EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

WHAT WATERWAYS DEVELOP.

BETWEEN May and December, 1905, thirty-four million tons of ore was shipped from the Lake Superior mines to Lake Erie ports. This traffic greatly exceeds the total passing through the Suez Canal. Facilities for handling the mountain of freight have grown with its growth. One railroad has constructed two docks, located at Buffalo and Erie, that unload 2,200,000 tons of ore during the season of navigation. The depth of water at these docks is sufficient for the largest boats. Massive electric machinery unloads the ore and then puts on board a return cargo of coal. At the Buffalo dock 500 tons of ore an hour is transferred by machinery directly from a ship to a train that runs along the face of the dock, and storage bins are at hand that hold 250,000 tons each.

Up to four years ago a steel bucket holding a ton was lowered into a vessel and filled by shovelers. Now self-filling baskets, each of five to ten tons capacity, are used, and no shovelers are needed. The deep lake channels have brought about the big ships, and these in turn have expanded the methods of loading and unloading. Economic gains are large and added to every year. Let no one undertake to deal with river improvement on the basis of the commerce on the present unimproved river channels. Big vessels, with assured depth of water, create conditions of their own. They have never failed in this respect, and will not work differently on the main streams of the Mississippi Valley.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

INVESTIGATION OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE fact that stands out with most startling distinctness in connection with recent railway accidents is the general distrust that is felt in the attempts of the railways themselves to investigate the causes of accidents and to apply the remedies. No sane person supposes for an instant that the frequency and seriousness of disasters are matters of indifference to railway managers and officers. The actual destruction of property and the enormous damages that invariably follow would alone be sufficient to insure all possible precautions; but that these potent motives have proved ineffectual, shows that the radical defect in American methods and practice has not yet been reached. * * * The successful incorporation into American practice of an independent public investigation of railway accidents by a trained official, such as an engineering officer of the army, presents many difficulties of legislation, but these it should not be impossible to overcome. At all events, the repetition of disasters like that at the Atlantic City drawbridge, the collision near the national capital a few weeks ago, the derailment of the electric train on the New York Central and the accident to the Pennsylvania's "eighteen-hour flyer" will sooner or later compel decisive action for the protection of the traveler. It were far better that the action should be taken with the co-operation and assistance of the railways than if it were hastily imposed upon them by the compelling force of an outraged, and possibly illogical and ill-informed, public opinion. But something must be done; that is a conclusion from which there is no possible escape.—Chicago Tribune.

CONVICTION OF MAYOR SCHMITZ.

IN the long list of bad city administrations which this nation has to its discredit the period of misrule given to San Francisco by Schmitz and his unscrupulous political partner, Abe Ruef, must be ranked near the top. It stands as a reproach to San Franciscans, who were not sufficiently public spirited to act in the interest of the community at critical times. Instead, they dallied with faction and so were overwhelmed with disgrace in municipal affairs long after they had had abundant proof that the Schmitz regime was unreliable and unscrupulous. In the riot of bribery which has been a logical result of their lack of public spirit they have had their well-merited punishment.

Here is a lesson for every American municipality. No citizen of any of them can afford to shape his course in political matters in response to any but the best motives. If he elects boodlers to power they are his boodlers and his is the shame when their evil doings are exposed. There are plenty of worthy and efficient men to hold all the public offices. To choose any other kind of public officers is to drag one's citizenship in the dust.—Chicago News.

PUBLIC LAND THIEVES.

THE public land troubles has reached an acute stage. The climax has come in Utah, where it is shown that corporations, the heads of which are Eastern men, have forcibly taken entry on coal lands of almost fabulous value and are retaining possession by the shotgun method.

Conditions prevail in Utah somewhat similar to those in the government timber regions, and, first and last, there has been a great deal of thievery—and worse—in all the public domain. Men high in place and power have been mixed in it and have mostly covered their tracks so well as to escape their just deserts. Senator Mitchell of Oregon was caught, but there are other equally as guilty as he was who are yet unpunished. They have been stealing Uncle Sam poor, and if they can be brought to book and made to suffer like other criminals the country will rejoice.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

BALLOON RACING A Fad of the Rich

If you ever have the opportunity to witness a balloon race, do so by all means, says Williamsport (Pa.) Grit. A horse or automobile race is not in the same class, and even the human race is quite tame along side of it. The excitement is not confined to the competitors. The spectators share it, and they feel as the balloonist does that it is a race against time and space, with death as a competitor with a possible chance of winning. The balloon racer is unquestionably above other racing men. He goes over a course in which ordinarily no obstacles can be placed, and he usually has the track to himself.

