EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

HUMANITY'S REVOLT AGAINST PROPERTY.

HOW many mute, inglorious John Carters languish in Stillwater or other prisons through their best years for taking a few dollars under the spur of hunger in the first despairing moment of a blameless life? The real interest in this romantic youngster is ethical, not esthetic. They who suppose that he was pardoned because his jingles pleased editors seeking alluring novelties, in order to serve the purpose of publishers seeking advertising, cannot see the forest for the trees. He was pardoned because these trivialities cast the perilous light of publicity upon ancient abuses of the law of offenses against property for which civilization blushes and of which contemporary justice is itself ashamed. Why should not the same publicity cast a side light upon other cases as atrocious as his?

Our criminal law of property is descended by coverture of the English common law by the brutal statutes of Norman feudalism, from the most extravagant subordination of the rights of persons to the rights of possessed things the world has ever known. It retains traces of the justice that punished poaching more severely than murder and the taking of a loaf more severely than the ruin of a life. This traditional cruelty can be alleviated only by such instinctive movement of public sympathy as that which gave Carter liberty, till a scientific system of dealing with the criminal according to his nature and possibilities rather than with the crime according to some medieval measuring stick shall come to make law the servant of humanity instead of property.—St. Paul Tribune.

AS TO POISON MYSTERIES.

IN THESE days when the murderous art of the poisoner is so often brought to public notice, the case of Mary Kelleher of Boston is enlightening. Mrs. Kelleher was accused of slaying six members of her family by the use of arsenic. Poison was found in the bodies of her victims. The police loudly denounced her and claimed to have indisputable evidence of her guilt. Yet, after more than a year in jail, she was honorably discharged at the request of the State.

In no case did the body of any victim show enough poison to have produced death. In several instances it was shown that the dead person had absorbed arsenic from a renovated hair mattress. In one instance epsom salts, improperly clarified, were blamed for conveying arsenic into the human stomach. "It turns out to be the fact that in this part of the country there is not a human body where arsenic would not be found, if examined," said the district attorney, in asking for Mrs. Kelleher's discharge.

There are many poisons that may be absorbed into the human system, although arsenic is probably more frequently employed in everyday purposes where it would be likely to come into contact with people than any other. Therefore in cases of supposed poisoning it behooves the State, as well as the defense, to rigidly investigate all circumstances, lest grave injustice be done some innocent person.—Chicago Journal.

SIZE OF THE COLLAR.

WE ARE not referring now to brass collars, but to those bands of white which are regarded as quite an essential part of the wearing apparel of the average man. It will doubtless be of interest to many of our readers to learn that an eminent medical authority of England has reached the conclusion that too tight collars are the real source of many bodily disorders hitherto ascribed to other causes.

As a result of his own experiences this medical scientist declares that he has adopted a collar several sizes larger than his shirt, with the happy outcome that headaches, rheumatism and other ailments have entirely disappeared.

Personally we find ourselves quite unable to take this illuminating person very seriously. If a man is idiot enough to wear a collar three sizes to small he ought to be afflicted with a liberal allowance of aches and pains. On the other hand, if he will persist in wearing one three sizes too large he ought to be haled into some sartorial court and heavily fined for being an all-round slouch.

There is a happy medium which any man with the intellect of a snowbird should be able to discover, and then appear among his fellows in reasonable harmony with the dictates of comfort and good taste. We fear that some of our medical scientists are wasting much valuable time.—Des Moines Capital.

THE DANGEROUS HATPIN.

SINCE the Chicago City Council took the matter up reports of action against the dangerous hatpin have been coming from all parts of the country, and a startlingly large number of serious accidents from long hatpins have been recorded. Devotees of the rapier style of pin may contend that it sometimes serves useful purposes of defense. So does the six-shooter. Yet wise lawmakers refuse to permit everyone to carry a gun.

