



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

SECRET SOCIETIES IN SCHOOLS.

SECRET societies in high schools and other secondary schools are scathingly criticised in a report to the National Educational Association by a committee appointed to investigate their effects. "Factional, and stir up strife and contention," "snobbish," "dissipate energy and proper ambition," "foster a feeling of self-importance," "expensive and foster habits of extravagance," "weaken the efficiency of the school," "detract interest from study," are some of the grave charges made against these organizations.

The indictment is severe, but not too severe. Children from 13 to 14 to 17 or 18 years of age are not mature enough to derive benefit from organizations of any kind which are not supervised by older persons, but are mature enough to receive from them much harm. They are then at the age when they are prone to imitate all that is bad or foolish in the conduct of adults, and the only way they can be kept from following this tendency is by restricting their opportunity. School secret societies enlarge the opportunity. This is the main reason why pupils fight so stoutly to prevent their suppression. The teachers, who should know their effects best, are practically unanimous in condemning secret societies, and there is no reason to doubt that in doing so they aim at the good of the schools.

The National Educational Association will not abolish school "fraternities" by hearing reports or adopting resolutions. Children are persevering. They are especially persevering when wrong. They are most persevering when they think they are spiting the teacher. Nothing gives the average boy so much unqualified satisfaction as to think he is making the schoolmaster sit up nights and rack his brain over the subject of school government. As long as boys' fathers have clubs and college young men have "frats," high school boys will want "frats," and probably they will usually have them, no matter how often they may be put down. If teachers could enlist the hearty support of parents in the contest the result might be different. The remedy for secret societies and other follies in secondary schools is for parents to tell children to obey their teachers, and, if they disobey, to punish them.—Chicago Tribune.

SUGGESTIONS ON LIFE INSURANCE.

LIFE insurance in New England has for many years been managed with exceptional efficiency and honesty. In New York that kind of management has too often been lacking. Many persons now far advanced in years can recall the time, some thirty years ago, when a number of New York life insurance companies went to the wall. Some of these had many policies outstanding in all parts of the country, and their failure was so complete that the policy holders did not receive a cent. And the well-founded report that the receivers of the defunct companies fattened on the spoils wrung from widows and orphans did not mitigate the anger with which outsiders looked on that carnival of diabolism in the Empire State. It is because the record of New England is in happy contrast with all this that advice from that quarter on the trouble in the Equitable Life of New York has a special interest. A committee of New England policy holders in the Equitable has spoken words of truth and soberness. This committee declares that no matter what may be the result of the various investigations now in process, the policy of the company should be transformed in the future. It believes—and who will deny?—that the company belongs to the policy holders, and should be managed by them; that the surplus should not accumulate beyond the just needs of the society, but should go to the policy holders in the form of reduced premiums or otherwise; that provision should be made by law, if necessary, to prevent a needless surplus; that the funds of the Equitable should be regarded as those of savings banks, and their investment should be surrounded by the same legal safeguards;

SKILLFUL HUNTING.

Five minutes of thorough, systematic search for a lost object is often more effectual than half an hour of desultory hunting, which, in its excited flurry, often passes in plain sight the article which it seeks. An example of this principle is often seen in the case of the small boy, who, when the family have scrambled vainly about for the dropped thimble, announces that he will look for it "Indian fashion." He lies quietly down on the floor, and bringing his eye on a level with the carpet, soon spies the missing object. In "A Girl in the Karpalthians," Miss Dowle gives another instance of letting brains do the work of the muscles.

The party was riding up a steep mountainside when suddenly the author discovered that she had lost her gold watch. It was an heirloom and much valued; there was nothing to do but to turn back on the trail. About two miles before she had made the discovery her horse had slipped, and she had rolled off. It must have been then that her watch was dropped.

The little party returned on the path, wildly searching here and there. When they reached the place of the tumble there was a grand hunt, which lasted a long time.

Then, tired out and heated, the searchers returned to where the horses were tethered and acknowledged themselves beaten. "I've turned up every fern leaf and grass blade," said one.

"It's no use," exclaimed the author; and she declared she would not look again for all the watches in the world.

