



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

NATURAL PEST KILLERS.

CONGRESS having appropriated \$100,000 for the importation of parasitical insects to devour the gipsy moths, the question arises whether another appropriation may not soon be needed to import something to rid us of the parasitical insects. If this sounds pessimistic, remember the story of the English sparrow. If less money were spent in importing experiments and more were rationally devoted to adequate protection of our native birds, hundreds of thousands of dollars would be saved to agriculture and horticulture.

Out of some thousands of birds native to North America scarcely a half dozen have proved to be injurious instead of beneficial. The cuckoos, warblers, chickadees and many of our other common birds have proved to be invaluable as destroyers of gipsy moths. The rose-breasted grosbeak eats great numbers of the potato beetles, and the scales are attacked most vigorously by the various timlice.

The ornithologists declare that even the hated chicken hawk destroys so many snakes, insects, mice and other small predatory animals, and so few chickens comparatively, that it is a benefactor rather than an enemy to the farmer; while the amount of corn the crow destroys is much more than offset by the vast number of insects he consumes.

They say that a bird which deserves much more consideration than it gets, either from the Audubon Society or the law, is the quail, one authority estimating that every quail is worth a dollar to the farmer for each of nine months in the year and 50 cents for each of the other three months, its service being in its consumption of seeds of weeds, injurious insects and worms.

Rational protection of our native birds costs little, and it cannot fail to give marked results in the country's food production.—Cincinnati Post.

THE "BOSS" AND THE STATESMAN.

MEN of two distinct types rise to prominence in public life—the party "boss" and the statesman. It is seldom that one man combines in his own person the characteristics of both, for they spring from different ideals of public duty.

The boss devotes himself to bringing about the success of his party because he desires to profit by the opportunities which accompany victory at the polls. His motto is, "Win; honestly, if possible; but any way, win." Out of this policy spring all the frauds and scandals of political campaigns.

The frauds begin in the election of delegates to nominating conventions. Contesting delegations are sent from districts where the machine is weak, and the packed convention gives them the seats to which others have been fairly chosen. The other steps in the process are fraudulent registration to make a majority in a doubtful district, purchase of votes, and dishonest canvass after the polls are closed.

Such practices are not general, nor even frequent, but they have been common enough to be responsible for the continuance in power of more than one State boss. Within a few years the ranks of such bosses have been greatly thinned. Some of them have died, others have lost their control of their party. The standard of political morality is perceptibly higher than it was.

The other type of man is indifferent to political machines. He makes his appeal direct to the people. His object is—and the more statesmanlike he is the more steadily he pursues that object—to carry out principles and policies, not simply to carry the next election.

No mere party manager in American history enjoys a fame to be compared with that of the high-minded Wash-

ington, whose sole desire was for the establishment of free representative government. Lincoln's unselfish toil for the preservation of the Union raised him on a pedestal so high that the party bosses of his time scarcely reach to his feet. The vogue of the boss is as short as the gratitude of his followers when he has no more favors to grant.

This is a government by parties, and party managers are necessary; but the people seldom forget that the great principles for which their parties stand are of more importance than the personal fortunes of any individual.—Youth's Companion.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

NEWSPAPERS are printing the customary summer stories of crowds of visitors from this country flocking to Europe and over-running the hotels and public places. The treasury statistics show that about 150,000 Americans go to Europe every year, and the estimated average expenditure of this army of visitors is \$1,000, so that European hotel owners, storekeepers, transportation companies and other purveyors to sightseers receive about \$150,000,000 annually from the overflowing American pocketbook.

The money spent by 150,000 Americans in foreign lands containing 200,000,000 people or more seems like a small matter, relatively, but it cuts a large figure in the balance of trade and in the international banking exchanges. The United States sells annually to foreign countries merchandise valued at upward of \$500,000,000 more than the value of merchandise imported.

Here is a huge balance of trade which must be settled in some way. If Europe were required to ship gold in payment for this difference, foreign banks would be in the stress of a financial crisis in a short time. Of course, the Americans who go abroad have no purpose of saving Europe from this condition, but as a matter of fact the \$150,000,000 of American money that are spent in Europe every year help to maintain an equilibrium in international exchange, without which there would be a serious derangement of the current of trade among nations.—Kansas City Star.

TRAINING FOR MATRIMONY.

