

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

An Old, Old Story.

A HANDSOME Denver woman left a good husband because she was "tired of him" and married a man who was a rake. The expected happened. It was the man who got tired this time. He did not take the woman away from the other man because he loved her. He merely wanted to show what he could do. One day this second husband intimated that he was through with her. Made desperate, the woman shot the brute and killed him.

The whole thing, tragedy and all, was logical. The woman invited retributive justice. And so did the man. When the woman left her faithful husband, lured by the tempter, she cut herself from happiness. She was too proud to crawl back and beg the forgiveness of the man she had deserted for a whim. And she lived every day of her life in the scorn of the man who had done with her what he would. What wonder she was desperate to madness? And as for him—he got what he wanted when he took the woman from the side of her husband. It was small satisfaction. It was too easy. And when the deceived, silly creature realized her status the man got what he deserved. A real man would have staid by the woman to the bitter end. But real men are not in the business of stealing men's wives.

The whole miserable business, from divorce to murder, is only another lifting of the curtain on the old, old world-tragedy entitled, "The Soul That Sinneth It Shall Die." The play does not always end in murder, as in the Denver case, but it never ends happily. You can kill a soul without taking a life.—Des Moines News.

Why the Postoffice Doesn't Pay.

THE managers of the post office announce tearfully that the rural free delivery system will cause a deficit. Rural free delivery enables farmers to get mail regularly. It enables a good many people to make a respectable living—and, above all, it keeps the inhabitants of the nation in touch with each other and with civilization. Where the rural free delivery goes there is no more of that dreadful unbroken monotony which fills Western insane asylums with farmers' wives.

Postoffice officials and others, more or less interested, attribute to the rural free delivery system the national postoffice deficit and attack rural free delivery by implication. They are wrong. In the first place, the rural free delivery system should be constantly extended—even if it does cause a deficit. In the second place, it is not rural free delivery which is at fault, but the national system of allowing the railroads to swindle the government through the postoffice. The fifteen millions deficit is a very small flea-bite compared to the enormous sum that the railroads steal every year from the government.

The government hires its mail cars from the railroads and pays for a year's rent as much as the car costs to build. And those cars, outrageously overpaid for by the government, are such flimsy deathtraps that no company will insure the lives of the postal clerks that work in them. For hauling these mail cars on the same train that hauls private express cars the railroads charge the government anywhere from one thousand per cent up in excess of the rate that they charge the express companies.

Summer Drownings.

IN nine out of every ten of the numerous cases of drowning which sadden the summer season the fatal accident may be traced back either to ignorance of a few simple rules that should be known and observed by bathers, or else to a rash and reckless disregard of them when known. In the cases of the drowning of good swimmers, the fatal cramp is generally due to their having gone into the water too soon after eating or when overheated, and therefore with their strength, unconsciously to themselves, below its par value.

Here are the cardinal rules for swimmers: Never go into the water when overheated, or soon after eating. The

careful physician would probably insist upon an interval of at least two hours between meal and bath; one hour is a fair compromise between zeal and prudence, and a half hour the absolute minimum for safety. Finally, don't enter the water timidly and by degrees, but boldly and with a plunge, wetting the whole body at once. If one is not able to dive in, he should wade in to knee depth, then wet his head thoroughly and plunge in bodily. These rules have been repeated often enough to be familiar to everybody, but they are continually disregarded.

When in distress in the water, cool presence of mind and calm self control are the essential means of salvation. It is a panic of fear that carries the struggling victim to death before rescuers can reach him. Anyone who has confidence can float, especially in salt water, almost indefinitely, and with practically no muscular exertion.—New York Sun.

"The Last West."

WHEN the convulsions of war and of politics bring into existence a new State, it attracts the attention of the world. Not less worth noting are the great economic movements which are constantly changing the pages of our geographical maps.

It is not many years since there was little to say about Western Canada, except that great stretches of unoccupied prairie extended north and west, from Winnipeg to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Out of this territory west of Manitoba two new provinces—Saskatchewan and Alberta—will, on Sept. 1, come into existence as full-fledged members of the Canadian confederation.

In this great Western Canadian area, including Manitoba, there were, by the census of 1901, only about as many people as in the single city of Cincinnati. Yet its agricultural resources will support twenty millions, nearly one-half the population of the British Isles. The room for development is thus ample, and that is the first essential in the building of a great commonwealth.

