

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

What Young Men Are Thinking About.

WHAT the young men of to-day are thinking about is indicated in an interesting manner by the statistics of this year's graduating class at Harvard. Law still leads the list of intended occupations, 117 of the young men having chosen it, but every year business claims a growing number of votaries, and this year 84 give themselves to it. Next comes teaching, with 76 disciples, though it is suggested that quite possibly some of these will follow this occupation only temporarily. Then comes civil engineering, with 32 aspirants. Banking claims 28; post-graduate courses, 24; medicine, 18; mining, 13; electrical engineering, 12; architecture, 12; railroad, 12; journalism, 11; the ministry, 8; cotton and woolen manufacturing, 8; chemistry, 4; real estate, 3; diplomatic service, 3; art, 1; musical composition, 1; illustrating newspapers, 1. There are 78 who are yet undecided as to their occupation. No doubt some of these belong to our rapidly growing leisure class and will never have an occupation. The notable feature of this classification seems to be the Boston Herald to be the comparatively small number choosing the ministry and medicine. Time was when these two professions stood near the top. But now they are near the bottom. And it is also observable that art and musical composition are away below par, also. It seems to Americans "a great pity" that any healthy young man should deliberately sit down to write music. We doubt if, to most of us, it would be any different if we were positively assured that he would compose as well as Beethoven. We should shake our heads all the same and sigh, "He looks so strong, too. Our average ideal is a Cassatt rather than a Beethoven. As for theology and medicine, both are painfully and heroically altruistic. And it is plain that what interests the vast majority of us is not so much in looking out for others as in looking out for ourselves. We are aiming in this direction as nations, and aiming in it as individuals. We are concerned only in pointing out the fact, leaving to others the responsibility of elucidating the moral.—Pittsburg Press.

The Lessons of Russia's Experience.

THE Japanese have appropriated European science, European methods, and European organization, and they have shown a skill and intelligence in the appropriation which is a marvel to all careful observers. It is to be doubted whether any European nation could have conducted its naval and military operations with as great skill and as great success as Japan has done in this war. . . . It is to be hoped that our people are carefully following the operations of the Japanese, and will take to heart the lessons that are being offered to them. In the Crimean War we blundered, if possible worse than we blundered the other day in South Africa; but we refused to take to heart the lessons of our blunders, hugging ourselves in the hope that somehow or other we should muddle through. France was equally unprepared in 1870. Unfortunately for her, she had a more formidable army to deal with than we had either in the Crimea or in South Africa, and she suffered accordingly. Now Russia is committing the blunders we have committed so often, and Russia is suffering in her turn. It is possible that the people of this country will refuse to take to heart all these lessons, and will go on in the bad old way until they come into conflict some day with an enemy who will not be dealt with so easily as the Russians in the Crimea or the Boers in the Transvaal? If we do not learn from the mistakes of the Russians, and the splendid efficiency of the Japanese, we shall some day suffer disaster.—The London Statist.

The Man with the Diploma.

THE young man steps down from the platform with his diploma in his hand, proud of his scholastic achievements, a little flushed by the applause of his classmates and friends and vibrant with the emotion caused by the presence of the one girl, or the possession of a note or a gift or a bouquet. The world looks inviting as a field of endeavor. Proportions are somewhat distorted, and the young man feels larger toward the rest of humanity than perhaps he ever has before or ever will again.

Later will come disillusionment, a readjusted sense of

proportion, a sharp awakening to the fact that college-gained knowledge is not all that is needed in the fight. In the shops, in the stores, in the offices, everywhere that men are active in the process of making money, the question is always asked, "What can you do?" not, "What do you know?" More information dwindles when measured with experience. But the young man who has absorbed much information, if of the right sort, is certain the more quickly to gain experience. And the great test of his quality comes when he discovers that his book lore is not an end, but a means.

The college graduate who lacks adaptability, who does not know how to apply his academic acquirements to the concrete affairs of life, who fails to see that his Latin or his mathematics or his history or his scientific studies have served their best purposes—if he be not a specialist—when they have sharpened his wits, strengthened his memory, broadened his view, mellowed his judgment and trained his mind, is headed for failure. He may find a niche as teacher, wherein he can exercise his acquired knowledge as an asset in the business of making a living. But the chances are few and the rewards of that calling not alluring. The voice of business calls to most of the young men who are just now stepping down with diplomas in their hands. In that direction lie the larger rewards, the surer success, with the fewer sacrifices.

The world has only pity for the graduate, who thinks he can open the oyster with his diploma, but it applauds the man who puts his certificate carefully away and then rolls up his sleeves to tackle the first job that comes to his hands, determined to do it better than it was ever done before.—Washington Star.

Panics.

