

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Some men trust to luck in this world, and some others are lucky to get trusted.

Some men are like pins; they have their good points, yet they are apt to stick you.

Speaking of airships we do not care to soar on anything unless it is a feather bed.

It isn't the shortcomings of a young man that the girl's father objects to; it's his long stayings.

Even the rich have their sorrows. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller are grieved because their new billion-dollar baby isn't a boy.

A fashion note by wireless telegraphy from Bogota is that Panama hats will not be extensively worn in Colombia next season.

The man who tried to shoot the secretary of the Bank of England is said to hold peculiar views on the distribution of wealth. This is obvious.

By dint of unceasing activity Mr. Rockefeller is able to keep ahead of Miss Ida Tarbell to the extent of one or two magazine articles all the time.

Information comes from scientific sources that a number of "extinct animals are still living." The wonders of science grow more and more marvelous.

China's empress dowager is going to spend \$8,000,000 in building temples to the gods of peace. Captain Hobson will regard this as a shameful waste of money.

Mr. Rockefeller will give \$10,000,000 to aid the search for microbes. Peary should contrive some way to convince Mr. Rockefeller that the north pole is a microbe.

It is a wonder that no great financier has thought of the possibility of organizing the eligible noblemen of Europe into a trust and forcing American heiresses to get their coronets at monopoly prices.

There is a strong suspicion that Japan is behind China, pushing her forward to slip her great and good friend, the czar. If she does, the boundary line will gallop south a few thousand more miles.

Edward Atkinson says mud will be the substitute for coal, which will enable the consumer to issue a new Declaration of Independence. If that is the case, we shall all be ready to celebrate two Fourth of Julys.

A member of the English commission which is now investigating American educational conditions has publicly expressed the wish that in the next few decades we give our attention to turning out "two or three Miltons, one or two Dantes and one or two Shakespeares." We are disposed to be obliging, but is not the demand rather large?

One-twelfth of the estimated wealth of the United States is represented at the meeting of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation when all the directors are present. They also represent 200 other companies, operating one-half of the railroad mileage in the country, and control corporations whose aggregate capitalization is \$9,000,000.

The Duke of Roxburgh is said to be so hugely disgusted with Americans that he has no desire to return to this country. Of course the Duke reserves an exception in the case of one fair American. But he may dismiss from his mind any fear that a naval expedition will be sent to bring him back to America, deeply as his absence may be deplored. So long as he keeps on the right side of extradition laws, he is quite safe.

It is at once interesting and pathetic to see how completely helpless, in the grasp of the bureaucracy, is the nominal "autocrat of all the Russias." He has managed to make it manifest that he is a perfectly well-meaning man; that he desires peace with all the world, and particularly that he desires the advancement in civilization, including political civilization, of his own people. The more his good intentions are manifested the more it is manifest how absolutely he is without power to give effect to them.

"The American people don't mind grafting," remarked an experienced Philadelphia politician, "but they hate scandals. They don't kick so much on a jiggered public contract for a boulevard, but they want the boulevard and no fuss and no dust." Unfortunately, this politician wasn't far from the truth. The experience of almost every American city will bear him out. This peculiar attitude of honest Americans toward dishonest politicians is sometimes attributed to indifference toward public affairs. The voters are "too busy," it is said, to pay proper attention to their municipal government. But this explanation reduces simply to the Philadelphia boss' statement that the people "don't mind grafting."

For years public-spirited people have been preaching about the benefits of soap. Some men have even gone so far as to say that soap is the real emblem of civilization. Whether this is so or not, it is well known that in countries where the people are savage there is no soap. It has been difficult, however, to get some people to accept soap as a blessing or as a bulwark of the home. In spite of the good work the magazines have been doing by way of disseminating soap advertisements there are many inhabitants of our splendid country who continue to regard soap with suspicion if not with downright abhorrence. But something happened at Lancaster, Pa., the other day that is likely to bring soap to the

many a man who has heretofore preferred to be soapless. Mr. James Wilson, a burglar gentleman who had been shut up in the Lancaster jail, succeeded, after stripping and thoroughly soaping himself, in squeezing through a hole which had been supposed to be so small that no man could possibly escape by it. It must have made the burglar shiver with horror to think of putting soap upon himself, but there was nothing else for him to do if he was to gain his liberty. How can the people who have in the past shrunk from soap continue to regard with it fear or contempt? The experience of the Lancaster burglar should serve to make soap precious to most of those who have been spurning it. The man who is an enemy of soap never can tell how soon he may be shut in behind bars. In fact, he usually gets there, sooner or later, and always deserves to. He should therefore gradually accustom himself to soap before the crisis comes. If Burglar Wilson's experience serves to increase the popularity of soap his escape will have been far from a public misfortune.