The other day a Chicago man was granted a divorce from his wife, whom he accused of stabbing him frequently with hatpins. The accusation was not disputed. In what respect does a woman who jabs her husband with an eighteen-inch hatpin differ from the husband who threatens his wife with a carving knife?

At first sight the agitation may seem ludicrous. In the light of actual hatpin casualties and the menace of phrenetic females armed with deadly weapons, the argument of those who would prohibit hatpins of undue length seems well founded.—Chicago Journal.

HYMN OF PEACE.

These things shall be! A loftier race
  Than e'er the world has known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls
  And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave and strong,
  Not to spoil human blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
  On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
  Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
  The pulse of one fraternity.

New art shall bloom, of loftier mold,
  And mightier music thrill the skies;
And every life shall be a song
  When all the earth is paradise.

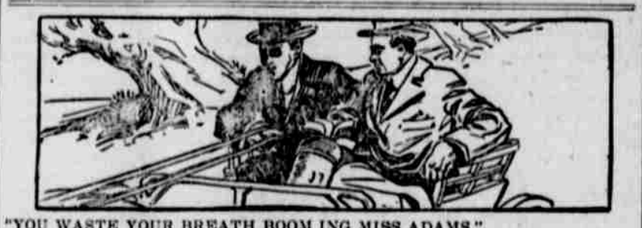
There shall be no more sin nor shame,
  And wrath and wrong shall fettered lie:
For man shall be at one with God
  In bonds of firm necessity.

—J. A. Symonds.

IT WAS HER FAULT

On general principles Reynolds disapproves of young women. It has been his experience in the brief intervals he has wasted from business dallying with society—Reynolds calls it dallying when he makes a formal call and discusses the political situation with the girl's father—that all young women are dangerously designing creatures with an eye to matrimony and a lasso ready for him.

His wariness dates from the time he was 21 and went walking in the moonlight with a young woman of 29. He had been sufficiently weak-minded to kiss her and the only reason she did not sue him for breach of promise was that he didn't have enough money to make it worth her while. Then the Mordaunt girl's mother and father had openly pursued him with dinner invitations and week-end parties till in self-defense he took a trip to the east, narrowly escaping ensnarement there.



"YOU WASTE YOUR BREATH BOOMING MISS ADAMS."

Besides being rather distinguished looking, Reynolds by this time was an official of a concern known from the Atlantic to the Pacific and financially was far too attractive to be permitted to go to waste as he was from a feminine point of view. Possibly if he had been let alone Reynolds would have married and settled down like other men, but this natural caution was intensified by these episodes. The result was that at 40 he was cheerfully called a woman hater.

The Fosters had known Reynolds for years and were conversant with all his ideas, peculiarities and convictions, so it irritated him, on going down to the Foster country place for a week, that "Leff" Foster should talk about Miss Adams all the way. It seemed that Miss Adams was to be there, too. After twenty minutes of it Reynolds rebelled.

"See here!" he exploded. "You waste your breath booming Miss Adams to me! I don't care if she is protested. He wanted to be fair to his antagonist, and anyway he had never met a girl with a clearer sense of justice. "I'm speaking just for myself. Of course I've filled up my life with my work and such things and wouldn't know what to do with a wife, but I can readily see how any other man might easily fall a victim—to you, for instance!"

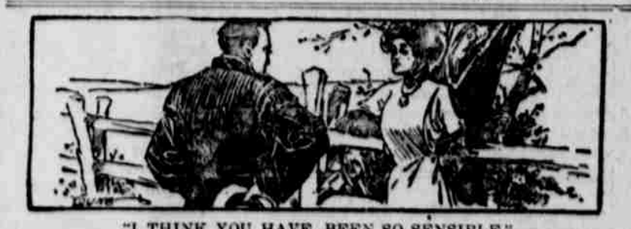
"Now, I call that kind of you, Mr. Reynolds!" said Miss Adams.

