



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Awakening of the Yellow Races.

HITHERTO the white race from the remotest historic times to the present has been practically alone in its position of dominance. So far as concerns the evolution of civilized man, it might almost be said that there has been but one race in the world.

The most momentous of the developments of the present war is that for the first time a white nation finds itself not only checked in its onward march by a nation of yellow men but beaten by that nation on land and sea. It is too early to say that this situation may not be reversed before the war is ended, but there are not lacking signs that the races of which the Japanese are the foremost exemplars have been awakened already to a sense of their latent power. China and India have been stirred by the deeds of the Japanese. Not only the peoples of these great countries but many others of mixed Mongol, Hindoo and Malay descent are wondering why they, too, may not adopt the arms and implements of Occidental civilization and deal with the white races on an equal footing.

Some of the ultimate possibilities of this vast stirring of the yellow races may be gathered from the fact that of the 1,500,000,000 or 1,600,000,000 people in the world Asia alone has 862,884,000, of whom more than 420,000,000 are in the Chinese empire, 55,000,000 are Japanese and Koreans, 294,393,000 are Hindoos, 30,000,000 Malaysians and 18,000,000 Indo-Chinese. To group all the Asiatic peoples by religions, there are about 775,000,000 Buddhists, Confucians, Shintolists and Mohammedans, as against about 12,500,000 Christians.

That these people, aroused to a sense of their racial and religious solidarity and equipped with the tools of Western civilization, may bring new problems into existence in the world's economy is clear. Will the two races live side by side, vying with each other in advancement toward higher civilization or will one strive to exploit the other? A century or more may elapse before the result is known, so far-reaching may be the consequences of the present great struggle.—Chicago News.

His Last Will.

A MAN, either through ambition, sense of duty, or in self-defense against boredom, works hard and accumulates property. Should he marry, he is expected to provide liberally for his wife, to carry a life insurance for her benefit, to give his children every advantage of education as it is now understood or misunderstood. He works cheerfully, finds little pleasure outside of his daily routine, is prematurely old. He dies. He may be a widower; he may leave behind him a second wife; or he may leave his only wife, the mother of his children. His will is opened and read. He has made a reasonable provision for those near him. But he took the liberty before his death of bequeathing certain sums of money, through a feeling of sentiment or duty to others, sums that will lessen in comparatively slight degree the money which would otherwise be distributed among those already in pecuniary comfort. The poor wretch thought he had this right. At once there is strife. The lawyers are consulted and enlisted. There is a trial. The character of the dead man is dragged from his coffin. Was he queer? Was he not insane? Follies and harmless eccentricities are paraded for scorn and mockery. There was a time when the initial phrase, "In the Name of God. Amen," was of solemn and abiding force. The dead man spoke. Who can use the phrase to-day with any assurance that it will be regarded after he is cold and voiceless?—Boston Herald.

Unfinished Educations.

FIFTEEN years ago there was hardly a town in Western Kansas which did not show many foundations on which no superstructures had been erected. The foundations remained uncovered because of the collapse of the boom. Some of them were small and shallow. Others were laid broad and deep. The elements assailed them all alike. The rain washed the mortar from between their bricks and stones. The frosts disintegrated the bricks and stones themselves. Foundations which, if built upon in the ordinary way would have endured for generations, fell, in a few years, into such utter ruin that

when "good times" returned to Kansas it was in all cases unsafe and in many impossible, to erect buildings upon them. Only small portions of the material they contained could be utilized in the construction of other foundations.

Not unlike the fate which these abandoned foundations suffered is that which overtakes the educations which many men acquire in the schools. Schools and colleges lay but the foundation of education. They may lay it broad and deep, but if no superstructure is later erected over it the foundation will quickly fall to pieces. Association, the mortar that binds the bricks and stones of the mind together, will be washed away in time. Ideas, which are the mind's bricks and stones, will crumble and fall apart. A foundation without a superstructure is worthless. It has no adaptation to its environment. Nature will not let it long exist. There are thousands of men and women who have a smaller sum total of knowledge and reasoning power at 30 or 40 than they had when they threw aside their school text books. They have erected for themselves no intellectual superstructure, and their intellectual foundation, being unprotected, has fallen into decay.—Chicago Tribune.

