Posterity: The New Superstition

By Benjamin De Casseres.

. GOLDWIN SMITH in his letter in a recent Sun asks, "What brute shows any regard for posterity?" and quotes approvingly "E. W.'s" remark that posterity should be an object of our interest and care. Are we not overworking the posterity decoy? The fact that the brutes are not concerned about posterity-may not that account for the fact that they have made successes of their lives, while the human bas failed?

The East worships its ancestors; the West worships posterity. The East lies prone on its belly offering its tributes to ghosts; the West bows its head in adoration to the ghosts not yet born. Ancestor worship is the old superstition; posterity worship is the new superstition. The old bottles are filled with new wine, but the labels are the same, and the new wine is of the same vintage as the old wine, the vintage of man's indestructi-

We are told to live for the sake of posterity, we must breed for posterity, eat for the sake of posterity, be moral for the sake of posterity, dress hygienically for the sake of posterity, and even die when necessary for the sake of

We legislate for posterity, rear a child with an eye to posterity, tinker with the social system for the sake of posterity, tamper with individual liberty for the sake of posterity, construct utopias for the sake of posterity, vote The Socialist ticket for the sake of postcrity, meddle with everything for the

It is the fetich, the Moloch, the Golden Calf of our civilization. We who are living, palpitating in the flesh and blood present, have no rights; we are only straws to show which way the sociological and evolutionary winds are blowing; we are only the bricks and mortar that shall go to build the marvelous edifice to house that great family Posterity. Bricks and mortar, we are told; nothing but that, and our deeds have no value unless they feed the bulging belly of the future; we are as scraps of bone and meat tossed to that bag eyed glutton the Future.

We are to be systematized, badged, classed, grooved, wired, stuffed; our instincts, our very marrow, are to be inoculated with the virus of altruism, and our faces beatified with posterity light, made to glow with the shine of "right living"-all because the quacks that rule our sociological and political life have dreamed of that wondertime, posterity!

Man is always grovelling before some word. Now it is posterity!

Weak, impotent, helpless before the immovable present, he salves his sore spots with hopes for the future; not being able to regulate his life today, he promises himself a virtuous tomorrow; finding his life a failure, he promises himself, with ecstatic eye and lolling, anticipatory tongue, a rapture called posterity-something that no one has ever seen, something that no one can define, something that could not possibly exist.

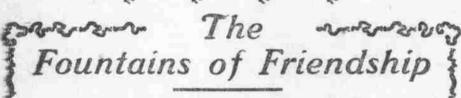


By Chairman M. E. Ingalls, of the C., C., C. and St. L. R. R.



OU may abuse the railway men-you may force into bank. ruptcy railway lines, but you cannot wipe out the great transportation industry, the great business represented by the railways, without destroying the business of your country. There is nothing else that I know of that so permeates the life, the health, and the happiness of the nation as its transportation interests. Over a million of men are em-Peocees ployed directly by the railways; at least five millions are employed by the railways and the companies which are sub-

sidiary to and producers for the railways. Twenty millions of people, or onefourth of all the inhabitants of this country, are dependent for their daily bread, their health, their happiness upon the prosperity of the railways. Therefore, he is a very careless man and no lover of his country who turns in and joins the crowd of demagogues who today are howling and abusing the railways. Your Congress, your legislatures, your courts, must consider that this is an enormous question, and one of those which go to the very vitals of the life of the country. If the present condition of affairs is prolonged, it means panic; it means suffering; it means dull times, long hours, and poor wages for the working people. Never is the country so prosperous as when the railways are prosperous. The talk that their tariffs must be reduced, that the railways are charging too much, is the most foolish of all. Your railway rates are less than those of any country known to civilized man. A trifling reduction which you would be able to get would not secure happiness or comfort to the great mass of people, but might cause great suffering. It might mean a triffing sum of money to some shippers, but it would be productive of loss to the great mass of workingmen.



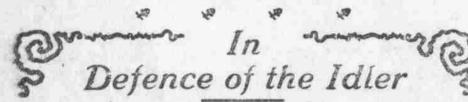
By President Woodrow Wilson,

of Princeton.

RUE friendship is of a royal lineage. It is of the same kith and breeding as loyalty and self-forgetting devotion, and proceeds upon a higher principle even than they. For loyalty may be blind, and friendship must not be; devotion may sacrifice principles of right choice which friendship must guard with an excellent and watchful care. You must act in your friend's interest whether it pleases him or not; the object of love is to serve, not to win. It is a hard saying,

I know-who shall be . pure enough to receive it There is but one presence in which it can be made plain and acceptable, and that is the presence of Christ, where it may stand revealed in the light of that example which makes all duty to shine with the face of privilege and exalted joy.

