Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

RAILWAY TRAMPS.

A WRITER in a current magazine describes railway tramps as a grave menace not merely to interstate commerce, but to the safety of the traveling public. As a rule, a train is in charge of five men only—the engineer, the fireman, the conductor and two brakemen. Hoboes riding "blind baggage" on the trucks beneath the cars, or snugly ensconced in the grain in half-filled freight cars, or even—as sometimes happens—lying across the backs of pigs or sheep in cattle cars, cannot only make trouble for the train crews, but by turning the angle cocks can apply the air brakes instantly, thus causing frequent wrecks and occasional loss of life. It is comparatively easy for a veteran of the road to elude the trainmen in a kind of hide-and-seek game, played in and out of the small doors in the tops of the cars and over the roofs of a moving freight train. There is hardly an accident that does not include the death of a tramp who was riding the trucks or traveling as a stowaway in the corner of a box car. Very often the cars are set on fire by the matches of these undesirable passengers. The only way to safeguard life and property is to visit with the severest penalties all infractions of the law inhibiting trespassing on railroad property. The courts have been too lenient.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HAZING DENOUNCED.

THE practice of hazing has passed beyond all the bounds of law and order. The spirit which indulges in it now is that of the bully, and no more that of the fun-loving boy. The practice was always reprehensible. Now that it dares to run in defiance of public opinion, when it mocks at law and delights at torture in the guise of a "joke," it is no longer to be regarded as less than criminal. The practical joker was always a nuisance and a fool. The hazer adds to these attributes these of being both malicious and dangerous. If the college authorities are not brave enough or powerful enough to put an instant end to hazing wherever it is practiced they should appeal to the State and municipal police. Offenders should be punished without regard to their youth or good intentions.—Washington (D. C.) Post.

HEALTH AND COUNTRY.

WE live faster in American cities than they do in England. Our men work too hard and our women work too little. In the country the housewife, her children and the head of the house toil unceasingly. They have bathrooms, which the English countryman does not possess. The boys go to school, play in the open, are learning the laws and rules of hygiene. The dining-table contains pure and wholesome food.

Farmers and the merchants and clerks in small communities do not watch with feverish anxiety the stock ticker five and six hours a day. They do not retire at night wondering if another day's sun will find them bankrupt, homeless, in terror of jail cells. Nor, to be sure, does everyone in New York so live. We have clean, healthy-minded, fearless and honest young men, as well as honest, aged men, by the thousands. In our America—among our hills and in our valleys—our countrymen are strong, forceful, pure-minded, and are ever ready to fight for the traditions that have made this a happy and wonderful nation. And our men are strong enough to do it!—New York American.

THE SCIENTIFIC FARMER.

IN any community the progressive farmer may be recognized by the attitude he adopts toward the Department of Agriculture. The scoffer may have good crops despite his refusal to follow the suggestions and take advantage of the experiments of the government bureau, but it is more than likely that he would have better crops if he paid heed to such hints. Indeed, the advantage gained by the farmer who recognizes in the government's enterprise the best available advice for the agriculturist is not measured by the material gains alone in crops and stock and in farm economics. He is the broader man for his communion thus with science, and his general administration is improved without reference to the specific details of bulletins or year-books. In fact, the American farmer to-day is a wide-awake, progressive man, and his broadening is due in part to the government's work.—Washington Star.

ELECTRICITY AND RAILWAYS.

THERE are now in the United States almost 40,000 miles of electrical railways, not including the former steam railways which are using this power at the terminals. There are plenty of men living who remember when there were not so many miles of steam railway in the country. The trolley, which was at first a purely urban institution, has become a competitor with steam, and it seems certain that a few generations hence electricity will be the great motive power on all railways unless some invention of a superior quality is brought out to supplant both.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HOUSEWIVES.

AMERICA is not alone in her distress over a decreasing supply of domestic labor. While gaining 3,000,000 households, Germany has lost 37,000 in her total number of servants. Distaste for what old-fashioned New Englanders call "housework" grows steadily in classes from which such labor generally comes. We seem to see a distant time when, in the absence of machinery mechanically relieving her, the average housewife will have to be her own "girl."—Boston Herald.

RARE OPERATION ON LIONESS.

