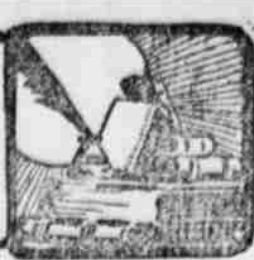




EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

HEAVY COST OF FUNERALS.

A WELL-KNOWN physician of Chicago says it costs people more to die than it does to live and the poorer you are the more it costs you to die. Funerals are expensive in Chicago. If a poor man dies and his widow has four or five hundred dollars the undertaker gets all of it and the woman then is turned adrift. Life insurance is a great thing because it enables the widow to have ready money. She can sustain herself until she gets her bearings and becomes confident of her own ability to make a living. But if a man dies, leaving his widow a thousand dollars, it is more likely that five hundred dollars of that money will go for the funeral. A coffin that costs \$25 to make is sold for \$125 and the embalming process entailing a cost of \$1 or \$2 is charged up at \$15 or \$20. The expenses for hearses and carriages are also doubled. People are sensitive about the dead and they feel that a protest to the undertaker is to show lack of respect for the piece of clay that is about to be put back in the ground.

It should not cost any man in good circumstances over \$100 to be buried. A poor man should be buried for \$50. Now you who are too sensitive and poor will immediately say your people are entitled to as good a funeral as your rich neighbor. That is true. But because your rich neighbor's people are foolish is no reason why you should be foolish. There is a reverence for the dead that one does not have for the living. It is very beautiful, but it sometimes causes great hardships. —Chicago Examiner.

DREYFUS.

GREAT as is the satisfaction all honest men must feel that a shameful judicial wrong has been set right at last, the decision of the highest court in the matter of Captain Alfred Dreyfus is even more gratifying as showing the return to sanity of the French authorities and the French people. The Court of Cassation does not merely declare the innocence of the unfortunate officer and direct that amends be made; it declares that the crime of which he was accused never existed, a conclusion that was reached long ago by most disinterested foreign observers of the case.

That the decision cuts off the opportunity for another spectacular trial, with its recriminations, digressions into irrelevant matters and general hysteria, is something to be thankful for. France has quieted down, and is likely to accept the decision without disturbance, though the believers in the guilt of Dreyfus will be unconvinced, as that is a matter of faith and not of evidence or reasoning. Like the Salem witchcraft or the Popish plot, the Dreyfus case passes to the annals of the future as a curiosity in popular delusions.

It has taken courage on the part of the French Government to bring the case to a final settlement, and courage in the judges to render the decision they have. For this they deserve all honor. —New York Sun.

WOMEN AS EMPLOYEES.

ONE Philadelphia corporation recently announced its purpose to dismiss all the women in its employ and engage no one of the gentler sex in the future. Some employers interviewed declare that they understand and sympathize with the motives of this action, and one Eastern paper remarks that something of a "reaction" against the employment of women in industry is undoubtedly observable.

We are told that women are not ambitious; that they think more of marriage as a "way out" of industry than of hard work and emulation as a means of promotion, and that employers want employees who expect to "grow

up with the establishment." Some accuse girls in offices and factories of flirting, of carelessness, of declining to take their duties seriously. Recorder Davis of this county referring to the latter charges, says that "segregation" has happily solved the problem. Where women work by themselves, he explains, there is nothing to distract them, and there's little marrying or flirting.

We do not think the "reaction" is or is likely to become serious. Women are in industry to stay, and while their position in it is fundamentally different from that of men, owing to their hope to leave the "wage-earning" class by marrying, that difference is only reflected in pay and in the matter of promotions. It does not threaten now, any more than it did when women first "invaded" the office and factory to compete with men, any general, tacit agreement among employers to dispense with their services. —Chicago Record-Herald.

MAN'S MANIA FOR SPEED.

SPEED madness is nothing new, but it shows novel development. The automobilist goes at a frightful rate in the hope of getting to some place where he does not particularly need to be in just a fragment of the time of which he has abundance to spare. On his way he kills one, maims another and at the finish regards his own survival as a triumph.

Years ago the Mississippi steamboats used to race, not because anybody was in a legitimate hurry, and never gave up until the bursting boiler hurled passengers and crew to drown in the river, if they did not perish of scalds on the way. This particular form of folly died out when steamboating ceased to be a method of transportation for anything but freight.