China as a Great Power.

WE have witnessed with amazement and admiration the advent of Japan among the world's great powers. Is it possible that at no distant day China may enter the list? It is significant that the one European who knows the Chinese better than any other, and has long sustained official relations with them, has full faith in this possibility. Sir Robert Hart, to whom we refer, has lately presented to the Dowager Empress a scheme for army and naval organization which has not only engaged the attention of the court, but commands the warm approval of so much of public sentiment as finds expression in the native newspapers.

Briefly, Sir Robert Hart estimates that a reorganization of the land taxes may be made to yield a revenue of 400,000,000 taels (about \$275,000,000) without pressing severely upon the people. Out of this revenue he proposes financing a reconstruction of the land forces on the basis of four army corps of 50,000 regular troops each; the construction of three fleets, each composed of ten large and ten smaller warships, ten first-class torpedo boats and ten smaller ones; the building of arsenals, the maintenance of naval academies, the establishment of modern schools, and the creation of an adequate salary list for the civil administration, and figures upon a sufficient balance to provide a sinking fund.

This seems ambitious, and it may be impossible. But Sir Robert Hart is no dreamer, and he knows the Chinese as we have said, better than any other European. If the Chinese have it in them to rise to the opportunity which he points out to them, the future dismemberment of the Chinese empire will not be the easy task that some diplomatists have imagined.—Boston Journal.

Relative to Slang.

PURISTS seldom will excuse slang, and always insist that a better phrase or word might have been substituted for its use, until the slang word or expression becomes grafted upon the language. Even then there will be many not tolerant of its use at first, but opposition becomes less and less in evidence as time accustoms the ear to receive gratefully that which once seemed harsh, crude and inelegant.

It is true, too, that much of the slang of one age falls into disuse the next, so that the language suffers but little if any, from its temporary acceptance, while such words as may have incorporated themselves permanently into the general structure fit so well that no one is tearfully solicitous to have them removed.

A Western minister recently said: "Slang is largely the result of indolence and lack of self-respect. While in the origin of some terms common use as slang there may be wit and a measure of originality, yet no person can indulge in the use of these barbarisms without serious loss."

"I have heard men use slang in most earnest prayer; if a man does not wish to use slang on his death bed or in the pulpit or the schoolroom, office or social circle, it would be well not to use it anywhere."—New York Telegram.

Cy's Choice.

Cyrus Pettingill made brooms for a living and Ezra Hoskins kept a store in the New Hampshire town where both of them lived. One day, says the Columbia Record, Cy came in with a load of brooms, and then dickering began.

"Ezra, I want to sell you these brooms."

"All right, Cy, I'll take them."

"I don't want any store pay," continued Cy. "I want cash for them."

After a thoughtful pause Ezra said, "I tell you what I'll do, Cy. I'll give you half cash and half trade."

Cy pulled a straw out of one of the brooms and looked at it, as if for inspiration.

"I guess that'll be all right," he said, at last.

After Ezra had put the brooms in their place in the store, he said:

"Here's your money, Cy. Now, what do you want in trade?"

Cy's shrewd glance swept over the miscellaneous stock of the store.

"Well, Ezra," said he, "if it's all the same to you, I'll take brooms."

Gratitude.

Mr. Skinalong—I hope, dear, that you will be happy now that uncle has left me a fortune.

Mrs. Skinalong—Yes, but don't you suppose we can break the will? He has left \$1,000 to charity.—Detroit Free Press.

It's funny to watch them, and note the different ways men have of tipping their hats to women.

OLD FAVORITES

Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright

The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,

As he fashioned the sword and spear,
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!

For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade

As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free,

And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain

For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,

In their lust for carnage blind,
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy

Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high,
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"

And the red sparks lit the air:
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,

And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.