By the end of the week Reynolds made an alarming decision. Miss Adams' frankness, her lack of coquetry, her indifference to him, appealed to him with a weird sort of fascination. Just because she seemed to think it was right for him to remain unmarried he perversely wanted to convince her that she was wrong. How could he do it better than by marrying her? Reynolds was so dazed by his conflicting emotions that he proposed without realizing what he was doing sufficiently to be alarmed for himself.

"Why, Mr. Reynold!" Miss Adams gasped. "I am surprised—and sorry! You see, I'm engaged to another man. I never dreamed—knowing you had no fondness for girls. I'm sure I didn't try to lead you on, did I?"

"No," admitted the saddened Reynolds, "you didn't."

But to this day he somehow considers it her fault.—Chicago News.



"I THINK YOU HAVE BEEN SO SENSIBLE."

all kinds of a beauty. You know me! What's the use?"

"I'll bet you like her," insisted the unabashed Foster.

Reynolds growled disgustedly.

When he met her his manner was icy beyond comparison, for he thought that she might as well know at once where he stood. It was not till the close of dinner that it dawned on him that Miss Adams was just as happy as though he were hanging upon her every word.

He surveyed her hostilely. She certainly was remarkably pretty; but his heart beat no faster. He had seen pretty girls before and they were always worse than the plain ones because they were so conceited. It was odd, though, that she almost ignored his presence. No doubt it was just a trick.

Later in the evening Reynolds deliberately talked to her and she was sweetly interested and rather intelligent, but she did not exert herself. This further convinced him that it was a trick to lure him on.

The next day they went for a walk and he took occasion to launch out on his views about the place of women in the world.

"I think you are quite right, Mr. Reynolds," said Miss Adams. "They do interfere with a man's work when he is engaged on big enterprises. I think you have been so sensible not marrying. See what you have accomplished! You have made so much of yourself!"

"Do you think so?" Reynolds asked somewhat vaguely.

Her instant appreciation of the wisdom of his remarks somewhat upset him. It was not what he was used to. From that time on Reynolds grew worse. And every conversational atrocity he perpetrated Miss Adams agreed with him, regarding him with her blue eyes wisely, head on one side.

"You put things so clearly," she said. "Why, it's a wonder any man ever marries!"

"Oh, I don't mean that!" Reynolds

NEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

Arthur Rackham's fall illustrations will include pictures for "Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie," translated by Margaret Armour from the Wagner libretti.

Among early novels will be a new book by Edward C. Booth, author of "The Post Girl." It also is a story of life and love in the author's native Yorkshire country, and it will appear under the title of "The Doctor's Lass."

A novelist of a generation ago, Mrs. Marie Walsh, has just died in New York. She was the author of "Wife of Two Husbands," "The Lost Paradise" and "The Romance of a Dry Goods Drummer." She dramatized Miss Braddon's novel "Three Times Dead."

Why do women writers favor the pseudonym "George?" There were "George Eliot" and "George Sand," and at present there is "George Fleming," Julia Constance Fletcher, "Georg Schock," a Harper writer, completes the "four Georges." But there is now room for a George V.

Under the will of Mark Twain, Clara Langdon Clemens, wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, sole surviving daughter, inherits his home at Redding, Conn., and all other real and personal estate. This she will enjoy "without power of anticipation and free from any control or interference of any husband she may have."

Walter Pulitzer, son of Albert Pulitzer, formerly proprietor of the New York Journal, whose death was some months ago recorded, announces that he will take up his father's "Memoirs" where the latter laid off and incorporate them in a biography of the journalist and an account of the progress of journalism in his day.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has not scored an English success with "Lady Merton, Colonist." The Saturday Review thinks the story very thin and threadbare. "We never read a novel of Mrs. Humphry Ward in which the characters were so sketchily outlined and so uninteresting. But the book will be popular because it idealizes the cant of the hour."

The publication of the complete edition of the works and correspondence of Galileo, undertaken by the Italian government in 1890, is at an end, the concluding volume having just been issued. It is the twentieth. It contains indexes to the whole set and an "Indice biografico" of Galileo's contemporaries. The edition is published at Florence, where Galileo died. Its full title is "Le Opere di Galileo Galilei: Edizione Nationale sotto gli auspicii di Sua Magesta il Re d'Italia."

