

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## A Combination of Farmers.

An organization called the American Society of Equity, consisting of farmers and having its headquarters at Indianapolis, has issued a bulletin to the farmers of the West advising them that, by means of co-operation, it is easily possible to make \$1 per bushel the minimum price of wheat during the coming season. . . . The executive authorities of the American Society of Equity believe that it is easily possible, if the farmers will but exercise a small degree of self-restraint, to have the price of wheat in Chicago range from \$1 upward, though the advice is given not to insist upon more than \$1, for the reason that to hold for higher prices would lead to a great accumulation of the wheat supply in this country, which would have a disastrous effect when the time came to market the next harvest.

An obvious difficulty in carrying out a plan of this kind is the impossibility of securing concerted action among hundreds of thousands of individuals widely separated from each other and having little or no immediate inter-communication. It also has to be borne in mind that the command we have of the markets of Europe for the disposal of our wheat is a conditional one. If there were a failure of the crops in the great grain-growing countries of the world, of course, our wheat growers, if they had been fortunate, would be in a position to ask almost any price in reason which they saw fit to demand, but when the wheat crops of the great grain-growing countries are satisfactory in quantity our sales are predicated on a willingness to take the same price that others are asking for equivalent supplies.—Boston Herald.

## Advice on How to Succeed.

THERE are some faint signs of a waning in the epidemic of advice on how to succeed. It is futile enough, as a rule, for one man to give advice to another in a particular case when his advice has been sought and when he knows all the main facts. But what an utter waste of time for one man to advise an infinitely large and wholly unknown audience of all ages, conditions and aptitudes. And upon such a subject as success! What is "success"? Does anybody know? Can anybody tell? Is it to earn \$10,000,000 and lose friends, family life and health? Is it to become President or Senator and lose mainly self-respect by truckling to bosses, lying about one's real views on every important question and making one's self a mere voting machine to register the will of an interest or a combination of interests in control of the campaign committee and therefore of the party? Is it to write a book to catch the crowd—a book one must apologize for to all one's acquaintances? Or is it merely to keep one's self-respect, to work conscientiously at the task in hand and to care not a rap for consequences? When Shakespeare made Wolsey say, "Fling away ambition," he was expressing something more than the bitterness of a soured and stricken statesman. Whenever a man entertains an ambition beyond the development of his own intellect and character, doesn't he mount himself upon a steed that has never yet been broken to bridle?

What the devourers of advice on success are really seeking is something they can never find—how to succeed without work. At bottom all the envy of the well-to-do in the bosoms of the not-well-to-do is based upon hatred of work. The rich man is not envied for his cares, for his responsibilities; the facts that he has to work and to worry without ceasing, that he never has a thought free from responsibility of some sort, are absolutely ignored. All the envious thinks is, "That fellow doesn't have to work." And it is impossible to convince him that he is mistaken just as it is impossible to convince the average human being that he would not, and could not, endure it to change places with the King of England and Emperor of India unless he had been bred from childhood to the dull life of royalty. It is easy to reason men into a belief in the multiplication table and the law of gravitation. The impossible begins when one seeks to demonstrate the propositions about life that are "plain as the nose on your face." There isn't room for doubt that the only escape from wretchedness in this

world is through work, plenty of hard work, and that to induce any man to work there must be compulsion—compulsion of responsibility or compulsion of necessity. Yet who believe it in the bottom of their hearts? Not many.—Collier's Weekly.

## Man-Made Floods and Desolation.

BEFORE 1862 there was a good boating stage of water through the open season in the Western rivers. This ranged in the Ohio and Mississippi from twelve to fifteen feet. Now, in nearly all the rivers, there are periods when the water is very high, and other periods when it is very low. Forty years ago the smaller rivers and streams in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York—many of them fed by springs—had a regular flow the year around, and were full to the banks. The man who returns to his old home in these States now finds these creeks and rivers almost dry in the summer and raging torrents in the spring.

