iam S. White of Rockland; vice-president, W. E. Schwartz of Camden; secretary-treasurer, Christopher M. Gallup of Skowhegan; auditor, Kingsbury B. Piper of Fairfield. Funds for the work contemplated will be raised by soliciting memberships at $1 each.

—Newton D. Baker became Mayor of Cleveland on the 1st, two years after the retirement of the late Tom L. Johnson, whose policies he has undertaken to realize for Cleveland. Newspaper dispatches of the 1st say: "If Tom L. Johnson, who died in April, 1911, were to return to the city hall which he occupied as mayor, he would find all his appointees in office again." [See vol. xiv, pp. 1161, 1167, 1196.]

PRESS OPINIONS

The Land-Value Sponge.

St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press, Dec. 16.—The sale of a certain minute piece of land in the heart of New York City for the fabulous price of a million dollars brings sharply to mind the value of land, and brings reminiscently to mind how the majority of us, or our fathers or grandfathers, escaped being millionaires because they did not have faith in the land, in certain land they might as well have had as another. . . . Less than ten years ago the Broadway and Thirty-fourth street bit was sold for $375,000; it has tripled in value in that short space of time. And so it goes with land values the country over; it is but because a million was involved and a Broadway corner that this particular sale appears so tremendous.

RELATED THINGS

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THE DAWN OF TOMORROW.

For The Public.

A flood of light bursts through the clouds;
Another day! A deluge that doth cause
Privilege to cringe and tremble and shrink back,
Cowering into its vaults of steel.
The Age of Justice dawns!
Passions vanish, kindness grows apace;
The Might that built a Nation in a day
Doth turn to lift the maiden of the street,
To comfort weary mothers, and to share
Its strength with other, weaker men.
It is the reign of Peace.

HARRY W. OLNEY.

TRUE LITTLE TALES OF MINOR REFORMERS.

1. The Discourager of Gush.

For The Public.

There was once a farmer's son who, arriving at the ripe age of eighteen, wished to go out into the world and see what it was like. So he chose to become a teacher, little as he knew. He passed the examination, and he went down into the Santa Lucia Mountains in California, where a schoolmate, a much-loved companion, whom everybody called "Dan" for short, was already teaching in the rocks by Estero Bay. It is not here to be told how he arrived at his own school, some weeks later after numberless and entrancing adventures, with ten cents in his pocket, nor how that delightful little mountain district with its barefoot girls and boys, not merely paid him seventy-five dollars a month but also taught him some of the fundamental things about the profession which he had so heedlessly jumped into. Everyone, all unconsciously, helped to wake him up, and relate him to life's actualities—this dreaming youth who wrote verses, and told stories to the children, and blundered into tight corners and blundered out again, and wrote every other night to his mother.

"These mountaineers can but just live," he wrote once, "but they are busy, happy, healthy, and perfectly fearless and outspoken—Americans all through; the salt of the earth's best salt."

One night he wrote: "Mother, you have always been too good to me. There is an ignorant old man up here—book-ignorant only—living on a rock-pile, but in his own small way a reformer; and he has managed to temporarily clip some of the rank weeds of gush and brag in my wretched character, which you, my dear mother, doubtless recognize and lament, but were too gentle-hearted to club on every occasion. I won't give the details. It's some sore yet. But old Uncle Buck is a character."

Here follows the full story of the young schoolteacher's experience with this educationally inclined mountaineer who had so drastically admonished him to walk more softly, and to somewhat cultivate reticence.

Uncle Buck Wright was a sharp-witted, plain-spoken old man, given to weird and fierce epithets, with a contradictory twinkle of the blue eyes. The school-teacher boarded there. To him and to his old wife, who nursed the sick and comforted the afflicted in all those uplands, the young man as the neighborhood, which really liked him, was fond of saying, "told all he knew, and more besides."

Here and there someone said to himself: "That cranky old Missourian, Uncle Buck, will teach that young fellow a lesson—same as he did me onc't on a time."

A few of the kindlier spirits, seeing how successfully the young teacher was building up his log-cabin school, and how happy he was, warned him that Uncle Buck "took an int'rest in wakin' up young fellows," and "is sometimes plumb dangerous." But these cryptic sayings were not taken seriously, and were soon forgotten.

