DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE DESERET WEEKLY.
[illegible]

Investments.

A paper by Mr. F. B. Thurber in The North American Review contains useful information on the safest investments. Mr. Thurber's article is called "Industrial and Financial Cooperation." The writer regards the gigantic industrial trusts such as Standard Oil, the Sugar Refiners' combination and the Cordage company's syndicate, as examples of financial and industrial cooperation. The stocks of these great combinations and of others similar in character are now bought and sold on the markets under the name of industrial stocks and securities, and of such stocks Mr. Thurber on the whole thinks well. The worst possible investments he declares to be railroad securities, quoting as follows to show how railroad investors are swindled:

The Chicago Railway Age publishes a compilation showing the foreclosure sales and receiverships of railroads in the United States during 1890, which strikingly reflects the depressed condition of that interest. Within the past year twenty-nine companies were subjected to foreclosure sale, with a funded debt of [illegible] and a capital stock of [illegible]. Discouraging as this showing may appear, it is a fact still more discouraging that the foreclosures of the last fifteen years show a higher annual average than those of 1890. [illegible] the aggregate foreclosure sales cover [illegible] miles, with [illegible] of combined stock and bonds, or an average of [illegible] per annum, [illegible] during the three years [illegible] and yet so little was the [illegible] effect of those disastrous years that, immediately following, a furore of speculative construction set in which resulted in the severe financial crisis from which we are now emerging. The foregoing significant figures, however, tell only part of the story, for within the past year [illegible] miles of road have been placed under receiverships, with a combined total of capital stock and bonds amounting to [illegible]. When may we expect investors to learn better than to put their capital into railroad schemes started on a wholly speculative basis?

Among the best forms of investment the writer mentions the poor man's friend, the building and loan associations. But these ought to be under strict state supervision, so that no speculators can form sham associations of this kind and deprive the poor man of his earnings. Of these associations Mr. Thurber writes:

The aggregate resources of the savings associations of the country are nearly 50 per cent. of the entire assets of all state, savings, loan and trust companies and private banks and bankers from which reports were received last year. Their deposits were less than [illegible] per cent. below those of the national banks, and were more than twice as large as the total capital stock of the national banks. With this tremendous [illegible], when ordinary savings banks are practically confined to a small part of the country, what will happen when the new form of savings bank gets its growth throughout the Union?

These Census Bulletins.

They are all right, of course. Experts have counted up the figures and professors have prepared them. But there is one thing that is to be regretted from the standpoint of the people who, unlike government experts and professors, have not plenty of time. Busy newspaper writers would like to give a summary of the statistics of their country to waiting and anxious readers, but what newspaper writer in America can spend three hours a day summing up, averaging and percenting the figures the experts and professors have strung out so beautifully?

Let us take the education bulletin, for instance. Look at page 4. There is one of those learned and elaborate tables. It contains the names of the states and territories. After these is printed over and over again, hundreds of times, in long columns, the word "yes" or "no," sometimes one and sometimes the other. Now, might one ask without offense, what is the particular point to repeating those words yes and no several hundred times? They are fascinating, thrilling words, but not in a census bulletin. Newspaper writers are shallow. Oh, yes, they are superficial, too, we are told. But if the newspaper people of the country had those statistical documents to make out they would condense the information about half, give it in more completeness and at the end of each table provide a summary and per cent. of it all that other newspaper writers could lay hold of in a few minutes and give to the public. As it is—well, no wonder valuable public documents lie unused and [illegible] and are then carted off for waste paper.

If the government statistics published by the republic of Colombia are reliable, life under the tropics is by no means unhealthful. The death rate in Chiriqui, a province of Panama, in years when there is no revolution, is only a little over seventeen to the thousand, a rate the most healthful city of the United States might envy. The state of Panama, according to the government census, contains 285,000 inhabitants, yet in its one province of Chiriqui above mentioned there are 199 persons 100 years old and upward. There is one old fellow who confesses to being 131 years old, but his neighbors say there is a document in existence which he signed 143 years ago. He takes a bath every day and drinks nothing stronger than coffee or chocolate. He owns a coffee plantation and works on it every day. What is more, this truly marvelous tale goes on to narrate that the old gentleman enjoys excellent health and gives promise of living several more years. How tired his heirs must be of waiting to inherit that coffee plantation!

Naval supplies cannot be imported duty free, it seems. Fifty cases of champagne were recently landed for use on board the flagship Philadelphia, but the treasury department would not let them come in without payment of the usual customs rates. This high handed outrage of taxing naval officers' ammunition should not be forgotten.

So Glad to Know It.