But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"
—Charles Mackay.

QUICK LUNCH RECORDS.

Queer Combinations Picked Out by Some of the Eaters.

The manager of the quick lunch palace shuddered, although the day was hot, and bestowed a gaze of mingled wonder and reproach upon the broad back of the man who had just picked up a number of dishes of food from the counter and was weaving his way through the crowd with them skillfully balanced in two hands like a vaudeville juggler picking his way across a stage filled with tossed-up paraphernalia, according to the Washington Star.

"Say," hoarsely inquired the manager, "d'je see what that man took with him to eat?"

The man to whom the question was addressed had not noticed.

"A bowl of milk, a dish of sliced cucumbers, two deviled crabs and a piece of rhubarb pie," groaned the manager, feeling tentatively of the fourth button of his waistcoat.

"Just try and figure that out," he went on. "How would you like to try a combination like that—milk, cucumbers, crabs and pie? When that man first came in here—it was during the first bad hot spell of the summer—and selected that assortment of dainties, I passed him my Montgomery smile."

"Bet?" said I.

"He looked me over without a blink."

"Hey?" said he.

"You bet the man, I suppose," said I, "that you could beat him over the links by two and three to play and you didn't make good?"

He rested his crabs and cucumbers and his bowl of milk and his pie on the counter and looked me over.

"Say, what's the matter?" he finally asked me, with a mystified look.

"Then I told him how weird that combination of his looked."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said he, smiling. "Don't you let a little thing like that bother you. You ought to've seen my grandfather. He used to smoke a clay pipe and eat buttered gingerbread and green apples at the same time and whistle 'Old Zip Coon' without missing a note," and he walked over

to his seat and began his dainty luncheon.

"I kept an eye on him, nevertheless, and looked up the telephone number of the nearest ambulance hospital. But he just went right ahead as he's doing now."

"While I was still studying him—I could not keep my eyes off of him—he walked up to the counter and selected a piece of cold mince pie and a tall glass of iced tea to top off with."

"He's been back every week-day since, and that's about his regular noonday ration. He's got to be one of my show pieces. He's figure A in the exhibition."

"But there are others. See that little man over yonder with the white sides and the pink cheeks—the one off there in the corner? What do you suppose his regular winter and summer high noon refectory is, and has been for years past? A plate of bread and butter, two large dill pickles and a cup of cocoa. Every week-day of the year that old boy with the white things at the sides of his countenance commits that kind of an assault and battery on his diaphragm, and, say, just look at him—cheeks pink and healthy, eyes as clear as filtered weak water, and more hair on the top of his head than I've got, although he's 60, if he's a day."

"He told me the other day that he hadn't had a sick minute in sixteen years. That, by the way, is how it is with most of the cormorants. The tougher the kind of conglomeration they habitually get away with the healthier they look. But they're probably born that way. And as a matter of fact, the majority of the men who come in here for lunch seem to just try to loop-the-loop with their digestive apparatus."

SURPRISE FOR BIG GRIZZLY.

Took a Photograph of Himself While Examining a Camera.

Bert Gibbs is the amateur photographer bear hunter of all Round Valley. But he doesn't hunt that class of subjects since a big Mendocino grizzly took his camera away from him. He had shot everything in his neighborhood, and to his prized collection of snaps of living birds, squirrels and deer he longed to add the photograph of a live bear—one with a fierce, whiskered phiz, with tongue lolling out and eyes gleaming in all the savage fire of lowest brutality.

He was brave, was Bert, and filled with the enthusiasm of the true "beard" took his solitary way into the far woods armed with his loaded picture box. While cautiously beating up a huckleberry patch, trying to flush his bear, he fell over a bank and banjo sprained an ankle. After lying all night disabled where he had fallen he concluded that he was doomed to remain there till he starved to death. He photographed in his mind his emaciated body found days hence, and the sad idea came to him to take a last "shot" at himself. He had heard that people in the last ditch always reserved last shots for their personal uses. He would do this, and the faithful camera would give up a farewell view of him taken while dying.