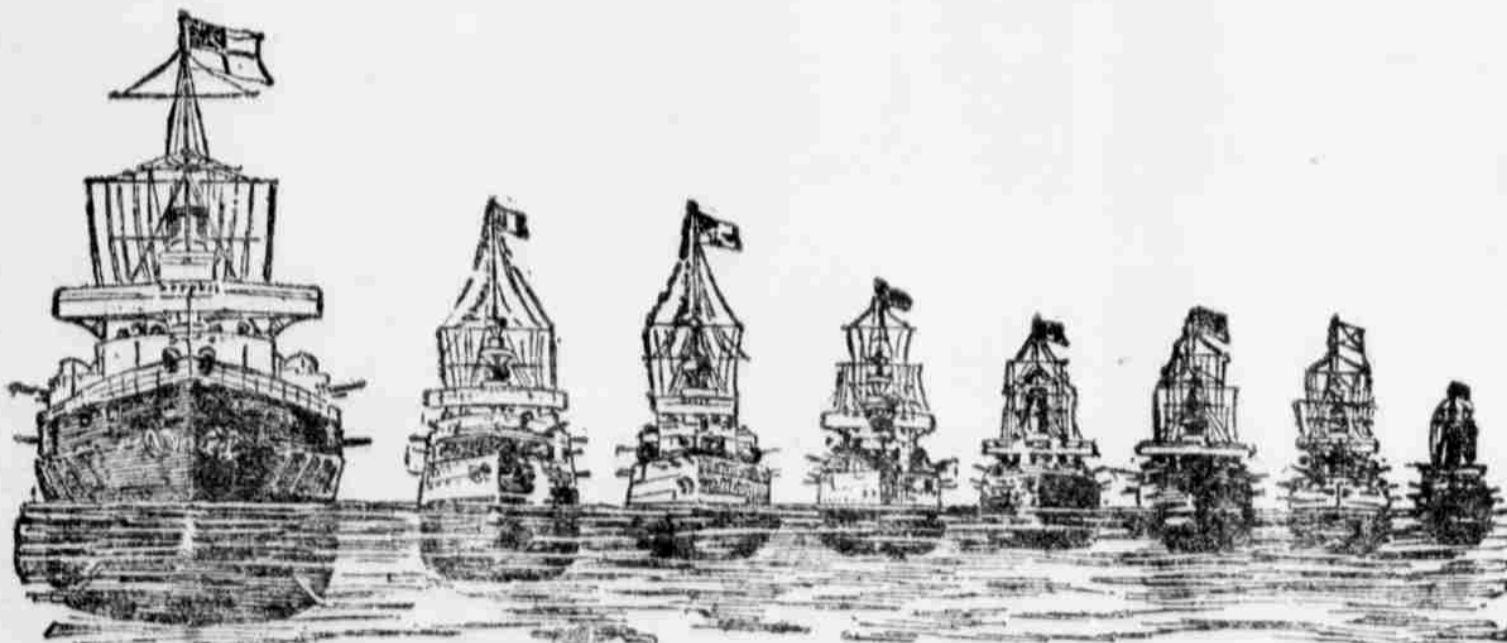
The new provinces will be largely devoted, as is Manitoba, to wheat, with some cattle-grazing. They have not been fully occupied heretofore, because the world has been able to get along without their products. But the United States must, before many decades, cease to export wheat, so large will be the demands of its own inhabitants. The densely populated countries of the world are ever seeking their food supplies from its newer areas.

This great region of Canada has been called "the last west." It might also be called the "first north" of the American continent, since the successful cultivation of the soil, through improvements in agriculture, is steadily moving northward, and it is possible that another generation will see the tide of humanity rushing into areas not now deemed suitable for farming. The length of the summer's day, toward the arctic circle, offsets to some extent the shortness of the season. More important still, areas governed by Pacific temperatures are everywhere warmer than in the older half of the continent.—Youth's Companion.

A Dwarfish Murderer.

WE have before had occasion to note the growing public indifference to the brutal murder of innocent men coincident with a sentimental repulsion at the thought of the legal execution of the brutal murderer. A case in point: The Chicago papers tell us that a fellow of the street, 17 years old, with a shocking record of fiendish crimes, concluding with a particularly atrocious murder, was let off because he is dwarfish in stature. It appears that this youth, with others, broke into a butcher shop, but found no money, which angered him. He selected the biggest knife in the shop, and as the gang left, said: "Watch me; I'm goin' to get even wit' some guy fer dis. De foist guy we meets gets dis stcker in his gizzard." A young fellow came swinging along, unconscious of danger, and the dwarf stabbed him to death with the butcher knife. The judge refused to sentence the murderer to be hanged because he was "too small." Mistaken sentiment. If he is big enough to murder he is big enough to hang.—San Francisco Argonaut.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF THE WORLD'S NAVIES IN COMPLETED SHIPS.



