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The primary over, debate may now be resumed on the length of the short skirt.

Will the introduction of "tanks" in the war also be laid at the door of the saloon interests?

Wonder if the Colonel was thinking about what Wilson will do in November when he wrote "The Winning of the West?"

The New Plaza Plan.

The new plan for ridding Atlanta of its railway gorge is as simple as it is great. At first glance it seems amazingly daring, but closely regarded it appears a model of common sense. To carry it out will cost six and a half million dollars, but to neglect the problems it can solve will cost hundreds of millions in years to come. It offers benefits incalculable to all the interests concerned—the property owners, the railroads, the City and the State; and, duly supported by these interests, it can be pressed to a splendid consummation.

This plan provides for two far-reaching and closely related improvements: it would do away with the grimy chasm that gashes the city's heart, and it would readjust the freight and passenger terminals on a permanently efficient basis. The chasm would be filled in and converted into a spacious thoroughfare and park. The Union station and the Terminal station, both of which are inadequate—the former distressingly so—would be superceded by one central station to be built on the present site of the Western and Atlantic roundhouse. Tunnels would be built from Central avenue to the new station to accommodate through freight and passenger trains; and west of the station, freight terminals would be provided for the Central, the Seaboard and the Western and Atlantic railroads. Thus the city would be relieved of its greatest eyesore and impediment; the railroads would be given facilities vastly superior to those they now have; and the value of the State's railway property would be enhanced beyond reckoning.

The fact that this plan, of which we have given the merest outline, was worked out by the engineering firm of Ba.clay, Parsons and Klapp, of New York, is noteworthy, for it was this firm that organized the railroad terminals of London and Chicago, that planned the New York subways and the famous Union passenger station of Washington, D. C. Through the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, the same talent and skill that designed those masterpieces of civic improvement were engaged to study Atlanta's peculiar problem and to find the solution best suited to all the interests involved. The result is a feasible, far-sighted plan that will work equally to the advantage of the city, the railroads and the State.

In a recent interview in The Journal, Mayor-Elect Candler cogently summed up the broad potentialities of this project:

"The engineering feat," he said, "will be simple. "There will be no great difficulties in filling the gulch through the center of the city and combining the passenger terminals into one.

"The plan can be financed readily; for, though the plaza would cost $6,500,000 and an issue of bonds to that amount would be necessary, there would be little burden to the city. I say this because the interest and sinking fund on the bonds would be paid largely by the rental of the new passenger station, and what was lacking from that source would be supplied by the increased value of the property abutting on the plaza.

"The most difficult part of the entire plan will be negotiations with various people and interests affected by the building of the plaza. But railroads, owners of abutting property, and the State will all benefit, and there seems no insurmountable difficulty in the way of satisfying everyone.

"Neither you nor I can dare guess at the millions of dollars this plaza would add to the wealth of Atlanta. It would be the greatest undertaking in the city's history.

"Objections, of course, will be raised, as objections were raised when the Whitehall street viaduct was proposed, and, later, the Washington street viaduct. But the project will be assured as soon as the majority understand its simplicity and its greatness. Our task now is to explain how practical it is, and what a great effect it will have on the city's growth.

"Under present conditions the heart of Atlanta is full of smoke, and we are a city divided into two parts. But the plaza would turn this black chasm into a beautiful park, and render the city a harmonious whole."

Six and a half million dollars invested in these improvements now will save forty or fifty times that amount in the years ahead. Soon or late Atlanta's awkward and inadequate terminals must be reorgnized in order that the city may develop, in order that railroads may meet their expanding needs and in order that the value of the State's Western and Atlantic property may be preserved and increased. The longer these improvements are deferred the more costly they will be. By delaying similar problems, London, New York, Chicago and other cities have been compelled to take revolutionary measures and to spend fabulous sums of money. It behooves Atlanta and all related interests to act in prompt co-operation while the task is comparatively simple and inexpensive.

What has become of the old-fashioned war jingo?

The melancholy days are here, but no tears are streaking the faces of the coal dealers.

The harder the hammer falls, the louder the anvil rings. Mr. Hughes should bear this in mind.

The South's Industrial Growth.

