

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Wireless Telegraphy in Railroad.

AS a result of the series of experiments made with wireless telegraphy, the Lake Shore and the New York Central railroads have decided to equip their lines with a complete system. The object of the installation is to increase the safety of operation. Wireless telegraphy stations are to be erected outside several of the larger cities located on these railroads, which will be kept in constant touch with trains in motion. With the devices which have been invented for the purpose, the train dispatcher will be able to communicate direct with the engineer of a moving train in his cab, showing him just how the signals are set for him along the track. The value of this is apparent. Under certain conditions of the weather the signals are so obscured that the engineer cannot see them until he reaches the place where they stand, and it may then be too late for him to take the right action to avoid disaster. With a reproduction of signals before him in the cab, nothing short of personal inattention can prevent him from executing his orders correctly. Against neglect of duty and carelessness the most perfect means of communication will avail nothing to the engineer or the train dispatcher.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Value of Appreciation.

DO you appreciate the good qualities of your wife, your children, your neighbors, your friends? Very likely you do not. If you should lose your wife, your neighbor or your friend by death, then you would realize that you had not appreciated many of their good qualities. I will ask you to pause a moment now, and ask yourself this question: Do I appreciate the many good qualities of the members of my own family and of my relatives and friends? If you do appreciate their good qualities, why not encourage them by words of appreciation and commendation? Why not say to your wife to-day: "Jane, you have been a good wife, you are a good cook, a good housekeeper, you are industrious; you have helped me to save money and to make money; you have made my home attractive for many years. I appreciate your good qualities, your many virtues." Or, if your children and servants are doing fairly well, why not encourage them to-day in some way? Possibly instead of encouraging them, you are constantly finding fault. Life is short, the journey is soon over; life is too short to be wasted in finding fault. True, there are occasions when it would seem necessary to call attention to certain shortcomings, since we are all imperfect, but it is a great mistake to be continually finding fault. I often think of the good things that are said about people after they are dead that might more appropriately and helpfully have been said while they were yet alive to hear and be rejoiced with words of appreciation.—Green's Fruit Grower.

Fickle Fame.

GENERAL STOESEL, if he reads the newspapers, will be struck by the fickleness of popular fame. As the first moment of surrender he was, paradoxical as it may sound, the hero of the hour. The praise of the victors was almost drowned in that of the valiant defenders, and the General was acclaimed on all hands as the life and soul of the defense. But already another current has set in. It started from St. Petersburg, where the remark was made that General Stoessel said little of some of his subordinates, and yet that one or other of them had really borne the heat and burden of the day. And now from Port Arthur itself the correspondents begin to tell us—not only of grave neglect of duty on the part of subordinate officers, but also of a feeling that the commander himself fell short. "General Stoessel," we read,

"is much blamed for what is characterized as a disgraceful conclusion to a splendid defense, which practically ended with the death of General Kondratenko." We know not where precisely the truth may be; but, however the popular breeze may blow, General Stoessel has one sealing distinction which nothing can take away from him. We do not mean his order "Pour le Merite;" for after all the German Emperor is a man who acts on impulse and first impressions. We are thinking rather of the tributes of respect which have been paid to the Russian commander by those who have the best means of appreciating rightly the character of his defense—namely, the Japanese themselves.—London Chronicle.

School Books and Curvature of the Spine.

THE city superintendent of schools in New York recently warned all concerned that children are liable to get curvature of the spine from carrying books between the school and their homes. He describes the number and weight of the books and suggests that various precautions should be taken, especially the provision of a knapsack specially designed for the purpose.

Two replies have been made to the warning, one by a mother of a large family, who pointed out that American children have always carried their books in any way that suited them, and that the race is not lop-sided, and the other by a physician, who said:

A healthy youngster of 7 or 8 can carry, I would say, twenty pounds for a short distance, and in any position he pleases, without injuring his spine, and certainly he ought to be able to do that much twice a day.

It is also a well-known fact that a normal child of 5 years can carry without detriment to himself anything he can pick up and sling over his shoulder. A child who is not normal, who is predisposed to disease, will not attempt to lift or sling anything he can't comfortably carry.

There are boys and girls in this city with such weak spines that they can't, and don't try to, carry more than two pounds, but such cases will not be found in the public schools, or any school, for that matter. If they are not in a hospital, they are kept at home.

The suggestion of the mother is so much to the point that the confirmation by the physician may be taken only as corroborative.—Hartford Times.

Character in Business.

SUCCESS is character. Character is success. Whichever way it is put, the truth of the two declarations is the same. The greatest thing in the business world is credit. It is more than money. And the basis of credit is character. Men may succeed for a time by trickery and deceit, but not permanently. When a business man loses his character he loses his credit, and therefore loses the larger part of his capital. The vast transactions of commerce are carried on by faith in fellow men. What are checks, drafts, exchanges of every sort, but evidences of men's honesty?

But to take a step higher: Character is success because it brings larger returns than dollars. It brings satisfaction. The man who builds a character that is like a stone wall before the assaults of temptation; the man who, successful, does not become sordid; who is kind to his employes, helpful to his neighbors, remembers the poor; the man who is broad-minded, charitable and public-spirited—this sort of man is doubly successful.

