

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

What is Left of Depew's Reputation.

THE wreck of Chauncey M. Depew's reputation is alarming. If it is a symptom of the disease which is eating at the heart of American life to-day, there is too much reason to believe that it is.

Here is a man, past three-score and ten, who all his life long has enjoyed the esteem of the country for his great abilities, his culture, his seeming character and his sunny, genial disposition. His lines have been cast in pleasant places. The richest family in America took him up as a young man and made him its adviser in matters of business, and ever since then he has been its spokesman and representative.

Innumerable corporations have associated him with them because of his supposed integrity and his high reputation. He has been signally honored at home and abroad, and in the evening of his life he was sent by the greatest State in the Union to be its representative in the Senate of the United States. In one word, Chauncey M. Depew has been generally regarded for thirty years as typical of all that is best in our civilization.

And now comes the report that this man has admitted that, while one of the guardians and trustees of a widows' and orphans' fund, he voted for a loan of their money guaranteed by himself, then repudiated his guarantee and informed his creditors that the guarantee was illegal, with the result that they lost the hundreds of thousands of dollars he had obtained. All this time, too, the widows and orphans were paying him \$20,000 a year as their legal counsel and \$25 for every directors' meeting, whether he attended it or not.

Can it be possible that the lust for money, money, always more money, is destroying the moral fiber of the nation? There have of late been many indications that it is, and the case of Chauncey M. Depew makes it seem almost a certainty.—Des Moines News.

As to Fast Trains.

ONE railway expert is quoted as saying that the very fastest train on a road is the safest because it has the right of way over all other traffic; every employe on the road is on the lookout for it; it is made up of the best equipment and run by the most skillful trainmen. This may be entirely true and probably is. But when an accident does overtake one of these "flyers" it is usually far more disastrous than a similar accident to a slower train. But is it not possible to apply the conditions which make the fastest trains exceptionally safe to all other trains? That it is possible to improve conditions in this regard is shown by statistics which were read at the recent railway congress by Sir George Armytage, chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. These statistics show that in four years, beginning with 1900, more persons were killed or injured on the railways of the United States than in the whole of Europe for the same time. In the mad rush of modern life safety is sacrificed to speed in every walk of life. If we made haste more slowly, there would be fewer cases of "nerves" among women, fewer cases of insomnia among men, fewer patients in the insane asylums, fewer divorces growing out of ill temper. In short, if we lived slower we might live longer and more happily.—Baltimore Sun.

A Condemned Man's Rights of Appeal.

THE sensational developments in the case of Johann Hoch are sure to cause fresh discussion of the mooted question of an impoverished prisoner's right to take an appeal to the Supreme Court. Hoch was to have been hanged and Gov. Deneen, who had already stayed execution once, declined to intervene again unless assured that Hoch was provided with means to perfect his appeal. For this purpose the prisoner needed \$1,100 to bear the cost of writing up the evidence and other incidental expenses. As he had not raised the money his death seemed certain. That he is still living is due solely to the fact that at the last moment the needed sum was raised.

In the melodramatic circumstances attending his escape

from the gallows a large part of the public will find reason for believing that the present procedure as regards appeal needs to be amended. All must be equal before the law and obviously there cannot be perfect equality if a poor man, because of his poverty, cannot obtain the same privileges that a man of means could obtain. It is because of this principle that many lawyers, doubtless, will hold that "there should be a law which would enable a condemned man to appeal his case to the Supreme Court if he so desires and the State should pay the expenses in case the person is without funds."

The problem presents many difficulties. If a poor man may throw the burden of expense for an appeal on the State, practically all condemned prisoners will be likely to assert poverty and demand similar privileges. Many lawyers, furthermore, believe that the tendency of the time should be toward limiting the facilities for appeal instead of increasing them. Were appeals barred in all ordinary cases there could be no complaint of unequal treatment. Whatever view may be taken, the Hoch case suggests that something is wrong in the present system, since it makes discrimination possible. The question how that discrimination can be avoided is worthy of the thoughtful attention of jurists.—Chicago News.

The Ideal Public Library.