The growth of American manufacturers is strikingly shown by a recent bulletin of the federal census bureau comparing conditions in 1914 and 1909. The figures refer only to establishments conducted under the factory system, hand crafts, building trades and neighoborhood industries are excluded.

The capital investment in 1914 amounted to $22,790,880,000, an increase of $4,362,610,000, or 23.7 per cent over 1909.

The cost of the materials used was $14,368,089,000 in 1914, as against $12,142,791,000 in 1909—an increase of 18.3 per cent.

The value of the products in 1914 amounted to $24,246,323,000 as against $20,672,052,000 in 1909, a gain of 17.3 per cent.

The value added to the materials by manufacture was $9,878,000 in 1914 and $8,529,261,000 in 1909, a gain of more than $1,348,000,000, or 15.8.

This last item is particularly interesting to the South whose raw materials are shipped in vast quantities to other sections to be made into finished products. If the South is to hold its wealth and to make the most of its natural resources it must aim constantly to sell finished products rather than raw materials.

That there has been a wonderful improvement in this respect, official reports abundantly attest. Between the years 1880 and 1909 the capital invested in Southern manufactures increased nine hundred per cent and the value of their output four hundred and seven per cent. Seventy per cent of the cotton spindles installed in the United States since 1890 are in Southern mills, and two Southern States now manufacture more cotton than they raise. Of the two hundred and sixty-two important lines of manufacture enumerated by the census report, two hundred and thirty-six are conducted in the South.

This is indeed a significant and encouraging record. But the South's industrial opportunities are as yet barely touched. This section contains more than fifty per cent of the country's total iron resources, but it produces only about twelve and a half per cent of the pig iron made in the United States. Commenting on this fact, a distinguished chemist says:

> "Here we have a fundamental difficulty which confronts the South. A ton of iron ore shipped as ore returns only two dollars and provides less than one day's work for one man. If shipped as stoves, it returns forty dollars and has provided a day's work for ten men. The South has been selling raw materials. It should sell brain values and labor values. It has ben too content with shipping crude materials and primary products and too ready to accept from other sections the things which it might better produce at home."

Fortunately, no one recognizes this truth more clearly than do Southern leaders themselves. One of the chief aims of our chambers of commerce and boards of trade and other representative agencies is to develop new industrial enterprises and to strengthen those already etablished. The Atlanta Chamber of Commerce is now engaged in sundry efforts of the kind, notably a project to make available for manufacturing use the dydro-electric power potential in the Chattahoochee river.

The South is becoming more and more independent in agriculture by raising more food supplies; and with the same spirit of thrift and progress, it is approaching a new era of industrial creativeness. It still has far to go before it utilizes its opportunities to the full, but it is moving steadily and vigorously forward.

The melancholy days are largely a state of health and success.

Mexican dispatches will never cease to surprise. Reports of the latest battle failed to include Villa in the list of dead.

Travelette

BY NIKSAK

KILAUEA.

When the Hawaiian Islands decided to become a part of the United States, we acquired, besides our first royal family and our most beautiful and exotic tropic garden spot, the largest active and up-to-date volcano in the world. Kilauea has not been advertised like Vesuvius and Pelee, by virtue of recent destructive eruptions, nor like Popocatepetl, by a jewel of a name that would have made the fortune of anybody perspicacious to apply it to a new brand of chewing gum. Retiring by disposition, of recent years at least, and attending to business in a good-natured way, with only a few minor eruptions to show that he is still on the job, Kilauea needs advertising.

His advantages as a volcano are many. He does not perch up at the top of an inaccessible cone, like less considerate volcanoes. He can be reached by nervous ladies in an automobile with ease and safety. He lies in a country that revels in the luxuriant vegetation of half a dozen Italian gardens. He is the ideal tourists' volcano—and his crater is nine miles across, the greatest on earth.

It lies before you, a flat, lifeless plain, in great smooth sweeps of lava run out and melted in long, graceful lines that are a delight to the eye. Here and there a fissure smokes reflectively, just to remind you that beneath the crust are depths unthinkable and temperatures unimaginable. The wary tourist creeps to the edge of such a fissure and toasts bits of paper on the edge of a stick by the heat of the fires of Hades. It is a characteristic sight. On the day of judgment some tourist will snapshot the Angel Gabriel.

