

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## Better Stay at Home.

**G**ET the Panama idea out of your head. If you have packed your trunk and thrown up your job, unpack it and ask your former employer to take you back. There are a few thousands of young fellows in this country who have an idea that in the construction of the great canal fat jobs will go begging, and that it will be a fine thing to chuck up the \$30 a month place on the farm and draw \$200 every thirty days on the great ditch. Applications for places are reaching the Canal Commission at the rate of 1,000 a day already, in the face of the fact that there are no places at the commission's disposal.

Some time there will be a lot of work, and undoubtedly the rate of pay will be high. But you couldn't stand it. There isn't a more pestiferous hole on the globe than that same canal site. The climate is as different from that of the United States as dark is from daylight. Strange fevers, that slay almost in a night, abound, and disease is to be found everywhere. Undoubtedly, all that can be done to make the surroundings healthful will be done; but even then it is probable that the digging of the canal will be done at the cost of thousands of human lives. The men who work and survive will be largely those who have grown up in hot countries, who are used to killing labor and who are physically stronger than the average American.

If you have any kind of a position that pays you decently and has a future in it, you will be wise to get the Panama idea out of your head. If, when the time comes, you will go, and have a family, in justice to them get your life insured, if any insurance company will take the risk.—Cincinnati Post.

## How Far Is the Traveling Public Responsible?

**T**HE recent Colorado railroad disaster is another startling demonstration of the fallibility of managerial precaution in the operation of railroads. The cloudburst which caused the wreck and resulted in the loss of so many lives was one of those exhibitions of elemental force which not infrequently upset every theory of human foresight and make a mockery of engineering skill. Such accidents can be avoided in only one way, and that is by holding all trains during such terrific storms—and this the public would not tolerate. On the contrary, there is a constant demand for a reduction in running time, for greater speed, for annihilation of distance. By yielding to this pressure railroad managers are in danger of losing sight of the cardinal factor of safety. The American people are afflicted with the mania of rapidity. No railroad train, no trolley car, no automobile, no horse can go fast enough. If a railroad company were to run its trains on a safety schedule it would be boycotted by the traveling public.

How far, then, is the public responsible for railroad accidents that are caused by the lack of proper precautionary measures in the running of fast trains? Accidents, of course, happen which cannot be avoided. Unfortunately too many of them result from the recklessness bred by the devil-may-care impulse of "getting there at any risk." It would seem that we have about reached that point where a reaction must set in. A few more horrors like that in Colorado and the recent one near Chicago Heights, and there will be a revolution of public sentiment which may result in the subordination of speed to safety.—Chicago Journal.

## Teach the Boys to Swim.

**T**HESE are the days when the parents of small boys feel anxious lest their offspring may seek deep water and come to grief. The youngsters are commanded not to go swimming. They are punished if they are caught with wet hair. Sometimes the shrewd mother ties peculiar knots in the fastenings of shoes and clothes and thus detects the outdoor bathing enterprise of the boy. Then comes trouble, and the average boy, having once tasted the

sweets of a dive in a pool, will only await his chance to repeat his adventure. When such disposition is discovered it is far better that the father of so determined a boy, instead of punishing him, take in hand the lad's natatory adventures and escort him personally to the bathing beach, to superintend his swimming. The more the youngster is whipped for his secret swims the more shrewdly he will contrive to hide them. And in his hiding he is likely to seek dangerous places, where he cannot be easily seen. His companions are usually boys of his own age, who cannot help him if he gets into trouble in the water. He should, of course, be kept at home if possible from such places, but when the water-call is heard in midsummer nothing short of bolts and bars can keep the boy swimmer from his plunge. The bathing beach is provided in large part just to offset this danger. It is not all it should be yet, in point of equipment and regulations for its use, but it is nevertheless an excellent institution, where every condition is as near to safety as possible, and where the danger to the youngster who goes swimming alone is reduced to a minimum. The boy who is taught by his father to swim is a happier lad than he who has to sneak away with other boys and learn in some muddy hole in the creek or some dirty wharf basin. Every boy should be taught to swim as soon as he has the strength to maintain himself in the water. It is an invaluable accomplishment, which at any time may save a life.—Washington Star.

