

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HIGH SCHOOL FRATERNITIES AND SORORITIES.

By Prof. Wilbur S. Jackman, University of Chicago.

The most enlightened sentiment of the present time regards the school as a social institution. In making inquiry, therefore, into the value of fraternity life among the children it is necessary to test it entirely in accordance with its power to contribute to the welfare of the school as a social whole. The school, being a social organization, has a right to demand that every individual contribute the best that is in him to the good of all. In making this contribution it is perfectly natural that much should be done through groups around certain centers that have definite ideals. The groups being formed, the school, however, still has the right to exact the same things from them that it does from the individuals. If, now, the fraternities and sororities are so contributing, if they are wielding an influence that is tending to blend all the diverse interests of the school towards one end, the social uplift of all, how does it happen that in schools where these societies exist the class rooms and corridors are thronged with those who are shivering under the frost of ostracism? Here is a system, masquerading as social, which, at best, is indifferent to the good influences which great numbers of the pupils might exert and, at the worst, it deliberately sets about preventing the individual from giving his best to the school. Whether in the fraternity or out of it, there is no difference in principle. The good that the fraternity seeks is the good of the small coterie composing it—it is distinctly selfish and narrow. To assume anything else is ridiculous, for if it were really the good of the whole it could not and would not confine its membership to a few. It is essentially aristocratic, and it must, therefore, come into direct conflict with the proper organization of the school, which is essentially democratic.

The spirit of the American parent is against the spirit of the fraternity. When one contrasts the effect upon the character of his child that a school will have which is broken up into fraternity factions with the effect which a training for a similar length of time would have in an institution founded upon the principles that govern Hull House or which dominated the Cook County Normal School, there is simply but one conclusion possible. The one trains the pupils at this most teachable period of their lives in all the old social prejudices and traditions that the race is doing its best to slough off; the other broadens and deepens the sympathies; it schools the older in the care of the younger, and it teaches the younger to trust the older. It trains the strong to look after the weak, that the strength of the latter may be more surely conserved. In fine, it educates into that broad citizenship which constitutes the true democratic state.

STOCK JOBBING AS A FORM OF PARESIS.

By Prof. James C. Kierman, M. D., Chicago Post-Graduate School.

Since the days of Juvenal satirists have scored pursuit of speculative wealth as a vice peculiar to modern times. The speculator has had his part, however, in all ages, and forestalling or monopoly has been a crime against which the fanatic law-maker has always launched his legal bolts in vain. Even the corporation of the swindling variety is old. Of the close of the seventeenth century Macaulay draws the following picture: "An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift spread through society. The spirit of the cogging dealers of white frocks took possession of the grave senators of the city, wardens of trades, deputies, aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of 20 per cent, and to part with \$5,000 of this imaginary wealth for 10,000 solid guineas than to load a ship with a well-chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, and was forgotten."

One great barometer of the social pressure resulting on stock jobbing is paretic dementia, or paresis, as it is popularly called. While this disorder has probably always existed, it was first pointed out by the great English neu-

rologist, Willis, in the seventeenth century. It is found only in countries with a speculative commercial atmosphere. The influence of such an atmosphere is excellently shown in the fact that paretic dementia is far more frequent among the negroes in Chicago than those in New York, and is practically unknown among the negroes in the South. This is due to the fact that the negro in Chicago is treated as an equal in commerce and politics and is thoroughly under the influence of the speculative atmosphere which permeates the commerce of the city. The same influence is shown in the undue proportion of paretic dementia among the Irish, which is much greater than in New York City. And this arises from the Irish in Chicago being much more addicted to speculation than those in New York. To my personal knowledge Irish women, who in New York would simply hoard their money and keep away from all speculation, here deal in options on wheat and pork.

Not every organism can take paretic dementia in a speculative atmosphere since there must likewise be acquired predisposing causes, generally what is euphemistically called blood poison, which, whether innocently acquired or not, creates a tendency to paretic dementia. All other things being equal, the man of strong constitution is more likely to be attacked by paretic dementia, since the weaker breaks down in nervous prostration. Fortunately, the patient rarely lasts over four years and the disease is not hereditary. It is, however, the danger signal of commercial civilization.

MEN WHO ABANDON THEIR FAMILIES.

By Minnie P. Low.

