

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

WASTEFUL AMERICA.

AMERICANS are the opposites of the Japanese, in that they are probably the most wasteful and extravagant people under the sun. James J. Hill once voiced a declaration to the effect that the greater part of America's progress had been gained by using up the stored capital of preceding ages—something for which we are indebted to nature, not to our own energies. Soil, mines, oil and gas reservoirs, forests, fisheries—all have been drained and drained, with little or no thought that exhaustion of either was calculable. We eat three times as much as is demanded by nature and more than is good for us, and we throw away annually enough to feed the whole population of Japan. Into our rivers in the form of polluting sewage go fertilizers to the value of millions, which other people save and which we would be doubly benefited by saving. We could economize greatly if we cared to in the quantity of iron and other metals we use, but, possessed with the infatuation that they will never "run out," we are as prodigal with them as with everything else, whereas the limit of the supply is claimed to be easily calculable. But it is in the waste of the forests that American improvidence finds its worst illustration. The nation has been willing to see its forests so devastated that the present annual "cut" and fire waste cannot be continued for twenty-five years longer without destroying every patch of timber in America.—St. Paul Pioneer-Dispatch.

INSANITY BY OCCUPATION.

LEST anyone should be inclined to make the figures of the Census Bureau in regard to insanity an excuse for desisting from mental effort, and find in them an excuse to fly from the worries of a strenuous life to the dull monotony of the life simple, it is well to call attention to the fact that the recent and much discussed report does not in its analysis bear out the inference drawn from it by the bureau officials. It would appear to be not the rush and tumult of modern life which drives people out of their senses, but the dreariness and monotony of a life spent in a round of duties generally preached up as being wholesome for the body and well-sounding salutary for the mind. It appears from the figures alluded to that of the admittedly insane in this country 41.6 per cent have been employed as servants or laborers, 22.5 per cent as farmers or in transportation and other "healthful" out-of-door work, and 16 per cent in manufacturing and mechanical industries. Thus 80 per cent of the people who are now crazy in this country come from the classes whose occupations are popularly supposed to conduce to a sound mind in a sound body. According to all our preconceived ideas on the subject, this ought not to be. But it is, and why it is so we can no more guess than we can the secret of why men go crazy at all.—New York Press.

THE "HAPPY ENDING."

In the current number of the Bookman occurs an interesting discussion of what is known as the "happy ending" in novels. The writer of the article inveighs severely, and to some extent justly, against this popular method of bringing a story to a close. He believes this concession, as he regards it, to the public taste is much to be deplored as wholly inartistic, immature and foolish. He cites Black in evidence, quoting him as saying: "That while scores of people implored him to bring certain stories 'out well,' he had himself observed that the novels which had sad endings

were, after all, the ones that have made the deepest impression." This might also seem like an argument for the sad ending per se, which we can hardly think the writer in the Bookman means to make.

As a matter of fact, neither the happy ending nor the sad ending is in and of itself good from the purely artistic point of view. But may not a word be honestly said in favor of the happy ending? * * * Should one choose gloom as a last memory when one may have brightness? Altogether it seems to us that a great deal may be said in favor of the happy stopping place. The reader is not deceived if he be an intelligent reader into a falsely, optimistic view of life. It is not a case of the "happy ever afterwards" of the children's fairy tales. Rather it is a rational and deliberate choice of nature and seasoned minds to seize what may be of happiness rather than sadness. And so, as sometimes happens, popular taste and artistic discretion are not necessarily opposed. The "happy ending" need not vex the judgment and it often comforts the heart.—Indianapolis News.

A BAN ON KISSING.

THE State Board of Health of Indiana has issued an order prohibiting kissing in the public schools. On printed notices posted in every schoolroom there is this injunction: "Do not kiss anyone in the mouth, or allow anyone to do so to you." The injunction has created an opportunity for the humorist, but there is a serious side to the matter.

Scientific discoveries have established the fact that the mouth of a human being is the home of countless bacteria, some of which, through infection, lead to disease, and possibly to death. Indeed, science has gone so far as to demonstrate the fact that the more beautiful the child the more dangerous the kisses. Accepting such demonstration, a great many physicians kiss the children on the cheek only, and the example they have been setting is being followed more and more throughout the country. A recent report on the subject shows that in a community of 1,000 people in which kissing has been tabooed for ten years, the death rate from infectious diseases has decreased a little more than three and one-half per cent. This means that in a thousand people three and one-half lives have yearly been saved.

