

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

What Young Men Are Thinking About.

WHAT the young men of to-day are thinking about is indicated in an interesting manner by the statistics of this year's graduating class at Harvard. Law still leads the list of intended occupations, 117 of the young men having chosen it, but every year business claims a growing number of votaries, and this year 84 give themselves to it. Next comes teaching, with 76 disciples, though it is suggested that quite possibly some of these will follow this occupation only temporarily. Then comes civil engineering, with 32 aspirants. Banking claims 28; post-graduate courses, 24; medicine, 18; mining, 18; electrical engineering, 13; architecture, 12; railroad, 12; journalism, 11; the ministry, 8; cotton and woolen manufacturing, 5; chemistry, 4; real estate, 3; diplomatic service, 3; art, 1; musical composition, 1; illustrating newspapers, 1. There are 73 who are yet undecided as to their occupation. No doubt some of these belong to our rapidly growing leisure class and will never have an occupation. The notable feature of this classification seems to be the Boston Herald to be the comparatively small number choosing the ministry and medicine. Time was when these two professions stood near the top. But now they are near the bottom. And it is also observable that art and musical composition are away below par, also. It seems to Americans "a great pity" that any healthy young man should deliberately sit down to write music. We doubt if, to most of us, it would be any different if we were positively assured that he would compose as well as Beethoven. We should shake our heads all the same and sigh, "He looks so strong, too. Our average ideal is a Casatt rather than a Beethoven. As for theology and medicine, both are painfully and heroically altruistic. And it is plain that what interests the vast majority of us is not so much in looking out for others as in looking out for ourselves. We are aiming in this direction as nations, and aiming in it as individuals. We are concerned only in pointing out the fact, leaving to others the responsibility of elucidating the moral.—Pittsburg Press.

The Lessons of Russia's Experience.

THE Japanese have appropriated European science, European methods, and European organization, and they have shown a skill and intelligence in the appropriation which is a marvel to all careful observers. It is to be doubted whether any European nation could have conducted its naval and military operations with as great skill and as great success as Japan has done in this war. . . . It is to be hoped that our people are carefully following the operations of the Japanese, and will take to heart the lessons that are being offered to them. In the Crimean War we blundered, if possible worse than we blundered the other day in South Africa; but we refused to take to heart the lessons of our blunders, hugging ourselves in the hope that somehow or other we should muddle through. France was equally unprepared in 1870. Unfortunately for her, she had a more formidable army to deal with than we had either in the Crimea or in South Africa, and she suffered accordingly. Now Russia is committing the blunders we have committed so often, and Russia is suffering in her turn. It is possible that the people of this country will refuse to take to heart all these lessons, and will go on in the bad old way until they come into conflict some day with an enemy who will not be dealt with so easily as the Russians in the Crimea or the Boers in the Transvaal? If we do not learn from the mistakes of the Russians, and the splendid efficiency of the Japanese, we shall some day suffer disaster.—The London Statist.

The Man with the Diploma.

THE young man steps down from the platform with his diploma in his hand, proud of his scholastic achievements, a little flushed by the applause of his classmates and friends and vibrant with the emotion caused by the presence of the one girl, or the possession of a note or a gift or a bouquet. The world looks inviting as a field of endeavor. Proportions are somewhat distorted, and the young man feels larger toward the rest of humanity than perhaps he ever has before or ever will again.

Later will come disillusionment, a readjusted sense of

proportion, a sharp awakening to the fact that college-gained knowledge is not all that is needed in the fight. In the shops, in the stores, in the offices, everywhere that men are active in the process of making money, the question is always asked, "What can you do?" not, "What do you know?" Mere information dwindles when measured with experience. But the young man who has absorbed much information, if of the right sort, is certain the more quickly to gain experience. And the great test of his quality comes when he discovers that his book lore is not an end, but a means.