Men who abandon their wives and children should be made to answer for their crimes. In May of this year the Forty-third General Assembly of Illinois passed a much needed amendment to our abandonment law. Under the old law a term in the county jail did not benefit the family; and, more unsatisfactory still, the lazy, shiftless man, who never did make any pretense at work, found the idle life, with free food and shelter, entirely to his liking. Now, any person who shall, without good cause, abandon his wife, and neglect or refuse to maintain or provide for her; or who shall abandon his or her minor children, shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$100 nor more than \$500, or by imprisonment in the county jail, house of correction, or workhouse not less than one month nor more than twelve months, or by both such fine and imprisonment; and should a fine be imposed it may be directed by the court to be paid in whole or in part to the wife or to the guardian or custodian of the minor child or children.

Men who abandon their families without good cause may be divided into four classes. The first includes those who come from foreign shores. They leave without any premeditated thought of final separation. In time, however, with thousands of miles between, the picture of loved ones grows dim in the distance. The men grow to like the ways of our country. New ties are formed, which, unfortunately, supplant the old.

A second class are those who lack the moral courage to face temporary disappointments or troubles. Men go away under pressure of circumstances, conscious in some instances that their presence is more of a hindrance than a help to their families. They are well aware that relief agencies will not help so long as the able bodied men are about; and so they leave, knowing the community will assume the duties which they cannot carry.

A third class includes those who deliberately plan to leave their families, and are known as the criminal type.

The fourth class are the men who leave their wives and children, but who earn a fair livelihood in the city, and make no pretense at leaving it. Moral suasion goes a great way in adjusting the difficulties in cases of this kind.

The man who commits theft has comparatively little chance to escape punishment. If we find it essential to punish the man who steals \$10 worth of merchandise, he who deprives his wife and helpless children of their natural rights to his protection and support, thus robbing the home of its sanctity and society of its morals, should not be allowed to atone for all his sins on a mere promise. He should not be dealt with lightly before a tribunal that stands for justice and the enforcement of the law.

In the cold air, and for a short time I felt better. But Nature was bound to have her way, and I found I could not keep awake. The awful dream was constantly before my mind, and I exerted my will to the uttermost to keep my eyes open, but they would close. I took another turn around the platform, and then a thought struck me. I entered the office again, found a piece of strong wire, and with it I secured the safety signals so that it was impossible for me to move them. Thus protected, I sat down and gave up the fight, soon falling asleep.

"The first I knew a shrill whistle sounded in my ears, causing me to jump up in excitement and alarm and grasp the signals. The next instant the train dashed past, and then, too late, I thought of the order.

"Oh, God," I groaned, as I watched the receding train. Then came the headlight around the curve, the sharp calls for brakes, followed by the awful crash.

"Toot—toot!"

"I awoke with a start, grasped the signals and tried to work them, but soon remembered why they were fastened.

"What's the matter, Fred?" cried Tom Watson, from his engine. "What's the danger signals set for?"

"I have got order to hold you here until train 68 arrives," I answered.

"Train No. 17 took the sidetrack; the headlight of No. 68 was soon seen dashing around the curve, and a moment later the danger was over. Then I took my wire fastenings from the safety signals and allowed No. 17 to go on.

"That is all, unless I add that I never again received an order of that kind without fastening my signals so that they could not be moved. For, although it happened once, I might never again be saved by a dream."—The Hearststone.

EQUINE WEARY WILLIES.

Stories of Horses Who Had Ideas of Their Own and Lived Up to Them.

There are many instances of horses refusing to perform their allotted duties. A certain farmer at Sateley, in Hampshire, tells a story of a cart horse which he bought "cheap" at a horse sale near Aldershot. As events turned out, this animal proved by no means a bargain, for from the day he was bought to the time the disappointed purchaser sold him "for a mere song" this stubborn beast absolutely refused to do any work.

He would submit to being harnessed in the most exemplary manner, but when once this operation was performed the wily animal would not budge an inch—rivaling in determination the mule, which frequently decides to take a rest, and in Italy it is often found necessary to light a fire underneath the lazy offender before he can be induced to "move on."

A well-known race horse trainer in Sussex once had a horse which would only work when in the mood for it.

Time after time this curiously disposed animal would, when running in hurdle races, lead his field, and appear to be winning easily, until the last hurdle was reached. He then presumably thought that he had done enough work, for he would stop short, and digging his front hoofs into the ground, would allow every horse in the race to pass him, after which he would quietly trot off to the paddock.

Apparently there was method in this peculiar idiosyncrasy, for his trainer was of opinion that the horse counted the hurdles—there are eight in a race—and, mindful of the many hidings he had in former days received in the "run in" from the last hurdle to the winning post, had formed a resolve never again to negotiate the final hurdle.—London Answers.

WHO MAKE THE BEST SOLDIERS?

