



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

What Japan is Teaching.

WHETHER the war in the East ends eventually in a triumph for Russia or Japan, it already has taught the world an important lesson. That lesson is that the capacity for civilization is not confined to the European, nor even to the Caucasian, races. It sounds barbarous to speak of success in war as a proof of civilization. A noted Japanese recently said that when his country contained the only great artists in the world it was classed among the barbarians, but now that it has shown its ability to fight it is recognized as civilized. That is fine sarcasm, yet it is an indisputable fact that a nation's civilization is proved, to a considerable extent, by its military power. The reason is that there are few higher tests of mental capacity than the ability to organize, to finance and to command successfully a great modern army. Mere physical courage is a quality in which the barbarian usually surpasses the civilized man. For this reason, the conflicts between civilization and barbarism would inevitably result in the triumph of barbarism, and the world would be kept always in a state of savagery, if it were not for the fact that the mental superiority of the civilized man enables him to direct his fighting forces with more skill and effectiveness.

Japan has proved its civilization, therefore, not by the fanatical courage of its soldiers, which at its best falls short of that of the Arab of the Soudan, but by the fact that these men show trained and disciplined mentality essential to make them act together as regiments, corps and armies, and still more by the fact that it has developed leaders competent to organize and to command them. Only men of superior mind could do this at all. The power and resources of Russia may yet defeat them in their attempt to conquer Manchuria, but they will have won their place among the civilized nations just the same.—*Buffalo Express.*

Why Biographies are Read.

PEOPLE run to read the lives of successful men in the hope of finding the key to their characters and careers, in order to search for the magic clue which has guided them to the goal which all strive so often fruitlessly to gain. As a rule this hope is vain. Great men either cannot or will not communicate their secrets to others. Sometimes they lack the power of expressing themselves; sometimes they are unconscious of their own method; sometimes they simply do not choose to make the world a present of their secret. Ask the successful commercial man how he has made his fortune, and generally he will answer, "Oh, by industry and perseverance." The statement is ludicrously and patently untrue. Thousands of industrious and persevering men pass the bank every day who are painfully unsuccessful. The ten thousandth man has his pit of luck worth a ton of skill, or his knack of judgment; but he is not going to give himself away.—*Saturday Review.*

Back to the Farm.

THINGS on the farm are changing, and we already observe, if we watch the barometer of social life, that there is a tendency to get back to the country. Fifteen years ago, for instance, less than 50 per cent of the population were moving countryward; in 1900 the statistics show that 70 per cent were seeking homes in rural districts, and it is likely that the proportion now going away from the city reaches 75 per cent. At last, with Solomon, they are discovering that "all is vanity" in the cities; that friendships are difficult, that neighbors don't know the names one of the other, that noise, dirt, confusion are there

and the struggle to live is at the desperate stage all the time.

The telephone, the trolley line, free rural mail delivery—these are mitigating the unsocial side of rural life, and the beauty of nature is doing the rest. Intelligent men and women seek the health of their families, physical, moral and spiritual, are taking up homes where acres abound, and are giving the rural life something it has lacked before. The practical farmer finds in these additions to his neighborhood circle stimulus and cheer, and the children of the farm and of the city find mutual pleasure in association. The movement is an all-round good one. It marks a new era in rural life and a change of inestimable value to those with courage enough to pull up stakes and leave the town. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times.—*Opportunity.*

When Old Age Comes Creeping On.

WHAT the country shall do with its ex-presidents is not nearly so vital a problem as what it shall do with its old men.

According to the new gospel of business economics a man is "old" at fifty. That is to say, he can no longer remain an integral part of the industrial machine. Young men are in demand everywhere. Old men are in demand nowhere. The commercialism of the age feeds upon young blood and rejects everything else.

Most of the railroads have placed an age limit upon their pay roll account. It is a tacit rule that no man over forty-five years of age shall be employed, even at clerical work.

One of the great steel companies of the country, employing thousands of men, recently adopted a rule that in certain departments requiring expert knowledge and skill no man over thirty-five years of age should be given employment. Other large industries are following a similar policy.

Practically the same thing is true in the professions. Except as a counsellor the old lawyer is not in demand. The churches are calling for young ministers, and the schools give preference to young teachers. When a man reaches the age of fifty he is supposed to have crossed the dead line.

It is a strange commentary on our modern civilization that while medical science is bending every energy to prolong the span of human life—to people the world with old men—the tendency of our economic system is to drive them out of business, to make them a charge upon the world, which is said to owe every man a living.

Here is a question for political economists to digest, if possible, for the benefit of the coming generation. What shall the world do with its old men?—*Chicago Journal.*

Menace of the Airships.

IT is now rumored that the United States Government is somewhat disturbed by the possibilities suggested by recent advancement made in the perfection of the airship. It has been intimated that the flying machines may be employed to transport dutiable goods across the border.

It is contended that here on the Niagara frontier, where smuggling is already a thriving industry, that an airship could take on a cargo and sail away never to come back if the navigator so decided, eluding capture easily.