On an English railroad—old, conservative, safeguarded—a train essays to beat the record of a rival—mere speed madness. The train is dashed to fragments and in the wreckage more than a score of lives go out miserably. There is investigation, of course, but the record of the competitor still stands and that will never do.

Now ocean lines are racing. To the average man with leisure to cross the Atlantic a few hours difference can be of no moment. When is this perilous contest to end? There is a limit to the endurance even of machinery. The pressure can be made too great for any integrity of equipment. The ship with hundreds aboard would seem to be an excellent thing to protect against this insidious mania, which already must be charged with countless lives and property value beyond all estimate. —Philadelphia Ledger.

DECREASE IN LYNCHINGS.

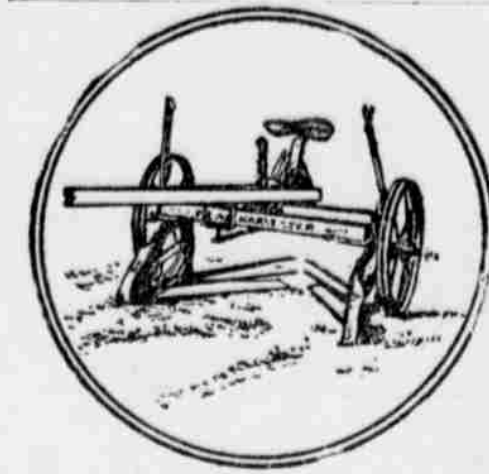
IT is a hopeful sign of the ultimate suppression of lynching in the South, or at least of its virtual suppression, that many of the Southern executives are manifesting extraordinary activity in the prosecution of lynchings. In Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina, lynching has been almost entirely suppressed, owing to the strenuous efforts of the Governors and law authorities, the absence of delays in the courts, the convening of special grand juries, speedy trials following indictments and speedy penalties following convictions. In the five States—Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—which in the past have been the worst offenders, largely owing to the congested black population in those States, which in some counties outnumber the white population, the number of lynchings steadily decreases, and the courts are more and more called upon to administer justice in all cases of crime, whether committed by blacks or whites. The activity of the authorities in securing indictments of lynchings has been notable. —Chicago Tribune.

BEAN HARVESTING.

Cutting by Machinery—Storing in Barns and Threshing.

Formerly beans were pulled by hand, but now the work is done almost exclusively by machinery in the main districts. The bean harvester or cutter shown here is a two-wheeled machine, having two long steel blades so adjusted that as the machine passes over the ground they sweep along just at or below the surface and cut the bean stalks or pull them up. The blades are set obliquely, sloping backward toward one another and left in a single row. Soon after the beans are pulled men pass along with forks, throwing them into small bunches.

After drying perhaps for one day the bunches are turned and so moved that



BEAN HARVESTER.

three rows, as left by the puller, are made into one, leaving space between the rows to drive through with a wagon. If drying weather prevails they will become fit for drawing and storing in the barns without further turning, but if the weather is unfavorable the bunches must be frequently turned to prevent the beans in those pods resting on the ground from becoming damaged.

To the foregoer in American Agriculture Professor J. L. Stone adds that wet weather does not injure the crop seriously provided the beans are not allowed to rest on the wet ground long at a time, but the frequent turning necessary to prevent them from injury involves considerable labor.

When dried they are stored in barns like hay and may be thrashed at convenience. The thrashing is done by specially constructed machines much like the ordinary grain thrasher. Some growers prefer to thrash with the old-fashioned flail, claiming that the saving in beans that otherwise would be split compensates for the slower work.

QUEER STORIES

In the Indian Ocean only 370 out of 16,500 islands are inhabited.

Probably the owner of the largest number of dogs in the world is a Russian cattle king, who has 35,000 shepherd dogs to look after 1,500,000 sheep.

King John of Abyssinia has decreed that the nose of any one of his subjects found taking snuff shall be cut off, while smoking and chewing tobacco forfeits life. In Morocco, persons disobeying the Sultan's decree of prohibition smoking are imprisoned and flogged through the streets.

Probably the lowest type of man is found among the bushmen of Australia. They are so primitive that they have no idea of building even the most rudimentary form of hut or shelter. Travelers from this part of the world tell wonderful stories of the nest-building people who inhabit the wilds. They find whole families of them nesting in the thickets like our ground birds, though their nests are not constructed so carefully and artistically as those of our feathered friends.