Instead of looking at the order of the Indiana State Board of Health in a humorous way, it will be well for the people of that and other States to take it as seriously as it was intended. If people value human life as they should, they will do so.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

ROJESTVENSKY'S MANLY PLEA.

ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY has his good points, as well as those which may be stamped as being somewhat weak. Standing before a court martial recently at Cronstadt, he pleaded guilty to the surrender of the gumbot Biedovy, in an endeavor to save the members of his staff and other officials of the navy, who, he believed, surrendered the craft on account of their affection for their wounded commander and a desire to save his life. It was a decidedly manly thing to do, and reflects much credit on the man who made anything but a success of the vast naval command entrusted to him by the Russian Government. His speech to the court was a brave one. He virtually took all the blame for the surrender upon his own shoulders, knowing that if he were to suffer to the full extent of the law in the premises, his appeal meant condemnation and death, the general penalty for hauling down the St. Andrew's Cross to a hostile vessel.—Brooklyn Times.

THE VALUE OF HIS MONEY.

Baptiste Delormier was an unusual thrifty specimen of a naturally rich man. He did not spend his wealth recklessly, and he liked to get his money's worth whenever he spent any at all. But there was one time, in particular, when it seemed as if he were really getting just about all that he was entitled to.

"I come hon you' store, monsieur," said Baptiste, laying a nickel on the grocer's counter, "for buy some' seed. You give me one packette s'f yous—"

"Supree, monsieur! You buck you too great hof de haste you are even too much hof a perspire." "Ave more hof de patient honted I have excludin. De nam' she ces rou away hof de top us held, but maybe you 'ave made de sequant hof dose kind."

"Monsieur, I tole you now hof dose seed. She ces not flower, she ces not vegetabl', but dose seed she ces come true—ten, maybe twof' kind on one packette. You save been honted de frus' ces proceed for tak' some' back seat for de summair, an' you ces go for plant heem hon top de sout' side hof you' barn, you' house, you' tek board fence."

"Bomby she ces con' up—two bec leave. Bomby she ces got flower—noo much for look at. Bomby she ces got fruit on herself."

"Monsieur, of ball plant made by le hon Bleu ces ces cettie plant of whom de nam' ces by me forgot dat goes de tras' to hoblize."

"Behol! She ces give you mos' ever' ting you want. Orange to mak surprise hon les enfants; lemon for look mos' fine hon you' s'ideboard; beeg huf for mak you' hen 'ave moeh desire for outdo hall w'at he 'ave lay bilfore; beeg round ball like happle for you' assume to poor hon top de hinside hof

some sock w'at 'ave de misfortune to got hole hon herself; nice clean deeper for drink water from pail, whole lot beeg deshrag for—"

"Oh," said the grocer, seeing light, "I guess you mean gourds. Here they are."

"But out, monsieur. One thousand franks! You 'ave proceed to guess wit' correction. You plant you dose gourd, you mak heem to grow an' you ces have, for honly fl' cent, de halmost to gone to housekeep' wit'."

KLONDIKE GOLD DREDGING

New Era Dawning on Worked-Over Pioneer Region.

It is reported by Consul Ravndal of Dawson that an era of gold dredging is dawning on the Klondike, says the Washington Star.

The rich, early-discovered creeks have already, by crude and wasteful methods, been worked over. They are now being subjected to another more scientific treatment. A prominent feature of the new system is gold dredging. It has proved eminently successful in the Klondike, in spite of such drawbacks as difficulties of transportation, high cost of installation and operation, frozen gravels and short seasons. Gold dredging in the north has passed the experimental stage and become an established and promising industry. Extensive areas of low-grade ground which have been lying idle because under the former manner of mining the cost of extraction would equal, if not exceed, the returns, are being made productive through the use of dredges handling 3,000 or more cubic yards of dirt every twenty-four hours.