A young artist in the party had stayed with the horses while the rest were hunting. Now he announced

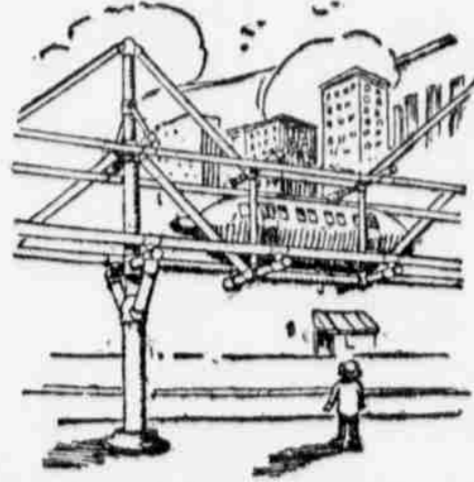
that it was his turn to try. The others laughed, but they willingly sat down to rest while the young man went off down the hillside. It was not long before they heard a "Hurrah!" and the artist appeared, holding up the watch in triumph.

"I almost always find things," he said. "I search like a dog. I lay down on my face and listened, and I heard the ticking when the watch was a meter away. Then I crawled on my hands and knees until I found it."

ELEVATED RAILWAY.

Any Rate of Speed Can Be Attained with Perfect Safety.

Several of the larger cities in the United States are in need of an elevated railway to accommodate the



ELEVATED ROAD AND CAR.

heavy railway traffic in the more densely populated sections which the surface lines are unable to handle. Because of the unsightliness of elevated railways at present in use, their further use has been discontinued in favor of the underground road. An Ohio engineer has invented an elevated railway built on entirely new ideas. This structure is made of a series of individual posts, firmly set

that the officials should be prevented from engaging in other business and from using the company's funds to further their private interests.

All of those propositions are manifestly just and undeniably expedient.—Washington Post.

THE POST CARD NUISANCE.

A UNITED STATES Judge at Trenton—let us give his name—Judge William M. Lanning, has charged the United States grand jury to look up the matter of sending "flashy" post cards through the mails.

It is high time that some official took notice of this growing evil. Any Chicagoan who walks State street or other avenues of trade must notice that week by week the mailing cards exposed for sale in shop windows are progressing from mere vulgarity to absolute indecency. Some are of a sort that should promptly bring their seller or the man who sends them through the mails before a criminal court. The matter is one of more than ordinary importance. A society exists for the purpose of stopping the sale of indecent books and pictures. But the purchaser of such articles is usually a degenerate seeking them for the gratification of his own vulgar and depraved taste.

Against the evil of the indecent or vulgar post card there is to-day no defense. The purest-minded maiden, the most refined wife, may at any time have delivered to her by the government of the United States a card carrying an indecent suggestion, or a vulgar innuendo, open to all to read, exposing her to the ridicule of all who see it in passing. The Postoffice Department is now doing something to stop this. Let the censorship be rigid.—Chicago Examiner.

THE DECADENCE OF THE DANCE.

DANCING, it seems, is not what it once was and even the waltz has deteriorated. People romp and call it dancing, to the disgust of those whose memories recall the grace and stately dignity of the movements of former times. "To-day," says "Professor" Bowen at the convention of the American Professors of Dancing, "dancing consists mainly of jumps and jerks. Grace and dignity have vanished from it and the two-step is responsible." It is proposed to abolish the odious two-step and bring back the minuet; but this we fear, is as impracticable as it is to bring back the "grace and dignity" that characterized the manners of serious people 100 years ago. The present age is averse to many things that pleased the fathers and grandfathers. It takes life in a hurry and takes its amusements in a touch-and-go spirit. The drama, the poem, the novel—all are said to be decadent. Like manners, they have been abbreviated. The two-step may be sad enough, but it has the merit of being in accord with present tendencies.—Baltimore Sun.

THE HELLO GIRL.

WE have all felt at times that the telephone still lacks a great deal to be a perfect machine, that there is inattention, poor connection, needless delay and sometimes almost impudence in the telephone service, but how few ever feel that it is not an automatic machine that they are using, that the voice they hear answering their impatience is not a part of the machine, that there is a personal equation to be considered, a woman away off somewhere in the unidentified "central," who has feelings and self-respect, just as other women have; a woman who will recognize a cross tone just as quickly as if she were visibly present, and a woman entitled to respectful treatment, just as much as if she were in her own home. The fact that you can stand miles away and talk into her ear does not detract from the right to the kind word and civil treatment.—Jersey City Journal.