Twenty-five Pound Tumor Cut Out of Her Chest by Surgeons.

Julia, the huge lioness, whose roars and savage appearance have delighted thousands of patrons of the Cincinnati zoological gardens, is no more, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. She died yesterday morning and was probably the first wild beast of the jungle that underwent an operation of a serious nature similar to that often performed on human beings.

The operating physicians say she would have undoubtedly recovered but for her age, 17 years. Julia was a sufferer from a tumerous growth, twenty-five pounds in weight, which had started in her chest and would soon have killed her. Drs. Norton Dock J. Plaaz and Theodore Bauge were called in and undertook to perform the operation, which was extremely hazardous to the physicians themselves.

An apparatus was rigged up that, by a series of moves, gradually inclosed the snarling beast until she couldn't turn round. She fought against the approach of the surgeons with such wildness that steel prongs had to be used to prod her into even half-submissiveness. Several of the attendants had narrow escapes from being struck by the great paws. Finally iron bars were worked through several holes drilled in the box and Julia roared in a terrifying manner while she was being pinned down. Ether was then administered and the beast sunk down under the paralyzing effects.

However, while the surgeons were working on her she revived sufficiently to cause some alarm, but each time she was given more of the anesthetic. The doctors worked entirely with their hands after reaching the tumor and the operation took about a half hour. After the operation had been performed the lioness revived and was given the freedom of her cage again. She walked around for a time, but finally sought a dark corner. In a short time she died. The body will be stuffed and may be presented to the university museum.

Pay Within Cars.

"Pay within" cars, it is contended, are an improvement on the "pay as you enter" style. Both the front and rear platforms are closed when the cars are moving, the doors only being opened when the cars come to a full stop at crossings. These doors are operated pneumatically with a lever which the conductor handles. When the doors close the car steps fold up, making it impossible for any one to board the car after it has started. When the cars come to a stop the doors are opened and the step drops into place automatically. There are exits at each end, but entrance is only at the rear of the car. The conductor stands behind a railing which every passenger must pass and collects the fare. It is believed that on this car it will be practically impossible for the conductor to miss a fare and damage claims will be reduced to the minimum, for most accidents happen to persons who try to board or leave cars after they are in motion.

We wonder how it feels to be a grandfather. And we wonder how it feels to have your son-in-law live at your house.

There is always something happening to keep you excited.

HUTS THAT ARE FORTRESSES.

BULLET-PROOF QUARTERS FOR AUSTRIANS.

Along the Bosnian and Herzegovinian frontier is a series of iron bullet-proof huts which act as barracks for the Austrian frontier guards. More or less attached to these guards are a number of Herzegovinian and Bosnian spies and scouts. It is the business of these men—who are, of course, paid by Austria—to report movements of troops, or bodies of men, in Albania and Montenegro. Each hut is garrisoned by eight or ten men, and the posts are found not only along the frontier, but in the interior of Bosnia and Herzegovinia. These miniature forts are known as "Volcker Barracken," from the name of their inventor, an officer.—Illustrated London News.

FARMING IN INDIA.

Religious Rites Required from Beginning to End of Season.

Agricultural practice in Southern India from start to finish requires religious rites, says the Madras Mail.

In the Tampil districts the agricultural year commences about April. On April 23 the cultivators of a village consult a "Valluvan," who fixes for them the kind of wood that they should cut and take away. He is supposed to settle the question as the result of astrological observations made on the commencement of the Tamil New Year's Day, which falls about April 13. Each cultivator then takes a little camphor, some incense, a few plantains and a cocoanut, and with others assembled for the purpose he proceeds to the forest, there he worships the tree he is about to cut by burning the incense and the camphor and offering the plantains and the cocoanut. Then he lops off the first branch, taking good care that it falls on the right side. In each year the side is different. Prosperity to himself and his cattle is firmly believed to depend very much upon this. He then cuts away the required quantity of wood and takes it home.

Another day is then selected, soon after the early rains of the same month, by the "Valluvan," and then the greatest event of the agricultural year occurs. Each ryot takes the wood he has selected for the plow, which is newly fitted up, and taken to the field, where the bullocks are tied to it, and behind it stand other plows with teams of oxen tied to them, while large crowds assemble around the teams.

