to see the commercial metropolis of his section of the State in its straggling stores and dusty streets, with their hard choice between sand and sawdust. He has large faith in his claim, too; and, truly, when one sees how it will raise garden-truck, it is no wonder he believes in the fertility of the soil. Beans and onions abound—especially onions.

The breath of every man, woman, and baby in the entire burnt-over district smells of onions, from about the first of July until—well, until the crop is consumed.

The woods are first prepared for cultivation by fire, but nature is very kind, and, when the fires go out, the scars of the burnt-over district are soon healed with vivid green. In the lakes there are not acres, but square miles, of pond-lilies; the deeper swamps are covered with the creamy tassels of the wild rice; the meadows are flaming with the orange and scarlet bracts of the painted-cups; the bottom-lands are overgrown with thickets of wild roses, and even the dry sand-banks are gorgeous with scarlet lilies. All these fade, but the substantial wheat and clover fields which succeed them come to stay.



"Gone Wrong"

A Political Character-Study

By Duffield Osborne

It was about 4 P.M. Two men occupied one of the many small tables at a café frequented by politicians. One was tall and slender, with delicate features, wherein the aristocratic type of face was accentuated into a nervous hardness not uncommon among well-bred New Yorkers who live active lives. His clothes were quiet, and bore unmistakable signs of a Fifth Avenue origin. The man who sat opposite was short and thick-set—words that describe him generally and in detail, even to his fingers and mustache. His face was coarse, but frank and by no means bad-natured. His dress was too conspicuous for good taste, but furnished an appropriate background for his diamonds and watch-chain. Both men were about thirty-five years of age. As for me, I could not help overhearing their conversation, for I sat at the next table waiting for Rand, who is always late in keeping appointments.

"What's the good of tryin' to defend such a sneak, anyhow? You know he fooled us from the first chance we gave him."

"Yes, I know it; but it was really more my fault than his. I had been with him for six years at college and law-school, and I had no business to let you nominate him."

"Well! *You've* been to college, haven't you? and *you* ain't gone back on your party yet? What's that got to do with it?"

"You don't understand. Dudley was always a sort of crank, and I knew it. He started out as an independent; but when the tariff issue was fairly formed, and he came in and enrolled, and told me that he believed in the platform, and that it was the duty of every good citizen to take an active part in politics, why, I thought he'd outgrown his foolishness and learned to look at things as they are, and as a man must nowadays. All I say now is that, in spite of everything, I won't believe it was a case of selling out, as you think."

"What else would I think? Look here; when a man's elected by one party and then votes with the other on a party question, he's a liar and a traitor, an' he knows it; an', what's more, he don't do it fer nuthin'. I asked the editor of 'The Messenger' this mornin', straight, how much his vote cost them; an' he jest grinned.—Say! I wouldn't mind addin' the figures to my pile."

The short man's face was getting red, and the tall man looked at him with a hopeless expression, like an American in a French restaurant who finds himself all at sea with the waiter. After a pause, the latter said, slowly:

"I wish I could put you in his place, just for a moment; so that—"

"Not at all! If any man can ever say that I—"

"No, no; I only meant, so that you could understand his point of view. You see, he's one of those chaps who have read and thought until they've formulated certain ideas about politics—all very well in themselves, but unadaptable to present conditions. The result was that,

when the leaders mapped out our party policy with regard to the canal bill, he kicked over the traces."

"That's it! Didn't he go into caucus, an' then bolt the programme?"

"Certainly, and I spent two hours in this very room trying to make him see his obligation. He took the position that the benefit of the bill was, in his opinion, less than problematical, and that it entailed a big expense on the State for the perfectly apparent purpose of giving positions to political workers. I asked him whether the benefit and future success of the party ought not to be considered by the men it had put in office, and he replied that he didn't believe any such grab-game *could* result in permanent good to the party, and that, at any rate, the party to which he considered himself bound was an aggregation of governmental theories (one of which was economy), and not merely a band of men whose personal interests were to be mutually advanced at any cost."

"That sort of cant makes me tired. How did he squirm out of the caucus business?"

"He merely said that, when he went into caucus, he had supposed it was called in order that a comparison and discussion of views might lead to united party action, in accordance with the platform obligations; that, if this had been the case, he would have supported any measure adopted that did not involve a violation of his oath of office; and that, if this *were* involved, he would feel it his duty to resign, on the theory that the views of the party had changed, and he was no longer in accord with the people who had elected him—"

"Why *didn't* he resign, then?"