JUST GETTING A NEW SUIT.

When a Bird Moults It Is in the Hands of Its Tailor.

We get a new suit—some of us—because our old one wears out. That is the most apparent cause for the new annual suit of the birds. Yet with them, as with some of the favored of us humans, the feathers go out of fashion. But the annual moult is, first of all, nature's wise provision for the safety and life of the bird. Feathers are not only covering but also means of locomotion, and hence the bird's only means of life. A year of use leaves many of them worn and broken, some of them, through accident,

entirely lost. Here in my woods is a crow with three of the large quills in his right wing gone. I can see the gap as he flies over. He has been shot at, and nature must replace those feathers if that crow is to survive, even though he comes justly (human standards) by his loss from stealing corn. The feathers of this crow and of all birds might last for two years or longer, but to keep the race at its best, nature has found it necessary to provide a new plumage at least once a year.

But there are other reasons, at least there are advantages taken of the moult for other ends; such as the temperature of the seasons—heavier in

winter and lighter in summer, also the adaptation of the color of the plumage to the changing colors of the environment—as the change from the dark summer color of the ptarmigan to its snow-white winter plumage to match the snows of its far northern home; then, and perhaps most interesting of all, is the advantage taken of the moult, for the adorning of the bird for the mating season. Indeed, nature goes so far, in some cases, as to cause a special moult to meet the exigencies of the wedding—as if fine feathers do make a fine bird. All this to meet the fancy of the bride! So at least the scientists tell us.—Country Calendar.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

It is said "Richard Carvel" has yielded Mr. Churchill \$120,000 in book rights alone. It is not generally known that this popular author's first aspirations were toward the navy, and that he actually began a course at the Annapolis Naval Academy.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Story of the Other Wise Man" has just been translated into Spanish. This has been from the first one of the most popular little classics ever written. It has been translated into German, French, Welsh, and, most remarkable of all, into Turkish.

"Tribby," once on all lips, lately forgotten "like a dead man out of mind," is to experience a revival, it is predicted. At least the Harpers are printing a new edition, to be sent to England, and it is said to be the third that has been on the press within a few weeks. The revival of the play has, of course, had something to do with the renewed call for the book.

Dr. William Henry Drummond, the author of "The Habitant," "Johnnie Courteau" and "The Voyageur," for many years set so little value on his poems which appeared from time to time in various periodicals, that he made no attempt even to keep copies of them. It was his wife, who shares his literary tastes and who has herself written some clever stories of the Jamaican negroes, who collected the scattered fragments of his earlier verse, kept copies of his poems, and finally persuaded him to submit them to the publishers.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Clansman" and "The Leopard's Spots," is the most picturesque personality the South has given us in many years. His portraits show a strong, virile force, full of character. Though but 41 years of age, he has been successively lawyer, minister, lecturer and author, achieving distinction in each vocation. As pastor of the People's church he was the most talked of preacher in New York, though his views proved too liberal to please the orthodox. His resolution to become an author was made when he was still a boy, though he even then determined not to attempt a book until he knew something of life, and his previous occupations he looked upon as preliminaries to his real life work as writer.

We read too many books, declares Richard Le Gallienne, who has perpetrated a few himself, "and too many that, as they do not really interest us, bring us neither profit nor diversion. Even from the point of view of reading for pleasure, we manage our reading badly. We listlessly allow ourselves to be bullied by publishers' advertisements into reading the latest fatuity in fiction without, in one case out of twenty, finding any of that pleasure we are ostensibly seeking. Indeed, we are bored and enervated, where we might have been refreshed either by romance or laughter. Such reading resembles the idle absorption of innocuous but uninteresting beverages, which cheer as little as they inebriate and at the same time make frivolous demands on the digestive functions. No one but a publisher could call such reading 'light.' Actually it is weariness of the flesh and heaviness of the spirit. No reading does us any good that is not a pleasure to us."

MEXICO'S "DEVIL TREE."

Death to All Who Rest Within Its Fatal Shadow.

Because of the many fatal accidents that have occurred under a huge tree that grows in the Hacienda ranch, in the Zamora district, Michoacan, peasants of the region are growing more and more superstitious about its supposed fatal omen, and they begin to call it "arbol maldito" (cursed tree).

The tree is supposed to be over seventy-five years old, and is said to have been planted by a man who, because of his enormous crimes and his forgetfulness of the divine law, was swallowed up by the earth. The man never went to mass, never confessed, did not have the image of a saint in his house, did not carry a rosary around his neck, and never made the sign of the cross. There was not a beggar in the town who had ever received a "taeco chiquito" (old coins equivalent to 1½ cents) from him. He never gave anything for the church and never took off his hat when he met a "padreito" on the street.

