

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## CONVICT NO. 9,510.

**F**OR many years Newton C. Dougherty was a leading, prosperous and honored citizen of Peoria. His work in his chosen profession of educator was widely applauded and received not only local but national recognition. Through a combination of talents not often seen in an educator he gained personal wealth as well as professional honor.

Yet to-day Newton C. Dougherty has no longer wealth, nor honor, nor even a name in the regard of the public or of his fellow men about him. He is merely Convict No. 9,510 in the Illinois State prison at Joliet.

Why has Newton C. Dougherty fallen so fast, so far, and so low? The answer is as old as human life on the earth, and so long as men forget that manhood is more than riches that answer must still be given.

Newton C. Dougherty was in haste to be not merely honorably prosperous, but luxuriously rich. That he might get money—much money—he set his honor as a man and his well-earned fame as an educator upon the cast of the dice in the game for wealth.

He did this again and again and again. For a long time he won and his sin was hid. But there came a day when he lost again and again, and his sin could no longer be hid. It burst forth to alarm the guilty and astound the free.

And almost in a day wealth, reputation, the respect of men, professional honor and renown, were gone and lost forever. Because he forgot that the wages of sin is death, in one day Newton C. Dougherty was forced to draw all the arrears of those wages to the uttermost penny.

That is why Newton C. Dougherty has fallen so fast, so far and so low. That is why Newton C. Dougherty has to-day, neither wealth nor honor, nor even a name, but is merely Convict No. 9,510 in the Joliet prison.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## FIELDS TURNED TO GOLD.

**T**HE wealth of the American farmer is the wonder of the world. With the magic of a Midas he has turned all his fields to gold. The wealth production on farms in 1905 has reached the highest amount ever attained by the farmer of this or any other country.

The total figures—\$6,415,000,000—are almost beyond comprehension. It may help in realizing the enormity of the amount to know that if the farmer keeps up this rate of production three years more he will have produced an amount of wealth within ten years equal to one-half of the entire national wealth produced in three centuries. It may help still further to know that the agricultural exports—the surplus left over after all home wants were supplied—have amounted in sixteen years to a round \$1,000,000,000 more than the value of all the railroads in the country. Yes, the farmer has been doing things on a scale so big that ordinary comprehension can hardly rise to it.

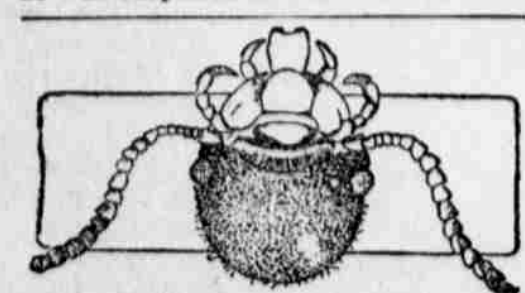
And the things he sells, at prices which make fiction tales of wealth look shrunken and mean, by no means represents the total of his riches. He still owns the cow that this year has yielded him \$855,000,000. He keeps the hens that pay him \$500,000,000 a year. A single year's increase in the value of his farms equals the entire national debt. He has money in the bank—big wads of it. Indeed he owns banks that are numbered by the hundreds. The 1,754

## THE DEADLY TERMITE.

Noted for Ways that Are Dark and Tricks that Are Mean.

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are mean," the termite's the meanest of bugs ever seen. However, the termite is not seen very often, and there's the rub which is agitating many American scientists, and likewise many owners of wooden structures in the United States.

The termite looks like an ant, but is not of the ant family. It is really allied to the dragon flies and May flies. It is of tropical origin, but somehow managed to colonize in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Fifty years ago a traveling entomologist reported that he was surprised to find termites "col-



HEAD OF THE TERMITE.

nized in San Francisco and on the shores of Lake Erie, near Cleveland, O." The termites at some later date moved into Cleveland but their devastations were attributed to other causes until Prof. Oldenbach, a Jesuit scientist of that city, discovered a cozy family of about a million of them and reported his find to Washington. Since then the termites have greatly extended themselves in a residential way. How to offset their destructiveness has become a very serious proposition.

