

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Keep the Red Out of School.



)W was it thirty years ago, when corporal puninment was abolished in the schools? Were ot those the days when whole districts of the own were infested with gangs of young ruf ans who terrorized the neighborhoods and gainst whom the police were almost power-

less? Have the generations of boys since then been worse or better? The far greater peace and quiet of the town, the increased sobriety, the absence of the old gangs of youthful ruffians would seem to suggest that there has been improvement during the period since the whip was abandoned in the schools. For some reason New York is now far more orderly than it was before, and order is preserved more easily. Rioting, once comparatively frequent, has ceased. The discipline in the schools themselves is more efficient than when it was enforced with the rod. In every respect they are better .-- New York Sun.

Making Ourselves Uncomfortable.



NE of the troubles, or, rather, sources of the troubles, of this age is that people are too comfortable. Hot and cold water in every, room, die with a good laugh," electric light, elevators, steam heaters, easy dulirs—all these things are raining the race.

and never have to do anything for themselves, but we all or for those who are left behind. One may say, with the share, to some degree, in the common luxuries that have trust of Emerson: "The God who has led me so graciously converted even the poor among us into sybarites.

Strength of muscle, or mind, of will, is acquired only Syracuse Telegram. by exercise. An athlete runs a mile. It is hard work, but it builds up his muscle. If he lay in bed he would be more at ease, but his muscles would grow flabby and weak and in the day of trial he would fail. A child whose slightest wish is obeyed will grow up weak-willed and petulant and will be helpless afterward in the face of determined opposition.

Modern invention and the competition of business have relieved people of a vast deal of labor which formerly they had to perform. The elevator saves climbing upstairs, the bodies cannot stand heat or cold, nor our soft minds intense | Beston Herald.

EASY FOR CHAUNCEY DEPEW, friends or relatives, and by easy stages city; they long for a few acres of land Editor Comments on the Senator's Re-

marks on Lack of Laughter.

Chauncey M. Depew says that we

we don't look around for the fun there is in life; we take things too seriously. Maybe that's true enough. but it does make us tired to hear this sort of philosophy coming from a man like Chauncey, who rests on downy heds of ease, and never has to lie awake at night trying to cipher out where next winter's coal is going to come from. Channy has bins in his cellar full of all sorts of imported and domestic money, and when he wants anything he just goes down there with a sack and shovels in enough money to buy what he wants, and that's all there is to it. It's dad-blistered casy for a man to be a cheerful philosopher when he has a few cords of greenbacks piled up in his weedshed. And Channey, while he says such beautiful things between times, is contributing to the gloom of the nation acarly all the time by telling weary old stories that turn a man's blood to water. It's a nice howdydo for a man to spring a lot of heart-breaking anecdotes, and then look around upon the weeping and shuddering people and tell them that they are too parsimonious of mirth.

There's a man a good deal like Channey within a thousand miles of the town we live in. He goes around all the time with a beaming smile, as serene as a May morning, throwing around gems of philosophy promiseuously. He is always saying pretty things about letting sunshine Into our lives and gathering the roses while we may, and all that sort of thing. He has a string of platitudes on file in his memory all the time, and he never misses a chance to distribute them.

But that's about all that he ever does distribute. He is so stingy that he would steal hay from a blind horse. He has always been well fixed, and his father was well fixed before him, and he has never known what it watches of the night, wondering how in blitzen that note was going to be paid. All he does is to look serene and quote chaste things concerning the sunshine, and go around jacking up his tenants and renters if they get wealth in the bank. It's mighty easy to be a philosopher under such circumstances.—Nebraska State Journal.

LUXURY IN THE KLONDIKE.

Hardship Is No Longer the Inevitable Lot of Alaska Miners.

Hardship is no longer a necessary accompaniment of owning and working a mine in the Klondike. Certain holders of rich claims on Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, on which were made the "strikes" that startled the world a few years ago, have worked out a system of gathering their golden divi- rewards, but the wear and tear on the dends which involves little more than an enjoyable summer outing. It is as easy as going to the races, only the Klondiker brings back the gold. It is in the great cities is to accumulate a hardly more trouble than clipping coupons from gilt-edged bonds.

