link ar-rms an' walk away in a dignyfied manner. P'raps ye'd betther let go me ar-rm; we can walk faster that way. Let's run. Come on. I can't wait f'r ye. It's ivery man f'r himsilf now.' "—"Mr. Dooley" on the Democratic Convention in the Chicago Tribune of June 27.

RELATED THINGS

CONTRIBUTIONS AND REPRINT

THE DOLLAR.

For The Public.

"The bearer hereof has rendered a service which others have sought,
Entitling him to a service equal to that which he wrought"—
This is the pledge of the dollar; a guaranty minted in deep,
And stamped with the seal of a people—"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

Society gives this certificate to him who has worked for its need,
Whether on farm or on shipboard, whether by thought or by deed;
Whether with skill or with drudging, whether for food or for art,
Wherever the great world needs him, whenever he does his part.

For only by service rendered may a man lay claim to reward,
And the good that he meted to others shall others to him accord;
And he who has builded a cottage, a cottage has for his own;
And he who makes him a wagon, the wagon is his alone.

The soil and its wealth is the people's; he who furrows the field,
Except for his rent to the people, has all of the bounteous yield;
And he who digs in the tunnel and brings out the gleaming ore,
When he pays its share to the public, is owner of what he has more.

You doubt the truth of this doctrine, you of the plenteous store?
You think you have earned each dollar by burdens you bravely bore?
No, surely you lean on privilege, surely you like the law;
These are the bars that yield you the revenues that you draw.

Let us make good this promise: Be fair alike to all men,
And wipe the stain from the dollar and make it all honest again.
Each dime is a weary tendon, each cent is a pledge of debt,
Each dollar is manly endeavor, each quarter a task well met.

GEORGE T. EDSON.

LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

No. 5. The Spendthrifty Man.

For The Public.

Ever since my friend Wash Davis, the fisherman, told me about his talk with another fisherman over in the Santa Cruz Mountains, I have been able to recognize the profound philosophic difference between a foolish spendthrift and the wiser person who has learned how to be spendthrifty with his earnings.

My friend's little adventure occurred many years ago, when he was young, flexible and ready to receive all sorts of impressions. He was wandering about the Boulder Creek country, living with the Redwoods and the Madronos—nice families both of them. He incidentally fished now and then, but always in the spirit of a good fellow, who does not waste the gifts of Nature, and who thinks that "fishing for a record" is a nasty and dishonorable performance. In brief, my friend was exactly the sort of a man who could easily have companioned with Charles Dudley Warner, Henry Van Dyke or Stewart Edward White—good fishermen every one of them—which is to say, true Waltonians.

There is a mountain brook which comes into Boulder from the north side through a succession of little falls and rapids. This particular Waltonian knew of the seven crevices in the rocks wherein seven big trouts usually lived. He selected one for dinner; he built a little cooking fire on a strip of white sand, so that there was not the least danger of burning a hole in the forest (which was to him dearer by far than if he owned it in fee-simple). After a short space of time he had a cup of coffee, some hardtack and such a delicious trout, baked in the ashes, as never was known to a city gourmand. Then he put out his fire to the last coal and lit his little old pipe.

Followed a time of great content, but soon my friend Davis observed that another fisherman was coming across a low ridge, evidently making for the seven trout-pockets. He was a nice big fellow, who nodded and smiled most attractively, who then picked a trout from a crevice, with exquisite ease and grace, and who presently started his own little cooking fire on a flat rock near the brook. As soon as this was done the newcomer cast a word of greeting across to Davis.

"Come over," he said. "Two are company, and besides we might never see each other again. This is our chance to be neighborly. I'll pick out another trout from these crevices and we will foregather like two good fellows who know how to fish and how to build fires. It's the older I am, me lad, so come right over."

Of course Davis yielded to this, and crossing the brook found a white-handed, heart-young person,

with an utterly charming and refined Irish accent, which was like a wild sweet music in his ears, and chorded with the sound of falling waters and of winds in the tree-tops. My friend did not know it then, but he had been fortunate enough to run across a famous member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, who had traveled in every worth-while place, and had written some exquisite love songs, as clean, wholesome and Eden-like as you can imagine.

