

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GIRLS SHOULD BE TAUGHT BUSINESS.

By Mary A. Livermore.



Many women left widows with property to care for, because of their ignorance of business, fall an easy prey to the dishonest and designing, who, under pretense of assisting them, pluck them like geese. Girls should be raised to a knowledge of business and its methods, and should not be considered well educated, no matter what their accomplishments, until they have learned a trade, a business, a vocation, or a profession. Then, if the husband drops into invalidism, bankruptcy, or dissolute habits, or if he is removed by death, the young wife will measurably be prepared for the emergency, and will not wholly be left to the mercy of circumstances. She will be able to maintain her home and train her children, and her friends will find it easy to assist her in bearing her burdens. If property passes into her possession she will know how to retain it securely, and manage it with wisdom. She will inform herself concerning the elements of financial security; what are safe investments; what constitutes a valid title to property; what cautions are to be observed concerning mortgages; what are the property rights of married women in their own States, with similar information.

Few women reach adult life, even when they do not marry, without finding themselves so circumstanced, at times, that a domestic training is invaluable to them. Even when one has means to employ servants, this training is necessary; for a woman cannot tell when she is well served unless she knows what good work is. A course in "domestic science" should be added to the curriculum of every woman's college, and it should stand on equal terms with all the other courses. A wife and mother should be mistress of herself and of her department and never the slave of another—not even when that other is her husband and the slavery is founded on her love for him. That robs her of half her value.

A SIGH FOR OLD DAYS.

By Juliet V. Strauss.



When the commencement invitations come in and weddings are announced, we decide that there are more people coming on than we thought for. As we grow older, these engraved announcements of the maturity of children whose first swaddling clothes we put on them, much against their will, only a little while ago, it seems to us, come to us like a shock, and we look about us in dismay, unable to realize that Mary, Juliet V. Strauss, Edith and Henry, Charles and Margaret Elizabeth are before the public for their class day exercises.

Life is very short when one comes to remembering by generations, and commencement seasons finally dissolve into a blur of white dresses, roses and sweet, expectant faces.

There is a commencement feeling as distinct as the Christmas feeling, and when one loses it one is getting really grown up.

I can well remember the first commencement of our high school. I gazed upon the graduates as upon young people set apart for some holy office. There was a religious aroma about them, and when they walked down the aisle of the church, under the light of the new chandeliers, which in themselves seemed fairly awesome in their splendor of cunning workmanship, like the decorations on the tabernacle, with here a bell and there a pomegranate, they seemed transfigured, and one could scarcely believe

FUTURE OF CHINA.

The Next Twenty-five Years a Period of Tremendous Importance.

All observers, Chinese and foreign, agree that this is a period of tremendous importance, says the Century. The reforms of to-day may make rapid strides or a reaction may set in against a progress for which the land seems scarcely ready. It is not to be supposed that such strides will not tread down some whose influence must be reckoned with. The large number of teachers whose vaunted learning has thus been negated will be the first to feel the pressure. Fitted for nothing else, too proud to work for employment could be offered to them, their means of livelihood will be taken away. Will it be without a protest? Will the well-known peace-loving proclivities of the Chinese people carry them through or shall we see riot and bloodshed? Will the moral stamina of the reformers stand the test of increased opportunity for power and ambition?

The history of other nations leads us to think that troublous times of one degree or another will follow in the wake of these changes. At all events it is tremendously interesting. The former president of one of our universities, now a resident of China, whose grasp on sociological problems is thorough and whose insight is keen, says that from the standpoint of absorbing interest he would rather live the next twenty-five years in China than to have lived in any other land during any fifty years of its history. Now that the eyes of the world are leaving the seas of Japan and the battlefields of Manchuria they will in all probability find a new fixation point not far away, which will rivet this attention for years to come. The interest which Russia will share with China will, to a great extent, trace its origin to similar causes.

Every man must be his own doctor, and decide what is best in his case. The doctors and philosophers do not agree on anything.

they were actually the big sisters and brothers of the children, seemingly made from common clay, with whom we played prisoners' base and I spy. The lamps in these rich chandeliers were filled with kerosene, the odor of which was happily blent with that of early June roses and sweet syringa, with which the altar was decorated for the great event.