The college graduate who lacks adaptability, who does not know how to apply his academic acquirements to the concrete affairs of life, who fails to see that his Latin or his mathematics or his history or his scientific studies have served their best purposes—if he be not a specialist—when they have sharpened his wits, strengthened his memory, broadened his view, mellowed his judgment and trained his mind, is headed for failure. He may find a niche as teacher, wherein he can exercise his acquired knowledge as an asset in the business of making a living. But the chances are few and the rewards of that calling not alluring. The voice of business calls to most of the young men who are just now stepping down with diplomas in their hands. In that direction lie the larger rewards, the surer success, with the fewer sacrifices.

The world has only pity for the graduate, who thinks he can open the oyster with his diploma, but it applauds the man who puts his certificate carefully away and then rolls up his sleeves to tackle the first job that comes to his hands, determined to do it better than it was ever done before.—Washington Star.

Panics.

PANIC, inspired by ungovernable fright, is an ever present element in a great disaster like that of the General Slocum. It is impossible to eliminate this source of calamity. Especially where large numbers of women and children are involved is panic witnessed in its most dismal consequences. Had the vessel had adequate provision for the safe removal of every soul inside of fifteen minutes, there would still doubtless have been an appalling loss of life, due to no other reason than that strange dehumanizing effect which the sudden appearance of an impending calamity exercises on the human mind. It is difficult to estimate how large a part of the casualties were due to the stampede and crush which tore away portions of the railing and deck, thus precipitating large numbers into the water without even the chance to try to obtain life preservers. It is safe to say that several hundred who might otherwise have lived perished as a direct result of the panic.

Had every person on board remained in the full possession of his senses the loss of life would have been far less. For the loss thus occasioned nobody can be held accountable. Nor against the repetition of such losses can the most stringent precaution of the future prevail. Whenever people congregate in large numbers they will place themselves liable to panic.

Given a crowd, especially of women and children, a sudden desperate fear, especially fire panic, and a panic is inevitable.—Chicago Tribune.

The Quiet Man.

EVEN this unquestioned domesticity may not be so comprehensive a virtue. To support some one besides himself in decency and honor is not all that a man should strive to do, though it is much. He should feel the obligation to bring gaiety into the lives of those whom he loves.

It is possible for some men by sheer earning power to provide their families with opportunities for travel and amusement and adventure. But the earning power of the majority is limited in these matters; and all the more is it necessary then, for the man to bring variety and a cheerful activity and liveliness into his house. The fact that the routine of the day has been dull does not excuse him for being glum and silent at his evening meal. And too much of the quietness in the world is but the habit of a listless and brooding selfishness. It would be wanton to make these exposures and not offer a remedy. Here is a suggestion for the quiet man: "Learn to make a noise."—Atlantic Monthly.

When the baskets are full the top is also securely covered with bark, as a protection from the winter storms. When the acorns are wanted for use a small hole is made at the bottom of the chuck-ah, and they are taken out as required.

The acorns are bitter, and are not eaten in their natural condition, but have to be elaborately prepared and cooked to make them palatable. First the hull is cracked and removed and the kernel pounded or ground to a fine meal. In the Yosemite Valley this was done by grinding with stone pestles in stone mortars, worn by long usage, in large flat-top granite rocks, one of which was near every Indian camp. Lower down in the foot-hills, where there are no suitable large rocks for these permanent mortars, the Indians used single portable stone mortars for this purpose.

After the acorns are ground to a fine meal the next process is to take out the bitter tannin principle. This is done in the following manner: The Indians make large, shallow basins in clean-washed sand, in which are laid a few flat, fan-like ends of fir branches. A fire is then made near by, and small stones are heated, with which water is warmed. This is mixed with the acorn meal until the mass has the consistency of thin gruel. This mixture is poured into the sand basins, and as the water runs out it takes with

it the bitter quality. The water is renewed until all the bitter taste is washed out from the meal.

Then the meal is put into cooking baskets, thinned down with hot water to the desired condition, and cooked by means of hot stones, which are held in it by two sticks for tongs. While the mush is cooking it is stirred with a stick made of a tough oak sprout doubled so as to form a round, open loop at one end.