The summer wore on, and one fateful Friday evening Uncle Buck ground two axes with especial

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care, leaned one carelessly against the well-curb, and took the other a mile away, to Big Oak Flat, where he concealed it in the brush. Then at supper time, while the young school teacher was enjoying one of Auntie Wright's famous "peach cobblers," this crafty old pagan began to tell about "the best bee-tree in the mountains."

"If I wasn't so busted with rheumatis I'd cut that tree tomorrow."

"Let me cut it, Uncle Buck."

"Did ye ever swing an axe good an' hard?"

"Lots of times, Uncle Buck. Brought up to it." But he did not quite realize that cutting up driftwood for the kitchen fire, and six-inch unfruitful trees from the orchard, and small willows along the creek, were hardly worth mention.

Auntie Wright protested: "Now, Buck, leave him alone. Teachers need to rest on Saturdays. Ye know ye hain't"——He silenced her by a look.

In the morning the young teacher picked up the axe and strode off, followed by a cheerful Uncle Buck with a lunch-bucket, and several pails for the honey.

Auntie Wright whispered: "Now, Buck, he's a good boy. Don't ye be mean to him."

"Needs some reformin'," retorted the old man with great cheerfulness, as they started, and limped visibly whenever the school-teacher looked around. Auntie Wright, good soul, went back into the log cabin, read a chapter in her Bible, and prayed earnestly that "my old man behaves himself this time."

Uncle Buck took the school-teacher to the largest white oak in that region, and sat down to observe results. It was a bee-tree all right—and it was seven feet in diameter, knotty and decadent.

The young man tackled the proposition at once, and worked painfully through the thick bark all around the tree. Then he began on the sap-wood and was astonished at its toughness. He soon found that he could not manage to hit twice in the same spot, and that his meagre and ragged results greatly resembled, as he afterwards declared, the "one-sided and painful gnawing of a partially intoxicated beaver." After a while his hands were blistered in eight places, then in sixteen, then they became raw and bleeding. By this time he had achieved a notch in the oak, and Uncle Buck who had long been praising his results, and admiring his ability as an axe man, began to roll on the ground and howl aloud.

"Don't mind my yellin'," he said; "it's jest my rheumatis hits me speshul. Go right ahead an' whang that tree down."

The young school-teacher kept on at the work a few minutes longer, reflecting about the situation. He had now been trying to master the stubborn oak for some two hours, and he could plainly see that it would take him a couple of days to finish the contract. He walked around the tree and examined it. Then he walked over to where the old man was lying on the ground, and howling in pure delight. It was clearly a crisis, and he rose to it.

"Uncle Buck," he said, "here is the axe! You have taught me a lesson that I needed. Take it, and show me how."

The old man's mirth died instantly; he rose, took the axe, looked at the young man and spoke in quite another tone.

"Thar! I respect ye, an' p'raps I orter 'polgize."

"No, indeed, Uncle Buck, hit into that tree."

The old man felt of the dulled axe, laid it down, went to a pile of brush, drew out a sharp axe of the same weight and size, and stripped to the waist. Then he chose his point of attack, and began at once, with those long, steady strokes which mark the perfect American woodsman, descendant of eight generations of forest-fighters. Each time the swift blade sank almost to the eye, scattering great chips and advancing with cool precision towards the heart of the oak.

"The old sinner," thought the admiring and surprised teacher, "how magnificently he handles it, and how silly it was of me to brag about myself!"

In an hour the great tree was down, the hollow top was opened, and the two men were filling their pails with honey-combs. Then they sat down by a spring to eat their lunch in a shy but friendly silence, and in a meditative silence they went home together. When they came into the cabin Auntie Wright looked long at them both. Then her eyes lit up, and she said to herself: "It came out jest as I prayed for."

She hunted up her best salve, and put it in the school-teacher's room, on his open dictionary, where he would be sure to find it, but neither then nor afterwards did she allude to axes or "sore hands."

That night, however, after hot biscuits and honey, as all three sat in the dusk under the morning-glory vines on the porch, the school-teacher was moved to say with somewhat subdued earnestness: "Well, Uncle Buck, you are too much of a man to merely wish to play a joke on a fellow, or just take him down a few pegs. There is a method in your madness. If you love me, please explain it."

The old frontiersman thought awhile. When he spoke it was very softly, as if he was walking far back on ancient trails in dim Western forests of ash and hickory.