THE worthy bishop of Ripon laments that England has no schools for engaged couples. It is an oversight from which our own country also suffers. There is no end of schools of law and medicine, schools of typewriting and trade, dancing, dramatics, cooking, correspondence, china painting, wood carving and leather burning by mail. But no benevolent millionaire has yet endowed a preparatory school for matrimony.

Yes, matrimony is the most important condition of life and should command the most careful preparation. A few primitive prescriptions of boneset tea, sulphur and treacle and flannel and goose oil are passed down from generation to generation, but the truly scientific courses of the lecture room and laboratory still remain to be founded.

In France a paternal government after the ceremony, presents bride and bridegroom with an attractive little booklet of advice about family affairs. We have not got that far in England, or this country. But when we come to think of it, there is a school, too, kept by Experience, where folks can learn a few things about matrimony as about most other subjects. The bishop of Ripon is free to improve upon it if he can, but for our part we do not believe there is any better instruction to be had anywhere. And then let us not forget what Dr. Holmes said about training a boy—"The best time to begin is a hundred years before he is born."—Pittsburg Press.

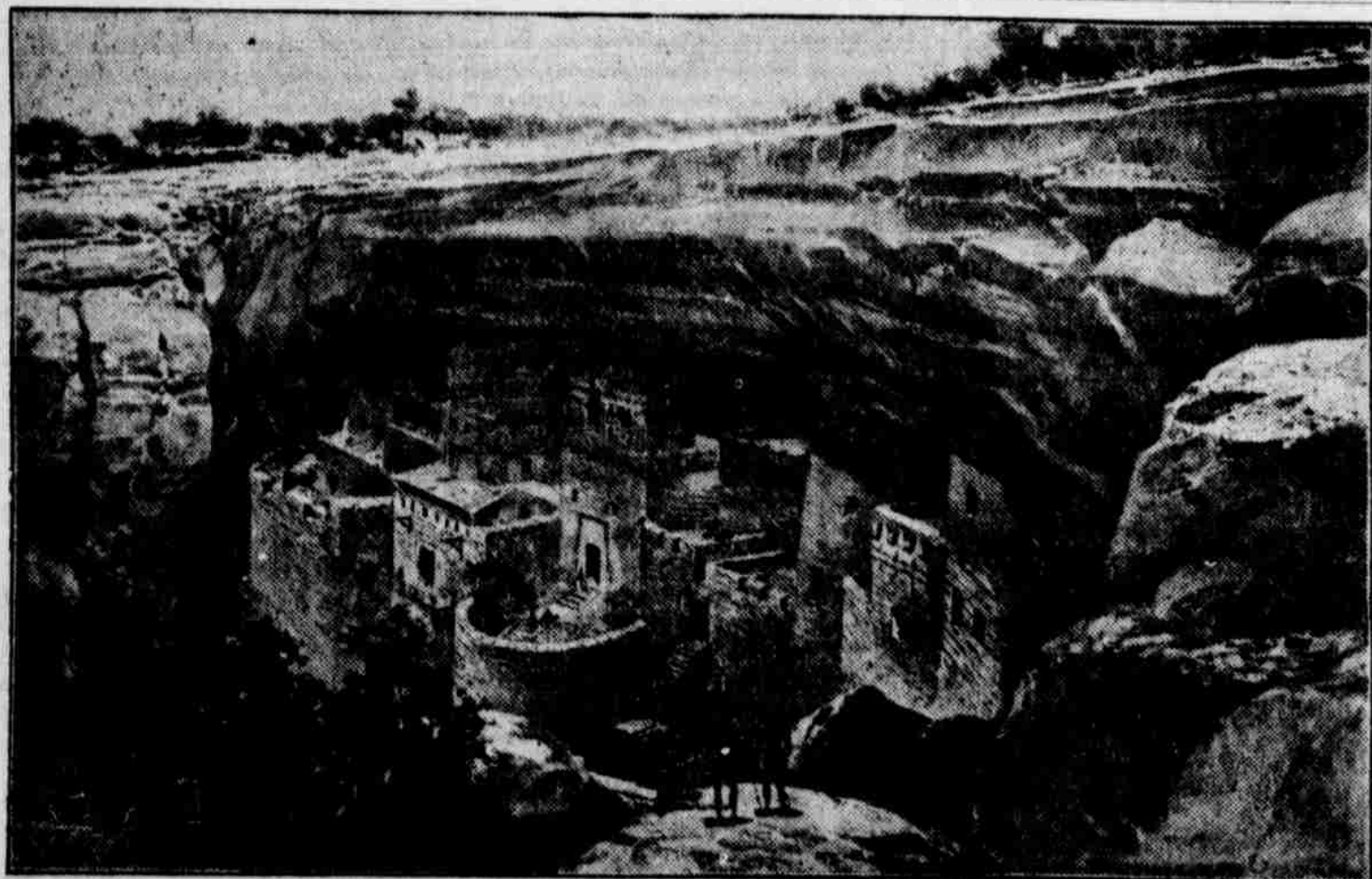
ANCIENT CAVE DWELLERS.

