

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Killed Her Husband.

**I**f the woman is unfortunate enough to marry a brute who considers it a recreation and pastime to misuse her, maltreat her and beat her, she has a right, if assaulted, to use such force as is necessary to protect herself, even to the point of killing her assailant.

These are the words of Judge Kersten, of Chicago, in discharging Mrs. Jessie Hopkins, on trial for killing her husband. Harry Hopkins made a brutal and vicious assault on his wife last New Year's day. He was in the habit of doing that. Covered with blood from the blows of the man, and fearing the brute would kill her, she shot him to death.

O, just judge. A woman does not forfeit the right of self-defense accorded every human being when she marries a man. She is not his chattel to be maltreated and abused and trampled upon. And if the savage in the man finds his pleasure in beating her to the imminent risk of life she has the right—the God-given right—to defend that life at the risk of his.

But the pity of it, you say? Yes, the pity of it. Though love had changed to fear and hate, though society acquits her and though her conscience is void of offense toward God, yet the feeling of horror and pity when that woman saw the father of her children dead on the floor—and by her hand—will never fade away. The pictured outlines of her home tragedy will grow sharper with the years. For such is the dreadful heritage of the man-slayer.

But it will be satisfaction to remember that the world acquits her and that men and women pity her. The woman's justification was perfect.—Indianapolis Sun.

## Will the Cornet Come, Too?

**T**HEY are now teaching the fiddle in the public schools of England, and lads by the thousands are sawing away on cheap violins and dreaming of the days when they will become Paganinis and reap fortunes on American tours.

Oh, these fads! America will have to go John Bull one better. In the mad chase for accomplishments there can be no halt.

Will you have your boy learn to play the cornet, or the clarinet? Or perhaps his talent runs to the wailing of the head of a big brass drum or the caressing of the keys of a bassoon. England has set the pace, and it is only a question of time when some scientific sharp will be able to show that the salvation and health and general moral welfare of the average child can best be secured and retained by an hour or so a day spent in squirting wind through an E flat cornet in a public school.

Then we shall have the A grade brass band and the B grade fife and drum corps, while the girls on the back seats can organize a mandolin club.

Of course, there will be drawbacks. It will be necessary to place the average school far from the habitations of mankind. Be it known that one little yellow clarinet in the hands of a beginner is a greater curse to a community than war is to Manchuria. Then think of a nest of yellow clarinets and all the rest of the musical ills that infest the world, and you will realize that if the English idea is prosecuted to its fullest extent most of us will have to move into the cellar and wear cotton in our ears.

Meanwhile those little Britishers are sawing away, and America may well tremble.—St. Louis Chronicle.

## Nebraska Leads the Way.

**T**HE Nebraska Legislature has ready for the Governor's signature an act providing that every person who undertakes to heal disease for money shall have devoted four years to the study of the subject and have given proofs of knowledge of it to public authority.

In the amount of training required this is believed to be the highest standard yet set by any American State. Leading medical educators are quite generally agreed that it is none too high. It seems entirely reasonable that any one who undertakes to meddle with so complicated and delicate an organism as the human body shall first acquire adequate knowledge of it.

Knowledge of the physical mechanism they seek to adjust, no matter what means they may use, cannot be harmful either to healers or to patients. They may not use that

knowledge, just as the oculist does not use in daily practice his knowledge of general anatomy, yet such knowledge is never hurtful and is often useful to him and to those whose eyes he treats.

In making no distinction between "schools" of medicine and methods of healing, as it apparently does not, but in simply requiring that all who take pay for treating disease shall have devoted a certain time to the study of the subject and have given proofs of knowledge of it, the Nebraska law has adopted a policy whose fairness will be generally admitted. It prevents no man who chooses from risking his health in the hands of ignorance. It merely says that ignorance shall not make money by representing itself to be knowledge.

In striking out the sensible line through the jungle of medical practice and in setting up a high standard for medical competence, Nebraska appears to lead the way for other American commonwealths.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## A Housecleaning Query.

