EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Laws to Protect the People.

FORMERLY one who found himself unable to continue to pay the premiums on his life insurance policy forfeited all that he had paid in. In those days it was to the interest of the companies that policies should lapse. The unfairness of the system led to a movement for reform, and one after another of the State Legislatures amended the insurance laws so as to require the companies to give a "paid-up" policy of a fair amount whenever the insured chose to stop paying further premiums.

That is now the law in nearly all, perhaps in all, the States, and widows and orphans of the insured get the benefit of the money which the husband and father paid to the companies, whether he continued to pay the premiums till his death or not.

These paternal statutes have been justified, on the ground that they are necessary to protect the individual in his dealings with great corporations. They are something like the laws regulating national banks and banks for savings, as they are intended to prevent the misuse or waste of the money of the people.

Every man who is insured is interested in the insurance laws and in the efforts of the law officers to enforce them when there has been careless if not criminal use of the funds of the companies. In the same way every man with a bank-account is interested in the adoption of such a system of inspection of the national and State banks that the threatened insolvency of an institution may be discovered in time to prevent misuse of the money of the depositors.—Youth's Companion.

Making the Country Alluring.

IF the open country is to be made attractive to the best minds, it must have an attractive literature. There must be a technical literature of the farm, and also a general artistic literature portraying the life and the ideals of the persons in the country. The farm literature of a generation ago was largely wooden and spiritless, or else untrue to actual rural conditions. The new literature is vital and alive. The new, however, is yet mostly special and technical, with the exception of the growing nature literature. Artistic literature of the farm and rural affairs is yet scarcely known. Where is the high-class fiction that portrays the farmer as he is, without caricaturing him? Where is the collection of really good farm poems? Who has developed the story interest in the farm? Who has adequately pictured rural institutions? Who has carefully studied the history of the special farm literature that we already have? Who has written the biological evolution progress that attaches to every domestic animal and every cultivated plant? We need short and sharp pictures of the man at his work and the woman in her home—such quick and vivid pictures in words as an artist would throw on his canvas. There is nobility, genuineness, and majesty in a man at useful work—much more than there is in a prince or a general or a society leader, whose role it is to pose for the multitude. The man holding the plow, digging a ditch, picking fruit, the woman sweeping or making bread—what stronger pictures of human interest can there be than these?—Scientific American.

Be Content With Your Lot.

THOSE disposed to grumble over their condition when they liken themselves to the rich should remember that appearances are deceptive and that the envied mortals do not get that happiness out of life with which they are credited by those lean of purse. Generally the rich man has troubles of his own. It is a constant battle to keep his riches after he has won them. Frequently his health breaks down in amassing the dollars; and quite often the luxuries which wealth commands and which he readily partakes of deprive him of his very best possession—a sound body and a contented mind.

The suicide of Winthrop Turney, in Colebrook, Conn., the other day, furnishes a signal illustration of the miseries sometimes attendant upon great riches. He had amassed a respectable fortune, $12,000,000, in Mexican gold and copper mines. A college-bred man, he turned to study as the best means of enjoying his leisure. He did not drink, he did not smoke, he did not consort with undesirable characters. His habits were of the best. Finally his health gave way. In the effort to regain it he tried quacks as well as the most celebrated physicians. Christian Science failed when appealed to. Tired of the successive failures, he repaired to a meadow and sent a bullet into his brain, dying instantly.

With his millions Turney found life insupportable at 41. Rather young for such a dreadful act. With all his money he could not command what the poor man generally has—a sound body. This goes to show that the gifts lavished upon some do not bring the pleasure supposed to go with their bestowal. John D. Rockefeller, a few years ago, when he had a rebellious stomach to bring under submission, said his pain was so acute at times that he would have been willing to give every dollar of his colossal fortune to have a sound stomach, certain that if this boon was granted him he could make another fortune in short order.