Ignoble success is only successful failure. Noble success is successful success.

Character puts a man above and not below his dollars; while making money he makes a life; while saving dollars he saves a soul. Success is character. Character is success.—Kansas City World.

against the woodwork. I took the hot waste that was left from the little bonfire I had in the cellar and wrapped it around the frozen laundry pipe, and put paper around it to keep the heat in. There she goes now," he added, as a sound of trickling water came from the laundry taps.

"Now what more's the matter with ye?" demanded the autocrat of winter.

"The bathroom pipes are frozen."

The plumber tramped up stairs, leaving flakes of ice along the way, which the grateful housewife minded not at all, for surely he was a man who knew his business. In the bathroom he took a wrench from his pocket and tapped along the pipe till he found the frozen place.

"Here 'tis," he said. "Get me a candle, or a kerosene lamp."

A woman of the house flew for one. When she returned, the plumber shoved her hand and the lamp together in under the pipe.

"Now you hold that right there while I go down stairs and look over the pipes."

"Can't I hold it?" asked the man of the house.

"No, you can't," said his majesty. "You're too nervous. You might set the house afire."

He had hardly started for the kitchen when there was a crackling and trickling, and water began to run through the pipe into the bath tub. The household was welcoming it like delighted children when the plumber came back.

"The waste pipe in your kitchen was not froze at all," he said. "A little proddin' with a wire fixed that. Tell your servants to be more careful about that sink. What more is wrong?"

As it happened nothing was, but the household told what a fright they had for fear the boiler in the kitchen would burst if they drew the water from the pipes.

"Who told you such nonsense?" snapped the weary plumber.

"The agent."

"Aw, him! That sounds just like him." For about five minutes he gave the household a very effective lecture on the care of pipes in cold weather. When he was gone they wrote it down for future reference. He was in the house fifteen minutes, had wasted not a stroke, and had done with a minimum effort all he came for. It was evident that as a plumber he was born, not made.

The "Doyley."

Some words have very interesting life histories, and the quaint derivation of the word doyley is as interesting as any. For it we have to go as far back as the time of William the Conqueror. Among his followers from Normandy was a certain Robert D'Oyley, who received valuable lands upon a curious condition. Every year, on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, he "was to make tender of a linen tablecloth worth three English shillings." As they were for royal use, the ladies of the D'Oyley family took great pride in making these "quilt rent cloths," as they were called, beautiful with the known methods of stitching. They were used only on state occasions in the royal household, and in time the term "D'Oyley linen" was applied to them. Gradually it filtered down to us as "D'Oyley," more often "doyley," and its peculiar significance remains, however, a napkin or linen cloth made beautiful by needlework.

Recipe for Contentment.

If you want anything, earn it. And if you can't get it even after you earn it, be happy without it.

When you read that anything is sold on "easy payments," remember there is only one way to buy on "easy payments," and that is cash down.

OLD Favorites

The Exile of Erin.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,

The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;

For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,

For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,

Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,

He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

Sad is my fatal said the heart-broken stranger;

The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;

But I have no refuge from famine and danger,

A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again in the green sunny bowers,

Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers

And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,

In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;

But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,

And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.

Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me

In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me?

They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?

Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?

And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Oh! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,

Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?

Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!

Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,

Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion—

Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh!

—Thomas Campbell.

"KING" WATTS' TURBULENT LIFE

Chief's Conflicts with Cherokee Nation Over Claim to Lands.

Governor Watts, in relating the life of "King" Jeff Watts, who died some time ago, according to a Vinita (I. T.) special to the St. Louis Republic, said that it would be a difficult thing to ascertain what were the most turbulent times in the life of the great Cherokee intruder. The governor said:

"All of the times he was fighting for his rights in the Cherokee Nation were more or less turbulent. There are two events which nearly resulted in an open conflict with the Cherokee sheriffs. The first was in 1869 or 1870, when Sheriff Albert Johnson of Sequoyah district, who was subsequently killed by Frank Morgan, undertook, under an order from the tribal authorities, to evict Jeff Watts from the Indian Territory for trying to hold lands in the Cherokee Nation after the authorities had decided his claim to Cherokee citizenship adversely, and had classed him as an intruder. This same right after his first assertion to his claim had been contested.

"Watts was then living in the vicinity of Pawpaw in the Cherokee Nation, not far from Fort Smith, Ark., and the sheriff started with deputies to evict him. At Cottonwood, I. T., the sheriff and his deputies met Dr. Moorehead, who asked where they were going. He was told of their intentions and he warned them against it. He told the officers that Watts had been warned of their advance and that he was prepared for them and would use all the means at his command to resist them and that if the attempt was made it would result in bloodshed.

"After parleying the sheriff and his crowd returned and reported to the tribal authorities. Things went along with more or less trouble after that. Lawsuits followed, but Watts lived in the midst of turmoil and strife, still asserting his right in the Cherokee country.

