



# EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## GIRLS AS ATHLETES.

**A** CLEVELAND paper has started an interesting discussion for girls as athletes devoting a great deal of attention to the records at the recent tests at Vassar. One young woman ran 50 yards in 8 1-5 seconds, and 100 yards in 13 seconds. When it is considered that she could not wear as tight clothes as male athletes run in, this looks like pretty good time. The average male record does not surpass it notably, particularly for the shorter distance. Another woman threw a baseball 195 feet, 8 inches.

In one way of looking at the matter, women ought to be better athletes than men, for they are younger—that is, their sex is younger, since Adam was created before Eve.

But men are stronger and fleet, and while young women occasionally show surprising agility, as at Vassar, these instances are so uncommon that it will take more than woman's little practice at athletic sports to explain satisfactorily to most of us the strong athleticism of the male and weak athleticism of the female sex.

The difference is not alone in practice, but in profound constitutional, and not only constitutional, but temperamental qualities, which cause us to wish that our young women shall not become more athletic than they should be in order to preserve sound health.—Pittsburg Press.

## BIG ARMIES FOR PEACE?

**G**REAT BRITAIN is at the mercy of her foes, says Lord Roberts, because her army is not increased. A greater army and a greater navy have been persistently demanded for the preservation of peace in our own country. In Germany, France and Italy there is the same cry, incessantly kept up, for more military force, for the preservation of peace.

Who is it threatens to conquer the world, that all the nations must be putting themselves on the defensive? What bugbear causes England, for the sake of peace, to increase her defenses against France, while France, equally anxious for peace, goes on raising regiments against England?

The plea that strong military force insures peace is an alluring one. But it is well to notice that it always comes from men whose business it is to fight and whose glory and promotion hang upon war. A professional soldier's scheme for lasting peace may be regarded with as much suspicion as a chicken fence offered by a fox.

Had the nations of Europe all standing armies of a million men would the prospect of peace be better than now, with an average of half that number? Hardly. Armies are good only for fighting, and the nations that have the largest armies make the most quarrelsome neighbors. History shows clearly that not the nations with the big armies, but the nations with the small ones, are most at peace. The man with a big racing automobile has least regard for the speed restrictions, and, just so, the nation with a big army is least likely to keep a civil tongue.

Everywhere the eternal cry is for more military force to conserve peace, and at The Hague the white dove roosts lonesomely.

The nations dedicate a palace to peace as men dedi-

cate churches to God; both are kept closed most of the time, while the powers feverishly prepare for war and individuals energetically serve the devil.—Kansas City World.

## RICH MEN DON'T GO TO JAIL.

**B**OURKE COCKRAN says there is no use attempting to send a man who has \$10,000,000 to jail in this country; it simply can't be done. Which is another way of saying that the law is for the rich and against the poor.

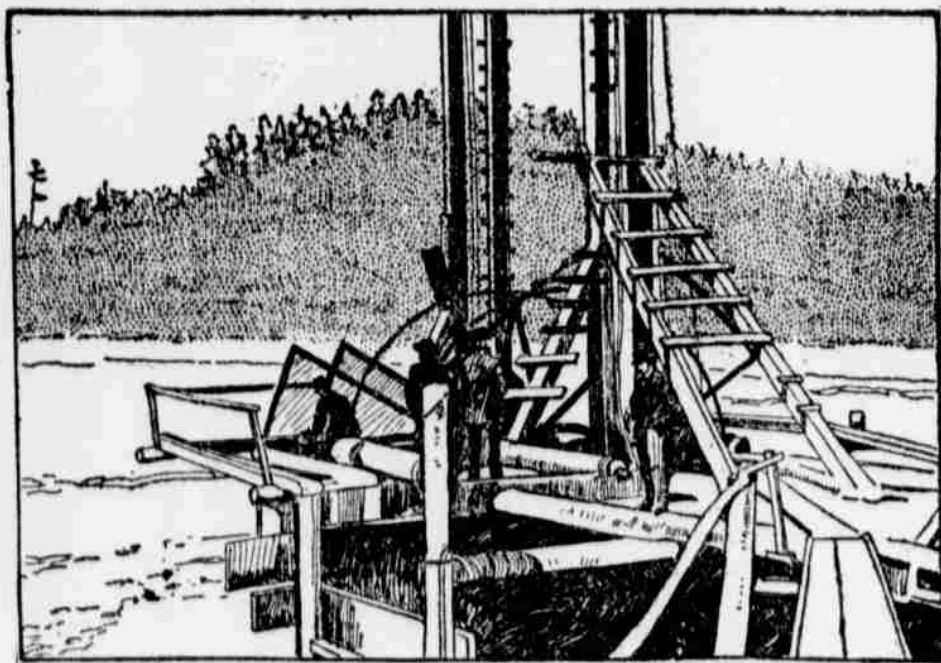
Novelists are fond of writing stories in which impossible heroes expose and send rich men to prison, but that it never happens in real life is proof that Mr. Cockran knows what he is talking about. Rich men have broken laws with impunity, have been exposed—and that is as far as it has gone. The big insurance men are examples. They have done what would earn immediate imprisonment for a poor man (supposing, of course, he were in position to do as they did) with a severe lecture from the court, which would be properly amazed that he could be capable of such a thing. The public has not noticed that the insurance men are in any danger. Indeed, in spite of the proof of numerous criminal transactions, the question of jail has not come up. The gentlemen have their freedom, and there is not the slightest reason to think that it will ever be taken from them.