The time is not very far distant when this country will have to deal with congestion of population in the cities and consequent inadequacy of the rural population. Indeed, the problem even now presents itself urgently every summer when farmers vainly seek help to harvest the crops, though thousands of men are idle in the cities. The tendency is more and more toward the cities. Farmers' sons no longer become farmers. They disdain the slow and uneventful routine of life on the farm and as soon as they become their own masters they are off to the nearest city or large town to make their fortunes. In a large majority of cases they fare far worse in the city than they would have fared on the farm, but their ill success does not deter others. The tide flows all one way. The country boy comes to the city, but the city boy never goes to the country. Fortunately for the nation the agricultural population is considerably, though inadequately, recruited from abroad. A large proportion of the immigrants from northern Europe, together with some Germans and Irish, enter upon farming either for themselves or for others immediately upon their arrival in this country. Most of the Scandinavians become tillers of the soil. In this way the growing disposition of Americans to forsake agriculture for urban pursuits is rendered less of a menace to our national future. It cannot but be regretted, however, that the native American farmer seems destined to disappear almost entirely, leaving the cultivation of the soil entirely to immigrants. There is no life, no independence and no vigor as that of the farmer and it is upon the agricultural class that the prosperity of the nation depends. When the farmer is prosperous we all flourish; when he falls upon evil days we suffer with him. The condition of the farming population is an index to the condition of the country in general, and the higher the type of that population the better the prospect for national prosperity. It is not impossible that there may some day be a reversal of the flow of population to the cities. We are so rich in national domain in this country that our native-born citizens have not felt the land hunger which impels the European immigrant to gain possession of a farm as quickly as he can manage it. The time will shortly come when people born in this country will realize the desirability of owning a portion of the soil, and when that realization comes there will be a reflux from the cities to the country. In the meantime it is upon the agricultural immigrants that we must rely to take the places of American farmers who are deserting their plows for the attractions of city life. It is evident that the native-born youth of to-day cannot be counted upon to follow the furrow. Possibly his grandchildren will be glad to do so.

**THE TROLLEY-HOUSE.**  
NOW that parlor cars and sleeping cars on trolley lines are established we may be privileged to speculate a bit as to what will come next as an annex of the trolley train. Suppose we hazard the guess that it will be the trolley house—first cousin to the house boat. By the building of spurs and sidetracks in delightful spots at country or seashore at a fair and far distance from the main lines resting places for these movable dwellings could be comfortably managed. At one of them a trolley house might remain for as long a time as contentment was the staying power, and when this burned out the trolley house might be put in contact with the wire and the trolley house trundled away to pastures new. Of course this is merely the roughest outline of a possible development of the electric car, but it is the pleasantest part upon which the lay mind can dwell. Details of it, like the securing of suitable drinking water and the training of every tenant of one of these dwellings to be his own motorman may as well be left to the consideration of those whose business it would be to perfect them.—Boston Transcript.

**AMERICAN GIRLS AND FOREIGN HUSBANDS.**  
HERE could be no greater mistake than the assertion that the marriages of American girls with foreigners of rank are mainly confined to England. Up to a quarter of a century ago there were at least three such international marriages in France for one in England. Dances of American girls have married French nobles of the ancient regime, to say nothing of those who obtained their titles from Napoleon, like Prince Murat. Among these may be mentioned the Duc de Rochefoucauld, the Duc de Dino, and the Duc de Decazes. Many an Italian noble, from Prince Colonna down, has married an American young woman. There are examples of such marriages in the Spanish peerage also; the Duchesse d'Arcos is an American. Many American girls have married German nobles, and one of them, Miss Lee, of New

**ERRORS ABOUT MAD DOGS.**  
Popular Beliefs Concerning Them That Are Deeply Rooted.  
There are some popular beliefs not quite classifiable as superstitions which seem too deeply rooted for universal education to destroy. Several of these concern mad dogs. The idea that a healthy dog which bites a person must be killed because if it should at some future time go mad the person bitten would have hydrophobia is reluctantly given up, even by some persons of education. Even more strange is the belief in "madstones" about which much has been printed of late. There are many "madstones" in this country and the believers in their efficacy always know where the nearest one is kept. In a sense these porous stones are public institutions. Some of them have curious histories.

One was the property of an Ohio negro named Depp, and on his death was placed in the State library at Columbus, from which, according to reports, it was recently taken and applied to the wound of a woman bitten by a supposedly rabid dog. The same report stated that the dog was not mad after all, but that the woman received blood poison from the stone and died. That stone's career of healing should be ended by now.

A Virginia newspaper recalls that another "madstone" was kept at the State penitentiary for many years and was free for the use of any person who wanted it applied to a bite or other wound. Later a "madstone" which may perhaps have been the same specimen was sold at auction in the country for \$39.

