



EDITORIALS



Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Wasted Sympathy.

A YOUNG woman attempted to commit suicide in Kansas City because she could not find work. She took a dose of laudanum, but the police surgeons pumped it out of her and saved her life.

On the face of it, it seems pitiful, but dig down deeper and no sympathy will be wasted. This young woman walked the streets of the city for two days in search of employment, and found none. She had no special aptitude for any particular line of endeavor in business life. She had no letters of recommendation. After being buffeted about for forty-eight hours she swallowed a dose of laudanum.

It was too bad, wasn't it, that this girl with little education and absolutely no training in business life could not find employment?

At the time she was vainly searching for work every employment agency in the city had a dragnet out to find women who would do the cooking in small families for wages ranging from \$3.50 to \$5 a week. She could have had a place in a good, Christian home for the asking. A thousand doorbells were waiting for her to press the button. But she did not want this kind of work. She wanted to do something that she could not do, and tried to end her life rather than do something that she could do.

A very wise man said once that there were three things that the Lord did not know. One of them was a woman's reason for her actions.—Kansas City World.

Just Common Gamblers.

BIGELOW loots a bank, to gamble in wheat, and the business world professes to be shocked. The race track fiend takes \$10 from his employer's till, loses it with the aid of a dope sheet, and then takes more. That is simply Bigelow in a minor key. There is not a shadow of difference in the moral or ethical aspect of the case. They are gamblers all—just common gamblers. If anything, the fellow with the automobile and the diamonds deserves less sympathy than the shoestring player, who has to borrow car far home.

It may be possible to be a gambler without being a thief, but there are more thieves made by gambling than by all other causes combined. The confirmed gambler is usually devoid of moral sense. So are thieves, embryo or actual.

The moral plane of the millionaire wheat or stock speculator is exactly that of the dice-thrower or faro player. He is looking for something for nothing. If he happens to be the president of a bank, and gambles with sacred trust funds, he adds the most contemptible form of crime to his moral depravity. If he happens to be an alleged pillar of society, a vestryman in a church, a prominent factor in charitable and philanthropic work, his downfall and exposure help to unsettle the whole social fabric.

Bigelow's crime fell upon the business world like a thunderbolt. That was because a big gambler played too recklessly. If wheat had gone up instead of down, Bigelow might have paid back his stealings and shone as a mighty star in the financial firmament. Instead of wearing stripes he might have dealt out more moral platitudes at future meetings of the American Bankers' Association.

Such is gamblers' luck. A gambler that takes such chances in cold blood has no claim on any one's sympathy. It is those that he drags over the precipice with him that are entitled to sympathy. The innocent will suffer for gamblers' crimes to the end of time.—Chicago Examiner.

Fads in the School.

THE New York Board of Education has voted to shorten the course of study in the elementary schools, cutting out the "fads and fancies" and confining the instruction strictly to essentials.

The teaching of sewing, physical training, organized games, physiology, hygiene and drawing will accordingly be dropped in the first year of the elementary course and attention will be concentrated upon the three R's.

Faddists have had too much recognition in the public schools of this country generally. Every crank thinks his

own particular hobby the all-important one, and the lists of studies have become lumbered up with the "bright thoughts" of several generations of amateur educationalists. Meanwhile common sense has had a poor chance.

"Only a short time ago," says Commissioner Adams, of the New York board, "I was directed by a concern with which I am connected to secure the services of two young men as clerks. There were about 120 applicants for these positions. The greater portion of them were from the public schools of this city. You ought to see the letters they wrote. They were absolutely disgraceful. The spelling was bad and the writing itself was worse."

The same complaint comes from every quarter. The colleges complain of the bad spelling of would-be matriculates, and even the engineering schools assert that the engineers they turn out cannot write a report in decent English.

It will be a blessing alike to the children and the taxpayers if the expensive gewgaws introduced into the public schools, particularly into the elementary schools, by alleged educators be abolished and higher standards of practical efficiency exacted.—Kansas City World.

Accounting for Railway Casualties.

THERE are several conditions peculiar to American railroads which account for our large casualty list. The chief among these, undoubtedly, is the inherent restlessness of a not inconsiderable section of our railroad employes, which shows itself in the chronic disposition to move on and try some new field of work. This results in a continual change of personnel, with the result that at any given time, on any given road, there will be found a large number of employes who are entirely new to, or but little familiar with, the special local conditions surrounding their work. Now, it is this familiarity with the local conditions, over and above the general knowledge which any engineer, conductor, brakeman, signalman, switchman, must have of his duties in the abstract—it is this familiarity we say, that is the very best safeguard against railroad accidents, or at least against those that have to do with the running of the trains.

