

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Family Quarrel.

FOR some reason family quarrels are the bitterest of all quarrels. For instance: Norwegian, Swede, Dane—these three—are, and of right ought to be, one great family. They have a common historic past. They have shared sacrifices and glory. They speak kindred tongues. Why should they quarrel to the point of separation? Did not the commonwealth or the fear of common danger bind them? Or the possibilities of a great Scandinavian union? It appears not. On the contrary the genius for amalgamation seems lacking. Least of all there any disposition to fight for union. And so the Norwegian flag is hoisted and saluted with twenty-one guns. Secession from Sweden is accomplished. Norway is an independent nation.

The family quarrel is an ancient one, caused by incompatibility of temper. The dual monarchy was born of the Napoleonic era, but the peoples never became cemented. The Norse has been asking for a separate consular and diplomatic service. That was only an excuse for the family fighting. Neither member of the household would give in. Bickering and blacklisting led to open divorce. It is a pity. There will come a day when the separation will be regretted. Sweden has lost Finland. Denmark is reduced to a few islands. And Norway will be at the mercy of Russia. History will write of Scandinavia that, unlike the United States, it stopped at federalism and failed. It neglected to "form a more perfect union." It was a house divided against itself.—Des Moines News.

Two Duties of the Hour.

NEW occasions bring new duties. The tremendous naval victory of Japan over Russia brings new duties—and grave ones, too—to the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, and the Hon. Theodore P. Shonts, chairman of the Panama Canal Commission. It is the grave duty of the Hon. John Hay to see to it that the whole influence of the United States government among the powers be used to limit Japan's war indemnity to territory, rather than allow this indemnity to be collected from Russia in money, which would be invested at once in a still larger and stronger Japanese navy. It is the grave duty of the Hon. Theodore P. Shonts to see to it that the Panama canal be completed with all possible speed, so as to double, at the earliest moment, the efficiency of the United States navy.

Self-preservation is the first law of nations, and the possessions of the United States in the Pacific Ocean must be preserved. Japan's sea power in the Pacific has been as bravely won as England's in the Atlantic. But it is an intolerable idea that this country should allow Japan to take in hand the naval keys to the Pacific as England was allowed, through a series of deplorable errors, to take in hand the naval keys to the Atlantic.

The United States has been the first great power to grasp naval supremacy in the great ocean. Perish the hand that, through negligence or weakness, would relax that grasp!—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Census by Guess.

THE Census Bureau has again put out figures to show the population of our large cities, this time for 1904 and 1905. It has not made any count, but simply estimates them by adding to the census of 1900 half the increase shown between 1890 and 1900 for the population in 1905, and four-fifths of that for 1904. The usual dissatisfaction is shown with the results of the system.

The Census Bureau makes the population of Washington city for the year 302,883. It happens there has just been an actual count made there by the police, which showed a total of 322,572. This discrepancy is a curious comment on the system of the Census Bureau.

The government ought not to do for the people what they can do for themselves. Any tolerable mathematician can take the census of 1900, find the increase from 1890 to 1900, and add half of it to the figures for the latter year, and have at once the result of the bureau's estimate

though," with faint scorn. "She weakens easy."

"She must be a pretty harsh sort of a person even to talk of suspending you for a little thing like that," said the oldster, with irony that glanced off its object. "I suppose you whisper in school sometimes, and punch the boy in front of you in the back, and stick pins in him, and make faces, and shoot beans and peas and putty and things like that?"

"I should say!"

"And then you get suspended, eh?"

"Oh, most generally we get marked down on our department."

"Barbarous!" commented the oldster. "I don't see how a teacher can have the heart to do such a thing. It must be pretty painful, isn't it?"

"Oh, that don't hurt! You just get sixty or sixty-five average on your department card."

"Well," said the oldster, "it may be all right, but it sounds brutal to me. When I was at school the master we had never marked us down."