Perhaps the stone having the most remarkable history is in St. Louis, and one of its "cures" has recently been exploited in the newspapers. It was brought to this country in 1887 by a Russian physician who settled in Nevada. He said that the stone had been in Russia for 150 years, in proof of which fact he submitted documents written on parchment in Russian, which the people in Nevada had to take on faith, as they could not read the language. He offered the stone for sale at \$1,500, and a farmer who had seen a similar stone elsewhere and had faith in it agitated the formation of a stock company to buy the stone. About a thousand stockholders paid \$1 each and the remaining sum necessary was contributed by the present owner. The stone was used on all the animals and most persons that were bitten by dogs. In at least one case, the owner says, the dog was not shot on the spot, but kept until it died of unmistakable rabies. So celebrated are the virtues of this stone that the neighbors are willing to believe that

**OLDEST INDIAN IN THE STATES.**  
He Cherishes an Intense Admiration for Andrew Jackson.  
Down in North Carolina among the Great Smoky Mountains, lives an Indian chief who is said to be the oldest of his race in the United States. John Kohlecoostay is his name, and it was 110 years ago, according to the tradition of his people when he first saw the light. More remarkable than his age, however, is Kohlecoostay's successful defiance of the American government.

Seventy years ago the sixteen mountain counties of North Carolina were inhabited exclusively by the Cherokee tribe of Indians. For more centuries than they could count the latter had pitched their wigwams there, and when the United States sent troops to the mountains with orders to move the tribe to the lands provided for them in Indian Territory, they showed no disposition to give up their ancestral possessions.

Five hundred of the rebels, led by Kohlecoostay, refused to leave their homes, declaring that the mountains belonged to them and not to the whites. For five years this handful of braves defied the government, hiding in impenetrable forests from the soldiers, until finally the United States, recognizing their claim, allowed them a reservation among the mountains they loved so well, where their descendants, with the old patriarch, Kohlecoostay, still in their midst, are living to this day.

Kohlecoostay, who boasts of the purest Indian blood, scorns the whites, and has always refused to live with or learn their language. He cherishes an intense admiration for Andrew Jackson, however, under whom he once fought in an expedition against the Creek Indians of Georgia—a service for which, he claims, the United States promised to pay him, but never did. And that makes one more grievance the old man has against his pale-face neighbors.—Kansas City Journal.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**The Utilizing of Education.**  
If it be admitted, as indeed it must, that education like everything else should have an end, it should be admitted also that that end must be a useful one, in some real and practical sense. It is true that the tendency of much of education is to take the student off into a land of dreams and to detach him from the scenes of active life. But that need not be so, or if so, need only be so for a while. It is not lost time if young minds are allowed to tarry for a period under the influence of the ideal, and of the aesthetic family. Idealism is as the foundation of all true practicality. Every great deed has been at first a great dreamer. \* \* \*

But just as surely as the ideal is preparatory for higher living, and study the foundation of success, so surely must the type of cloistral life which characterizes the college give place sooner or later to the serious workaday spirit which enters the arena of social, commercial, or perhaps political life to accept the tasks and fulfill the duties of patriotic citizenship. The use of education is not meant to be a purely selfish use. Culture should not terminate in the personal experience of the educated man. \* \* \*

It remains for the young graduates to put that creed into practice. Knowledge is power, and knowledge is a sacred trust. It is perfectly true that this idea is being abused in some of the industrial excesses of the day when men are taught to become nothing but expert machines, capable of turning out so much work, or of earning increased dividends for somebody else, at the expense of the training of the mind and the development of the religious nature. But such over-emphasis upon the industrial idea in education does not militate against a proper amount of utilitarianism, and while not all knowledge can be practical, in the sense of money-making or comfort-bringing, all culture of the mind should have a distinct relation to the bettering of human life and the elevation of the masses of mankind.—New York Observer.

**Homesteaders Driven to Canada.**  
THE recent migration of thousands of American farmers to the regions of Western Canada has not been through any lack of opportunity, in the regions of Minnesota and neighboring States, created by natural causes. Whatever lack of opportunity or room exists, anywhere south of the boundary line, is the result of conditions wholly artificial in their origin. Chief among these is the tying up of large bodies of the best lands in the hands of speculators who are holding them for a rise. Take a trip on almost any railroad leading out of St. Paul, and all along its line will be found that the unimproved land exceeds in acreage the amount reduced to cultivation. In great numbers of instances there has been no thought of improving it by its present owners. They have bought it on speculation, and when they sell, it is an even chance that the transfer will be to some other speculator. Drive the speculator out of the field, and the vacant stretches between villages will soon be occupied by farms. At present, even in the wonderfully fertile and productive region of the Red River of the North, a vast acreage is unoccupied—held on speculation.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**Causes of Failures.**  
ANALYZING the causes of failure in the United States in 1902, American Industries finds that of the 9,971 failures 20 per cent were due to incompetence, 30 per cent to lack of capital, 17 per cent to special circumstances beyond the business man's control, 10 per cent to fraud and 7 per cent to inexperience. Lack of capital, it appears, is the most dangerous factor in the business life, as it is the greatest obstacle to getting into business. Incompetence, together with inexperience, amounts to incompetence, accounts for a very large percentage of failures. If to incompetence and inexperience we add "unwise credits," we find that 30 per cent of failures are explained. It amounts to this, in brief, that nearly a third of those who fail in business are not well qualified for it; another third try to do too large a business, and the rest fail by reason of fraud, competition, extravagance, neglect, failures of others, speculation and causes beyond the wisest man's control.—Baltimore Sun.