Above is a picture of a recent balloon race showing the balloons ready to start. There are about a dozen of them, and each one is tugging at the ropes which hold it captive. One almost fancies the great canvas spheres are animate beings and are eager to be off at the crack of the pistol, like a trained track horse. The spectators are standing about, sizing up the racers and the men who will race them. The balloons are really the racers of the aerial track, and the daring balloonists are the jockeys who will guide them over the course.

When all was in readiness, at a given signal the balloons were simultaneously released, and shot up into the air with a loud swish. A mighty shout arose from the assembled spectators. For a few moments the racers seemed to be about neck and neck in the race, and then the racer floating the red and white colors forged a bit ahead. A shout of frenzied delight arose from its partisans. Evidently the applause reached the ears of the man guiding it, for the balloon shot ahead another fifty feet as a result of some manipulation. For some minutes the balloons appeared to hold the positions attained at the start, and then the red and green noticeably gained on the red and white. The two by this time were far ahead of the others, and it was evident to all that one of the two balloons in the lead would win the race, and the betting became wildly enthusiastic. Farther and farther up into space they arose. Now they would appear to be going inland, and again as they entered a higher current of air they would appear to be going seaward at a frightful pace, and one would hear a groan of dismay from the spectators. Soon the two became mere specks in the sky, and it was no longer possible to learn which was in the lead. The anxious spectators learned the result of the race by telegraph two hours later, the red and white having traveled the greatest distance by far in the specified time.

There was not a hitch or accident in the race. In spite of the danger which is certainly always present with such sport, balloon racing is rapidly growing in popularity.

DE RAYLAN

THE MYSTERY OF THE CENTURY

Not since the time of the puzzling Chevalier d'Eon, in the eighteenth century, has there come to public attention such a sex riddle as has been presented in the case of Nicolai de Raylan, who masqueraded eighteen years as a man and was found to be a woman only after her death in Phoenix, Ariz., last December. A diary and a bundle of correspondence, in the office of the Chicago public administrator, reveal an amazing story.

De Raylan, it appears, was started on her career of deception in an attempt to blackmail her mother, at whom she was incensed because the paternity of the girl was kept a secret. De Raylan adopted male attire and tried to prove that she had been masqueraded as a girl by her mother in violation of the laws of Russia, which provide heavy punishment for such an offense. A feature of the story is the fact that De Raylan interested the late M. Constantini Petrovitch Pobiedonostoff, procurator of the holy synod, in her case, and prevailed on him to start suit against her mother.

The diary, which covers the period between 1888 and 1892, shows that the real family name of De Raylan was Taletsky. The first entries depict her as a school girl 15 years old, about to graduate from a seminary at Kiev, Russia. At this time the girl's mother suddenly acquires wealth to the amount of 250,000 rubles (about $125,000), and Nicolai, the only name by which De Raylan is known to have been called, discovers that the money has been settled on her parent as trustee by a member of the nobility, to be conserved in the interests of Nicolai. The girl becomes curious as to the reason for the settlement and suspects that the unknown nobleman is her father, but fails to drag information on the point from her mother. Then comes the inspiration that resulted in eighteen years of pseudo-masculinity for De Raylan.

In Russia the law makes it a crime punishable by imprisonment for any person to gain entrance for a boy into a girls' school and also, under the military statutes, makes it a serious crime for a mother to hide the sex of a male child. Young De Raylan, according to the journal, schemed to blackmail her own mother by aid of these laws, and to this end took into her confidence her French governess, Louise Ratone. Two years were spent in preparing for the assumption of the male disguise, and in 1891 Louise Ratone wrote to the late M. Pobiedonostoff, procurator of the holy synod, telling in detail the alleged facts in the case. The churchman insisted on starting criminal proceedings against the mother. At his instance Nicolai swore out a complaint against her mother in Odessa. The woman was arrested and preparations started for the trial.

This, however, was too swift a proceeding for Nicolai, and, fearing detection, she procured money from Zaney Rosdorhney, a woman living in St. Petersburg with whom she had professed to fall in love, and fled to Helsinfors, Finland, leaving a letter for M. Pobiedonostoff, telling him that filial devotion prevented her apearance against her mother. The procurator was chagrined, but ordered the officials to proceed with the case. The mother produced evidence that Nicolai was a girl. The procurator was enraged.