When the dough is well cooked it is either left in the baskets or is scooped out in rolls and put into cold water to cool and harden.

Sometimes the thick paste is made into cakes and baked on hot rocks. One of these cakes, when rolled in paper, will in a short time saturate the paper with oil.

This acorn food is probably as nutritious as that made from any of the cereals.

Has a Level Head.

"That architect is making a big hit with his new scheme for suburban residence."

"What's the game?"

"To every man who gives him a contract for the building of a suburban residence he guarantees a constant supply of servant girls for ten years' time."—Philadelphia Press.

Before we die, we would like to see something done on this.

OLD FAVORITES

Yankee Doodle.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Good'n,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Chorus:

Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy—
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day
Would keep a house in winter;
They have so much that I'll be bound
They eat it when their're mind ter.

And there I see a swamin' gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
To call the folks together.

And there was Cap'n Washington
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him in his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion
A givin' orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

The flaming ribbons in his hat
They looked too 'tarnal fine, ah,
I wanted packly to get
To give to my Jemima.

And then they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All wound about their middles.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For lasses to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

I see another snarl of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home
Locked up in mother's chamber.
—Dr. Richard Shuckburgh.

LAD'S TROUT PRESERVE.

Discovery Made by Some Anglers in the White Mountains.

A little party of trout fishermen have been resting here for a few days after an excursion into the northern part of Maine. They had intended to try their favorite fly at its native place, Parmachenee Lake, and they were tired out, though not from landing fish. The fine trout served for breakfast at one of the hotels excited their curiosity not a little.

"Caught right here, gentlemen, brought in just about alive by a slip of a boy no taller than that," was the reply their questioning brought.

A careful watch was set and the lad was captured as he came to the kitchen door with a tin pail full of handsome and uniform three-quarter pound fish. Liberal offers of silver induced him to take the men to his stream that evening.

At his suggestion the anglers took their customary tackle with them, though there was not much sense nor any fun about fly-fishing in a two-foot-wide brook in the depths of the alder woods with nine-foot rods. However, by following directions, standing well back from the water, and using very short lines, a few little trout were taken, some of them as much as five inches long.

"That's the way it used to be with me," commented their young guide, "it was a good while before I got into the way to catch the good ones. You hev to kind of work up to it, I guess."

Now, one of the anglers was up to most of the tricks of the trade, and he noted two facts which rather upset his faith in the good intentions of the guide. One was that the boy did no fishing himself and the other was that the fingerlings captured were in general appearance very unlike the crimson beauties furnished to the hotel.

This angler had a private interview with the lad before they parted, and by skillfully dangling a \$5 bill before his eyes managed to exact a promise from him to furnish further information respecting the trout fishery next morning.

Accordingly, last Tuesday, found the old angler and the lad at daybreak in the heart of the woods, a mile or more back from the famous Notch, and a good half mile from the brook. Covered in by rank growing ferns and willow brush was an evidently artificial ditch, fifty yards long and three feet deep

fed by a mountain spring and trickling out through a stoutly piled dam of round stones.

Into this the youngster scattered handfuls of chopped liver and a pickle bottle full of smothered grasshoppers. The water was fairly alive with trout, which were seemingly accustomed to be fed by hand, as they were quite bold in coming to the surface after the hoppers.

Slipping back into the woods for a minute the lad reappeared with a square wire frame. This fitted into the sides of the ditch, between stones set for the purpose.

The young fisherman then stepped into the water a few yards below the screen, and walked up toward it. When about three feet from it he dug a scoop made like a square landing net with wire meshes into the water, and brought it up to the surface, half full of beautiful trout, similar to those sold to the hotels.

The righteous soul of the angler was mightily grieved for the moment, until the guileless lad volunteered the information:

"It was marm and me worked this thing out. It cost \$15 to get the digging done, and then we bought the young fish from a traveling agent two years ago.