**T**ROUBLE is coming. Trouble is headed for your house, armed with mops, brushes, dust rags, bars of soap, pails of scouring; the air is full of the infernal odor of soapuds, and the guns are loaded to the muzzle with the ammunition of spring housecleaning. This editorial is written by a mere man. It is necessary to be thus personal to elucidate the point of view.

Why does a woman clean house spring and fall? Isn't the daily and weekly dusting, scrubbing and general discomfort sufficient for all purposes?

It would seem so. But just about the time the bluebirds come, and the pussy willows are at their best, your wife decides that the house must be ripped from center to circumference. If you don't like it you can move. If you do take up quarters in the barn, you are a flinty-hearted wretch, and don't you forget it. There isn't much that you can do except not say the things you think. Later, you may be allowed to beat the carpets, but you cannot hope to compete with the hired man at that task, and if you are particularly pleasant you will be allowed to wear out your knees and temper while pulling tacks. If you have never removed tacks from a hardwood floor with the back of a caseknife you have not experienced real life, but you are to be congratulated.

But why all this fuss. The home looks fine. There may be a little dust under the lounge, and the wallpaper needs a lick or two at the hands of the cleaner, but beyond that, what moots it?

Microbes live in dust. They bother the human family little until the dust is stirred and scattered. Why not leave well enough alone?

We have in mind a good woman who moved into a new house. The carpenters had left it clean. You could dine off the floors and sup in the cellar without fear of dirt. It was spotless from basement to garret. And the good woman moved in, and her first act was to clean house. Why do they do it? We will admit that we are stumped.—Cincinnati Post.

## When Wars Will Cease.

**T**HAT student of men who concludes that wars will cease when the chances of escaping death or injury are reduced to such a point that men will no longer take them, has human nature on his side, no matter what the critics may say. With the perfection of war machinery, and the trebling or quadrupling of mortality in war, there will surely come a harking back to the first law of nature, which is the one of self-preservation. When the progress of invention in war machines goes on until man finds his chance of survival in battle reduced to nearly nothing, he will surely beat his swords into ploughshares and his spears into pruning hooks. There is a glory in dying for one's country, but it is not equal, in its practical results, to the glory of trying to die and failing in the attempt. When the mortality statistics of modern warfare are studied in the intervals of peace, and men are able to realize that the chance of being killed or maimed has become greater than the chance of escaping with a whole skin, the millennium of peace will begin to dawn.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE.

Famous School for Negroes Founded by a Former Slave.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School, which, under the leadership of Booker T. Washington, is doing such splendid educational work in the South among the negroes, was founded in 1881 by Lewis Adams, plantation man of the war in Tuskegee, Georgia.



LEWIS ADAMS. He had a genius for tinkering. He could mend a clock, or shingle a roof, or repair an engine, or do a job of plumbing. There was very little that Adams could not do, and when he was emancipated he set up a shop in Tuskegee, where he made tinwork and tinkered in various trades, with a number of disciples and apprentices around him. There were so many colored boys eager to learn trades that he could not find room for them in his shop and it worried him. When the next election came around in 1880 and the candidate for the legislature sought his influence with the colored voters, Adams agreed to use it provided the candidate would pledge himself to get an appropriation for an industrial school at Tuskegee. The candidate was elected—an honest man who kept his pledge and had "pull"

enough to get an appropriation of \$2,000 a year. That was far more than Adams expected, and it provided for a school beyond his capacity to teach. So he wrote Gen. Armstrong, principal at Hampton Institute in Virginia, to recommend a teacher, and he sent them Booker T. Washington, one of his graduates, and a member of his faculty. This was twenty-three years ago. Adams has been connected in one way or another with the institution ever since and is the Nestor—the oldest inhabitant.

There are now 151 officers, clerks and instructors, and 375 persons residing in a model community, in addition to the students and teachers; 163 buildings of various sizes and for various purposes, of which 98 are owned by the school and used for educational purposes. The remainder are the homes of teachers and employes. The school owns 2,600 acres of land, practically in one block, of which 800 acres are now under cultivation; 600 acres are pasture and the remainder is woodland upon which the students cut logs for lumber to erect the buildings and wood for burning brick and heating purposes. The land cost less than \$10 per acre; much of it is to-day worth more than \$500 an acre.