In these days of over entertainment I sometimes sigh for the old days when the church was the outlet for our social longings and the school the center of our intellectual life. Nothing was grander than the church, and a school entertainment was an event which shook the community from center to circumference.

In those days we all understood fractions and each one wrote an individual hand much more characteristic and forceful than the modern sprawling imitations of the "vertical" which destroys the character of cigraphy and partakes of the spirit of generalization which is robbing home and business and church and society of the vital quality of individuality and reducing our civilization to a state which reminds one of the old question, "What if all the trees were one tree and all the rivers one river and all the men one man and all the axes one ax?"

Really, the uniformity of it all and the sameness of each succeeding commencement, whether at the home school, the seminary or the college, fairly reconciles one to having struck out across country on one's own lines; for, really, life is the great school, and often those who graduate from our finest institutions of learning are least fitted for the living of it. Indeed, I do believe that educated women often live and die without ever waking up to life, dear life, with its artistic passion and its ecstatic pain!

SIZE OF WARSHIPS SHOULD BE LIMITED.

By Capt. A. T. Mahan.

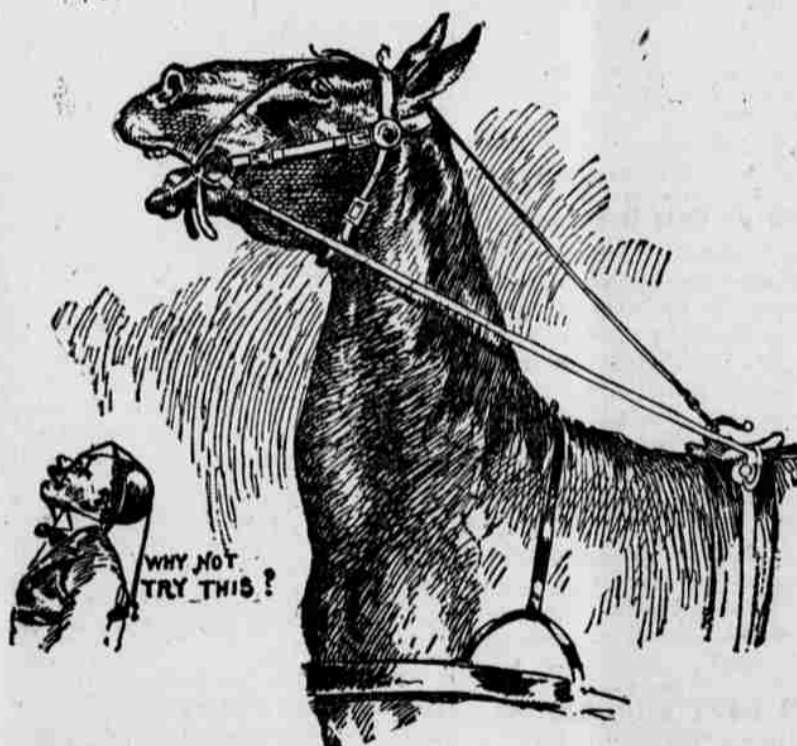


How long is the present race of size in shipbuilding, with steadily increasing cost, to be maintained? In all nations the responsible authorities soon will have to recognize that naval development has become a mere matter of international competition, to which no logical—and, what is more important, no practical—end is in sight.

Professional skill will benefit immensely when dependence ceases to be placed mainly on increase of bulk to insure national predominance; when limited as to size regard must be paid chiefly to the proportion and distribution of powers in the ship to insure its best efficiency, and to professional comprehension of the conduct of war to insure meeting the enemy under the circumstances and with the combinations which command victory in the campaign, as on the field of battle. In short, from such limitations of size would result a clearer comprehension that the men are greater than the ships.

I do not believe that nations will consent to restrict the aggregate strength of their navies by any other method than the exercise of their own discretion; but it might be recognized that the race for great size in order to obtain higher speed without the sacrifice of other qualities has no goal attainable. It is an unending progression which causes unending increase of expense in two ways. First, it adds greatly to the cost of the individual ship; and, second, it permanently and wantonly relegates to the junk shop vessels useless only because outdone by the new construction. Such vessels must be continuously replaced, for while it may be possible to limit size, numbers cannot be restricted to the like extent. The wider the naval responsibilities of a nation the less can it dispense with numerical force. Nor is that true only of primary dispositions. Exigencies of repair, recalling, refreshment of crews, renewal of supplies—in a word, the exigencies of war—require a reserve, which, in turn, demands numbers.