The invasion of the United States by the termite has become very thorough. It has been found on mountain tops of Colorado at a height of 7,000 feet.

Not long ago an accumulation of books and papers belonging to the State of Illinois was thoroughly ruined by their attacks. In South Carolina a school library closed for the summer was found in autumn to be completely eaten out and valueless. Even in the department of agriculture at Washington an accumulation of records and documents stored in a vault, on examination proved to be thoroughly mined and ruined by these destroyers.

Three frame buildings in Washington were found recently to be so badly eaten up by this insidious foe that it was necessary to tear them down. Damage of the sort mentioned has occurred as far north as Boston.

As a destructive force in the United States the terrible termite threatens to rival the forces of the elements. They work in the dark. Prof. C. L. Marlatt, of the entomology department, states they cannot bear the full sunshine and when exposed to it shrivel up and die. They first colonize underground and then begin their attack on a building, seldom, if ever, coming to a floor surface.

Hence, a building seemingly firm in all its proportions, suddenly falls apart as might a child's house of cards, carrying to death and injury its living occupants.

There is a winged termite, but the real predators are soft-bodied, large-headed and milky white, less than a quarter of an inch in length. A colony of termites in the tropics has a king and queen, the latter possessing an enormous capacity for laying eggs. In this country this queen has not been found. In her absence, however, the termites are able to develop from a young larva or nymph which would otherwise become a winged female, known as a supplementary queen, which is never winged and never leaves the colony. The late Prof. H. G. Hubbard discovered this supplementary queen—the parent insect of all the terrible termites in America.

What has become of the woman so old-fashioned that she leaned on her escort's arm?

country banks organized in the last five years are almost wholly owned by the farmer. The farmer is king of the land. The cornstalk is a humble scepter, but it yields 2,700,000,000 bushels, and that is more than any other king's scepter, though of gold and jeweled, ever did for him in all the history of the world.

The farmer may have haysced in his hair, but he has \$605,000,000 worth of hay in the market. We may laugh at the straw in his mouth, but must bow down in respect before the most valuable wheat crop ever produced in any year in any land.—Kansas City World.

## THE PRESERVATION OF NIAGARA.

**A** REPORT recently submitted by the International Waterways Commission holds out a hope that the Falls of Niagara may be saved from any further despoliation for commercial purposes. No act of the commission can be final, but it has waved a danger signal in its recommendation to the Government of the United States and to that of Canada that "such steps as they may regard as necessary be taken to prevent any corporate rights or franchises being granted or renewed by either Federal, State or Provincial authority for the use of the waters of the Niagara River for power or other purposes until this commission is able to collect the information necessary to enable it to report fully upon the conditions and uses of these waters to the respective Governments of the United States and Canada."

The preservation of the Falls depends upon the combined action of both countries. It may be assumed that the Dominion will be ready to pass such laws and enter into such agreements as may be necessary to prevent the full conversion of the Niagara River into mere horse-power. Pending final legislation, a suspension bill is a highly desirable measure. The raid on the river has already gone too far. Concurrent action by Congress and Parliament could effect a permanent prohibition of further injury.—New York Sun.

## OFFICIALS' BIG SALARIES.

**G**REAT merit should have great wages. But when a high salary only whets the appetite for the trimmings, the bigger the salary the bigger the appetite. The Bank of Germany, with assets of over \$600,000,000, finds a competent man to manage its affairs on a salary of \$30,000 a year, while the governor of the Bank of England with still larger assets to handle, gets only \$10,000 a year, but Mr. McCurdy, as president of the Mutual Life, pays himself \$150,000 a year, and other members of his family, who hold subordinate positions under him, nearly twice as much more. Can any one believe that it takes more ability to manage the insurance company than the bank? Or is it a matter of experience? Then let us ask how much experience in the insurance business had Mr. Paul Morton when made president of the Equitable at a salary of \$80,000 a year? Does any one think the position of an insurance official more important than the presidency of the United States? And yet more of policy holders' money goes into the capacious coffers of the McCurdy family than it takes to pay the salary of the President of the United States and all his Cabinet officers and all the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Governors of sixteen States of the Union all thrown together.—W. D. Vandiver, in The World To-day.

