PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IMPROVE THE NEGRO'S CONDITION.

By Ex-President Grover Cleveland.

GROVER CLEVELAND

It is foolish for us to blind our eyes to the fact that more should be done to improve the condition of our negro population. And it should be entirely plain to all of us that the sooner this is undertaken the sooner will a serious duty be discharged and the more surely will we guard ourselves against future trouble and danger. If we are to be just and fair toward our colored fellow citizens, and if they are to be more completely made self respecting, useful and safe members of our body politic, they must be taught to do something more than to hew wood and draw water. The way must be opened for them to engage in something better than menial service, and their interests must be aroused to rewards of intelligent occupation and careful thrift.

I believe that the exigency can only be adequately met through the instrumentality of well equipped manual training and industrial schools, conducted either independently or in connection with ordinary educational institutions. I am convinced that good citizenship, an orderly, contented life and a proper conception of civic virtue and obligations are almost certain to grow out of a fair chance to earn an honest, hopeful livelihood and a satisfied sense of secure protection and considerate treatment.

WORK OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By David S. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University.

The twentieth century will be strenuous, complex and democratic. Strenuous it must be, as we can all see. Our century has a host of things to do—bold things, noble things, tedious things, difficult things, enduring things.

More than any of the others, the twentieth century will be democratic. The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century was that of the reality of external things. That of the twentieth century will be this axiom in geometry: "The straightest line is the shortest distance between two points." If something needs doing, do it; the more plainly, directly, honestly, the better.

Democracy does not mean equality—just the reverse of this. It means individual responsibility, equality before the law, of course, equality of opportunity, but no other equality save that won by faithful service. The social system that bids men rise must also let them fall if they cannot maintain themselves. To become the right man means the dismissal of the wrong.

The weak, the incompetent, the untrained, the dissipated find no growing welcome in the century which is coming. It will have no place for the unskilled laborer. A bucket of water and a basket of coal will do all that the unskilled laborer can do if we have skilled men for their direction. The unskilled laborer is no product of democracy." He exists in spite of democracy.

The lawyers of the future will not be pleaders before juries. They will save their clients from need of a judge or jury. In every civilized nation the lawyers must be the lawgivers. The sword has given place to the green bag. The demand of the twentieth century will be that the statutes coincide with equity. This condition educated lawyers can bring about.

In politics the demand for serious service must grow. As we have to do with wise men and clean men, statesmen instead of vote manipulators, we shall feel more and more the need for them. We shall demand not only men who can lead in action, but men who can prevent unwise action. Often the policy which seems most attractive to the majority is full of danger for the future. We need men who can face popular opinion and if need be to face it down.

The need of the teacher will not grow less as the century goes on. The history of the future is written in the schools of to-day, and the reform which gives us better schools is the greatest of reforms. Free should the scholar be—free and brave, and to such as these the twentieth century will bring the reward of the scholar.

The twentieth century will mark an epoch in the history of religion. Some say idly that religion is losing her hold in these strenuous days. But she is not. She is simply changing her grip. The religion of this century will be more practical, more real. It will deal with the days of the week as well as with the Sabbath. It will be as potent in the markets of trade as in the walls of a cathedral, for man's religion is his working hypothesis of life, not of life in some future world, but of life right here to-day, the only day we have in which to build a life.

STRIKES HELP WORKINGMAN'S CONDITION.

By Bishop Potter, of New York.

BISHOP POTTER.

I believe in strikes, shocking as the statement may seem. I believe in the conservative value of the organizations from which the strikes come. The condition of the working man was never improved until in reply to the demands of a labor organization itself or by the interposition of persons not interested as capitalists or laborers. The real value of the labor organization is that it appears to be the only method by which the great interests which serve themselves best by exacting most can be obliged to yield some consideration to those over whom they have control.

DEMOCRACY OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

By Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University.

State schools are, so far as mental training and the acquisition of knowledge go, vastly superior to either church schools or private schools. Private and church schools tend to breed caste and division among the children of the community. The public school, on the other hand, is the mirror of the republic. In the public schools of a town you have the purest democracy in the world. When we look at hard facts, we see that it is folly to blame the schools for defects of blood, lapses of virtue and blight of character, which neither our laws nor our policy requires the schools to combat. You must blame the church, you must blame the offenders, you must blame yourselves, when your children become the victims of intemperance, vice or impiety.

INSECT TRAP FOR NIGHT USE.

An Inexpensive Method for Killing Insects That Fly.