Strange New Mexican Race Whose History is a Mystery.

While much is heard of the cliff dwellings of the southwest, it is not generally known that the United States government has assumed supervision of a park which contains indisputable evidence of a race of people

cliff dwellers or their descendants, the Pueblo Indians. The cliff dwellers built walled houses on the ledges of cliffs, but these cave dwellers simply scooped out holes in the solid rock. Here they must have lived like wild animals. In some of the steepest cliffs will be found row upon row of these caves. The doorway will be from two to five feet thick. Then comes the main

probably used for storage, as they will not average over six feet in diameter. Some of the rooms have been rudely plastered, and smoke stains are to be found in them, but little else has been discovered to shed any light on the manner of life of these ancient cave dwellers, who must have lived when the petrified forests were green and when strange monsters roamed the



CLIFF-DWELLINGS AS THEY WERE IN THEIR PRIME.

that far antedated the cliff dwellers, ancient though the latter were.

In Pajarito Park, about twenty miles from Santa Fe, are thousands of cave dwellings, which must have been inhabited by a race totally unlike the

room, which is a circular, oval, or rectangular hole in the solid rock, from 6 to 20 feet in diameter. The ceiling is generally not over four feet high. Sometimes there are small rooms connected with these living rooms. These were

earth. Not even the crude hammers and other implements of the cliff dwellers could have been theirs, or some such implements would have been found.



OLD Favorites

The Song of the Shirt.
With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch, stitch, stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt."

"Work, work, work!
My labor never flags.
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread and rags,
That shattered roof and this naked floor,
A table, a broken chair
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there."

"Oh, but for one short hour—
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief.
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch, stitch, stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the
rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."
—Thomas Hood.

HOW WAX TAPERS ARE MADE.

The Manufacture of Night Candles and Paraffined Paper.

In the manufacture of wax matches and the long and slender tapers which are known as rats de cave (cellar rats) the method introduced into France by Pierre Blesmiere in the middle of the seventeenth century is still in use, says the Scientific American.

The method is practiced to-day in the Carriere factory at Bourg la Reine, near Paris. The cords of which the wick is composed pass into a basin of melted wax heated by a small furnace, from which they are drawn through a perforated plate to a large wooden drum which is turned slowly by hand. The operation is repeated two or three times, the size of the hole through which the cord passes being increased each time. When the waxed cord has attained the required size it is wound on large reels in skeins of 400 or 500 meters (about 1,500 feet), which are boxed and shipped to wholesalers. It is also furnished in lengths of from 3 to 10 meters (10 to 33 feet) folded as often as may be required for convenient packing. These tapers are now used chiefly by wine merchants and by sextons in lighting church candles.

The very short and thick candles called veilles, or night candles, are composed of a mixture of wax and stearine. The moulding machine differs considerably from the apparatus used for ordinary candles, although the principle of the operation is unchanged. After the little candles have cooled the attendant removes them from the moulds and conveys them to women, who put them into tin cups, which prevent the escape of melted wax during combustion, and pass them to other women, who label and pack them.

Paraffined paper is made simply by drawing long rolls of paper by means of a series of cylinders through a steam heated trough containing a solution of paraffine and stearic acid and thence to a large wooden cylinder on which it is rolled.

A UNIQUE MARKET.

It is in Fairbanks, Alaska, in Rich Tanana District.

