

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

City Man Who Would a Farmer Be.

An agricultural newspaper in Chicago, having announced that it will publish free all advertisements of city persons wanting work in the country, is fairly swamped with applications. The letters are interesting, as indicating a general desire to escape the crowded, narrow and confining routine of city life, and get into the open air. But what is still more interesting and worthy of attention is the fact that almost without exception the would-be farmers display a decided lack of willingness to become actual farm laborers.

While the real need of the farmers is for men to do the ground work of agriculture, most of those who offer to go to the country want to be specialists. They want to help gather the fruit of California, round up the cattle on the plains, do dairy work, or raise chickens. The far West has cast its glamour over most of the applicants. Distance lends enchantment to rural life. There are hardly any who are willing to go to work on the farms of Illinois, Iowa or Kansas. California, Montana or Colorado are the favorites.

The letters so far received are typical, not so much of a genuine desire on the part of poor families to establish homes in the country, as of the yearning of men of the middle class for a change, or for adventure.

There is room in the country for millions of people, and there will be more and more room, as the irrigation of the West progresses. The hopeless, incompetent, struggling people who encumber the great cities, might find comparative freedom in agriculture, but for a poor city man to establish a home in the country means grit, hard work, and perhaps intelligent assistance from without. The spirit of our pioneer ancestors has fallen off sadly in these days of city civilization.—Chicago Journal.

Women Gamblers.

PEOPLE who have made the matter a study contend that when the get-rich-quick microbes attack women it is not easily exterminated or made harmless. The phantom pictures which rise and fall with the click of the ticker fascinate them, and they play the game of chance with the recklessness of veteran gamblers. Hundreds of women give their orders clandestinely, and the fact that they have an interest in the stock market, that their daily examination of the market reports is prompted by anything beyond a desire to be informed, is not known to any one save their brokers. These are good customers for brokers. A sigh over a statement showing a balance on the wrong side, a vow "never to do so any more" or an order given "just to get even" is the usual sequence.

There is another class of women stock gamblers in which the bad loser is largely represented. This class supports bucket shops in the residence parts of the city, like the one which was raided a few days ago. When these women win they are happy, but when fortune frowns on them they are "horrid." They want their money back from the bucket shop proprietors. They cry, scold, and finally threaten to "tell on the mean things" who took their margins. In order to shield themselves the threat is not often carried into execution, and the bucket shop continues to do business at the old stand, taking money from the women who succumb to the temptations of the tape. It is refreshing to know that once in a while a woman gets so thoroughly angry because of her losses that she does her share toward breaking up the bucket shop business. She would never do such a thing if her speculations were successful—hence all good citizens should rejoice when she loses.—New York Tribune.

The Jews in Russia.

IT is true that the Russian Jews do not engage in agriculture nor work in the field. They are not allowed to do so. They are not permitted to own or even to rent land, and are confined, passing their lives within allotted "sales of settlement" lying almost wholly in the cities. They are restricted by arbitrary laws to certain trades. Five-sixths of all the Jews in Russia never leave the pales, and have no chance to see, much less to overpower and destroy, the peasant by whose fancied sufferings the ambassador is so moved. As a simple matter of fact, the Jews of Russia, as a class, are abjectly poor, and the few of them who are wealthy enough to have money to lend

are in no position to practice extortion. On the face of it, to plead the wrongs of the people of Russia at the hands of a small class, oppressed, corralled and kept under every species of civil and legal disability—political, social and barbaric persecution of the most detestable character—as the justification for a wholesale butchery, is absurd. And, of course, they were not peasants—they were citizens of a capital city, populated by 120,000 people—who fell upon the Jews of Kishineff and smote them with slaughter, while official eyes looked on. Can such a nation claim the decent respect of mankind, or is it entitled to be regarded as a civilized country?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Juvenile Suicides.

THE Chicago Tribune, which keeps careful records of many classes of abnormal happenings, calls attention to the increasing frequency of suicides of young persons. Suicides in general are increasing in the country at an extraordinary rate, the number in 1902 being 8,245, which is 1,000 more than in the previous year. At the ratio of increase for the first three months of the current year, the total will be much larger than for 1902. In the latter year the suicides of women were three times as many as in 1901, and the ratio of increase continues in the current year. Regarding the suicides of young persons, the following is given as an incomplete record for the last two weeks: A boy of 13 at Marine City, Mich., shot himself rather than go to church; a young married woman only 18 drowned herself at Port Jervis, N. Y., because her husband of 18 would not give her an Easter bonnet; a boy of 15 at Baltimore shot himself because he had to work; a boy of 18 at Hamilton, Ohio, hanged himself because he was cheated in a horse trade; a girl of 17 in Chicago poisoned herself because her mother forgot to deliver a message to her boy lover, and a young man of 18 poisoned himself in Chicago because he failed to find his sweetheart at home when he called. What is the matter with our civilization that such a shocking record can be made? Surely, something is wrong. It is a subject that demands the attention of every serious student of social conditions. During the last ten years in Europe more than 400 persons under 15 years of age committed suicide. The United States is likely to surpass this awful record.—Boston Herald.