Every building upon the grounds was designed and erected by the faculty and students without outside help, and at least a dozen of them cost more than \$15,000 each, the maximum representing an investment of \$60,000 without counting the labor. The students have made every brick

and cut down the trees and sawed the lumber; they have made all the sashes, doors and blinds, and not a pound or bit of building material except hardware has been obtained outside of the grounds for more than 12 years.

They raise their own cattle and horses; they build their own wagons, implements and clothing and everything else they use, except their crockery, knives and forks, stationery and such articles of merchandise. Since the institution was founded it has trained 6,000 students.

## Sun Helps the Baby.

Sunning the baby is one of the popular things in baby culture. Many houses have adjustable sun parlors. They are made of some kind of hardwood and built by the carpenter to extend beyond the window. The top and sides of the little platform are covered with glass, and strips of carpet are laid on the floor to stop up any cracks there may be. No matter how fiercely the winds may blow or how low the thermometer may sink the sun parlor is always ready for the baby. A pillow is placed on the carpeted floor, then the baby is warmly dressed and well covered for its morning or afternoon nap.—Chicago Tribune.

## Bobby Hard at Work.

Bobby—I have been working all day like a dog, pop.  
Father—Glad to hear you are getting industrious, Robert; but what have you been doing?  
Bobby—I've been digging out a woodchuck, pop!—Puck.

## MISSOURI'S NEW SENATOR.

Maj William Warner Began His Career as an Ore Boy in a Mine.

At six years of age an ore picker on the dump of a mine; at 65 a member of the United States Senate. This in brief is the life story of Maj. William Warner, the Republican Senator from Missouri.

More than 30 years ago in a little room in Kansas City in which "Square" Henry White, a justice of the peace, held court, a young lawyer named Warner made a remarkable plea for justice for his client, who was on trial there. Moved to prophecy by the eloquence and logic of the speaker, J. V. C. Karnes, another young lawyer, remarked:

"If Warner lives long enough he will be in the United States Senate."

Mr. Karnes has lived to see his prediction fulfilled, for the young lawyer with the eloquent tongue was Maj. William Warner, who has been elected by the Missouri legislature to succeed to the seat so long filled by Francis M. Cockrell.

Maj. William Warner had his full quota of those American aids to political preferment—lowly birth and poverty. He was the youngest of six children, and his father worked in the lead mines of southern Wisconsin. Five years after William was born in Lafayette county, Wisconsin, his father died. A year later his mother died, and the boy faced the stern necessity of earning his own bread.

He had been to the mines with his father, and he turned to them for a means of gaining a livelihood. Too small to do other work, he began picking up bits of ore from the refuse heaps piled about the mouth of the



MAJOR WILLIAM WARNER.

shaft, and the thoroughness with which he did this attracted the attention of a mine foreman. The foreman offered the boy the position of driving the skinny old horse that worked the mine pump. William eagerly accepted, and for three years he furnished the incentive that kept the horse faithful to his task.

At the end of three years William got a promotion. He was permitted to drive the horse that hoisted the ore bucket from the mine. This horse, being a livelier and more intelligent animal than the other, did not require so much urging, and the boy had time for meditation.

In some way the knowledge crept into his active brain that an education was a good thing. At that time he did not know so much as the alphabet, but the thought took root and flourished, and one night after the day's work was over he went to the village store and asked for a book.

The clerk sold him a primer and gave him his first lesson in the alphabet. William was fascinated with the new world that the ability to read opened to him. He studied every night.

When he was ten years old he was offered a place in a grocery store. The position paid him more wages and gave him more time to study, and he took it. For four years he worked and studied and saved and accumulated enough money to pay board and tuition for a year at a college in Lawrence, Wis.

Following his year in the university there were years of teaching school, saving and studying law, and at 19 he took the examination and was admitted to the University of Michigan.

He was 20 years old and still a student at Ann Arbor when the first shots of the Civil War were fired, and he and others of about his own age formed a company and offered themselves for enlistment. The recruiting officers told them to go back to school. Most of them did so. William Warner went home and began teaching again.

But one day in 1862, while a class was in the middle of a recitation, he decided to go to war. "Go home," he said to the pupils. "There will be no more school until you get a new teacher."