To one deep fountain of revelation and renewal few of you, I take it for granted, have had access yet I mean the fountain of sorrow, a fountain sweet or bitter according as it is drunk in submission or in rebellion, in love or in resentment and deep dismay. I will not tell you of these waters; if you have not tasted them, it would be futile, and some of you will understand without word of mine. I can only beg that when they are put to your lips, as they must be, you will drink of them as those who seek renewal and know how to make of sadness a mood of enlightenment and of hope.



By John H. Wilstach



E thought, as we lay at rest on a grassy knoil, that idleness needed no defence; indeed, we voted laziness its own reward, and felt pity for those dead-alive people about whom the Beloved Vagabond Stevenson says: "They cannot be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass their hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious

molling in the gold mill." Yet, about this time of the year people feel called upon to tell us not to let up on our work; that we can gain by

Soiling in the hot summer months. Still, curjous as it may seem, some are there are who actually apologize for their idleness. If we cannot be happy without being idle, idle we should remain. The industrious man reaps trouble and nervous derangement, and meanwhile what of the idlen? He is a man at for the company of the immortals. To Plato and Aristotle idleness seemed the noblest form of energy. Action is the last resource of the man who canNOT EXTEND THE RULE?



-Cartoon from the Dep-"

DINNER PAIL 'IS UP \$1 A WEEK

Boarding House Union Boosts Rates and Then something wakes her—the room is Won't Except Hungry Schoolma'ams.

Springfield, Mass.—Twenty West Springfield boarding-house mis-tresses met at the home of Mrs. Charles Clark, Jr., and voted to form a Boarding-house Union. A score of boarding-house proprietors who were unable to be present sent word that they would stand by any action taken by the meeting.

The union decided to raise the price of board from \$5 to \$6 a week and to put the new rate into effect at once.

One of the chief causes of dissatisfaction was the full dinner pail. It was asserted that rathroad men who carried their dinners provided themselves with pails as large as wash-boilers and expected the boarding-house mistresses to fill them with "lunch." It was explained that the mediumsized pails held two quarts of coffee, eight or nine sandwiches, half a pound of cheese and six doughnuts, and that failure to include two pieces of ple was considered justification for prolonged grumbling. One of the women declared that the late Mark Hanna was to blame for promising the men "a full dinner pail." A long-faced landlady of Republican tendencies, said Senator Hanna merely meant enough to eat and not a wheelbarrow load. One boarding-house mistress suggested that a special rate should be

made for school teachers. "A school teacher's appetite is as good as anyone's else and they are more bother than two men," was the prompt reply of a maiden lady. It was voted unanimously not to make an exception in favor of school

As practically all the boarding-houses in West Springfield are included in the movement, the boarders have the alternative of paying \$1 a week more or of moving out of town.

Frequency of Self-Destruction Among the School Boys and Girls Alarms.

Berlin.-The frequency of suicides among school boys and girls is attracting much attention in Germany. The Prussian Ministry of Education has recently ordered that a thorough investigation of the matter be undertaken, with a view to find causes and remedies.

1903, there were 1125 suicides of pupils of the gymnasiums and common schools, making an average of nearly fifty-four per annum. By far the greater number of suicides were of children under fifteen years old, the average yearly number for these alone almost reaching forty-two. Less than one-fifth of these were girls.

The greater frequency of suicides below fifteen years, however, was due wholly to the fact that the pupils below that age so far outnumber those above. As a matter of fact suicides above fifteen years are four times more frequent-reckoned as a percentage of the total number of pupilsthan below that age

The official statistics do not give the causes of the suicides except in 284 cases. The causes stated for the lower schools were fear of punishment, mental derangement and harsh treatment by parents, relatives or teachers. In the higher schools the causes were dread of craminations, wounded self-esteem, mental derangement, fear of punishment, love affairs and melancholia. Not less than twenty-eight per cent. of the suicides were of children

whose parents were epileptics, drunkards or mentally unsound. In more than forty-eight per sent, of the cases it was found that the character peculiarities of the children rendered it difficult for them to accommodate themselves to the rules and regulations of the schools. One group of these embraced pupils whose mental capacities did not

fit them for the school work or for the profession for which they had chosen to prepare themselves. Another group contained those who were led astray through moral

defects, through love affairs or through premature addiction to drink,

LORD ROTHSCHILD LAYS FINANCIAL UNEASE TO PROOSEVEL

Head of Banking House Says Speeches Havo Frightened Away English Investors.

