

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NEGRO.



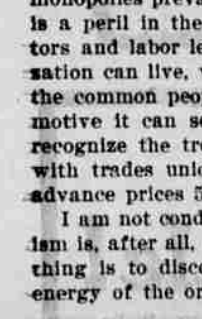
REV. R. A. WHITE.

By Rev. R. A. White, of Chicago. At least five Southern States have disfranchised the negro, and did so because he was a negro. To disfranchise even ignorance in a free republic is a questionable proceeding. To disfranchise a race because it is black is repugnant to our American spirit.

The man who must obey the law ought to have something to say about making the law. The man who pays taxes ought to have something to say about their distribution. These are two fundamental American propositions. To abandon them is to reverse our noblest history.

Such disfranchisement is an injustice to the negro. Just as he is beginning to thrust his head above the wastes of ignorance and industrial difficulties, the white man steps in and takes from him the one legitimate weapon of self-protection—the ballot. It is taken from him at a time when he was never better fitted to use it safely and intelligently, and when the opportunities for the negro were never brighter. The negro now owns \$500,000,000 worth of property, or more, accumulated in less than forty years. If the present disposition of the South holds, this class will be taxed without representation, and with no voice in the laws under which it must live. Nothing so un-American has happened in our history. No race can rise so handicapped. It is the assassination of the future of the race.

TRADES UNIONISM AND ITS PERIL.



C. S. DARROW.

By Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago. Many men who have been organized into trades unions do not understand the movement. Many think it is an instrument of power. Trades unionism of to-day, which, with its army of workmen, seems so strong, so invincible, may dissolve as quickly as the old Knights of Labor or other movements that have passed away. It owes its existence to public opinion and without that support cannot last or accomplish any objects. It will dissolve unless it becomes identified with some great movement for the alleviation of the suffering of the human race.

The growth of trades unionism is largely due to the strong public disapproval of the epidemic of trusts and monopolies prevailing during the past few years, and there is a peril in the growing friendship between large operators and labor leaders. No movement can live, no organization can live, when it unites with monopolies to plunder the common people. If the effect of it is to help a selfish motive it can serve no good purpose. Men like Morgan recognize the trend of conditions and say, "We will deal with trades unions and give them 10 per cent, while we advance prices 50 per cent."

I am not condemning trades unionism, but trades unionism is, after all, only a means to an end, and the important thing is to discover the real end and then direct all the energy of the organization toward obtaining it.

"WARS ARE A NECESSITY."

By Rev. William Hutton, of Philadelphia. Wars in the present condition of the human race seem to be a necessity. The teachings of Christ and Christian-

ity make for peace, and if individuals, communities and nations were governed by the spirit of Christ wars would cease. But, unfortunately, this is not the case. Ambition, selfishness, love of power, love of glory still rule the hearts of men. Great masses of human beings are enthralled, and they must be freed. Ancient and hoary systems of oppression prevail, and these must be overthrown. When reason fails; when all manner of fair compromise is rejected, then there must be a call to arms. In this case war is justifiable, not to aggress or oppress, but to maintain the right and to overthrow the wrong. Not to subjugate, but to set free.

The knot that neither argument nor diplomacy can unravel must be cut by the edge of the sword. Thus, unhappily, but of necessity, the pathway leading to national unity, national solidarity, and national progress has been strewn with myriads of the slain. Thus it is that nations sealed for centuries have been opened; that commercial intercourse has been established, and that an opportunity has been given for the preaching of the gospel. Thus commerce has been enlarged, civil liberty acquired, religious liberty won, and the gospel has a free entrance to nations previously in darkness.

The cost of the wars of the last twenty-five years in lives and in money has been appalling, but good results have followed.

But what have been the results of these awful conflicts between men? Italy, instead of being a number of contending states, is a united country, and free from end to end for the preaching of the gospel. Germany is now a grand united nation of tremendous influence. Our own country, free from slavery, is united as never before in its history.

ADVICE TO THE CITY YOUNG MAN.



MRS. SAGE.