An exchange shows the imminent danger by observing: "What a well navigated airship could do on the Canadian border as a smuggler can only be surmised. Such a ship obeying its rudder implicitly could sail back innocently over the border if in any danger of being detected and elude the Government slenths."—*Buffalo Inquirer.*

One day at dinner at headquarters General Washington requested Colonel Putnam to remain after the others left. In the interview which followed, the commander-in-chief asked the young officer if he could think or suggest any way in which the Neck or Heights could be fortified.

"It was an unsolved problem when I left Washington," Colonel Putnam wrote in his journal of the period. "And now mark these singular circumstances, which I call providence. I left headquarters with another gentleman, and in our way came by General Heath's. I had no thought of calling till I came by his door, and then I said:

"'Let us call on General Heath.'"
"My companion agreed. I had no other motive than to pay my respects to the general, but while there I cast my eyes on a book on the table, lettered on the back 'Muller's Field Engineer.' I immediately requested the loan of the book.

"'Impossible,' was the general's reply. 'I never lend my books.'

"I repeated my request, and was again refused. 'But, general,' said I, 'you must recollect that you were one who, at Roxbury, in a measure compelled me to undertake a business which at that time I had never read a word about, and you must let me have that book.' After some more excuses on his part and close pressing on mine, I obtained a loan of the book.

"The next morning, as soon as an opportunity offered, I took my book from the chest, and looking over the contents, I found the word 'Chandlers' (portable parapets).

"'What is that?' I thought. 'It is something I never heard of before,' but no sooner did I turn to the page where it was described, with its use, than I was ready to report a plan for making a lodgment on Dorchester Neck. The report was approved, and a lodgment was made on the night of the 4th of March. Such were the circumstances which led to the discovery of a plan which obliged the enemy to leave Boston."

Soon after, Colonel Putnam was sent by Washington to New York to lay out and superintend as chief engineer the works which were erected during the campaign in New York and Long Island and their dependencies at Fort Lee, Fort Washington and King's Bridge.

Actresses are Short-Lived.

There is a gap of twenty years left by the death of Mme. Janauschek and Mrs. Gilbert. The latter was over 80, and the great Bohemian actress was nearly 76. Among the women of the stage who survive there is not one who approaches either of these famous artists in the matter of years. Clara Morris is less than 65; Mrs. Yeamans hovers in the same neighborhood, and the score of famous actresses of the last generation who still tread the boards are all in the neighborhood of 60.

Actors seem to live longer than their sisters. A year ago, before death began to thin their ranks, Coudock, Jefferson, Stoddard, etc., had a hundred living contemporaries, and many of them are still living, although they have passed the age of 80. Most of the favorites of the stage seem to drop away before they reach 50. Marie Jansen saw her zenith before she was 35, and she went into obscurity before she reached 40. Pauline Markham, of whom it was said "Her arms are like the lost arms of Venus," went into oblivion at 40, and now she is in care of a Harlem tenement house.

Marion Manola is yet under 50, but where is this once brilliant prima donna of the McCall Opera Company now?

Steel Pipe Afloat at Sea.

Eight or nine lengths of steel pipe three feet in diameter are floating on the ocean somewhere off the northern California coast. They were sent down the Trinity River to Junction City, and, getting away from the other pipes, drifted out to sea. Being plugged at both ends they cannot sink, but will float till they drift ashore, or are picked up.

OLD FAVORITES

Song from "The Harmonist"

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted forever?
Where through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are leaping;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are bougts waving,
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever,
Never again to wake,
Never, O, never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap,
O'er the false hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
E'er life be parted,
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it—
Never, O, never!
—Sir Walter Scott.

The Soldier's Farewell.

How can I bear to leave thee?
One parting kiss I give thee,
And then, what'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me.

Chorus—
Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love!

Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Nor to this heart unfold thee,
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.

I'll think of thee with longing,
Think, thou, when tears are thringing—
And with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft, while dying.

BOERS' BURIED TREASURE.

Romantic Story of a Futile Search and of Ultimate Recovery.

News was received at Krugersdorp recently, according to a Pretoria correspondent of the Washington Star, of the discovery in the bushveld beyond Louis Trichard's drift and the Spelonken of the famous buried treasure which was secretly removed from the Pretoria mint before Lord Roberts' forces entered the capital and which formed the romantic issue in the tragedy culminating in the execution of ex-Policeman Swartz. The treasure, which consists of bar gold and coin, approximately amounts to 60,000 ounces and is valued at a quarter of a million sterling.

The story of its burial and recovery is sensational in the extreme. It is a history of blood and crime, no less than six men having lost their lives in the burial and the subsequent search for the gold, which has lasted since the declaration of peace. Of the original party which was dispatched to hide the gold not a single soul is alive to-day. It appears that some twenty-four hours before the occupation of Pretoria by the imperial forces, orders were received at the mint from the late President Kruger and Mr. Reitz, the then state secretary, to remove the greater portion of the gold, which was extracted from the Robinson, Rose Deep, Ferreira and other mines to a secluded spot in the bushveld, beyond Pietersburg.

