

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN A MISTAKE.

By John Temple Graves.



The average man is distinctly growing weary of the noisy and intemperate agitation of a few women for the correction of some imaginary wrongs of the female sex and for the establishment of some purely hypothetical rights.

It is calculated to dissatisfy some wholesome and happy women, and disturb a civilization with which there is nothing materially the matter. The agitation is a half century old and its present expression is notably the incessant complaints against men and a continuous depreciation of the male sex, both in the matter of its morals and its manners.

The present agitation is too fierce. It will react upon itself. Half its energy is expended in abuse of men. The present aggressive movement of the women seems to recognize nothing good in men. Men are failures everywhere—failures as husbands, failures as fathers, failures in all the relations of life, public and private, and "slave wives," fairly blossoming into misery out of comfortable and normal conditions, are supplemented by new-born viragoes openly urging "physical violence in the prosecution of the suffrage cause."

This is dangerous ground for woman. The sharp rivalries of the sexes in the ordinary avocations of life have recently washed away much of the chivalric glamour which enshrined the woman, and street cars and elevators tell the story of the familiarity which has debilitated knighthood. If now the tongue of the termagant is to speak for the sex in this new evangel, there will surely be found men to tell women some reciprocal things that are not complimentary. There are cold-blooded, thinking fellows who see things as they are, and in merciless analysis, without restraint of courtesy, they will tell women what they think.

## BRIDGING THE CENTURIES.

By Belle Squire.



In the tragic story of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" the author makes the pregnant statement that the girl Tess was 200 years ahead of her mother, and in the statement lies the clew to all the tragedy that followed. But in the probability of such a suggestion being possible lies our greatest hope for an ultimate civilization.

Here in the cities in countless cases are examples of the younger generation crossing easily and naturally the centuries that their parents have not bridged. Medieval ideas transplanted into the worst conditions fostered by our modern civilization in cities do not make ideal homes, but into such abodes are born many of the children who through our streets and schools. Our city is cosmopolitan. Our people are from many nations and many climates. They represent almost every stage of civilization through which our ancestors have lately passed, and, once here, they are

thrust, because of their ignorance and poverty, into the worst conditions which our complex civilization produces in the modern city.

The problem which our schools have to face is this—to carry these children from the stage of civilization in which they are born and live up to our own stage if it is possible, and to combat as well the evils which our civilization has produced for them, for we have by no means attained, as yet, an unmixed good.

We are in the midst of a great change in educational methods and ideas. It has been forced upon us that mere mental cramming or the acquisition of knowledge will not necessarily produce good citizens of itself. We have also begun to realize that the very conditions of life itself have changed radically and that to meet the changed conditions we must change our methods.

To a great extent the regular school is still in bondage to the past, but the summer school, a new institution, designed to meet one phase of the new conditions, is free to experiment and to expand, and in such schools are being performed the miracles of getting the children of the most backward ready to march in the vanguard with the children of the more favored. It is in these schools that the rudiments of the art of living are being taught, and it is in the art of living, more than in mere knowledge, that real civilization lies.

## ART WORKS GOOD MUNICIPAL INVESTMENT.

By Sir Wm. H. Bailey.



There are few sights that I admire more than the contemplation of a well-ordered municipality where the freely elected unselfishly serve their fellow citizens by the promotion of the health and prosperity, the education and public happiness and refinements of life, and improve the public taste by the creation of ideals of art and beauty.

I know of no better way of cultivating the imagination than by familiarity with the works of art and beauty by the study of the best poets. Many of our history makers were poor scholars. Their success was founded on their possession of that divine quality, imagination.

The grammar of ornament can be taught by examples only. Harmonies of shape and color become servants of the thoughts of only those whose eyes and fingers have served apprenticeship; and that service may be rendered to the poorest artisans in Paris in these noble institutions. We have an anxious trouble with our un-employed, unskillful most. That is apparent and self-evident. There is another class, of cultured people, educated and refined, who are utterly helpless in times of distress and when overtaken by misfortune. What a great addition to the wealth of the nation it would be if new industries could be created by using our libraries to promote industrial art in the manner that the French libraries of industry are now being used with such apparent success! We import thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of beautiful things which might be made.