The New York Herald has a medical professor on its staff, whose duty is to look after the health of the common people and tell them what is the matter with them. In a recent article the great public is informed of a wonderful new antiseptic named microcidine. Our readers will thrill with thankfulness when we tell them that "microcidine is a whitish powder made up principally of naphtholate of soda, the rest being naphtholic and carbolic compounds. You can make it by bringing naphthol to a melting temperature"—just the time for a melting temperature now, you observe—"then add to the naphthol half its weight of caustic soda."

But the gem of the paper is where the public is told about three kinds of one disease. All the kinds, however, are attended with three great symptoms—polyuria, glycosuria and loss of weight, so you pays your money and takes your choice as to which one you will have. The public is also informed that when it loses its pancreas it brings on the above three great symptoms every time. The Herald medical man is to be congratulated on discovering his own particular kind and differentiating it. But we may well be appalled when we are told we are liable to get at any moment not only this, but also

Transitory glycosuria, which is quite a common result of [illegible], but which is more frequently observed in the course of certain acute diseases, and in addition [illegible] glycosuria, [illegible] Claude Bernard's experiment on the fourth ventricle, and which is the symptomatic expression of some lesion of the medulla oblongata.

Dear, dear!

"Number Seventeen."

A new railroad was being built through a Pennsylvania county. Gangs of Italian laborers worked on the road as usual, doing the heavy and rough tasks which it seems no Americans, Germans or Irish will do any longer. No. 17 in one of the gangs was smaller even than the other short, swarthy sons of southern Italy. He was delicate featured and in the first few days of work he blistered his hands painfully, but he never complained, toiling on patiently with the rest, doing his full share of work. He lived in a hut by himself, apart from the rest, and gave no name in particular to anybody. All that was known was that he was No. 17.

One day a newly arrived batch of Italians was put to work along with the others. When No. 17 passed out in the morning, one of these new men glanced sharply at him, and going up to him called him by a name. Then No. 17 gave himself dead away and burst into tears like a woman. For "seventeen" was a woman. She made a confession to the superintendent. She had come to America a year ago. A wild longing for her kindred overcame her, and she resolved to save money to bring her father and mother to America. She worked as a woman, but got so little wages that she was in despair. Then she boldly cut the knot. For love of her father and mother she dressed as a man and went out as a railroad laborer, earning a man's wages. In the months she had been digging and shoveling dirt she had already saved nearly the amount necessary. After making her tearful confession she said she was willing to quit and resume her sex if the superintendent said so.

But he did not. He told her to go on still and work like a man if she desired, and she should have a fair show among his laborers. She did, and is working yet, for love of father and mother.

A Bit of the New South.

Some years after the war Mr. William F. Aldrich, aged twenty-one, went from New York to the mineral regions of Alabama. His idea was to develop the coal mines of the district in which he settled and grow up with the new south. Young Aldrich was full of American vim and ambition, and determined not only to get what he could out of Alabama coal mines, but also to put what he could into the state in the way of beautifying the country and improving the condition of his miners.

The result is one of the things people like to read of. Mr. Aldrich had certain theories of his own that people attract to them their own like. If a man is honorable, progressive and determined to do the square thing this young man believed he would draw about him the same sort of workmen. The young northerner had therefore a theory to prove as well as a fortune to make. He had a company store on the coal lands, but it was one that favored the purchasers quite as much as the seller. He built picturesque cottages with gardens about them for the miners, and settled his men in them. Both white and black people were among the workmen, so that provision had to be made for their entertainment separately. White and black alike called him familiarly "Mr. Will." Mr. Will built two school houses for the children of the miners, one for blacks, the other for whites. It is interesting to know that the colored people pay their teacher themselves, while Mr. Will is obliged to pay the white teacher out of his own pocket.

Whenever there is a fight those who participate in it are all banished from the mines for a term of months, according to the enormity of the offense. Mr. Aldrich is judge and jury both, and he "makes the punishment fit the crime." Since, however, the colony is about the pleasantest place the miners have ever struck in which to live and labor, fights are very rare. There has never been a strike, although the mines have been operated under the present management nearly twenty years. Except the rule about fighting, there are few regulations. The landscape in the neighborhood of the mines has grown steadily more beautiful and blooming. It is pleasant to know that "Mr. Will" has not only made his fortune, but has done what is still harder—proved his theory.

If you never carry a revolver you will never shoot anybody accidentally.

The Cities Help Pay.

"The country towns generally manage to make the city pay the freight," remarked a prominent wholesaler the other day. "When they build their churches they often send delegations to the city after subscriptions, and their civic and military organizations and charitable institutions are never backward about striking the city business or professional men for assistance. But the latest scheme is to make the jobbing houses in the city help pay for the Fourth of July celebrations in the various villages where they have customers.