In due season they were lying side by side, smoking their pipes, and looking at the tree-tops and over-arching sky. Soon they began to talk together like old friends (it is a trick known to real fishermen who meet in the forest).

"There's a man, me boy," he said to young Davis, "an' if ye'll belave me, he writes a book on 'The Simple Loife.' 'Tis a hateful hard book to read. I met a man fishin' laast year, an' he carried a caamp stool along to sit on whiniver he caast a fly—but he had a copy of that same buk in his pocket!"

Then they talked social science—such things are easy to discuss at these times; and the Bohemian Club man, who had known Henry George, called him "a remarkable man, with real insight." He went on from this to say that while he himself was "something of a scatter-brain" and therefore "nothing much of a reformer," still he had "a few little notions." one of which he proceeded to unfold to my friend Davis. Then with a rollicking and irresistible humor he explained to the delighted listener that almost every so-called extravagance of life might easily be made into an effective weapon in scientific social progress.

"If ye must buy orrchids, me lad, first know all the florists an' all about each wan; thin spind the money with the best men of the lot."

"But," said Davis, "I may merely want the best orchids for my money."

"Yis, ye laugh at that! But think awhile! The only time ye can control the expenditure of a dollar is whin ye have it in hand."

He then expounded his doctrine of personal expenditure. He showed with convincing exactitude how every man could very often direct the force of his daily expenses so as to help the broader equilibriums of life.

"Ye nade not always pour the dimes and dollars into the big shops; let them help the growth of the smaller people."

They began to consider this notion. "Suppose," he said, "that a city contained say ten thousand salaried young men and women, clerks, teachers, and all sorts of workers. Suppose that they averaged sixty dollars of earnings each month. That gives them over seven million dollars a year, the spending and investing of which is in their own hands. There ought to be some way of systematizing and directing such a vast annual out-go."

"Take it another way," the Bohemian remarked. "Me frind Dawson, a fine old head-clerk, tells me that he has taken in an' paid out an' invisted something over $140,000 in fifty consecutive years of active life. An' his rule has been to try an' pay his money over to people whom he both likes an' respicts."

"It's a good idea," said Davis. "It counts for more fellowship between men, and I think that the service which one gets in exchange for his money might be rather better than usual. Let us, then, give a name to this new virtue—'spend-thriftiness.' Of course, it will be called quixotic, and in modern slang 'a pipe dream,' but it surely makes for fellowship."

"It's right on that ye are, me frind," said the Bohemian as they parted. "Every man of us does that way more or less, an' by accident, but we can do it by getting into a raal spend-thrifty habit of life."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

CIVIC WASTE ON A SMALL SCALE.

For The Public.

About two months ago I happened to sit down beside a pleasant-faced old fellow in the smoking-car of a train pulling out of Philadelphia. I wanted to smoke, and on discovering that I had no matches I turned to my seat-mate and asked if he could spare me one.

"Certainly," said he, "that is one thing I can get all I want of for nothing."

Seeing that he was inclined to talk, I humored him by asking, "How's that?"

"Why, you see," he replied, "I work for the City, in the fire department, and we can get all we want of anything like that. Just turn in a requisition for them and along they come. But there is one thing we can't get all we want of. though."

"What's that?"

"Brooms. We can't get a broom. We can requisition as much as we like, but we can't secure a single broom."

"How's that?"

"Don't know, but we can't get one."

"How do you keep the place clean, then?" I always thought they were very particular in the fire department to have everything spick and span."

"That's it," said he, nudging me in the ribs, "that's it! How do we keep it clean? Must be clean for inspection. Know what we do? I'll tell you! We use blankets. Yes, we take blankets, tear 'em up into strips and make mops out of 'em and keep the place as neat as you please! You see we can get all the blankets we want, but we can't get a broom. So we take turns requisitioning blankets."