"I'm coming to that. He told me that, when he got into the caucus, he found that nearly all of those composing it were bound hand and foot by orders which they dared not disobey—orders received from persons in whom the voters had reposed no trust, who were entirely irresponsible, and who, to-day, probably couldn't be elected ward constables. He said that the whole thing was a subterfuge, that his views could have no possible weight, even though he might convince every man there; and, finally, that, as he refused to take orders directly from so-called leaders, he failed to see how he could be in honor bound to take them indirectly."

"Well, I have nothin' to say. I suppose he pretends he wasn't bought up to vote against unseatin' Smith, when we only needed one vote to give us a workin' majority in the Assembly."

Again the tall man smiled hopelessly.

"Well, all he said on that point was that the evidence showed that Smith had received a majority of the ballots, that on such a question each member of the Assembly sat in a judicial capacity, and that to unseat, for political reasons, a man who'd been fairly elected, was wholesale ballot-box stuffing, pure and simple."

"Maybe he thought he was the only man who had a conscience, when all his party but him voted straight, an' all the other fellers voted the other way."

"He seemed in a curious frame of mind when he came down to the city the Saturday after that vote. I tried to talk to him about it, but he was actually dazed—told me that half a dozen of his colleagues admitted to him that Smith had been fairly elected beyond a doubt, and then went straight into the Assembly chamber and voted to unseat, and afterwards cursed him for not doing the same. I called his attention to the fact that last year our adversaries voted just as unanimously to unseat enough of our men to give *them* a working majority—in short, that such matters were admittedly decided now by strictly party votes; and he looked solemn as an owl, and said he supposed he should have realized that it was inconceivable that all Republicans should honestly think one way and all Democrats should honestly think the other on a question of fact; but being right on the spot and seeing it done, without a pretense of fairness or decency, had been like knocking him down with a club. What was the use of the people voting at all, he said, if such things were tolerated; and that it made his blood boil, until he found it hard to comprehend why men did not rise up and bury

the barefaced scoundrels who pretended to represent them under the ruins of the Capitol."

The short man's face was a study of unspeakable contempt.

"And the joke of it was," continued the speaker, "that, just as he had worked himself up to a fine state of indignation over my remark that I thought he'd find few men, in politics or out, who agreed with him except theoretically, along came old Ransom, of Ransom, Decker & Ransom, arm in arm with Bliss, the banker. 'Here are two gentlemen of family, wealth, and education,' I said, 'whom I wouldn't advise you to try your ideas on.' Ransom shook hands warmly with me, and bowed coldly to Dudley. As he turned to pass, Bliss said something, and we both heard Ransom reply: 'Nor I either. I have no use at all for men who can't stand by their colors!' Gad! I was really sorry for Dudley. 'God help us!' he exclaimed, 'if you're right in your estimate of people.'"

"That's it. Those fellers seem to think if the world don't think as they do, it's goin' straight to perdition. Give me a party man who stands by his friends through thick an' thin. None of yer mealy-mouthed, lyin' reformers like Black, fer instance. What does yer friend think of *him* fer company?"

"I joked him about Black the other day."

"What did he have to say?"

"Why, he very frankly admitted all I charged: that Black was a man of the 'know-it-all' type, who'd been born with a gold spoon in his mouth and earned a reputation for brains and honesty and firmness out of nothing, and without ever having been really tried in either direction. He explained his taking his commissionership on the ground of love of authority and notoriety; and considered his adoption of the reform rôle as a crude idea which he found it easy and advantageous to drop into and think he believed in, but which he wasn't strong enough to stand by when political pressure was brought to bear. To tell the truth, Dudley was even more severe than you or I, and went so far as to claim that one of the main evils our political system had to face was the weakness, selfishness, and insincerity of those who pose as independents and reformers. I will say this much for him, that he never said a word which led me to imagine he thought he had a mission to straighten out the world. If he *had*, I should have been saved my share of the blunder of sending him up there."

"He deceived us. That's why I'm sore."

"Don't be too hard on him. In my opinion, the whole trouble is simply freshness. It has hurt us badly, and I don't blame the boys for being indignant; but I still think the man sincere in his views, and perhaps—"

"How are you, old man; I beg a thousand pardons for keeping you waiting!" exclaimed Rand. "Won't you speak to me?"

He had reached the table without my noticing him, and I heard no more of my neighbor's conversation—at least not connectedly.