From Helsinfors Nicolai soon fled to Antwerp, Belgium, changing her name to Nicolai Konstantinevitch. At Atwerp a banker, M. Glittens, sent her to the United States. Arrived in Chicago, Nicolai was presented to Charles Henrotin, Belgian consul, who introduced her to the Russian consul, and, after taking out naturalization papers, Nicolai eventually became secretary to Baron Schlippenbach, Russian consul.

The life of De Raylan in Chicago was disclosed after her death in Phoenix. She smoked and drank hard, used profane language and traveled with a rapid set of young men. She married her first "wife" when 20 years old. Nine years later the "wife" obtained a divorce, and then married Francis P. Bradchulis, De Raylan's business partner. Nicolai at once went to New York and married Anna Davidson, an actress, who brought suit to get possession of the estate after De Raylan's death and sought to establish that De Raylan was a man. Letters discovered in the strong wooden chest in which the dairy was found indicate that Mrs. Anna De Raylan knew Nicolai's life secret.

Butter's Rival.

Beaten by a Frenchman in the discovery of a substitute for butter, the American has now far outstripped his scientific rival across the sea in turning that discovery to commercial uses. One result is that American manufacturers are shipping hundreds of tons of oleomargarine back to the land of its origin every year, and are selling it there cheaper than the Frenchmen themselves can make it. Chicago is now the center of the oleomargarine industry of the world.—Technical World Magazine.

But No One Laughed.

At an old-fashioned revival down in the Ozarks a woman was telling her experience.

"I used to care a lot for the vanities of this world," she exclaimed. "But when I was saved I saw that all my finery and jewelry and trinkets were dragging my soul down into perdition, and I took 'em all off and gave 'em to my sister."—Kansas City Times.

It Wasn't the Custom.

Eve—I haven't a thing to wear.

Adam—You are not supposed to year anything.—Judge.

WOMEN AND THEIR HUSBANDS' MONEY.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

Women are always telling a tale of woe about the tragedy of not having any money they can call their own and being obliged to ask for it from husbands who treat them like beggars. After reviewing the matter dispassionately, I confess to a sneaking sympathy with the men. Where does the money come from for the incessant demands of life Just now I am desperately turning over in my mind various schemes by which living expenses may be lightened. Truth compels me to state that I have not hit upon any. I know that I have conveyed to my readers the idea that I am economical and thrifty. Far from it! I am one of those pig-headed idealists who are always working themselves to death and having nothing to show for it. Plenty of people with less to live on dress better and make more show in the world.

Whenever I hear a woman boast of being a good manager I always take it with a grain of salt. Good management comes in mainly when there isn't anything to manage on. It consists in being quite cheerful and smiling in a last-year's gown and a made-over hat. The best management in the world is in making life worth living to yourself and to your family. A woman can never do this by assuming a downtrodden air about spending "her husband's money."

Many a woman thinks her husband stingy when he is only reasonable, and many a man gives in to his wife's pleading for money to furnish the house or send the children away to school when all his better judgment tells him the money should be laid by for a rainy day. I know women who are mean in money matters and men who have lived narrow, pitiful lives because their wives were of the skinflint disposition. Lack of money can come as near dwarfing a life as any other thing, except a narrow mind and a narrow creed. But we need not be hopelessly bound in shallows, even though we be women, custom shackled and seemingly at the mercy of some selfish, close-fisted man.

Let me say again, though I paraphrase Wagner, that liberty is a state of mind. I know women who have private incomes to apply as they like, who travel and see and hear all that is to be seen and heard, and who are not happier or brighter or much better informed than the writer of these lines, who has never in her life been free from poverty, who has seldom been out of her native State, who has never seen the ocean or the capital of the United States, but who is nevertheless a denizen of the world—a child of the universe, "whose lanterns are the moon and Mars."—Juliet V. Strauss, in Chicago Journal.

MERIDA'S MANY MILLIONAIRES.

Made Rich by Henequen; Yucatan May Yield Supremacy.

The wealth of the mines of Mexico is proverbial, yet there are nearly as many millionaires in Merida, the capital of Yucatan, a State with practically no mineral resources, as there are in all Mexico combined, says Modern Mexico. Henequen, or sisal hemp as it is sometimes known, has made Merida and its people rich. Merida has forty millionaires, or one to every 2,000 inhabitants. The farmers of the United States, who use binding twine, which is manufactured from henequen, have enriched the growers of henequen in Yucatan. The United States, in 1906, bought from Mexico 95,324 tons of henequen, valued at $14,486,569. The exports of henequen elsewhere than from Mexico amounted to but 2,500 tons, valued at about $308,150. Of the total amount of henequen exported from Mexico to the United States, and this accounts for about 95 per cent of the total production, all but less than 3,000 tons was produced in Yucatan. Only in Campeche, Chiapas and Tabasco is henequen grown outside of Yucatan, in Mexico. Of these the largest amount of henequen is grown in Campeche, the production of this State last year being 5,200 tons. Campeche is the future competitor of Yucatan in the production of henequen. While Yucatan is the natural habitat of henequen, yet the production in Campeche is greater per acre. This is due to the better quality of land in Campeche and the greater amount of rainfall.