## COST OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Sum Required Annually to Maintain It and Other Figures.

The White House up to date has cost about \$3,000,000, of which nearly one-third has been paid for furniture and interior decorations, says the Saturday Evening Post. Originally the State of Virginia gave \$130,000 to build it, Maryland adding \$72,000. To maintain the White House costs from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year, the appropriation for this purpose varying considerably. But every now and then there is something extra to be paid for and Congress is called upon to give an extra \$30,000 or \$50,000. The biggest pull of this kind ever made was for \$550,000, which was spent a couple of years ago in a partial reconstruction of the interior and in the addition of winglike terraces and an office building.

Every now and then a new set of china has to be provided, and usually that costs about \$25,000—rather a big sum from the everyday housewife's point of view. Repairs run up to a large amount annually, white paint being an important item.

The President gets his pay every month in the shape of a check, or more accurately speaking, a "warrant," for \$4,166.67, which is sent by a messenger to the White House. A memorandum of the amount due is made out by the auditor of the State Department and is sent to the warrant division of the Treasury, where it is examined and marked as approved. The Secretary of the Treasury signs it, the Controller certifies it as correct and then Mr. Roosevelt receives his money. The smallest warrant ever issued by the Treasury Department was in favor of a President of the United States. It was for one cent and was forwarded from Washington to Mr. Cleveland at Gray Gables, the sum being due to close the account of salary for the fiscal year.

Some people in time grow almost famous for hearing of things that never happened.

## OLD Favorites

Danny Deever.

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead March play, They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round, They 'ave 'altd Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' bound—

Oh, they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"Is cot was right and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,

While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color Sergeant said.

"What's that that whippers over 'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,

The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

—Rudyard Kipling.

## SPECIALIST A CALAMITY.

London Doctor's Indictment of a Modern Tendency as Narrowing.

"The inherent dangers and advantages of the almost universal tendency to specialize on the part of physicians and surgeons" was the main thesis of a recent address, delivered by Dr. G. C. Franklin. Perhaps the most startling fact of the day in connection with medical education, said Dr. Franklin, is the apparently inevitable development of the specialist. One might be inclined to ask whether the general practitioner will, as such, continue to exist, when one contemplates the subdivisions of work that are undertaken by the specialist. Thus there were not only special men for the eye, ear, spine, skin and throat, but for almost every organ in the body, says the London Mail.

Two main reasons might be assigned for this state of things—first, the severe competition which awaits a well-qualified man when he is about to start in practice; and, second, the demand of the public. The public did not believe in universalism as applied to the practice of medicine, but they pinned their faith to some specialist who had taken up some particular ailment or organ of the body. "A healthy specialism," continued Dr. Franklin, "has been described as the practice of a special branch of treatment, the study of a special domain of knowledge of a natural and gradual growth, in the varied experience of a practitioner. Something like this has always existed in medicine, greatly to its advantage, and is very different from the specialism of what I have heard described as the 'mushroom growth' variety, where chicanery and humbug reign triumphant.

"There can be no doubt that honest specialism has advanced the science and art of both medicine and surgery, particularly during the last thirty or forty years, but as has often been observed in many other lines of human activity, subdivisions of labor, while advancing the best interests of the people at large, have great disadvantages for those engaged in the work. There is then the danger that this modern development of specialism may tend to produce a narrower type of medical men, who, like the mechanics, will only know their own departments of work, and be unable to understand properly the relations of special portions of the

field of medicine to others, or to the system at large.