"Didn't he?" asked the youngster, in surprise.

"No," resumed the oldster, reflectively. "He always marked us up. He had several ways of doing it. He could leave tolerably well-defined marks with his bare hand. His thumb and finger when they closed on a boy's ear could lead that boy along the path of knowledge irresistibly. But his marks of absolute disapproval he usually laid on with a hickory stick."

"He did suspend a boy occasionally, however—by the collar of his jacket—but never for as long as two weeks. We never made it necessary for him

for 1905. Why give the authority of the government to an estimate which a schoolboy can make for himself?

It is the business of the Census Bureau to count, and not to guess. Thousands of people will guess free of charge, and many of them will guess better than the salaried guessers of the bureau. The bureau's major premise is that all our large cities are increasing in population just as much per year as they did ten years ago, which is absurd. The system is borrowed from one invented by Procrustes, a robber of Attica, 3,000 years ago.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Expense of Life Insurance.

THE "rake-off" in the Equitable was colossal. Men who on their merits could not earn \$5,000 a year, by virtue of favor and pull got \$50,000 and \$100,000. Tarbell's stenographer got a salary of \$12,000. Directors used the money of the society to buy bonds and stocks, and then sold the stocks and bonds to the Equitable for a profit. The loot was so great that the directors wanted all. They toadied to young Hyde to get on the board and to get the use of the society's money and then they resolved to destroy him. Now the whole directorate is exposed as hucksters in the money of the policy holders and the public will have nothing to do with the Equitable until Hyde, Alexander and all the directors who used their offices to graft clear out.

In all the money that was squandered by the Equitable the fact remains that its expense of carrying \$1,000 of insurance was smallest of the three big New York companies. In 1904 the cost of carrying each \$1,000 of insurance in the Mutual Life was \$11.60. The cost in the New York Life was \$10.50. The cost in the Equitable was \$9.80, in spite of all the money grabbed by the parasites. This shows the necessity of closer government control of life insurance companies, or, what is better for the policy holders, government life insurance.—New York American.

Government Reports a Basis for Gambling.

THE entire crop of cotton in the United States is grown in the South. The price, however, is fixed in New York. Not a hundred thousand bales are sold for consumption in that city. Men make the price who would not know a bale of cotton from a bale of hay. During the last year the chief impetus to gambling in futures has been the monthly government report of the condition of the crop or the progress of cotton picking and ginning. This report is compiled in Washington. Planters and speculators in other cities charged that the government's report fell into the hands of a band of New York speculators before it was made public.

Now the charge has been formally made to Secretary Wilson. The secretary thought the charges were absurd. He finally consented to make an investigation, and he did not get far until he got serious. Now there is a scandal brewing. When government statistics are used for future gambling they should be abolished. Secretary Wilson ought to shut up his cotton statistics bureau. It is useful only as a thing to bet against.—Chicago American.

Lax Bank Inspection.

If national bank inspection were as rigid and as intelligent as the law prescribes, the Bigelow defalcation would have been discovered earlier, and the damage inflicted would have been less. It is by the use of the banking funds placed at their disposal that the Keenes, Letters, Harpers, Hutchinsons and Gateses are enabled to subvert for the moment the natural laws of trade, make food dearer to the community and inflict hardship on the people. All the bankers know this. All know that the funds which they lend to the gamblers are employed for dishonest purposes. They sin against the light and thus deserve the censure of the community, while they again establish the truth that "they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."—Illustrated Home Journal.

to speak to us twice. In fact, he never spoke to us at all—he barked. When he cleared his throat our knees knocked together.

"We strove to please him. We never walked out on a strike, as I recently read some of your school fellows did. He had a monopoly of the striking. Yes, I think it would have done you good to attend his school."

"Did it do you good?"

"Well, come to think of it," I don't know that it did," replied the oldster, candidly, "but," he added, grimly, "I don't think we needed licking as badly as the present generation does."