These owners of nonanza claims spend the winter in "the States," Cali- out the remorseless grind incident to fornia claiming most of them. In the

intellectual toil for long sittings. Fortitude is going out of the world.

If one of us wishes to escape fatty degeneration, corporeal, intellectual and moral, it is necessary for him to make himself uncomfortable. Let him sleep on a hard mattress, let him sit only on hard, straight-backed chairs without upholstery; let him bathe in cold water; let him black his own boots; let him walk long distances; let him cat sparingly and of none but simple dishes; let him do the things that he does not like to do; let him refrain from doing the things he does like to do; let him mortify his flesh and humiliate his desires until he shall gain the mastery over himself .- San Francisco Bulletin.

Death and the Fear of It.



EORGE MEREDITH is reported to have said in a recent interview that doctors and parsons are doing harm by increasing the fear of death and making the English less manly, "No one," he added, "should consider death or think of it as worse than going from one room to another." For his own part, he says, he "hopes he shall

There is no objection to joyousness, even on the solemn occasion of passing from this form of existence to one of We are growing soft, torpid, lazy and ineffect- which we know nothing except by faith. All the same, a ive because our way is made too smooth for frivolous laugh seems to be an affectation of courage rather us. Especially is this true of bachelors who live in hotels than geniuine heroism. Death is no joke for those who go all through this life I can trust wherever He leads me."-

Courage in War.



N the great naval battles that have occurred in the East, as in the great land battles, no doubt the Russians died game. So did the Japanese, so do the common soldiers and sailors of most civilized peoples and of many semi-civilized and many barbarian peoples. No people in the world meet death with more nonchalance, or

electric light saves the work of filling and cleaning oil more grim stoicism, than the Turks or our North American lamps, the telephone saves going on errands, the street cars Indians. To die recklessly in battle is a common trait, and save walking. All things are done for us. In consequence argues no special nobility of character. Least of all does we are losing the habit and the knack of doing things for it give any indication of the righteousness of a cause, or ourselves. We are going to seed, falling into flesh, suffer- possession of the traits that make for the glory of a nation ing a weakening of the will and a darkening of the un- in peace. To have bulldog's fearless pugnacity does not derstanding. The old Spartan spirit is evaporating. We demonstrate the possession of Christian, or even of moral cry under slight pain and demand anesthetics. Our soft virtues. Bad men have it in common with the best men.-

Yukon to Dawson. an evening at the theater.

going again next year. I was in Dawvening clothes, even to dinner parties. No dress in a woman's wardrobe 's too fine for Dawson, but even a fright of a woman is sure of a good time, for the men are in such major-"The most striking celebration which occurred in the course of my

isit was the trip to the Dome, a great hill back of Dawson, on June 21, the longest day of the year. The sun is in view for twenty-four hours from the Dome, while in the Yukon valey it disappears for a couple of hours. More than a thousand of us sunshine."

The "clean-up" takes three or four weeks, and when it is over the gold, ed, who devote their whole time to in small sacks, is hauled to Dawson. The owner pays the crown royalty to is done voluntarily by the local denthe authorities, settles with his em- tists. That such a movement is necployes and expresses the rest to his essary can scarcely be doubted when bank in San Francisco or Scattle. He one learns that of many thousands of has the choice of two routes homemeans to walk the floor in the silent by a long ocean voyage. Either way, an idea of the amount of work done in there is absolute comfort.

1.900 bicycles. It is gay socially in winter as in summer, when the "clean-up" crowd appears to make things lively .- New York Tribune.