The stability of the henequen industry is, to quote a Yucatan authority, "greater than that of any bank." The plant has practically no enemies. Drought does not affect it, and the money allowable in its harvesting extends over twelve months. The best authorities agree that the cost of production of henequen to the planter is about 3 cents per pound. Landed in New York, the cost per pound is placed at about 5½ cents. The average price of henequen is about 7 cents per pound, showing a net profit in the neighborhood of 100 per cent. With an average yield of henequen, counting in the profits from by-products, each [illegible] will produce $[illegible]

[illegible] George F. Seymour, of Chicago, Ill., who founded St. Stephen's College, at Annandale on the Hudson, had a reverent fondness for [illegible]

While the bishop was walking with a young woman one day, says the Minneapolis Journal, he pointed out to her some of the fine trees in the neighborhood. She professed great interest and [illegible], declaring that the noble aspect of beautiful trees stirred up the keenest emotions of the soul. Then, patting a great trunk, she said, glowingly: "These speech oak, what would you say to us if you could talk?"

The bishop smiled.

"I believe I can be his interpreter," he said. "He would probably say, 'I [illegible] your pardon, miss, but I am a tree.'"

Vocal Power.

[illegible] completely filled the [illegible] was so powerful [illegible] don't feel badly about it. [illegible] could empty the house."—[illegible]

[illegible] have a great [illegible] where they [illegible]

[illegible] Thus the opportunity [illegible]

CHANCE MURDER A NEW TERROR.

MRS. EDNA HUMELHAGEN.

That death is latent in surroundings that seem most secure is demonstrated by the slaying of Mrs. Edna Humelhagen on the streets of Freeport, Ill., by a stranger, because she looked like a woman who had spurned his love.

Mrs. Humelhagen, married only a score of months, was trundling her baby along the street in the sunshine, blithe in her heart and proud as a young mother can be of her child.

Suddenly a young man the worse for liquor, halts, stares at her, mumbles a curse and frightens her into a run. As she flees this shadow across her path, the brute whips out a revolver and fires at her. The third bullet strikes down the terrified woman and she drops into the arms of a passerby. The shooter was a youth who says he mistook Mrs. Humelhagen for a woman who had rejected him.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

When the cousin from the Middle West, who had never seen the ocean, was expected, her New England relatives rejoiced in the three-days' wild storm that preceded her arrival, for it assured such a surf as would render her first view suitably impressive. They escorted her jubilantly to a jutting headland, where she could best behold the tremendous sea, and stood eagerly awaiting her verdict. It was unexpected.

"Waves rolling mountains high, indeed!" she exclaimed, disgustedly. "Why, they aren't rolling any higher than second-story windows! Don't they do any better than that, ever?"

She soon came to appreciate the real beauty and majesty of a scene for which the figurative language of the poets, taken literally, had ill-prepared her; but it was long before the dashed spirits of her Eastern cousins resumed their buoyancy.

A like shock was that experienced by a lady who accompanied a friend for the first time to the White Mountains.

"There they are! Look!" she cried, as Mount Washington and the assembled peaks of the Presidential range burst into view through parting clouds.

"Where?" demanded her friend, eagerly. "What, not those? Why, I thought of course they would be snow-capped! What are they called White Mountains for if they're not white?"

Still more discouraging was the experience of the farmer in a beautiful, quiet pastoral country, who was visited at the same time by relatives from Illinois and relatives from Vermont. Cousin John from the prairies grew restless after a day or two, and finally owned he felt shut in and smothered. "These hills! these hills! Living in a hole, I call it," he said. "Now I like to see a neighbor coming when he's ten miles off, and get some sense and feeling of the size of this good, big old world of ours. I want room!"

Cousin Eliza, from the Green Mountains, made no remarks, but she shortened her visit by several days, and admitted the reason, a trifle shamefacedly, on the morning of her departure.

"The fact is, Eben," she owned, "it's so flat round here I just couldn't stand it any longer. I'm downright homesick for a hill!"

A Friend's Diagnosis.

A man of somewhat caustic wit who had been dining sumptuously at the table of a nouveau riche declared to a friend on his homeward way that he felt a new and strange sensation about his heart.

