

Civil Service

Its Practical Operation Still Unsolved Problem

By ELTON LOWER,
President Chicago Civil Service Commission.



CIVIL SERVICE in the abstract and civil service in the details of its administration are vastly different propositions. The competitive system is a fixed institution of good government. In a measure its practical operation is an unsolved problem.

Inefficient administration constitutes the only danger that threatens the merit system. Every argument or objection against it is based upon practice, not upon principles. All of those objections can be met by the same intelligent effort and concentration of purpose that entered into the support of civil service legislation.

There is less efficiency in the administration of civil service than in the administration of any other branch of government, which means that there is less intelligent direction in seeking results; there are a greater number of unsolved problems to be met, and less concerted effort is being made to correct these conditions and to perpetuate constructive work.

The chief cause of this condition is to be found in the brief tenure of office of officials charged with the enforcement of the merit laws, which frequently results in depriving the public of the service of men as soon as they become valuable. It is my experience that it takes as much study and training to qualify men to direct civil service work as it does to fit them to enter a profession.

The theory of civil service is so comprehensive, and the details of its administration so great, that I defy any man to qualify himself to direct a practical enforcement of the merit law in shorter time than it takes to complete a college course. The administration of civil service, therefore, becomes a profession requiring years of study and expert knowledge.

Another cause is to be found in too great attention to theory to the neglect of a knowledge of details and methods. In this city and state, organizations of citizens are still exploiting the merits of civil service laws enacted, while the application of these laws in detail is left to a few unassisted officials.

Insanity and Dietary Madness

By HAYDN BROWN,
L. E. C. P. and F. S. N., Edinboro

Nearly all nervous diseases are either created or aggravated by improper food; while the most serious of all, insanity, may be traced to an almost incredible extent to this cause. It is beginning to be realized in our numerous asylums how important a rational and more finely adjusted diet is in the treatment of patients.

Insanity is not so much an hereditary disease as many take it to be. It is much more hereditary than most other diseases, because it so often depends upon actual anatomical deformity and physiological peculiarity; and because it also often depends upon certain diseases, the effects of which may be transmitted to offspring.

A very large proportion of cases of insanity in our asylums are not really hereditary, however, but are created by certain habits of life. The tendency towards these habits may be, and generally is, hereditary; hence the misunderstanding that obtains to this day that insanity itself is such a very hereditary disease. Many cases of insanity have a predisposing cause in a too-stimulating and over-proportioned diet. This leads to aberrations and abnormal exercises of both mind and body.

Experiment with the properly and the improperly fed, side by side, both having the same micro-organisms added to food, shows that the improperly fed tend to contract diseases of all kinds sooner than those who have adopted rational habits of feeding.

Doctors find no patients more difficult to cure than those who are large feeders or drinkers, or both. A disease that will be mild in the abstemious may be fatal in those who are addicted to excess.

The highly stimulated feeder and drinker manages to ward off most diseases very successfully; but if he does get them, they are all the more severe and difficult to cure. The doctor does not get very good results from the stimulating treatment he knows would be so successful in those who had been less stimulated to begin with.

Your Message—Deliver It

By JOHN A. ROWLAND.

No matter what the equipment of a man may be for the highest degree of specialized work, that knowledge and skill must be supplemented with a personality that is sufficient to carry and direct it. The nature of his specialty may determine whether a bold aggressiveness or a tactful, diplomatic manner be its proper and fitting personal dress. But whatever that work, if it brings him in contact with men, his personality must back it to success.

'Tis often the young man overlooks this essential fact. In the boy at school a personal initiative makes a strong appeal. He discovers some strong nature among his fellows and idealizes him. Everything this Admirable Crichton does stimulates him to imitation. Imitating, he may be laughed at for his pains.

Probably every one of worldly experience is familiar with that type of man, found in every walk of life, to whom the attention of the stranger is called occasionally by the man's acquaintances.

"Did you see that fellow we passed just now?" is an old form of the introduction. "You wouldn't think that he's one of the best educated men in this country, would you? He speaks six languages, is one of the best civil engineers in the state, and has traveled all over the world. But here he is—buried here, with hardly a whole suit to his back."

Here at a glance one sees the man who has been intrusted with a message which he has not delivered. He has not made the first move at delivering it, but has sat down at the doorway of opportunity, too idly conspicuous to be overlooked by anyone. In this position he becomes a standing object lesson illustrating failure in a marked degree. But how many young men are able to see and profit from this marked failure fail to discover in themselves how far short of delivering their own messages their own ways and means threaten? They have started and are moving—yes; but along what lines?