WHEN the farmer drops in to see what is the red bug that is eating his box elder trees and what to do for it, or, rather, against it; when the editor telephones over for a map of Port Arthur for the afternoon edition; when the orator for "Pioneer Day" finds there anecdotes of the early history of the town; when the boy who wants to study electrical engineering in his odd hours does not have to send \$25 to a correspondence school for books the library ought to supply; when the village inventor can learn how many times before his non-refillable bottle has been patented; when the grocer's clerk comes over to see what brands of baking powder contain alum; when the mechanic can find out what horse power he can get from a windmill above his shop; when the political junta adjourns from the drug store to the library to see how much McKinley ran ahead of his ticket in 1896 in the fifth congressional district; when the young married couple look over the colored plates of a volume on the house furnishings a *part nouveau*; when the labor leader comes in to look up English laws on the financial responsibility of trades unions; when the mayor sends in for all the books on the municipal ownership of electric light plants; when the clerk of the district court discovers in the files of the local paper an advertisement of a dissolution of partnership ten years ago—then we can be sure that Andrew Carnegie has not wasted his money.—New York Independent.

The Visitation of "Yellow Jack."

YELLOW FEVER is no jest. In the memorable epidemic of 1878 it carried away 5,000 souls in New Orleans and Memphis and the country between. Even the North remembers those days—the terror thereof and the suspense. For that matter, the North had cause of its own to dread the pestilence. Later than 1822 Philadelphia was scourged by it. Boston was a fellow sufferer in 1797. Of late years it has crept up the Mississippi valley, only to be checked fortunately by sanitary measures and redeeming frosts.

No, Yellow fever is no joke. Nor does the South regard it as one. The whole country is with the South on guard against it. For there is this about it. There is reason to believe that man's fight against the pestilence is on the point of victory. That such a gratifying result is possible is shown by the fact that the disease has been rare even in Cuba since the Americans occupied the island in 1898 and cleaned it. All that is needed now is to corner the fugitive cases that may develop on the gulf coast and treat them with the concentrated experience of a costly past, and strike the final blow that will make it a happily forgotten nightmare.

After that, to deal death to it on the isthmus and the West Indies to crown the medical and hygienic achievements of the twentieth century.—Kansas City World.

WITNESSED UNIQUE DUEL.

Three Bears and a Colony of Rattlesnakes Engaged in Fight.

Frederick Zinn and Mortimer Gray, while fishing for trout in Panther run, saw a unique duel between a mother bear and two cubs and a colony of rattlesnakes, according to the Philadelphia Record.

There is a prevalent belief that rattlers and bears often hibernate together, but this occurrence shows that there are times, at least, when there is deadly enmity between the two. The fishermen were attracted to the spot by the squealing of the bear cubs, and they left the stream in the hope that they might be able to capture the youngsters. But the sight they beheld was sufficient to destroy all ambition to capture bears in such a place.

The place of battle was not more than a rod from the creek, on the rising slope and on the sunny side. A series of shelving rocks ended in a large surface rock almost as level as a table and perhaps twenty feet in area. Off the edge of this grew an oak tree of good size, but hollow of trunk about eighteen feet up.

One of the cub bears had sought refuge up on the first limb of this tree, while the second youngster was hanging to the trunk, not more than a yard below, like a bat on a limb—head downward. Both the cubs were squealing for dear life, and the spectators soon saw what the matter was, so far as they were concerned. The hollow

oak was a bee tree and the bees by the hundreds had swarmed upon and about the young bears and were stinging their paws, noses and ears and every other spot that the fur failed to make impregnable.

The fishermen soon observed that there was more doing than the serio-comic act of the bee tree. Near the foot of the tree the mother bear was doing a dance for her life, and the unmistakable sounds of the whirring of snakes' rattles told the tragic tale. The bears, in their path to the bee tree, had got into a colony of rattlers that were sunning themselves on the rock shelf and the reptiles had combined to do battle. But the old bear was making short shrift of the venomous crawlers. She was fighting them much like a dog—tooth and claw—and there appeared to be snakes in the air all the time, while the men saw a dozen or more gliding off for shelter under the shelving rocks. The feud continued for ten minutes or more before the bear stopped to rest.

When she did she caught a sniff of the men to the windward of her and the next instant, after giving vent to a peculiar cry—an alarm for the youngsters—she shambled off into the bushes in a hurry, the cubs following as rapidly as they could scamper down off the tree.