Speculation.

HOMILIES on the evils of speculation are as old as the practice of gambling in futures, and evidently are regarded as belonging to that species of "good advice" which nobody ever thinks of accepting. Some men who speculate in stocks or grain or cotton are made of such stern stuff that no matter how unkind fortune may be to them they are never driven to desperation. They are philosophers as well as fighters, and are willing to bide the time when another turn of fortune's wheel may restore to them what they lost in previous dalliance with the "fickle jade." Such men, however, are rare. Many men who are ruined by speculation have neither the means nor the courage to renew the fight against ill-fortune, while some are utterly crushed and find life no longer worth living. There is a great deal of pathos in the case of a man who finds the wealth which it had taken him years to accumulate swept away in a day through the manipulation of markets by aggressive and resourceful speculators.—Baltimore Sun.

Apply the Golden Rule.

ONE of the most distressing and bodiful phenomena of the passing years, and especially of recent months, is the unrest of labor—the frequent and sometimes, at least, seemingly unreasonable interruption of activity, with the many concurrent evils. The sovereign remedy for these and similar diseases of the social body was stated very clearly about nineteen centuries ago, but has been persistently adulterated or rejected by selfish and self-seeking men. The broad man, the great engineer, has laid upon him a large measure of the responsibility for the elaboration of the details of the practical application to present day relations of man to man, of the principle of doing to others as one would have others do. Neither the narrow-minded nor the ignorant, nor the small-souled man can put himself at the view-point of the man on the other side of the question.—The Engineering Record.

REALLY FINE PANAMAS.

Hats that can be entirely hidden in the closed hand.

The fashion for Panama hats of the last two or three years has made people commonly acquainted with the fact that the hats are not made in Panama, that the term Panama hat is only a trade name, and that the best of these hats come from Jipijapa, in Ecuador, says the New York Sun. But there are other interesting things not generally known about Panama hats.

Thus Señor Franco, who was a candidate for president at the last election in Ecuador, had presented to him not long ago by his friends a hat said to be the finest of its kind in the world. It is to be on exhibition at the St. Louis World's Fair with other products of Ecuador.

The whole hat, says the owner's son, who is at Columbia University, can be pressed so small that it can be hidden entirely in the closed hand. When the hand is opened the hat will spring back into perfect shape just as if it had never been touched save in the most careful manner.

In its making particular care was used because of the great desire of Señor Franco's friends to give him a hat that had no equal. It is very rare that a hat such as Señor Franco's is seen in the United States, and when one is brought here it is not in a regular shipment meant to be sold, but in the possession of some man who has just visited Ecuador or who has received it as a gift from a native of the country.

Ernesto Franco, the Columbia student, has one which, though not so fine as his father's is of a quality not to be bought in this country. It came to him by way of the minister in Washington, enclosed in a little cylindrical box no more than an inch in diameter.

When his fraternity mates at Columbia were told that there was a hat in the long box they refused to believe it. But when the box, looking just about like a neatly wrapped newspaper, was opened the incredulous stu-

dents were treated to a performance something like that of a jumping-jack, for they saw before them a perfectly formed Panama hat.

Soon after he got it Mr. Franco carried it to one of the best known hatters in the United States to have a leather band put around the inside. After the expert had looked at the hat for a few seconds he said:

"I'll give you \$150 for that hat." The offer was refused. Mr. Franco still has the beautiful white straw hat, and he expects to have it for many more years. He lives not very far from the cities in Ecuador, where the only perfect Panamas are made, and is familiar with the process of weaving them.

All the work is done under water. From the time when the two first straws are joined together to the time when the entire work is done the hat never comes to the surface. Moreover, nobody but the half-breed Indians living near the west coast of Ecuador has the art down to the finest point. They have practically a monopoly in the manufacture of the very best hats.

Ecuador is the only place where the proper kind of straw grows. Varieties much like it can be found elsewhere, but they all differ a little from the grass of Ecuador.