The Government Bureau of Statistics is authority for a statement containing figures reaching into the hundreds of millions of dollars as indicating the expenditure applied directly to fighting the insects and worms which damage the cotton, wheat, corn and other crops which form such a substantial part of our revenues. A large portion of this

FLAME ATTRACTS PESTS.

amount, no doubt, goes for the introduction of new ideas which have been devised to aid in the work of destroying these pests, and perhaps this latest trap, the invention of a Kentuckian, will receive a share of attention and serve its purpose in many a field. The inventor takes advantage of the well-known propensity of insects to fly toward a light, the flame in this instance being mounted within a metallic casing, to which entrance is gained through four funnels pointing in different directions. Once within the hood, the insect soon falls to the reservoir beneath, wherein a quantity of insecticide has been placed to complete the destruction of those which escape the actual contact with the flame. Mention is also made of the fumes rising from the liquid and impregnating the atmosphere around the flame to overcome the insects and cause them to fall into the liquid.

New Cure for Kleptomania.

A few years back a West End shopkeeper, prompted by some remarks in Truth as to the best punishment for kleptomaniac woman shoplifters, wrote to inform me that he had adopted the plan of giving every woman detected in purloining articles in his shop the option of being summarily birched by the manageress or prosecuted by the ordinary process of law. The same correspondent now writes to report the result of his operations in this direction up to the present time. In all, he says, twenty women have accepted the ordeal of the birch, in addition to two young girls of foreign nationality, who, in consideration of their tender years, were treated to a milder form of chastisement. I am not, of course, in a position to guarantee the accuracy of this information; I own, indeed, to a suspicion—I hope unfounded—that my correspondent is "getting at me" with a view of inspiring wholesome terror in the hearts of women of dishonest proclivities who do their shopping in the West End. But as that is a desirable end, I have no objection to co-operating in it to this extent. It may perhaps be useful if I mention at the same time that, according to my shopkeeping friend, his manageress is a very muscular woman and her weapon a formidable one. Perhaps some of the shopkeepers of Selby may feel inclined to give a trial to this castigatory cure for kleptomania.

THREE MEN WHO HAVE MADE THEMSELVES WEALTHY AT FARMING IN THE SOUTHWEST.

ONE of the most successful millionaire farmers in the West is David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., who has made $1,000,000 in farming, and who actually owns the largest farm in the world. Rankin has 23,000 acres under his personal supervision, all of which is under cultivation. He began farming with a colt which his father gave him when a lad. He traded the colt for a pair of oxen and with them tilled eighty acres of rented land, until he had accumulated enough to buy a small tract. He had been living in Illinois, but thought better of Missouri as a farming country. So for $8 an acre he bought great tracts of ground, adding to his fields as the income of the other fields would permit, until he had surrounded himself in thirty years with 23,000 acres, all of which is sown to crops every year. He employs 200 men on the farm. He has 700 teams, and in good seasons he makes $100,000 clear money. He buys 8,000 to 10,000 head of steers every year and feeds them. He keeps these cattle, not in pastures, but in clean stables and lots, where they are fed from the products of his fields until he is ready to ship to the markets.

Take the Forsha ranch, in Kansas, for instance, where another system is carried on entirely. Mr. Forsha is a believer in the raising of alfalfa, and he has 15,000 acres sown to that. He also raises and feeds cattle for the markets, but he never raises cereals. He has a mill on his ranch, and he buys the wheat from other farmers, makes it into flour, but he raises little wheat himself. He makes from $10 to $100 net profit an acre from the alfalfa, and the fields in the fall and winter furnish pasture for his herds. Forsha began ranching and farming in Kansas only a few years ago. To-day he is worth several hundred thousand dollars.

John Stewart began farming in Kansas without a dollar. He was working in a real estate office as a salesman. He bought some homesteaders' rights to deserted quarter sections for a mere pittance. A boom came, and in three years he was worth $8,000. Then he went to Sumner County, Kansas, and began ranching and raising wheat. To-day Sumner County produces 8,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and holds the world's record in quantity for its size. Stewart bought additional land every year there was a drouth, thereby getting it at a reduction. He has made a large fortune in less than thirty years.

MEXICAN ARMY.

Will Soon Number 200,000 Perfectly Equipped Soldiers.

Mexico, which next to the United States, is the most orderly and stable of all the American republic, is pursuing a policy of military expansion which seems likely to develop a highly efficient system of national defense. It is the desire of President Diaz that within two years the Mexican government shall be able on short notice to mobilize an army of 200,000 thoroughly trained and perfectly equipped soldiers. To make this result possible more than 300,000 boys and young men are now receiving regular daily military instruction in 11,000 public schools of Mexico, and the army will be recruited from their number. This program for the creation of a greater Mexican army is supplemented with plans for a larger naval establishment, two vessels for which are now under construction at the Crescent shipyard, Elizabethtown, N. J. In this development of her military resources Mexico is following the natural policy of enlightened nations. It is believed in some quarters that the integrity of Mexican institutions will be severely tested when President Diaz retires from office, and that a strong government, including an effective military establishment, will be needed to protect the republic against serious internal disorder. It is possibly with a view of providing for such an emergency that the present movement for a large and trustworthy army has been instituted.—Army and Navy Journal.

