

WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

IS CRIME INCREASING?

Whenever a crime of unusual turpitude is committed, and particularly whenever a number of such forbidding events occur in quick succession, we hear much about the "epidemic of crime," accompanied by lugubrious comment to the effect that wickedness is increasing, that it is outrunning the growth of population, that the country is rapidly degenerating. It has become the settled conviction of minds chronically indisposed to look upon the sunny side of things that the criminal population is increasing at a more alarming rate than at any time in the country's history, yet no prof is at hand to support this pessimistic view.

Penologists are awaiting trustworthy and sufficiently comprehensive statistics on this interesting subject. Samuel J. Barrows, Commissioner for the United States on the International Prison Commission, declared in a paper published in 1903 that for want of any comparative statistics in the United States it is extremely difficult to say whether criminals are increasing with reference to the population, inasmuch as so much depends upon the activity of the police. Mr. Barrows observes that as social relations multiply the standard of propriety and good conduct and of social protection is constantly raised, and when new laws are rigidly enforced "we may expect an increase for the time being in the number of offenders until society has adjusted itself to the new requirements."

It may be noted that the system of news gathering has been brought to a high pitch of efficiency in our day. Every crime of importance occurring almost anywhere in the country is immediately reported. We hear very much more about crime than our forebears did. The diligence of the reporters and the news agencies creates the impression that the world is growing worse. The law-abiding millions attract little attention.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A CHANCE FOR PUBLICITY.

If it were possible to compel the national committees to keep an accurate record of and publish a true account of their expenditures for campaign purposes a work of the utmost importance would be accomplished. England has virtually eliminated the bribery of voters in her parliamentary elections by requiring that each candidate's campaign expenses shall be recorded and made public.

If the campaign fund accounts were made public, instead of being kept secret, there would be no need to "fry the fat" from corporations or men. All the money actually necessary for an honestly conducted campaign would be willingly contributed by public spirited citizens of either party. Only through publicity, full and complete, will campaign funds cease to be corruption funds.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE BEST BRAIN WINS.

The Japanese are well-informed and wait steadily with wonderful self-control until their preparations for the grand attack are quite complete. It is in brain that they beat the Russians, whose soldiers die in heaps with all their old heroism, and who suffer less in morale from defeat than more mobile or better-commanded troops. They are there to die for the Czar, and they do their duty with a splendid unflinchingness which rivals that of the Japanese.—London Spectator.

HUMANE EDUCATION.

The world is only half civilized, while the majority of people look with indifference on the overworked and overlaid horses. The horse whose footsteps are beginning to totter with age, yet still dragging heavy burdens; the horse whose hopeless eyes and prominent bones tell that he is always hungry; the cat crying for food in the home where there is plenty, and turned off with a few miserable scraps that only acute hunger could force any animal to eat; the starved, deserted cat; the kitten dropped in the streets; the faithful dog deprived of liberty and miserably cared for; the butterfly struggling with the cruel pin that fastens it to the wall; the half-crushed toad by the wayside; the bird lamenting for his stolen nest; the dead bird murdered for sake of weak and vain women—all these sad sights may be seen every day. The law does not reach them, for it is only cases of extreme cruelty that can be punished, and who can begin to estimate the immense amount of suffering that constantly goes unpunished?—Our Four-footed Friends.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER'S TEST.

That the Russians have fought so well after three months of steady defeats and retrograde movements speaks highly for the character of the rank and file. Over-burdened and ill-shod as they have been, fighting far from home in tropical heat, for reasons unknown to most of them, the position of the enlisted men has been bad enough to try the Spartan three hundred. Should there now be a severe defeat, followed by a rapid retirement of the army upon Mukden or Harbin, the troops will be subjected to the severest test to which armed men can be exposed. Only an army splendidly disciplined, well commanded, devoted to its officers, and enthusiastic in its cause can come through such an experience without disastrous results. Of the Russian army of today it is only known that the men are generally devoted to their officers. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the early disasters of 1877 in Bulgaria did not prevent the Russians from going to the very walls of Constantinople later.—New York Post.

CULTIVATE A HOBBY.