Nature's Armored Cruisers.

Some of the papers are poking fun at the story which comes from the Bay of Biscay of crabs weighing sixteen pounds and possessing claws eighteen inches in circumference. The joke would have seemed the funnier, perhaps, had the crabs been described as opening and eating oysters. As a matter of fact, there is a species which does crack coconuts. As students of Darwin will remember, this extraordinary creature grows to an enormous size; so large is it that in the larger ones there is sufficient fat to yield a quart of palm-oil, derived from their diet on cocoanut. These nuts they first denude of their tough fibrous covering, then with their hammer-like claws beat upon the shell until an opening is made, and the rest is simple. These giants live on land, but bathe each night in the sea.

People now say: "Dr. Cutter will commit an operation at the hospital to-morrow."

OLD Favorites

Jim Bludso.

Wall, no, I can't tell wha' he lives, Because he don't live, you see; Leastways he's got out of the habit Of livin' like you and me. Whar' have you been for the last three year

That you haven't heard folks tell How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers Is pretty much alike— One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill, Another one here in Pike. A keersless man in his talk was Jim, An awkward hand in a row, But he never finked, and he never lied— I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, To treat his engine well, Never be passed on the river, To mind the pilot's bell; And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire— A thousand times he swore He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp, And her day come at last; The Movastar was a better boat, But the Belle, she wouldn't be passed; And so she come tarin' along that night— The oldest craft on the line— With a nigger squat on her safety valve, And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar, And burnt a hole in the night; And, quick as a flash, she turned and made

For that willer bank on the right. There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out

Over all the infernal roar: 'I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank Till the last galoot's ashore.'

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard, And they all had trust in his cussedness, And knowed he would keep his word; And, sure's you're born, they all got off Afore the smokestacks fell— And Bludso's ghost went up alone In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at judgment I'd run my chance with Jim Longside of some pious gentlemen That wouldn't shook hands with him. He seen his duty, a dead sure thing— And went for it thar and then; And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard On a man that died for men. —John Hay.

PRINCE OF MISERS.

Incidents Which Illustrate the Meanness of Russell Sage.

While many of the stories that are told of Russell Sage's miserly habits and eccentricities are fictitious, none of them are exaggerations. It would be almost impossible for anyone to imagine a man more economical and stingy than he, says a writer who has been looking up facts about the multi-



RUSSELL SAGE.

millionaire. Although his income is reckoned at \$5,000 a day, at least, and some people think it is twice that amount, he has lived at the rate of \$5,000 a year or less, and his personal expenses have not been \$1,000 a year. That is a very liberal estimate. He has two suits of clothes, one for week days and the other for Sunday, and he has worn them as long as anybody can remember. He has not bought a new overcoat for 15 or 20 years, and his hat is quite as old as that if not older. A few years ago he sent for a gentleman who had done him a favor, and in a confidential way said that he was going to reward him with a "tip" that he could work for a profit. Then, to the man's astonishment, Mr. Sage gave him the address of a store on Seventh avenue where he could get shoes for \$2 a pair.

To save time the Western Union Telegraph Company serves a free lunch to its operators, and Mr. Sage appeared every day at a certain hour. A seat was kept for him at a certain table up to the last day he came downtown. He never paid fare on the elevated railroad, because he was a director, and the ticket takers had instructions to let him go by without paying.

He invariably helped himself to newspapers from the stand at Fifth street in the morning when on his way downtown, and did the same at Rector street when he was going home in the afternoon. He has stolen his newspapers for a generation in the same way, of the same men, and they never dared say a word about it. He has always compelled the bootblacks on the elevated stations to shine his shoes for nothing. At first, years ago, they used to remonstrate. He would climb into one of the chairs and wait until they served him. If they demanded pay he would threaten to have them put off the platform.