In the ground and imbedded in cement to make them permanently rigid. These posts are formed of a number of tubular sections united at the joints by collars, the latter made with sockets which receive the supporting braces. Upper and lower tracks are supported by these braces, the whole being further braced and supported by a span mechanism. All of the braces, arms and other parts are made of tubes or pipes. The rails are carried on the outer extremities of the horizontal crossarms, and are arranged in parallel pairs one above the other, so that an upper and a lower rail constitute a track for a car. All the central posts are equipped with lateral arms for one or more lines of cars at each side. It is claimed that by this construction it is possible to build an elevated structure which will stand perfectly rigid and which needs no special provision for expansion or contraction in its frame work and track and has tight joints in all temperatures. Furthermore, it occupies the minimum of surface room possible in an elevated road, and being tubular throughout, obscures light less and is less objectionable to the eye than any other now in use. Any speed can be attained with perfect safety.

More than Even.

"How can you shake hands so cordially with that man when you know he hates you?" said Jags.

"You see, I have the better of him," replied Wags. "He doesn't hate me half as bad as I do him!"—Detroit Free Press.

Some of these days sober, serious business men will cease from their labors long enough to tie a big ribbon bow in the hair of the man who has no higher ambition than to move in what he regards as exclusive society, and chase him off the streets.



Emilie Poulsson, whose noted book, "Finger Plays," goes steadily through edition after edition, and who has long had a leading name in the kindergarten work of this country, is one of the few who can write really musical and well-liked rhymes for children, and her new book, "The Runaway Donkey and Other Rhymes," proves it.

"If: a Guide to Bad Manners," is an amusing little volume of burlesque verses and illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg. A number of popular but mistaken weaknesses and ways of humanity are caricatured in its merrily sarcastic pages, and though a life of this sort of thing goes a long way, there are a number of hearty laughs in the book.

"Marriage," by Jane Dearborn Mills, represents a new, enlarged and entirely rewritten edition of this little volume. Prettily bound and printed, it aims to help toward higher happiness, through spiritual marriage. There is no doubt of the writer's fine latent or enthusiasm. "Marriage is character-growth and is gained through service" is the foreword that opens the book.

"Glad Tidings: How to Obtain Happiness and Health," is the title of a book concerning which the author, who wishes to be known simply as "a retired business man of Chicago," says that it has been written "to do good, not to make money." Evangelical but nonsectarian in character, it aims to point out "the way to happiness and health by following the teachings of Jesus."

"Reading the 'Pepper Books' is just like having the fun yourself," is the unique expression of a girl of 12 after reading these famous books, and no one has ever better expressed the true secret of the charm and enormous popularity of this series, the tenth volume of which, "Ben Pepper," is now ready. Other members of the family had had books named after them, and it was only fair that Ben, the "quiet, steady-as-a-rock boy," should have similar attention.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, enjoyed her first triumph more than forty years ago, but at 68 years of age—her birthday fell a few days ago—she is still able to weave plots with the best of them. "Lady Audley's Secret," the most notable piece of fiction which she devised, was her second long story, and she was only 24 when it was produced. There is a strange story of its origin. John Maxwell, the publisher, had determined to start a magazine. By an unfortunate accident the serial story was not forthcoming. The publisher and editor were at their wits' end. Miss Braddon heard of the difficulty, and went to see the editor. There were only twenty-four hours to spare. "What is the latest time you could give me?" asked the young novelist. "Well," replied the editor, "if the manuscript of the opening chapters were to be on my breakfast table in the morning that would be in time." Next morning when the editor went down to his breakfast, he found among his letters the first few chapters of "Lady Audley's Secret." The plot of it Miss Braddon had had in her mind; the writing had been done at fever heat in a few hours.

"The Speculations of John Steele," by Robert Barr, recently published in parts serially and since elaborated into a book, is an absorbing story of one man's struggles in the financial world. The first, and by far best, part of the story is taken up with his experience in the railroad business, in which Steele, as station master and general utility man at an obscure way station—Hitchen's Siding—shows wonderful capacity and judgment in an emergency and rises from obscurity to eminence in railway circles, sometimes over the heads of older officials. He is left a fortune by an uncle, loses most of it through those manipulations peculiar to railway magnates—of his own system, too—and goes off to Europe in a huff. A remnant of good stock nets him a tidy sum on the rise, and he returns to America to pursue a series of exciting but fruitless speculative contests, wherein he is always worsted by one opponent more shrewd than he, with almost boundless resources. His fortune is swept away, but through a certain poetic justice he gets it all back and more in marrying the daughter of his late business enemy. John Steele is a vitally realistic character and the history of his speculative enterprises is absorbing in the extreme, but the effort to develop a convincingly sentimental side to him in vain. Womankind enter more or less into his misfortunes, but the final love episode is merely grotesque, a regrettable lapse from the otherwise artistic work in the book.