The principal plowman then daubs the pair of oxen tied to the new plow with aniline powder and turmeric paste; he lights camphor and burns incense before it, breaks a cocoanut, and with it he makes an offering of a pot of jaggery water and parched grain and Benegal gram. Then he drives the plow across the field, preceded by the other plowmen, and after a few rounds the oxen are unyoked and the offerings distributed to those present.

"Banks of flowers" appears with regularity in the society columns, but the only place where there are really banks of flowers is not a society event: At a funeral.

"BAD ME[illegible] SOUTHWEST.

One Was E[illegible] [illegible] and Blood Made [illegible] James Faint.

The world is not very small after all. The other day I glanced casually over the register of a hotel and read the name "Kinch West Johnson." It may be that I was the only man in New York outside the person who signed the register that would have taken an interest in the signature, and yet Kinch West was on the point of putting my light out once, says a writer in the New York Telegraph. He was an Indian Territory character in the early '70s and stopped a night with me when I was a boy and living under the parental roof, and he interested me greatly by telling me of his adventures in the Southwest.

Five years later I was riding on a railway train approaching Dennison, Tex., and I saw him. Being young and foolish, I hit him on the back and said: "Hello, Mr. West! I'm glad to see you." Say, Kinch's smoke wagons were all over me in a minute. Until he recognized me he scowled, and after that he laughed heartily. At Dennison he wrung my hand and said: "Good-by, boy, and don't say anything about my being here."

Naturally, I hunted up Kinch West Johnson, and what do you suppose he was? A drummer. A mild-mannered boy, who was glad to acknowledge that the redoubtable Kinch West was his grandfather. And he confessed to me that he had never owned a gun in his life.

One story of this kind leads to another. I recalled Frank James almost as soon as I had listened to young Johnson's story of how little use he had for a gun. About fourteen years ago I happened to be present at the fair grounds in St. Louis when Frank James, along with a number of others, was vaccinated in obedience to the law. Frank fainted as soon as the knife went into his flesh.

"I ought not to have looked," he explained to me. "I never could bear the sight of blood."

SHEAR NONSENSE

Soandso—Barker knows his own business. Humpher—Yes; but he doesn't mind a little thing like that.—Puck.

"Why on earth did you ever marry me?" "Oh, don't be so bromidic! That's what everybody asks."—Cleveland Leader.

(At the club)—"Oh, I say, who d'you think I met this morning?" "Do you mind guessing for me, old man? I'm rather tired."—Punch.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband has been just lovely to me all day. Mrs. Wicks—H'm! What was it you caught him doing?—Boston Transcript.

Many a man who boasts that he is the architect of his own house must have stood in with the building inspectors.—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Rich—I suppose you find that a baby brightens up the house? Mr. Benedict—Yes; we burn nightly twice the gas we used to.—Answers.

"Speakin' of de law of compensation," said Uncle Eben, "an automobile goes faster dan a mule, but at de same time it hits harder and balks longer."—Washington Star.

Pa—You know, Willie, this thrashing is going to hurt me more than you. Willie (sympathetically)—well, don't be too rough on yourself, dad. 'Taint worth it.—Chicago Daily News

Wife—Did you get the seats for that play I'm so anxious to see? Husband—Yes, I was very fortunate. I got two orchestra chairs for three years from to-night.—Life.

The Suitor—Johnny, your parlor clock is an hour fast. The Kid Brother—I know it. But don't tell sister so. The Suitor—Why not? The Kid Brother—Because she thinks you don't know it.—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Shellpod—Hiram, some o' them there hoboes hev stole ther wash offen the line agin! Farmer Shellpod—Haow dew you know they wuz hoboes? Mrs. Shellpod—Becuz they tuk everything but th' towels.—Chicago News.

Lola—Last night young Boren declared he would willingly go to the end of the earth for me. Grace—And what did you say? Lola—I finally got him to make a start for home, and let it go at that!—Boston Transcript.

Cobble—You certainly have a good cook. By the way, where do you get your servants? Stone—From our neighbors. When we hear of a good one among them, we offer her more money to come with us. Cobble—But, my dear fellow, is that honorable? Stone—Why not? Can you develop a sense of honor with a poor digestion?—Life.

Exploding a Musty Myth.