"The next open attack was in 1883,

when the Cherokee and his deputies were up in arms and were going to evict Watts if they had to resort to extremes. The tribal authorities had again decided that the intruder chief must leave, and George Gunter, who was then sheriff of Sequoyah district, with a force of deputies, was directed to remove Watts.

But Watts had been warned of the sheriff's intentions and had gathered about twenty-five friends and neighbors, armed with all kinds of guns and gathered at Watts' place and awaited the coming of the sheriff, who had about equal forces.

"They advanced within about seventy-five yards of Watt's home and called on Watts to surrender. The sheriff told Jeff of his mission and his intentions if he did not submit peacefully. Jeff listened, and when he finished he said to the sheriff:

"We hold this land by rights; our claims have been approved by the secretary of the interior, and we think we are rightfully in possession of these holdings and propose to hold them until the end. Now, you go back to the men who have sent you and tell them we intend staying here until our claims are refused by higher powers, and then, if we find we are holding them wrongfully, we will vacate."

SLAKE DANCE DANGEROUS.

Indians with Rattles in Their Hands Are Often Bitten.

The snake dance, participated in by the Moquis, an Indian tribe west of the Navajo reservation, is perhaps the most dangerous ceremony still practiced on American soil, says the Detroit News-Tribune, and no edict has as yet been issued against it. Usually the ceremony begins at sunrise with a foot-race of the snake priests over a course four miles long. Prior to the race hundreds of rattlesnakes are corralled by the Moquis every season in preparation for the dance. One of the priests stands at the end of the course during the race, holding a crook in his right hand, and in his left an earthen tray. As the runners pass him they touch the crook with the palm of one hand and pass on to what is known as the kiva.

There is much silent smoking and mysterious passing backward and forward between the priests and celebrants. Following comes the ceremony of the washing of the snakes—the more venomous the better. During the afternoon the snake chief brings into the kiva a large earthen vessel for bathing the snakes. Taking some common brown sand, the chief makes a mound near the fireplace, while the reptiles are placed in a tray of meal taken from the altar.

All the participants have meanwhile rubbed themselves with an iron oxide mixed with salvia. A red feather protrudes from the hair of each individual and no word above a whisper is spoken in the solemn conclave. Into the bowl is poured a liquid and with much ado it is placed upon the mound. The official pipe-lighter then lights a pipe and hands it to the chief of the priests, who puffs a mouthful of smoke upon the liquid. Filing by in a slow procession, each priest does the same. Then the meal is scattered on top of the liquid, over which a ceremonious incantation is performed.

With this everything is in readiness for the baptizing or washing of the snakes. Two rattlers are generally handed to each of the six priests, who are ranged around the bowl. Then the other priests begin a slight movement, accompanied by a warning chorus of rattles from the roused reptiles. This is followed by a sort of humming of all present, the priests holding the snakes keeping time, using the snakes as batons.

The reptiles are firmly held six or eight inches from the head, while they coil their bodies around the arms of their captors. The humming of the red men gradually changes to a chant, from a chant to a wall, from a wall to a loud song, growing gradually louder and wilder, until the singers burst forth into a pandemonium of shrieks.

Six men were bitten during the last ceremony—one in the right cheek, and another on the right arm. Strangely enough, none of the bitten men succumbed, for, following the ceremony, the dancers doff their regalia and drink amazing quantities of an antidote which the tribeswomen have already prepared.

This is a most dangerous festivity, and there is a movement on foot to have the ban placed upon it, the same as has been done with the Ponca sun dance, which was also a dangerously fanatical ceremony.

The Most Valuable Land.

The most valuable building lots in the world are those at Wall street and Broadway, New York City, for which \$150 a square foot has been offered—equal to \$19,602,000 an acre. The London Statist recently said that the highest price known in that city was \$300 a square foot. Possibly the fact that thirty stories can be put upon a lot in New York while the legal limit is eight in London may affect price of land.

When a man falls sick, it develops that he hasn't a nightshirt suitable to receive guests in.

WHEN THE PIPES ARE FROZEN.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest, when spoken on a winter morning in a suburban residence, says the New York Sun, are, "Please, ma'am, the pipes is froze." A chill like that which gripped the pipes entered the heart of a householder who heard the fatal news one cold morning. Forthwith he sent an humble solicitation to the king of winter, the plumber man. Until the plumber came the household went about in fear of a momentary deluge from broken mains.

The plumber was a big, brawny chap, covered with grime and with icicles on his mustache. He was cross and tired, for he said he had been busy since daybreak, and saw no end to the work cut out for him.

But there was something in the way he stalked into the kitchen and threw his eye around the corners, down to the range and boilers and over to the sink, that gave the household courage and hope again.

They poured a tale of woe into his ears, but he said not a word. In the middle of their discourse he left them talking, opened the door to the cellar and went down. He was gone about five minutes.

"Well," said the man of the house when he came up, "do you think you can thaw out the frozen place in the main cellar?"

"Ain't any frozen places," said the plumber. "Thawed it out a'ready with a match and a handful of this oily cotton-waste I have in me pocket."

"Then will you attend to the pipes in the laundry?"

"They'll be all right in a minute. Couldn't burn the waste against the laundry pipe, for the frozen place was