FATE OF AN ORCHARD.

A Tragedy in Kansas That Has a Pathetic Side.

A tragedy was enacted in Kansas the other day, namely, the deliberate burning of 800 acres of trees. It was not the sort of destruction that is so harrowing to the soul of Gifford Pinchot; it was worse than that, for the trees burned were not those of the forest, but of an orchard. They were apple trees—65,000 of them or thereabouts.

These trees were planted twenty-five years ago, and were in the very prime of life at the time of their destruction. The man who placed them there looked forward to the time when the fruit from their branches would bring him a fortune, and he cultivated and cared for them to the best of his ability. They grew and flourished for a few years, but when the time came for bearing they produced little or no fruit. Then the soil was examined—a proceeding that had been overlooked in the beginning—and it was found not to be adapted to apple growing. The subsoil into which the roots of the trees penetrated did not supply the elements necessary to the formation of fruit. The owner experimented a while longer, hoping to furnish the needed elements through fertilizers, but to no effect. Ocasionally there would be a light crop of apples, but the orchard as a whole was a failure; finally he gave up in discouragement and sold it to a man who proceeded to burn up the trees and turn the 800 acres into a cornfield.

The man who had planted the orchard looked on and felt sorrow at seeing those trees burn, though he knew it was the proper course. But they were trees that represented hope and labor and satisfaction in their growth. And they were living, and in going down by the ax and by fire they seemed to reproach him, for no one with imagination can work with trees and plants without feeling that they all have a certain sentient life. It was a real tragedy, the burning of that orchard, and the one consoling reflection is that possibly the apples it might have grown were Ben Davises.—Terre Haute (Ind.) Star.

TEXAS FIRST IN IRRIGATION.

System Used by Indians Long Before the Coming of the Whites.

Texas, although one of the youngest states in the Union in development, is the pioneer in irrigation, a Fort Worth correspondent of the New York Herald says. The beginning of irrigation in western Texas antedates any records so far found and it is probable that in no portion of the United States is the practice older, is the claim made by J. C. Nagle, who is professor of civil engineering at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. Scanty and irregular distribution of rainfall was doubtless the cause of its use in the beginning and even at later dates, when unnumbered acres of fertile lands could be had for little more than the trouble of preparing them for cultivation. Coronado, on his journey northward in the early part of the sixteenth century, so history tells us, found well-established systems of irrigation in the vicinity of El Paso, utilizing water from the Rio Grande on both sides of its present channel.

Tradition tells us that the Pueblo Indians of Ysleta claimed that ancient irrigation systems of great extent were built centuries ago by the Yuma Indians on the Pecos river in the vicinity of Pecos and Grand Falls, but the constant raids by the Comanche and Apache Indians caused them to move on to the valley of the Rio Grande, only to be followed there by their old enemies and forced to move out to the Colorado of the West. In the vicinity of the Toyah springs evidence is found indicating that these waters were used for irrigation purposes long before the first white man found his way there.

At San Antonio, where the Franciscan fathers founded their missions, they directed the construction of canals by the Indians. These canals were used not only for supplying water to the missions for domestic purposes, but for irrigation as well. Among the ditches constructed between the years 1716 and 1774 may be mentioned the Conception, Alamo, San Jose, San Juan and Espada. In 1720 the San Pedro ditch was built by immigrants from the Canary Islands and was used for conducting water to the cultivated fields. For many years this ditch was conducted for field irrigation on farms and even to this day this old ditch is in operation and being used constantly. It supplied water for a large percentage of the city lawns a few years ago in San Antonio, and was extensively used for domestic purposes.

At old Fort San Saba, near Menardville, the present home of James Callain, president of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, the remains of an irrigation system constructed in 1774, also by the Franciscan fathers, can still be traced. At this time Texas was under Spanish rule, but since then has sworn allegiance to and floated five different flags.