FREED FROM LIVING DEATH.

Famous Russian Revolutionist Seen to Visit This Country.

In a short time Michael Nicolle-vitch Trigoni, one of the most famous of Russian revolutionists, will arrive in this country, having been released from prison on Saghallen Island. He has served 24 years' imprisonment in the fortress of Peter and Paul and on Saghallen Island for complicity in the assassination of

MICHAEL TRIGONI, Alexander II.

Trigoni's career is replete with romance and adventures. He was the son of an aristocratic family, and had studied in the University of Odessa. He was a very handsome young man, always dressed neatly, and his manners were charming. Instead of leading the pleasurable, peaceful life of an aristocrat he devoted himself to a life full of danger in order to work for the overthrow of the bureaucracy.

In 1881 he was one of the important members of the famous Executive Committee of the party that was known as the *Noradnoya Volya* (The Will of the People), the same committee that undermined the tracks over which the Czar's train was blown up. The Czar was not hurt as he was not in the train at that time. Then followed the famous explosion that occurred in the Czar's dining-room in the winter palace. Alexander II. would surely have been killed then had the bomb not exploded a few minutes too soon. Other terroristic deeds were committed. At last the remarkable conspiracy that brought about the death of Alexander II. was organized. The leader of this conspiracy was the revolutionist Zhellabov. Trigoni was one of Zhellabov's closest friends. The work was thoroughly well organized. A street through which the Czar's carriage was expected to pass was mined, and in order to make sure of the attack four revolutionists were placed with bombs on four different corners.

Shortly before this Trigoni was sent by the Executive Committee on a mission to Berlin. The German police were more watchful than the police of St. Petersburg. The German spies soon found out that an important revolutionist was there and immediately notified the Russian government. When Trigoni returned to Russia spies followed him to his home on Nevski Prospect, in St. Petersburg.

On Friday, Feb. 27, 1881, Zhellabov took farewell of his sweetheart, Sophia Perovskaya, and went to the cheese store from which the mine was laid under the street to blow up the Czar. From there he went to visit Trigoni.

That evening while the two revolutionists were holding a conference they were arrested. The conspiracy was at once taken charge of by Sophia Perovskaya. Everything was arranged in a hurry, and on the next day Alexander II. was killed by a bomb. Zhellabov and Perovskaya, together with three other nihilists, died on the gallows. Trigoni was "buried alive" in the dungeon of the Fortress of Peter and Paul. Three years ago he was exiled to Saghallen Island.

AN OLD MASTER.

The Rev. Russell Day, an Eton master about 40 years ago, was very strict, and to gain his approval in "saying lesson" was almost an impossibility—at least the author of "Memories of Eton and Etonians," says he found it so. "Little Day," or "Parva Dies," as he was generally called, never prompted a boy, and at the very first mistake, or if the boy forgot a word, he was dismissed at once with: "Write it out, my friend."

As this same writing out took twenty minutes at least, most of the boys were in the habit of writing it out beforehand, in preference to spending a long time trying to learn it, and then being called upon by "my friend" to write it out at the first breakdown.

Mr. Day used to suffer from gout or neuralgic pains, and there is a story that once, having ordered a boy to "write it out," and then having a sudden twinge, followed it up with "twice; my friend," and when the boy showed some surprise, he continued, as another twinge came on, "and once in the Greek character!"

He was a clever and accomplished man, and when not suffering was amusing and full of fun. One day a boy came into his room to summon a boy who had been committing some offense to "stay after school"—a form of command prognosticating a "swishing."

"What may your name be?" Mr. Day asked of the prepositor.

"Cole, sir," replied the boy.

"Then, my friend," said Mr. Day, "I think you had better scuttle."

Just because talk is cheap, is no reason why anyone should use a lot of it.