"The jobber receives a letter from the subscription committee to the effect that his customers, Messrs. Doe, Roe, Jones and Smith, will consider it a favor if he will do something toward the celebration. The letter says that the celebration will call a great many people into town, and of course the sale of his goods will be increased, for special pains will be taken to push the sale of the goods purchased of those who help the celebration by subscription.

"It is a species of blackmail that the jobbers must wink at, and the result is to send his little check for five or ten dollars, at the same time bottling his wrath. You can see that if he receives similar letters from four or five towns the draft upon him is not small, and that he pays tribute in four or five of those is an assured fact, as I have letters to prove. There are very few flies on the country subscription committee, I can assure you."—Utica Observer.

A Story of Love and Marriage.

The statement of the marriage license clerk in Covington to a young lady yesterday afternoon was one that would disappoint even an ardent lover of the male persuasion. She applied for a marriage license, and was told in cold, judicial accents that it was not yet leap year, and that it was a custom, sanctioned by the laws of Kentucky, that the gentleman in a marrying affair should call for the license and do the necessary [illegible]. She was somewhat abashed, but soon recovered her serenity and went on to explain. Her name was Leonora Schlaikeber, she said, and the gentleman to whom she was to be married was John J. Roby. It was almost impossible for him to leave his occupation before dark, and then it would be too late to get the license. Therefore, she had consented to come over and secure the paper.

It seemed a deserving case in the eyes of the clerk, and he proposed a plan to circumvent the difficulty. He agreed to hold the office open to a certain hour and secured the promise of Judge [illegible] to be present at the appointed time to perform the marriage ceremony. Miss Schlaikeber went back to consult Mr. Roby, who was more than delighted with the arrangement and readily assented to the proposition. Last evening they met and went across the bridge, and a half hour later returned husband and wife.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Designs on Our Money.

The director of the mint, authorized by act of congress, has recently issued a circular letter to artists inviting them to submit "new designs of authorized emblems or devices to be prepared or adopted for the coins of the United States." This on its face is highly to be commended, for our coinage at present is calculated to make the judicious weep and the lukewarm patriot sympathize with the strictures of the foreigner on our degree of civilization. The criticisms on our coinage could indeed be applied with equal force to all our moneys, for the treasury notes, with their wealth of turning lathe tracery and their sign painter's lettering, are no better than our coins. The one excuse for their existence has been the difficulty which they were supposed to oppose to counterfeiting; but this, it appears from late developments, is largely imaginary, and their crude ugliness is therefore without extenuating circumstances.—Baltimore American.

Prudent Philanthropy.

A novel scheme of philanthropy has been carried out with good results by M. Felix Delorme, a gentleman of fortune in Paris, who some years ago, bereft of wife and children, adopted sixteen orphan girls. These he installed in his fine but desolate home under a suitable staff of governesses, and had them educated carefully under his own supervision. Two of the girls, now grown to be women, were happily married last year, three more, attended by nine of their companions, were wedded at a triple ceremony this spring, and two have taken the veil. Each girl is presented with $4,000 and an excellent trousseau on her wedding day, but as the magnificent fortune of their benefactor is not to become their property they are brought up with no expensive tastes or extravagant expectations.—New York Sun.

California's Lack of Song Birds.

In the autumn the society organized for colonizing foreign song birds in this state will commission a practical dealer to select and purchase as many song birds in Europe as the money at his command will permit. The money is being secured by contributions, and is being paid in gradually. The absence of song birds in California is a misfortune. The presence of song birds in California would be an everlasting enjoyment. Golden Gate park should be alive and merry with them. They would be an attraction there as beautiful as the many hued flowers, the graceful trees and the smiling landscape.—San Francisco Post.

An Old Venetian Ship Launching.

Admiral Canevaro, commander of the Venice arsenal, has arranged that instead of the Sicilia being baptized in the usual way, by having a bottle of champagne broken on its bows, the ancient custom of the Venetian republic shall be revived. That is, that a gilt ring shall be attached to the vessel's prow in such a way by the godmother that when the ship is launched the ring shall be the first thing to touch the water, thus fulfilling the "wedding of the sea."—London News.

Rats in a Mulberry Tree.

Rats have taken possession of a large mulberry tree along Frankford creek. They eat the ripe, luscious berries and drive off all birds, but when disturbed by the approach of a human being they drop headlong from the branches of the tree to the ground and run off until the coast is clear for their return after more berries. [illegible] were seen to drop from the tree in succession yesterday.—Boston Record.

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