Zinn and Gray made an investigation of the scene of the battle and found fourteen dead rattlesnakes, their bodies bitten and torn. They also killed

seven others that in a little while ventured out of their retreat. One of the rattlers was almost five feet long and had a string of sixteen rattles.

The following day the men returned with two large milk cans and made a raid on the bee tree, smoking the bees to death and confiscating the honey. When they had gathered the whole lot they had a small bucketful more than would go in the milk cans.

Where He Fell Down.

Archibald—I will do anything in the world for you, dearest!

Helene—Will you?

Archibald—If you would only try me!

Helene—Then take this collar and Catchem's department store and exchange it for a size larger; I've lost the slip.—Puck.

The Brick in His Hat.

"Shorry I'm sho late, m' dear," began Dingle apologetically, "but shome fresh jokers stopped me an' wouldn't lemme go—"

"Indeed?" interrupted his wife. "Why didn't you take the brick out of your hat and hit them with it?"—Philadelphia Press.

On Other Nights.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby?

Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small; she has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call.—Puck.

A THRIFTY GUEST.

A few years ago Mrs. Reeves paid a visit to some distant cousins—two rich old maiden ladies who live together in a remote village of Canada. On the night before she left their home, as the three sat on the veranda together, one of the hostesses remarked speculatively: "Well, it hasn't cost Drusilly and me so much as we thought it would to have you here. You see, every time you were invited out, we were asked, too, and that saved the price of a meal for each of us; so it almost evens up!"

This story has been a byword among the members of the Reeves family ever since, and only recently they have acquired a companion-piece which, Mrs. Reeves declares, balances it beautifully.

Their home is in Washington; so that it forms a convenient target for any and all of their friends who aim at "doing" the national capital, but their spirit of hospitality has never grown tired. Not long ago Mr. Reeves received word that his Uncle Abner and wife were coming to visit him.

"Now don't you think, Burton," Mrs. Reeves asked her husband, when she heard the news, "that it would do to let your Uncle Abner pay at least part of his own expenses while he's sightseeing round here? I wouldn't mind of it, only you know, he has more money than he knows what to do with."

"That's true enough, my dear," admitted Mr. Reeves with his genial smile, "but he's going to be our guest, and I intend to give him and Aunt Huldah the time of their lives. I guess 'Drusilly and me' can manage to pay their car fare for a few days."

So Uncle Abner and Aunt Huldah came. Mr. Reeves met them at the station, and for the next week devoted himself to giving them a glorious holiday. Not a point of interest was missed; not a car line anywhere round Washington failed of patronage. Just once, in all their visit, the two went out together, unaccompanied, and the twenty-five cents that Uncle Abner paid for six car tickets on that occasion was the only money he spent while in Washington.

As they were riding to the train, in the street-car, on the morning of their departure, Mr. Reeves paid the fare as usual, and then dropped into a seat beside Uncle Abner.

"Well, uncle," he said, heartily, "I hope you're not sorry you came?"

"Oh, no," Uncle Abner replied, absently. He was fumbling in his pocket-book for something. At last he produced two car tickets. "Say, Burt," he said, "I had these left from the quarter's worth I bought the day your Aunt Huldah and I rode out to Cabin John's Bridge. They won't be any use to me after I leave here; so if you want to give me a dime and take 'em off my hands, we'll call it square!"—Youth's Companion.

PRESERVE THE BATTLEFIELDS.

Scenes of Cuban Conflicts Full of Historic Interest.

It is true that the great battles of the Civil War and those of the present one in Manchuria, where the men killed and wounded in a day outnumber all those who fought on both sides at San Juan, make that battle read like a skirmish. But the Spanish war had its results. At least it made Cuba into a republic, and so enriched or burdened us with colonies that our republic changed into something like an empire. But I do not urge that. It will never be because San Juan changed our foreign policy that people will visit the spot, and will send from it picture postal cards. The human interest alone will keep San Juan alive. The men who fought there came from every State in our country and from every class of our social life. We sent there the best of our regular army, and with them, cowboys, clerks, bricklayers, football players, three future commanders of the greater army that followed that war, the future Governor of Cuba, future commanders of the Philippines, the commander of our forces in China, a future President of the United States.