By Mrs. Russell Sage. No young man should marry until his position in life is assured, and in New York and other great centers, before a man is married he ought to be able to provide handsomely for his wife if he desires to be happy. Marriage in New York is a problem very different to marriage in a country village. In the country simplicity is the rule. Here in the congested centers—congested in point of wealth—evidences of extravagance are all around us. Young wives see nothing but wealth and its display. Gorgeous dresses, expensive equipages, lives of luxury and of ease held up as daily examples, gradually arouse in the average woman the spirit of discontent. She is a wonderful woman who can live on a pittance and have constantly held up before her gorgeousness of attire and ease of life, and still be able to conquer the desire to be likewise, and her disappointment if she cannot be. This display on the part of the rich before the eyes of the poor is the cause of more unhappiness and more divorces and separations than one can think of. And when I say the poor, I mean those who are poor by comparison with what some of the newspapers humorously allude to as 'the smart set.' Perhaps the hardest lot in city life is the lot of the great middle class, if I may use the term—middle class in point of wealth. It behooves young men to give this matter serious thought. Love on little is quite romantic, to be sure, but human nature is alike the world over, and women will ever be envious of their more fortunate sisters. A man should be rich, quite rich, before he is married if he would live happily in a large city like Chicago or New York.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Buttermilk.—As a remedial agent buttermilk cannot be praised too highly. The lactic acid, the sour of the buttermilk attacks and dissolves every sort of earthly deposits in the blood vessels. Thus it keeps the veins and arteries supple and free without clogging up, hence no deposit will occur of irritating calcareous matter around the joints, nor of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and hardening of the blood vessels which bring on senile decay. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years, if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, the maximum according to taste and opportunity. Inasmuch as gouty difficulties usually arise from sluggish excretion, buttermilk is a blessing to all gouty subjects. It gently stimulates all the excretories—liver, skin and kidneys.

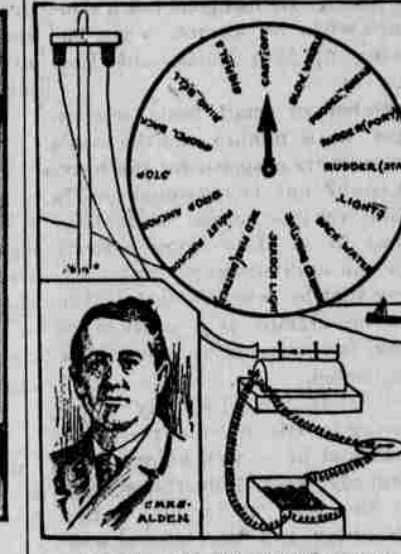
Cholera Infantum.—A physician who investigated 663 deaths among children under 2 years old due to cholera infantum, diarrhoea and other similar diseases ascertained that fully 80 per cent of these children had been fed on condensed milk, 10 per cent were nursing infants and the remainder were nourished by prepared baby foods. Most of the condensed milk used was of the canned variety, depending on the large amount of sugar in it to preserve it. The mothers were accustomed to dilute this in ten parts of water. In this form it was fed to the children. Owing to the sweetness of the mixture, the children liked it, of course, and seemed to thrive as the sugar fattened them. But there is a preponderance of casein in condensed milk which is not digestible. There is also an absence of fat. Hence, the children who had been fed with this food presented broken-down systems to the summer heat and could not stand the strain.

BOAT WITHOUT A CREW.

Man on Shore Controls boat in the River by Wireless Telegraphy.

That one seated on the shore without any visible connection with a boat in the stream should be able to perfectly control its operations, seems like a freak of the imagination, but such a feat is performed by Chas. Alden of Dorchester, Mass., with his especially constructed boat in Neponset river.

The boat is simply a model, seven feet long, with four short masts bear-



ALDEN AND HIS CONTRIVANCE.

ing scores of copper wires running to a metal railing on the deck. Within the boat are several motors, each adapted to a different use.

The shore apparatus consists of a pole bearing two coils of wire, which are connected with a transmitter bearing a disk on which are denoted the various operations through which it is desired to put the boat.

By simply pushing the button of the impulse sending device, which has only a power of eight volts, Alden is able to guide the course of the boat, to fire its cannon, to send up "distress signals," to turn it around, to hoist and drop anchor—in short, to fully control the boat.

Alden does not claim any new discovery, but does claim to be the first to apply the principle of wireless telegraphy to boats—and he thinks that as a result of his investigations the life-saving service will be revolutionized.

Fashionable Chairs, Perhaps.

Squire Hanson's language seldom lacked vigor, but was often wanting in strict accuracy and sometimes in consistency.