"From my experience of practice and patients I make bold to declare that the public might derive more help and benefit than they do if they knew what to have and what to avoid in the way of specialism. Now, here is the opportunity and a well-defined duty for the well-educated practitioner. He will see to it that his patients shall not, if he can help it, patronize the false specialist, legally qualified or not. Before leaving this subject I may take the opportunity to express my regret that nothing seems to be able to be done to check the advertising specialists—enterprising advertisers who claim to cure diseases without seeing the patients, who claim to do, in fact, what is impossible of accomplishment, and who use the daily press, religious and magazine publications for fraudulent purposes—for that is what it amounts to."

## WOMANLY MANISHNESS.

Curious Sort of Creature that Modern Girls Are Turning Into.

The proper thing to give to a girl of to-day, we are told, is a walking-stick or a cigarette case or a match-box. Something business-like and masculine is her only joy. She scorns delights and lives laborious days—though why this should be considered a masculine habit the accusers do not explain. However, it will be readily admitted, especially by men who have played mixed hockey, that the girl hockey-player does scorn delights with great zeal. And hockey, so they say, now has women devotees numerous as the sands of the shore. The consumption of arnica is largely on the increase.

While the woman of to-day, and still more the woman of to-morrow, thus devotes her daylight hours to the sports which have made her brothers the noble creatures they are, her nights, too, are strenuous. No longer does the long-suffering piano claim her after-dinner hours (so they say—with less truth than one could wish). No longer are the theater and the ball-room terrestrial heaven. The woman de nos jours gives her time to serious matters. She goes in her hundreds and thousands (so they say) to lectures—not pretty little lectures that provide intellectual oatmeal porridge. Lectures which are, speaking metaphorically, bone-making food, lectures on the economic system of the middle ages and the metaphysics of the will, and fine, large things of that kind. So say the scaremongers. And thereafter enthusiastically inquire "if all this does not make women into men, what does it do?"

It seems likely to make them, not into men, but into the virtuous heroes of university novels, the wonderful creatures who distribute their lives between playing games and studying hard, and ultimately die of consumption, but who are not, strictly speaking, men. So let us hope that things are not as bad as the scaremongers say. The worst of a scaremonger is that he frightens people away from what is good as well as what is bad. It is doubtless possible to be too strenuous for your own good, as well as for other people's comfort. Too fierce a devotion to hockey means immediate havoc for other people's anatomy, and ultimately for your own. Too fierce a devotion to the metaphysics of the will—or something of that solid kind—will mean that such mundane matters as dinner go to chaos, and that the student ceases to be human. But after all most of us are not so strenuous that we need to be warned to take things easy. Quite otherwise.

If you want a place where really valuable feminine accomplishments are held in esteem, you should go to Canton. The Chinese there have recently celebrated the festival of the spinning maiden and the cowerd. It sounds gay. Thereat one girl of 16, with a needle in one hand and thread in the other, knelt before the shrine of the stargoddess, and threaded the needle behind her head. She was at once inundated with offers of marriage. So easily pleased is the simple Chinaman.—London Telegraph.

## Mystery Revealed.

The Layman—Why do you tie that bandage so tight about the patient's limb before you operate?

The Surgeon—To compress the arteries so that he won't bleed to death.

The Layman—Ah! Now I know why the barber nearly strangles me with a towel before he begins to shave me.—Cleveland Leader.

## An Expert Critic.

The decaying cabbage field raised its many heads as a huge gasoline auto went humming by.

"It's a wretched shame," cried the effete cabbages, "to poison the innocent air with such a sickening odor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Not Much Loss.

"Oh! my!" exclaimed Mrs. Schoppen, "I've lost my pocketbook!"

"Never mind, dear," replied her husband, "I'll get you another pocketbook and you can easily collect more dress-goods samples."—Philadelphia Press.