Second only in importance as a contributory cause to railroad accidents is the continual change which is taking place in the management and official staff of our railroads, and in their ownership. As a result of the mad whirl of organization and reorganization, combinations, receiverships, and what not, there is a continual change of management from president to roadmaster. Well-established organizations and systems of management, that have gained that smoothness and accuracy of working and that mutual confidence and sense of interdependence, which can only come from long and successful association in the operation of a particular system, are suddenly broken up by the sale of the road or its combination with some other system; new men are introduced into high offices; and they, in turn, have their own particular friends or well-tried assistants whom they naturally wish to introduce; heart burnings, jealousies and disappointments ensue; and the whole operative system of the road is shaken from summit to foundation; for the general unrest invariably distributes itself throughout the whole working force of the road, with a consequent lowering of discipline and more or less careless performance of duties.—Scientific American.

Women and Housekeeping.

THE simple art of housekeeping! It is because so many women have this mistaken view of the home and of home-making that so many families are driven to-day to hotels and so many men to clubs, whose proprietors and stewards do not regard home-making as a "simple art," but as a life-work, worthy of all the special education and training that art and science can give. The trouble at the bottom of all these profitless criticisms and discussions between men and women as to the rights and privileges of the two sexes lies in the fact that advocates of men's rights and women's rights consider men and women on a comparative and competitive basis. The sexes are neither comparative nor competitive. One is the complement of the other, each fulfilling in mind, spirit and body distinct and necessary functions in the life of the race.—New York Outlook.

The Wonderful Tibetans.

If another nationality were needed to round out and complete the British "family"—something resembling the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, but a compromise between their various qualities—it is suggested that such a nation has been brought to light in the Tibetans, who seem to combine all the traits that have made the British nation what it is.

They are, first, exceedingly devout in religion; they appear to be remarkable business men, hard-headed as any Scotsman, having a keen eye for openings, and drive hard bargains; and they are said to be as full of humorous sentiment as the wildest of Irishmen.

They celebrated Christmas last year, and took to the festival as to the manner born. A company of them, attired in the most grotesque costumes, paraded under the leadership of a white-bearded old man, representing Father Christmas, and danced to weird, inharmonious music in the happiest fashion. They made fun of great dignitaries, and even of one who was dressed up as the Emperor of China.

A delightful people they appear to be, and Lassa, too, seems to be full of reminders of the right little, tight little island. Mr. Millington, the author of "To Lassa at Last," says he saw in the shops looking-glasses made in Austria, penknives made in Germany, and a certain popular type of English bicycle.

they proceed to spin their cocoons. The task of spinning occupies them from four to seven days more; and when this business is completed, three days are spent in stripping off the cocoon, and some seven days later each small cultivator brings his silken harvest to the local market and disposes of it to native traders, who make it up into bales.

The quality of the silk is first of all affected by the breed of the worms that spin it, then by the quality of the leaves and the mode of feeding. Silk-worms are injured by noise, by the presence, and especially the handling, of strangers, and by noxious smells. They must be fed at regular hours, and the temperature of the apartment must not be too high.

The greatest defect in Chinese silk has been due to the primitive mode of reeling which the natives adopt.

Shanghai is the great silk mart, and there, about June 1st, the first season's silk is usually brought down. It is never the growers who bring the silk to the foreign market. These growers are invariably small farmers, who have a few mulberry bushes planted in some odd corner of their tilled lands, and the rearing of the worm and the production of silk by no means monopolize the whole of their time. It is only a spring occupation for the women and younger members of their families.

Everybody claims that his thunderbolts come out of a clear blue sky.

SILK CULTURE.

Like the culture of tea, silk production, which confers an enormous benefit on China, and has now become an indispensable industry to the world, is the most modest occupation imaginable. In "Through China with a Camera," Mr. Thomson describes the various progressive steps through which the staple passes till it is ready for the looms of China or Lyons.

The eggs of the silkworm are hatched about the middle of April. The best season to obtain them for exportation is in March or the beginning of April. The young worms, when hatched, are placed on bamboo frames and fed on mulberry leaves cut up into small shreds. As the worms increase in size they are transferred to a larger number of frames and are fed with leaves not so finely cut; and so the process continues until, in their last stage, the leaves are given to them entire. After hatching, the worms continue eating during five days, and then sleep for the first time for two days.

When they again awake, their appetite is not quite so good, and they usually eat for four days only and sleep again for two days more. Then they eat for the third time for four days and repose for two. This eating and repose is usually repeated four times, and then, having gained full strength,

OLD Favorites

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooln' was fashions to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;

M'Cleish's ae daughter o' Claversha' Lee,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wis was weel pouther'd, an' as guid as new,

His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;

He put on a ring, a sword, an' cock'd his hat,

An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, an' rode canny,

An' rapp'd at the yett o' Claversha' Lee;

"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;

She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flaw'r wine;

"An' wha brings the Laird at sic a like time?"

She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,

Her mitch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;

An' wha was his errand he soon let her know;

Amaz'd was the Laird when the lady said na;

An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd was he; nae sigh did he gie,

He mounted his mare—he rode canny;

And aften he thought as he gaed through the glen,

"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

And, now that the Laird his exit had made,

Mistress Jean, she reflected on what she had said;

"Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten!

I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time the Laird and the lady was seen,

They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green;

Now she sits in the hall like a weel-tappit hen;

But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

—Lady Nairne.

Success.

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition
So clear of victory.