In his country, Mr. Franco says, hats that are considered very good here and cost anywhere from \$15 to \$20 bring only 50 cents. They are not valued so highly, even as the American flat straw hats. But the best, even in Ecuador, will sell at big prices, such as \$50 or \$60. But when you once get one anything like Señor Franco's you are fixed in the way of heading for a score of years.

NEWSPAPERS AND HISTORY.

Dailies Will Be of Value to the Historian of the Future.

Yet one cannot, from the standpoint of future history writing, reckon the value of the newspaper of to-day in terms of the unwieldy bulk of its materials. And despite garish coloring and distorted perspective the daily

newspaper does reflect life and make history in a sense that is true of it alone; all the more, perhaps, for the exaggerated emphasis it puts upon news as news and for the often absurd category of its classification. Partly because of its success and partly because of its imperfections, its methods have come to obsess the periodical press to a surprising extent, writes a contributor to Scribner's. Evident witness of this is given by the carefully prepared paragraphs of news summary, a now familiar feature of the weekly paper largely displacing the editorial in importance. These news-summary paragraphs are extended to the occasional monthly, while the ordinary monthly magazine of miscellaneous aim surrenders an increasing space to contemporaneous subjects and to the reports and comments of men who have seen important happenings, or who have been themselves a part of them. Novel and highly useful as all this "material" will prove to the historian of the future, embarrassing in its riches and long accessible (since the periodical press, weekly and monthly, is printed on durable paper), it yet cannot take the place of the daily newspaper's first-hand impressions. These have a characteristic freshness, crude but realistic, that the other must lack, a quality that counts for much in determining values in a picture. As the historian of to-day, seeking what is vital in the past, turns from records, documents and state papers to gossip letters and diaries—even though biased and malicious—so the historian of the future might turn from the most judicial of chronicles and the most painstaking of recollections to the spicy first reports as they appeared on the yellowed page of a "yellow" journal.

Saloons in Ohio.

Ohio collects over \$4,000,000 in licenses from 10,739 saloons.

We have found that, as a rule, when a girl enters this office looking like a princess, it is to advertise a sew for sale.

OLD FAVORITES

The Ballad of Fergant Ross.
The flames of the sentry fires bright,
Abaze on the prairie's pale
Where sixty men of the Frontier Corps
Are guarding the government trail.

A rattle of hoofs from the northern hills,
A steed with a sweat-wringing hide,
And Olaf Drain, of the Peska claim,
Swings off at the captain's side.

"Chief Black Bear's out from the Crow
Creek lands,
The buzzards his track have showed;
Last eve he pillaged at Old Fort James,
To-day on the Fire-Steel road.

"And Corporal Stowe, of the Frontier
Corps,
On furlough to reap his grain,
At the Peska stage-house leth dead,
With his wife and his children twain."

Then up and spoke First Sergeant Ross,
Who had bunked with Corporal Stowe:
"By the glory of God, they shall pay in
blood
The debt of that dastard blow."

They ride till the crickets have sought
The shade;
They ride till the sun-motes glance,
And they have espied on a far hillside
The whirl of the Sioux scalp dance.

Then it's up past the smouldering stage-
house barn,
And out by the well-curb's marge;
The Sioux are a-leap for the tether-ropes;
"Revolvers! Guide center! Charge!"

Ross set his pace for the chief, Black
Bear,
Who shrinks from a strong man's
strife,
But flaunts in the air the long, brown
hair
Of the scalp of the Corporal's wife.

The Sergeant rides with a loose-thrown
rein,
Nor saith nor shoot will he,
Till the pony has pitched at a gobber
mound
And flung her rider free.

And Ross has wrenched the knife from
his hand
And snitten him to the ground.
"Did ye think to win to the Bijou Hills,
Ye whelp of a Blackfoot hound?"

And they swung him at dawn from a
scaffold stout,
As a warning to all his kind,
To fatten the birds and to scare the
herds,
And to sport with the prairie wind.

Cuddle Doon.
The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' muckle fauch an' din;
"O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in!"
They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a frown,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly head—
He aye sleeps next the wa'
Bangs up and cries, "I want a piece!"
The rascal starts them a'
I rin and fetch them pieces, drink,
They stop awae the sou'
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanie, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out fra' neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie o'er at once,
He's kittin' wi' his tae."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An' as he stukes the door
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Ha, a' the weens been gude!" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oursel's
We look at our wee laubs;
Tam has his aim roon' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his aim roon' Tam's,
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I strak such croun,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big war's' clerk an' care
Will quaden doon their glee;
Yet, come what will to lika ane,
May he who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their paws be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."
—Anonymous.