London .- "Stocks are low," said Lord Rothschild, head of the famous tanking house, in an interview, "because Governments all over the world are hitting at capital

Lord Rothschild demurred at the suggestion that the condition of the money market is due to a boom in trade, which leaves little cash free for investment. He referred to the Socialistic denunciations of capital and to various questions, such as old age pensions, the Scottish land tenure projects, and the projected licensing bill, as having an unsettling influence on the British money market, and in reply to a suggestion that the trouble was not particularly British, but was international, said

"Of course, President Roosevelt's speeches against the conduct of the merican railways are greatly disturbing that market. We must all admit hat the manipulation of railroad stock in the United States has set always een quite what it should have been, but this does not detract from the serious character of the President's campaign. It is difficult, may, almost mossible, as things stand, for us to farnish from this country fresh capital for callway development across the water

Speaking generally, would you say that the prices of leading scourities are likely to improve as the automa proposesses?" was asked, "Ab," replied Lord Rotaschild, as he shook his head, laughing, "It is

the truest wisdom never to prophesy. I am told that investors in How York are hearding money until they see how events turn and that they may display greater confidence when the spring comes, but, after all, aous of us is in a position to indulge in forecasts.

Year's Wheat Production

Is 625,567,600 Bushels.

Washington, D. C .- The Agricultual Department reported that the conlition of corn on October 1 was seventy-eight per cent, as compared with 80.2 per cent, last month, and 0.1 on October 1, 1906.

The average yield of spring wheat pupils. s 13.1 bushels per acre, as compared with 13.7 bushels for 1906, and 14.7 bushels for 1905. The production is about 625,507,000 bushels.

Once Poor Now Rich, at

Fifty-seven Goes to College, Washington, Pa. - Peter Murray, of Buena Vista, at the age of fiftyseven, has gone to college

He is a student at Jefferson Academy, Canonsburg, and the teachers say he is one of their most diligent

In his youth Murray had to work for a living and sacrifice his school-He has accumulated money till of spring and winter wheat combined his large business interests, he says, demand that he be better educated.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT



GRANDMOTHER'S MEMORIES.

Grandmother sits in her easy chair, In the ruddy sunlight's glow; Her thoughts are wandering far away
In the land of Long Ago.
Again she dwells in her father's home,
And before her loving eyes In the light of a glorious summer day The gray old farmhouse lies.

She hears the hum of the spinning wheel And the spinner's happy song; She sees the bundles of flax that hang From the rafters dark and long;
She sees the sunbeares glide and dance
Across the sanded floor;
And feels on her cheek the wandering

breeze
That steals through the open door.

Beyond the flowers nod sleepily At the well-sweep, gaunt and tall; And up from the glen comes the musical of the distant waterfall.

The cows roum lazily to and fro Along the shady lane; The shouts of the respers sound faint and From the fields of golden grain.

And grandma herself, a happy girl, Stands watching the setting sun, While the spinner rests, and the reapers

dark. And vanished the sunset glow;

And grandmother wakes, with a sad sur-

prise,
From the dreams of long 270.

-Helen A. Byrom, in St. Nicholas.

TRAPPING RABBITS.

"There are lots of rabbits in the woods back of the rye-field, and I've got six box-traps in the barn. If you'll see to 'em every morning we'll set the trap now." . This proposition made to a fourteen-year old boy, says Mr. Fred Mather, the author of "Men I Have Fished With," seemed a fine proposition, and the boy instantly agreed. He was to put the captured rabbits in a bag, and the man who owned the traps was to take care of them. The boy tells the story:

The next night was clear and crisp, and oh! how cold that morning was! The first trap was unspring. The second actually held a rabbit. There was the game crouched in the far end. I let the trap down, and for a few moments enjoyed my triumph. I was a mighty trapper!

I carefully adjusted the bag over the trap, and then opened it. There was a thud in the bottom of the bag, and then a glimpse of something gray and a sound of "Zip! zip!" and if

that really was a rabbit it was gone. The third trap held a rabbit, and with the last failure in mind, great care was taken in arranging the bag, but somehow the same thing happened again. The next two fraps were empty, and the sixth was sprung.

Remembering what Garry had said about a rabbit not biting, I put in a hand and brought the animal out how, but it does bring back the pitiful cries that rang through the woods. But I hardened my heart and dropped the game in the bag, and started for home with my prize, in triumph not unmixed with other feelings.

After pondering for a while on the escape of the other two rabbits, the recollection of those pitiful cries came -up in full force. Then I seemed to realize that they came from a poor, terrified and harmless thing that I excitement of the hunt.

I peeped into the bag. Two large the corner. Somehow the grip on the mouth of the bag was loosened, the bottom was turned up, and a white lump of cotton in a field of gray went bobbing off into the brush.

When I entered Tom Simmonds' store, I said to Garry, "Here's your don't want any." .

FOUND ITS WAY HOME.