He went to Shullsburg, Wis., organized a company and was unanimously elected its lieutenant. The Thirty-third Wisconsin Infantry was formed. Lieutenant Warner's company was assigned to it, and he was elected adjutant.

In the army he was engaged in active service constantly. He was with Grant before Vicksburg. For his gallant services in the fighting that preceded the surrender of General Pemberton he was appointed assistant ad-

jutant general in the staff of T. Kirby Smith, and served in that capacity in the Red River campaign. After that he saw constant service in Arkansas and Missouri. He was farsighted enough to see the future possibilities of Missouri.

A month after he was mustered out, as a major, at Madison, Wis., at the close of the war, he was on his way back to Missouri with all his scant belongings.

A few months after he arrived in Kansas City he formed a law partnership with C. O. Tichenor that endured until 1884.

In 1867 he was elected City Attorney. The following year he was chosen prosecuting attorney of the county, not an enviable position at that time when the animosities of the war still rankled. In 1871 he was elected Mayor. In 1884 he was elected to Congress and was re-elected, finally retiring from the national lawmaking body in 1892. The same year he was nominated by the Republicans for Governor, but was defeated.

In personal appearance Major Warner is a solidly built, broad-shouldered man of medium height, with a firm face, kindly gray eyes that gleam with fire, a carriage that suggests the old military life, and a face smooth, except for a heavy iron-gray moustache. His hair is thick and shaggy as a lion's mane.

At the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, Major Warner was captain of a company in a Wisconsin regiment. He stood between the lines of the opposing forces and read the Declaration of Independence as the soldiers marched. He was cheered by both Federals and Confederates.

## MANY WRITE TO OSLER.

Baltimore Doctor Made Unhappy by Letters He Receives.

If the people do not stop writing letters to Prof. Osler he will have no chance to do anything in all his waking hours but cut open envelopes and glance over the written stuff within, says a Baltimore special to the New York Press. Letters by the hundreds and by the thousands have been pouring in on the unhappy man since he vaulted into fame by declaring man was no good after he was 40, and ought to be chloroformed at 60.

Some persons write to him in all seriousness. Some have fun with him. He destroys most of his letters, but a few have come to light through acquaintances who read them. Here is one:

"Dear Dr. Osler: I am 27 years of age. I was married a year ago to a gentleman of means, who has a large and prosperous manufacturing business. My husband is just 60 years old to-day.

"I read your speech recently published in the newspapers. I hail your views as opening a new era in our social life and I am a firm believer in and an admirer of your ideas.

"Kindly accept an invitation to dine with us at your earliest convenience. I will introduce you to my husband and my husband's business manager, a very interesting young man, whom I am sure you will like.

"Hoping you will bring your chloroform along and treat us to a demonstration of your theory, I remain yours respectfully,

"MRS. YOUNGWIFE."

Another read as follows:

"Respected Dr. Osler: In these days, when the power of wealth is throttling our time-honored institutions and debauching even the fundamental principles of our civil government, we may well acclaim the change in our polity which would obtain if your theory were put into practice by law. I am a lawyer and am frequently in touch with incidents which prove to me that wealth can obtain for certain men even the highest positions in our government, where others, who should receive these positions on merit and ability, fail.

"Hoping the theory you advocate may soon become law, so that the young men may have a chance, I am sincerely yours,

"FRANK BLACKSTONE."

Another read:

"My Dear Dr. Osler: I have been married eighteen years. Before marriage I was a happy, light-hearted, care-free youth. Now I am almost a physical and mental wreck from the troubles of married life. Yet my wife is not a really bad-dispositioned woman.

"I long ago concluded that the condition of our social fabric was not as it should be. Something was wrong. Having read your theory, I have renewed hope.

"I like to honor genius in my humble way. On March 31 we are to have a social function at our home—a little dinner to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the birthday of my wife's mother. Will you do us the honor to attend? Don't forget your little bottle. Respectfully yours,

"JOHN DUNN GOODE."

A Hard Job.

Teacher—What great difficulty was Demosthenes compelled to surmount before he became an orator?

Softmore—He had to learn how to talk Greek.—Philadelphia Press.