

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## CIVILIZED MEN SHOULD BE ABOVE WAR.

I prefer teaching our children that war is one of the direst curses that afflict this earth, and that, while all should be prepared, if needs be, to defend our independence, our persistent aim should be to avoid all wars, and—as was well said by Lord Percy—"nations should consider, not how little they can concede to one another, but how far they can meet each other's views."

This is the spirit that now animates the working men of France, of Germany, and of Italy. Their leaders are ever deprecating any recrudescence of the military spirit that has confuted so often in the past. It is the spirit that animates our own workmen. If we were attacked they would need no military tomfooleries in national schools to induce them to fight for their country. But they know that peace is the best of policies for them, as never has there been a way which has not been harmful to those engaged in it. Napoleon infused a military spirit into Frenchmen. What did the workmen of France gain by his conquests? What have the Southerners and the empire of Sokoto? What have they gained by our war in South Africa, except having to pay more for some of their necessities and the knowledge that it has paved the way for the introduction of Chinese chattels to work in the Transvaal mines for the benefit of cosmopolitan millionaires?

A tribe of savages is always cultivating a military spirit. Its sole occupation is war, and the arts of peace are despised as contemptible to men of spirit. Among civilized men there ought to be a higher ideal, and there would be were it that there are usually too many missionaries of strife among them ever appealing to the baser passions and trying to persuade their fellow countrymen that there is something noble and elevating in war and that a soldier is the noblest of human beings. Armies are necessary evils, but for my part I prefer a procession of trade-unionists to the marching of armed regiments, and the simple and homely garb of a worker to the tawdry trappings of men of war. I respect a man who honorably fulfills his calling as a soldier, but he is no better in my eyes than the man who honestly labors in other and more peaceful avocations.

## WHY HEROES' FAME IS ACCIDENTAL.

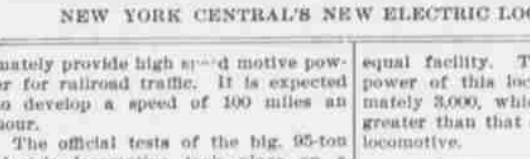
There are hundreds in every great city, and in every country there are thousands of men, women and children with a latent capacity of heroism who go through life unnoticed or despised, because no accident has evoked it. Again, the recognition or irrecognition of those heroisms which accident has evoked is often accidental. They happen, perhaps, inopportunistly, when attention is absorbed by something which imposes more upon the public imagination. In the same week in which the name of the boy hero of the Norge was in every paper and on every lip a boy hero of our own, who threw himself in front of an express train to save a little brother and fling him aside off the track at the cost of his own life, attracted hardly a moment's notice.

Dumont records the following instance of a woman's heroism during the siege of Gibraltar: "The count d'Artois came to St. Roch to visit the place and works. He remembered that his highness, while inspecting the lines in company with the Duke de Crillon, both of them with their suits, alighted, and all lay flat on the ground to shun the effects of a bomb that fell near a part of the barracks metropolis. With one of this type, trains of ten or more cars may be hauled at an express speed of 60 to 70 miles per hour, and the design and method of control are such that two or more locomotives can be coupled together and operated by a single engineer from the leading cab, so that the size of the train that may be under the control of one engineer is practically unlimited so far as the question of motive power is concerned.

## NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

Future Railroad May Be Greatly Changed by Speedy Engine.

A new electric locomotive which may revolutionize the motive power on railroads was given a trial at Schenectady, N. Y., a few days ago, while scores of men prominent in railroad and electrical circles watched the tests. The locomotive was built in that city for the New York Central terminal service in New York City, and the trials demonstrated that it will



NEW YORK CENTRAL'S NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

mate to provide high speed motive power for railroad traffic. It is expected to develop a speed of 100 miles an hour.

The official tests of the big 95-ton electric locomotive took place on a stretch of four miles of especially prepared track near Schenectady, and in the presence of many leading railroad officials and hundreds of deeply interested spectators. This extraordinary locomotive, the most powerful transportation engine in the world, pulled a train of 72 miles an hour, and only the shortness of the track prevented it from attaining an even higher velocity. In the cab of the locomotive when it left its shed for the trial was W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who worked the controller. The engine was pronounced a great success and all who watched the tests were strong in the belief that it will be a great feature in railroading in the future.