Mr. Cockran's utterance was inspired by the immunity enjoyed by these men, but he does not ask what the country is going to do about it. Experience has taught him as well as the rest of us that the condition prevails, always has prevailed, and, in spite of recent exposures and a promise of more in the future, there seems to be plenty of reasons why it always will prevail.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

## USE OF VAST FORTUNES.

**V**AST accumulations of money always were, and always will be, interesting, but it is obviously difficult for the accumulating individual to make more than a moderate fortune minister to his personal happiness. A very big fortune determines what his occupations shall be, and on what he shall put his mind, but it has not much to do with determining how much satisfaction he shall get out of life. The great office of accumulated wealth is to promote civilization and give mankind a better chance to realize new possibilities of development. When wealth can buy new knowledge for mankind; when it can help a lower race to rise a little, a higher race to rise still more, it is doing about the only thing it can hope to do which is highly important. The more thoughtful of our very rich men seem to realize this. They give money most readily for the spread of knowledge and the discovery of new knowledge. For the relief of suffering they are less solicitous. As is natural, considering their training, they want to do things that will pay; that seem to be scientifically useful. The proportion of their incomes that our richest men spend for their own pleasure is a mere bagatelle. What they don't spend at all immediately becomes productive capital, and a large part of what they give away promotes the spread of knowledge.—Harper's Weekly.

## A CANADIAN FISHING WHEEL.



The simple apparatus herewith illustrated is in common use on Canadian rivers during the salmon incubating season. The wheel, placed at the station, arrests the fish on their way down stream and holds them without injury to their delicate bodies. The spawn is then removed from them and put into the incubators. It is a rather crude device, but it seems to answer the purpose as well as the more elaborate process employed on the Columbia River.

might set them up there. Abilene had forgotten them, but the town was searched. At last two of the stones were found—one serving as a door-step. The third had disappeared.

But something better than the stones was found. An old settler remembered, when the thing was agitated, that years before a sexton had pointed out a certain hollow in the graveyard to him, and had told him that that was where some children were buried, off by themselves. He hunted for the spot, and at last found a solitary stone marker, with the letters "S. H." cut in it. They stood for Sarah Hersey, the oldest girl. The town, moved by pity for its aged founder, made out a deed to the lot in his name and sent him word of the finding of the graves; but almost at once news of his death came back.

It is said that more than thirty towns were founded by Hersey, but not one is named for him.

## Freedom of Speech.

"You are a liar," shouted an angry citizen.

"Sir, but for my knowledge of your constitutional rights," said the one addressed, "I would resent your remark."

To such as were inclined to think him cowardly he explained that freedom of speech must be maintained even at the cost of personal dignity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Out.

"See here," began the merchant, "you've been very impudent to customers to-day—"

"Well," growled the surly clerk, "I've felt out of sorts to-day."

"H'm! You'll feel out of place to-morrow. Go to the cashier and see what's coming to you."—Philadelphia Press.

A man who has time to rub his hands together seldom amounts to much.

## NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS



M. Jusserand has finished the new volume of his literary history of the English people.

Eveleigh Nash is to publish a work on some of the famous beauties of the reigns of Charles II and George III.

William Dean Howells says there is no money in literature. Maybe William Dean doesn't write that kind of literature.