Many of the springs famous forty years ago are no longer in existence. Streams that then gave a regular supply of water to hundreds of farms are now in the summer time simply a series of pools. Even in our largest rivers in the dry season there is scarcely water enough for navigation, while in the spring come great floods like that recently raging in the Missouri and its tributaries. There is a reason for this change. Fifty years ago the native forests in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York were in their wild state. The trees had not been cut and the underbrush had not been cleared away. Now these forests have all been cut. Where there were square miles of forest there are now square miles as bare of trees as the prairies in Illinois.

Forty years ago the headwaters of all our great river systems were in highlands covered by trees. Gradually inroads were made upon these forests, and the mountains in which are found the fountains of the Ohio River system are now denuded. In the mountain regions at the sources of the Missouri and its tributaries two-thirds of the timber has been cut. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, on the headwaters of the Mississippi, 90 per cent of the trees have been cut. . . .

Had the forests on the mountains and foothills not been cut or been destroyed by great forest fires, the snow would not have melted quickly and the heavy rainfall would, in part, have been retained in forest lands. Under present conditions, however, the thousands of mountain streams run with overflowing banks to the rivers, and the great river became a terrific agent of destruction.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Warning to Strikers.

WE all know from past experiences that it is quite possible for the members of a great community, in all except their food supply, to subsist when the outputs of mills and factories are reduced to less than half of the amount which it is possible for them to produce. But such a shutting-down means that the great mass of the wage-earners are no longer in receipt of earnings which rise in any degree above what is necessary to merely maintain existence. Under such conditions the operatives in American factories are made to realize by painful personal experience that there are other qualifications besides the better rate of wages and the minimum hours of daily work in determining whether their condition is or is not a satisfactory one. The man who can find work only for one-third to one-half of his time is ordinarily hard pressed to support his family, and hence we would suggest to the labor organizations that, while their demands in many instances may be just ones and worthy of determined maintenance, such demands should be made with discrimination, and that sympathetic strikes, which disarrange trade, should be deprecated, and not advocated. We say this because it is easily possible, by an extension of the troubles we are now having, to so paralyze industry as to bring what is known as business prosperity to a prompt and for some years to come, an effective ending.—Boston Herald.

## THE FARMER IS A TYRANT WHO COULD NOT WELL BE SPARED

NINE times out of ten when you scratch a farmer you scratch a tyrant," said a suburban man who always has a new theory in his vest pocket.

"It's a fact; I'm a farmer's grandson, a farmer's son, and a farmer myself, so I know what I'm talking about. To own land and have sole control of everything his eye lights on is what makes a man a tyrant. The man who bosses farm hands all day, and who bosses horses, cows and pigs from morning till night, naturally gets to bossing his wife and his sons and daughters. He is czar of his small rural Russia, and it takes a firm hand to hold him down. That's why so many farmers have feuds with other farmers in their neighborhood—so many czars naturally come in conflict, and fall out.

"More than any other man in the world," continued the amateur preacher, "the man who lives in the country needs a good, firm-handed, high-tempered wife to hold him in, and make him behave himself. Every farmer who will tell the truth will tell you this. The farmer's wife must be a good fighter—for she has, in most cases, lots of fights to fight. She has to fight for her chickens—the tyrant-farmer always tries to meddle with his wife's chickens; she has to fight for college educations for her sons and daughters—she has to fight for all their privileges and pleasures. The average farmer never can understand why his children don't love farm life as well as he does. The farmer's wife has to keep peace between him and his neighbors—she has too often to contend to get a horse to go to town with on little pleasure jaunts of her own. Oh, these things are all true, in too many farmers' families.

"The farmer is a fine fellow, and the world couldn't spare him, but he does love to boss to beat the band. Two of my daughters have married farmers, and I put mischief into their heads in good season and taught them how to hold their own. A man respects a woman who won't let him have his own way too much. My wife has regulated me until I'm pretty respectable—and that's why I see all these things. Most farmers are big tyrants—yes, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

"No, you haven't," admitted the doctor; "but the magazine seems to open naturally to this article, my friend," and he soberly passed the magazine to the clergyman, who read aloud: "Some Curious Cases of Circumstantial Evidence in Criminal Trials."—Youth's Companion.