"I've been over to talk with Alvin Pond about selling that corner lot," he said one day to his wife, his ruddy face mottled with purple from some recent exertion, "and I'll never enter her parlor again, never! Not a chair in the room but what is impossible to sit down in, out of the question to get up from, and leaves you with such a cramp you can't move hand nor foot when you stand!"

There is a demand that "youth be recognized," and every man who has had a baby at his house is sure that it is.

FAMOUS LARGE FAMILY.

Berlin Mother of 45 Has Twenty-eight Children.

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our everyday philosophy, and one of the most curious among them is the mysterious way in which the birth rate of a country goes up and down in accordance with political or even social requirements. This strange phenomenon greatly exercised the ingenuity of Roman statisticians recently when his holiness the Pope, desiring to commemorate the celebration of his jubilee, gave orders that every child born in the Eternal City on that memorable day—or night—should receive a gift of baby linen and a small sum of money. The head of the Papal treasury duly made his preparations accordingly and based his calculations of the cost on the averages as reckoned by the statistical tables. According to these documents, the average number of children who come into the world daily in the Italian capital is thirty-five, and for so many innocents did the treasury of the vatican make provision. But the Roman mothers, having heard of the windfall in store for their darlings, upset these prosaic calculations by giving birth to exactly ninety-three olive branches, the number of the Pope's years in this vale of tears. "Worldly wisdom is justified of her children," murmured one puzzled Papal official.

"Fools and children cannot lie," replied one of the happy parents, and as the certificates were all in order, the Pope's officials thought that they had better believe than insist upon further proof, although some of the new-born babes looked like "children of a larger growth." Among them were triplets, consisting of two boys and one girl. To the former were given the names of Romulus and Remus, while their unconscious sister was honored by the application Roma. The baptism took place in the Church of St. Peter's.

It would be dangerous to try in Berlin benevolent experiments like that of the sovereign pontiff of Rome. For in the German capital a record has been established in every detail. Thus one healthy, active hausfrau has been filling her quiver so rapidly that, although still but 45 years old, she has already twenty-eight olive branches round her table. Another, who is four years her junior, ushered twenty-three into the world, while three other women, between the ages of 40 and 43, present their husbands with twenty-one descendants each. Two hundred and forty Berlin women are the mothers of from thirteen to twenty children apiece.—London Telegraph.

PNEUMATIC LIFE PRESERVER.

The steamship companies which did not provide life preservers in number equaling or exceeding its passenger-carrying capacity would be summarily dealt with by the government, and yet every one knows that when the time arrives for their use the passengers and crew may be too much excited to profit by the provision thus made for their safety. The passenger crossing



CONSTANT WEAR OCCASIONS NO DISCOMFORT.

the ocean would certainly feel no small degree of added security were he provided with the apparatus shown in the illustration. No one would think of wearing one of the bulky life preservers usually provided on shipboard all the time, but here is an apparatus which will answer the same purpose, and yet without discomfort when constantly worn. The spiral form which the tube is given enable the wearer to suspend it around his body by means of the supporting jacket, beneath the outer clothing, and it takes but a short time to inflate the reservoir through the mouthpiece, which is provided with a valve to check the outward flow of the air. The spiral coils lie flat when deflated, and are scarcely perceptible to the wearer, who, even if the device rendered him slightly uncomfortable, would have the feeling of safety to counterbalance the annoyance.

Wiley P. Tibbets, of Toledo, Ohio, is the inventor.

Cost of War and Education.

The statement that one battleship costs more than the value of the ninety-four buildings of Harvard university has been questioned, but the official reports state that the Oregon, which is the most expensive battleship in the United States navy, cost \$6,575,022.76. The valuation of all the buildings and land of Harvard university is \$5,300,000.

If most of us could have the gold that Morgan's got we'd yell And kick because we could not hold His stocks and bonds as well. —Philadelphia Press.

The average man is never patient except when he is biding his time to get even.

No rented house ever suited the woman who lived in it.



BOOK REVIEWS.

H. L. Wilson's novel, "The Spenders," published by the Lothrop Publishing Company of Boston, has been dramatized by Edward Rose for William H. Crane.

Appropos the present absorbing Carlyle discussion "The Letters of Thomas Carlyle to His Youngest Sister," contain many revelations of the great writer's domestic life.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of the authorized American edition of Professor Deltzsch's famous lectures, "Babel and Bible," which explain the relation between the Hebrew scriptures and recent cuneiform research.