Don't be envious of the rich man, ye of modest means, for he is frequently the most discontented of men. The man who has health and wealth is thrice blessed. The man who has abundance of this world's goods and who is racked with pain would gladly exchange his riches for poverty if it carried with it bodily vigor.—Utica Globe.

The World's History in the Next Ten Years.

YOU and I who may live through the next ten years will witness a remarkable transition in the affairs of the world. The map of Asia is going to be changed and maybe the may of Europe. Germany is reaching for world power. The Kaiser wants to close the Baltic Sea as Russia and Turkey have closed the Black. Russia, Sweden, Germany and Denmark are on the Baltic. The foot of Norway also touches that sea. England does not look on this scheme with favor. England's navy is powerful, Russia's navy is as nothing. Germany's navy is growing. England may seize on this scheme of the Kaiser's to sink his ships and put the naval development of Germany back twenty-five years.

At the beginning of this century England won a great sea fight off Copenhagen. With this sea closed and Russia driven back from the Asiatic Sea coast the naval power of England would avail nothing if Russia suddenly concluded to come over the mountains and invade British India.

The Kaiser is eager for a fight. He has a big army and he wants to utilize it either in killing Frenchmen or annexing Austria when the Emperor of Austria dies. The Frenchman himself is in for trouble. He has large possessions in South China. Japan may conclude that France has no business there. The French navy is large—second to that of England—but a naval campaign in the China Sea will give Japan all the advantage. Germany also has possessions in China which she secured by robbery and Japan will urge China to get brave and order Germany out. And Germany will get out if England gets out of Wei-Hai-Wei. England being Japan's ally will not object.

And Russia will be reborn in the next ten years. Either the Empire will sink into a wild and impotent nation or the present form of government will be overthrown and the interior development of the country will begin. And Austria and Hungary will divide. Austria will probably enter the German confederacy and Hungary will take her place as an independent nation.

England since the Napoleonic wars has held her sway by pitting one nation against the other, but the time is here for England to do some real fighting with her own ships and men. If Belgium, Holland and Denmark maintain their integrity it will be a remarkable thing.

In the United States the great industrial questions will be settled. The people will in the coming ten years either control the trusts and the so-called privileged rich or these forces will control the government.—Chicago Examiner.

Railroad Sunday Observance.

THE entire St. Paul Railroad system has made a new regulation that Sunday shall be a day of rest as far as possible without interfering with the absolute necessities of the traffic. Sunday excursions will be discontinued as well as all extra trains on that day, and freight crews will be instructed to make headquarters by Saturday night. General Passenger Agent Miller says the road is doing this because he thinks its men are entitled to rest, and because the Sunday traffic is a risk for which the returns are not adequate. This sort of thing seems to us to be a great sign of the times. The sign is that we are coming to the age of wisdom, the time when we learn that there are limits to human nature, so that the "level best," the greatest average, is to be had by reversion to moderation.—Indianapolis News.

Cheerfulness During Illness.

There is a great restorative force in cheerfulness. It is a sovereign remedy. The physician who can inspire expectancy of something better to come, who can give you confidence in your power to overcome disease, and can make you feel that it is a shame for a man made to do a great work in the world to be ailing, has very little use for drugs.

Sick people do not realize how much their faith and confidence in the physician have to do with their cure. If he is cheerful, happy, hopeful, they feel buoyed up, sustained by his very presence. They feel the thrill of his splendid vitality, and gather strength from his courage. They catch the contagion of his cheerfulness and reflect his moods and condition.

Invalids who have dragged along in misery for years have been suddenly, as if by magic, lifted out of their bondage by the cheer and encouragement which have come from some unexpected good fortune. This shows us how dependent the body is upon the mind, how it sympathizes with it and takes on its colorings, which are represented in the different functions.—Success Magazine.

There are all sorts of disagreeable people; but we believe the fool who insists on being a fool, in spite of all the information going around, is the most disagreeable of all.

JUDGING TIME AT THE FAIR.

—Detroit Free Press.

Every man should do something for his unfortunate kin, after he gets through providing for the unfortunate kin of his wife.

