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The Emblem of
LIBERTY AND HUMANITY

France also has a shortage of servants. However, by putting the superfluities in storage even the work of a twentieth century home can be made pleasant.

That Nova Scotia farmer who wants to go over Niagara falls in a barrel might first try to see if he could put his hand in the corn shredder and get away with it.

Why Not Kill the Fire Bugs?

Elizabeth and her beau ran ten long squares to see the fire in Massachusetts avenue. Also, she stood around watching it for more than an hour with her feet "just killing" her.

She was sure this was one fire that she was interested in so the next day she read about it. As she finished the story she looked up and said: "Well, I can't say much for the board of health of Indianapolis."

Father stopped drinking his coffee long enough to ask: "What on earth has the board of health got to do with the fire?"

Elizabeth replied: "That is the second big fire in the last two weeks and I think that the board of health should be able to disinfect the lumber yards and kill those fire bugs."—Indianapolis News.

Emphasis of Taxation Laid Rather on Expenditures Than on Incomes.

By OTTO H. KAHN, in "Our Economic and Other Problems."



The social and moral arguments for an unsparing war profits tax are to my mind unanswerable. To permit individuals and corporations to enrich themselves out of the dreadful calamity of war is repugnant to one's sense of right and justice and gravely detrimental to the war morale of the people. . . .

The objection to a very heavy excess profits tax in peace time rests not so much on equitable grounds as on the ground that on the one hand it does not and cannot accomplish the social purpose aimed at, and on the other hand it tends to hurt trade, discourage enterprise and burden the public. Our excess profits tax certainly has not stopped, but rather has intensified what is commonly termed "profiteering."

For a country as immensely rich and intrinsically as little burdened, relatively, as ours, it is really not a problem of great difficulty to raise by taxation the sum which the needs of the occasion require.

A small committee of well-informed men of different callings, approaching their task free from political, social and sectional bias . . . might recommend a radical revision of income taxation on the theory that the emphasis of taxation be laid rather on expenditures than on incomes and that a sharply marked distinction be made between such portion of a person's income as is used constructively in savings, investments or enterprise, and such portion as is spent on his scale of living.

Much can be said for such a tax from both the economic and moral points of view. Among other desirable effects, it would reach those who, by holding tax-exempt securities, now escape the burden of income taxation . . .

The committee might also, I should think, reach the conclusion, quite irrespective of the theory suggested in the foregoing paragraphs, to recommend the imposition of a small percentage tax, say 1 per cent, on all sales of commodities and products and presumably of real estate. Such a measure would be productive of an immense amount of revenue and would not be harmful to anyone.

"Suppose the United States Had Public Markets in All Its Big Cities."

By CLARENCE W. BARRON, Veteran American Journalist.

Suppose the United States had public markets in all its big cities, as they have in Europe, where the farmer, the producer, the fisherman and the butcher daily bring goods and place them before the public, for the wholesaler, the retailer, or the consumer, if he is willing, to come early, buy for cash and take away his purchases. What a regulator we would have on the high cost of living in this country! But here our cities are getting so big and terminals and waterfronts so valuable that the small producer is being barred out.

Now I look forward to a great development from gasoline transportation both on land and sea, where the individual farmer or producer can by motor boat or by motor on the highways reach the consuming centers and sell his goods directly without paying middlemen or commissions or high tariffs or high taxes.

There should be not only public markets in every city and village, but there should be ways of easily getting to them. There should be public landing places on the waterfronts and public markets at the waterfronts.

Where the White Race Stands as the Result of the Great World War.

By LOTHROP STODDARD, in "The Rising Tide of Color."

Turning to a racial instead of a political map, one sees that instead of being nine-tenths white, the world is, as a matter of racial fact, only four-tenths white. The rest is occupied by colored races.

Today, against the actual barriers of the white world, the barriers composed of white flesh and blood, the rising tide of color is beating, and will beat yet more fiercely as congesting population and quickened self-consciousness and a heightened sense of power impel the colored world to expansion and dominion.

This colored peril has three facets: The peril of arms, the peril of markets and the peril of migration.

As to the peril of arms we must realize that the brown and yellow races possess great military potentialities, likely to be organized at any time for revolt for reasons like overpopulation.

The second, or economic phase, though not a serious factor yet, must be reckoned with as something which will increasingly complicate the relations of the white and nonwhite worlds, and even today tends to intensify Asiatic desires for expansion.