This locomotive is the first built of 40 ordered by the New York Central for its New York terminal. It had had several preliminary trials, but this was the official test for speed, drawing capacity and acceleration. Prominent electrical engineers and railroad men from all over the country were present. There is little doubt in the minds of the officials who witnessed the tests that a speed of 90 to 100 miles an hour can be made.

There was no heat in the cab, no noise save the whirring of the air compressors for the brakes and no smoke to pollute the clear country air, yet this huge machine with its 3,000 horse power pulled a train of ten cars, weighing 600 tons, at the rate of 50 miles an hour and actually beat an express train which passed on another track at a speed of 62 miles an hour.

The locomotive is one of a number that will be used by the Central for hauling through passenger traffic through the Park avenue tunnel in the

where a Frenchwoman had a canteen. This woman, with two children on her arm, rushes forth, sits with the utmost sangfroid on the bombshell, puts out the match, and thus extricates from danger all that were around her. Numbers were witnesses of this incident, and his highness granted her a pension of three francs a day and promised to promote her husband after the siege. The Duke de Crillon imitated the Prince's generosity and insured to her a payment of five francs a day."

Here, from a contemporary journal, is an account of an act of similar intrepidity, giving the names of the heroes: "After a royal salute from the principal fort, St. Helier, in the island of Jersey, the matches used on the occasion were lodged in the magazine without being properly extinguished. On the evening of the same day smoke was perceived to issue from an air hole in one end of the magazine, and the alarm was soon spread. Three men volunteered their services and were held enough to advance to and break open the magazine, where they found two casks of wood, filled with ammunition, on fire, near which stood an open barrel of gunpowder. A flame cartridge was almost burned through and some of the beams that supported the roof were on fire. By their exertions the fire was extinguished. The magazine contained 200 barrels of gunpowder, besides charged bombs."

## FORTUNE TELLING IS UNSCIENTIFIC.

To assume that in many mysterious fashion or other the indications, not of character merely, but of a person's past and future, are to be determined by a survey of certain lines on the palm, is to assert a doctrine which is monstrous in respect of its absurdity. Such a statement is easily made, but when one calls for proof he does not find it. The results of the palmist's practice, and certainly no explanation is forthcoming from the side of physiology. The whole so-called business is a matter of tricks, such as can impress the credulous alone. I never heard the case against palmistry and fortune-telling at large better summed up than in the expression of an American critic. He declared that if there was any truth or reality in the art, the palmist could make his fortune on the turf by backing winners, that his operations on the stock exchange would soon render him independent, and that if a life insurance company could trust to his revelations regarding the duration of life of insureds, he would be retained by it at the salary of a president.

That which also surprises me is the faith which cultured people occasionally are found to place in fortune-telling. I have read of cases in which it was avowed that a lady looking into a crystal described to bystanders scenes she had never witnessed, but with which scenes they were themselves familiar. Now, one would wish here for more exact evidence than mere hearsay. In a scientific investigation we should have all the evidences duly noted, and every possibility of fraud or error avoided. There would require to be an exact inquiry into all the circumstances under which the alleged reproductions in the crystal, construed by the brain of a person unfamiliar with the scenes, were carried out. I do not know if in a single instance this plan was pursued. Why should we not apply the care we exercise in ordinary matters of life to the pretensions of the fortune-teller? Besides, even on scientific grounds, we might find in certain brain-vagaries materials for accounting for the phenomena on the lines of unconscious memory and reproduction of impressions. As for the palmists, let us devoutly hope we have heard the last of them. On this point I have my doubts.

of about their own age, he content as we were years ago to hire a little house out of town at \$150 rent, and living with economy. With no need of wealth, he was one of the best men in this world than they are ever likely to get in any other way.

## RECORDS OF WAR OF 1812.

Found Among Waste Paper Sent to England to This Country.

What seem to be the original English records of the American naval prisoners of war taken in the war of 1812 have come into the possession of F. W. Harwood of Springfield, Mass., says the New York Tribune. The records, which are in three books, contain the names of hundreds of prisoners and the names of the ships from which they were taken. The handwriting is old-fashioned in style, although clear, and the books have been kept with the utmost accuracy.