## FARMING LAND IN COLORADO.

Acres Costing of \$15 Each a Few Years Ago Now Worth \$2,500.

At the present time Colorado land values are growing at a lively rate, and the end is not yet. It was but a few years ago that fruit land now worth \$2,500 an acre was bought for \$15 an acre. The cause of this phenomenal increase is irrigation and cultivation.

Colorado is but on the threshold of her greatness as an agricultural state, the Pueblo Chieftain says, and the irrigated lands to be opened to settlement will no doubt be filed upon so eagerly that those who secure the allotted portion will be indeed fortunate. The scarcity of irrigated public land and the small amount estimated to be given to the public for homesteads during the current year not only speak volumes for the overwhelming demand as compared to the supply, but clearly indicate the present sound value of their irrigated land, and, above all, the certain high value of all irrigated lands in Colorado in the immediate future.

Fifteen thousand acres of government irrigated land will be available for settlers in the Uncompahgre project and 50,000 acres of fruit land in Grand Valley, Colorado. The immense sums of money to be expended by the government in the development of these projects will be but a pittance compared to the wealth added to the state by the cultivation of the land thus irrigated. Directly and immediately the benefit will be felt by these sections of the State wherein these projects are located, but no less surely, although indirectly, will the entire State experience the prosperity.

## Why Did He Do It?

One of the guests of a seaside boarding house had picked up a curiously shaped stone on the seashore that looked exactly like a half eaten crust of bread. It was being passed around the room, and the finder was evidently feeling pleased with himself at having found something really unique. Every one who saw it exclaimed how like a crust of bread it really was. It at last reached the quiet man in the corner, and the finder went up to him to get his opinion. "Yes," said the quiet man, "it is a striking resemblance. Didn't you think it was a crust of bread when you saw it on the sand?" "Yes," replied the proud finder. "I was completely taken in with it." "Then what on earth did you pick it up for?"

## The Way a Benedick Looked at It.

Mrs. Benham—I don't believe a word of your excuse. Benham—That's just like a woman. I don't suppose Jonah's wife believed the story he told her after he had spent three nights with the whale. Mrs. Benham—How do you know Jonah had a wife? Benham—I wouldn't have been a Jonah if he had not been married.—Brooklyn Life.

## THE NORTHERN PINE.

A lonely pine on a northern shore;  
The blue sky laying the sands below;  
The homeland breezes blowing o'er,  
And the white-winged sea-gulls circling slow.

A yard where the ax and the mallet ring  
Through the busy course of the summer days;  
A stately ship, like a living thing,  
That leaps to the ocean down the ways.

A shadow of black on the ocean path;  
A brazen cast in the tropic sky;  
A typhoon loosing its awful wrath;  
A ship that is shattered while brave men die.

A battered spar, by the currents spurned,  
Which has floated far on, the surging main;  
A sandy beach where the tide has turned,  
And the northern pine is at home again.  
—Youth's Companion.

## The Claim Jumpers

Ben Hollowell was returning to his claim. He had been to Frisco for a month trying to induce some one with means to "grubstake" him, but had failed. This was not because he did not have a good claim, but because the capitalists he met did not care to look into it. Ben was very gloomy. A year before he had married the girl of his choice in the East and a week after his marriage had returned to his mining operations. He had hoped before this to bring his Susie to him, but the fates had been against him. And now his failure to secure means with which to prosecute his work made him doubly despondent.

Before him, coming on horseback, the broad brim of his felt hat flapping with each lunge, was a man whom he recognized as Andy Kitchin, the owner of a claim not far from his own.

"Howdy, Ben?" said Andy, grinning affably, and without lessening his pace added, "Yer claim's jumped."

"What's that to laugh at?" called Ben, sharply. "How many of 'em?"

"Two. But one on 'em I reckon you can handle without trouble. He's a little cuss. T'other may down you."

Ben would have asked more questions, but Kitchin seemed to be in a hurry and rode on. Here was more trouble. Ben was a peaceful, plodding man, beloved by his neighbors, and the last man in the world to fight except for his rights. But he was not a

## MILLION DOLLAR FUNERAL for DOWAGER EMPRESS



MAKING A VESSEL OF SMOKE FOR A DEAD EMPRESS.

