

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The "Sure Thing."

ANOTHER "get rich quick" concern has run its race and is in the hands of a receiver. Speculation in cotton was its specialty, and investors were assured that the company had devised a system which enabled it to make money whichever way the market went. Therefore the managers of the company felt themselves justified in promising large profits ranging from 36 to 70 per cent annually. Such promises are alluring to men and women who have been drawing only 3 or 4 per cent on their savings.

The company employed ministers, school teachers, and insurance agents as its solicitors, and paid them a 10 per cent commission. They did a large business in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York. At first dividends were paid promptly, and the number of investors increased. But in the course of time the attention of a Philadelphia paper was called to this speculative concern and it began a campaign of exposure which ended in the appointment of a receiver, who finds it much easier to discover liabilities than assets.

One year it is "Fund W." Another year it is the "Franklyn syndicate." To-day it is this cotton speculating company. Next year some other "sure thing" concern will be at work, and because the cupidity and stupidity of a certain element in the population can always be depended on it will reap a harvest.

It is useless to warn the public against the "sure thing" which will pay 30 per cent or more. The bursting of one bubble does not teach the lesson of caution. The next one which comes in sight is chased after eagerly. The arrest and punishment of the promoters of fraudulent schemes do not deter others from following in their footsteps, because there are always so many who are ready and willing to be cheated.—Chicago Tribune.

A City's Official Brigandage.

THE huge Philadelphia gas job, a flag robbery of both the present generation and posterity, was forced through the Council of that city by the gang whip, while an indignant gathering of the people who had assembled to protest was held back by the police force. The Council may pass the bill again over the Mayor's veto, which can be done by a three-fifths majority. Surprise is expressed that any official body of men should venture to defy public opinion and trample on common honesty in this way. The explanation offered is that the leaders of the ring control 10,000 places and give out many valuable contracts. They use this patronage to force a large majority of Councilmen to vote as directed. "Go along with us, or no mercy," is their motto. One Councilman said: "Most all of my business is with the city or its contractors. What can I do? I'll have to go along."

By a deal with the machine a gas company operating the works owned by the city, and whose lease has several years yet to run, is bent on extending it seventy-five years, practically keeping up the price to consumers all that time. It offers a lump sum of \$25,000,000 for the new lease, and the city needs money, having almost exhausted the legal limit for borrowing. No doubt the \$25,000,000 would be largely stolen by the gang. Philadelphia's plight is all the more desperately bad because municipal ownership has failed to protect it. It owns its gas plant and ran it for years, or rather the machine operated it for gang benefit, and steered it into intolerable conditions. A company then leased it, but still the plundering goes on, even worse than before. It is shameful that free government can be debased in this manner, with no legal remedy within reach of an outraged citizenship.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women Wage-Earners.

THE entrance of women in large numbers to occupations which were once almost exclusively restricted to men is one of the distinguished characteristics of the present industrial age. Its effect upon social conditions has become the subject of anxious inquiry. Competition for employment in gainful callings is no longer confined to one sex, and heads of families find it increasingly difficult to maintain their charges unless their daughters become wage-earners. Thus the ranks of labor at all suitable for women are constantly recruited.

Many women, married and unmarried, are obliged by necessity to seek employment from which they were formerly excluded by custom. Others desire financial inde-

pendence. Whatever the motive for the departure of women from the old ways, it must be regarded as a movement which is having a tremendous influence for weal or woe. Its relation to wage-earning men must not be overlooked. A writer in the New York Tribune remarks that while we have been trying to discover what the effect of the new industrial progress is on women, few except those immediately touched are much concerned over what changes might be working in the condition of the man "whose place, in many instances, the wage-earning woman has usurped."