CITY MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

Problem Middle-Aged Men Are Trying to Solve in the Metropolis. If farmers could know the number of men at work in cities who are slaving and pinching that they may save enough to buy a small home in the country they would be more than contented with their lot. City life has its mental and physical being is very great. Probably the ambition of fourfifths of the trained newspaper men sum sufficient to enable them to buy a paper in a small town; one that will give them a comfortable living withwork on a great city daily. So with to eat; after you are 50, there is too spring they make up a party of the clerk and the artisan in the great much.

go in to Dawson for the "clean-up." | from which to get their living, and Large ocean steamers carry them to many of them are doing it successful-Skagway, and the White Pass and ly, though more are failing from lack Yukon Railway spans the gap to of technical knowledge. A man of 50 ere all too parsimonious of laughter; White Horse Rapids, where river in the country feels that he has years steamers are waiting, and in two or enough before him to accomplish a three days they scurry down the great deal; in the city, if the man of

50 years be an employe, he is in daily The cabins on the creeks have been | fear, and justly, that he will lose his cleaned and well stocked against the position and some youth get it. The coming of the owner and his party. writer knows whereof he speaks, for When he arrives the water is turned he has been the city man and the into the huge sluices and the work | farmer. Some day some Carnegie will of washing out the gravel mined dur- find an outlet for his fortune in buyng the winter begins. The women of | ing large tracts of land in settled the party spend hours alongside the farming communities, near schools. sluices, for gathering the Yukon gold | churches and stores, cutting them up has a peculiar fascination. If they tire | into small farms of ten or twenty of this novelty there are stag's to acres, building a house on each, emtake them into Dawson for a bail or ploying one or more experts as teachers in rural lines and offering these "I had the time of my life," de- homes to city men of middle age who clared a young woman who went in have saved a little money, at a price for the "clean-up" last year, "and I'm | and on terms that will enable the man from the city to pay for his little home son just four weeks and I attended by his labor. He will be taught how fourteen balls. Half the men I met by the experts employed by the rich were college graduates and all wore man. This is not charity, for the rich man will find his philanthropy paying him a goodly per cent on his investment.—Indianapolis News.

MUNICIPAL DENTISTRY ABROAD.

Germany and Russia Adopt Plan of Looking After the Teeth.

The dental statistics gathered in many European cities have revealed such an alarming condition of affairs that Germany, at least, has decided to adopt combative measures.

In all large dental towns clinics have been founded, consisting, as a rule, of made the trip to bask in the midnight | specially fitted up rooms in one of the central schools.

Fully qualified dentists are appointtheir duties, but in Stuttgart the work boys and girls examined, from the the way he came or down the Yukon | ages of 8 to 13, only 2 per cent had a to Bering Sea and thence to the States | perfectly healthy set of teeth. To give a year at Darmstadt schools it is nec-Such is the evolution of the gold essary to quote the figures for 1903. camp that once suffered famine and During the year 1,376 children were scurvy, and to which relief was sent examined, and 1,561 teeth were filled. by dog teams over the frozen snow | while 1,871 were extracted. In Strasfields. Dawson now boasts electric burg 2,666 children were examined, a few days behind and piling up lights, automobiles and no less than 699 teeth were filled and 2,912 were

Another interesting fact is that 40 per cent of all teeth examined were bad. The method of work is very simple; the teacher brings his class to the dentist, who examines each mouth quickly and marks on the card which each child has brought with it whether treatment is necessary. If so, the child must come again on a Saturday. Russia is also joining in the movement, and has already fitted up nine such institutions in St. Petersburg alone, while Moscow has also several. London Mail.

Free Canals in Canada. The Welland and St. Lawrence canals were made free of a.. tolls during 1903 and it appears that the effect on trade was satisfactory, traffic of all

kinds increasing. When you are 15, there is not enough

THE EMPTY CHAIRS.

I tell her it is foolish-but each Thanksgiv- No. I'm not feeling particularly thank-She's bound to have the table set in the old-time way.

That handle has been broken since he was The plate we got for Mollie-the brim is husband concluded his remarks. I tell me it is foolish, but her eyes, they And then somehow or other I've get no more to say

She gets the little high chair-I've vowed 'most every year I'd sell it to somebody, but still it's al-The baby used to use it; the baby-that was Rose It's always for her children our fattest turkey goes. We send one to the others; it isn't much to give. But it's a home touch for them away off where they live. But I tell ma it's foolish, with us both old

To set the children's places on each Thanks-

When she sets out the dishes for our

Thanksgiving day,

giving day.