We here reproduce a photograph showing the burning of a gorgeous boat specially built, according to Chinese custom in royal funerals, to convey the spirit of the late Dowager Empress of China across the mystic river beyond which is believed to lie the heavenly Nirvana. The boat cost about \$40,000. On the bow stood a huge figure representing the guiding spirit of Heaven, and just behind it was the imperial yellow chair. On the deck were four pavilions, the first containing effigies of some twenty-five court ladies of her majesty's train, the second a number of robes actually worn by the Empress, the third effigies of priests and the fourth the imperial throne. The entire funeral expense was nearly \$1,000,000.—Illustrated London News.

into one as kindly as, or more kindly than, had ever rested on his features. He looked down into the face of a sleeping baby.

For a time the diminutive creature slept on, then began to stretch its little legs and fling its little fists about, at last opening a pair of blue eyes, which it fixed intently on Ben.

"Reckon you're the little jumper," said Ben, giving the baby his finger to clutch. "I hope the big one is no more formidable. If your dad has taken my property I don't see how I can have the heart to disposses him."

By this time Ben was on his knees beside the baby, making all kinds of grimaces and saying all kinds of ridiculous things to show his good will and attract the child's attention. Then a sudden thought struck him. He remembered Andy Kitchin's grin when he announced that the claim had been jumped.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed. "Suppose the big jumper is a woman!"

For a moment his face fell. If this were so, what an uncomfortable situation! Even the shooting he had expected was not so bad as that.

He was so engrossed with this thought and the baby, in whose face he fancied he could see trace of something pleasantly familiar, that he did not hear a footstep approaching. Then he felt a light touch on his shoulder. Instinctively his hand flew to his revolver as he turned.

He looked into the smiling face of his wife.

There are certain scenes as well as emotions that are indescribable. Neither the scene nor the emotions in this case can be painted in words. Never was man more completely turned from the passion of strife to that of love. There was one long embrace that it seemed would never end, then a gradual relinquishment, after that explanation.

Susie had prevailed upon a relative to furnish means with which to prosecute Ben's claim, besides funds to enable her to take them to him herself. A letter telling him of her intended journey had arrived the day after his departure for Frisco. Susie on her arrival, finding him gone, quietly took possession of his cabin and waited his return. When he came she had gone for water.

Ben's claim turned out a bonanza. In time he organized a company to work it, and he called it the Little Jumper.—Grit.

## MISUSE OF WORDS.

Correction of Wanton Abuses Should Begin in Grammar Schools.

Those who find a never-ending pleasure in reading the works of Goldsmith, Addison, "Rollicking Dick" Steele and our own genial Irving must suffer something like literary nausea in turning over the pages of some modern newspapers in quest of news, the Buffalo Commercial says. Why should the society editor insist that a wedding "occurred," instead of taking place? But this abuse of the word seems venial when we turn to the sporting page and find that every event recorded from a dog fight to a running race is "classy." It may be assumed by some critics that this word flashed upon the sporting fraternity as a great prize through the revival of the Olympic games. Greek authors wrote books now known as classics,

and by the same token their athletic games obtained a like designation. But why should a prize fight be called "classy"? Probably the word is a slangy equivalent of "high class." At any rate, it is illegitimate and offensive as "brainy."

But the offending is not confined to the editors of sporting pages. To go through the catalogue of misused words would far exceed the limits of any editorial article. Yet one can hardly leave the subject without recording a solemn protest against the phrase "armed with a warrant," or the aeronaut who "negotiates a trip" around the aerodrome. And one would like to add that "inaugurate," which means to induct in office, does not happily characterize the running of a new railroad train or the opening sale of autumn millinery.

The colleges of America are doing good work in their departments of English literature to prevent the wanton misuse and abuse of our magnificent language, but the education should begin in our grammar schools, where the great majority of our children receive their only education.

## He Is a Genuine Highland Chief.

King Edward is about to start on his round of country house visits for shooting, writes a Londoner. The most interesting of all his majesty's hosts, from every point of view, is the Mackintosh, of Mackintosh, laird of Moy Hall, Scotland.