The old-time idea was that the farmer toiled from dawn till dark—sixteen and eighteen hours a day—and had a very much more difficult life of it than the artisan with union-labor hours or professional man twiddling his pen over writing paper six hours a day, says Agnes C. Laut in Outing. The new farmer knows that though the day's work may be sixteen hours in the rush season, it is often less than four hours in the rainy and dull seasons, and that the farmer's day's work totals up fewer hours for the whole year than the artisan's; to be exact, I think the figures are between six and seven hours for an average. The new farmer knows to a cent what his labor costs him in wages and board, and what returns in cash that labor gives him, and whether the margin of profit is big enough to guarantee keeping certain hired men.

By an Irresponsible.

"An authority on style attempts to tell how some fashions were started."

"I think some of them must have been started in the dark."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE PRICELESS THOUGHT.

A penny for my thoughts? I'll tell you this:
To me that thought is worth the whole of bliss.
Ten thousand kings, set on ten thousand thrones,
Have not a millionth part in precious stones,
In silver, gold, and other treasures rare,
Of what is mine in that one thought so fair
That you would buy for copper. E'en the mint
Itself compared to it hath nothing in't.
The chests of Crœsus, Monte Cristo, and
The added wealth of all our lavish land,
I would not take for that one precious thought,
Yet since you ask, I'll give it you for naught.
'Tis this, Sweetheart, come hither and incline
Your ear that I may whisper—
"Thou art mine!"

—John Kendrick Bangs, in Ainslee's Magazine.

A Skating Episode

Years ago, when I was a student at Heidelberg, it was my custom to travel up a branch of the Neckar every week-end to an old castle where dwelt the Baron von Rosentower with his daughter Elsa. My father and the Baron had been fast friends at Heidelberg many years before, and the Baron was always glad to see me. I for my part had fallen deeply in love with the dark-eyed Elsa. With all the ardor of youth I had wooed her with my eyes; but as yet not a word of love had passed between us. On the night of which I am writing it was my intention to speak to her of my passion, and ask her to be mine forever.

It was in the early part of the year, and the river was well frozen. Knowing that I could travel nearly the whole of the distance on the ice, I donned my skates and set out. When I reached the branch of the river that led up to the castle the full moon rose before me, shedding its glorious silver light over everything. Its rising hurried my strides, for I realized that in the previous week I had arranged with Elsa to meet her at a certain bend of the river at six, and it was now nearly that time.

As I hastened on I could see the lights of the castle twinkling in the distance. They shone in the night like stars to guide my feet to her I loved. She would be coming down the river now, and would reach the meeting place before me.

There had been some talk of robbers in the neighborhood recently, and for this reason I carried not a revolver, but a stick in which was concealed a rapier, thinking this was good enough for them. Thoughts of robbers were capped by the weird, dismal howl of a wolf in the distance. It brought a chill to my heart—a vague misgiving and a presentiment of evil. I was not overconcerned about myself, but I was in great haste to reach the spot where Elsa would be waiting for me. A foreboding of catastrophe followed at my heels, and as I sped faster and faster it still followed close. What a fool I was to be late and keep my loved one waiting in a wild spot!

I was nearing a bend in the river when a cry reached my ears. Could it be the howl of a wolf? It was repeated. It sounded more human. Was it the cry of a woman? I increased my pace to the utmost to round the bend whence the cry had proceeded. My forebodings of evil gripped my heart and lent wings to my feet.

Again the cry was repeated, and I now knew it for that of a woman—and, what was more, it was a cry of distress. Another moment and I had rounded the bend. There I saw, in a broad patch of the moonlit ice, a man and a woman struggling together.

I shouted. The man turned his head and saw my swift approach. Then, quick as thought, his knife flashed twice, and there was a sharp moan from the woman as she sank to the ground. I was now almost upon them, when the man darted off. I gave chase, thinking to run him through before he could get up speed. But he was too quick for me. As I bore down on him with a rapid sweep he eluded me with the most peculiar and extraordinary maneuver I have ever seen on the ice. But, as he executed this strange figure, I made a swift thrust with my rapier at his right leg as it was thrown back for a moment within my reach, and pierced the fleshy part of the calf. But pursuit was hopeless. He reached the bend, and with a mocking laugh again executed the extraordinary figure which had baffled me. Then he was gone, and I saw him no more.

