



Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE WOMAN'S SHARE.

THE sailor, the engineer, the employe in powder mill or lead works, the miner, take their lives in their hands when they go to their tasks. The world honors their courage, and pays them tribute of praise when, as often happens, they meet disaster or death in their vocation.

But even their risks are not so trying to heart and flesh as the dull, ceaseless, gloomy foreboding under which their women-folk must always live. The woman who knows the breakfast her good man eats may be the last man before he is brought home mangled or dead from mine or mill bears a severer test of courage than he who goes forth to danger.

Every woman whose husband works in the comparative safety of field or shop ought to send a sympathetic thought to the wives and daughters and mothers and sweethearts of the thousand and more miners who recently met so horrible a death in northern France. To add to the anguish of the loss came the disfigurement of the dead—so complete that of the first one hundred and six bodies rescued, only forty were recognized.

On the day of the burial sixty-six coffins bore the magic words, "Non reconnu." It gave the last touch to the agony of the distracted women who wept and wailed at the funeral, that they could not even know whether the men whom they loved were among the blackened corpses.

When the women turned from the graves, it was to meet the harsh exigencies of daily life—the need for food and shelter and clothes. The apprehension of years had for them become a grim reality.

As we read of peell by land and sea we are bound to remember, not only the imperiled, but those who wait and watch for them and live by them—the women who share the fear if not the danger.—Youth's Companion.

CHEATING THE REDMAN.

A STORY which reflects little credit upon the parties concerned comes from the White Earth Indian reservation in western Minnesota. Its accompaniments are plenty of liquor in the hands of the speculators. Since June 21, the report says, the Indians and half-breeds have been permitted to dispose of their holdings or to place mortgages upon them. It was a fine chance for the Indian-cheating rascals who watch for such opportunities, and so it is not surprising to read that in place of money the drunken redmen were given tin checks redeemable at the saloons for liquor. The most shameful part of the dispatch says: "The agent at the reservation is powerless to check these evils, for the law has clothed the Indians with the right to do as they please with their lands."

It is the same old story repeated again and again during the years since the white men and the redmen first met in the conflict for the possession of the continent, a war of extermination through the weapon of liquor, with its accompanying command, "Move on" until the territory under control of the first possessors of the country is circumscribed within narrow bounds. Several writers have proclaimed the shame of the thing in burning words. Joshua R. Giddings in his "Exiles of Florida," Charles E. Coe in "Red Patriots," Seth K. Humphrey in "The Indian Dispossessed," Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson in "A Century of Dishonor" and others of her books have each told a story of substantial uniformity in its details, a narrative of oppression, deceit and wrong. The famous

James G. Birney lost much of his social position when he championed the cause of the Indians whose lands his neighbors in northern Alabama and Georgia coveted, but he stated his conviction, based upon careful investigation, that in every case of trouble between a white man and a redman the white man was the original person to blame.

Nobody cares much for the Indian nowadays. No one ever cared much for him. He has had a hard fight against so-called civilization, and the government whose ward he has been has not helped him in time of trouble, but has fallen back upon some technicality of law and allowed swindlers to cheat him and rob him of his lands while he has been crazed with drink. No one ever made an investigation of Indian questions, a really serious investigation tracing matters to the bottom, without a feeling of shame for his country in this chapter of its history. The tin tag and red liquor episode at the White Earth reservation is nothing new. It is the old story with new actors in the scenes.—Chicago Tribune.

DIPHTHERIA'S SURE CURE.

THE Chicago health department makes this assertion in the bulletin of the department: "Every death from diphtheria should be made the subject of judicial inquiry, as other avoidable deaths resulting from negligence, culpable ignorance or criminal malpractice now are."

This is startling, but it is none too strong, as those are aware who have observed the administration of diphtheria antitoxin. Before the discovery of that remedy, diphtheria was the deadliest disease of childhood. Only in rare instances did those attacked by it recover.

But now, as the health department says, the death rate from that cause "continues a reproach to those timid or ignorant members of the medical profession who neglect to use the antitoxin in the early stages of the disease and in sufficient quantity."