"Since the home woman is the indispensable woman, it is a pity she so often allows herself to fail in her full development and reward," says an editorial in Harper's Bazar. "She is apt to be so unselfish and so conscientious that she lets the four walls of home narrow about her, and the simplest remedy is to have at least one outside interest. The woman who takes up one hobby, one charity, one line of work beyond her household cares, and follows it steadily, will find that it brings freshness and power with it. It becomes both outlook and inflow to her. And the woman with a hobby grows old so slowly that she often never grows old at all, but keeps to the last that freshness of interest which is the mark of youth."

GOOD SAILORS FROM THE WEST.

The recruiting service of the navy is getting plenty of desirable young men of American birth just now, especially from the west, and it is a singular fact that a western lad makes a good sailor, though he may never have seen salt water before he joined his ship or arrived at the training station. But the quality is in the blood of the race and a few generations passed on the prairies does not eliminate it.—New York Press.

A Day on the Farm

New York Society Frolic.

A New York society woman recently gave a clever home entertainment which she called a day on the farm.

The arrangement of the room was planned to represent a farm. The floor had been carefully sanded, the carpet being removed. Elaborate furniture had been replaced by chairs of rustic build, and one corner of the room was filled by a plain wooden bench, on which shone half a dozen dazzling milk pails. Chickens and ducks of toy shop variety strutted and waddled, or rather seemed to do so, here and there over the sand.

Each guest on entering received a little program decorated with water colors. The decorations were miniature scenes sketched in country places, such as a farmer at the plow, a haystack with a moon behind it, a milkmaid carrying pails.

Each card gave the order of the evening, which was as follows:

A Day on the Farm.

1. Driving the cows to pasture.
2. Drawing water from the well.
3. Loading the hay wagons.
4. Supper.

Driving the cows to pasture proved a fascinating bit of nonsense. The

might become even more absurd.

For this feature a huge wooden tub in the center of the room, labeled in large letters, "The Well," was filled with water. Two diminutive buckets from a doll house outfit were brought out by the hostess. Each player in turn was obliged to take the buckets, fill them at the well and then run around the room holding a bucket in either hand. The farmer who spilled the least water in his progress won the point.

The egg hunt followed. The eggs to be searched for were small, oval bonbons, and were hidden about the room. Some were red, some white and some blue. The red egg counted one point, the white two points and the blue three. Fifteen minutes were allowed for the search, and little baskets were presented in which to put one's spoils. At the end of the time allotted the eggs found by each searcher were counted. The counting was done not according to numbers, but according to color values.

The haymaking contest was heralded by the sudden appearance on the scene of a toy hay cart rolled in by the hostess. Some soft, sweet clover



The Hay Harvest.

cows were wee brown creatures belonging to the baby's barnyard set. Each player was given three cows to drive. The driving had to be done by sundry little taps with a stick, not by a long, steady push. The route over which they were driven was the center line of the room. If in her progress any cow fell, the driver was "discharged." The object of the sport was to see who could in the shortest time drive his cows to pasture without having any of them meet with an accident.

Drawing water from the well, the second number on the program, was no less laughable and could not fail to embarrass the most self-possessed competitor. However, as all the farmers were subjected to the same labor, no one considered it wise to jeer at the efforts of a fellow laborer, as he

hay had been previously shaken out by the hostess in the center of the room. Each guest was given an oyster fork. A lady and a gentleman were made partners and told to load the hay on the cart. This was done by means of the oyster forks. The hostess, watch in hand, timed the contestants.

This bout decided the prizes, which were charming little pins in the shape of farm implements. There were, besides, some amusing boobies, which took the form of little farmhouses of edible chocolate.

Naturally, the refreshments was a farm supper, simple, well cooked and abundant. There were steaming cornmeal mush, with country cream and maple syrup, roast chicken, apple dumplings, cake and other good things.

Alabama Editor Honored.

Major W. W. Screws, the veteran newspaper man, chosen president of the National Editorial association, is editor of the Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser. Major Screws was born in Alabama sixty-five years ago and has passed all his active life within that state. He has been postmaster of Montgomery and thrice served as secretary of state.

Perhaps True to Life.

They have a story in London of an Oxford don who was induced to speak into a phonograph. Some time later the machine was set going again and he was asked to listen to his own voice. He did so and after the sound had ceased he said to the assembled company: "It is strange that this machine makes me speak in a bump-tious and affected manner."