It was rumored that he was responsible for many murders and other atrocious crimes, but he was never in jail, neither could he be incarcerated because he had a compact with the devil, and whenever he invoked his satanic majesty the latter rendered him either invisible to human eyes or smaller than an ant, so that he could easily escape danger. He had no friends nor relatives, because he was shunned by all. Two things he loved, birds and trees.

He planted numerous trees and fed big flocks of birds that knew him and came to his home every morning to pick the crumbs of bread which he threw in the patio.

Many years ago, and this is well remembered by the peasants, it was Good Friday. Everybody in town had attended the religious services of the morning and they were going to their homes when a terrific noise was heard. They rushed to the street where it came from, to find out what it was, and saw how the earth had opened under the cursed man's feet. He was enveloped by thick flames and smoke, and disappeared beneath the surface of the earth. This was considered a most deserved punishment.

While the faithful were in the church the cursed man was loafing around, and having seen a big crucifix upon an altar erected on the street, as was done in those days, he placed a burning cigarette in the lips of the image. Scarcely had he made eight or ten steps, when he was engulfed by the inferno.

That day all the trees he planted, except the cursed one, dried up, and all the birds he had fed died.

An attempt was made to cut down the tree that had not dried up, but the man who made the attempt dropped dead upon stepping upon the shadow of its foliage. The man's body had to be left there to be eaten up by crows, because nobody had the courage to approach and remove it.

Since that day numerous persons have met a tragic death under that tree. A pedestrian who went under it for shade on a hot summer day was bitten by a snake and died in two hours. Three men, on different occasions, sought shelter from rain under its branches, and were struck by lightning. A woman who was hanging some clothes to dry from the trunk of the tree was attacked and killed by a billy goat that came from nobody knows where, and that was never seen again. Two years ago a little boy was riding a burro, innocently led his animal to the tree. The burro threw him off and kicked him to death. The last victim of this fatal tree was a man named Meliquades Arevalo, who, during a heavy rainstorm, ran under the tree for shelter; like his predecessors on such occasion, he was struck by lightning.—Mexican Herald.

EAGLE HUNTING IN THE ALPS.

Perilous and Exciting Sport for Mountain Climbers.

Eagle hunting in the Alps is a perilous and exciting sport which is beginning to attract the attention of English as well as Swiss sportsmen, telegraphs the London Express' Geneva correspondent.

During the past few days scores of plucky climbers have been trying to scale the almost inaccessible rocks on which the nests of the eagles are built, in the hope of capturing eaglets. In the Bernese Oberland, and in the Grisons, their efforts have led to some savage encounters with the parent eagles, and to some wonderful escapes.

In the Engadine an English sportsman has captured a fine young eagle in the Val Chamuera. The nest was on the face of an almost unclimbable rock, protected from above by an overhanging cliff. After some perilous climbing, the spot was at length reached from below, and after a severe tussle the young bird was captured, and he describes the sport as one of the most exciting that he knows.

At Entlebuch a mountaineer scaled a rocky peak and had succeeded in securing two eaglets, when the parent birds attacked him with such violence that he fell from the rock and was badly injured. One of the old birds was, however, shot by a spectator. It measured over seven feet across the wings.

Near Oberbergl two peasants secured a fine eaglet, while the parent birds were absent from the eyrie, by descending on a swinging rope 1,000 feet over the face of an overhanging precipice. In the nest were part of a lamb, a small pig, several large fowls, and an enormous store of bones of birds and animals.

SURETY FLATTERY.

Melissa is a tall, fine-looking colored girl, and Mrs. Compton, with whom Melissa lives as cook, is a small, fair-haired woman. The mistress entertains great respect for her maid's culinary powers, and Melissa adores Mrs. Compton.

"I reckon I's done learned an awful lot since I come hyar to lib, Missy Compton," said Melissa, triumphantly one day. "I's done learned how to walk an' 'pear jes like de quality fowls when I goes out. An' now you's glibben me dat handsome yaller pa'sol, I 'spects nuffin but dat de first time I walk out under it de minister'll step up to me an' he'll say, 'Seuse me, but an I speakin' to Mis' Gen'ral Compton?'"

KNEW HIS HABITS.

"Don't you think," suggested the old friend of the family, "that you would do well to keep a watch on your son?"

"Impossible," replied the father of young Wildrake, "it wouldn't be long before he'd exchange it for a paw ticket."—Philadelphia Press.