A record time for converting grain into bread has been established by a Canadian farmer. Wheat which was in the sheaf at 3 o'clock in the afternoon was made into scones before 6. When operations began a wagon stood in the barn with about half a load of grain in the sheaf. Beside it was a threshing machine connected with this was a gasoline engine. The engine was started, the sheaves were fed into the threshing machine and the grain was deposited in a bin. The power was then transferred to the cleaner, and the work of changing the newly-threshed wheat into flour was quickly carried through. The rest of the task was easy.

The value of light as an agent in curing diseases is becoming increasingly recognized. The latest development of the idea is the assertion of a medical man that the clothes worn by consumptives should be of a color which will allow the light to penetrate the body. White materials, it is found, are the best for the purpose, and consumptives are consequently advised to clothe themselves in snowy raiment, either of linen, velvet, cotton or cloth. Silk, however, is barred. Next in curative value comes blue, but it is far inferior to white. Materials of black, red, yellow or green are said to be useless, as they prevent the passage of the germicidal rays.

While loading, a man usually thinks about a big scheme that won't work.

THE OLD COMANCHE.

All day long wagon after wagon had been rumbling up from all parts of Comanche County, in Oklahoma, to a gospel rendezvous on Cache Creek. The camp was teeming with modern Indian life. The smoke was rising from fifty little camp fires; the innumerable dogs were fighting; the squaws were chattering as they prepared the evening meal; the men were attending to the horses; the children were racing and laughing. An old Texan was talking to the missionary, who was intensely interested in the story.

"I've seen the time when we gave the Comanches bullets instead of Bibles," he said. "It was in the war of the early seventies. I was one of the Texan rangers, and we fought the Comanches to the finish. We fought them out of Texas, and then the troops did them up at McClellan's Creek, in the Territory. Comanches could fight in those days. I saw some brave Indians die, one old chief in particular. I always feel sorry when I think of it.

"We Texans were fighting our own war with the Comanches. The troops were in the Territory, chasing the 'Staked Plains' band of Comanches; but we stayed in Texas, and fought Comanches and Kiowas wherever we found them. Well, one day we found them too thick. About twenty of us got cut off, and had to take to the buttes to save our horses. We kept the redskins off until we reached the butte, and leaving our horses there, we rushed back a long gun-range from them, and then lay down in the tall grass and kept the Indians off with our rifles until help came. This saved our horses, and fortunately we lost only two men.

"The Comanches would ride within range and fire upon us, but we could shoot from a perfect rest; and we emptied many saddles.

"One Comanche had white hair, and when he would whirl his horse round and come riding low, with his gun ready to shoot, the rangers would call to each other, 'Look out for old granddaddy! He shoots close!' There was something unnatural about the old Indian's riding, and Jack Jefferson, who was shooting next to me, said, with a laugh, 'The old buck is so stiff that he can't ride slick.'

"One time the old man came on a little too far. Jack pulled up his gun. We saw the Indian's horse rise and plunge, and we knew that Jack hadn't missed.

"'He's coming on,' cried Jack. And sure enough, he was running straight for us, low and swift, over the long grass, the old man tugging in vain at the rein, and trying to turn his maddened pony.

"A dozen rifles were raised to stop him, but Jack, all wild with fight and fun, yelled, 'Don't shoot! He's coming in! He's my meat!'

"The old Comanche came on, while the other Indians in the distance were shooting and yelling like demons. But he made no attempt to fire. He sat straight up on his horse, and as he came close we heard him singing.

"One hand was clutching his empty rifle. His eyes were fixed straight ahead. He was riding to his finish, singing the death chant of the Comanche warrior. It was a scary sight. Jack raised his gun, but just couldn't shoot, and nobody else wanted to. The crazy pony passed almost over our heads. Then all of a sudden he straightened up in the air and came down head first on the ground—Indian under, as the horse's feet rose up in the somersault.

"'Why didn't the old fool slide off?' yelled Jack, as we both crouched with our rifles ready in case the Indian should rise again. But no Indian showed up, and the horse lay perfectly still.

"After a bit the Comanches drew off out of range, and Jack and I walked over to where the dead horse lay. 'Shot the pony through the head!' said Jack, and as we came up and saw the limp and lifeless body of the old Comanche, Jack turned to me with a strange choke in his voice. 'Partner, he's broke his neck, and he was tied under his horse.'