As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear.
—Emily Dickinson.

URGES DEER AS FARM PRODUCT

Texas Farmer Raises Animals and Finds Them Profitable.

"Raise deer and live at home. Plant a few acres of fawns and watch them grow; observe their antics and note their beauty from day to day, and you will become a deer enthusiast. You will quit cotton and become a deer culturist."

This is the advice of R. H. Harris, who, with his brother, J. M. Harris, has a beautiful park on their farm near this city, which park is stocked with deer, says a Clarksville (Texas) special to the Galveston News. There are twenty of these beautiful animals in the Messrs. Harris' collection, and they are an attractive sight. The young ones are never still except when asleep, and they are not heavy sleepers. Their gambols would amuse a stoic, and they are a delight to all persons who see them.

"About three years ago my brother and I secured six deer and placed them in our park, which is a shady grove adjacent to our old homestead," said Mr. Harris. "The increase in the three years has been far beyond our expectations. We have used several on our table, and at this time have twenty, all from the original stock of six. In addition to this we have given away and shipped many others to different parts of the country, one as far away as New York State. The deer bear two fawns every year. We find the young ones born in captivity very docile and healthy. We have never lost one from sickness. They subsist on less food than any other animal of their size, and will eat almost anything that is edible, such as cotton seed,

corn, peas, bran, potatoes, etc. It costs about 1c a day to feed a deer, as they are good rustlers and munch anything in the way of vegetation.

"The deer is fast disappearing from the woods, and unless they are domesticated and bred like other classes of live stock they will disappear, like the buffalo and the mastodon and the scullyoose."

"What is a scullyoose, Mr. Harris?" asked the correspondent.

"Why, a scullyoose is—but what's the use of describing a scullyoose when they are all dead?"

The correspondent agreed that there was no use talking about an extinct species, and brought the conversation back to deer.

"I would strongly urge every farmer who is prepared to take care of a bunch of deer to begin a herd and grow a few every year. No other animal pays so large a dividend, considering the small expense and trouble of keeping the deer. They will thrive in any woods lot and a six-foot fence will retain them. They live to a great age; the does breed regularly twice a year, and they are uniformly healthy. The meat is easily kept and is the most delicious for table use that man can treat himself to. It is a king's dish when fresh, and dried venison is recognized as a luxury by all epicurists. The horns make beautiful ornaments, the bucks shedding their horns once a year. The skins are valuable and the milk of deer is the sweetest and richest of any."

"In fact," concluded Mr. Harris, "I am a deer enthusiast, and I wish more farmers would diversify to the extent of raising deer for their own tables and the markets. I have none for sale, understand, and have no other interest in these beautiful animals than my love for them—to look at and to eat."

GOLD FROM SEA WATER.

Experiments Prove that Briny Deep Is a Great Treasure House.

It has long been asserted that gold exists in a state of solution in the sea, and that in the many attempts to extract it some has been collected and precipitated, but it is admitted that failure has attended every effort at extraction on a commercial basis. The announcement is now made, however, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, that a new process has received the sanction of no less a person than Sir William Ramsay, professor of chemistry in University College, London, officer of the French Legion of Honor, corresponding members of the Institute of France, member of scientific and philosophical societies in nearly every civilized country, and the author of numerous scientific papers and treatises.

The new process is patented, but no further description of it is given than that it "bears a certain resemblance to the treatment adopted in the mines of the Witwatersrand" (South Africa).

It is said that a syndicate, whose title and address are not given, has been quietly picking up favorable sites on the English and Irish coasts, and has now acquired rights over some 50 miles of foreshore. The securing of extensive foreshore rights is necessary because the sea water must be absolutely pure to obtain the best results from the new process. Therefore, factories and pumping stations must be established well out of reach of passing steamers, the bilge water from which would contaminate the surrounding sea and derange the process of extraction.

Some forty years ago active experiments began which showed that gold in minute quantities was dissolved in many rivers and streams and later on a measurement of gold in sea water placed the amount at about a grain in each ton of the water. A grain of gold being worth about 4 cents and the tons of water in the ocean being placed at 60,000,000,000,000, it staggers the mind to attempt to compute in dollars the prodigious total value of the gold in the ocean.

Should the new process do all that its friends sanguinely claim for it, gold would almost become a drug on the market; but it is considerably remarked that "it would obviously not serve the interests of the syndicate to secure gold in greater quantities than the market could absorb. Moreover the firm of financiers whom we believe to be mainly concerned in the developments is far too deeply involved in high finance to engage in any operations which would have an unsettling effect upon the currency."

Begging the Question.

A good but visionary man, banished to the Caucasus for his socialistic theories, received a visit there from Hermann Fast, and talked a great deal to his guest about the evil of money, and the harm done the human race by civilization.

"I thought you said the visit of your friends had been a comfort to you," remarked Fast.

"So it has been."

"But you forget! How could they come here without money?"

"Very well. They could have walked."

"What! Could Mr. Neave have walked from Australia?"

This upset the thinker's calculations, but in a few moments he concluded: "No, but he could have begged a pas sage."