Owen Winter, the author of "The Virginian" and "Philosophy Four," is still at work upon his long essay or series of chapters upon the "Sheep and Goat Family," which will form part of the next volume in the American Sportsman's library.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have just published the first three volumes of their new and complete Centenary edition of the "Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson," edited with "Notes and Biographical Introduction" by Edward Waldo Emerson. Nine more volumes will follow within the present year.

At the urgent request of Myrtle Reed G. P. Putnam's Sons, who will bring out her novel, will place upon the title page thereof the colored emblem of the City of Chicago, where in the days of Fort Dearborn the scene of her story is laid. The title has been changed to "The Shadow of Victory."

Following W. B. Yeats' play, "Where There Is Nothing," the Macmillan Company will soon issue two more dramas by the same hand. They are entitled "The Pot of Broth" and "Cathleen-in-Hollan," and were recently performed at the Carnegie Lyceum in New York by the Irish Literary society.

Lyrics of Love and Laughter, is the title of the latest volume of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's voice. There are verses in negro dialect and some in the vernacular, in about equal proportion, and it is but natural that the most attractive are those cast in the form that this writer has before employed with such conspicuous success.

The Chain of White Agates, is the title of a new book by Amelia E. Barr, the well-known author of The Bow of Orange Ribbon, The Maid of Maiden Lane, A Song of a Single Note, and so on. It is a story of Boston towns, opening in Lincolnshire, but soon passing into Boston. It is of the time of the Mathers and about the period of the witchcraft delusions. The book will probably appear in the fall with the imprint of Dodd, Mead & Co.

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's account of her ways while watching birds out of doors suggests the reason for her success. She says: "I always wear a plain dark gown and try to become, as you might say, a part of the landscape as much as possible." And she might have added that she carries the same policy into her writings, and that it accounts for this superiority to those written by certain ladies who have no idea of following Jenny Wren's example, actually or figuratively.

Telling Trees' Ages.

"The only accurate way to estimate a tree's age is by the measurement of its girth," said a botanist. "The counting of the rings of oxogenous trees can only be applied to such as are cut down in their prime, for these trees, when they begin to die, cease to add their yearly rings. Girth measurement is the only safe guide to the age of trees.

Hence, all over the world, botanists have now for some years been measuring trees of known and unknown age, compiling thus, a volume of statistics that will become more and more valuable as it increases in size.

"The yew is the longest-lived of trees. Three feet a century, our statistics show, is its normal growth. According to this rule, the Fortingale yew, of Scotland, which was 56 feet in girth in 1790, must have lived over 1,800 years. The Tisbury yew, in Dorsetshire, is 37 feet in girth, and should be, therefore, 1,200 years old.

"There is a table of the age of oaks that differs from this. It is not a very satisfactory table, but it was compiled from trees of known age, and, therefore, it is, statistically, very valuable. According to it, a 40-year-old oak had a circumference of eight feet; 83 years, 12 feet; 100 years, 18 feet; 200 years, 20 feet; 250 years, 27 feet; 300 years, 33 feet."—Philadelphia Record.

Mother's Boy.

"Now then, young man," said Willie's mother, "I won't let you play baseball again in a hurry, and you'll get no supper to-night."

"Why, is supper all over?"

"You know very well it is. You saw me at the back gate and heard me calling an hour ago."

"Why—er—I thought yeh wuz jest applaudin' de two-bagger I made." —Philadelphia Press.

An American Favorite.

Safety pins are peculiarly American. We use 144,000,000 of them each year. Some say, "No trouble to show goods," for instance.

WHAT A CLOUD BURST REALLY IS

Result is as if the Bottom Dropped Out of a Suspended Lake.

When we read in the newspapers that a "cloudburst" has occurred somewhere and has resulted in great loss of life and destruction of property we are prone to consider the term merely one used for a sudden and excessive rainfall. While, of course, it would be wrong to consider a cloud as a great bag or envelope filled with water, and which has to burst in order to deluge the earth beneath, there is really such a thing as a "cloudburst" as distinguished from a rainfall, however heavy the latter may be. The New York Herald gives a clear and interesting explanation of just what a "cloudburst" really is and a study of the phenomenon will prove of interest, particularly as it was a genuine "cloudburst" which a few days ago practically wiped the town of Heppner, Oregon, from the face of the earth and destroyed so many lives.