There are now in the Klondike, either in operation or in course of installation, nearly a dozen gold dredges. Next season will witness the arrival of several additions to the northern mining fleet, some of which will be put to work in the Forty-Mile and Birch creek districts of Alaska. All of these

"gold ships" are of American make. Occasionally it is said that dredges from other countries may enter into competition with American patterns. Such reports are probably idle and merely the result of impatience because American manufacturers cannot at present fill all orders promptly.

Calls for gold dredges come from California, Montana, Idaho and Colorado. Gold dredging is to be tried in Siberia and in the valleys of the Yalu, the Amur, the Hoangho and the Yangtze. The present inability of American dredge manufacturers to supply the demand is perhaps chiefly due to Panama canal requirements.

It is expected that the introduction of dredges will greatly increase the output of gold in the Klondike. In 1905 this was reduced to about \$7,500,000, as against \$10,350,000 in 1904, \$18,000,000 in 1901 and \$22,275,000 in 1900. Speculations are already rife as to whether this enlarged supply from the Yukon, coupled with Alaska's growing yield of new gold, will not perceptibly affect the general economic conditions in America as a whole. During 1906 Alaska will probably furnish some \$20,000,000 of gold, as against \$14,500,000 for 1905, \$9,000,000 in 1904 and \$6,350,000 for 1903. It is pointed out that seasons of exceptional prosperity have followed each of the great gold finds of recent times—those of Australia, of California, of South Africa and of the Klondike. So far most of the capital invested in dredging operations in the Klondike is owned by citizens of the United States and most of the gold cleaned up is sold in Seattle.

During the Honeymoon.

He (caustically)—Adam and Eve lost Paradise, poor things!

She (rapturously)—But we found it, didn't we, darling?—Puck.

It is every old woman's reflection when she sees a younger woman bowed in grief, that "You can get over any-

OLD Favorites

My Country.

There is a land, of every land the pride, Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside, Where brighter suns dispense serenely light

And milder moons imparadise the night; A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth, Time-tutored age and love-exalted youth, The wandering mariner, whose eye explores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so beautiful and fair, Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air, In every clime, the magnet of his soul, Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;

For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,

The heritage of Nature's noblest grace, There is a spot of earth supremely blest— A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest— Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,

While in his softened looks benignly blend The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend,

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife, Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye An angel guard of love and graces lie; Around her knees domestic duties meet And fesside pleasures gambol at her feet, "Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"

Art thou a man? a patriot?—Look around!

Oh, thou shalt find how'er thy footsteps roam, That land thy country and that spot thy home!

Man, through all ages of revolving time, Unchanging man, in every varying clime, Deems his own land of every land the pride,

Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside; His home the spot of earth supremely blest,

A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest, —James Montgomery.

When Stars Are in the Quiet Skies.

When stars are in the quiet skies,

Then most I pine for thee;

Bend on me then thy tender eyes,

As stars look on the sea!

For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,

Are stillest when they shine;

Mine earthly love lies hushed in light

Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep

Familiar watch o'er men,

When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep—

Sweet spirit, meet me then!

There is an hour when holy dreams

Through slumber fairest glide;

And in that mystic hour it seems

Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are

For daylight's common beam;

I can but know thee as my star,

My angel, and my dream;

When stars are in the quiet skies,

Then most I pine for thee;

Bend on me then thy tender eyes,

As stars look on the sea!

—Bulwer Lytton.

NO GAMBLING IN OKLAHOMA.

Thrifty Eastern Farmers Have Driven Out the Men Who Once Ran It.

To-day there are not five towns in Oklahoma of any importance where gambling is conducted openly, as it was six years ago, says the Kansas City Star. As late as three years ago the biggest games ever seen in the territory were running in Oklahoma City, though confined to upper floors or basements. During the last two months all the boss gamblers in Oklahoma City upon whom the law could lay its hands have been put in jail and kept there. They had violated injunctions prohibiting them from using certain buildings for gambling purposes. Guthrie has been without its big games for more than a year.

The change is due to activity among religious organizations, a public sentiment that rests upon practical as well as moral grounds and the displacement of certain adventurous pioneer citizens by more conservative men and women from older communities. The explanation of an old-time boss gambler, a man who came to Oklahoma at the opening, may not be without interest. He said:

"In my town in earlier years, when gambling was under full headway, the 'producers' were mostly farmers. These farmers were western men, who had been with the vanguard of western sentiment all their lives. They had no more hesitancy in gambling than they had in smoking a cigar or taking a drink of whiskey. They had been accustomed to it all their lives.