I ask a blessing always; there's lots I'd like to ask. But with those empty places, the blessing is a task I tell ma not to do it-I'm thinking all the while How Henry used to argue that handle was in style: And ma says she remembers the way that Both of us laugh about it, but I most al ways choke I tell her that it's foolish to set the things that way-

And think we've got the children back

home Thanksgiving day. We never eat that dinner. We don't get half way through Till ma is in some story of how they used Of how they used to chatter, and beg for this and that-And all the time a-looking at each place where they sat. And then—and then—she's trying to hide a sudden tear And saying she is thankful that one time they was here. But still I say it's foolish to have things fixed this way— set the children's places on each

Thanksgiving day.

—W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

Farmer Caldwell's Thanksgiving.

BY G. B. ACUFF.

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It was down in "Ol' Virginny" one the genus "hobo" crawled out from the burrow he had made for himself in a straw stack and looked around him. The the chill air made poor Toby shiver.

"A cup of hot coffee would do me good," he muttered, as he glanced dubiously at a large log house plainly discernible through the bare branches of some fruit trees in the distance.

He moved forward awkwardly on the toes of one worn shoe and the heel of the other, endeavoring to keep his feet from contact with the hoar frost which had stiffened every weed and blade of grass in the field.

At the rear gate he paused as if awestruck by the sights and sounds that greeted him. In the adjoining barn lot was a great cackle among the hens, which was almost drowned by the shrill noise of a dozen guinea fowls ranged on the rail fence. The turkey gobblers strutted defiantly past the proud peacocks. but their challenges were drowned in the general clatter. The noisy scene told is own story of comfortable farm life to the lonely wayfarer, and he sighed deeply as he shuffled into the yard and drew towards him a tall, blooming chrysanthemum, and breathed its unguent fragrance.

"Oh, timier's end," he exclaimed under his breath. "Another five minutes' conemplation of such a home-like scene would spoil my appetite," and the softened expression of his face was replaced by a look of harsh indifference. "Pshaw!" he continued as he hobbled to the back door, "I'm too old and tough for any sentimental vagaries," and he tapped on the door.

pretty girl of nineteen or twenty. As a pleasant steam, which bore on its breath a delicious odor of sausage, hot piscuit and strong coffee. "Lady, I'm very hungry. Will you

lease give me something to eat?" "Come in," she said kindly, "and eat

our breakfast." Giving him a seat near the stove, she brought from the corner cupboard a dish of fragrant sausage in brown gravy, biscuits, and a cup of rich, creamy coffee. and arranged all on the kitchen table. As Toby ate, he looked and really was for the time at peace with himself and all the world. He tried in a dreamy, half conscious way to analyze a delightful odor which seemed familiar, but it eluded him till the young lady, opening

the stove, took therefrom a tempting creation in brown and gold. "Pumpkin pies," he breathed. "I knew hat odor belonged to the old days," but the regretful pang he felt was very much softened by the substantial pleasure of the present.

Meantime the young lady, with an air triumph, bore the pies into the next

"See, papa!" Toby heard her exclaim. my three years at school did not cost my special talent." 'So I see, replied her father.

why pumpkin pies, my dear?" "Why, papa, don't you know next Thursday is Thanksgiving day?"

"Yes, Amy. But I have been thinking that-in short, that we might dispense with the dinner this year. While you were away at school your mother and I economized at Thanksgiving, and thereby besides clearing a dollar on the turkey. I see no sense in giving dinners and rejoicing when we have nothing to be thankful for."

"Oh, papa," Amy exclaimed in horrified tones, "nothing to be thankful for. How can you say so when we have so much more than we deserve?"

"Yes, Amy, in a general way that is true. But you can't understand the hard work and close management I'm bound to practice to make ends meet. This year has been a hard one altogether. One of my best horses died last spring. The frost killed the fruit crop. The pesky dogs killed several sheep; and between the drought and the insects my corn and plenty to eat, all your own. And in adpotato crops are cut off at least half. dition to all these blessings you've got And now, to cap the climax that cattle fifty dollars in your pocket at this blessed ownah ob de coop fo' leabin' de do' open.

man offers me about half as much for the calves as I had counted on getting.