The son of the late Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Bayard Boyesen, has written an allegorical drama entitled "The Marsh," and Richard G. Badger is publishing it.

A million people are said to have visited the congressional library in Washington last year. It would be interesting to know what proportion of the number opened one of the 1,344,618 books that line the walls of our greatest library.

Dr. S. Wier Mitchell is 75 years old, yet he spent his summer in writing a short novel which the Century editors consider one of the cleverest things he ever produced. The scene is laid in Paris forty years ago, and the narrative is said to be both absorbing and amusing. It is in the vein of the author's "Adventures of Francois" and "A Madeira Party."

The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos is publishing a book of stories for children which are a tradition in her family history. The tales are real children's stories which have been handed down from generation to generation. The author, who says she can remember them word by word, has written them down as they were told, first to her grandmother, then by her to the duchess' mother, who in turn passed them on to her children and grandchildren.

The year 1905 saw the loss of the following twenty members of the literary profession: George Rossiter, Guy Boothby, Sir Wemyss Reid, Sarah Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), Albion W. Tourgee, Charles Henry Webb (John Paul), Dr. William R. Alger, Mary Mapes Dodge, Frederick Lawrence Knowles, Jose Maria de Heredia, W. C. Prime, Lew Wallace, Jules Verne, Juan Valera, Emerson E. Bennett, Dr. John William Streeter, Walter Kittredge, Hezekiah Butterworth, George MacDonald, Rudolf Baumbach.

One of the most entertaining chapters in William O'Brien's volume of "Recollections" of the political and popular disturbances in Ireland during the years of the Parnell movement narrates how the author edited United Ireland for months while he was actually confined in Kilmalham jail. The police of England, arresting every one whom they could accuse of complicity, even the newsboys, and smashing up the printing offices whence it issued; but never could discover its author and editor, who meanwhile was under their very eyes in the jail into which they had put him.

Andrew Lang doesn't want to see the old-time fairy story sidetracked, and a writer in the Chicago Tribune agrees with him: "There are grown up children who now and then relieve their longings for the good old times by going back to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe and the entertainments of 'Arabian Nights,' enjoying their substantial fare. There is something wrong in the makeup of the man who would not be delighted at an opportunity to witness a dragon fight. Mr. Lang is right. Give the children back the ogres, the giants, the monsters, and the enchantments. They will soon have enough of the stern realities."

## HER SHATTERED ILLUSIONS.

She "did" Europe and she found it far, far too modern for her.

"Well, I've done Europe," remarked the girl who had come into money, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and Asia and Africa—and I've done with them forever!"

"What?" cried the other girl. "I thought your one desire was to keep traveling for the rest of your life. You said so when you came into—"

"Oh, don't remind me of what I said," exclaimed the other one, bitterly, "and don't remind me of my dead dreams. I'm wide awake now, anyhow."

"Tell me all about it," urged the other sympathetically.

"Of course I will. I am dying to sob it out on somebody's shoulder. You know how I used to dream and dream of seeing Rome—and the Coliseum? You remember how I used to plan what I should do when old Uncle William should leave me my fortune? You recollect how I used to keep pictures around my room of the Coliseum by moonlight and of the Sphinx and St. Peter's and all of that? Well, I got to Rome and the moment I had unpacked my grip at one of their unro-

matically comfortable hotels I went down to the clerk and inquired where I could get a carriage to the Coliseum—and what do you think he said?"

"I don't know," replied the other in an awed tone.

"You'd better take a trolley, miss! That's what he said! Fancy! A trolley car running to the Coliseum! When I had recovered from the shock I comforted myself with the thought that I might forget that trolley in the joy of viewing that grand old ruin by moonlight; so I did get on the changing thing and went in it."

"And was it beautiful by moonlight?"

"I don't know and I never shall know. There was a great big arc light hanging right in the middle of the thing—and if there was any moonlight you couldn't see a sign of it."

"Oh!" breathed the other, sadly.

"But that wasn't the worst," moaned the girl who had been to Europe. "I got out of Rome as soon as I could. I was afraid to go to St. Peter's, my dear, for fear his holiness should address the congregation through a megaphone; so I hurried to Venice. I had longed all my life to ride in a gondola on those ghost-haunted, moonlit canals. My soul had sighed for the sound of a guitar tinkling in the distance and the soft splash of the oars in blue Venetian waters. I wanted to float past Browning's palace and palaces of all those dead dukes and poets and painters. It was with nerves tingling with anticipation that I arrived in Venice—to be met by a jaunty, puffing, fiendish little steam launch that carried me all around the canals and past the palaces before I had even time to think, much less to dream, while a guide with a megaphone told us all about it in a voice that should have raised the royal dead from the graves."