Perhaps I would not have thought of it again, but a paragraph about Dudley in the paper this morning recalled it to my memory. It was on the subject of his being blackballed last week at one of the best clubs in the city, and took occasion to revert to his career in the Assembly two years ago; to the fact that his course there had deprived him of the confidence of men of both parties, and that grave charges of selling out had been hinted at pretty broadly. The paragraph ended with the statement that probably the worst that could be proved against Mr. Dudley was that he was an impracticable crank, entirely unfitted for legislative duties; but that it was easy to understand why a select club might have objections to receiving a man whose character had been so broadly smirched. And this paper was an organ of the party whose minority rights had been upheld by Dudley's vote! Of those who know of him, twenty-five out of a hundred think he's a knave; twenty-five think he's an ass; and the other fifty don't trouble their heads about it, but, if asked, would admit the probable correctness of one or both suppositions.

The Spectator

The Spectator was sitting in a café waiting for his breakfast to be brought to him, when a young woman passed his chair and seated herself at a table near, facing him. When the waiter came for her order, she called, with no apparent consciousness or effort, for a "cocktail," and, receiving it, sat sipping the decoction contentedly, as one to whom the "fiery glass" was not new. The Spectator, being of a somewhat conservative turn of mind, was horrified. On closer examination of the young woman, he recognized, under the hard lines carved on her face, a certain prettiness and what might have been more or less refinement. It would save much time and strength if, when questions are raised in the mind, one might go straight to the being provoking the query, saying: "Now why on earth did you do such a thing?" In this case, with such a course obviously impossible, the Spectator sought outside information, and received it in this form: "Oh, she's right enough—sits up late on newspaper work, you know, and needs a 'pick-me-up' in the mornings. A little rough, perhaps—that kind of life toughens a woman, of course; but there's no real harm in her, and there are lots like her. A woman must earn her living somehow. American girls like to be independent."

Independent! The Spectator began to think. After all, are we swinging too far? Yet surely the freedom which is as a birthright to every American girl is a beautiful heritage. That popular sentiment has made it safe for our girls to pass through the streets of New York alone after dark is a tremendous gain; and it is popular sentiment only, not the police force of a city, that can render this possible. "The other day, or rather night," said a young woman to the Spectator, "I missed the train by which I was expected to arrive, and reached New York alone in the darkness. I took a passing car, feeling safer in a crowd than alone in a cab, but I was obliged to walk a few blocks at the other end of my journey. I met with no adventures, no rudeness of any kind, save from—a policeman, who was walking in my direction. Seeing some rather rough-looking men ahead of me, I spoke to the officer, telling him I had missed my train, and—I got no further. Whether from incompetence or impertinence, his manner was such as to make me flee toward the very men I had wished his protection against. I had learned my lesson. I am entirely safe in the streets of New York—barring the police."

Now, whether the young woman was or was not right in her deductions concerning the police force, she was correct in her conclusions as to her actual safety. We see our girls traveling from Dan to Beersheba alone, yet almost if not quite as safe as in their own homes. We feel that all this is most delightful and as it should be; but has Una her lion in such subjection that it is now only a protection on her way through the world? It is one thing to enjoy freedom, but freedom will no more stand abuse than the kingly lion. Whether that abuse is creeping in is becoming a most serious question in the mind of the Spectator. Not long ago a party of young girls, all of them belonging in protected homes, and having no excuse in personal stupidity or lack of delicacy, came to the Spectator in gales of laughter telling of an experience they had been so fortunate as to enjoy in a police station—not in New York—on a Saturday night. "What were you doing there?" exclaimed the Spectator. "Oh, a city official [a social magnate, by the way] had taken them for a lark." They had seen some tipsy men "run in," and some women, one a negress with powdered face and painted cheeks. She had been dragged in swearing horribly, but of her they had seen no more, as the Inspector had shouted, "Take the ladies away, sir," and they had been bundled off the scene of action into an inner room. The Spectator's comment can be imagined. This was, of course, an extreme case of imprudence, but is it anything unusual to hear nowadays of "slumming parties"? And those women who make a part of them seem to come home curiously unsoiled by the diversion. "Una, Una, can the leash of your purity stand such strains!"