The world's unique game market is in Fairbanks, Alaska. Fairbanks is on the Chena river, in the rich Tanana district, of which it is the thriving metropolis. It lies close to the arctic circle and in common with other communities in the valley of the Yukon has an average temperature of about 10 degrees below zero during the months of November, December, January, February and March, says the San Francisco Chronicle. At intervals during the long winter season the thermometer goes as low as 75 degrees below the zero mark, but such an excessive temperature is not absolutely necessary for the successful operation of the Fairbanks game market, although, it is true, the intensity of the arctic cold is the chief factor in establishing and maintaining the town's claim to distinction in the item of its game market. It is almost superfluous to suggest that the market, operating as it does only during the

months named, is spared the expense of artificial refrigerating apparatus.

Now, here is where the novelty begins. Instead of skinning the game and curing up the carcass as in the ordinary, everyday market, the deer, the moose or the bear, as the case may be, is simply stood up on the floor of the market, which is located in one of the principal buildings of the town, and allowed to freeze solidly, or, probably it has frozen solidly within thirty minutes after it was killed. The low temperature that continuously prevails permits the keeping of the game in this shape for months at a stretch, as once the carcass is frozen there is no decay until the freezing weather is over.

One may enter the market and order a bear steak cut from bruin, who has occupied a particular corner in the establishment, looking for all the world as if he were alive, for several months, or a haunch of venison from the deer that has been in another corner for an equally long period; or, perchance, a choice cut of the lordly moose or the kingly caribou that have been making lifelike poses in other sections of the market. Or, if it be a mountain sheep or a goat that the fancy craves, the same opportunity is offered for selection. The animals appear just as they did in life, and the person who visits the place for the first time is apt to imagine himself in a menagerie rather than a market.

The flavor and quality of the game under such conditions is said to be unexcelled. The freezing process and the length of time that is allowed to elapse between the killing and eating of the animal seem to impart to the flesh a tenderness and ripeness that are characteristic.

The market attracts attention to its location by placing on the sidewalk before its door, just as the cigar man puts out his wooden Indian, a bear, a moose, a stag or some other animal from its stock in trade. Last season the same bear was used for the purpose every day for five months, and was then cut up into steaks that were pronounced to be the most delicious that had ever been eaten in a locality that is famous for its well-flavored bear steaks.

WHEELING THE BABY.

Opinions of a Young Lawyer Who Trundled a Perambulator.

A certain young lawyer, whose business connections bring him much in touch with some corporation interests, has not had his head swelled by his rapid rise in the last few years, and has vetoed some of his wife's ambitions to climb the social ladder. He has a baby daughter to whom he is very much devoted and occasionally, on a Sunday afternoon, will take the youngster for an airing in her perambulator.

A few Sundays ago the lawyer and his wife were out with the baby carriage when they met the head of one of the big concerns for which the lawyer holds a retainer walking with a friend.

"I never was so mortified in my life!" exclaimed the wife, after the magnate had passed.

"You must not wheel the baby carriage in public again!"

"Nonsense," replied the husband. His further remarks were interrupted by his brother, who had been hurrying to overtake him.

"I heard a compliment to you just now, Jim," said the brother. "You know Steele, the traction man?"

"Just met him," said the lawyer.

"So did I," said his brother. "He was talking with his friend about you. I heard him say, 'A very promising young lawyer—must be a decent sort of chap, too. He's making a lot of money, but he isn't too proud to push his own baby carriage. I'll have to keep an eye on him.' Pretty good, wasn't it?"

The lawyer's wife hasn't had anything to say about the family dignity since the incident.—New York Globe.

The Florist's Dilemma.

Florists are no longer content to decorate flowers with several dollars' worth of ribbon. That cannot be made to cost enough, whatever the quality of the ribbon may be. So it has become the fashion this spring to tie up the boxes in ribbons. From the most expensive shops there are sent out now boxes bound at one end with broad ribbons which add at least several dollars to the price of each box. Sometimes small bunches of the flowers inside are tied under the ribbon as an index to the contents of the box.

Last Chance, Maybe.

"And why," asked the green one, "do all the friends of the author go to see the play on the first night?"

"Because," answered the wise one, "they want to make sure of seeing the play."—Cleveland Leader.

Making It Modest.

Mrs. McSmith—The material for my new bathing suit will cost \$3 a yard.

Mr. McSmith—Well, take this quarter and buy more of it than you did last year.—Cleveland Leader.

If a sick man sleeps well at night, 90 per cent of the rejoicing felt by his family is due to the fact that it gives them a chance to.