## Where Is the Russian Army?

**W**HERE is the enormous Russian army which the advance notices of the war said would be in Manchuria by this time? What has become of that mighty host, as numerous as that which followed Xerxes? Before hostilities began the estimate was that the Czar had 200,000 troops in the Far East. At home, with the colors and in reserve, were several millions ready for transport. Nearly five months have elapsed. Does the Manchurian army manifest the phenomena of preponderous bigness?

On the contrary, the excuse of every Russian commander who has yielded his line has been the presence of the enemy in greater numerical superiority. At the Yalu, Nanshan Hill, Teiissu, in fact, everywhere contact has occurred, the Russian story of a few against many—an encompassing Japanese tide at once sweeping over the front and lapping the flanks. Even Kuropatkin has joined the chorus, thus confessing weakness, and as a justification for the withdrawal, not merely of a detached force or an advance guard, but of his main army, says the Japanese possess the vis major.

Yet the most liberal estimate does not place the Mikado's soldiers in Manchuria at more than 200,000. An army in defense, according to accepted modern military canons, ought to be able to hold twice its number in check. Did not Lee stay Grant from Richmond with a force less than half that of his adversary? Were not the Boers able to arrest the progress of an army many times larger than their own? Kuropatkin's dispositions, unless Russian incapacity is colossal, suggest a commander who believes his enemy exceeds him. Where, then, is the Russian army?—New York Globe.

## Big Expositions Played Out.

**T**HE plain truth is that the country has had a surfeit of expositions, and that there is not the popular interest in this one, great as it undoubtedly is, which its projectors anticipated. It is useless to say that the people ought to be interested; that it is a patriotic duty to lend support to such an enterprise. Perhaps that is the idea that Secretary Shaw has in mind when he complains that the management has not made sufficient use of the newspapers. It is of no use to talk of that. If the people do not want to go to St. Louis, they will stay away. In the autumn, when St. Louis is cooler, the attendance will doubtless be larger. But there is little reason to hope that it will be large enough to make the enterprise financially successful.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

## A REMARKABLE WATCH.

### Curious Relic Once Belonged to Queen Mary of Scotland.

The descendants of Mary Setoun, one of the four maids of honor to Mary Queen of Scotland, have in their possession a curious watch, which was given by that queen to her favorite. The watch, which is in the shape of a miniature skull, is about two inches and a half in diameter. It is supposed to have been purchased by Mary herself when on a visit to Blois with her husband, the dauphin of France, as it has the name of a celebrated Blois manufacturer engraved on it.

The entire skull is curiously engraved. On the forehead there is a picture of Death, with the usual scythe and hour glass and sand glass. He is depicted as standing between a palace and a hovel, to show that he is no respecter of persons, and underneath is the familiar quotation from Horace, "Pallida more aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres." At the back of the skull is another representation, this one being of Time devouring everything. Time also carries a scythe, and beside him is the emblem of eternity—the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

The upper section of the skull is divided into two pictures. On one side is the Crucifixion, with the Marys kneeling at the foot of the cross, and on the other side are Adam and Eve surrounded by animals in the Garden of Eden.

Below these pictures, running round the skull, there is an openwork band, to allow the sound of the strike-

ing of the watch to be heard. The openwork is a series of designs cut to represent the various emblems of the Crucifixion, such as scourges, the cross, swords, spears, the lantern used in the garden, and so forth. All of the carvings have appropriate Latin quotations.

By reversing the skull and holding the upper part in the palm of the hand and lifting the under jaw on its hinge the watch may be opened, and on the plate inside is a representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with the shepherds and their flocks in the distance.

The works of the watch are in the brains of the skull, the dial plate being where the roof of the mouth would be in a real skull. This is of silver and gold, with elaborate scrolls, while the hours are marked in large Roman letters. The works are remarkably complete, even to a large silver bell with a musical sound, which holds the works in the skull when the watch is closed.