As early as 1852 the fourth legislature passed an act relative to irrigation. In 1882 the seventeenth legislature passed an act making large grants of land for the construction of irrigation ditches. There were several classes and a number of sections of land granted per mile of ditch varied with the class. In 1889 and 1895 additional regulations were established with a view of encouraging irrigation. The result of some of these enactments was the projection of numerous irrigation schemes, many of which were "boom" propositions from the start, while others proved failures when constructed because of the lack of sufficient hydrographic and other data.

As west Texas was pioneer in ancient irrigation so it is in modern, as irrigation along the lines now practiced began to develop first in this section of the State. The first ditch in the vicinity of Del Rio was constructed in 1868. On the Pecos one of the present large systems was built in 1875, another in 1887 and another in 1896. It might have been expected that the older systems in the vicinity of El Paso would have suggested earlier extensions under present methods, but work of this character did not become active until about 1889 or 1891. At Fort Stockton and for the Nueces drainage area it began as early as 1876. On the Concho, San Saba, Llano and other tributaries of the Colorado river irrigation systems began to spring up about 1875, and possibly earlier, and these were added to about 1879, but this work became most active in the '90s.

MURDER OF HERMIT THRUSH.

Crime of the Butcher Bird, Expected to Kill the Sparrow.

Ornithologists say that Prospect park in Brooklyn is right on the north and south bird route, the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent says. Because of that fact—and because it is protected from every one but the lawless Italians—it ordinarily contains a greater variety of bird life than any other similar park in the country, perhaps. Thirty varieties have often been counted there of a morning. It was only the other day that a tragedy of the feathered world was reported. A hermit thrush—rarest of all song birds—had been murdered by the shrike, or butcher bird, and his soft little body impaled upon a thorn. The guardians of the park were ordered to kill the shrike on sight. "We liked him while he confined himself to a diet of English sparrows," said the superintendent, "but he's like the other foreigners against whom we contend here; a very little liberty goes to his head."

He walked on as he spoke. On a little patch of green sward half a dozen European starlings were bobbing about. They had been brought to this country by a rich New Yorker not long ago and placed on his Staten island estate. They look like blackbirds, except that their tails are short and their bills are brilliantly yellow. On a bench by the walk a man sat, leaning forward, watching them. The superintendent spoke to him. "Do you know what they are?" he asked.

"Mein Gott, yes," said the man, never changing his pose. "In thirty years I haf not seen them—not since the day I ran away from mein fader's house in Germany to seek mein fortune. That day I heard them sing——"

He put his head in his hands and burst into tears.

One of Our Pet Phrases.

"Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life?" inquired the man who wants harrowing details.

"I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped without his life there wasn't much use in his escaping anyhow."—Washington Star.

It is awfully old-fashioned to believe that you are all right, and that other people are very wicked.

A college man always talks more about it than is relished by men who have not attended college.

MORE FARMERS WANTED.

No Danger of an Oversupply for Years to Come.

There is no great danger that the supply of farmers will be a drug on the market for some years to come. The treasury department's actuaries estimate the population of the country now at ninety million. At an average consumption of 5½ bushels of wheat a year for each person, it will take a little less than 500,000,000 bushels to supply white bread for the country, to say nothing of other varieties. This means something more than one hundred million barrels of flour to be ground, distributed and baked into bread for delivery at the consumers' tables.

But this is only one of the many demands which a population moving rapidly toward one hundred million souls makes every day of the year. The country consumes probably not less than thirty million head of live stock a year. This includes cattle, hogs and sheep, but takes no account of poultry and poultry products, nearly all of which have to be supplied from the farms of the country.

The two branches of farming which require the least labor for their successful prosecution, and the most thinking, are those which have much to do with the increased cost of living. They are poultry and poultry products and live stock growing. Within an hour's ride by rail of nearly every eastern city there are lands which lend themselves readily to occupation for these purposes. With modern facilities for transit to and from the cities and towns the possibilities of development of these particular sources of future supplies would seem at this particular time to be especially inviting.