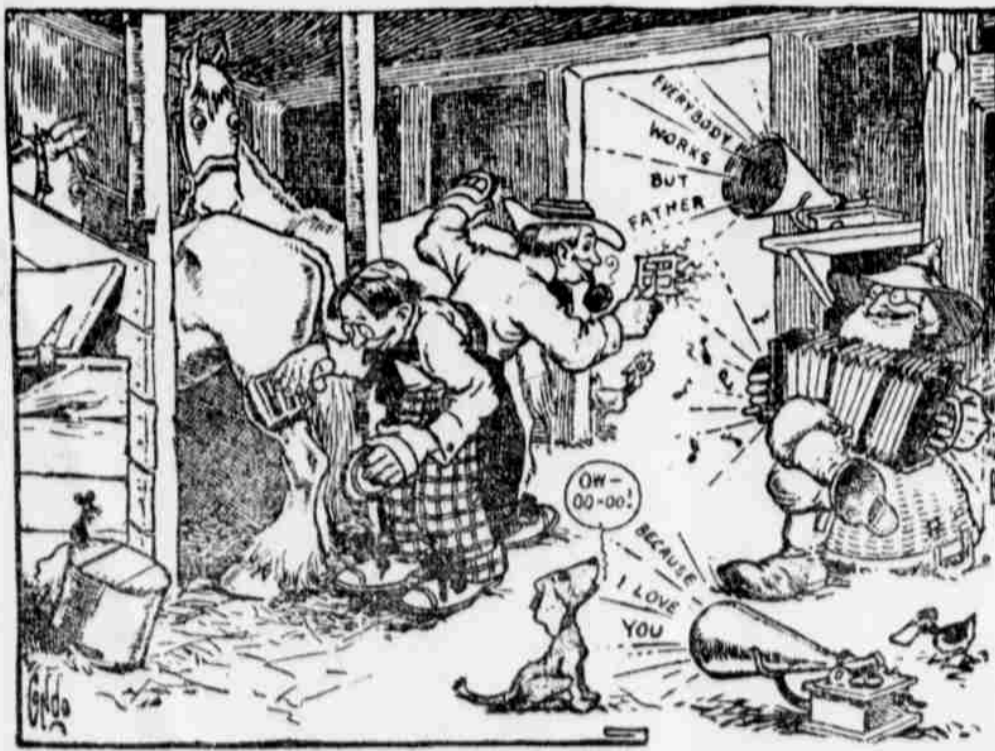
Diphtheria can be cured in every instance by the use of antitoxin, if it is used soon enough after the disease has developed. Not one person ought to be allowed to die of it. When death occurs, as the result of it, the authorities ought to inquire into the circumstances, and severe punishment should be visited upon the persons responsible for failure to prevent it.

The progress of knowledge, however important, among the great mass of people is incredibly slow. Undoubtedly many persons even in Chicago, where the newspapers have published the facts about diphtheria antitoxin time and time again, have no idea such a discovery was ever made as this certain cure for one of the worst diseases that have ever ravaged the human race.—Chicago Journal.

THE YEARLY RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

IF we were engaged in a war in which during the last year over 10,000 people had been killed outright and nearly 85,000 wounded it would equal the casualties of any year of the Civil War on either side, and would not only be the principal topic of interest, but would fill the land with mourning; and there would be intense anxiety and unrelenting effort to bring it to an end. When, however, we are officially informed that between June 30, 1903, and June 30, 1904, 10,046 persons were killed and 84,155 injured in railroad accidents in the United States it seems to make no more impression on us than an idle tale.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS ON THE FARM.



Indianapolis Sun.

dusty road behold yon carriage. In it there is a Chicago millionaire with his wife, his mother-in-law, and eke his wife's sister. He is rich and generous. I am poor and mean. Fly to the Chicago millionaire. Touch the Chicago man—I mean, touch the Chicago man's heart."

"The youth with sunny smile understood me. He followed my advice, and over lava blocks he bounded away like a chamois, in a short cut to head off the Chicago man.