All this was a matter of seconds. As it was now impossible to catch the robber, or whatever he was, I hurried to the prostrate form upon the ice. Bending over it, I turned the face up to the light. Alas, my worst fears were realized. It was Elsa! And upon the ice beside her was the crimson stain of her life's blood. The cruel knife had evidently done its work. She was dying.

Quickly I pressed my brandy flask to her lips. She stirred, and her eyes looked up into mine.

"My dear," I said, tenderly, "to-night I was going to tell you how much I loved you. And now—and now——"

"Dear," she replied plaintively, "I am dying. Let me die in your arms! And—and tell me your love."

Then, placing her arms around my neck, I raised her up and told her what no other ear shall hear, no other eye shall read. A tremor of love—and death—shook her as our lips met. Then, as her spirit fled, her arms fell from my neck.

Elsa! Elsa!

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My student days were over. After a long search for the murderer of my love, I had been denied even the consolation of vengeance. Yet in the end it was brought home that the murderer's knife stabs himself and the "robber robs to render."

It was a bleak winter day, and January's frost brought the vigorous youth of London out on to the skating ponds. Beneath a gray and frosty sky I made my way with my skates to the ornamental water in Regent's Park. There, among people who were hurrying hither and thither in a motley throng, I gained admission into the reserved enclosure, and was very soon mixed in the crowd upon the ice. Yet it was a melancholy pleasure, for this was the first time I had skated since the tragic affair three years since. The ring of the skates called the sad scene up to me vividly. I could see the banks of the frozen river and the broad moonlit space where Elsa had met her death; could hear her last words ringing in my ears, and see the last look in her eyes upturned to mine.

IT WAS A MELANCHOLY PLEASURE.

Mingling among the throng I strove to drive away these memories. Then as I skated on I caught sight of a crowd gathered round a man who was cutting figures upon the ice.

I drew near to watch, and soon saw that he was no ordinary skater. He displayed a dexterity and a finish that are seldom seen. As I watched him with admiration he suddenly struck across the open patch and sped at a rapid pace towards the line of spectators at one side. But when he came within a yard of them he executed a peculiar movement difficult to follow, and, darting off at right angles, just avoided a collision.

"Bravo! Bravo!" went up from the crowd, for it was a wonderful feat. Those around me ejaculated expressions of astonishment, for it was indeed a trick that they had never witnessed before. But I—I clenched my teeth, and said nothing. I had seen it before. It was the exact movement by which the murderer of my love had eluded me on that fatal night three years since. Could this be the man? I had not seen his face, but I had duly noted and remembered the twist and turn and glide that had baffled me.

This idea, that he was the man, grew upon me as I watched him narrowly. Then, actuated by a sudden idea, I struck forward into the ring and motioned to him. He brought up suddenly and faced me.

"You're a quick skater," I said. "Now I will give you a start round this ring, and if you can prevent me from catching you I'll admit you're the smartest man I've ever seen on the ice."

"Very well," he replied, with a foreign accent; "try it. And if you can catch me you're cleverer than I."

With the words, he started off and I followed. Round and round the ring we went like lightning, the spectators cheering us on. I gained on him and was stretching out my hand to catch him when he leaped right across my path, and, with a stumbling backward movement, left me on the other side of the ring.

The onlookers cheered him and I returned to the charge again. This time, when I was close on him, he did the same thing; but I was after him like a shot, and pressing him close in the middle of the ring. But he was not to be caught. When he was almost within my grasp he swiveled and performed the intricate maneuver that had first attracted my attenion. Before I could look round he was at the other side of the ring laughing at me.

"I give it up," I said. "You are too clever for me."

"I give it up, too," he said. "I've had enough." And with that he sought the bank, and, sitting down on a chair, called for his skates to be removed.

Seeing this, I at once made my way to a policeman, and briefly explained my suspicions to him.

"Murder!" he said, with growing excitement. "Are you sure of it?"

"Yes," I replied. "Do you happen to remember the case of Elsa von Rosentower, killed on the ice at Heidelberg, three years ago?"

"I've heard of it," he replied. "They never found the man. You don't mean to say that——"

"I do," I said. "You come and stand nearby while I talk to him; and take your cue from me."