It was known by the old Transvaal officials that a wagon with four mules, accompanied by six specially selected burghers, left Pretoria at midnight with the gold and vanished into the veld. The ex-policeman, Swartz, and the man whom he murdered and for which he suffered the last penalty were among the party. After burying the gold four of the wardens of the treasure rejoined the commandos; but a luckless fate seemed to have pursued them and they were all killed shortly afterward.

For some time the search appeared to have died out, and it was only through second or third hand knowledge that a Krugersdorp syndicate of six, including ex-Gens. Kemp and Celliers, ex-Police Lieutenant Van Zyl, W. D. Smith and S. J. Kemp, cousin of the ex-general, found out that there was state treasure buried in the bushveld.

The party made repeated exploring trips into the low country in the bad season to escape observation, and most of them were stricken with malarial fever. Each member took a different direction, with the understanding that if any found the treasure it was to be split up into several proportions. Only one member, however, found the burial place, and he was ex-Gen. Celliers. The site was between two peculiar trees. A red flag, as a sign, was stuck up on one of the trees, with a carcass of a mule in between,

one of the ribs of the mule being imbedded in the ground where the gold was buried. On returning to Pietersburg ex-Gens. Celliers was prostrated with malarial fever in the hospital, and while he was lying in bed between life and death he divulged part of his secret to the other members of the syndicate, who, however, after repeated searchings, failed to find the spot. Some differences of opinion followed, and ultimately the syndicate broke up, deciding to severally go their own way. The government authorities, getting wind of the whole affair, approached an ex-state official residing at Krugersdorp, and he supplied them with certain information and a plan of the supposed site. While the government were acting on this information S. J. Kemp, cousin of the ex-general, had revived a systematic search, with the result of the discovery.

REPTILES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Rattlesnakes and Copperheads are Common—Latter More Dangerous.

The mountain regions of Pennsylvania are the natural haunts of the rattlesnake, says the Philadelphia North American, and almost everyone who has been with any great frequency in the wider localities has seen this dreaded reptile lying coiled and silent until disturbed by the approach of an intruder. Usually the warning whirr from the rattle of the snake puts the hearer on his guard, and he gets away without injury.

Comparatively few persons are bitten by the rattlesnake, and the ones who are bitten seldom suffer fatal results.

Bites by the copperhead are of more frequent occurrence, both for the reason that these snakes are more numerous in settled communities and because it strikes without warning.

The Pennsylvania copperhead is one of the biggest of his species, sometimes growing to the length of three feet. He is also one of the most fretful, attacking at the smallest opportunity. Although found most frequently in the hills, he often takes refuge in dead grass, which is nearly the same color as himself. Because of this habit people often tramp on him and the nearly always bitten for their lack of caution.

As a rule, all snakes try to get away from man as quickly as they can, especially the big blacksnake. The latter, however, when cornered or held with a forked stick, will strike as viciously as any rattler.

While the eggs of snakes and turtles agree in being leathery and light in color, they differ in the fact that turtle eggs are nearly spherical, while snake eggs are elongated or oval.

It is the common belief that the little, smooth-skinned creatures found in the water and beneath stones and logs are lizards, but this is not true.

The genuine lizard lives in dry places and has scales on its body, while the more common reptile that is erroneously called a lizard is a salamander, of which there are several species.

Some of these have tall fins and always live in water. Others do not have the tall fins, and leave the water when they complete their metamorphosis.

Pennsylvania salamanders belong to the class of amphibians, or animals that live during parts of their lives in water. They always undergo metamorphosis, have no scales and are common; while lizards always have scales, do not live in water, and are very rare in this state.

Both are harmless, and may be caught with the bare hands with no possible danger of injury by them.

A Japanese Trust Fund.

The testimony of a Japanese writer in the Atlantic Monthly, that one reason for Japanese success is the devotion of the people to memories of their ancestors, is borne out by an independent story which comes by way of the London Times.

Three hundred years ago one of the Tokugawa clan received from his father the province of Owari, and a number of little statues of horses cast in gold, with direction to preserve them until some national emergency arose.

Although feudalism fell in 1874, and the house of Owari became quite poor, its successive heads strictly obeyed the injunction of their ancestor until a short time ago.

Then the family, believing that a national emergency had arisen, transferred the secret hoard, amounting to half a million dollars of American money, to the national treasury, and afterward publicly informed the spirit of their ancestor that the trust had been faithfully performed.

Indirect but Effective Method.

"I suppose," said the chemist, "that the secret of transmitting the baser metals into gold will never be discovered."

"Nonsense," answered the mining magnate. "I discovered that secret long ago. All you have to do is to choose your baser metal and then corner the market."—*Washington Star.*

The baby gets sick in the night, and the man, as he hears his wife rush around to care for it, thinks: "How I shall enjoy telling at the office to-morrow how I was up half the night with a sick child!"