In what manner all this liberty strikes an alien eye was shown

the Spectator lately in a talk with a charming Frenchwoman, to whom such conditions came as a revelation. "Your system is freshness itself," she said, "and is beautifully natural, but, as a consequence, I find you a people singularly crude in your morality and equally crude in your sins." The critic being one who spoke with the authority of a keen-witted Parisian versed in, and a part of, the literature, life, and politics of the Old World, the Spectator listened with respectful interest, asking further, "Then you find our Western ethics differing widely from your Old World standards?" The lady raised her hands, her shoulders, her eyebrows. "Differing! Let me tell you of an Old World mother of many sons, who said to me once: 'My boys shall visit every capital of every country save Paris—not Paris. Sin is too pretty there.' She was indeed right; for there is no grossness on the surface of vice in Paris. The greater the wickedness within, the more refined, the more delicate, is the outward appearance. I do not see, for instance, how it is possible that the play of 'Camille' can be understood in America, where vice has so obvious a stamp of grossness. This is a good sign for your country, undoubtedly, very good, and it is unquestionable also that there is great beauty in the simplicity of your morality; but do you not see that this very crudity has one serious defect? It makes you draw your line of morals much less severely than we."

The Spectator started. He had been preening his patriotic feathers, it seemed, unnecessarily. "As a nation, I have always thought we held a high place in comparative morality," he answered, with warmth. "You are a moral people—a very moral people," was the polite rejoinder. The Spectator was not satisfied. "What is it you criticise in our morality?" he asked, "for something you are criticising. I beg that you will tell me what it is." "If I may without offending, I will. You, as a people, strike me as having too fixed an idea of evil. When I say you do not understand any subtlety of sin, or of virtue, I think I express my meaning. You call *this* definitely white—that, defined black; you know no middle gray. Now, in France we recognize that there is a gray; and where do we class it? Why, with the black. This gray, although by you unrecognized, I find among you as among us; but where? Left with the white! There is one phrase which I have heard over and over in America, always with new surprise. 'Such a thing,' you say, 'is not good, but then there is no real sin in it.' Now, what *does* that mean? That you wait for the white to become deep black before you classify it? Your national idea of sin is as I have said—a fixed idea. With us, real sin, as you term it, has no fixed line. To leave the pure white by a shade is to be classed with the black. Your white shades down into gray. Our black tones up to gray. That is the difference. Our color-scheme may be cruel upon the gray, but yours strikes me as in the highest degree dangerous for the white. Do I make myself plain?"

The Spectator thought of the "cocktail" in the café. "Entirely so," he said. "The freedom accorded to American women makes such strict classification impossible; but let us look beyond at the results. Some years ago, after a term spent in Germany and France, I came home, and, as I walked up and down the streets, could not keep my eyes from the faces of our girls for very pride in them. I had been for so long seeing only the dovelike, downcast eyes of the German girls, or the demure archness of the French girl's glance, that—pardon this flattery of the American eagle—I could think only of an eagle's eyes as I watched our girls passing by me. They returned my rather persistent gaze with no shrinking, yet no boldness, so wholly able to look full at any man and keep their own poise that I thrilled with national pride in them." The Frenchwoman shook her head. "Yes," she said, "that is just what I meant when I called the naturalness of your women beautiful; but let me quarrel with your word—results. Your girls are not as yet a result, but only factors in the great American problem, yet unsolved."



The Home

The Mission of the Inanimate

The season for the general disorganization of the family life, and the reign of the brushes, brooms, and pails, is upon us. The ordeal must be endured, and might as well be met with calmness, at least outwardly. It is a pity that, at the time of the year when even in the city outdoor life is attractive, the home must present its least attractive phase for a greater or shorter period. Doubtless every practical housekeeper, when she begins house-cleaning, and when she looks at, and is compelled to give attention to, the many useless articles she has accumulated, wonders where her intelligence was when she furnished her house.

The first essential of every article in the home is its use, either as a means of education, comfort, or utility. Every article that does not fulfill one of those three objects should be disposed of. The picture that has been outgrown because the family has a higher conception of art than when it was bought, every book that has ceased to be a friend whose friendship is necessary to the happiness of some member of the family, and which promises friendship, inspiration, or education elsewhere, should be sent on its travels. A picture, a book, has a mission to perform, and this is never finished until it ceases to be a medium of pleasure and education.

Furniture that has ceased to be of use in one home may, like the bankrupt capitalist, still find a field of usefulness in a lower social stratum, and increase the sum total of human pleasure. The bankrupt capitalist, if he wishes to be acceptable, is careful to keep his clothes in good order, as well as his opinions. So, with furniture grown shabby, a little rubbing and brushing eases it in its downward career, and makes it more acceptable. Clothes are sure to find a welcome, and may prove a moral support, if they are sent on their mission consecrated to a purpose. Burn up shabby velvets, ragged silks, and soiled crepons, unless you are making a crazy-quilt. Do not run the risk of making a human crazy-quilt.