THE DISCIPLINE BROKE DOWN.

An Experiment That Was Not an Unqualified Success.

Mahmoud Pasha was a progressive Turk of the new school. He was sent to St. Petersburg on a special mission, where, owing to his good manners and childlike ingenuously, he soon became popular in diplomatic circles. He caught eagerly at new ideas, and was always discussing the possibility of introducing reform into Turkey.

One day the Turk was at luncheon at the quarters of a Russian officer named Birnedoff. The conversation had turned on the splendid discipline to be found in every branch of the Russian service. Birnedoff suddenly rang a bell.

"I am going to show you how methodical my orderly is," said he to Mahmoud Pasha.

A trim-looking young officer entered the room, saluted, and waited. Birnedoff gave him a key and told him to go to his office and get a certain bunch of papers.

The man saluted and left the room. Birnedoff took out his watch. Keeping his eyes fixed on the dial, he said: "He is going down the stairs; he is in the street." And then, after a long

pause, "He has reached the war office; he is going upstairs; he has entered my room; he has the papers and has started to come back; he has reached the street." Another long pause: "He is down at the door; he is mounting the stairs; he is here." At this moment the door opened, and the orderly reappeared and placed the required parcel in his superior's hands.

The Turk returned home and at once began to institute reforms. A year or more passed, and the Russian officer Birnedoff was in his turn sent to Constantinople, and became the guest of Mahmoud Pasha.

"Count Birnedoff," said the pasha, at an opportune moment, "I want to show you what I have accomplished in the way of discipline during the past year, thanks to your teaching. I want to prove to you that the Turk is as capable of methodical training as the Russian."

"At the sound of a bell a inverted servant appeared. The pasha spoke to him in Turkish. When the man had left the room the pasha took his watch in hand, and said:

"Now he is going downstairs; he is in the street." A long pause: "He has reached the building where my office is; he is going upstairs; he is in my room; he has the papers; he is coming back."

"At this moment the door opened suddenly and the heavy Kurd reappeared. "Effendim," said he, with a low salaam, "I can't find my shoes."

NEW PRESIDENT OF LIBERIA.

Something About the Black Republic on the West Coast of Africa.

Liberia, the only republic in Africa, recently elected a President who is to serve for a period of two years. The new executive, Arthur Barclay, comes of pure negro stock and was born in Jamaica, in the West Indies.

While young his parents moved to Liberia, and he was educated in the schools of the black republic. He has been postmaster general and secretary of the treasury and is a man of liberal views, whose purpose it is to develop the trade of the republic and open up the country to the foreigner. He will be the 13th President since 1847, when Liberia declared her independence.

The republic of Liberia, which is on the west coast of Africa and has an area of 35,000 square miles, with a population of over 2,000,000, was founded in 1820 by the American Colonization Society. This society was formed in 1816 for the purpose of transporting negroes from the United States to Africa. Among the founders were Charles F. Mercer, of Virginia; Rev. Dr. Finley, of New Jersey; and Bishop Meade, while Henry Clay was its president for many years. In 1820 the society sent out a company of 81 colonists to Liberia, the United States Government co-operating with it. Afterward 10,000 colonists were sent to the country, which, in 1847, became independent and elected its first President, Joseph Jenkins Roberts.

The constitution is modeled upon that of the United States. Every black male citizen who possesses real estate has the right of suffrage, but no white man can be admitted to citizenship.

The inhabitants are made up of various tribes, for Liberia has expanded, chiefly by the purchase of adjoining territory, since its establishment. Some of the natives are pagans, some Mohammedans, while among them various missionary societies are actively engaged.

The climate of Liberia is deadly to the white man, who falls a victim to what is called African fever. Even negroes, born and reared in another climate, suffer on their first landing from the dangerous miasma. They soon become acclimated, however; but the white man—never. On the other hand the natives are robust, healthy and long-lived.

A Tough Proposition.
"You say," she murmured as she watched the moonlight on the sea, "that I am an angel."
"Yes."
"She was silent for a long time.
"Why so pensive?" he inquired sulkily.
"I was wondering whether, some day when the thermometer was up in the vicinity of a hundred, and the ice man forgot us and the cream is sour, and you have a headache because you have been working hard—I was wondering whether you would call me an angel then. Don't answer right away," she added in that cold business-like tone that women are learning to assume. "Take your time and think it over."

