PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

BEGGING LETTERS SELDOM SHOW NEED.

By Ian Maclaren.

Begging letters are a dreary waste, sometimes of imposture, sometimes of shiftlessness, and occasionally of genuine need and undeserved misery, but this province has also a charming oasis. There is the man whose father used to be an usher in the church where your father once had a pew, and had, that is the father of your correspondent, the highest respect for the commanding appearance and courteous manner of the other father, that is your father, on the strength of which the son, being under the weather for the first time in his life, through no fault of his own, feels sure that you will lend him, by return post, $5, to be repaid by four monthly installments.

There is also the man who was born in the town where you once lived five years of your life, and that in the days of your childhood, who has followed your career with the highest pride ever since those morning days, has often thought of writing to you by way of encouragement, and even of coming to take you by the hand just for the sake of days of Auld Lang Syne, but has been hindered by that spirit of diffidence and excessive modesty which has all along been the drawback of your correspondent, who now in a business difficulty casts himself upon his townsman's aid and seeks a loan of $500 for three weeks.

The most disappointing letter I ever received—although my hopes had not reached the boiling point—was one without a signature, informing me that the writer had been so touched by the sentiment of one of my stories, and was generally so much impressed by my remarkable literary ability, that he had placed $5,000 to my credit with a bank as a token of gratitude. As I have never heard anything more of this generous gift, I am driven reluctantly to the sad conclusion that the letter was written in a spirit of unworthy sarcasm, and that its author desired to convey the impressions that he thought meanly both of myself and my work. He was entitled to his opinion, but it was cruel to trifle with the worldly hopes of a struggling literary man and to lead him into the extravagance of a new coat when the old one would have done perfectly well for another winter.

WHIPPING IN SCHOOLS HELD WRONG.

Rev. Dr. George P. Hall.

DR. G. P. HALL.

"Is It Right for Teachers to Whip?" In answering this much-discussed question off-hand most persons would say, "Yes, if it's the other fellow's kid; no, if it's mine." Human nature is about the same the world over, and it cannot be changed in a day. But the spirit of gentleness is becoming more marked each decade and the big, brotherly heart of humanity more tender. Fifty years ago it was almost universal for teachers to whip. A hickory switch for the smaller children and a good, stout ferrule for the big boys and girls were considered almost as necessary in the average teacher's equipment as a knowledge of reading, writing and the rule of three. But times have changed and a good teacher will no more think of whipping a pupil nowadays than a physician will think of blistering or blood-letting. The teacher who favors whipping except in extreme instances is a blunderbuss and should be denied a place in modern school rooms.

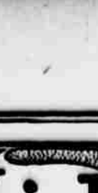
It is wrong for a teacher to whip; first, because it cannot be done without developing anger, both in the teacher and the pupil, and anger is a curse physically, mentally and spiritually. There may be occasions when the whipping of an unusually obstreperous or brutal pupil is necessary for that pupil's control as an example to others, but as a rule I believe whipping does a hundred times as much harm as it ever does good. Its psychic effect is demoralizing. It embitters, paralyzes, blights.

In the second place, whipping is wrong because it creates animosity on the part of parents and impels lack of cooperation. Most parents believe their children undeserving of punishment at the hands of a stranger. And in this they are right. What moral right has some fidgety schoolmarm or cranky principal to lay hands roughly on your little boy or girl? When you hear that such a thing has happened you instinctively feel that your own flesh and blood has been grossly insulted, and you have a right to feel so. It makes one's blood boil to read of a lot of cross old maids and dyspeptic males of the teacher class getting together and passing resolutions in favor of whipping the little ones. Let them take more exercise in the open air and warm up their blood.

What man or woman of 40 or 50 does not look back to their childhood with fond memories, recalling, perhaps, just one teacher who used to romp and play with them at recess time or after school hours? Love is the keynote. The teacher who can master the fine art of governing by love, sympathy and the power of genuine manliness or womanliness will never need to whip. Such a teacher is an inspiration. His pupils admire him almost to the point of reverence and parents everywhere rise up and call him blessed. In after years when the budding young geniuses have ripened into manhood and womanhood, honorable and honored largely because of his magic touch at the beginning of life's long race, they will crown him with blossoms of affection worth far more than the ransom of a king.