The story of a pet seal, captured when a pup by a lighthouse-keeper on the coast of England, is given in "Reminiscences of a Sportsman." The young seal was fed, and allowed to have the range of the kitchen, and the members of the household became greatly attached to it.

It would make its way daily down to the water, and pass many hours swimming about. It secured more or less food in that way, but always returned to its place in the kitchen at night.

Blindness finally came to the seal with old age, but it continued its journeys to the sea, and returned home as regularly as before.

As old age increased, it caused annoyance by its peculiar cry for food and its lessened ability to get about. At last the family decided they must part with it, and not wishing to kill it, they arranged with a fisherman to carry it well off-some twenty miles -and drop it into the sea. They expected that it would come to a natural death in that element. But on the second day it appeared again at its accustomed place.

Another effort was made to get rid of it by arranging with a salling vessel to take it several hundred miles out to sea and then drop it in. This was done, and some time passed away without any sign of the seal. But seven days after its departure the kitchen maid, who slept near the door of the kitchen, fancied during the night she had heard the plaintive cry of the seal; and the next morning

its emaciated body was found on them threshold.

FLOWER-GUESSING GAME.

1. My first wears my second one her foot. Lady's slipper. A Roman numeral. IV. (Ivy) ...

The hour before my English cousin's tea. Four o'clock. marketings. 4. Good Butter and eggs.

5. A very gay and ferosious animal. Dandelion.

6. My first is often sought for my second. Marigold. 7. A young man's farewell tohis sweetheart. "Porget-me-not."

8. Her reply to him, Sweet: William. 9. The gentler sex of the Friend persuasion. Quaker ladies.

10. Its own doctor. Self-heal, . 11. My first is as sharp as needles, my second is as soft as down. This-

tledown. 12. My first is a country in Asia,my second is the name of a prominent New York family. China Aster.

13. My first is the name of a bird. my second is worn by cavalrymen. Larkspur.

14. A church official, Elder.

15. A very precise lady. Prim-

A tattered songster. Ragged robin.

My first is sly but cannot wear 17. my second. Fox-glove. 18. The color of a horse. Sorrel.

19. A craze in Holland in the seventeenth century. Tulip. 20. My first is an implement of war, my second is a place where mon-

ey is coined. Spearmint. 21. A disrespectful name for a physician. Dock.

22. Fragrant letters. Sweet peas. 23. My first is a white wood, my second is the name of a yellowish. Rhenish wine. Hollyhock.

24. What the father said to hisson in the morning. "Johnny-jump-

HIS OWN KNEW HIM.

One of the occupations in Australia is sheep-raising. There are largeranches upon which many sheep and lambs find food, and the shepherdsguard their own.

One day a man was arrested for stealing a sheep. The man claimed that the sheep was his own, that hehad been missing from the flock for some days, but, as soon as he saw the animal he knew him.

The other man claimed the sheepand said he had owned him since hewas a lamb, and that he had never been away from the flock.

The judge was puzzled how to decide the matter. At last he sent for some way, memory fails to record the sheep. He first took the man in whose possession the sheep wasfound to the courtyard, and told him to call the sheep.

The animal made no response, only to raise his head and look frightened as if in a strange place and among strangers.

Bidding the officers to take the man back to the court-room, he told them to bring down the defendant. The accused man did not wait until he entered the yard, but at the gate, was taking to be killed without the and where the sheep could not see him, he began a peculiar call. At once the sheep bounded toward theeyes and a trembling form were in gate, and by his actions showed that a familiar voice was calling.

"His own knows him," said the judge.-The Sunday Companion.

THE ANGELUS BIRD.

One of the most interesting of thefeathered inhabitants of the forests bag. I haven't got any rabbits, and of Paraguay is the angelus bird, known to Spaniards as the "bellringer," but more appropriately called the angelus bird, for its belllike song is heard, like the angelus, only thrice a day-at morning, noon and night. Its song consists of sounds like the-

strokes of a bell, succeeding each other every two or three minutes soclearly, and in such a resonant manner, that the unwary stranger would inevitably suppose himself to be near a convent chapel. But the chapel isthe forest and the bell a snowy whitebird, says Home Notes.

It is a beautiful bird, swift and graceful in movement, and about thesize of a thrush, with a conical tuft. of black arched feathers on its head, which greatly add to its appearance,

AMUSING CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which is full of holesand yet holds water? A sponge. When is a clock on the stair dan-

gerous? When it runs down and strikes one. When does a farmer bend his sheenwithout hurting them? When he-

folds them. What is that of which the common sort is the best? Sense.

What animal would you like to beon a cold day? A little 'otter. Why are hay and straw like specacles? Because they are for age.

When is a ship like a tailor?' When sheering off. What burns to keep a secret?" Sealing-wax, - Woman's National

A grasshopper can jump 250 times its own length.