The omnibus drivers and cabmen on Fifth avenue point out a crack across the top pane of glass in one of his parlor windows which, they say, has been there for 21 years. The story goes that Mrs. Sage negotiated with a glazier to replace it with a whole pane for \$12. Mr. Sage would not pay more than \$10. The glazier would not yield, and the deadlock has continued for almost a quarter of a century.

He has a quiet little country place down on Long Island, with a good deal of lawn, but he does not keep the turf shaved down like his neighbors. He lets the grass grow until it is high enough to make good hay and then sells it for \$3 to a livery stablekeeper in the vicinity.

"BOTHERATION PRIMUS."

Argumentative Youth Gave the Instructor Something to Think About.

The dignity of the old-time clergyman of a small town enwrapped him so entirely in the eyes of his people that jests concerning the follies of his youth were likely to be frowned upon rather than cherished. But of the college days of the estimable and much respected Nathaniel Niles, of West Fairlee, Vermont, who was graduated from Princeton in 1766, N. N. Withington in a recent interesting article tells us that traditions still survive.

He and his younger brother Samuel were both of them able but excessively argumentative youths, and during their student days they were known as "Botheration Primus" and "Botheration Secundus."

Just how much of a bother the first botheration could be to an unwary professor is revealed in the famous anecdote of the jack-knife. It has been related of other men than Nathaniel Niles; but at least if he cannot be proved to be the one and only proper hero of it, his attested character lends strong support to his claim.

His instructor in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity," and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, yet we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said Niles, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in, it would still be the identical knife?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?"

"That is so," said the professor.

"Then, in that case," triumphantly rejoined young Botheration Primus "if I should find the old blade and the old handle and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"

Story of a Woman Crusoe.

Beginning due west of Point Conception on the California coast and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the Bay of Todos Santos in Lower California lie the Channel Islands. In this ideal region for the yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter one comes to feel like a new Crusoe on his primitive isle. And in very truth Crusoe's semi-mythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending.

The castaway in this case was a woman, a Danish emigrant, left ashore through some mischance by the crew of a vessel that had sought shelter behind San Nicholas during a storm in the early '50's. For over seventeen years the lone creature had lived, un-sought and forgotten, though the time at length came when, on the days the mist-clearing north winds blew, she could climb to the island's highest point and view the ranchers' herds grazing upon the mainland.

And at last, when hope and reason had both long died, the poor, wild, gibbering creature was found in her wolf's burrow among the hills by the advance guard of the otter hunters' fraternity, who had long wondered at the mysterious footprints they found marked upon the lonely sands.—Forest and Stream.

Ambition Gratified.

First Bookworm—Well, I'm working on a file of newspapers now and am entirely satisfied. Second Ditto—You always did have a sneaking ambition to get into the papers.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Investigate it closely, and you will find that the successful men do not take many chances.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The "oldster" regarded the youngster thoughtfully. "So your teacher doesn't whip you? What's the reason of that?" he asked, eagerly, for he was not one, or so the Chicago News intimates, who recoiled in horror from any discussion of the principles and practices of education. "Don't you ever do anything that calls for a whipping?"

The youngster grinned. "Teachers ain't allowed to lick the children. If she licked us she'd get suspended," he explained. "She reasons with us, and if we don't behave she suspends us."

"Hum!" said the oldster, rubbing his chin. "I've heard of something of the kind, but I never quite understood exactly how it worked. How often have you been suspended?"

"I never was. Ethan Taylor, he was suspended once. He set fire to a girl's hair with a match, and when the teacher wanted him to say he was sorry he said bad words at her. They suspended him for two weeks."

"Hum!" said the oldster again.

"And once we all got to hollering and laughing in the geography lesson, and when Miss Watson told us to stop we just kept right on."

"Why?"

"Oh, just for fun! Jimmy Willing, he was soaking paper balls in his ink and throwing them at the map whenever Miss Watson turned her back to point to it. She got awful mad, and she said she'd suspend us all if we didn't behave ourselves. She didn't,