The casual observer cannot fail to note the large proportion of wage-earning women coming from industrial establishments at the close of the working day and to contrast this with former conditions. While we are congratulating ourselves upon the opening opportunities for women and their success in new fields, the lowering of the wage rate, the displacement of fathers of families and young men, obliged by the new competition to postpone or abandon matrimony, deserve consideration. It appears from the last census that half the women in the United States over 15 years of age are unmarried. The percentage is likely to become higher with the increasing inability of men to marry. The sociological outcome deserves attention.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A New Use for Injunctions.

IT has remained for a Chicago man to come forward with a new, and yet an old, method of settling family disturbances. It is new as applied to domestic difficulties, but old in some other ways.

This gentleman's wife and daughter have the moving habit. As regularly as spring comes they are seized with a desire to move, just as most women are seized with an overwhelming desire to clean house. The head of the family, not being of a nomadic disposition, was immune from the attacks of the moving germ, and this spring he objected to the annual move, inasmuch as it was impossible to secure a better location.

But the wife and daughter were determined to move in spite of his objections, and they began the work of tearing up carpets and otherwise disturbing the peace and tranquility of the home. Did he resort to the old-time method of harsh words to prevent it? Did a violent quarrel ensue? Not at all. He knew that he would probably be vanquished in the end by such a procedure. He simply took a few minutes off, went into court and peaceably secured an injunction, restraining his wife and daughter from further disturbing his peace and comfort by piling the furniture in the street and carting it away to some neighborhood that he knows not of. Then it became the duty of an officer of the law to serve the injunction, and the head of the house knew that when he went home to supper the family residence would still be where he left it in the morning.

There are untold possibilities in the invention of this Chicago man. Suppose a man should follow Mr. Cleveland's teachings, for instance, and object to his wife going to clubs and leaving him to look after the baby. Instead of having a family quarrel about it, he could simply bring home an injunction with him at night, and everything would be peaceful. Suppose the husband should insist on his wife getting up to start the fires. She could send down town and get an injunction.—Topeka State Capital.

A Ruling on Damages.

SOME of the decisions in railroad damage cases have been calculated to fill the lay mind with awe, not unmingled with other emotions; but we do not recall any that rivals the one that is reported from Illinois.

In this case the parents of a young man killed in a railroad accident sued for damages. The evidence showing that the young man was a university student and an athlete, the trial judge dismissed the case. He held that the maintenance of a young man of that character is an expense to the parents and contributes nothing to their support. Therefore, as they had no pecuniary loss they had no claim for damages. This judicial utterance on the cash value of university students and athletes is striking, to say the least.

Such a ruling on the measure of damages in the case of death by negligence reduces criticism to impotence. All that can be said of it is that, if this judicial tendency continues, parents of scholastic young men may yet be brought to an attitude of thankfulness, in the case of such accidents, to escape an assessment for benefits.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

MR. SPANGLER'S APPETITE.

The tramp was old and meek in manner, and the belated ironing was as much as the maid could manage without any housecleaning. So, although Mrs. Spangler felt nervous about admitting a strange and ragged man to the house when her husband was absent, she told the man to come in and she would see what she could do for him to do. The Chicago News relates the experiences of an anxious day:

Mrs. Spangler assumed a confident air and pointed out the rugs that were to be beaten.

The man picked them up with an air so suspiciously civil, so unnatural and meek, that Mrs. Spangler's alarm increased, and she hastily resolved upon roundabout intimidation.

"Don't make a noise if you can help it," she said. He had not made a sound. "I'm afraid you may wake my husband. His room is at the head of the stairs, and he sleeps very lightly."

"I'll be careful, ma'am," said the tramp. "Does the gentleman work nights?"

"Er—no," replied Mrs. Spangler, to whom conveying false impressions

strange. "But—he was up late last night."

The tramp went at his task with energy, and when it was completed Mrs. Spangler set him cleaning windows. By noon the downstairs panes were like crystals. At the same time Mrs. Spangler had misgivings. There was a gleam in the man's eyes she did not like. Still, she consulted with the maid on the advisability of giving him a lunch and retaining him for the upstairs woodwork.