Then he fastened a string to the shutter of the machine, placed it on a log and was beginning to "ooz. natural" before it when a huge grizzly lumbered out of the brush lane. Gibbs heaved himself in one mighty spring. His ankle was disabled, but he found no difficulty in getting up a nearby tree. The bear paid no attention to him, but, squatting on his haunches, proceeded to instruct himself in camera craft. He picked it up with his forepaws and was making a minute examination with eyes and nose when the shutter snapped. The sharp sound frightened him, and, dropping the box, he galloped off into the woods.

Gibbs came down from the tree cured of the sprain, picked up his camera and went home. Then he developed the photograph which the grizzly had taken of itself with the last shot he had reserved for himself.—San Francisco Call.

Irrigation from Ice.

In Montana the experiment has been tried of freezing water to be used for irrigation. As soon as the weather becomes such as to melt the ice it is fit for the operations requiring the water.

The plan, which so far is in the nature of an experiment, consists in making a series of shallow basins on the slope of a hill in such locations that, when water is plentiful, they may be filled, each of those below the highest receiving successively the overflow from the one above it.

Once frozen, the ice in these shallow reservoirs is there until the thaw sets in, when it melts so slowly as to keep up a supply of moisture sufficient for the germination and growth of the early crops. This unique method has been tried so far only in the vicinity of Dillon, but it appears to be successful and is to be given a trial in several other favorable localities.

Bald Fact.

The Barber—Try some hair restorer?

The Philosopher—Oh, no; I have long ceased to regard hair as one of the necessities of life.—Brooklyn Life.

A DELIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

After the terrible steamship and railway accidents which made the past season memorable, it is pleasant to read of an affair so delightful for its victims as the recent sinking of the Mississippi River steamer Chalmette proved to be. The Chalmette was the last of the old-time cotton packets on the Mississippi. There are many big stern-wheel cotton-carriers, and several sidewheel passenger boats, but the Chalmette was a relic of the old St. Louis-New Orleans trade. She was the City of Vicksburg of the Anchor line, but was rebuilt some years ago to carry cotton to the port of Chalmette, below New Orleans. She could stow five thousand five hundred bales on her spacious deck, and with her guards awash and the cotton stacked high above her cabin deck, was a spectacle once common, henceforth to be unknown, on the river. When the Louisiana Purchase Exposition opened she was put on as a through boat from New Orleans to the fair, and thus opened a trade which had been dead for some years.

On a Saturday in July she started North with about forty passengers and a lot of freight. Late Tuesday afternoon she was within thirty-five miles of Natchez when, in backing out from a landing, she struck a snag and knocked a hole in the stern. She swung round with both ends resting

on the bank in a little eddy, but with seventy feet of water under her amidships, and began to fill.

The passengers were quickly notified, the gang-plank was run ashore, and everybody walked out and found a seat on the gently sloping, grassy levee, to watch the spectacular death of the last of the packets. The crew hastily brought the passengers' baggage ashore, then brought the furnaces from the galley and all the provisions from the pantry, and the tables from the saloon.

In half an hour the steamer broke in two and sank. Then as darkness settled over the river the passengers on the levee began a picnic supper, prepared by the darky cooks over the rescued furnaces. There was no lack of supplies; the evening was gloriously cool and still. A more beautiful location for a picnic could hardly have been selected. A skiff had been sent up to Natchez for help, and until another steamer came to get them the girls of the party, grouped on the levee, sang the old songs, and listened in turn to the roustabouts and the cook-room darkies singing—not the old plantation melodies, for few of the river hands know them, but the modern "rag-time" songs which come South to them from the vaudeville stage. "Under the Bamboo-Tree" and all the rest of them made the night melodious, and at last, when the picnic was beginning to pall, the rescuing steamer came and took all on board for Natchez, whence they went on their way by rail to their destination.