That night, after the preaching service, the missionary, with a dozen of the leading men of the Comanche tribe, some old men, with war records, sat round the fire. Through the interpreter the missionary told them the tale of the white-haired Comanche. Their eyes glistened, and a deep guttural "Ha-ah!" followed each sentence.

When the story was done, there was a long, solemn silence, and the interpreter, turning to the missionary, said, "They say it's so."

Their Only Chance.

"Why do bears sleep in winter?" a writer in the Washington Times says a small boy of that city asked his father.

"Because the President does not go hunting them," replied his father. "They have to sleep some time."

Lasting Carpets.

Carpets made from elephant hide are said never to wear out.



"You don't mean young onions, Eve-Anna?" said the groceryman reproachfully to the pretty cook, as he turned over a leaf in his order book.

"Well, maybe I don't," said the cook. "Probably I mean coconuts or bath sponges, but you'd better put it down 'young onions' on the chance that I know what I'm talkin' about."

"It's for the boss, then?" pleaded the groceryman. "You wouldn't think of orderin' 'em because you liked 'em? Don't tell me that."

"I won't tell you nothin', one way or another," said the cook. "If it's going to hurt your feelin's I won't explain about what I'm goin' to do with the groceries I order. Peck o' new potatoes, an' see that they are bigger than marbles this time, because I'm goin' to peel 'em."

"Suthin' atween a golf ball an' a baseball," commented the groceryman. "All right. I know the kind you mean. Not that I mind onions specially," he observed. "An onion is all right in its place. So's some other things I could mention. I'd just as soon you'd eat onions as not on the days I don't call. Don't you mind what I say."

"If you say 'onion' to me again I'll show you the door, and I'll see to it that you don't come back," said the cook.

The groceryman whistled. "What you been cookin', Eve-Anna?" he asked. "None o' your business. Put me down five bars of laundry soap."

"Laundry soap it is," said the groceryman. "Wouldn't you like some cheese to go with them vegetables we was talkin' about? You might as well have the cheese with it while you're about it. I knew a girl once that was awful fond of these little green things that you eat when you don't care a continental anyway. She used to eat 'em green or sliced up in vinegar, with cucumber, till you couldn't rest, but she shut right off on 'em one day an' didn't eat one for six months. Then she went for 'em harder than ever to make up for lost time. I seen her in a restaurant with her husband a few days after they was married an' she had a big dish of 'em before her an' about a dozen ends on the table. I knew another girl—"

"There's somethin' I want," said the cook, musingly.

"I'll bet I know what it is," said the groceryman. "You just wait till it gets its wages raised an' you'll get it unless it changes its mind."

"I can't think of it now, so I guess I'll let it go," said the cook.

"It's goin'," said the groceryman, cheerfully. "Do you want it to bring up all this truck this mornin'?"

"I'd try to have a little sense if I was you. I want everything over by 11 o'clock."

"You shall have 'em if I bust a collar, button, onions an' all. Excuse me mentionin' 'em. You're goin' out right away after lunch, ain't you? Well, that's the

way it is with me. I want to meet you, too."

"You don't say?" said the cook. "I've got some money in my clothes right now that ain't goin' to stay there after to-day. I thought you an' me could have a good time this afternoon an' this evenin'."

"We can," agreed the cook. "That's fine an' dandy," said the groceryman, happily.

"Sure," said the cook. "You can go an' have a good time all you want to, an' I'll have a good time, too. I'm goin' shoppin' this afternoon an' then I'm goin' to see my sister in Austin."

"You ain't—honest are you?"

"I am."

"There's a picnic at Bunderbaugh's Park."

"That ain't uncommon."

"Say, won't you come? You ain't goin' to turn me down that way?"

"It's too bad," said the cook, "but when you make an appointment with me you've got to make it a little ahead of time. If you want to ask me for this day next year, an' I feel more like it than I do now, which ain't likely, I'll go with you with pleasure."

The groceryman put his order book in his pocket. "I don't care whether you eat any of them onions or not," he said. —Chicago Daily News.

The Song of It.

What if the sky be dark and drear—
Storm and sorrow near us.
Better to smile than sigh, my dear,
For time stays not to hear us.
Tears and sighs—
But we toil along,
And out o' the heartbreak
Comes the song.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Goin' Days Recalled.

The auto shrieked "Honk! honk!" and roused
The farm birds wide awake,
The gander sighed, "Ah, there's a sound
Like mother used to make."
—Boston Transcript.