They Come from All Walks of Life, Says Gen. Hawley.

"Who make the best soldiers?" inquired a Hartford man of General Joseph R. Hawley a year or two ago, when Senator Hawley was stopping at the Hartford Club, says the Hartford Courant.

"Who make the best soldiers?" repeated General Hawley, reflectively. "You mean what kind of men make the best soldiers, I suppose," and the interrogator said that was precisely what he meant.

"Well, I will tell you that it was my experience that no kind of men made the best soldiers, and I mean by that that the best soldiers came from all the walks of life and were of all kinds and conditions. When I was captain I had a great, towering private that was a swearing, frenzied creature in battle, absolutely fearless, and I had another soldier, a little fellow not more than 17 years old, who looked like a girl, and the little chap was as calm and brave a soldier as ever went into an engagement.

"He was wounded in one battle and I saw him drag himself and his gun down to a stream. There he washed his wounded leg, bound it up with bandages made from his shirt and he came back proudly to the firing line, where he stayed all day. There were many men of special bravery in every company and those who were cowardly were very few, as my experience in the Civil War taught me."

More Paper Money.

The Paraguayan government has authorized a new issue of paper money, and bids for printing the same will soon be asked for. About 5,000,000 notes will be printed.

Natural Inference.

"Isn't that Tom's pet I hear?" "Probably, he just went out with the auto."—Harvard Lampoon.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



The Will of God.

Among the members of a certain working girls' club a few years ago was a young Norwegian girl named Berna Jensen. She was an exquisite creature, a veritable child of the morning, with the beauty of the dawn in her face and the joy of the morning in her heart. There were those who, seeing her charm, trembled for her. "If she were only not so beautiful!" they said. "What will her life be?"

But God was taking care of her life. She was nurse-maid in a family with two little children. One evening, while putting the children to bed, she was called from the room for a moment. Just what happened was never known, but when Berna, hearing shrieks, came flying back, one child's dress was on fire and the curtains in a blaze. Berna threw herself instantly upon the boy and beat the fire out, but the flames caught her hair, and before help came she was terribly burned.

She was taken to the hospital at once, and everything that skill or money could do was done for her, but from the first there was no hope. She lived three days, suffering intensely all the time, and then the end came. But those three days revealed the real Berna. She needed no ministry of courage; rather it was she who ministered to all. She was herself a lesson of patience, courage and unflinching faith. It was God's will, and it was right.

The unusual circumstances of her death awakened the widest sympathy and interest. Kindred and friends and strangers, patients, nurses and doctors—it was marvelous how many doctors for word of her through those three days. There was but one feeling among them all—the tragedy of such an ending to the beautiful young life. Most of all the girl's mother felt it. "She was so lovely, so lovely!" she cried again and again.

Three or four weeks after Berna's death a woman knocked at the Jensens' door and asked for Mrs. Jensen. When the mother came she told her story. She had been a patient in the hospital at the time Berna was brought there. Life had been hard to her and she was bitterly rebellious. People had been kind—she realized it afterward—but she had thrust their kindness back in their faces.

"Don't tell me of God!" she had cried to them. "You have never suffered. If you had to endure what I have, you would find your God a long way off."

"Then," she said, "your daughter came. I heard about her, of course—we all did. We heard how beautiful she was and how young, and how she suffered, and I knew then that God had answered me. If she could give up life, with all it held for her, without a word of regret; if she could suffer as she did and still say that it was all right, I knew that she had some power behind her, and that power must be God. I cannot tell you how I struggled through those three days. It seemed as if my soul was fighting for its life. But the night she died the battle ended and I gave myself to—her God.

"I have come," she ended, "not to intrude upon you with a stranger's story, but to tell you that your beautiful daughter did not die in vain. I know that she would have been glad."

The mother turned away for a moment, and from the pages of a big Bible took two letters. "Do you see these?" she asked. "They have come to us—since. They are like what you tell. We have talked and talked, and father and I. She was dear to us—we cannot know how dear—but we are willing now—willing even that she should have died—so. We shall never again rebel against suffering. God knows best."—Youth's Companion.

She Refused the Medal.

Bishop Potter often visits Sabbath schools. At one time a little girl's sewing class was organized, and he offered a medal for the child who would always be present and never be late.

At the closing exercises, little Alice was called forward as the girl who had been neither absent nor late. Bishop Potter handed her the medal, but she refused it.

"One day I was late," And she told him what had made her late.

Afterward Bishop Potter asked her all about it.

"Why didn't you take the medal, Alice?" he asked.

"It would have been telling a lie," was the answer.