The maid thought it would be all right. "He don't look like a bad man," she said.

"But with Mr. Spangler away?"

"He thinks he's asleep upstairs," the maid reminded.

Mrs. Spangler decided to risk it. She called the tramp to the kitchen and set before him a nice little lunch. She left him a moment, and when she returned there was nothing eatable in sight.

Mrs. Spangler hardly noticed his voracity. "If you'll come with me and bring that bucket I'll show you what cleaning I want done," she said. At the top of the stairs she raised her finger and whispered, "Now remember not to make a noise and wake my husband. That's his room."

"Don't the gentleman feel able to come down to lunch?" the tramp asked.

"He suspects something!" thought

Mrs. Spangler. She said, "No. I'll send something up to him by you. Come back with me."

Hurriedly she loaded a tray with a miscellaneous assortment of cold provisions from the ice box, including a bottle of ginger ale. "Set it down gently outside," she directed. "If he wakes, as he may any moment now, he'll find it when he opens the door."

The tramp went upstairs with the tray. Mrs. Spangler sat in the parlor and listened. For an hour she heard nothing but the sound of gentle swabbing. Then the tramp appeared, pallid in one hand, and in the other—an empty tray.

"Why?" exclaimed Mrs. Spangler.

"He ate the lunch," explained the tramp, noticing the direction of her gaze. "He said he'd try to get another nap."

Hardships.

"Think of the hardships of your general," said one Russian soldier. "He is liable at any time to have to go back to Russia and apologize."

"Think of me," said the other soldier. "I am not likely to have a chance to go back to apologize or do anything else."—Washington Star.

The truth is that if a woman went into the barnlot attired as the milk maid is attired on the stage, the cow would be so scared that she would refuse to give milk.

OLD Favorites

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's Darling was borne one day.

Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold;
Somebody's Darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now;
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were Somebody's pride, you know;

Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love?
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer;

Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling childlike lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head;
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

—Marie R. Lacoste.

HER AMBITION.

She Successfully Attained It and Surprised Her Friends.

From the day that Eleanor Kingsbury entered college she was recognized as the master spirit of her class. Even the faculty—and college faculties are not lightly moved to admiration—acknowledged that she was a young woman of exceptional promise. She was brilliant, and, to many, beautiful; she possessed fine natural gifts, including an unusual talent for leadership; and, above all, she had much personal charm.

It was not strange that her friends considered her fame merely a question of time. The "frivolous" girls prophesied that she was destined for a leader of society, the "earnest" ones that she would become the leader of some large philanthropic or economic movement; others declared that her real vocation was music, and still others that she should devote herself to literature. When, therefore, a year after she graduated, her engagement to a bank teller was announced, the consternation among those who knew her was universal.

"Eleanor Kingsbury, with her tastes and abilities!" they exclaimed. "Why, she will be poor!" and they all agreed that it was a tragedy.

Eleanor married her bank teller and went to another city, and for five years her friends saw nothing of her. Then one spring came an invitation to three of them to make her a visit.

"I'm just hungry to see you all," she wrote. "I have been ever since I went away, but I wouldn't write till I had worked long enough at my ambition to have something to show for it. I think I have now—at least, a beginning. Do say you'll come."

There was no question of their acceptance. All the journey they guessed over Eleanor's ambition, finally deciding that either she had organized a club or written a book. They were eager and excited and triumphant that she was fulfilling their expectations at last. They had known that she never was made for a bank teller's wife.

Eleanor was waiting with her little girl at the station—the same Eleanor, their glances assured each other, only in some indefinable way deepened and enriched. The haunting perplexity of it increased in the days that followed, as they became acquainted with Eleanor's plain and genuine little home, and with her friends, many of them cultured, but all people of small incomes like herself. Finally they asked her.

"You haven't told us your ambition," they said.