Mr. Harwood is a gold hunter and uses hand-made paper in a certain part of the process to protect the mold. Such paper is very scarce in this country and gold hunters have been sending abroad for it for some time. Recently Mr. Harwood has been getting his paper from an old book store in England in the shape of old ledgers and blank books of various kinds and old legal documents. For business reasons he does not care to reveal the name of the book store, but says he cannot imagine how such important records should have come into the possession of the store.

The books are hand-ruled with ink and one is headed "General Entry Book of American Prisoners of War, at Barbadoes, Lieutenant John Barker, R. N., and another is similarly headed with the word Jamaica substituted for Barbadoes. Then follows a careful tabulation of the name of the ship making the capture, the time of the capture, the place of capture, the name of the ship taken, the character of the boat taken and a list of the prisoners, the quality of each prisoner and, finally, when discharged, if discharged at all.

The names of such well-known boats as *Defiance*, *Decatur*, *President*, *Vixen*, *Loyalist*, *Enterprise* and *Yankee* are among the prizes taken, and of these the *Decatur* and the *Loyalist* have the longest lists of prisoners. Something of the fate of these prisoners is learned from a few remarks in the records. Most of them are discharged or exchanged, but occasionally there is a note that such a prisoner died from fever, another was shot by the guard, and still another was shot while trying to make his escape by cutting a hole through the boat. Some are dubbed riotous characters, others notorious and still others desperate. Often there is a record of the discharge of a prisoner because of his being of other nationality than American, as Spanish, French or Russian.

The documents contain no accounts of battles, but are merely dry records of the prisoners taken and their final disposition. Such good names as *Madison*, *Ruchman*, *Andrews*, *Stone*, *Harrison*, *Williams*, *Lee*, *Morris* and *Hammell* are found in the list of prisoners. Whether these records have been carefully sold by the British government for waste paper or have fallen into the hands of the bookseller by some other means Mr. Harwood has no way of knowing.

## HISTORIC CHRISTMAS.

Noteworthy Occurrences During the Holiday Season.

While no event comparable with the event of all events in the history of the world which is commemorated by all Christendom on Dec. 25 has ever taken place on or about that day, it has nevertheless marked the occurrence of not a few noteworthy deeds and other happenings in the annals of our race. Some of these things have been of that happy and propitious character in keeping with the spirit of the time itself, and others have been quite the reverse of this. Among what may be regarded as joyous events taking place on Christmas day, or thereabouts, may be included the coronation of William the Conqueror, which took place on Dec. 25, 1066. In the same category we would place the landing of the Pilgrims, which occurred only four days before Christmas, in 1620. The same happy season, in 1841, witnessed the ratification of the quintuple alliance

town at the end of the line for \$100. "A Christmas for the wee ones, after all," exclaimed Wemper, his face lighting up. "Here, Bill," he shouted to the conductor. "We go whacks on the cash." Bill was loth to accept, but finally consented and there were two merry Christmases on the Main Line. — Detroit Free Press

## CUTTING CHRISTMAS TREES.

And sad and tragical nature seem to have been more common on Christmas than any other notable events. During the fourteenth century there were three dramatic Christmas. In 1348 the black death was raging. In 1384 the persecution of Wycliffe was rapidly bringing on that paralytic stroke by which he died on Dec. 31. Sadder perhaps of all was the Christmas spent by Isabelle, Dowager Queen of Edward II., in Castle Rising, where she remained a prisoner for the next twenty-seven years of her life.

For the Streets of England Christmas sometimes breathed a tragedy. Mary, Queen of Scots, was born on Dec. 8. Eight days later she was hurried off to France, immediately after the death of her father, James V., on the 13th. During December, 1644, Montrose opened his fruitless campaign in Scotland; on Dec. 23, 1648, Charles I. made his last mournful journey, under escort, to Windsor, and in 1650, on Christmas eve, Edinburgh surrendered to Cromwell. On Dec. 22, 1688, James II. escaped to France, leaving Judge Jeffreys to flee for safety to the Tower, and on Dec. 28, 1684, Mary Stuart, wife of William, died, comparatively young. On Dec. 22, 1718, the old Pretender landed at Peterhead, and, curiously, in 1745, it was during December that the campaign opened in Cumberland. — Philadelphia Ledger.

## MEXICAN CUSTOMS.

Visiting and Giving Presents the Feature of Yuletide.