The third facet, the question of Asiatic immigration, is incomparably the greatest external problem which today faces the white world. It infinitely transcends the peril of arms or markets, since it threatens not merely our supremacy or prosperity, but our very race existence.

The grim truth of the matter is this: The whole white race is exposed, immediately or ultimately, to the possibility of social sterilization and final replacement or absorption by the teeming colored races.

TRIBUTE TO BRITISH

New Home for Orphans of War Heroes Is Opened.

Funds to Buy and Maintain It Given by American Admirers of English Valor.

New York.—A home for fatherless sons of British war heroes has just been opened in Reading, 40 miles from London, by the National Allied Relief committee, working with funds raised in the United States, according to an announcement made by that organization, whose headquarters are at No. 2 West Forty-fifth street, New York. The announcement said that the money for the home was supplied "through American admirers of British Valor," and that the home was "a tribute of appreciation and a memorial from the American people." Lieut. J. G. Churchill of the British army has been named headmaster of the home, and his wife, Mrs. Churchill, has been appointed matron. It will be under the protection of the British ministry of education. It will be a home for 48 boys.

A check for maintaining the home was taken to England a few weeks ago by John Moffat, chairman of the National Allied Relief committee, and turned over to the British management committee. The home was formerly St. Andrew's home of the Waifs and Strays society of England and was purchased furnished and fully equipped.

The British management committee is composed of Col. Arthur C. Murray, chairman; Maj. J. J. Astor, treasurer; Evelyn Wrench, secretary; Lieut. Col. A. S. Cleaver, Robert Grant, Jr., G. Mills McKay and James Van Allen Shields.

The honorary patrons of the committee are Earl Reading, formerly British ambassador to the United States; Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian ambassador; Kijuro Shidehara, the Japanese ambassador, and Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard university.

RICHEST BACHELOR WEDS



According to a cable from Paris Alexander Smith Cochran, known as "America's richest bachelor," and Mme. Gann Walska, Polish prima donna, were married there this week. Mr. Cochran is forty-five and the owner of the Smith carpet works of Yonkers, N. Y. He is also a well-known sportsman. Mme. Walska has appeared on the concert stage in the United States. The photo shows Mr. Cochran.

Asked Jail Sentence to Be Sure of Home for Winter

Manuel Costa of San Francisco, who has been occupant of the city jail every winter for 20 years, is again "at home" in a cell reserved for his use, and he will remain there for three months. Police arrested Costa, saying he was tearing up the pavement, pitching the cobblestones in the air and bouncing them off the back of his neck.

When Costa appeared before Police Judge McAtee he asked to be sent to jail for six months, explaining to the court that by expiration of his sentence the Alaskan fishing season would be open and he would be ready to go north. The judge compromised on a three-month sentence.

Didn't Need to Be Egged On.

Cincinnati.—Two boys are held in juvenile court, but no charge is docketed against them. It was this way: They decided to have an egg battle, secured several dozen eggs, repaired to an empty room and there had it out. Police arrived as the last eggs were being thrown.

German Gas Finally Kills Him.

Maysville, Ky.—Isaac F. Hines, aged thirty-three, was gassed in France and his throat was affected. He returned to his work as a school teacher, but, becoming ill, sent his pupils home. Before help could arrive he choked to death.

Lovely woman is now a full-fledged human being with a vote as well as a voice.

The Slav is eating dog meat and making shoes of bark. No wonder he snarls.

In Poland the war slogan, "Fight or Work," has been revised to read "Fight and Work."

THEIR DAY OF GLORY GONE

Writer Sees Pathos in Vehicles, Displaced by the Victorious Automobile, Meekly Awaiting Dissolution.

The garage stood in the heart of the city. That was not strange. A great many garages stand in the heart of a great many cities. What was strange was the building which stood opposite the garage. This was a tumble-down, rambling edifice, with a large and rambling back and front yard, and in the yards were old carriages.

I do not know if it was a junk shop or a repair shop, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. I do know that nowhere else could one see so many equipages of an ancient day. One might sit in one's car and buy gasoline and oil and while these commodities were being stored away one might examine at leisure that motley old fashioned crew huddled out in the yards.

There is a buggy—the kind of buggy that wheels softly down country lanes in the moonlight and stops easily as the driver alights to let down the bars. There is the remnant of what was once a smart, high-wheeled yellow dog cart, used to go bowling down the fashionable avenue in the fashionable hour. The hayrack—its bright blue worn by now—has carried many a wholesome load of fragrant hay in its day, with barefooted boys sprawling on the top of the load.