Where the crust breaks off in a pit and shows the living fire beneath the United States government has erected a station for the study of volcanoes. Scientists peer into the giant lipless throat and make observations and take temperatures. Below, the fires gleam golden under the rolling smoke, and Kilauea stares sardonically upward at the station that is investigating him. Some day he will roll lazily upward and investigate the station.

When the Pipe Was Going Good

(Augusta Chronicle.)

The Chronicle had thought it was through with any further comment on the late lamented gubernatorial campaign in Georgia, but the following from a double-barreled editorial in yesterday's Atlanta Constitution—glibly entitled, "In Two States: A Strong Coincidence"—compels us to take our pen in hand once more. Read it, ye good people of Georgia and South Carolina—and weep:

"Strikingly significant is the result of the primaries for governor in the two sister states—Georgia and South Carolina—on Tuesday.

"In both the same principle was victorious—the indorsement of law and order—the approval of the principle of non-interference with the decrees of the courts unless such interference is based upon newly discovered evidence that warrants executive clemency.

"Both South Carolina and Georgia returned the same verdict on this all-important—more than that—this fundamental issue, for it is an issue that strikes at the very hearthstones of the people. * * *

"So, after all, as the proverb has it, human nature is much the same the world over, take it where you will. A rule, a principle, a law, set up, established, enacted, are set apart in the public mind as things to be respected, adhered to, obeyed—as Georgians did in the case of Dorsey; and as South Carolina did in repudiating Blease.

"Once in a while, very seldom, the people may get off the track; but they always get back to it, and they stick and run there.

"It was a remarkable coincidence, the case of Georgia and South Carolina on Tuesday—and it wouldn't come amiss for some of our politicians, present and future, to 'paste it in their hats.'"

Can you beat it? The triumph of Manning over "Bleaseism" in South Carolina, and the triumph of "Watsonism" in Georgia over Governor Harris and the conservative forces of the state meant the same thing.

And it was written the day after the election, too; after everybody's head was cooler, and we had, all, had an opportunity to reason out the whys and wherefores of the so-called "Dorsey victory"—with "Watsonism" and the Leo Frank case smeared all over it.

In South Carolina, the Blease support came from exactly the same class of people who furnished the bulk—not all—of the Dorsey support in Georgia. Everybody knows this to be a fact. Denying it doesn't even fool yourself.

But the esteemed Atlanta Constitution—in one of the few, if not the first, editorials that it has carried on the Dorsey campaign—goes into "reverse gear" and tries to back up the road, instead of steering straight ahead.

We could scarcely believe it when we read it; but there it is above—read it for yourself.

And if you don't say that it is the all-firedest, nerviest, double-back-action somersault; the most daring, devil-may-care political loop-the-loop—defying all the laws of gravity, equilibrium and common sense—then we will hang a picture of Coley Blease and "Uncle Nat" Harris, in the same frame, over our desk and salute it every morning with—"Bad luck to you both; for our friend, Clark Howell, says you are off the same bolt."

The Scots in France

What horns are they I hear, mither,
Sae bonny and sae clear,
That sometime seem sae far awa'
And sometimes seem sae near?
Oh, are they horns o' fairyland,
That blaw within the hill,
Or only horns o' hunting men
That all the darkness fill?

Oh, hush! my dear! those horns you hear
In France blow for the fight,
Where Scot and Southron bayonets gleam
Above the ranks o' right.

What pipes are they that birl, mither,
Adoun the dark'ning glen?
And with them clear I seem to hear
The feet o' marching men.
The pibroch sounds above the burn
With music loud and sweet;
I fain would know the way to go
The Clansmen bra' to meet!

Oh, hush! my dear! those pipes you hear
Are birling far away,
Where, underneath the skies o' France,
The Scottish pipers play.

What bells are they that toll, mither,
Sae solemn and sae slow?
They seem to beat within my brain,
My heart is sair with woe.
Oh, are they bells o' any kirk,
Or rung by mortal hand?
They seem to bear a message drear
Across the sleeping land.

Oh, hush, my child, my orphaned child!
Those bells toll for us twain.
Oh! far away my Clansman gay
This night sleeps wi' the slain!