A series of festivities beginning nine days before Christmas and ending on Christmas eve marks the Yuletide celebration in Mexico. In a circle of friends it is arranged that nine visits shall be paid to nine different houses. Each evening's party begins with prayer and the lighting of candles. These are followed by the presentation of a gift from each guest to the host or hostess of the evening. The first evening's gift is of small worth, but the value of the offering increases with every succeeding evening. That there may be nothing unfair in the distribution, the recipient of the first evening's offering one year becomes the host the following year. After the presentation there are dancing and supper.

## Santa Claus in the Philippines.

No two evenings' entertainments are exactly alike save in the offering of prayers, the lighting of candles and the presenting of gifts. On Christmas eve, a few minutes before midnight, all proceed to church to hear the midnight mass, and this ends the Christmas celebration for the year.

## Good Thing, Too.

The Christmas Tree—It is strange that children are so green as to believe in the existence of a Santa Claus. The Christmas Candle (sputtering)—But they are not evergreen—Woman's Home Companion.

## Tough Luck.

"After all," said the busy merchant, "Christmas comes but once a year." "Yes," rejoined the old man who had seven children and sixteen grandchildren, "and I'm heartily glad of it."

The night before Christmas is one of the rare occasions on which the small boy is threatened with insomnia.—Puck.

## Two Christmas Games.

A Yuletide version of the donkey party is played thus: On a sheet of paper is pasted a design of a Christmas tree. Have each branch of the tree terminate in a circle containing a number, using the numbers from one to ten or one to twenty-five, according to the size of the tree. Each person playing is blindfolded in

turn and is given a rossette with which he must "decorate the tree." Each person aims to pin his or her rossette on or near to the highest number of the tree. Each competitor has three trials, the three numbers to which he pins nearest being written down to his credit by the hostess, who keeps tally. The one whose three numbers added together gives the largest sum total wins the first prize.

"Christmas candles" is a good old time game. A lighted candle is placed upon a table. The player is blindfolded and stationed with his back to the candle, about a foot from it. He is then told to take three steps forward, turn around three times, then to walk four steps toward the candle and blow it out. His attempt to do so will probably be as amusing to the audience as disconcerting to himself.

## CHRISTMAS IN SERVA.

Santa Claus Receives Presents Instead of Giving Them.

In Servia they keep Christmas eve in a somewhat peculiar way. The father of the family goes into the wood and cuts down a straight young oak, choosing the most perfect he can find. He brings it in, saying, "Good evening and a happy Christmas," to which these present say, "May God grant both to thee, and mayest thou have riches and honor!" Then they throw over him grains of corn. Presently the young tree is placed

Wemper knew what the bluish light meant. It was an inbound coming toward him at full speed.

What caused the mishap Wemper did not know, but he did know that to be caught on that curve meant certain death to himself and the sixty odd passengers on the car. The headlight of the approaching car now loomed into view. It was coming at breakneck speed, but Wemper's car with its load of human beings was now also speeding backward.

There had been no orders at the last telephone booth and the inbound car was supposed to have a clear track. Whatever the error, it was a palpable fact that the coming car was upon him. There seemed to be no effort on the part of the man in the other vestibule to attempt to check the speed and the most Kemper could hope to do was to lessen the force of the collision. On came the opposite car until less than 100 feet. It was one of the newest and most powerful on the road, and Kemper's heart dropped as he realized that fact. The passengers by this time had ascertained they were speeding back, and the conductor had his hands full striving to check the panic.

Looking now right into the vestibule of the opposing car, Wemper saw a livid face with glaring eyes. One strong, bony hand clutched the controller, trying to force it still further around to get more speed. There was a terrible smile on the white face. The man was mad. A

catch the last train and spend Christmas at home. It will be different from other Christmas, for hospitality means much in the country. It's genuine. It's un-mixed with business considerations. Your father or the hired man will meet you at the depot, and on the way to the old home on the farm he will tell you of the things you did when you were a boy.

He'll point out the old schoolhouse where you learned your a-b-c's and had some of the easiness licked out of you, and the little old church where a preacher preached sermons and fire in a way that made your flesh cringe and you didn't dare sleep alone.

It will all come back to you. You had almost forgotten that you were a boy, hadn't you?

You'll fill your lungs with pure air, feel the stinging breeze against your face and your heart will begin to throb with good impulses. Here everything seems to be honest and real and good.