The housekeeper who sent a letter to a lady asking her if she could make use of a number of things in furnishing a home in the country for working-girls, was not the soul of generosity she thought herself, in donating two sets of broken gas-fixtures (the house was one hundred miles from any possible connection with a gas-pipe); one broken sewing-machine; two dozen cups, marred and broken, without saucers; three dozen rusty muffin-rings; a collection of elementary books on the teaching of foreign languages; a set of Plutarch's Lives; three empty picture-frames; and a set of upholstered chairs, not one of which could be used without complete renovation. When the committee received this load, and looked at the express bill, \$14, cartman's bill from station, \$2, they did not bow their heads in gratitude. But gratitude is one of the higher graces. It was one of the few occasions when small favors would have been more acceptable.

Send on its mission of friendship every article that has served its day of usefulness in your own home. Be sure that when it starts you will not be ashamed to meet it again.



We have heard of a mother who thought that people said "kittengarten" when they referred to kindergarten. She thought it appropriate, for the children played like kittens, and she had seen kittens outlined on the cards used for sewing by the children in the kindergarten.

A Lunch Club

By Katharine Head

There are in Chicago three lunch clubs: the Ogontz Club, in the Pontiac Building; the Wildwood Club, at 102 Madison Street; and the Ursula Club, at 546 Washington Street. The histories of these clubs are very similar, and in this account I have found it easier to take the one with whose management I have been most familiar and tell definitely of its work.

The Kirkland Association, which manages the Ursula Lunch Club, is made up of young women who have attended the Kirkland School in Chicago, and was originally organized that the members might meet socially once a year and renew old ties. A few years ago some of the members decided that if the energy wasted here were properly directed, it might do great good to the members of the Association, and, in helping them, help others. The Association was, therefore, reorganized; this time the avowed object being to promote friendly intercourse between its members and the self-supporting women in the city of Chicago with whom they should be brought in contact.

Any one who has attended Miss Kirkland's school may become a member of the Association upon the payment of the yearly dues. The active members, who pledge themselves to two hours' work a week, pay five dollars, the associate or non-working members ten dollars, and the non-resident members two and a half dollars a year, to the Association, and this money is used as a guarantee fund for the Lunch Club.

The Ogontz Club had a few months, before started a lunch club for working-girls, and the Kirkland Association took this for a model, and on November 16, 1891, opened the Ursula Lunch Club. Two suitable rooms had been found in the sixth story of a large building near several places where a good many women are employed as stenographers, clerks, and in factories. We pay fifty dollars a month rent for these rooms, and we have a landlord who has helped and encouraged us in every way. The Kirkland Association paid for the original furnishing of the rooms and all incidental room-furnishings for the first year; since then the Club has paid all its own expenses.

When we first started, we had but one paid assistant. This was a matron who did the necessary cooking, helped in serving the girls, washed the dishes, and kept the rooms in order, for which services she was paid twenty-five dollars a month. Tea and coffee are cooked there, and soup and vegetables heated; the other supplies are sent from a caterer. The matron now, in addition to her other duties, does all the ordering, under the direction of the Chairman of the Lunch-Room Committee, and her salary has been raised to thirty dollars a month. Several members of the Kirkland Association were there every day—some helping the matron, and the others having charge of the social part of the club work. The Kirkland girls still go daily to the Club, although as it has grown we have needed and been able to afford two more paid workers—an assistant matron, whom we pay ten dollars, and a cashier, whom we pay twelve dollars, a month. We must make, therefore, one hundred and two dollars a month (fifty dollars rent and fifty-two dollars salaries), besides paying for our provisions and replacing the furnishings, in order to be self-supporting.

The Club members at first paid ten cents a month dues, but the Club organization promoted such friendly feeling that the membership grew daily, and there was danger of the rooms being overcrowded. At a general meeting of the members it was voted to limit the membership to one hundred and seventy-five, and raise the dues to fifteen cents a month, so that, with the limited membership, the Club might still be self-supporting. A Club member can always bring a visitor by paying five cents, and open days and afternoon teas are held several times during the winter. This membership is now full, and we have a waiting-list of ten or a dozen girls who are anxious to take the first vacant place.

The bill of fare is quite simple, but varied a little from