France Behind in the Race.
Fifty years ago France was the most populous country in Europe, next to Russia. Now she is placed last but one on the list of the great powers, with Italy, which is still behind, rapidly gaining upon her. In the past half century, while France has hardly moved, Germany has added 21,000,000 to her population, Great Britain 14,000,000, Austria-Hungary about as many. The excess of births over deaths annually is well over three-quarters of a million in Germany, over half a million in Austria, and 422,000 in Great Britain. In France it is only 31,000. The new lives added to the nation barely make up for those that pass away.

The man who says he will give his last dollar to a friend, seldom has a cent.



IL L. Wilson's novel, "The Spenders," published by the Lothrop Publishing Company of Boston, has been dramatized by Edward Rose for William H. Crane.

Appropos the present absorbing Carlyle discussion "The Letters of Thomas Carlyle to His Youngest Sister," contain many revelations of the great writer's domestic life.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of the authorized American edition of Professor Dellitzsch's famous lectures, "Babel and Bible," which explain the relation between the Hebrew scriptures and recent euneform research.

Owen Wister, the author of "The Virginian" and "Philosophy Four," is still at work upon his long essay or series of chapters upon the "Sheep and Goat Family," which will form part of the next volume in the American Sportsman's library.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have just published the first three volumes of their new and complete Centenary edition of the "Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson," edited with "Notes and Biographical Introduction" by Edward Waldo Emerson. Nine more volumes will follow within the present year.

At the urgent request of Myrtle Reed G. P. Putnam's Sons, who will bring out her novel, will place upon the title page thereof the colored emblem of the City of Chicago, where in the days of Fort Dearborn the scene of her story is laid. The title has been changed to "The Shadow of Victory."

Following W. B. Yeats' play, "Where There is Nothing," the Macmillan Company will soon issue two more dramas by the same hand. They are entitled "The Pot of Broth" and "Cathleen-in-Hollan," and were recently performed at the Carnegie Lyceum in New York by the Irish Literary society.

Lyrics of Love and Laughter, is the title of the latest volume of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's voice. There are verses in negro dialect and some in the vernacular, in about equal proportion, and it is but natural that the most attractive are those cast in the form that this writer has before employed with such conspicuous success.

The Chain of White Agates, is the title of a new book by Amelia E. Barr, the well-known author of The Bow of Orange Ribbon, The Maid of Maiden Lane, A Song of a Single Note, and so on. It is a story of Boston towns, opening in Lincolnshire, but soon passing into Boston. It is of the time of the Mothers and about the period of the witchcraft delusions. The book will probably appear in the fall with the imprint of Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's account of her ways while watching birds out of doors suggests the reason for her success. She says: "I always wear a plain dark gown and try to become, as you might say, a part of the landscape as much as possible." And she might have added that she carries the same policy into her writings, and that it accounts for its superiority to those written by certain ladies who have no idea of following Jenny Wren's example, actually or figuratively.

Telling Trees' Ages.
"The only accurate way to estimate a tree's age is by the measurement of its girth," said a botanist. "The counting of the rings of oxogenous trees can only be applied to such as are cut down in their prime, for these trees, when they begin to die, cease to add their yearly rings. Girth measurement is the only safe guide to the age of trees.

"Hence, all over the world, botanists have row for some years been measuring trees of known and unknown age, compiling thus, a volume of statistics that will become more and more valuable as it increases in size.

"The yew is the longest-lived of trees. Three feet a century, our statistics show, is its normal growth. According to this rule, the Fortingal yew, of Scotland, which was 50 feet in girth in 1793, must have lived over 1,800 years. The Tisbury yew, in Dorsetshire, is 37 feet in girth, and should be, therefore, 1,200 years old.

"There is a table of the age of oaks that differs from this. It is not a very satisfactory table, but it was compiled from trees of known age, and, therefore, it is, statistically, very valuable. According to it, a 40-year-old oak had a circumference of eight feet; 83 years, 12 feet; 100 years, 18 feet; 200 years, 20 feet; 250 years, 27 feet; 300 years, 33 feet."—Philadelphia Record.

Mother's Boy.
"Now then, young man," said Willie's mother, "I won't let you play baseball again in a hurry, and you'll get no supper to-night."
"Why, is supper all over?"
"You know very well it is. You saw me at the back gate and heard me calling an hour ago."
"Why—er—I thought yeh wuz jest applaudin' de two-bagger I made."—Philadelphia Press.

An American Favorite.
Safety pins are peculiarly American. We use 144,000,000 of them each year. Some signs lie. "No trouble to show goods," for instance.