"Driving down the mountain, I saw that the laps of the Chicago ladies were covered with yellow wild flowers gathered from the roadside, and the air was perfumed with sunny Italian smiles. But when the Chicago man's carriage was at the foot of the toll-road I heard a violent altercation going on. The youth with the sunny smile was demanding of the Chicago millionaire five

frances. He said he had been hired by him to walk along by the carriage, push it down-hill, pluck flowers, gather lava, and make himself generally useless. The bystanders all agreed with him—they were all guides and carriage-drivers. They showed the Chicago man that he was wrong in grinding the face of the poor, so he reluctantly gave up five francs, and presented it to the youth with the sunny smile.

"Ah, he was indeed a beautiful boy, with his jet-black eyes, his curling hair, his bright and sunny smile. But I am glad I passed him on to the Chicago man."

Don't be mad if you are interrupted when you are talking. It may have prevented you from saying something foolish.

Some people always take advice from a stranger.

OLD Favorites

When the Cows Come Home.

With kingle, klang, klinge,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low
The airy tinklings from some far-off tower.

Or pattering of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow—
Ko-king, ko-klang, koklingleling,
Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home.

Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
With jingle, jangle, jingle,
The cows are coming home;
Maline, and Pearl, and Florinel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the field I hear loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell,
Go-ling, go-lang, golvingleling,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;

And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.

Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown,
To-ring, to-rang, to-ringleling,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.

The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tangle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peachbloom and Phoebe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream.

To-link, to-lank, to-linklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time
sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen.

With a kinkle, klang, klinge,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoor-
will!

The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines;
And over the silent will,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, koklingleling,
With a ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars, let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home,
—Agnes E. Mitchell.

FACTS ABOUT FRUIT FOODS.

Government Gives the Results of Some Recent Experiments.

The United States Department of Agriculture has been experimenting with the possibilities of a fruit and nut diet, according to the Kansas City Star. At the California experiment station men, women and children have been restricted to these foods, under the department's direction. The results are given in the department's year book for 1905 in an article by Prof. C. F. Langworthy on "Fruit and Its Uses as a Food."

"Fruit may well be eaten in much larger quantities than at present," says Prof. Langworthy. "It will be seen that in the California investigations the fruit and nut diet supplied the subjects with amounts of protein (albumen) and energy which are directly comparable with those obtained by many other persons from a mixed diet, though in general the quantities were smaller than is supplied by the diet of the average family.

"It should be said that the persons living on a fruit and nut diet apparently maintained their normal health and strength, and it is only fair to conclude that if for any reason such a course seems desirable it is perfectly possible to select a diet made up of fruits and nuts, which, for long periods at any rate, will supply the body with the requisite protein and energy. It would be going too far to conclude on the basis of the California investigation that a fruitarian diet in general is equal or superior to the ordinary diet."

In addition to the dietary studies, a number of experiments in digestion were made.

"In point of digestibility both fruit and nuts can be favorably compared with other and more common food," says Prof. Langworthy. "Apparently it is fair to say that stomach digestion is influenced by the nature of the fruit and its stage of ripeness. Mellow, sour apples eaten uncooked require two

hours for digestion and mellow sweet apples one and one-half hours. About five ounces of raw, ripe apples requires three hours and ten minutes for digestion, but if the fruit is unripe a much longer time is required.

"In different countries opinions vary markedly regarding the relative wholesomeness of raw and cooked fruit. Thus, the Germans use comparatively little raw fruit and consider it far less wholesome than cooked fruit. In the United States raw fruit of good quality is considered wholesome, being as much relished as cooked fruit, if indeed it is not preferred to it. The large number of digestion experiments which have been made with varied mixed diets do not indicate that there is any special difference between the two rations, as regards thoroughness of digestion."

On the handling and marketing of fruit the Department of Agriculture reports: "It is very important that fruits should be handled, stored and marketed under sanitary conditions, as they are commonly eaten raw and not all persons are careful to wash them before serving. Fruit which has fallen to the ground may be easily soiled with earth, water or other material which may contain typhoid or other bacteria. Samples of food purchased in the street and examined by a German investigator showed tuberculous bacteria and many other forms of micro-organisms."

