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Are You the Grinder of the Ground.

By John A. Howland.

servance of community amenities you are keeping close enough to the line that marks gentility and breeding in social life?

"Ground in yonder social mill, We rub each other's angles down."

If the poet should have had under consideration the great community mills of the modern great city it is a certainty that his philosophy would have called for a rougher dress in rhyme. The crowded city street is a human glacier; the crowded city cars and trains are too packed to admit of literal grinding. shop, and store, and theater, and dining place may be hives of incivilities.

In them are you, reader, grinder or the ground? There is no dodging the condition. You are ground, or you are grinding. And whether grinder or the ground, you cannot escape the charge of being a full party to this outraging of a nation's courtesy, as well as a party to one of the most wasteful forms of community extravagance in economy and temper.

In the illimitable field of mechanics the avoidance of friction is the desider-atum above all else. Were it not for friction the dream of perpetual motion would be waked tomorrow and realized. But movement and friction are the eternal cause and consequence. But in any movement friction may be minimized, and this possibility always has concerned the mechanical engineer in the exactness of his science. Thus al decency runs afoul of the man who will

Are you quite sure that in the ob- a muddy or dusty boot on another seat which he knows some one will need to occupy within a few minutes.

And when the person comes who must have that seat or hang to a strap, how grudgingly the foot is moved, perhaps to the accompaniment of a marked scowl of disapproval. How grudgingly does the man move a crossed leg over from the side seat next him, and how expressive of irritation may be the face of the woman who in like manner is shown that some one standing needs the seat which she has pre-empted with her parcels! And how little show of consideration comes from the person who deliberately walks out of a crowded office building by a left hand door into a stream of other people who are attempting to come in on their own right

side of the entrance!
People of both sexes violate the rights of others in community life almost wholly for the reason that the victims, for one reason or another, submit supinely. One class of the supine victim has not the courage to combat in any form any such aggressions. Another type rests upon the goody-goody belief that the law of universal kindness should prevail. Still another class of people have a horror of making "a scene"; already the real scene may have been enacted against their sacred rights, but that is not "a scene" in its acceptance.

In this way, when all too seldom one of the aggressive confiscators of public



Steep Rock Point, Lake Manitoba.

modern automobile with the least pos- | not be put upon, this second real scene sible friction in its mechanism moves through a modern double wall of human beings on the sidewalks where human every onlooker needs to notice. friction may be at its maximum.

There is no possible question of the fact that the ordinary man, leaving his home on the way to his business downtown, leaves also the greater part of his courtesy and consideration there until he returns. Even his office courtesy which may have material advantage for himself behind it, will be shaded until his office acquaintance finds an altogether dfferent man of him in that home. And more than this, too many thousands of people leave all amenities behind them and replace them with an aggressive selfishness that in literal form is retarding all that is figurative in human progress.

It is no unusual experience for the person in a restaurant to be eating his meal when a newcomer in decent dress and bearing seats himself opposite at table and spits offensively on the floor. There is no possible chance that this man ever spat on the floor of his own dining room or in the house of his friends. His family would not tolerate it at home and his friends would ostracize him if he did such a thing in another's house. But so common is this beastly offense that in the public dining room many persons are so constituted at to take it as a tolerated matter of

course. There are few men who in their homes would sit near a chair, couch or davenport on which another person is sitting and deliberately put a foot or feet upon that piece of furniture. In a double seat in car or train on his way down-town however, that man almost

following the outrage leaves the on-lookers aghast at the "scene" which

Men put their feet on other people's car seats or on their clothing because the people submit to it. Men spit on the floors of dining rooms in public only because the public hates "a scene." Men and women alike sit in two seats of a public conveyance for the reason that most other people haven't the nerve to compel their moving over. Men and women alike walk in the strip of shade on the wrong side of a summer pavement because they know the people they meet will turn out if only they continue to walk briskly on.

As the grinder or the ground, what are you doing about it? What are you going to do about it? If traffic in congested streets and public places were for the production of power for a municipality the friction in the power plants would leave no unexpended energy. The institution would be bankrupt in six weeks. In reality all these places ARE power plants in which the conserving of energy, the diminution of friction, and the preservation of good nature are essentials to community welfare. Is it not worth your while to refrain from aggressive friction in this great power-house? Or as a passive frictional element, don't you owe it to yourself and to society to reduce the condition? And by force of might if necessary?

Professor (lecturing on hygiene): "Tobacco, gentlemen, makes men ugly, short-winded, idiotic, paralytic; and I can tell you this from experience, for is an exception who does not rest even I have smoked for many years.'

There is only one



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