And, whether these men when they returned to their homes again became clerks, and millionaires and dentists, or rose to be presidents and mounted policemen, they all remember very kindly the days they lay huddled together in the trenches on that hot and glaring skyline. And there must be many more besides who hold the place in memory. There are few in the United States so poor in relatives and friends who did not in his or her heart send a substitute to Cuba. For these it seems as though San Juan might be better preserved, not as it is, for already its aspect is too far changed to wish for that, but as it was.—Scribner's.

Most people prefer green corn on the ear, although you occasionally meet a man who prefers it in the knock-down state.

FIVE SHIFTS IN GARB A DAY.

Conformity to Ranking Officer's Dress Kept 4,000 Navy Men Busy.

Four thousand officers and bluejackets, constituting the crews of five first-class battleships and one gunboat, now in the New York navy yard, changed their uniforms simultaneously five times Sunday, says the New York Times. The reason of so much changing of dress was due to the regulation which requires that each officer and man must at all times wear a uniform to conform with that worn by the commanding or senior officer of the fleet or squadron.

Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, the commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic fleet, five of whose battleships are at the navy yard, is, of course, the ranking officer of the yard. He is away on leave of absence. Next to him comes Rear Admiral Coghlan, the commandant of the yard. After him comes Rear Admiral Davis, commanding the second division of the battleship squadron. However, it was said, absences of commanding officers were frequent, and this made the ranking a good deal of a puzzle to anybody but a navy man.

At any rate, the officers and men of the Kearsarge, Kentucky, Alabama, Maine and Missouri and the second class gunboat Dubuque had to make some lightning changes of dress. The changes began at reveille, when a signal from the Alabama showed that the commanding officer was going to breakfast dressed in blue.

This information was quickly wigwagged to all the ships and when the men lined up for mess each of them was clad in the blue uniform of the service. After breakfast the men lounged about decks or strolled around the yard. About 10 o'clock another signal was wigwagged from the flagship. The signal was to the effect that the ranking officer was wearing a white cap. Ten minutes later all the officers and nearly 3,500 men had discarded their caps of blue and had reappeared in caps made of pure white duck.

The next change was at the lunch hour. Hardly had that meal ended when there was some more wigwagging between the ships. The commanding officer was in the full uniform of white duck. Half an hour later the officers still on ships and every bluejacket on ship or in the yard had returned from a hurried visit to his quarters, where he had changed the blue for the white duck.

Six bells sounded. When the jingle died away the ranking officer wore his cap of blue. So did everybody else a little later.

Just before the dinner call another signal appeared. "Off with the white and on with the blue" is a literal translation of what the man with the signal flags said. It was nearly sundown, but the interval between signal and mess call was sufficient for another rapid change of garb and when the "last call for dinner" sounded the decks of every battleship and the little gunboat showed formations of smart seamen, every one of whom was clad in the full blue uniform of the United States service.

"I believe we hold the record in shooting, but I know we hold it when changing clothes is under discussion," remarked an officer as he darted around a twelve-inch turret on his way to his quarters to change his white duck for a blue uniform.

A Mistake Somewhere.

The young man who professed that he could read character from handwriting looked attentively at the scrap of a letter which had been given him by a friend and shook his head.

"The woman who wrote that," he said in his most judicial tone, "is undoubtedly possessed of personal attractions and unfortunately too well aware of them; but her character, sir, is weak as water. She lacks determination, consistency, ambition of a high order and originality. Am I not correct in my synopsis so far as you know?"

"Mm, well, you may be," said the other, "for I've never seen the writer. She's the widow of my Cousin Jim, out in Iowa. When I knew Jim he was an agreeable scapegrace who never stayed in one position or place for more than six months, and was always in debt. He married her twelve years ago, settled in a small city, built up a fine business, became mayor last year, just before he died, and has left a life insurance of \$40,000 and an excellent income besides to his widow and four children.

"Some way," he added, thoughtfully, as the reader of handwriting sat looking at the scrap of paper with a dazed expression, "I had imagined she might have considerable character, but I dare say you're right."

A Consistent Career.

"I can remember when the wealthy Mr. Hidem didn't have a dollar of his own," said the man who disparages "Well," answered the misanthropist, "it is said that he is still doing business entirely with other people's dollars."—Washington Star.

When the farmers kick for rain they say: "This is the critical time!"