"Would your teacher have known it?"

"No, sir. She didn't see me come in that day."

"Would your mother have known?"

"No, sir. I didn't tell her about it."

"Well, who would have known that you were telling a lie?"

Alice's face grew pink. "I should," said she.

The Bishop did not give her that medal, but he had another beautiful medal made, and sent it to her to remind her always to tell the truth, no matter how severely she might be tempted to do otherwise.

Morning.

Rise, thou splendid sun,
Usher in bright day,
Bid the silver mists
Break and melt away!

Ripple, little waves
Playing on the shore!
Trill your songs, O bird,
Greet your life once more!

Open thy petals, rose,
Diademed with dew!
Float in lazy calm,
Cloudlet, on the breeze!

Let the children laugh,
Roused from dreamless sleep!
We are glad of joy—
We who wake to weep.
—E. Ritchie.

Patient Seeking.

If we would gain light either on the theory or practice of religion, we must sincerely desire the light. We must use the light we already have. We must patiently seek light in the double way of prayer and rational inquiry. Never, as long as the world stands, will any religiously enlightened soul thus patiently desire and labor and pray for the break of day without at last seeing the eyelids of the morn unsealed and the painfully dusky east gradually redden into the sun.—E. F. Burr.

INSOMNIA AND WEATHER.

One Man Declares that There Is a Close Connection.

"Do you know I think the connection between atmospheric conditions and insomnia is much closer than we believe it is," said a thoughtful man to a New Orleans Times-Democrat writer, "and I think I have good reason for the faith that is within me, so far as this matter is concerned. I suffer a great deal on account of sleeplessness and in at least nine instances out of ten the weather is directly responsible for it. If a violent change in any way whatever is about to take place my system will register the fact with just as much accuracy as the most delicate devices used by the expert weather prognosticators.

"Of course, I do not mean to say that I have a monopoly on this sort of thing. We are all influenced to some extent and in one way or another by weather changes. But I was speaking more particularly of the relations between atmospheric condition and insomnia. The connection is direct and unmistakable. Take the man, for instance, who is a chronic sufferer from headache or neuralgia, or any kindred ailment, and you will find that an impending change in the weather will have a tendency to put his nerves on edge, if I may say it, and he will, as a matter of fact, fall into the clutches of that awful slaughterer of rest—insomnia.

"I may say that any man whose nerves are particularly sensitive and whose system is delicate enough to respond to slight pressures will be affected in the same way. The ordinary corn is often an agent in begetting insomnia, because it is a sort of barometer and responds quickly to changes in the weather. It would be interesting if some man who is an expert in such matters would trace definitely the relation between insomnia and atmospheric or climatic conditions. Many variations would be found. It would all depend on the temperament of the individual. A great many persons will be found who will sleep heavily if the night becomes suddenly a little cold. Cold in such cases aids sleep. In the cases of other persons a change of this sort will produce wakefulness because the cold will irritate the more sensitive nerves. So I might go on and enumerate a vast variety of ways in which different persons, because of temperamental differences, would be affected by a sudden change in the weather. There can be no sort of question about the connection between insomnia and the weather."

Character and Woe.

With rare exceptions the Russian peasants are lacking in education, sobriety, industry, energy and honesty. They have the characteristics of a race of slaves. They are so suspicious of anyone asking questions that frequently they will lie when it is to their interest to tell the truth, and they will use the greatest ingenuity in stealing and covering their tracks, but they so totally lack perseverance, as a rule, that it is difficult to turn their cunning to account. Some of these characteristics extend high up. At the time the Retvizan and Varig were being built at the Cramps, another vessel was being built for the Japanese navy, and naval officers were here from both countries to supervise the work. An engineer who was detailed by the Cramps to look after the foreign officers told me that the Russians did little but drink, and seldom went near their vessels, while the Japanese watched every piece that went into construction and knew just what it was meant to accomplish. It is only such intimate knowledge that allows an intricate machine like a war ship to be utilized to its full capacity.—Bacon in Booklover's Magazine.

Both Extracts.

Customer—Have you any extract of beef?
Waiter—Yes, sir. Brown or white?
Customer—Brown or white?
Waiter—Yes, sir. Beef tea or milk?
—Philadelphia Press.

A SPRING SONG.

When Love comes to my garden
He walks with dainty tread,
The lilacs blaze before him,
The moss-rose lifts its head;
The trim-kempt lawn grows greener,
The borders blush with pride,
The buds burst into blossom
When Love walks by my side.