**Noise!**  
THE modern world, having plunged into a civilization which, with its factories and railroads, seems to promise a continual crescendo of noise, has at last discovered a fact which the mediaeval world was fortunately unable to discover. This fact is that piercing and deafening noises, prolonged through the twenty-four hours, are not only offensive to the ear, but injurious to the health. It becomes necessary, therefore, for the modern world to combat loud noise just as it combats heavy smoke and noxious odors.—Chicago Tribune.

**THE LATEST TRICK CYCLING FEAT.**  
To a German, Paul Munder, belongs the dubious honor of being the latest claimant to fame as a daredevil bicycle rider. Until recently Munder was an amateur cyclist, but his bold spirit refused to be confined by the feats performed by his brethren, and he has blossomed out as a circus performer with an act that takes one's breath away. Dashing down a steep incline from a height of fifty feet, he and his bicycle leap through the air for a distance of nearly forty feet, landing on a mattress. At present Mr. Munder is trying to amuse the people of Berlin with this exhibition of foolhardiness, and it is said that he will soon put himself on exhibition before American audiences.

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Their Surprising Power to Divine the Presence of Far Distant Waters.  
Prof. Werner, of Vienna, a naturalist of note, has reported the results of observations he has been making for some time on the senses of inferior vertebrates, and he has reached some curious and surprising conclusions. The professor took all possible precautions not to let the creatures know that they were watched. One general fact is very evident, that reptiles and amphibians are strongly attracted by water. They go straight toward it, even when they are at distances so great that they could not divine its presence by any of the senses known to us. It seems really that a sense of which we have no knowledge informs them of the direction in which water may be found. There seems to be a sort of chemical attraction, says M. Werner. But how does this act, and on what part of the creature? This remains a mystery. Reptiles also seek the light, but independently of heat. They often leave comfortable and warm retreats to seek the sunlight. Sight is generally good with them. It is probably the finest sense that they possess, but it would still appear to be very limited. The caymans and the

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Robert of Lincoln.  
Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Saug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;  
White are his shoulders and white his  
cross,  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown  
wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband  
sings:  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
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One weak chirp is her only note.  
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Footing boasts from his little throat:  
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There as the mother sits all day,  
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Nice good wife that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
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Sooner as the little ones chip the shell,  
Six wide mouths are open for food;  
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Half forgotten that merry air,  
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Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
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Summer wanes; the children are grown;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum drone;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes.  
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Spink, spank, spink,  
When you can pipe that merry old  
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Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
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York, at present the wife of Count von Walderssee, had for her first husband a reigning prince, the Duke of Augustenburg, who was eligible for intermarriage with any imperial family in Europe. There have been fewer examples of such marriages in Austro-Hungary. At this moment we recall but two, that of Miss Carroll, who married Count Esterhazy, and who now lives in Washington, and that of Miss Mabel Wright, who first became Mrs. Yanaga, sister-in-law of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, and subsequently married a member of the highest Hungarian aristocracy. Whether the rule about sixteen quarters, which is so rigorously observed in the court circle at Vienna, has been relaxed in her favor we know not. The truth is that the number of American women who have married European nobles would be found, upon a complete enumeration, to have exceeded considerably a hundred. We add that, while there have been frequent exceptions, these international marriages seem, as a rule, to have brought the average amount of happiness.—Harper's Weekly.

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Brood, kind creature, you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Modest and shy as a nun is she;  
One weak chirp is her only note.  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Footing boasts from his little throat:  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Never was I afraid of man;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!  
There as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might.  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Nice good wife that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Sooner as the little ones chip the shell,  
Six wide mouths are open for food;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work and silent with care!  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air,  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Summer wanes; the children are grown;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum drone;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes.  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
When you can pipe that merry old  
strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
—W. C. Bryant.

**OLD FAVORITES**  
Robert of Lincoln.  
Merrily swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Saug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;  
White are his shoulders and white his  
cross,  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown  
wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband  
sings:  
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,  
Spink, spank, spink,  
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.  
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