"Not have a Thanksgiving dinner, The little cup and saucer that Henry al- John, now Amy is at home and our only boy is coming, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Caldwell, coming into the room as her

> "Not thankful," exclaimed Amy, a sol in her voice, "when we have good health a home and plenty in storehouse and barn," and Amy passed hastily through the kitchen and out of sight in the yard

Toby, just taking the last choice bits of his breakfast, cast a furtive glance at the girl and noted the trembling lips and tearful eyes.

"Now, John," said Mrs. Caldwell in a pleading tone, "you have hurt the dear child. And she has been so happy these weeks past planning for the dinner and the guests. And besides celebrating Tom's return, it would be a most appropriate way for Amy to renew old friendships, for after an absence of three years the poor child is almost a stranger in the neighborhood."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you and Amy," returned the husband. "But I cannot afford to entertain the public this year. If you and Amy are so awfully thankful, you can have a small family dinner; one of the little turkeys, and none but home folks present."

"The idea of scrimping and pinching on a Thanksgiving dinner!" retorted Mrs. Caldwell, now evincing unmistakable signs of anger; and leaving the room, she slammed the door after her.

With a sigh of mingled contentment and regret Toby slowly rose and pre pared to leave the snug room which seemed a paradise to him. As he passed the dairy he saw Amy, with a jar of cream in her hand, and thanked her for his repast. Then, with a forlorn home sickness that wouldn't be shook off, he aimlessly climbed the long, red hill, and presently finding himself in a sunny, sucltered spot, he threw himself on the dry leaves for, what he seldom indulged in, a little sober reflection.:

"If I were in that farmer's place, he soliloquized, "I honestly believe I could be as thankful as he ought to be. wish I could help that kind-hearted girl, but what can a poor tramp do?"

He was thinking of pursuing his journey when voices reached his ear, and looking up he said, sotto voce, "John Caldwell, as sure as I'm what I never meant to be. Who would have thought every cent of it." of seeing him after all these years? Well, fence corner, while the farmer and cattle old miser deserves absolutely nothing." November morning that Toby Strange of trader haggled about the bunch of plump he exclaimed in disgust, as he dexterouscalves in the pasture field before them.

At last the bargain being concluded, pocket to his own. the trader paid the farmer fifty dollars sun was riding high in a blue haze, and and departed, while Mr. Caldwell entered helplessly. the woods at Toby's back. Toby's eyes followed him thoughtfully.

## A LESSON IN TURKEY GATHERING.



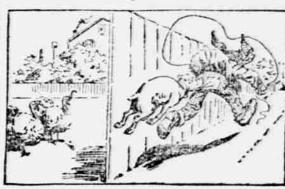
"Jus' wait till one o' de pawson's turkeys git a taste o' dat bait, an' dis nigga



"Lod, I'se got de bigges gobblah on de



Now, one mo' pull an' I'll git it."



moment."

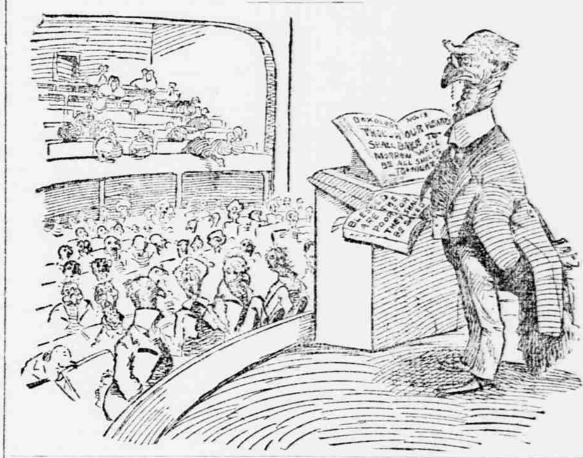
"Yes," growled Mr. Caldwell, "and that loving wife and pretty daughter you mention so feelingly know how to spend "What other use have you for it,

it's likely he wouldn't know me if he man?" asked Toby, losing all patience should see me, but I'll not give him the and thumping Caldwell's head rather chance." And Toby crouched low in the hard against the solid ground. "Such an ly changed the wallet from the farmer's