The Mackintosh's ancestry is like a page of Scottish Chiefs, so closely connected is it with the history of Scotland in ancient days. The Mackintosh is one of the few genuine Highland chiefs of purely Celtic descent in the male line. His ancestry goes back to the invasion of Irish Scots from the north of Ireland, which destroyed the original inhabitants of the Highlands—the Picti, the Romans called them, because they painted their bodies—and altered the name of the whole country north of the Tweed.

He is the chief of the Clan Chattan, which ruled for centuries over the greater part of Inverness-shire and Aberdeenshire, including the great forest of Badenoch. As befits his ancestry, the Mackintosh is very tall, with long, aquiline features and a drooping yellow mustache. He wears the kilt and sporrans of his clan, a skened-hu (knife), a dirk and a Highland cap. In this costume he will greet the King.

## Electric Dyspepsia.

A scientific man in Buffalo proclaims that he has discovered that working about high voltage electric apparatus results in "grave disturbances of the digestive organs, loss of appetite, distress after eating" and a whole train of dyspeptic symptoms.

## Dating Her Far Back.

Miss Passelgh—I have had my picture taken once every year since I was 10. Miss Youngthing—Oh, do let me see one of those old daguerotypes. They're so quaint.—Boston Transcript.

## Too Rich.

The Cannibal Chief—This fellow you're eating now, your excellency, was a Pittsburg millionaire. The Cannibal Chief—Well, I find him altogether too rich for me.

If you have a good friend don't spoil it all by imposing on him.



Urging the necessity for greater protection against fire, F. W. Fitzpatrick says that within the last five years our total fire loss has been \$1,257,716,900, while it has cost nearly \$300,000,000 a year to try to cure the evil with water, and \$195,000,000 more handed over to insurance companies who will pay us back about \$95,000,000 as balm for our losses. We vote millions for the handling of fire when it breaks out but dole out hundreds toward the prevention of an outbreak.

Continuing he says that our legislation against buildings is aimed toward the benefit of the individual, and really benefits the shyster who preys on the individual, putting up tinderboxes which he sells to the unwary.

"We should lose no time in absolutely prohibiting combustible construction within the city limits; we should pattern after our European cousins and make the individual responsible for damages that accrue to others' property by reason of his negligence.

"The community could encourage the individual into building properly by revising the order of taxation. As things are now, a man building a first-class fireproof construction spends initially more than he would for a fire-trap. He is taxed upon the value of that property and therefore pays a tax on that additional sum that he has expended. Consequently, he pays more tax than his neighbor who has the fire-trap, yet he is causing the city less expense by not requiring the services of the fire department. The tax should be graded in accordance with the class of construction, the maximum rate on inferior stuff that requires maximum protection.

"Then, too, the International Society of Building Commissioners has strongly advocated a most effective

measure, the labeling of all buildings of a public or semi-public nature as to their class of construction: 'Fireproof,' 'ordinary,' 'dangerous.' The word 'fireproof' is used altogether too glibly. Have the departments do this labeling and make it a very serious offense for anyone to advertise his building as being of a better class than that to which it really belongs, and you will take a very broad step ahead.

"We have been given such spectacular lessons in the last few years, such conflagrations as Baltimore's, San Francisco's and Boston's, that we must indeed be dense and stupid in the extreme if we are not willing and anxious to do something to prevent the repetition of those appalling catastrophes."—Utica Globe.

## Couldn't Say Anything.

The boy had been repeatedly warned about running to the neighbors and had even that day made the best of promises before gaining liberty. Yet no sooner was the door safely shut behind him than he had disappeared like magic.

"Why did you go to Garner's?" demanded his father upon his return. The boy looked steadfastly at the floor.

"I am waiting for an answer." Still silence.

"Come," said his father, losing patience; "don't stand like that! Speak up like a man."

"Well," said the boy, raising reluctant eyes, "you've got me right where I can't say anything."

## No Evidence to the Contrary.

Friend—I think her mother is a sensible woman. The Lover—Well—a—I don't think she likes me. Friend—Oh, I merely said she was a sensible woman!