This curious old watch is still in perfect order, and when wound every day keeps accurate time. It is too large to be worn and was probably intended for a desk or private altar.—Kansas City Journal.

### A Daily Lesson in History.

Investigators of intellectual phenomena are indebted to the Whim for another incident which calls attention to the bulge of the Boston forehead. Some New York people who have just passed their first winter near Boston have a telephone numbered 1064-2. When they had occupied the house

a few weeks some one with a mellow masculine voice rang them up and asked for Mrs. Jones.

"This is not Mrs. Jones," he was told.

"Are you sure" came over the telephone. "It always has been her number."

"Yes. They have changed the numbers, and hers is now very different." "Oh, what a pity! It was such an easy number to remember."

"What do you mean?" the new resident said, involuntarily. "I have been trying to learn it for a week, and I find it quite difficult."

"It is very simple," replied the mellow voice, with just a touch of superiority. "Add 2 to 1064, and you have the date of the Norman Conquest."

"Thank you so much!" returned the New Yorker, with becoming humility. "I'm sure I shall always remember it now."

"I am very glad to have been of service to you," answered the Massachusetts man. "It will repay you in part for the trouble I have given you. Good-by!"

### A Substitute for Cork.

Notwithstanding all the achievements of practical science, there are some indispensable materials the making of which is still nature's secret, and for which no entirely successful substitute has been found. Among these substances is cork, and it is possible that in this case nature offers a substitute in the wood of a tree, growing on the east coast of Lake Tchaud, in Africa, which is of even less specific gravity than cork.

## OLD FAVORITES

### Lochaber No More.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell to my Jean,  
Where heartsome with thee I've many day been;  
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more—  
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir;  
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;  
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;  
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained.  
But beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;  
Since honor commands me how can I refuse?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And without thy favor I'd better not be.

I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

—Allan Ramsay.

Original Words of "Dixie."  
I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
Ole times dey am not forgotten,  
In Dixie Land, where I was born in,  
'Arly on a frosty mornin'.

Ole missus marry Will, de weaver,  
Will he was a gay deceiver,  
When he put his arm around her  
He looked as fierce as a forty pounder.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaver,  
But dat didn't seem a bit to greab 'er;  
Will run away, missus took a decline,  
His face was de color of de bacon rine.

While missus libbed she libbed in clober,  
When she died she died all ober;  
How could she act de foolish part  
And marry a man to broke her heart?

Buckwheat cakes and cornmeal batter  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Here's a health to the nex' ole missus  
An' all de gals as wants to kiss us.

Now if you wants to dribe away sorrow,  
Come and hear dis song to-morrow;  
Tis hie it down and scratch de grabble,  
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble.

CHORUS.  
I wish I was in Dixie. Hooray, Hooray!  
In Dixie Land  
We'll take our stand  
To live and die in Dixie.  
—Dan Emmett.

CURIOUS FADS IN THIEVERY.

Specialists Among Burglars, as in Learned Professions.

Even thievery has its fads. There are specialists among burglars just as there are specialists in the learned professions. And some of the specialties are from a police standpoint more amusing than otherwise.

In some instances this peculiarity is so pronounced, and the specialty stolen so extraordinary, that I thoroughly believe the thief must have a mental nut loose somewhere," said a prominent detective recently.

"To give a case in point. A few months ago the establishment of a well-known firm of opticians was broken into. The place contained a magnificent stock of valuable lenses, microscopical instruments, gold chains, gold-rimmed 'pebbles,' etc., worth several thousand dollars. But did the robber take any of these things, though they were lying round ready to his hand? No! He simply secured about a hundred glass eyes and decamped.

"The same thing happened about two months later, when another shop of the same description was broken into. We never discovered the thief, but doubtless it was some one who had a mania for collecting glass eyes, and was even willing to risk his liberty in doing so.