Miss Solomon and Her Lover. A woman was walking in a palm grove when a man saw her and hastened after her. When she asked him why he followed her, he replied: "Because I am in love with you." "And why are you in love with me?" she asked. "My sister who comes after me yonder is far more beautiful than I; go and fall in love with her instead." The man complied and went back, but only to look upon a woman as

## OLD FAVORITES

**Nicodemus the Slave.**  
Nicodemus, the slave, was of African birth. And was bought for a bagful of gold; He was reckoned as part of the salt of the earth, But he died years ago, very old. 'Twas his last request, so we laid him away In the trunk of an hollow tree; "Wake me up," was his charge, "at the first break of day— Wake me up for the great jubilee."

He was known as a prophet, at least was as wise. For he told of the battles to come; And we trembled with fear when he rolled up his eyes. And we heeded the shake of his thumb. Tho' he clothed us with fear, yet the garments he wore Were in patches at elbow and knee, And he still wears the suit that he used to of yore. And he sleeps in the old hollow tree.

Nicodemus was never the sport of the lash. Though the bullet has oft cross'd his path; There was none of his masters, so brave or so rash. As to face such a man in his wrath. Yet his great heart with kindness was filled to the brim. He obeyed who was born to command, But he longed for the morning, which then was so dim. For the morning which now is at hand.

'Twas a long, weary night, we were almost in fear That the future was more than he knew; 'Twas a long, weary night, but the morning was near, And the words of our prophet are true. There are signs in the sky that the darkness is gone, There are tokens in endless array; While the storm which had seemingly banished the dawn— Only hastens the advent of day.

**CHORUS:**  
The good time coming is almost here! It was long, long, long on the way; Now run and tell Elijah to hurry up, Pomp, And meet us at the gum-tree down in the swamp. To wake Nicodemus to-day.

**I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.**  
I cannot sing the old songs I sung long years ago, For heart and voice would fail me And foolish tears would flow; For bygone hours come o'er my heart With each familiar strain— I cannot sing the old songs Or dream those dreams again, I cannot sing the old songs Or dream those dreams again.

I cannot sing the old songs. Their charm is sad and deep. Their melodies would waken Old sorrows from their sleep. And though all forgotten still And sadly sweet they be, I cannot sing the old songs, They are too dear to me, I cannot sing the old songs, They are too dear to me.

I cannot sing the old songs. For visions come again Of golden dreams departed And years of weary pain; Perhaps when earthly fetters Have set my spirit free, My voice may know the old songs For all eternity. My voice may know the old songs For all eternity. —Claribel.

## DU CHALLU'S FIRST GORILLA.

**A Thrilling Incident in the Life of the Famous Explorer.**

Paul Belloni Du Challu, the famous traveler, who died a short time ago, was the center of a fierce controversy forty and fifty years ago, when his stories of life in Central Africa, and his discovery of the gorilla, since confirmed, were denounced as gross exaggerations, if not absolute lies. He never fully overcame the effects of his defamation and vilification, and although he lived to enjoy many honors, he did not reap the full reward due to his achievements. Born in New Orleans in 1838, he was early taken to Africa by his father, who held a consular appointment in the Gaboon. In 1852 he published a series of newspaper articles about the Gaboon country which attracted much attention. In 1855 he returned to the West Coast of Africa. Unaccompanied by any white man, he traveled a distance of 8,000 miles in a practically unknown country. He killed and stuffed 2,000 birds, including many new species, and many gorillas, of which he brought the first accounts to Europe. It was his vivid and eloquent description of these huge and ferocious apes that excited incredulity.

Here is the account which he gave of his encounter with his first gorilla: "Suddenly an immense gorilla advanced out of the wood straight toward us, and gave vent, as he came up, to a terrible howl of rage, as much as to say, 'I am tired of being pursued and will face you.' "It was a lone male, the kind which are always the most ferocious. This fellow made the woods resound with his roar, which is really an awful sound, resembling the rolling and muttering of distant thunder. He was about twenty yards off when we first saw him. We at once gathered together, and I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood when my most trusted man, Malanien,

stopped me, saying, in a whisper, 'Not time yet!'