OLD Favorites

Over the Hill to the Poor House.

Over the hill to the poorhouse, I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart and chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—I can't quite make it clear;
Over the hill to the poorhouse—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? Am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin' an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more, too, I'll be bound,
If anybody is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' handsome—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school, like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer an' winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's child'rns a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts He come one day, an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fail—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap of style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 't was carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'rn three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

And then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for anyone so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down,
Till Charley went to the poormaster, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poorhouse—my childr'n dear, good-by;
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us, but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

—Will M. Carleton.

ODD COLONY IN PARAGUAY.

Community Modeled After Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward.

A community which closely approximates Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is Cosme, a little settlement near Asuncion, Paraguay, described by William Latmann in the Leipsic Grenzboten. Equality, democracy and community of wealth and work are the principles on which it was founded in 1894 by a split in a colony of Australian emigrants to Paraguay. "The houses of the settlers lie together and form a small village and are small, pretty and clean. They have only one story and are built of boards and shingled or roofed with mazega grass. The roof hangs far over the side walls and is supported by posts, a detail which allows for a wide veranda—most welcome adjunct in hot weather. On one side of the house is a small outbuilding which contains the kitchen, and every house has its garden. Little plantations of sugar cane lie between the houses and the gardens.

"Up to the present the dwelling houses cover only a quarter of the space which has been reserved for the village, and when Herr Lacmann visited the place there were some twenty houses occupied and 108 in course of erection. In time the buildings will form a great square, which will lie about a large open square. In addition a number of smaller public places have been provided for, which will lie, as those already in existence, between the houses. There is an absolute community of goods in Cosme, the only exception being that objects of household or personal use—furniture, cooking utensils, clothing and food—remain the property of their users. When one enters the colony he must bring his entire property in with these exceptions. When, however, one wishes to withdraw he does not receive back the amount of his contribution, but only the amount which corresponds to his share for the last working period."

Every one must go through a probationary period of one year, and before this period is completed no membership is obtained nor any contribution of goods made. Every applicant upon entering must pay into the treasury $25 for each adult member of the family and half of this amount for each child. If then the probationers decide not to remain in the colony their expenses to Buenos Ayres are paid, but this is not done unless the applicant remains in the colony three months. The only requirements are that the applicant be strong and healthy. "Under no circumstances are colored persons admitted."

Natural History

Of a peculiarity of the stock dove Mr. Selous writes: "When these birds fight they constantly interrupt the flow of the combat by bowing in the most absurd way, not to one another but generally, so to speak, for no object or purpose whatever, apparently, but only because they must do so. The fact is, the bow has become a formula of courtship and as courting and fighting are intimately connected the one suggests the other in the mind of the bird, who bows, all at once, under a misconception."

Certain birds get their names from St. Peter. According to a writer: "The petrel (in German 'Petersvogel,' Peter's bird), a bird that skims the waves, is named after the apostle who walked upon the waves of Galilee. But the parrot's is a less simple case. In Spain and in Portugal, as in France, the word corresponding to 'parrot' almost certainly represents 'little Peter'—a familiar name playfully applied because Peter was so common a Christian name. Similarly a house sparrow is nicknamed 'pierrot' in France."

An Englishman, Edmond Selous, has been watching doves at play and in combat. Of the habit of "billing," in which so many birds engage when they are nesting, he says: "Where birds now merely 'bill,' they once, in my opinion, fed each other—or the male fed the female—but pleasure came to be experienced in the contact alone and the passage of food, which was never necessary, gradually became obsolete. I think it by no means improbable that our own kissing may have originated in much the same way; and that birds, when thus 'billing,' experience the same sort of pleasure that we do when we kiss, must be quite obvious to any one who has watched them."

Finding Out His Mistake.

Mother—You've been fighting again. Haven't I told you that good little boys never fight?

Johnnie—Yes, and I thought he was a good little boy, but as soon as I hit him I found he wasn't.

They talk about the ability of "young blood." Our experience has been that it requires a good deal of training.