Under the heading, "The Hygiene of Fruit," Prof. Langworthy writes: "Generally speaking, fruits are wholesome and palatable foods, yet it is not at all uncommon to find that one or more sorts cannot be eaten by an individual. Such cases are explained on the ground of some personal idiosyncrasy. It is commonly conceded that most fruits are laxative."

CATECHISM OF CIVICS.

Questions and Answers of Interest to Americans.

What are the principal products of the United States?

Historical Novels and Health Foods.

Where is the Corn Belt located?

It extends from the Chicago Exchange to Trinity Church in Wall street.

Does the climate vary much in different parts of the Union?

Yes.

What is considered to be the hottest region in the country?

Zion City.

And the coldest?

John D. Rockefeller's safe deposit vault.

What common product is raised in the same proportions all over the country?

Babies.

Are there any exceptions to this?

Yes, Newport and South Dakota.

What are these babies used for?

In the South, to run the factories; in the North, to furnish New Educational Systems.

How is the Trust Crop grown?

By magnates and the common people.

What is a magnate?

Almost any dishonest man who has money enough to keep out of jail.

And when the common people have gathered the Trust Crop, how are they paid?

In common stock.

Does this yield anything?

Oh, yes. When you squeeze it it yields water enough to make a good circus lemonade.

What are the principal trades of the United States?

Operating for appendicitis, writing advertisement poetry and going out on strike.

Travel.

The ideal vacation for school children combines recreation with a pleasurable acquisition of knowledge. The educational processes should never be interrupted, only varied. No form of modern life fulfills these requisites so amply as travel. It interests, educates, enthralls, invigorates, broadens and ennobles. To be well traveled is now quite as much a part of a finished education as to be well read.

The world is large and it requires a long time to see it all, so it is not too early to begin in youth. Moreover, it very frequently happens that if travel is not indulged in during early life, it never will be. Upon attaining their majority, many persons become engrossed in business, professional pursuits or family cares and do not have the leisure to gratify the instinct and passion for travel. Parents of means, therefore, might do well to consider the advisability of planning their children's vacations with liberal amounts of travel in them. The young folks will enjoy nothing so much as a vacation on wheels behind "the iron steed."

Pathetic Rain.

"What was the most interesting ruin that you saw abroad?"

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "the ruin that most interested me was a year's income, totally demolished."—Washington Star.

We have reached the age when we don't see what's the matter with eating the picnic lunch on the dining room table at home, and having no baskets to carry.

A GENTLE "TOUCH."

All the means with which money can be extracted from the unwilling purse of the American tourist are in full practice on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. Most of them are delicately disguised forms of highway robbery. "On our way down the mountain," says the author of "A Levantine Log-Book," "a beautiful Italian boy approached, put his hand on our carriage, and gave us a sunny smile—twenty-five centesimi."

"He walked along a few yards, and then went forward and patted the near horse's flank—ten centesimi. He stooped down and presented to madama a small piece of lava—fifteen centesimi. I got the price low purposely, as Vesuvius is entirely composed of lava and is thirty miles round. Again he walked along in silence a few yards, and then remarked, 'Fine day'—ten centesimi. He saw a yellow flower by the side of the road, which he gathered and presented to madama with another sunny smile—thirty-five centesimi."

"Here I interfered. 'Fair youth,' said I, 'waste not thy time upon heedless and unappreciative travelers like ourselves. We need no little pieces of lava; our horses do not care for camoes; we have no use for sunny Italian smiles. Here is a coin, fair boy; it is the smallest I have; if I had a smaller it would be yours, but take it with my blessing.' I gave him a coin, worth about a penny.

"The handsome boy gazed at the copper coin with the expression of a man who has just bitten into a bad apple. He protested that he did not want it, and tried to give it back to me—in vain.

"'Hark ye, good youth,' said I, 'waste not your time on us. That coin is all you will get. Far down the