Eleanor smiled. "I hoped that you would have discovered it for yourselves," she answered. "We are all working at it—all the women you've met." Then an eager note crept into her voice. "You thought that I

wouldn't be happy, dear girls, but I am, I am! It—it wasn't easy at first, but it was the problem of thousands of women, and I was determined to conquer it. Girls, dear girls, I can say it now, and I am prouder than you can ever think. I am learning how to be successfully poor."

Then they understood. — Youth's Companion.

RARE STAMPS ON OLD LETTERS.

Finds of Value Sometimes Made—Stamps to Look Out For.

"Never burn up or throw away old letters or papers without first giving them a careful examination," advised a Twenty-third street stamp dealer, "for there's many an apparently worthless piece of paper that bears a stamp which would bring in open market hundreds and maybe thousands of dollars."

"There are plenty of the old postmaster stamps still in existence, for instance, as there were a great many of them originally issued, and it has not been so long ago, say fifty-five years, when they were in active use. Now, any one of these early issues is worth from \$300 up. Any one who has access to old files of correspondence from 1840 to 1865 ought to hunt for such stamps."

"The chief reason why more of these old stamps have not come to light is probably that they have so ordinary and unattractive an appearance that a person unacquainted with their value would not waste a second glance upon them. They were very similar in most cases to the postmaster cancellation marks now in use in the postoffices, with the exception that the postmaster was required to sign his name to them."

"The rarest of the whole lot of postmaster issues is the 10-cent Baltimore stamp, with the name of James M. Buchanan. One specimen of this stamp sold for \$4,400, which is the record price for a stamp of United States issue. There's no reason in the world why there shouldn't be more of these stamps packed away somewhere. In the case of this stamp none of them was used on envelopes, but all on letters."

"The design of the Baltimore stamp is a box made of hair line rule, one and a half inches long and half an inch wide. In the center is the signature, 'James M. Buchanan,' while under the name is the denomination, either 5 or 10 cents. There are two kinds of these stamps, in black or blue. The 10-cent black is the scarcer."

"Next to this series probably comes the New Haven stamp, at the bottom of which is the signature of 'E. A. Mitchell, P. M.' In the center is the figure 5 with the word 'Paid' directly underneath. At the top are the words 'Post Office, New Haven, Ct.' The words are all inclosed in a black border with a small curve at the corners." —New York Sun.

PHONE AID TO MATRIMONY.

Girl with One in Her Home Always Popular with Young Men.

It is needless to say that the telephone is a great institution, says the Utica Press. It has long been an absolute essential in every place of business. Just now there is a great increase in the number of phones in private houses. It is possible to talk with pretty much everybody at his or her home. The companies are evidently endeavoring to boom that branch of their business, because they are advertising it extensively. The other day a St. Louis paper had a big display ad. at the top of which was a picture of an attractive young lady telephoning and represented as saying: "Is that you, Harry?" The text beneath it includes this statement: "It is a well-known fact that the girl who has a telephone is the girl who has the most friends, and consequently has the best time."

This appeal to the young people is adroit, and doubtless will serve to make the St. Louis exchange bigger and busier. The parents who have marriageable daughters will do well to consider this ingenious contrivance and modern aid to matrimony. It is something of a bother for a young man to call or even to write a note asking the young lady to go to the theater, go for a walk or drive or a ride to the park, but if he can transmit the message by telephone it is an easy way of making an appointment. Many a delicious message is telephoned these days, and there is reason to believe the statement made by the St. Louis company. It applies, of course, with equal force in every American city. The young ladies for whom a life of single blessedness has no charms are not exactly buying a lottery ticket when they hire a phone. They can get much pleasure and comfort out of it as they go along, for it is a constant contributor to convenience. It is worth the price, with the enhanced matrimonial possibility thrown in as an extra inducement.

The Boy.

McCall—Who is that youngster?
Merchant—Merely our new office boy.

McCall—Oh, I see. His face seemed familiar.

Merchant—Perhaps it is, but his manner is more so.—Philadelphia Press.