The "cloudburst" is always preceded and caused by a windstorm or small cyclone, the air whirling in a circle and at the same time moving along horizontally. As the air whirls about in a circle it forms a sort of cone with the apex at the top. This whirling motion causes an influx of air from all sides at the base and these masses of air quickly form a powerful and rapidly ascending current in the heart of the nascent tornado.

Now, if the atmosphere through which this windstorm is passing is devoid of moisture, there will be no rainfall, but if there is a quantity of moisture in the air the ascending current in the center of the tornado will naturally, in carrying great quantities of it skyward, pile up this moisture in the form of a cloud at the top. This cloud, being in a colder stratum of air, speedily becomes densely saturated with moisture. Under ordinary circumstances this moisture upon being condensed into drops would be precipitated to the earth, but in this instance the pressure of the upward current prevents it falling. On the outskirts of the cloud, where the pressure is less, rain does fall, but at the apex of the whirlwind it continues to become more and more dense.

Finally the conditions become so that the column of ascending air is supporting above it a veritable lake. Now, so long as this air pressure is maintained the water cannot fall, but as soon as the storm strikes a mountain the raised land breaks and destroys the whirlwind and the water is permitted to fall—always on the leeward side of the mountain. The water comes down in a perfect deluge, much the same as if a lake had been suspended in the heavens and the bottom had suddenly



THE FORMATION AND THE ENDING OF A CLOUDBURST.

(A) indicates the whirlwind which carries the moisture-laden air upward and suspends it in the air. (C) indicates the mountain which intercepts the onrushing whirlwind, and "B" shows how the suspended lake falls to the ground when the supporting column of whirling air has been removed by contact with the mountain.)

fallen out. If the "cloudburst," as this is called, takes place over a narrow valley down which the great mass of the water must flow to find a level one can readily see what a force it must bring to bear on everything which stands in the way. When it is borne in mind that a single inch of rainfall over one square mile weighs 60,000 tons, it is not difficult to imagine what a rush of water follows the sudden downfall of several inches over a space of even much less than a square mile.

A glimpse of the illustration furnished on this page will make very plain the operation of this terribly destructive phenomenon and convince the reader that after all the term "cloudburst" is not altogether a misnomer, though perhaps "cloud collapse" would come nearer expressing the fact.

FASCINATION OF ANGLING.

True Fisherman Loves to Match His Wits Against the Wily Trout.

The angler's art is but a pretext, or rather the incentive to a ramble and not the sole object of the fisherman, unless, alas! he belongs to that too common variety the man whose sole object is his catch. Such a man fishes with a worm, hides fingerlings in the depths of his basket and photographs his catch as a witness of his crimes. He is not a fisherman, but a butcher. A yellow primrose on the river's bank is to him a primrose and nothing more. The true fisherman loves to catch fish, to match his wits against the wily trout, but as he wanders from pool to pool the songs of the birds greet him restfully; every turn in the stream reveals a nook in which strange wild flowers nestle. The gentle ex-

citement of the sport prevents the scene from becoming monotonous, says a writer in World's Work. The element of chance, the uncertainty of the catch add the drop of tobacco sauce which gives zest to the day. And the noontide meal by the brink of the stream! When did a meal have a more delightful flavor? Delmonico never served a trout like unto those we have eaten by the banks of a mountain brook with the clear, blue sky above, the waving forest round about and the murmuring stream at our feet. The hours of contemplation comes afterward with the pipe of peace in our hand instead of the relinquished rod. How far off the city seems! Are there such things as corporations, trusts, stocks, bonds; electric lights that amaze the sight, harsh warnings of trolley gongs, the rumble and grind of the wheels and the breaks on the elevated road which affright the ear? The harsher note that breaks the stillness here is the boom of the bittern in the distant marsh. Home to camp the fisherman goes, taking a cast in this silent pool in which the trout rose in the forenoon to his cast but missed the fly, or in that dark hole deep under the bank in which the vigilant eye may detect the brown sides of a trout with lazily waving fins and tail—an old campaigner not easily caught.

The women are getting even: Wives of men who have bought Panama hats are complaining about their husbands' big millinery bills.

When a girl is a sure enough Tomboy, her mother has to follow her around with needle and thread.