"When I was a boy I dreamed too much, an' I thought I could jump right in and make anything go without trainin', an' I slopped over lots of times. Then an old bachelor who worked around the neighborhood tuk me in hand several times, an' he made me as mad as a red-eyed hornet. I was a thousand times wuss nor you, an' I had much harder lessons sot me. Did me good though. An' whatever he did to me was done

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dee-liberately, an' strictly between our two selves. So in the end I growed up to it."

"I see," said the young school-teacher. "You mean that when he thought you were developing a cancer on your character, he whetted a secret knife and tried to cut it out."

"Yas!" Uncle Buck replied, "just that way, without chloroform. Some people hated him like pizen. But I think he did me as much good as all my schoolin'."

"Beyond a doubt," returned the school-teacher. "And I wouldn't forget my experience of today for a term in a college." He looked at his hands, and laughed heartily. "It's really worth the price, Uncle Buck! But I see now why this neighborhood is somewhat afraid of you. I've been told that you were an old pirate."

"So I am," said the frontiersman, benignantly. "And I've tried ter make many a cock-sure young feller walk the plank, too."

"Then you fish him out," answered the young man. "You are an educational crank of a reformer. Tomorrow I want a chip from that oak I gnawed at, and you might make me a present of that axe I misused."

"Ye spoilt it anyhow," said the old man gently and sweetly. "Cuttin' aige worn out. But never mind. It's done ye good."

A few weeks later, as they worked in her garden, Auntie Wright said to the teacher: "Buck jest swears by you. Says ye can't be fooled; says the hull neighborhood notices how ye've taken hold here; says ye don't need no more of his doctrine."

The school-teacher went on trimming roses, and smiled back at the kindly old woman. He was very well aware that Uncle Buck's little dose of reform medicine was good for the system.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

NEWTON D. BAKER.

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Tom Johnson's Heir.

"Libertas est potestas faciendi id quod jure licet!" spouted the Honorable Theodore Burton when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland a time ago, the occasion being a campaign speech in the mill district. And on the election day shortly thereafter the Ohioans to whom the Honorable Theodore was appealing for their votes went to the polls and put the boots of their free and untrammeled and non-classical suffrages to Mr. Burton in a sad—not to say irreverent—manner; holding, as was said, that they didn't care for such a scholarly guy for mayor of the town.

"Lex citius tolerare vult privatum damnum quam publicum malum!" declaimed the Honorable Newton D. Baker when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland just recently. And on the election day shortly thereafter the same citizens who had rebuked Mr. Burton for his Latinity upheld Mr. Baker for his, and gave him about eighteen thousand majority; holding, as was said, that it might be a pretty good thing to have one of them "lit'ry" gents as mayor after all.

There may be a Cleveland, Ohio, moral to this, but I don't know what it is, unless I might suggest weakly that erudition may erudiate for one and eradicate for another, which is about what happened. Of course the Honorable Theodore Burton, now a Senator, is a most learned person. Though it is not true, as has been held, that he is the author of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, he certainly looks the part—and did so especially after they trampled on him in that election when he tried to be classical with the boys in the mills.

Now, on the other hand, the Honorable Newton Diehl Baker is some scholarly also. With a full knowledge of Mayor Gaynor's predilections for Epictetus, I make bold to say this new Mayor of Cleveland knows more about literature than any other mayor now in captivity. He is as literary as a five-foot shelf of books. Back him into a corner at any time and ask him sternly, "What book has had the greatest influence on your life?" and he will reply unhesitatingly: "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe." And, nevertheless, they elected him mayor by eighteen thousand! I suppose if it had been Locke on the Human Understanding he would have been elected by thirty thousand!

The Wisdom of Newton D.

Little Newton read Doctor Draper's airy nothings on the aforesaid topic at the age of sixteen—when he might have been fishing or swimming or playing ball. Nor is that all. Draper was simply pie to him at that age, for he was the reading kid of Martinsburg, West Virginia. At the age of twenty, as we are informed, he had plowed through about all the English literature there was available at that time. That was twenty years ago, of course, before some of us had done much writing; but he took cognizance of what there was.

Selecting Milton as a convenient base, he paraded right straight back to Chaucer; and then, returning to Milton, he leaped forward avidly to George R. Sims. He knows all about John Heywood, and Thomas Tusser, and John Lyly, and all those old boys—and he can play ring-around-a-rosy with Shakespeare in all editions. His familiarity with such English literature and such other literature—including what this country has to offer—is alarming but not contagious.

Scholarly? Why, say, when he was at that

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