Municipal Ownership in England.

A comprehensive return of the financial workings of the "public utilities" undertakings in British towns and cities has just been given to the public through a government board. It covers the four years ended March, 1902. The principal undertakings carried on by the 299 corporations were: Markets, 223; waterworks, 193; cemeteries, 143; baths, 138; electricity, 102; gasworks, 97; tramways, 45; harbors, 43. The aggregate net profits were $23,417,522.

Fresh men usually tell stale stories

NORTHERN HOSPITALITY.

Eskimos Denied Themselves to Feed Shipwrecked Strangers.

Late in the year 1866 the ship Japan under command of Captain Barker, while trying to make her way out of the Arctic Ocean during a severe snowstorm and gale, was driven ashore on the north side of Cape East. The officers and crew were rescued by the coast Eskimos, who at once distributed the shipwrecked persons among the villages along the coast, and kindly shared with them, during the long winter, their huts, clothing and food. In describing the good qualities of these people, Middleton Smith tells, in "Superstitions of the Eskimo," what this generous treatment meant in the way of self-sacrifice among the Eskimos.

As the summer of 1866 had not been favorable for the capture of the walrus, and the ice during the winter had hindered the taking of seal, the food supply of these peoeple was unusually small, and to take care of and feed a whole shipwrecked crew of thirty-two men, at a time when they could scarcely obtain provisions sufficient for their own families, was a heavy task. When probable starvation stared them in the face, a council of the little settlements was called to see whether they should endeavor to keep these strangers through the winter, or simply to save their own people.

It was decided by this council that as the strangers were thrown, by no fault of their own, upon their shores and, as it were, placed under their care, they should have an equal chance for life with themselves.

Captain Barker, of the Japan, testifies that the Eskimo women, in apportioning the food among his men, frequently shed tears on account of the smallness of the amount, and often would increase the quantity by adding portions of their own shares.

All through the long arctic winter the strangers, who were so helpless and entirely dependent upon these people for the food, clothing and shelter which should enable them to survive the arctic frosts, were given the best food that was to be had, and the largest share. Those of the crew who were assigned to distant villages also testify to having been treated with the utmost kindness and consideration.

Captain Barker did not learn until the plenty of the following spring made further fear unnecessary that there had been any council, or any question among the Eskimos in regard to supporting him and his crew during the winter.

MONKEY HAS MOTHER LOVE.

Display of Almost Human Tenderness by a Simian at Bronx Park Zoo.

The annals of the New York Zoological park in the Bronx, which are most like folks just now are the long-armed mother baboon and her baby. Mother and child hold the center of the stage in the primates' house and attract even a larger crowd to their cage than the uncanny bats that eat, sleep and fight with their heads hanging down and their claws gripped to the wires overhead.

A monkey is never more human than when she has an unweaned baby. The long-armed mother is proud of her child, for she sits as close as she can get to the front of the stage so that all the visitors and the jealous, childless, race-suicide monkeys across the way can see her baby.

The infant has an excellent appetite and after each nursing goes to sleep on his mother's shoulder. The mother baboon's kisses are as human-like as anything in the show and the baby hears all the "tootsey-wootsey" talk that is good for him from the women in front of the cage.

The mother hasn't lost interest in the social doings and quarrels of the primates' house as the result of her domestic cares. There was a fight the other day between two noisy baboons in the next cage. Heads were out, tenement-house fashion, all along the line of cages. The long-armed baboon was sitting with her back to her quarrelsome neighbors when the row began and the baby had just gone to sleep. She unwound the little fellow with her left arm, gripped the bar in front of her with her right hand and then stood up very slowly and carefully, faced about the other way and sat down again where she could see the fight.

The baby didn't even stir.—New York Sun.

English in Siam.

A sample of dialect taken from a Siamese newspaper.

"Shooting outrage. Oh, fearful agony; Khoon Fong, one of Phya Song's staff, was on a mission to lampoon and on return shot dead by some miscreants. Scoundrels. Oh! Untimely death! Oh! fearful. Oh! Hell. Friends expressed their morne. The cowardice dog is at large. Six soldiers and policemen were at once dispatched."

The scare head in pigeon English appears to be the real thing.

Never Runs Down.

"What a close watch his wife keeps on him."

"Yes, she's what I'd call a watch without a charm."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Suspicious.

"He thinks her heart is as good as gold."

"Yes, but it isn't warranted."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Some people waste all their sympathy on others instead of reserving a few doses for their own trials and tribulations.

When a woman nudges you with her elbow it is equivalent to saying, "I told you so."