With this I approached the foreigner, and the policeman established himself nearby.

"That's an extraordinary figure of yours," I said.

"Yes," he replied. "I think I may claim a—what you call—a monopoly of that. You see, no one else can do it."

"Are you sure?" I asked, pointedly. "I fancy I've seen it somewhere."

He looked incredulous.

"I'll wager you a hundred golden sovereigns you can't show me another man who can do it," he said. "Where did you see it?"

"On a branch of the Neckar," I replied. "Leading up to the Castle Rosentower."

The man's jaw fell, and he blanched suddenly as I went on: "Of course, it was you. I tried to overtake you, but you——"

"Me!" he ejaculated, recovering himself. "What proof have you of that?"

"The trick you performed on the ice just now to elude me was the same that you employed on that occasion."

"That is nonsense!" he cried, starting up and glaring at me. "Do you suppose that I'm the only one in the world that can do it?"

"You said just now that no one else could do it," I replied. "You're the man without a doubt."

"Absurd! Ridiculous!" he cried again, while I caught the policeman's eye. "This is too much. You are romancing. I tell you——"

"Listen to me," I said, interrupting him. "Do you know me?"

"No; I never set eyes on you before."

"Good. That lends additional weight to what I have to say. It is this. While I was chasing you I managed to run my rapier through the calf of your right leg before you tricked me. I presume the mark is still there?"

He laughed uneasily.

"Ach! Gott!" he said. "You English are too much. To accuse a man of murder because he can cut a certain figure on the ice, and because you think he has a little mark on the calf of his leg—ach! That's good!" And he laughed again.

But his amusement was short-lived.

"Murder!" said I. "Who accused you of murder? I never said a word about murder."

"Not to him," said the policeman, now stepping forward, "but you did to me a little while back. Will you charge this man?" he went on, addressing me. "He seems to know exactly what the charge is."

"Yes," I returned. "I charge him with the murder of Elsa von Rosentower, three years ago, on the Neckar!"

There was a sensation among the spectators as the man, pale as death, looked this way and that as if for some loophole of escape. But, with the policeman's heavy hand upon him, there was small chance, and he was led away like one in a dream, self-convicted by his own words.

Subsequent investigation proved him to be the right man, for there was the small mark of the rapier wound visible upon the calf of his leg. The whole matter was cleared up and his identity was proved beyond a doubt. In due course he was executed, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that the very trick by means of which he had escaped me on that tragic night had now brought about his just doom.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"ADS" THAT PARIS KNOWS.

Heralding of Goods for Sale Differs from America's Methods.

The new moving picture arrangement for advertising on the "Great White Way" is one of the means of advertisement with which Parisians have long been familiar. The cimematographs are the most amusing things on the boulevards at night, portraying crazy stories, interspersed with many reclames, says the New York Post.

Posters are more employed than over here. Although Paris boasts of few glaring billboards, almost every blank wall space is covered with little slips advertising houses to rent, furniture to sell or help wanted. Each bill should have a governmental stamp of a few centimes, and those who do not pay this duty to the government are liable to prosecution.

Political and mass meetings are also announced in this way; in fact, it is the usual form of agitating. The recent strikes were made public by means of posters, and at regular intervals the women's rights members go about pasting slips.

Sandwich men are extensively employed, especially by the music halls. On the Boulevard St. Michael an old man walks with half-closed eyes, carrying a sign which reads in big letters: "Do Not Look Behind." Needless to say, every one hastens to do so.

The custom of distributing reclames in the street, although seen here, is by no means as general as in France. There it is a common advertising medium. Any business, from dressmaking and dry goods to schools and libraries, is recommended. This is, indeed, a regular business, and the distributers, men and women, must have a license.

The theater is an advertising medium for dressmakers and milliners. It is a well-known fact that the principal Parisian actresses never pay for their dresses; these are furnished by the big establishments free of charge, provided their names figure on the program.

Him Also.

"Her hats beggar description."

"And that's not all they beggar if her husband tells the truth."—Houston Post.

There are two Esperanto clubs in Moscow, and over a thousand persons are busy studying the language. A book store will shortly be opened, in which only books printed in Esperanto will be sold.