PANIC, inspired by ungovernable fright, is an ever present element in a great disaster like that of the General Slocum. It is impossible to eliminate this source of calamity. Especially where large numbers of women and children are involved is panic witnessed in its most dismal consequences. Had the vessel had adequate provision for the safe removal of every soul inside of fifteen minutes, there would still doubtless have been an appalling loss of life, due to no other reason than that strange dehumanizing effect which the sudden appearance of an impending calamity exercises on the human mind. It is difficult to estimate how large a part of the casualties were due to the stampede and crush which tore away portions of the railing and deck, thus precipitating large numbers into the water without even the chance to try to obtain life preservers. It is safe to say that several hundred who might otherwise have lived perished as a direct result of the panic.

Had every person on board remained in the full possession of his senses the loss of life would have been far less. For the loss thus occasioned nobody can be held accountable. Nor against the repetition of such losses can the most stringent prevention of the future prevail. Whenever people congregate in large numbers they will place themselves liable to panic.

Given a crowd, especially of women and children, a sudden desperate fear, especially fire panic, and a panic is inevitable.—Chicago Tribune.

The Quiet Man.

EVEN this unquestioned domesticity may not be so comprehensive a virtue. To support some one besides himself in decency and honor is not all that a man should strive to do, though it is much. He should feel the obligation to bring gayety into the lives of those whom he loves. It is possible for some men by sheer earning power to provide their families with opportunities for travel and amusement and adventure. But the earning power of the majority is limited in those matters; and all the more it is necessary then, for the man to bring variety and a cheerful activity and liveliness into his house. The fact that the routine of the day has been full does not excuse him for being glum and silent at his evening meal. And too much of the quietness in the world is but the habit of a listless and brooding selfishness. It would be wanton to make these exposures and not offer a remedy. Here is a suggestion for the quiet man: "Learn to make a noise."—Atlantic Monthly.

Photographing Lightning.

Any boy or girl who has a camera and a good stock of patience may secure a photograph of lightning. The patience is needed in waiting for the lightning. When a thunder shower comes at night keep a sharp lookout for an opportunity to secure your picture. You cannot get a picture of lightning during every thunder shower. Clouds or a heavy downpour of rain often conceals the flash from view, and we have "sheet lightning." It is useless to photograph this, but you may by its light get an interesting picture of the landscape.

When the sharp "chain lightning" comes, select a window from which you can see it well, or, if it is not raining, go out of doors and set the camera on the tripod focused as for a distant view and pointed toward that quarter of the heavens in which the lightning is most frequent. The diaphragm should be set to the largest opening that is ever used, the slide drawn, and the lens uncovered as for a time exposure. Then follows a wait or one, two, five or even twenty minutes, until a bright flash comes within the field of view of the camera, when the lightning takes its own picture. Then cover the lens, push in the slide, and you are ready to try again on a fresh plate.—St. Nicholas.

Has a Level Head.

"That architect is making a big hit with his new scheme for suburban residence."
"What's the game?"
"To every man who gives him a contract for the building of a suburban residence he guarantees a constant supply of servant girls for ten years' time."—Philadelphia Press.

After a man has boarded a number of years, he begins to think a vegetable garden a more beautiful sight than a flower garden.

OLD FAVORITES

Yankee Doodle.
Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Good'n,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Chorus:
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle dandy—
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wanted every day
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day
Would keep a house in winter;
They have so much that I'll be bound
They eat it when there's mild ter.

And there I see a swamin' gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a dozed little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
To call the folks together.

And there was Cap'n Washington
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him in his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion
A givin' orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

The flaming ribbons in his hat
They looked too 'tarnal fine, eh,
I wanted packy to get
To give to my Jennins.

And then they'd fire away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All wound about their middles.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some panaches and some unions
For 'lasses to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

I see another snarl of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so I looked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home
Locked up in mother's chamber.
—Dr. Richard Shuckburgh.

LAD'S TROUT PRESERVE.

Discovery Made by Some Anglers in the White Mountains.

A little party of trout fishermen have been resting here for a few days after an excursion into the northern part of Maine. They had intended to fry their favorite fly at its native place, Farmachenee Lake, and they were tired out, though not from landing fish.

The fine trout served for breakfast at one of the hotels excited their curiosity a little.

"Caught right here, gentlemen, brought in just about alive by a slip of a boy no taller than that," was the reply their questioning brought.

A careful watch was set and the lad was captured as he came to the kitchen door with a tin pail full of handsome and uniform three-quarter pound fish. Liberal offers of silver induced him to take the men to his stream that evening.

At his suggestion the anglers took their customary tackle with them, though there was not much sense nor any fun about fly-fishing in a two-foot-wide brook in the depths of the alder woods with nine-foot rods. However, by following directions, standing well back from the water, and using very short lines, a few little trout were taken, some of them as much as five inches long.