—Dysart McMullen in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Quips and Quiddities

A certain distinguished professor of medicine asked one of his students in class one day how much of a certain medicine should be administered to the sufferer.

"A tablespoonful," answered the young man.

In about a minute, however, he raised his hand and said, "Professor, I would like to change my answer to that question."

The doctor took out his watch. "My young friend," he remarked, "your patient has been dead forty seconds."

* * *

"How's the grub here?" a new boarder asked genially, rubbing his hands, at the dinner table of a seaside boarding house.

"Well, friend, we have chicken every morning," an old boarder grunted.

"Chicken every morning!" The new boarder positively beamed. "Chicken every morning! And how is it served?"

"In the shell," grunted the old boarder.

DON'T STAGNATE

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

EVERY human life should be like a river.

The river begins as a tiny brook, creeping its way through the long grass, or through the dark, obscure forest, to an unknown goal.

As it flows it gains in strength and speed. It comes into more open country, rejoices in the sunlight, darts merrily down a small incline, sings over the pebbly gravel.

A little later, still growing, it becomes robust and strenuous. It dashes recklessly and triumphantly against obstacles. It throws itself headlong from rocky steeps. It brushes aside everything that would hem in and restrain it.

Then, broadening, it quiets down. It allows its strength to be turned to useful purposes. It no longer flings in and out, impatient at the least delay.

Nearing its goal, it grows ever more placid. The speed with which it coursed when it was a mountain stream is its no longer. But it still flows.

This, I say, is a picture of every human life as it should be. Alas, there are many human lives it does not at all resemble.

The brooks of these lives do not gain in strength and power. They do not run a profitable course. They do not excite admiration as they flow, ever flow, to their merging with the green sea.

No. Somehow they get lost en route. They run into miasmatic places. They lose their ability to progress. They meet an untimely, inglorious end in some noisome swamp, where they stagnate.

Brother, how is it with your own life? Are you flowing onward, or are you stagnating?

The brooks have no choice. Forces external to them determine whether they shall grow into splendid rivers or perish in stagnant ponds.

It is different with you.

External powers, to be sure, do have a part in the shaping of your destiny. But it is not an all decisive part.

The arbiter of your fate is always you. So long as a vestige of willpower remains with you, it is possible for you to prevent yourself from stagnating—nay, to escape from stagnation if you have fallen into it.

It is essential, of course, for you to recognize when you are stagnating. And this is something that many men fail to do.

It is not merely the wicked man, the dissipated man or the idler who falls a victim to stagnation. There are good men and industrious men who stagnate without knowing it.

To state the truth in a few words, every man stagnates who ceases to make any real effort to grow in knowledge, skill and productivity that shall be of benefit to himself and to the world.

This is true of all vocations in life. Whatever a man's business, constant self-improvement is possible to him. And if he stops striving for self-improvement he stagnates.

Many men show that they are stagnating by their failure to make headway in the vocation they have chosen. They allow themselves to be satisfied with what they have attained. They deceive themselves into thinking that they have done well enough, and certainly have gone as far as they can.

This is a mistake. They can always go further, if only they will try. And they must try if they would life as God meant them to live.

The same with men who have climbed to the very pinnacle of business success. They, too, stagnate if they do not continue striving for self-improvement.

What, then, is the test? How is a man to know whether he is stagnating or not?

By self-examination, candid and thoughtful. You can tell, I can tell, any man can tell if he will be honest with himself.

And honest self-examination on this point ought to be frequent. For it is easy, so easy, to slip into habits, to acquire points of view, that mean stagnation.

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THE SPELL OF THE PAST

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

THE monarch swung down the avenue, riding his high-stepping horse, between the crowded rows of cheering people, with drums, flags, and loud fanfare; and suddenly it came to him how many times aforetime kings had ridden thus, and now they were still, soft dust; and he grew sick at the thought and went home to his bed and turned his face to the wall and died.

The poet wove verses to his maiden, turning his desire into all manner of curious, jeweled metaphor; and he opened a book at his elbow and read the Greek anthology of a thousand years, and saw that all his delicate fancies had been done before by Meleager and Sappho Melanippides, Simonides, Alcaeus and Pamphilius; and he remembered also that the same nothings had been written by the bards of old Italy, Germany, France, and England, and by singers and lovers in Arabia, Persia, China, and where not? So he ceased from writing, and ate and drank until he was sleepy.