THE TERRORS OF CHILDHOOD.

By H. B. Marriott-Watson.



The age of childhood is proverbially interpreted as the age of happiness, yet childhood has its dark passages, its hopes and fears, and its hours of despair. The emotionalism of the child exposes him to tragic visitations. The incoherence of a mind in which realism and romance are ever at war is the source at once of all his pains and all his pleasures. The likeness to the savage lies in this. The primitive man lifts up his eyes to the hills and transmutes them to the home of terrible gods. Devils swim in streams and out of the woods stalk superhuman creatures wearing the guise of familiar animals. The child's fancy, though capable of breeding these awful dreams, is yet more delicate. A mountain at times may even become a valley, and streams may dry up at will. The scale of the achievements designed in a child's mind is colossal. There is no barrier conceivable to his imagination. Dragons escape out of books, and creatures of the air give you friendly advice.

Childish tears dropped upon broken toys rend the little heart as severely as a grown man's bitter sorrow tears his own. It is a mistake to suppose that children do not suffer proportionately, though, happily, their woes are not enduring. If any one can from the cold distance of his adult manhood look back upon that ago he will surely recall remarkable contrasts. The sun shines for the most part brightly on that plain, brighter than in after years, but clouds throng the sky and round the corner there is always some unknown terror. There is no darkness like the darkness of childhood. What waits upon the stairs in the gloom ready to leap out? What horror comes punctually at dusk to haunt the defiles of the long garden? What nameless panic is it that strikes the familiar streets to the likeness of a savage, threatening wilderness when the nurse has disappeared into a shop? The child alone knows, and the child cannot tell. He suffers like the dumb animals, and has no language but a cry. But in the twinkling of an eye the sun is out and the garden is alight again, and the horrors of that small and delicate mind are gone, merged into that past from which it is slowly emancipating itself.

WAR SPIRIT DEVELOPMENT.

Powers Not Directly Engaged Affected by the Contest.

The gradual development of the war spirit between two nations, as in the present contest between Russia and Japan, furnishes an interesting psychological study, says the Boston Transcript. There is not only the growth of prejudice and hostile feeling which has led to the beginning of physical warfare, but also a marked radiation of waves of suspicion and alienation which spread to powers which are not directly involved. The nation, in ethical quality, is only the great multiple of the average individual, even though it is popularly supposed to be higher.

Nothing will more quickly attract a crowd of interested spectators on the street than a fight between two men, or even two dogs. The evolutionary residuum of animalism, though covered by a thin veneer of repressive control, is stirred into sympathetic vibration and breaks through upon slight occasion. War not only is "hell," but it is the breeder of more hell.

The immediate effect upon the whole world of the opening of hostilities in the Far East is strikingly in evidence. In spite of strongly avowed neutrality, old international prejudices are rapidly awakening and differences, supposedly obsolete, rekindling. Each nation begins to strengthen its defenses, increase its fighting equipment and incidentally wishes to send its observers and even its ships to "look on." Under the convenient plea of a "protection of our interests" we must become at least interested spectators. We must have a "finger in the pie," or at least have it so near as to pull out a plum if any excuse offers. Even if the actual merits of the conflict be quite evenly balanced there is little or no calm and dignified neutrality, but plenty of prejudice and sensational misrepresentation. The prevailing thought of it is about as abstract as it would be in the case of a great game of football. The human element, which really is all inclusive, is left entirely out of consideration.

VICE-ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.

Death of the "Cossack of the Seas" a Great Loss to Russia.

The loss of the battleship Petropavlovsk is a trifling misfortune to Russia in comparison with the loss of Vice Admiral Makaroff. The Czar has none too many sea-fighters, and none at all who are worthy to rank with the "Cossack of the Seas." Until Makaroff arived at Port Arthur the Russian naval operations were characterised by bungling and indecision. No sooner had he taken command than the remnants of the fleet began an aggressive campaign that forced a radical change in the Japanese methods of operation.