"There are always two straight roads to a goal. One over—one under the hill."

Waiting does not mean a literal sitting-down, inert and motionless. It may be an adaptation of that old and wise adage, "Do the next best thing."

GHOST WHISPERS SAVE TRAIN.

Kindly Shade Site Beside Engineer and Guards Him.

No danger lurks in the path of No. 15. Two drivers perch on the bench in the locomotive's cab and guide its destiny. One is Horace L. Seaver, veteran engineer and hero of numerous railroad escapes; the other is the ghost of a man that was. Unseen, unheard, the specter has been at the throttle for years, guiding and guarding the lives of those sleeping in the darkened coaches behind.

No. 15 is the Big Four fast express which runs into Chicago over the Illinois Central tracks from Kankakee. The train is pulled by an Illinois Central locomotive, of which Mr. Seaver is the engineer. For 43 years the veteran has been handling the throttle of Illinois Central engines.

For 43 years Mr. Seaver has been a spiritualist, not one of the table-rapping, bell-ringing kind, but an intelligent believer that spirit bodies exist. He says he has had innumerable occasions when a spirit has guided his engine through fearful dangers and happy escapes. Whenever he climbs up in his cab he always has the spectral engineer in sitting beside him, ready to extend the hand of warning in time of need.

Mr. Seaver was in the cab, gazing far out along the track one dark night, wondering how many more trips he would make before his mood spirit departed him. He had been more than 1,000 old soldiers going to a reunion at Champaign, Ill. The throttle was out to the left notch and the speed was 30 miles an hour. Suddenly the engineer heard a soft voice whispering in his ear:

"The bridge is burned; the bridge is burned."

As quickly as possible Mr. Seaver set the air brakes and stopped the train. In the coaches 1,000 old soldiers were sleeping. The conductor hurried forward to the engine.

"What do you mean by stopping this train out here," he demanded angrily. "You would better go along the track and find out," said the engineer, quickly.

Only a few feet ahead of the engine was the river and over the river hung the charred remains of the big bridge, which had burned only a short time before. The 1,000 veterans were saved.

This happened in 1890, and Mr. Seaver was hailed as a hero all over the country.

"But it wasn't me that did it," said the engineer, modestly. "It was something unseen that did it, and I do not know anything about it. I did not deserve any credit at all. I just heeded the warning that was given me. There are numerous other instances where the same voice has saved me from warning just in time to save the lives of my passengers."—Chicago Journal.

RAILROAD MADE HIM A HOBO.

"Professional" Tells How He Got Started on Homeless Life.

"I was raised," said Buffalo Seaver, "on a farm in Illinois. Beside me there was only one boy, a slender, grouchily old dad that I ain't blamin' him. Me mother had all ways run the whole train, kept the lamps lit; and when she died, dad had no reason for keepin' alive, so he shes up an' jest worked. He gave me the habit, so deep that even now it keeps comin' on me like appendicitis. An' when it comes, it takes maybe three weeks on a steady job to cure it."

"Well, when I was 21, when the war was boin' built ten miles north of the farm. I kept teamin' dad to let me take a day off to see it; but the more he teased the lighter he frez. At last one afternoon in August, I was meadin' the fence in the lower corn-field, the wind kept blowin' the engine's whistle over the hills, an' every time them whistles came I felt me own steam risin'. At last I quit work. I jest stood an' listened. At about one minute later I was a hobo for life—wid legs cuttin' air! I've stuck to the camps ever since. When I go to a city I generally get lost, and lose me way outside of a week. Twice I've been rolled, which means held up, an' me roll (money) ripped out of me pants. Once they took most of the pants with the roll. But I ain't kickin'. An' I don't want to go home, nor to be saved by no woman."

"You asked me how I came to be a hobo, an' I've give it to you straight. There's been a lot of talk about farmers' kids who run off wid circus, jest you take my tip. For runaway kids the real hot circus ain't no common elephant game. It's the railroad.—Everybody's."

Freight Cars in Wild Dash.

A serious accident, happily involving no loss of life, occurred on the Highland railroad early the other morning. A mineral train, consisting of 24 wagons of coal, was climbing the summit which borders Perthshire and Inverness-shire when the engine coupling snapped. In a moment the 24 wagons were dashing down the incline at a terrific pace. The guard in the rear van, after endeavoring to apply his brake, jumped for his life. He headed without injury. After a run of four miles the wagons were arrested off by catch-points into a ballide, where they piled up in a mass of wreckage.—London Mail.