"But the sphinx," pleaded the other girl. "Surely they haven't mutilated the sphinx?"

"I don't know," replied the traveled girl wearily. "By the time I had arrived in Egypt I had lost my appetite for romance and I was perfectly calm when they put me in a trolley car bound for the sphinx. And I never even bothered to climb it, because the guide assured me that I could do that much more easily a year or so hence, when they had finished building the electric elevator now being constructed in it."

"And Mecca?" sighed the other, hopefully. "Surely you went to Mecca, as you had planned?"

"No," was the caustic rejoinder. "Our party decided not to go to Mecca this time. They are building a steam railway, so that pilgrims to the tomb may go quite comfortably in a year or so. Won't that be delightful?"

"I should have died," groaned the other.

"So should I—right then and there," declared the disillusioned one, "but I was afraid to. I was afraid somebody would suggest that I ought to wait until they finished an airship line to heaven."

## A NEAT SWINDLE.

How Two Thieves Victimized a Prominent New York Physician.

"What do I think of kleptomaniacs?" asked William Pinkerton of a New York reporter, in reply to a question. "Well, let me tell you a kleptomaniacs story. This story fits, I hold, about nine cases out of ten.

"A New York specialist got, on a certain morning, the card of one of the richest of our western millionaires. He went down instantly and found a well-dressed man, who said: 'I am here, sir, on a delicate and painful matter. My wife is a victim of kleptomania, and, knowing your skill in mental diseases, I have brought her on for treatment under you.'

"Bring the lady to see me to-morrow morning," said the physician.

"It will be best, perhaps, not to bring her to your office," faltered the millionaire. "The sight of other patients might excite her. I suggest—"

"I'll receive her in my drawing room. Will that be better?" asked the physician.

"Oh, much better," said the other, in a relieved tone.

"And the next day the western millionaire led into the physician's drawing room a young woman of singular beauty. She was magnificently dressed, but her eyes were furtive and restless, and when she thought no one was looking at her she secreted under her coat three or four valuable ornaments. The physician and the westerner smiled slightly at one another.

"The physician, after his examination of the patient, told the husband to return the next day alone.

"And when I come," the husband answered, "I'll bring back these things that she has taken."

"Do," said the physician.

"I will," said the westerner.

"But he didn't. He won't. He and his wife are thieves, and they have worked their kleptomaniacs dodge in nearly every city in America."

A man can't fool his wife with the same promise oftener than three times but her son can fool her with the same promise three hundred times, and he will not show a sign of wear.

## TIM HERSEY'S LAST HOLDING

Tim Hersey, founder of towns, is dead. But before he died that which for years had been denied him was his; the plot of ground in the first of his cities in which three of his children are buried was given to him by the municipality of Abilene, Kansas. Tim was the first settler of Abilene, says a writer in the New York Sun, and his wife named the town, taking the name from the Bible, as she did that for their next home, Solomon.

They went to the banks of Mud Creek in 1867, when buffalos by the thousand grazed between them and civilization. Their little log cabin was a stopping-place for overland travelers. Bayard Taylor, Horace Greeley, General Grant and General Sherman stayed there at different times. "Tim Hersey's" was known all along the frontier. But other settlers came, and Tim decided that it was "too thick for him." He sold out and went up-river.

Three of the Hersey children died and were buried at Abilene. Their elders went on and founded Solomon, Cawker, Bellot, Downs and a score of other places, moving from each as the population became too numerous. At last, in the onward march of civilization, they arrived in the great State of Washington.

Meanwhile, Tim had never forgotten the three graves in Abilene. He went back to Illinois on a visit once, and there bought and had marked appropriately three tombstones, to be set over them. With these he went to Abilene. But the wind-blown cemetery on the barren hillside had become a tree-shaded, well-laid-out burying-ground in a thriving city, and in it Tim could find no trace of the tiny knolls. He went patiently over the ground foot by foot without result, and at last abandoned the three stones and went on to his new home.

Years afterward a pathetic letter was sent by him to the Abilene authorities, asking that the three stones be forwarded to him in Washington, that he