The beauty smiled at her freshness in the mirror, and was proud of her round breasts and long hair and all her goodly charms; but the thought of Cleopatra came to her, and of Blanchefleur and Helen, and of the many, many enchantresses of men who once enkindled ardor and now were gone back to earth and air, silent and impotent forever; and her heart sank, and she covered her body with coarse clothes and betook herself to a nunnery, there to end her days.

The epicure ate rare viands and drank the choicest of wines at the feast, and knew how to draw out the lingering taste of things, and to appreciate the nicest shades of flavor and aroma, until there came to his mind the vision of the millions upon millions of men and animals, feeding, biting, chewing, gulping, since the world began; and repletion irked him above hunger.

The lover sighed and held her palm and looked wordless rapture into her eyes and spoke wild things to her heart, until he recalled the innumerable lovers who had, since life appeared on the planet, done likewise, not to mention mating birds and beasts; and all the unending epithalamium of passion seemed to rise from the past, and the thought of it was like the sickly sweet of chloroform to him, and he turned away in digust and left the maid wondering.

The drunkard stopped his cups when he remembered how infinitely often this experiment in forgetfulness had been tried; the artist's hand fell limp, for the cloud of ghosts of them that had lived and strived in art rose before him like an exhalation; the saint paused in his prayers, remembering the petitions, thick as the rain or the sea sands, that in the long years had assailed heaven.

All were choked by the past, asphyxiated by the gases of corrupting yesterdays, strangled by ghost hands of gone years; and they cried:

> We stagger under the enormous weight
> Of all the heavy ages piled on us.

And they rebelled at history, and complained against the weight of experience, and longed for the youth of the world, when all was fresh, untried and full of wonder; and they cried again:

> O antique fables! beautiful and bright,
> And joyous with the joyous youth of yore;
> O antique fables! for a litle light
> Of that which shineth in you evermore!
> To cleanse the dimness from our weary eyes,
> And bathe our old world in a new surprise
> Of golden dawn entrancing sea and shore.

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RAISING VENISON

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—There is a man in the Adirondacks who owns a farm consisting of 700 acres of wild mountain land. The soil is shallow and rocky and the land is covered with brush and timber. It probably would not sell for more than $5 an acre. It is impossible to raise crops upon it, and it would support only a few head of cattle or sheep. Yet this man is making a living off his land. He expects to make a great deal more in the next few years, and that without introducing any improvements.

This man is raising venison for the market. His stock consists of 150 ordinary Virginia, or white tail deer. He has a standing order from a hotel for two deer a week, and he sells the meat for 27 cents a pound, while the horn and hide are worth something more. Although this land would not support any other kind of live stock in numbers except, possibly, goats, this farmer estimates that he can increase his deer herd to the number of 500 without causing any scarcity of food; for deer eat twigs, leaves and weeds as well as grass. Their only rival in the matter of omnivorous appetite is the goat, and he is not worth a tenth as much.

In the opinion of scientists in the United States biological survey, and of the men who have already gone into deer farming, the native Virginia deer is to be one of the most important domestic animals of the future, and big money is to be made in raising venison for the market because of the low value of the land upon which it may be produced. Persons who advocate the raising of the Angora goat in this country estimate that there are 250,000,000 acres of land in the United States which would support goats, and are fit for practically nothing else. A large part of this immense tract would also support deer. The Adirondacks, the whole Alleghany chain from Pennsylvania to Georgia, the Ozarks, the coastal wilderness of the Carolinas and the pine barrens of Florida are all potential deer range, capable of producing many pounds of venison to the square mile, which are now yielding practically nothing in the way of food. In the mountain regions mentioned a few scrub cattle and razor-back hogs, both of which have to be fed in winter, are the only live stock the land supports, while most of it is wholly unfit for farming.

Learned economists have often wrangled as to whether man should add to the number of animals that he has domesticated, some of them claiming that he has already as many as he needs, while others say that he should extend his sovereignty over animate nature as rapidly as possible because the exhaustion of the supply of petroleum is going to make animal power and animal products immensely more valuable in the future.