"That's the way it used to be with me," commented their young guide, "it was a good while before I got into the way to catch the good ones. You've a kind of work up to it, I guess."

Now, one of the anglers was up to most of the tricks of the trade, and he noted two facts which rather upset his faith in the good intentions of the guide. One was that the boy did no fishing himself and the other was that he fingerlings captured were in general appearance very unlike the criminal beauties furnished to the hotel.

This angler had a private interview with the lad before they parted, and by skillfully dangling a \$5 bill before his eyes managed to exact a promise from him to furnish further information respecting the trout fishery next morning.

Accordingly, last Tuesday, found the old angler and the lad at daybreak in the heart of the woods, a mile or more back from the famous Notch, and a good half mile from the brook. Covered by rank growing ferns and willow brush was an evidently artificial ditch, fifty yards long and three feet deep, led by a mountain spring and trickling out through a stoutly piled dam of round stones.

Into this the youngster scattered handfuls of chopped liver and a pickle bottle full of smothered grasshoppers, the water was fairly alive with trout, which were seemingly accustomed to be fed by hand, as they were quite bold in coming to the surface after the topers.

Slipping back into the woods for a minute the lad reappeared with a square wire frame. This fitted into

the sides of the ditch, between stones set for the purpose.

The young fisherman then stepped into the water a few yards below the screen, and walked up toward it. When about three feet from it he dug a scoop made like a square landing net with wire meshes into the water, and brought it up to the surface, half full of beautiful trout, similar to those sold to the hotels.

The righteous soul of the angler was mightily grieved for the moment, until the guileless lad volunteered the information:

"It was marm and me worked this thing out. It cost \$15 to get the digging done, and then we bought the young fish from a traveling agent two years ago.

"There ain't such an awful lot of money in it as you'd think. Last year all we got was \$45, because the fish was only little. This summer what you're going to give me makes us \$80, and pop says maybe we'll git our 8 per cent out of it.

"Yep, 5 per cent, that's \$150, you know. The whole thing cost us \$30 all right enough. Pop says it's no sort of a 'vestment as don't give 5 per cent.' The lad was no poacher after all. He was simply an active partner in a fish preserving company of original ideas respecting percentages.—New York Sun.

HAVE HIGH OPINION OF JOHN L.

First Person Inquired After in Tokio Was the Ex-Champion.

"When I first went to Tahiti," said a traveler from the south seas, "I landed on one of the remote islands. The first night I went in state to visit the chief. He was a fine old fellow, fully 6 feet 2 inches in height, and a man every ple who had lived on his island for a time. Through an interpreter he asked me all kinds of questions about them—if they were well, if their hair was getting gray, how much money they had, etc. Then conversation languished.

"At length I heard him repeating to the interpreter a word that sounded like 'yoneisulwan.' The interpreter seemed to catch it finally. He said: 'He wants to know how is John L. Sullivan? Is he fighting as hard as ever?'

"Oh, no," I said truthfully. John L. Sullivan isn't champion any more. He was beaten by a big man from the West, and a man from the big islands beat that man, and another big man from the West beat him."

"When this was told to the chief he looked me all over and said something in a very positive tone.

"He tells me," said the interpreter, "that he doesn't believe you. He thinks you don't like John L. Sullivan."

"Everywhere I went on the islands it was the same story. When they found that I was an American they all asked for John L.

"It appears that the Americans first began to come in numbers to the islands about the time when John L. was supposed to be unbeatable. These Americans introduced the boxing game.

"It was a great hit. Every native wanted to learn. And when the Americans told of their great champion the natives took it all in and made him a tribal tradition."—Detroit Free Press.

A Promising Customer.
The brisk, well-dressed stranger stepped into the corner drug store, and passing by the boy who usually attended to casual customers, approached the proprietor, who, with his back turned, was rearranging some goods on a show-case.

"Mr. Sawyer, I presume," he said pleasantly, and the druggist turned and bowed gravely.

"I have heard my friend, Senator Brown, speak of you often," said the brisk man. "He told me if ever I needed anything in this line to come to you. He spoke of you as a man on whom one could rely with perfect confidence, who carried only the best of everything, and with whom it was always a pleasure to deal."

"The Senator is very kind," said the druggist, beaming with gratification. "He is one of my best customers. What can I do for you this morning?"

"Well—er—this morning, as it happens," said the stranger, with a shade less of briskness, "this morning I should like, if you will allow me, to consult your directory."

"Certainly," said the druggist. "We also have a fine line of postage stamps, if you ever need anything of that kind."—Youth's Companion.