"It is scarcely credible what a number of communion cups are stolen from different churches every year, both here and abroad. Though these cups are valuable, of course, I do not think that they are always stolen for their worth alone. I know of one Presbyterian church where every communicant is provided with a separate cup, and where, during a single year, 216 of these miniature chalices have been stolen. The very valuable large jeweled chalice and paten, however, appear to have no fascination for the thief or thieves, though they might be

as easily carried away as the small cups.

"All attempts to trace the miscreants have failed. Meanwhile, numerous other cases of stolen cups continue to be reported, and when we do capture the burglars, and ask them to explain why they commit such sacrilegious acts, they usually refuse to answer.

"I think the most curious case which has ever come under my notice was that of a man who was never able to resist stealing a wheelbarrow when he saw one. I know for a fact that he has been convicted of this offense at least six times, but as he is a man of exemplary character and has never been known to commit any other kind of misdemeanor, the magistrate usually lets him go on his promising to return the barrow.

"Indeed, he is generally regarded as being a little touched on the subject of wheelbarrows, and when a victim finds he has been deprived of his most important agricultural implement, he promptly repairs to Mr. So-an-So, and either returns in triumph with the barrow or the price of it and a little bit over.

"There is a man who is undergoing imprisonment at the present time—a confirmed thief, but one who never steals anything but toys."—Newark North American.

## SECRET OF MEN'S YOUTH.

### Continual Manipulation of Faces After Shaving Helps Out.

"I saw Mabel Simmons to-day. Goodness, but she has grown old! And she used to have such a fresh, peachy complexion. It's strange how quickly some women fade."

The man of the party laid down his paper.

"Look at men," he said. "Do they get old at 30? Do you hear of men 'fading' at 35, unless they are in poor health?"

The other woman of the party admitted she hadn't often.

"Walk along the street and look at the men," went on the exponent of the charms of his sex. "Here comes a fellow of 38, fresh, rosy skin, not a line on his face. There's a man of 45, his face as smooth as a baby's. Why, I've seen men of 60 with a skin as fresh and clear as a young girl's."

"Yes, and I've seen men of 60 with a face as seamy and wrinkled and sallow as an old crane's," said his sister.

"What is the secret?" asked the other women, anxious for peace, and longing also to know the lurking place of the fountain of youth.

"The barber," replied the man, with a grandiloquent wave of his hand. "Goodness! But you don't want us to shave?"

"Women always jump at conclusions," he said with a withering scorn. "They can never work a thing out logically. Now what do I mean by the barber?"

"Goodness knows," they replied meekly.

"Just this: A man goes every day and gets shaved, which means a good massage, and he comes out as fresh as a daisy and as clear-faced as a year-old babe. A man will go into a barber shop, tired, haggard, looking like a piece of damaged goods—"

"Oh, then, they do have wrinkles?" interrupted the sister.

But he scorned to notice her. "Yes, sir! What Ponce de Leon was trailing around for was a good up-to-date barber shop."

"I suppose he thought he'd find a twentieth century barber sitting, waiting for customers, in a sixteenth century Florida jungle," remarked the sister sotto voce.

"Now a woman doesn't get a good massage once a week. If she goes in for it she sneaks around the back way and locks the door when she's doing it at home as if she were committing one of the cardinal sins."

"You've been reading somebody's beauty book."

"Then there's another thing. When a man quits work, he quits. He goes home and gets on some easy togs, puffs a good cigar, and reads something diverting. He doesn't sit down and darn stockings, or sort up the wash for to-morrow, or read up on the internal organs of baccharachates."

"What are baccharachates?"

"But let a woman have a few minutes and what is she doing? Fussing around to see if she can't get beforehand with the winter sewing, mending and children's clothes, or in some way or other working overtime every blessed night of her life."

"But the stockings have to be darned," said the matron of the party, "and clothes mended."

"I'm talking about keeping young," said the man. "Women never will keep to the subject in hand."

But, you see, he wasn't married. If it comes down to practice, he would probably prefer a few wrinkles on his wife's brow to holes in his socks.

Women's magazines continue to blame the men for not saying nice things about their wives' cooking, and the men go on thinking that if they eat it, that is compliment enough.

You can make people crazy by just intimating that you are going to give them something for nothing.