Railroads in Brazil.

In Brazil the federal government owns and operates 1,217 miles of railroad lines. It also owns four lines of 734 miles all told, and leases them to private companies. State governments own 119 miles. Under private ownership and operation are some thing like 8,000 miles.

MONEY CAST AWAY

CAMPAIGN EXPENDITURES THAT AVAIL LITTLE.

Indianapolis News Thinks It Time to Call a Halt on the Raising of Large Sums for Expenses of Election.

We wish that party committees could be brought to realize that of the vast sums of money used in political campaigns large amounts are absolutely wasted. In the News of Tuesday it was announced that the Republican leaders were beginning to be worried over the outlook for political contributions. We doubt whether they have much cause to worry, for there are indications that the "interests" will show the usual practical interest. The difficulty seems to be, not so much one of getting the money, as one of accepting it. "I do not," says one eminent Republican, "see how our party dare accept large contributions from the trusts in the next fall campaign," and he went on to say that he was "convinced that if the Republican party is caught accepting money from the trusts next fall it will go down to defeat, on that issue. I do not believe that the temper of the people is on this subject."

Here obviously is a great gain. In the last days both parties would take money from anyone, and the only question was as to how to get it. Now they are fearful to accept it unless it come from the most irreproachable sources. In this same statement it was said that millions of dollars went into the campaign of 1906 on the Republican side, that \$2,000,000 in 1906, and more than \$1,000,000 in 1904 for the circulation of literature only. It was said further on good authority that from the Republican committee need this year anywhere from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000—the larger amount preferred. Yet everyone knows that much money is wasted in campaigns. It is given by one who knows whom, and is spent by men who are wholly beyond the necessity of rendering any account of their stewardship. The whole system invites waste. Even legitimate expenses are much larger than they need be. It was absurd to spend more than \$1,000,000 for the printing and circulation of campaign documents. Few of these are read, and many are never read by the individual voter. If the committee would give their literature to the speakers, and to them only, it would save a great deal of money without form and at much less cost. Surely the time for reform in this business has come. No campaign ought to cost more than \$100,000. It is believed that any campaign can honestly cost so much as that.

But the Republicans—and the Democrats—will not be satisfied unless they can. The refusal of the Republican congress to pass the bill proposed for publicity in this matter of campaign contributions is a very good thing in indicating that they are unwilling to shut off the usual sources of supply on the eve of a presidential election. It may be that they are cautious, and needlessly so, as much of the money contributed is used to no purpose, not even to a corrupt purpose, and that it is better for the committees as fast as it is received.—Indianapolis News.

"On the Job."

Ever since the army officers were put in charge of the canal work in Panama there has been a comparative lack of news from the isthmus, bearing the American who has taken the trouble to inform himself upon this subject. The need for forest protection is most urgent.

What! Money Used for Bryan? Of course, everybody familiar with national politics knows now that a vast amount of money was spent by the silver interests in 1892 and again in 1900 in the effort to secure the election of Mr. Bryan, but the facts were less obvious at the time of their occurrence than since, just as the country has been illumined as to the contributions made to the Republican campaign of those years. But of late Mr. Bryan has developed acute antipathy to the misuse of money in politics. And if he has been quite particular in pointing his illustrations, he has just denounced the practice in general.

But now comes the shocking story that his backers in Minnesota used \$20,000 to defray instructions in that state for Gov. Johnson, on the theory that if Minnesota could, by such hindrances, be passed over by the Bryan column, the Johnson boom would collapse and disappear. This charge was made by "several" of Mr. Bryan's should have it investigated forthwith and, if it is true, he should proceed to banish the perpetrators of the crime from the fold of Democracy. And if it should be shown that he had knowledge of what was going on, Mr. Bryan should be a real Spartan, acknowledge the fact and use his eloquence to justify his transgression or to plead his pardon. Plainly it is up to him to do something about it.

But the charitable and reasonable view is to take of this Minnesota incident is that Mr. Bryan had no more to do with it than Mr. Johnson has with Wall Street's preference for his candidacy as against that of the Nebraska man, although Mr. Bryan has refused to credit Mr. Johnson with the charity that would be due him if Wall Street is putting up money for him without his knowledge or consent.

"OR WISE TARIFF REVISION.

Chicago Post Pleads for an Intelligent Readjustment.