OLD FAVORITES

John Burns of Gettysburg.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well;
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer is the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell you how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk pail, red as blood,
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees,
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.
And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round-shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvest of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.
Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright-blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.
Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through."
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy"; begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow tails they were laughing at.
'Twas but for a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked,
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand;
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw
In the antique vestments and long white hair
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was the oriflamme of war.
So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.
This is the story of old John Burns.
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

—Bret Harte.

TOBOGGANING INTO A BEAR.

Dangers of Bear Hunting on an Icy Northern Island.

A member of the Wellman polar expedition of 1898-9, Paul Bjoervig, is described by Mr. Walter Wellman, in "A Tragedy of the Far North," as a man of superior courage, of unexampled fortitude and of inspiring character. If there was a bit of dangerous work to do, he was sure to be the first to plunge in. He sang and laughed at his work. If he went down into a "porridge," half ice and half salt water, and was pulled out by his hair, he came up with a joke about the ice-cream freezer.

One day three men were out bear-hunting on an island. Two of them had rifles, the other had none. The last was Bjoervig. They found a bear, wounded him, and chased him to the top of a glacier. There bruin stood at bay. One of the hunters went to the left, another to the right. Bjoervig laboriously mounted the ice-pile to scare the beast down where the others might get a shot. But one of the hunters became impatient, and started to climb up also. On the way he lost his footing, fell, and slid forty or fifty feet into a pocket of soft snow.

At that moment, unfortunately, Bjoervig frightened the bear. Leaving the summit of the ice-heap, the beast slipped and slid straight toward the helpless man, who was floundering up to his armpits below. Apparently the man's life was not worth a half-kroner. In a few seconds the bear would be upon him, and would tear him to pieces. The brute was wounded, furious, desperate.

Bjoervig saw what he had to do. He did not hesitate. He followed the bear. From his perch at the summit he threw himself down the precipitous slope. He rolled, fell, slipped straight down toward the big white bear. He had no weapon but an oaken skee-staff, a mere cane; nevertheless he made straight for the bear.

Down the hillock slope he came, bumping and leaping, and yelling at the top of his voice. His cries, the commotion which he raised, the vision the bear saw of a man flying down at him, frightened the beast half out of his wits; diverted his attention from the imperiled hunter to the bold pursuer.

This was what Bjoervig was working for. The bear dug his mighty claws into the ice and stopped and looked at Bjoervig, but Bjoervig could not stop. The slope was too steep, his momentum too great. He dug his hands into the crust of the snow; he tried to thrust his skee-staff deep into the surface. It was in vain. Now he was almost upon the bear; the beast crouched to spring at him. Another second and it would all be over. Crack! the rifle spoke. The man down below had had time to recover his equilibrium. Another shot and the battle was over. Bjoervig and the bear rolled down together.

"You saved my life," said the man with the gun, when Bjoervig had picked himself up.

"No, no," responded Bjoervig, whipping the snow out of his hair, "you saved mine."

Money in Railroading.

A New York boulevard car was going north one day recently when, with a sudden jar, the current was thrown off and the passengers were bumped rudely together. The car came to a standstill. The motorman, says the New York Times, threw open the front door and ran back to the conductor on the rear platform.

They exchanged a few words, then both ran through the car to the front platform. Every passenger sat mute with surprise. Suddenly the car started and then backed. Then it started again, and once more backed. Then it stopped. Off jumped motorman and conductor, and as the astonished passengers looked out of the windows they saw the two men down on their hands and knees trying to crawl under the car. Presently, with an exclamation of delight, the motorman, covered with mud and grime, slowly emerged. Entering the car and holding up for inspection a ten-dollar bill, he said:

"Excuse me, passengers, for jarring you and keeping you waiting, but I came near running over this ten-dollar bill, and I hated to do it and leave it for the motorman on the car behind me.'

Changed His Mind.

It is a wise father who knows just which story to tell in regard to his own child. Jackson, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. The New York Times tells of his meeting his friend Wilkins, who greeted him with:

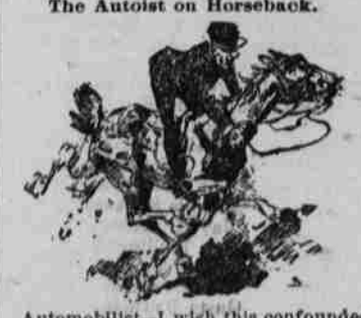
"Hello, Jackson! What do you think my little girl said this morning? She's the brightest four-year-old in town. She said—"

"Excuse me, old man!" exclaimed Jackson. "I'm on my way to keep an engagement. Some other time—"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jackson is the handsomest man I know!' Haw! haw! How's that for precocity, eh?"

And Jackson replied, "Wilkins, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy store and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."

The Autoist on Horseback.



Automobilist—I wish this confounded thing would run out of gasoline.

A Mean Man.

"He's the meanest man in town."

"What has he done?"

"Why, he permits his wife to accept alimony from two of her former husbands."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No woman should laugh at a "joke" on her husband