"When one came to town with a load of wheat he put the money in his pocket, took his team to a livery stable and went to a restaurant or a hotel. Usually he would stay in town all night. After supper he would take a few drinks and then saunter around to a gambling house, always within easy reach, and

without danger of raids. In many instances he went home broke.

"The agricultural prosperity in Oklahoma in the last ten years brought a great advance in the value of farm property. Farmers from eastern and northern states began coming to Oklahoma with bank accounts. The original settler was offered \$3,000, \$5,000 and sometimes as high as \$10,000 for his quarter section of land, which to him seemed more than the land was worth, and he sold it and moved to other localities. The new owners had practiced economy all their lives. They had lived in communities where gambling was not tolerated.

"When these farmers came to town they bring produce with their wheat or corn, and a basket of lunch to save going to a restaurant. They deposit their money in a bank. Instead of taking their horses to a livery stable, unless the weather is bad, they feed them from a wagon box. This kind of thing is not profitable for the gambling business, but it has happened in my portion of the territory and I believe that it has happened elsewhere."

STORIES OF THE MOROS.

Cruel and Fanatical, They Scorn Surrender and Fight to the Death.

The Moros are of an order much lower than that of any class of human beings in the United States, writes Lloyd Buchanan of the United States Army in World's Work. Unspeaking filthy in their habits, treacherous and cruel, they compare neither with the Indians nor with the southern negroes. They are ignorant and superstitious. About a year ago a force under the strong chief, Hatal, surrendered to Gen. Wood a tremendous position on Bud Kausukan without firing a shot and gave up all their priceless rifles, because the night before a navy torpedo-boat destroyer had flashed its searchlights on the fortifications from the sea, and the terrified defenders imagined that Providence had been drawn into alliance with their enemies.

As warriors the Moros are fanatics, but, for all that, there is magnificence in their disdain of death. The lonely "juramentado," who takes an oath, shaves his head, binds his limbs and goes out to kill and be killed, is a type of the animating spirit of the race. I have known such a one thoughtfully to hide his time in a walled city, whence escape was impossible, and when the fit hour had come, to whip out his weapon and seek only to strike a mortal blow before the merciless rifles brought him death.

One, by a camp, peddling fruit, cut a soldier down with a broken spearhead, was shot to the ground, staggered to his feet, struck once more, was shot down again, rose a second time and was then stopped only by a rifle bullet through his brain. Another charged to his death, single handed, with his spear and knife, on a company of regular infantry sitting in line with their loaded rifles across their knees.

The same wild spirit animates the Moros in a fight. At Pang Pang, where the destruction was complete, after the walls had been scaled by our troops and the works were at the mercy of our arms, time and again the fire was stopped and the defenders were implored to surrender that their lives might be spared. But pity was scorned with a volley and a rush of gleaming knives. From the very valley of the shadow always came back the stubborn reply, "We are not of a race that surrenders!" I do not think that anything much finer or much more impossible to deal with ever came before any army in the world.

When a Jolo Moro goes into his cot, he goes there to fight to a finish. He scorns surrender. He becomes a human tiger. He will cut you down while you seek to dress his wounds. He battles with the fury of a madman and, if you fight with him, the only salvation for your life is the taking of his. It is a grievous pity that this is so. But it is.

Philanthropic Sparrows.

An incident which the writer describes, raised the pugnacious sparrow several degrees in his estimation is described in Outing. It shows that the sparrow has other good qualities besides his sturdiness and self-reliance. For several days four or five sparrows had visited a certain place on the roof near my window. They always brought food for another little fellow, who never tried a flight from the spot. The visiting sparrows never came empty-billed. They would drop tiny morsels of food near the little sparrow. When it began to eat the crumbs the others set up a great chirping and then flew away. After watching this for a few days I went out on the roof and approached the lone bird. It did not flutter away from me and made no resistance when I picked it up. The sparrow was blind. Its eyes were covered with a milky film.

Foiled.

Gerardine—You have been ill, haven't you?

Gerald—Yes, I was threatened with brain fever.

Gerardine—What a big joke on the fever.—New York Press.