And the welcome! Don't be ashamed of the tears that wet your cheeks. An old man with sooty locks, trembling with affection, a grand old woman, your mother, who weeps softly, as women do, because her heart is filled with happiness.

You couldn't make that woman believe that you ever had a merry Christmas; that you had even thought wrong; that you took a narrow view of life, or that you had smitties that embittered your existence.

You couldn't convince that old man that in the world could be found a surtier "boy."

Love forgets faults and exalts virtues. To them your little successes seem like triumphs.

Don't forget the little room. You occupied it as a boy. You slept well in those days. You hadn't a care, you were free, and you were sound in mind, morals and body. It is good to think of those things. It is good to think of Christmas Day, of the gifts and the pleasure and good will that went with them, of the dinner and the hot table, surrounded by relatives and neighbors, too poor to have their own Christmas dinners.

And when the gray old man bows his head, and with the faith of a child, says: "We thank thee, O Lord, for the mercies thou hast shown us," the simple prayer that follows will appeal to all that is good in your and give you new hope, new life, new courage.—Cincinnati Post.

## ON THE MAIN LINE.

The city's streets were thronged. Crowds of Christmas shoppers hurried to and fro. Electric lights from the big stores shone on their rosy and happy faces, and the younger ones laughingly shook the snow from their hair and capes. Charlie Wemper noted all this as with his hand on the controller he held the big suburban car in check. It was crowded to the doors as it started on its trip into the country with its human freight. The passengers were in a merry mood. They had remained until the last car, the opera run, and were going to home on the main line, with their arms full of bundles and their hearts filled with good cheer.

All this swept through the brain of the tired motorman, and there was no answering smile as ray laughter reached him through the closed doors of the vestibule. Here it was Christmas eve. He had had fairly steady runs up to the time the summer business began to slack off, when the time table changed and he went on the board as first extra. A wife and two little ones at home had not to be fed and clothed, and his 50 cents an hour, with an average of six hours a day, had not placed him in a position of affluence, nor enabled him to look forward to the glad Christmas time with any degree of joy. He thought of the scant supply of coal in the shed, the almost depleted larder and empty purse with pay day still more than a week off, and sighed to himself.

"Eight dollars and a half coming to me," he said, as he almost wearily swung around to six points. The car left the current and sprang forward along the sliding ribbons of steel which showed up in the glow of the headlight in the endless stretch of white snow.

The city had been left behind, and the farm houses quickly slid back into the shadows as the car sped by. The sliding rails no longer showed up ahead. It was all a dead level of white. The swiftly-falling snow had covered with its mantle the rails of the line, but the wheels still sunk through it and clung to the rail drunk in the electric fluid. Thoroughly acquainted with the road, and with the car under perfect control, Wemper, one of the most careful, but also one of the newest men on the road, had no misgivings as he sped about the snow covered way. Suddenly ahead there was a bluish light which seemed to dance in the air. "My God, what's this?" he exclaimed as he sprang from his seat, white as the driven snow which surrounded the car. He shut off the current and put on the air with such force as to bring the car almost to a standstill, and throw the passengers from their seats. Quickly the controller swung around and the car slowly started to move backward. To the man in the vestibule it seemed an age before the wheels began to revolve backward. The car was on a long but abrupt curve.



The smiling face of William Jefferson was seen in the streets of Cincinnati, and has done well. It is his first visit to his home in twenty years. He is stopping with his aged parents, Captain and Mrs. W. J. Jefferson.

That is just a homely news item clipped from a country paper. It has some thoughts in it for you, Mr. Busy Man.

Nearly all of us are in the habit of going to the right side of 30, and have, we hope, many long years before us. If we are rich we hope to become richer. If we are poor we hope to become wealthier, and few people who consider old age and a completed career as something distant stop to think of the duty we owe to the old folks "shown in the country."

This is where the majority of the successful business men came from. In thousands of cases father and mother are still on the old farm, content to sit where they have lived, far from the strife of city life, close to the soil and nature.

This year you should slip a few things into a grip, catch the last train and spend Christmas at home. It will be different from other Christmas, for hospitality means much in the country. It's genuine. It's un-mixed with business considerations. Your father or the hired man will meet you at the depot, and on the way to the old home on the farm he will tell you of the things you did when you were a boy.

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