"Don't, man!" cried Mr. Caldwwell,

But paying no heed to his futile struggles and remonstrances, Toby calmly "If I had that fifty dollars," said knotted a handkerchief round his hands,

## THANKSGIVING EVE IN TURKEYDOM.



Toby, I'd be more than thankful. And then sprang up and away, It was opened instantly by a very neat, yet that ungrateful reprobate is too mean Mr. Caldwell instantly gave chase, but to let his daughter have a Thanksgiving | unfortunately he fell sprawling over the she held the door ajar, there poured out dinner. I wish it was my business to first log in his way. Toby had vanished kick him into a better way of thinking." from sight when he regained his feet, so the leaves, felt both to leave a retreat he seated himself and with teeth and so restful until his breakfast was di- nails endeavored to free his hands. This gested; but ere the farmer had quite dis- task accomplished, he made his way appeared from sight. Toby suddenly home, in anything but a mild temper, His reaching a decision, arose and stealthily wife met him at the door, saying:

followed him. Mr. Caldwell's gloomy meditations took | man came here a while ago and left a sudden turn, as Toby from behind a this," holding up the wallet. "He said tree sprang upon him, and before the he found it in the woods." farmer could think of resistance or de- "Thank goodness!" cried her husband. fense, he lay prone on his back with a eagerly seizing his treasure." "I thought hundred and eighty pounds of tramp it was gone for good and always." seated on his stomach.

"Take it easy, man," said Toby. "You among his many school fellows "that needn't cut up rough, it'll do no good. I preaching tramp may be." And although mean to hold you quiet while we have a he would have suffered death rather than little talk. I think I can convince you admit so much to any one, yet he was that you have several things to be thank convinced that the tramp had adopted ful for. Oh, you needn't wiggle. I heard the only effective method for showing your talk to your wife and daughter, at him his selfish and miserly nature. And though you didn't see me, nor I you. I being convinced of his former errors, he heard it all, while I was breakfasting on at once set about a reformation. As a your bounty. Now, listen to me. As first step in this new direction, he threw young men just starting in life our pros- the purse in his wife's lap, then told

pects were about the same." "Who are you?" interrupted Mr. Cald- | her if she chose to do so. well, looking keenly at his captor.

name. But when we left school you | fection, rendered doubly enjoyable by the went back to the farm; while I, holding | participation of dear friends, each intent your choice in contempt, went to the city on doing justice to the occasion by a where in my ignorance I thought a man | hearty appreciation, and under the wittitwenty years I knocked about, sometimes working, sometimes starving, always her mother the sincere and happy hoshard pressed.

"I lost my last job ten years ago, by | zine. striking for less work and higher wages. saved several pounds of sugar and flour, I couldn't get another job even at the same wages, so I turned tramp. I have not had the energy to try any other vocation since. In fact, I have come to the conclusion that I've done enough and suffered enough to have gained the independence I started out for. And now the world has got to give me the living

"But mark you, not one ambition of my early life has been realized. And now I must travel on in search of the next meal, not knowing whether the people I next encounter will give me a crumb or not.

"Compare my lot with yours; a loving wife, a pretty daughter, a good home and

Toby, in his half recumbent posture on with an imprecation on his own ill-luck J'John, a rather disreputable looking

Mr. Caldwell is still wondering who

Amy to invite the whole country to din-And what a dinner it was! Turkey, "It doesn't matter, I'm not worth a pigs, cakes and pies in bountiful perhad a chance to rise in the world. For cisms and laughter ran a current of fervent thanksgiving, which made Amy and tesses they seemed .- Waverley Maga-



Little Erastus-Poppy, why dey say Fanksgibbin' turkey, huh? Poppy-Dat's er cause yo' fank de