In spite of blind opposition tariff revision is nearly gaining ground in congress and by the sheer weight of the intelligent support behind it. Those who hold the tariff not a political pliant but a policy which cannot but regret that the Beveridge bill for an expert commission has failed of success in Washington, but with this late mature amendment the best thing seems sure of accomplishment. In the interim between the present and the next session of the national legislature an investigation is to be made which promises to be more than superficial and perfunctory.

This agreeable assurance was forthcoming when the senate adopted the resolution drawn by Senator Beveridge and presented by the committee on finance authorizing the employment of government experts "and such other assistants as may be necessary" to secure the information needed for an intelligent revision of the customs laws of the United States.

An intelligent revision is what the country needs more perhaps than anything else that it can receive from the hands of congress. Tinkering with the tariff will do no good; in fact, it will do harm, while an equitable readjustment will allay the uncertainty and remove the injustices which now rest heavily upon the commercial and industrial interests of the nation.

Upon the committee on finance to which has been intrusted this task of tariff study rests a vast responsibility. It will follow the course which will achieve success, and that is by making an exhaustive study of the country's needs and retitling the tariff to those needs. It will not be content with demands. The country needs and the country must have an intelligent and comprehensive tariff readjustment. To achieve this the friends of revision must keep alert.—Chicago Evening Post.

Senator Teller's Accusation.

Senator Teller admitted he was in error when he charged President Roosevelt with secretly making additions to national forests after adoption by congress of the measure to prevent further extensions in certain states, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. In a letter to the editor of the Dispatch, Senator Teller is making an undisputed charge against the president two afternoon papers in this city made the charge more binding without a shadow of foundation. One in its editorial and the other in its headlines asserted that Senator Teller had accused the president of "altering the bill" after it had passed congress. There was nothing in the news to give color to such an accusation. Senator Teller said Mr. Roosevelt had added 20,000 acres to the national forests after the bill exempting certain states had passed congress. Mr. Roosevelt did exactly that, as all the reading world might have known, for he announced it openly and stated his reason at the time. Congress had not accepted his challenge to rescind that action by legislation.

In his six years in the White House President Roosevelt has done nothing better than the making of additions to the national forests. The pity is that he has not succeeded from making other additions for the conservation of the timber supply. President Cleveland began this excellent national policy, President McKinley followed the precedent and President Roosevelt has exercised the power in larger measure, with the approval of every right-thinking American who has taken the trouble to inform himself upon this subject. The need for forest protection is most urgent.

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young, the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not do the trick and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"After, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, as on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was due. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we could get. I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drink.

There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Brand "The Road to Well-being" is pkg.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A KENTUCKY CASE.

That Will Interest All Suffering Women.



Mrs. Della Meanes, 328 E. Front St., Mayville, Ky., says: "Seven years ago I began to notice sharp pain in the hips, dull headaches and dizzy spells. Dropsy appeared, and my feet and ankles swelled so I could not get my shoes on. I was in misery, and had despaired of ever getting cured when I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills. One box helped me so much that I kept on until entirely cured."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

EXPANSIVE RECEPTION.



"Dear me! what an awful toothache you must have!"

Kid (thickly): "Toothache nuthin'! I ain't got no pockets in dis suit of clothes, an' have to carry my baseball in me mouth!"

Too Much for Him.

The visitor to the home of a well-known Hoosier author found his three youngsters romping in the hallway.

"What are you playing, boys?" he inquired.

"We are playing pirates," elucidated the smallest.

"Firstest? Why, how can you play pirates in this house?"

"Oh, we don't need any sea. We are literary pirates like ya."

And five minutes later a chorus of yells from behind the barn told that the hand that wields the pen can also wield the shingle.

Self-Denial.

Margie is six years old and her family are Presbyterians. Some of Margie's little friends are Episcopalian, and Margie was much impressed with the latter sacraments. On Ash Wednesday she announced that she would eat no candy for 40 days. A few hours later she had Margie with a large peppermint and said: "Why, Margie, said her friend, 'I thought you had given up candy for Lent.'"

"I did mean to," admitted Margie, "but I've changed my mind. I'm giving up profane language."—Montreal Herald.

Triumph of Mind.

Victim of Delusion—Doctor, I'm awfully afraid I'm going to have brain fever.

Doctor—Poo, poo, my dear friend! There's nothing in the matter of the senses. There is no such thing as fever. You have no fever, you have no brain—no material substance upon which you could doubtless hesitate before giving any base of operation.

Victim—Oh, doctor, what a load you have taken from my mind. I—I have a mind, haven't I, doctor?

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young, the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not do the trick and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"After, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, as on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was due. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we could get. I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drink.

There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Brand "The Road to Well-being" is pkg.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.