When Love leaves my sad garden
The roses' petals fall,
The jasmine's scented clusters
Fade, dying, on the wall;
The lawns grow dock and thistle,
The paths are rank with weeds,
And all the dainty borders
Are strewn with fallen seeds.

Sweet Love, stay in my garden,
Rest in its rosy shades,
Bask in its scented sunshine,
Dream in its leafy glades;
Sing to the strings of pleasure,
Through all life's penitence;
Make every season summer,
Let every month be June.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

SAVED BY A DREAM.

I WAS sitting in a certain railroad office one evening not very long ago, when a telegraph operator related the following incident, which I will try to repeat in his own words: "Speaking about dreams," he said, "reminds me of a dream that I had once while I was working at Bricksburg, on the O. C. & B. It was the most remarkable dream I ever had, and I have no doubt it was the means of saving a great many lives. But I will relate the incident, and you may then judge of that for yourself.

"I dreamed I was in my office. 'B-g—B-g—B-g,' I heard the sounder click, and hastily taking up my pen I opened the key, answered the call and received this order:

"Operator:

"Flag and hold train seventeen (17) until train sixty-eight (68) arrives.

"'31 ALLISON.'

"When I had repeated it back to the sender and received the signal that

my understanding of it was correct, I placed the order-book before me on the table in such a position that the order could not escape my eye, thus making it almost impossible for me to forget it, even for a second.

"Having recorded my understanding of the order and pronounced it correct, or 'O. K.' the train-dispatcher then sent an order to the conductor and engineer of train No. 82 to run to Bricksburg regardless of train No. 17. This will show the responsibility that rested upon me. If I allowed train No. 17 to pass my station a collision would be the almost inevitable result. But you may be sure I did not intend to let such a mishap occur.

"But how sleepy I was! Before I was hardly aware of it I was nodding in my chair. Seeing the order before me all the time, however, and knowing its awful importance, I tried hard to banish sleep from my eyes. I got up and paced the floor, bathed my face with water, opened the door and stood in the cool night air, and then at length I sat down again and took up a book to read. I read for some time, but at last the words commenced to dance before my eyes. I roused up several times with a sudden start to find that I had lost my place, and had been almost asleep; my head fell slowly forward, my eyes closed, the book dropped from my hands, and soon I was asleep.

"Toot—toot!"

"It was the train. I sprang up with a start, grasped the safety signals and allowed it to proceed, and then—'Oh, my God! the order!'

"I was wide awake then, and great drops of perspiration rolled down my face as I watched the lights of the swiftly receding train. The engineer of that train, Tom Watson, was one of my best friends, and to know that he was rushing on to almost certain death was terrible. His home was in Bricksburg, and as the train passed his house I heard him sound his whistle signal to his wife to let her know that he was 'on time' and all right.

"It is impossible for me to explain the awful horror that I felt, knowing that I was the cause of what must soon prove a terrible disaster. I could only wait and watch, almost breathless, hoping that the engineers might

see each other's headlights in time to stop their trains.

"A short distance from the station there was a sharp curve in the track, and as I looked I saw the headlight of train 68 dash into view; heard the short, sharp whistles for brakes, and the next instant came an awful crash. "Hatless, coatless, I left my office and ran to the wreck, which was soon all ablaze, and when I reached the spot I almost fainted at the horrible sight that met my view. The engines were both piled together in a heap, bright tongues of flame were darting up toward the sky, while the screams and groans of the unfortunate passengers were awful to hear.

"Hesitating only for a moment, I sprang to the rescue of those whom I could reach and assisted them out of danger, but I could not stand it long. To see men, women, and even little children all crushed and bleeding, and to hear their cries for help to save them from the cruel flames, were more than I could bear, knowing that my carelessness was the cause of it all. The river was near at hand, and with a wild scream I ran to the bridge and jumped off, falling down, down, down, with 'murderer!' ringing in my ears.

"Fred! Fred! come, Fred, get up!" It was my wife calling me, and how glad I was to know that the awful disaster was only a dream.

"I told my wife about it, and she said:

"Be careful, Fred; for my sake be very careful."

"The next day our child was very sick, and I had but little sleep, and consequently was hardly fit for my duties that night. I asked to be excused from duty, but there happened to be no one to put in my place, so I had to work.

"About 9 o'clock I began to feel sleepy, and found it hard to keep awake. A few minutes later, however, when I received an order to hold train 17 until train 68 arrived, I thought of my dream, and was wide awake in an instant.

"I placed the book where the order could not possibly escape my eye, and sat down to wait. But I was soon nodding again. This would not do, decidedly! so I got up, bathed my face, and took a turn around the platform