Value of Crown Jewels.
The eight largest diamonds in the world are what are known as crown jewels, and their weight is given below. Some of them are in an uncut state and others are carefully cut and finished, so that there is a wide difference in their value. The Kohinoor, the smallest in weight, has been thus reduced by cutting and is much the most valuable of the lot and has been estimated at \$2,000,000. None of these mentioned is estimated at less than \$500,000. The list is as follows: The Braganza, part of the Portuguese jewels, weighs 1,880 carats; Kohinoor, belonging to the English crown, 438 carats; Star of Brazil, 125 carats; Regent of France, 136 carats; Austrian AKiser, 139 carats; Russian Czar, 433 carats; Rajah of Borneo, 367 carats.

Study of Japanese Actors.
Several prominent Japanese actors have gone to Korea to study realism in the portrayal of military scenes.

A woman may enjoy having an operation performed by a noted doctor, but a man doesn't.

Before we die, we would like to see something done on time.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

"Pansy's" new book, "Doris Farand's Vocation," returns to her accustomed field, the love affairs of thoughtful girls. Her latest heroine has a good, old-fashioned respect for religion and its ministers, but by no means accepts Milton's views as to the reverence which the woman owes the man, says the New York Times. It is not superfluous to say that "Pansy" is Mrs. J. R. Alden, the wife of a well-known Boston minister.

The name of Olive Thorne Miller in one which has become inseparably linked with all things delightful in the open air. She has written the best bird books obtainable—her style combining a detailed knowledge of her subjects, coupled with a poetic vision and a graceful literary style. "With the Birds in Maine" tells about the feathered creatures of a far wider territory than that suggested by the title. Not only the whole of New England, but the Middle States are included in the ground covered.

The craze for sociology and the queer books of society women who have tried domestic service and factory life are responsible for "The Singular Miss Smith," by Florence Morse Kingsley Macmillan. Miss Smith is a rich young person who, smitten with a noble purpose, plunges into domestic service, says the New York Sun. As a servant girl she meets and falls in love with a noble mechanic, who is really a Harvard professor of sociology in disguise. In the end they marry. It is needlessly cruel to make the hero an instructor at Harvard, the one college among the greater ones that has given say least to the social science mania.

It has already taken 140,000 copies of Mrs. Wiggin's popular story of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" to supply the demand for it in America and Great Britain, and the steady interest in it shows no signs of abating. As the Christian Million of London says: "This book has been received with a remarkable chorus of approval by the reading community, both of England and America. It is such a book as one meets with only once in a generation, and it captivates and conquers by the sheer force of its naturalness and truth to life. Moreover, Mrs. Wiggin knows how to touch deftly the springs within us of laughter and tears, and never fails to draw out the finer sensibilities of our nature." Every week since last November the circulating department of the New York Public Library has reported "Rebecca" either first or second among the books most in demand. On the New York State Library's list of the "best 50" books of 1903 for a small library "Rebecca" holds second place.

"ADOPTED" WHITES.
Jurisdiction of Surprising Sweep Is Weighed by the Cherokees.
There is a good deal being said about the citizenship of the adopted whites of the Cherokee nation and the law which gave them their citizenship, says the Kansas City Journal. The law was passed many long years ago and provided that a white man who desired to marry a Cherokee woman should first procure a petition signed by ten citizens with blood, attesting that he was of good moral character and would, in their opinion, make a good citizen of the Cherokee nation. This presented to the district clerk of any of the nine districts and a payment of \$10 would get a license to wed the Cherokee woman. This law had two provisions of forfeiture. One was the resistance of Cherokee authority in case of criminal prosecution and the other was the marriage to a white woman after the former marriage to the Cherokee woman. This was called "marrying out."

The Cherokees up to the abolishment of their courts held jurisdiction over the adopted man and even convicted some few of murder and executed them. This was allowed by Judge Parker of Fort Smith, who was very strenuous, and even the Supreme Court at Washington did not interfere. So the citizenship was complete as to jurisdiction. There was nothing in the intermarriage law that made any restrictions on heirship of property at all, but in 1856, Dec. 16, the council passed an amendment to this law which provided that no white man who married a Cherokee woman from that date should acquire any rights to any moneys or to any lands, but should acquire political rights only; and since that date no one who married a Cherokee woman has claimed anything but the right to live in the country. This is the law and present situation. The Dawes commission has looked upon the adopted white as a full citizen and so have the officers of the government, but the courts have not yet passed on it.

Masculine View.
"Leap year," remarked the bachelor sardor, "must be a great comfort to every woman."
"Why do you think so?" queried one who still has hopes.
"Because," explained the b. b., "they live a whole extra day without adding a number of their years on earth."

Lady Lawson, Church Warden.
In England Lady Lawson has been appointed a church warden of Asparia Church, in Cumberland.

Never look absent-minded when a woman wants to tell her troubles, if you want to remain friends.