Admiral Makaroff was appointed to the command of the Russian Pacific fleet on Feb. 24. He was one of the heroes of the fighting on the River Danube during the Russo-Turkish war. Makaroff and Skrydloff, who have since many times been honored by their government, were at that time lieutenants in the Russian navy and volunteered to make a night attack on a powerful Turkish ironclad. With a torpedo boat they succeeded in blowing up the Turkish vessel and, it was claimed at the time, thereby made the first successful demonstration of the usefulness of torpedo boats in naval warfare.

It was Makaroff who originated the idea of constructing the famous ice-breaking steamer Ermak, which was built on the Tyne from his designs. It is the largest ice-crushing steamer in the world, and has made several trips into the Arctic regions.

Admiral Makaroff paid three visits to the United States, the first in 1863. He made a tour from California to New York in 1896, and in March, 1898, made a flying visit to Detroit with a party of Russians who were looking into the possibilities of ice-crushing steamers on the great lakes with the end in view of constructing several for the Russian government.

Admiral Makaroff was born in 1848. He served as an ensign for two years and as lieutenant for six. During the Russo-Turkish war he commanded the

ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.

gunboat Grand Duke Constantine, which was armed and equipped according to his designs. At the end of the campaign he was made captain and was given the title of adjutant to the late Emperor of Russia. In 1881, Makaroff commanded the guard-ship of the Russian embassy at Constantinople, then was appointed chief of staff with the Baltic fleet, and in 1896 commanded that fleet. In the following year Makaroff was appointed commander-in-chief at Cronstadt, which post he held until February of the present year, when he was sent to the far East as commander-in-chief of the Russian Pacific fleet. Makaroff was an officer of rare ability, possessing more than usual intelligence and a physical presence which gave him a splendid power of command.

Venison in Germany.

Venison, which is difficult to get in American markets, may be obtained nearly every day in the restaurants of Germany at a price little exceeding that of beef.

Mrs. Buggins—I don't feel at all comfortable in these new shoes. Mr. Buggins—What's the matter; don't they hurt?—Philadelphia Record.

A true hero is a man who fights for his country and refuses to scrap with his wife.

A GENTEEL ANARCHIST.

John Turner, the English Anarchist, Now in This Country.

Most people class social reformers among the freaks in personal appearance. Long hair, red neckties, disorderly clothing, shaggy beards and irregular meals are supposed to mark anarchists in particular.

JOHN TURNER.

John Turner, the English trades union leader and anarchist, now in this country, is not sensational. Neither in his looks nor in his speech does he answer to common notions of an anarchist. So mildly has he spoken as to be almost suspicious. But when he is seen face to face, the mildness is found to be unassumed; it is temperamental. He has blue eyes, smiling and quizzical; a humorous mouth, close cut fair beard and hair, and a general well-groomed appearance.

Soon after his release on bail from the cage on Ellis Island in which Mr. Turner spent the early months of his visit to this country he was the guest of honor at a meeting in Boston. One of the speakers, Lloyd Garrison, remarked jocosely:

"I begin to understand why the American government considers Mr. Turner a very dangerous character. The calm and studious manner in which he presents his views might well give cause for alarm because of his moderation, and thus may well be convincing to other calm and studious minds."

Speaking of his arrest, Turner said: "It is pathetic to think that a great people like the Americans, with the sweep and breadth of their great land, and their varied peoples, cosmopolitan or native, should become petty. It is peculiar when the reformer, the dreamer, who has in mind the ideal state of society a hundred years in advance of ours, is classed among criminals and degenerates. Why, historically, America is indebted to anarchical ideas for its very independence. You had anarchy here during the whole heroic period, 1776 to 1787, the first eleven years of your existence as a free country."

Case of Very Bad Luck.

"Did you ever ask your husband not to bet on the races?"

"Once," answered Mrs. Torkins.

"Didn't it do any good?"

"I should say it didn't. That was the only day he ever got a tip on a horse that actually won."—Washington Star.

Not an Extensive Edition.

"I think," said the first author, "that I shall write a two-volume novel as my next effort."

"Yes?" smiled his rival. "Yes, I think that will be a large enough edition."—New York Daily News.

Swallows' Nests.

A Swiss schoolmaster who has made a special study of swallows has found eight nests built in bedrooms, four in schoolrooms and one in a tavern.