"We stood, therefore, in silence, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a moment or so out of his evil gray eyes, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms—and what arms he had!—then gave another howl of defiance and advanced upon us. How horrible he looked! I shall never forget it. 'Again he stopped, not more than fifteen yards away. Still Malanien said, 'Not yet.' Good gracious! what is to become of us if our guns miss fire, or if we only wound the great beast?"

"Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly his ferocious face. It was distorted with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other, so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn forward and back rapidly, which made his hair move up and down and gave a truly devilish expression to his hideous face. Once more the most horrible monster ever created by Almighty God gave a roar which seemed to shake the wood like thunder. I could really feel the earth tremble under my feet.

"The gorilla, looking us in the eye and beating his breast, advanced again. "Don't fire too soon," said Malanien; "if you don't kill him, he will kill you." "This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. I was breathing fast with excitement as I watched the huge beast. Malanien only said, 'Steady,' as the gorilla came up. . . . When he stopped Malanien said, 'Now!' And before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle."

## SONDAE HAD NO PATENT

**And Any Soda Dispenser Could Sell His Drink.**

Sunday, Sunda, Sondae. Take your choice, for they all mean the same as applied to the refreshment offered at the soda water fountains.

Nearly everybody calls this form of cold refreshment "plain Sunday." If a hundred admirers of the food, drink or what you may be pleased to describe it, were asked how it got its name, the majority would either say, "don't know," or probably "first served on Sunday."

The Sondae (properly spelled), came from the name of a man, Robert Sondae, of French descent, was formerly a soda dispenser in Buffalo, N. Y. When the ice cream soda came into vogue, Mr. Sondae noticed that a great number of the people simply ate the cream, and left the liquid. He had before noticed, as had probably hundreds of others, that many people would not take plain ice cream, because it was not flavored highly enough. From these observations he took the cue of the present Sondae. He put a little ice cream in a small glass and covered it with crushed fruit. It looked good, and it tasted good, so it became the most popular form of cold refreshment in Buffalo in a few short weeks.

From that city it spread to all parts of the country, but while it retained the original sound of the originator's name, the spelling came to be erroneously accepted as "Sunday." From one part of the United States to the other, in every city, town and crossroads—wherever a soda fountain is to be found—there are posters in windows which say "try our Sundays." The spelling is almost uniformly given the same as the first day of the week. Mr. Sondae had no patent, copyright, or other safeguard on his original formula, and so he is still distilling out the "cold stuff" at the same old stand. Many men have acquired fortunes for producing considerably less.

## A New Disease.

"Motor intoxication" is a new disease discovered by the savants of Paris. It is the temporary mental disorder of speeding automobilists. M. Hachet Souplet, at the last meeting of the Societe d'Hypnologie et de Psychologie, spoke of the intoxicating effect of rapid motor locomotion. The mental and moral state of the driver becomes abnormal. He grows vindictive, furiously aggressive, and lets himself be carried away by the angry impulse of the moment. The high rate of speed works him up into the very same state of mind which makes the habitual drinker of alcohol regardless of consequences. Both abuse, swear and use vile language. M. Hachet Souplet quoted a number of instances from police reports of trials of automobilists in which self-control and the sense of dignity entirely deserted gentlemen of high education and breeding. Dr. Berillon, an eminent man, corroborated everything M. Hachet Souplet had said. Dr. Berillon knows a motorist who ran over a peasant and rushed on after he did so as furiously as before. He returned home in a state of depression that follows a long rush forward at the pace of an express train, and never gave a thought to his victim on the road until he read three days after how he had killed him. He then felt very sorry, declared himself guilty of the death of the peasant and settled an annuity on his family.

## Largest Traction Station.

The electrical traction station Yankees are building to furnish power for their underground railways in London will be the largest in the world. It will have ten steam turbines of 7,500-horse power. The trains used will be similar to those on the Boston Elevated Railway, made up of three "motor" and four "trailer" cars.

## LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Owen Wister's Philosophy Four went into its twentieth thousand two days after publication.