"If it isn't indigestion," ventured the friend, "I think it must be gratitude."

A New Motor Gas.

"Alkoethine," the new motor gas, is a mixture of air, alcohol vapor and acetylene, resulting from the spraying of dilute alcohol over calcium carbide. It proves to be a cheaper fuel than gasoline, and the necessary apparatus for producing it can be adapted to any high-speed gasoline motor.

About all the decolletts gown does for a thin woman is to start an argument about which looks worse: collar bones or elbows.

SECOND WIFE MUST BE DUMB.

Widower Says No. 1 Kept Her Tongue Going Every Hour.

A twelve months' trial of life as a widower has proved unsatisfactory to Roger Manchester and he is looking for a second wife, but the requirement is such as to make the search difficult, says the Pine Ridge (S. D.) correspondent of the New York World. His first wife was an interminable talker, and, he says, her chatter was continuous from the time she arose in the morning until bedtime.

Manchester says the woman he seeks, and he will take no other, must be without the power of speech, but she may have her hearing; he would prefer her that way. He began his search two months ago and has even traveled all over the State in his quest. Dumb women, he says, are not at all plentiful. He wrote to several matrimonial agencies setting forth his needs and begging them to send him at once the names and addresses of as many dumb women of marriageable age as they had listed, so that he might place himself in communication with them and make a choice.

At the time they received his letter the matrimonial agencies had no dumb women listed, but they have promised to make a diligent effort to supply him with the names of some, and he is now waiting with as much patience as he can command, to hear from them further.

Manchester is a reticent man, somewhere in the forties, is well to do and is fairly attractive in physical aspect and in manners. He admires good looks in a woman and he says he hopes the woman he weds may be comely. He likes a sweet, sunny temper also, and he expresses the hope that his second wife may be of a sweet, sunny temper.

Could Not Foot Her.

Suspicion, once planted in the human breast, is quick and flourishing of growth. The countryman, proverbial bait for the wicked, is more often taken in by the innocent things than by confidence men and thieves. Of such a type was the old farmer's wife whose story is told in the Minneapolis Journal. The ways of the city were a mystery to the good lady, and she resolved to be armed for every emergency.

The farmer and his wife were setting off for an event in their lives, a visit to St. Paul. They had been cautioned repeatedly by their friends to beware of sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open, and started with a nervous determination to look out for confidence tricks.

On the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went on without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was craning out of the car window, shouting something reproachful at him, which he could not hear on account of the noise of the train.

It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The farmer boarded it and got to St. Paul nearly an hour earlier than his wife.

He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized her valise.

"Well, Sarah," he said, "I'm glad to see ye again. I didn't know but we was separated forever."

"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper!" she cried. "I left my husband at the junction. Don't be coming any of yer confidence games on me, or I'll call a policeman."

Utter Silence.

"Charley, dear, said young Mrs. Torkins, "is is true that money talks?"

"I suppose so."

"You must be very fond of silence. After losing your money at the races you go to the ball game and lose your voice."—Washington Star.

Immune.

"New designs on gold coins, eh!" sniffed Smythe, laying down his paper. "Well, I don't care. A fellow with some of the old designs got mine."—Philadelphia Press.

A lot of trouble would be averted if women feared men as much as they do mice.

SIMILARITY OF THE LOVING AND THAW CASES

When the jury acquitted Judge William G. Loving of the murder of Theodore Estes, at Houston, Va., it was upon the perfunctory ground of "insanity," although in reality it was a vindication of the "unwritten law." In the grounds of defense it resembled the Thaw case in New York, and it is possible that this precedent may have some effect when the latter case comes up for a new trial in the fall.

On those who think upon these two remarkable murders the fact is impressed that drink was at the bottom of both. It was drink and attendant dissipations that placed Stanford White within reach of the fatal bullet. It was drink that animated Harry Thaw and nerved his arm for the deed. It was drink that led Evelyn Thaw to a condition of easy conquest. Miss Loving was more or less addicted to drinking, and when young Estes gave he too much liquor it started the scandal that ended in the whisky-soaked Judge Loving shooting the victim, as in the White case, without a chance for his life.

Judge Loving is a free man, but the blight of murder shall remain forever upon his soul. The daughter will live to be tormented by the fact that her story caused the death of a man innocent of the specific crime alleged. Surely in the record of these two tragedies there is a solemn lesson that should sink deep into the minds of American young men and women. It is the same old lesson that has been taught in records of blood all through the ages—that the wages of sin is death.—Kansas City Journal.