WILL THIS OLD CRUELTY EVER CEASE?



—Indianapolis News.

Finds Wealth in a Pearl.

Undoubtedly the most valuable freshwater pearl in the world to-day has been found by a clam fisher, William Bates, in the Wisconsin channel opposite Red Wing, Minn., says the New York Herald. It is large as a good-sized marble, perfectly round and without a flaw and with a luster rarely equaled even in small gems.

The pearl is translucent and almost transparent, and when exposed to a light glistens with marvelous coloring. It weighs eighty-five grains, diamond weight.

A pearl smaller than this and less perfect sold for \$70,000. It is impossible to estimate the true value of this gem, perhaps \$10,000, perhaps \$100,000,

depending upon the rivalry between the wealthy gem collectors.

Bates and his wife, who are among the few remaining clam fishers here, had been working hard in a scorching sun with little reward and decided to make one more drag. Mrs. Bates examined the clams and discovered this fortune hidden in one of them. She was almost overcome with joy, knowing they had stepped in one moment from poverty to riches.

No Place for a Puppy.

Gerald—I'd like to be here always. Geraldine—But we haven't any kennel.—Pueblo Chieftain.

Any man possesses the ability to be as big a fool as he pleases.

GETS LIVING FROM SNAKES.

Novel Industry Pursued by an Indian—Raises Rattlesnakes.

Joshua Fleener, an octogenarian of Brown County, Indiana, is following a strange occupation, and declares that there is more money in it when time and trouble are taken into consideration than any other business in which he has engaged since his discharge after serving through the Civil War, says the New York Tribune. He is engaged in breeding timber rattlesnakes, a species which, he says, is exceedingly scarce, and in some parts of the country extinct, and is selling dressed skins to museums to be mounted. He recently sold two of the oldest that he had on hand, one having nine and the other eight rattles, for \$37.50 and \$26, respectively.

Fleener has a cabin of two rooms in the hills of Brown County, and has gone into the rattlesnake industry in a systematic way. He has constructed a wall of cement and stone around the stone chimney of his cabin, making a chamber about 6 by 6 feet, and this is kept warm in the winter by a constant fire in the fireplace in the cabin. In this den he keeps the snakes for breeding and feeds them regularly through the winter. He says he made a study of the habits of timber rattlers for years and found that they were always more prolific after a warm winter than after one that was exceedingly cold. He constructed the den around the outside of the chimney on the theory that the keeping of the chimney immediately back of the fire always warm would furnish ample heat for the snakes and with proper feeding he would be able to increase the propagation indefinitely.

He accounts for the scarcity of the species known as timber rattlers by the increasing cold winters of the West, and says that his experience in keeping the reptiles in a warm place during winter justifies the theory upon which he started. This spring he had eleven, though he began two years ago with only a single pair, and last year he sold three live ones, for which he got \$75. He believes he can count on doubling his present number in a year, notwithstanding the fact that he expects to dispose of three of his 2-year-olds in a few days. Though the octogenarian makes no professions of being a snake charmer, he says that domestication makes a great difference in the habits of the rattlers, for they are in no sense venomous when they are raised in his den. He often opens the door leading from the den into his cabin and permits them to enter the house.

"I'd rather sell the skins than the live snakes," said the aged snake raiser, "for then I have the advantage of the meat, and it is the best I ever ate. It tastes something like turtle, but is more tender and has a better flavor, and a big rattler will make three meals good enough for a king. It don't cost anything to raise them and there ought to be a big demand because they are so scarce. Yes, there's plenty of rattlesnakes, but they ain't timber rattlers, and that makes a big difference to them that know."

Fearless Swimmers.

In the water the Hawaiians are absolutely fearless. As soon as they can walk, little babies are taken to bathe in the sea, and in a very short time they are able to swim like porpoises. The author of "Hawaiian Yesterdays" gives a reminiscence of the courage of the natives.

Our party had arrived in Hilo Bay, and we were all seated upon the platform of a big double canoe, paddling ashore from the schooner which lay out in the harbor. A throng of natives lined the beach, waiting to welcome their returning teachers.