"There ain't such an awful lot of money in it as you'd think. Last year all we got was \$45, because the fish was only little. This summer what you're going to give me makes us \$80, and pop says maybe we'll git our .1 per cent out of it.

"Yep, 5 per cent, that's \$150, you know. The whole thing cost us \$30 all right enough. Pop says it's no sort of a 'vestment as don't give 5 per cent."

The lad was no poacher after all. He was simply an active partner in a fish preserving company of original ideas respecting percentages.—New York Sun.

HAVE HIGH OPINION OF JOHN L.

First Person Inquired After in Tokio Was the Ex-Champion.

"When I first went to Tahiti," said a traveler from the south seas, "I landed on one of the remote islands. The first night I went in state to visit the chief. He was a fine old fellow, fully 6 feet 2 inches in height, and a man every ple who had lived on his island for a time. Through an interpreter he asked me all kinds of questions about them—if they were well, if their hair was getting gray, how much money they had, etc. Then conversation languished.

"At length I heard him repeating to the interpreter a word that sounded like 'yoneisulwan.' The interpreter seemed to catch it finally. He said: 'He wants to know how is John L. Sullivan? Is he fighting as hard as ever?'"

"Oh, no," I said truthfully. John L. Sullivan isn't champion any more. He was beaten by a big man from the West, and a man from the big islands beat that man, and another big man from the West beat him."

"When this was told to the chief he looked me all over and said something in a very positive tone.

"He tells me," said the interpreter, "that he doesn't believe you. He thinks you don't like John L. Sullivan."

"Everywhere I went on the islands it was the same story. When they found that I was an American they all asked for John L."

"It appears that the Americans first began to come in numbers to the islands about the time when John L. was supposed to be unbeatable. These Americans introduced the boxing game.

"It was a great hit. Every native wanted to learn. And when the Americans told of their great champion the natives took it all in and made him a tribal tradition."—Detroit Free Press.

A Promising Customer.

The brisk, well-dressed stranger stepped into the corner drug store, and passing by the boy who usually attended to casual customers, approached the proprietor, who, with his back turned, was rearranging some goods on a showcase.

"Mr. Sawyer, I presume," he said, pleasantly, and the druggist turned and bowed gravely.

"I have heard my friend, Senator Brown, speak of you often," said the brisk man. "He told me if ever I needed anything in this line to come to you. He spoke of you as a man on whom one could rely with perfect confidence, who carried only the best of everything, and with whom it was always a pleasure to deal."

"The Senator is very kind," said the druggist, beaming with gratification. "He is one of my best customers. What can I do for you this morning?"

"Well—er—this morning, as it happens," said the stranger, with a shade less of briskness, "this morning I should like, if you will allow me, to consult your directory."

"Certainly," said the druggist. "We also have a fine line of postage stamps, if you ever need anything of that kind."—Youth's Companion.

A child soon learns that its mother has a positive genius for sarcasm when she talks about the kin on its father's side.

ACORN MEAL.

By Indian meal is commonly understood meal made of maize, or Indian corn; but in some parts of the country a more primitive meal was made from acorns. Galen Clark, in his book on the "Indians of the Yosemite," describes in full the food supply of the native tribes. That portion of their rations which may be classed as bread-stuffs consists of acorns, obtained from the black oak, so beautiful and so abundant in the Yosemite Valley.

The acorns are gathered in the fall, when they are ripe, and are preserved for future use in the old-style Indian cache, or storehouse. This consists of a structure which the Indians call a chuck-ah. It is a large receptacle of basket shape, made of long willow sprouts closely woven together.

It is usually about six feet high and three feet in diameter. It is set upon stout posts about three feet high, and supported in position by four longer posts on the outside, reaching to the top and there bound firmly together to keep them from spreading. The outside of the basket is thatched with small pine branches, laid point downward, to shed the rain and snow, and to protect the contents from the depredations of squirrels and woodpeckers.