The title of the forthcoming novel by James Lane Allen has been changed. Instead of "Crypts of the Heart" it will be called "The Mettle of the Pasture." The title is taken from a line in Shakespeare.

In an edition of fourteen volumes J. F. Taylor & Co. are issuing the novella, poems and memoirs of Charles Kingsley, illustrated with drawings by Lee Woodward Zeigler and edited with introduction by Kingsley's eldest son.

Miracles and Supernatural Religion is the title of a book by James Morris Whitton, Ph. D. The author aims simply to clarify current ideas of miracles and the supernatural so as to find firm holding ground for tenable positions in the present "drift period" of theology.

Eugene Benson, who is known both as a painter and an author, has written a book entitled "Sordello and Cunizza," which is to be published almost immediately. It aims to give us information concerning Sordello and it ought therefore to be of interest to lovers of Browning.

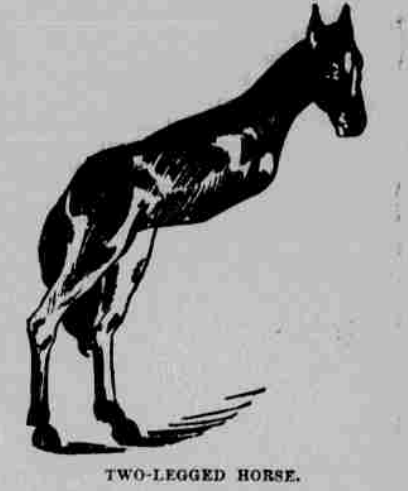
The significant fact has come to light that one of the most popular books of the present year is Mrs. Ely's "A Woman's Hardy Garden." The flood of garden books has created active interest in gardens among people who were formerly content to enjoy the gardens of their friends.

"Peggy O'Neal," Alfred Henry Lewis' latest book, which will be issued by Drexel Biddle, is the most pretentious of his stories. The book gives a new light on the celebrated "Old Hickory," affording a new view of certain events which had much to do with the history of this nation.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's "True Bird Stories," just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have an added value to children from the lifelike illustrations accompanying them. These are the work of Louis Agassiz Fuertes, whose recent work has won him the reputation of being the leading bird artist in America to-day.

## A FREAK HORSE.

Last month there was born at Havre, France, a horse which presents the singular condition of being deprived of its fore legs. The shoulders are clearly apparent under the skin, but the remainder of the legs are wanting. The foal was born with the physical characteristics of a kangaroo, but with less to console it than



TWO-LEGGED HORSE.

the kangaroo, since the latter has legs in front, which, while small and short are better than none at all, which represents the condition of the foal.

The foal is very healthy and obtains its food from a goat, there apparently being no reason to believe that it shall not live and learn to do entirely without the members of which it is lacking. There was once a small dog whose hind legs were missing, but this did not prevent it from walking and running on its front legs, elevating the rear portion of the body in the air. This animal ran easily and lightly, even descending and ascending flights of stairs without difficulty. It is thus possible that the Havre foal will adapt itself to its situation and that it will quickly learn to be a biped. Recently the Jardin des Plantes, a French journal, had a picture of a goat which possessed no front limbs, but it succeeded in accommodating itself to its defects.

## How He Conquered Her.

It was evening, and Mrs. Steel was alone in the house; but Mrs. Steel is brave. Suddenly she heard the sound of the opening of a window, and a muffled footstep echoed from the dining-room. But never a tremor agitated that noble woman. Bravely she walked to the door whence the sounds emanated, and came face to face with a burglar, who held a revolver pointed at her.

"Tell me where the money is hid," he hissed, "or I'll fire!" "Never!" she answered, determinedly. "Villain, do your worst!" "I will!" snarled the scoundrel, baffled, but not beaten. "Tell me instantly where your husband's gold is hid, or I'll drop this big woolly caterpillar down your neck!"

Five minutes after, a chuckling burglar stole out of the house carrying a bag, whence issued the chink of a hard-earned and long-treasured hoard.

When a man works hard, and does a thing, the loafers say it is easy for him.