Whichever side may be right, the value to the United States of domesticating the native American deer and making our great tracts of wilderness produce a meat supply is obvious. It will be one more method of pulling down the soaring beefsteak. Perhaps equally important, it will provide the means of restocking wild lands with wild deer, thus saving to future generations the sport of deer hunting, which is one of the manliest in the world, and has trained American riflemen since colonial days

In addition to the meat and sport which the propagation of deer will provide, the hide, commonly known as buckskin, is a fine, durable leather, which has many uses. In some European countries a pair of deerskin breeches are handed down from father to son for several generations, while the toughness of the buckskin clothing of our pioneer forefathers is a matter of record. Shoes have doubled in price during a comparatively few years. A large supply of a new kind of leather would have a good effect on the market.

Furthermore, deer improve forest land by eating out the weeds and low brush, while they seldom, if ever, kill the trees, eating only the leaves and smallest twigs. Although, for the best results, an effort should be made to tame them, they may be turned loose in a large enclosure where there is suitable pasture and running water, and allowed to shift for themselves.

Thus deer farming seems to be a proposition almost too good to be true. Its possibilities are exceeded only by those of the well-known Texas cat and rat farm, where the rats are fed to the cats, and the bodies of the cats were fed to the rats, leaving the catskins clear profit.

But there is a joker in the deer farming business. In many of the states the laws provide that game may not be shipped or sold, and no exception is made in the case of game which has been domesticated. New York state is an exception to this rule. There game which has been raised in enclosures may be killed and sold by the owner, but he must accompany each shipment with a certificate showing where and how the game was produced. Some other states make concessions in favor of the game propagator. Arkansas has a law much like that of New York; in Colorado the owner may sell his deer, but must pay a fee for each sale; in Illinois deer raised in captivity may be bought and sold just like cattle; in Indiana the owner of a deer park is exempt from game laws, and much the same is true of Massachusetts; Minnesota requires a nominal fee for each animal kept, and a permit must be taken out for each sale, and Missouri allows sale by certificate like New York. In most of the other states deer farming for profit would now be impossible because of the legal restrictions. The growing importance of game farming is being generally recognized, however, and the need for exempting the propagator from the operation of game laws should be brought to the attention of all state legislatures.

The Virginia deer, although the best species for propagation throughout the United States, and the easiest one of which to obtain stock, is by no means the only member of the deer family which may be profitably raised. There are a number of European varieties which have been raised in deer parks for centuries and which thrive in this country, while one of the finest stags in the world is the American elk, or wapiti. This animal weighs as much as a thousand pounds, and has meat of a fine quality. It thrives and breeds over a great part of the United States, and even in the small paddocks of the zoological gardens in multiplies so fast that the herds have to be reduced by sales. This animal might be raised almost anywhere in the eastern mountain regions. Unless a very large tract is available, the smaller deer would probably prove more suitable, for the elk is very destructive of forage, breaking down limbs and small trees. Where there is a large range, however, this great western stag would be an excellent animal for propagation. Stock may be purchased at from $50 to $100 a head. Elk are not good jumpers and do not require as high a fence as deer, five feet of woven wire being enough to keep them in an enclosure. During the rutting season the bulls are dangerous and combative. Some western ranchmen assert that a few elk in a sheep or cattle pasture are a sure protection against dogs, wolves and coyotes.

That deer farming is a business of great possibilities there can be no doubt; but no one should go into it without the fullest information. First obtain the opinion of some naturalist as to the suitability of your range, and then see what your state laws are. If both are favorable, you may be reasonably sure of success.

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A Spy's Camera

A novel camera which has been in use in Germany for some months has been found upon a recently captured spy. In consists of a disc worn under the spy's clothing about six inches in size. It is a small camera of a new type and contains a universally focused film which resembles a button projecting from a man's vest. The shutter of the film is operated by a string, which is extended so that it can be operated from a convenient pocket. Each plate is placed at an angle of sixty degrees, so that six pictures can be taken without refilling the camera. The size of the pictures is about one and a half inches, but most of them are clear and capable of enlargement.