As for the alleged drawback that schools and other institutional advantages are inferior in rural and suburban communities, there are some serious doubts in the matter. City schools are crowded because of having to work by the wholesale, in contrast with the personal atention which is possible and practicable in the rural and suburban schools. Moreover, the conditions of living make greatly for the physical if not for the moral advantage of the rural over the urban life.—Wall Street Journal.

Too Soon for Her.

Apropos of those who never enjoy the luxury of a carriage save when the death of some one makes for a free ride to the cemetery a clergyman told of a little girl standing at 5th avenue and 30th street, New York. She was a ragged little thing, and she was watching the carriages rolling past with the most wistful blue eyes.

"Well, little one," he said, "would you like to own one of those carriages?"

The blue eyes turned up, and there were tears in their corners.

"I never rode in a kerridge," she said softly. "Me little brudder died afore I was born."

Knew Her.

Bella—You spelled kiss with only one s in your letter.

Beulah—Really, did I?

Bella—Yes, you did, and I always thought that was one thing you never would want to make shorter.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Conscientious Declaration.

Drummer—Will you be mine? All my life I will worship you from February until April and from August until December. The rest of the time I am on the road.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Greatest Gold Country.

The largest gold-producing country is the Transvaal, where the output increased from $8,000,000 in 1889 to $133,000,000 in 1907. The increase in the production of the Transvaal mines made during the year 1907 almost equaled the entire production of the gold fields in Alaska. In round figures, the world's production of gold from the discovery of America in 1492 to 1880 was about $6,300,000,000. The entire world's supply of gold could not have been in excess of $6,500,000,000. The last thirty years has doubled this supply, and if the present production is maintained for another generation, it will double again, the National Magazine says. As gold has long been the world-wide standard of value, these statistics certainly suggest that the increase in the production vitally affect prices. Our dollar can never have greater purchasing power than the exchangeable value of the gold that is in it. The statement that we see everywhere in the papers that all prices are going up is a truth that could as well be expressed in these words, "the exchangeable value of gold bullion is shrinking."

A Tipless Curse.

"Talk about the tip evil," said the traveled girl. "Now, last summer, just before I left London, I got cursed awfully. It was like this: I had tipped everybody on the place—the manservants, the maidservants, the slavey, the bootblack. Then just before I got in a cab a man up and threw an old soiled cloth over the wheel to protect my skirts as I got in. Nobody asked him. It didn't protect my skirts, because it was worse than the wheel, so I didn't think it was necessary to tip him.

"I wish you could have seen his face. It scared me. He swore an awful oath. Then he said, 'I honly 'opes the boat goes down wid ye, that's what I 'opes!'

"I was pretty wabbly all the way over, thinking it might, but the boat didn't go down."—New York Press.

The Crash.

The set of books I bought
  Are home, and 'tis no joke,
She told me what she thought;
  'Twas volumes that she spoke.
—Detroit Free Press.

Notice to the public: A newspaper reporter on the street is not looking for jokes

Trouble for Hubby.

At a recent tea party where the fare provided could not by any means be termed palatable a guessing game was instituted, and the lady who won it was asked to say what she would have as a prize. She greatly flattered her young hostess by requesting a slice of the cake with which some of them had desperately struggled at tea time.

"Why did you ask for that stuff?" a disappointed and still hungry youth asked her. "You know very well it isn't fit to eat."

"I have a definite purpose in view," answered the young lady, carefully placing the piece of cake where there would be no possibility of her forgetting it. "I mean to make my husband eat it—if necessary, to force it down his throat crumb by crumb—and thus convince him that somewhere in the wide, wide world there is an even worse cook than he imagines his inexperienced young wife to be."—Pearson's Weekly.

When a man is really automobile crazy he wears a leather cap all the time.

It's the shiftless housekeeper who likes baker's bread better than her own