Look at yonder queer old contraption! It was a shoe wagon and the shoe dealer plodded along the rural districts fitting every one's feet with no trouble at all.

That decrepit vehicle was a hansom cab, and a very nobby one, too, in its day—quite a novelty in the community, no doubt, when it made its first appearance. Now it stands cheek by jowl with a three-wheeled dump cart, whose social standing was never anything but low.

What a queer old crowd they are—these outworn, outgrown vehicles of another day. They give up their iron and bolts to the junkman quite willingly, for the streets no longer tempt them to roll along their wide ways. No—another, newer, swifter method of transportation has come in—and the old wagons in the old yard tremble a little as a huge motor truck roars victoriously by. They tremble a little, but it is only that they have waited so long, standing out there in all weathers, on three wheels or two, with one shaft off and their paint in disrepair. They tremble a little, but wait meekly until some one shall come and wheel them away into oblivion.

Waste Paper.

Few of us realize the importance of saving waste paper. Today when the country is threatened with a wood and paper famine and our forests are disappearing so rapidly every effort should be made to save every scrap of paper. It is estimated that the saving of paper would make it possible to save over 1,000,000,000 feet of lumber each year. Waste paper, such as old magazines, books, all kinds of printed matter and paper books, takes the place of wood pulp and saves millions of trees. Such material is used for paper, making paper boxes, roofing and building boards and paper shipping containers of all kinds, which carry as much as 100 pounds. If every one would save the waste paper in his home it would not be necessary to use a single tree for such material. It would require more than 500,000,000 feet of lumber each year to make the paper shipping cases used throughout the country.—Boys' Life.

Hard to Understand.

Happiness is to be found in many places. A few years ago a very rich young man was a favorite in his clubs and in his social circle. He married a beautiful and accomplished girl. Then his father's business went to smash during the war. Nothing was left. The young couple moved to a small farm in New Jersey. He resigned from all of his clubs and they have not been seen by friends for three years until the other day. He was in town shopping. He met a friend and said: "I am just learning that life is worth while." His expression showed that he meant it. His friend went to the clubs that night and told the news. "I can't understand it," he said. "He looks and is happy. Why, his nails haven't been manicured for months!"—New York Correspondence Indianapolis Star.

Fossil Whale Unearthed.

A rare fossil, that of a Miocene whale, has been found by Dr. Earl L. Packard, professor of geology at the University of Oregon, near Eugene, Oregon.

The relic of prehistoric times, which was found in the cliffs along the beach at Newport, Ore., is, Doctor Packard believes, the finest specimen of fossil whale yet found in North America. Such petrified skeletons are very rare and the extreme age of the recent find makes it of particular interest to scientific men.

Only the skull of the creature has been exhumed from its rocky bed and Doctor Packard is now preparing it for addition to the Condon geological museum of the University of Oregon. The bones are rather small, indicating that the leviathan was young, or, which is more probable, that the leviathans of the Miocene age were markedly smaller than those of the present day.

Fish Not Affected by Tar.

The old question of the effect of tarring roads on fish in neighboring streams has been settled anew at Chesham, England. The main road of the town was tarred last winter for the first time, and this has been followed by the death of large numbers of trout and other fish in the River Chess. A special commission of investigation, however, has now reported that the fish destruction was not a result of the road tarring or of any epidemic disease. The real cause appears to have been poisoning by a temporary increase in the industrial pollution of a ditch which discharges into the river and is practically an industrial sewer.

Thrift in the Paint Brush.

A little attention to details on the part of the housewife will prolong the life of utensils or utilities which cost considerable money to replace these days. The varnish on carpet sweepers soon wears off; unprotected as it is from moisture and variations in temperature, it is likely to fall to pieces. This can easily be prevented by applying a coat of stain finish, obtainable at any paint store. Washing machines should also be protected from variations of temperature and moisture by applying a coat of colored enamel when needed. Porch furniture, screen doors, baby carriages and folding screens should all be thus cared for.—Thrift Magazine.

In all the British dominions much is being printed about the democracy of the prince of Wales, which leads to the suspicion that he thinks of running for president or something.

Another bit of circumstantial evidence supporting the charge that the Russian red army is directed largely by German officers is the fact that the reds are repeating so many of the characteristic blunders of the German militarists.

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