Just as we were entering the surf that rolled upon the sandy shore, through some accident the canoes suddenly filled and sank, leaving us all sitting half-submerged in the shallow water. With a loud roar of "Awe!" (Oh and Alas!) the assembled crowd rushed as one man into the waves and bore us safely to land.

On one occasion, about the same date, a coasting vessel was upset in a violent squall between the islands of Hawaii and Maui. Although the nearest land was twenty miles distant, the native crew and passengers boldly struck out to swim ashore; and several of them did come safe to land after a night and day in the deep.

Among the survivors of the wreck was a poor woman who for several hours swam with her husband upon her back; but the poor man died of cold and fatigue, and had to be abandoned at last before the coast was reached.

Damages Sufficient.

An old colored woman was seriously injured in a railway accident. One and all her friends urged the necessity of suing the wealthy railroad corporation for damages.

"I 'clar to gracious," she scornfully replied to their advice, "ef I ain't done git more'n nuff o' damages! What I 'se wantin' now and what I 'se done gwine to sue dat company for is repairs."—Cleveland Leader.

If you deliver the goods, a well-paying job is always gaping open for you.

IDAHO'S DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

Diabolical Assassination of Ex-Gov. Steunenberg.

Frank Steunenberg, ex-Governor of Idaho, was killed in a most diabolical manner at his home in Boise. As he was entering the gate at his home, which is in a section not thickly settled, there was a terrific explosion and a flash of light, and the ex-Governor was hurled thirty feet through the air. He died when picked up. The perpetrators, who had attached the deadly dynamite bomb to the gate in such a manner that there would be an explosion when the gate was opened, must have watched the house closely and followed the movements of the ex-Governor carefully, to avoid a mistake in the identity of the victim. It is suspected that persons connected with the Cour de'Alene riots, which Steunenberg suppressed, are responsible for the outrage.

Ex-Governor Steunenberg was one of the most picturesque figures of his State. A native of Iowa, he was nevertheless typical of the far West, a rough, hearty man of the plains and the hills. He was never east of the Mississippi River until after he became chief executive of the State of Idaho in 1897. He stood seven feet in his stockings, straight as an Indian and broad as a heavy-weight pugilist. When he visited New York City after



EX-GOV. STEUNENBERG.

his election he caused a slight sensation by bravely parading Broadway without a necktie, wearing the wide-brimmed hat and long ulster of a cattleman, contemptuous of the amenities. But he overflowed with refreshing ideas, and was enthusiastic over the future of his own State and of all the West.

He was an outspoken advocate of women's suffrage, which had been accepted by Idaho. He was also a staunch supporter of Mormonism, although not a member of that faith. "The East misunderstood Mormonism," he once asserted. "That religion deserves to live as much as Presbyterianism or any other 'ism.' Mormons make an excellent class of citizens, and if the East knew them as we do there would be a decided change of attitude. I do not, of course, approve of polygamy, but the faith will live and do a good work after this evil is rooted out."

Mr. Steunenberg served two terms as Governor, from 1897 to 1901, being the candidate of the Democrats and silver Republicans of his State. He proved a good executive, and put down strike riots among the miners with an iron hand. He was 44 years old, and leaves a widow and three children.

Anxious to Help.

The struggles of a horse which slipped and fell at Madison street, and Fifth avenue yesterday attracted the usual crowd of curious onlookers anxious to aid the driver in getting the animal on its feet again. Some proffered advice and some rendered active assistance in unbuckling the harness.

"You don't see anything like this in London," said a man not long from England, who stood near the outskirts of the crowd; "no one takes any interest in a fallen horse there. People go on their way with scarcely a passing glance at the unlucky cab or bus horse, leaving the driver to extricate himself from his difficulties as best he may. Here in America, in all the cities I have visited at least, great excitement prevails when a horse falls, and every one seems anxious to help."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Sore Spot.

"Woodby tells me he has been working on his family tree of late."

"Yes, it seems to keep him pretty busy."

"Rather complicated work, eh?"

"Yes, I believe he discovered a hangman's noose on one of the branches, and he's having some trouble sawing it off."—Philadelphia Press.

Airy Fiction.

"He has wonderful imagination," said Miss Cayenne.

"But he is not an author."

"No. He tells what he is going to do with the money he wins at the races."—Washington Star.

If the good fish still in the sea are wise they will continue to abide there.