

Onondaga Independent

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EDUCATION AND DOLLARS

At a dinner that Mr. C. P. Huntington gave in May to some railroad men in San Francisco he told his guests that he feared too many of the young men of the country were spending too much time in school. He spoke with concern of young men with college educations who were standing around waiting for something that will never come because the work nearest to hand was not to their liking.

The modern college graduate is usually a modest creature with few illusions about what he is fitted for, and very little inclined to stand waiting for suitable employment to seek him out. He has to jump in and find a job, and usually he loses no time in doing so. It is true, as Mr. Huntington says, that the years between fifteen and twenty-one are of great value. They should not be wasted. But while there is danger that lads who spend these years in college may find themselves somewhat behind when they start as new graduates to make their living, there is a counter-risk that the lad who devotes himself to business too early may become too soon a specialist in a limited field, and may know a particular kind of business, and very little besides. It is hard at first for a young college graduate who finds employment in business to make up for the lack of the business training which he might have acquired in the years he spent at college. That it is not too hard, however, is shown by the number of college-bred men who succeed in almost every calling.

What is vastly more difficult is for the successful man of business, who went early into business and kept at it, to make up for the five or six years he didn't spend in acquiring general education while he was still young. Able men of limited education who have succeeded in business commonly miss the education and the associations which they didn't get while they were young, and try to make sure that their sons acquire them. They know that they are valuable. As for themselves, they do well to stick to business, for to be eminently successful at money-making is one of the few employments in which a rich man of limited education can hope to find entertainment. The degree of commercial success which will be fairly satisfactory to an educated man does not open to a less educated man the same opportunities of enjoyment. It is one of the great advantages of education that by bringing a lot of cheap, durable, intellectual pleasures within its possessor's reach it relieves him of the need of becoming excessively rich. It also helps his social standing, and social position is a thing that is valued, and which often proves very expensive to persons who have to buy an outfit of it late in life for cash.

Dollars are comparatively scarce in the world, and while there is enough of them to go around after a fashion, there is not enough to give to each person anything like as many as he wants. But satisfaction is pretty scarce also, and is at least as hard to secure as dollars. If the years spent in pursuit of education increase the farmer's chances of getting satisfaction out of life, they are profitably spent, even though they leave him somewhat behind in the race for dollars. For dollars and contentment are not synonymous terms, and the man who can combine a few dollars

with intelligent contentment is obviously better off than the man who, having more dollars than he can use, finds that the only employment which is really congenial to him is accumulating more.

It is more profitable to spend some time in youth in cramming the mind with knowledge not immediately useful, than to be compelled for lack of other resources to spend one's old age cramming one's pockets with money that one does not want.—E. S. Martin in the Saturday Evening Post.

VILLAGE SHOULD PAY BILL

The village of Fayetteville should pay the street sprinkling bill. As the matter now stands the sprinkling is done by private contract and is paid for, or not, at the option of owners of frontage on the principal streets. This results in poor service, necessarily. It is of importance to health and comfort that the streets be thoroughly sprinkled during the summer season, and the only way to have it rightly done is for the village to take charge of it and pay the bills. The Improvement Association holds a regular meeting next Tuesday evening, and the Independent respectfully suggests the street sprinkling question as a subject for discussion at that time.

Agricultural schools, experiment stations, farmer's institutes, and the wholesale distribution of bulletins on scientific agriculture have brought scientific agriculture into good repute, says the Rome Sentinel, and have caused a relegation to oblivion of the old notion of discrediting any agricultural education except that acquired by following the plow and attending the necessary work on the farm. This does not mean that the "book farmer" without practical experience is better equipped than the man who has no scientific facts, but that one can learn from the other, and neither knows all there is to know. There can be no question that science is a great aid to agriculture, as well as to other industries, and the wide-awake agriculturist seeks to take advantage of it.

Work on the new bridge across the feeder in the rear of Bangs & Gaynor's mill will be commenced shortly. A large force of men and teams is at work straightening the bed of Limestone Creek from the Genesee street bridge, which will be of great benefit to owners of adjoining property. The Independent cheerfully shoulders the responsibility for this needed improvement, and assumes that its recent articles on the necessity of the work hastened its undertaking.

Secretary Gage's estimate of the deficit for the fiscal year, which closed on June 30, was \$112,000,000. The deficit report is \$88,875,000. It is believed that his estimate of a deficit of \$30,000,000 for the year just entered upon will also prove too large. The customs revenues for the last year were \$506,500,000, and the international revenue receipts were \$273,000,000.

California is preparing a surprise for the world at the Paris exposition. She is going to show the wine growers of sunny Europe what can be done on the sunnier slopes of the Pacific. So great has been the demand for space and so completely has California overrun the space allotted to her that she now proposes to build an extra house on the Paris grounds for the display of her fruits and wines. In nothing has the magical west made such bounds as in the production of wine. It is only a few years ago that American wines were a byword and a scoffing in Italy and Spain and France. Now it requires all the diplomacy and jugglery of the governments to keep them out, and the connoisseurs have given over making wry faces at an American label.

The women shoppers of Chicago are getting ready to boycott the stores which refuse to provide seats for their women clerks. The cry goes up that it is injurious to the health of female clerks to stand up for nine hours.—No one is prepared to dispute this, and everybody hopes that it will be remedied. But at the same time what a curious argument it presents in favor of women competing with men in all fields of labor.

A statistical fiend has been directing his eagle eye on the Sunday newspaper. After prodigious work he finds that in 2,450 columns of printed matter 1,600 were given to women's dresses, lingerie, hosiery and slippers; 400 columns were given to news; 200 to science, art and manufactures and 250 to society.

Commercial Dishonesty

Moralists who have studied the pathos shown by national decline have of late years called attention to the disturbed sense of values which politics and enterprise have created. We are so in the habit of associating moral delinquency in the community, with violence and passion, and resting in the conviction that the police court will hold it in check, that we have overlooked the subtle demoralization of the public conscience in trade and legislation. Dishonesty is no longer a Captain Kidd, and even if it were it would not be half as dangerous as when it is a Talleyrand. It both redeems and disguises itself with smartness. It cannot take your individual spoons without running the risk of a policeman, but it can take your communal rights and get a diploma for doing it. It no longer sells you wooden nutmegs, but it plates spoons in your package of coffee and achieves the brilliant feat of making you drink chicory in hopes of a prize. The astounding fact has come to light that a man who acts conscientiously and almost piously with regard to his neighbor will act like a thief with regard to his party and not know it. He would die rather than rob the individual widow or the orphan directly, but he will mow down whole ranks of them legislatively or commercially and not ruffle a feather of his conscience. Not long ago the London chamber of commerce in a sudden ethical mood opened an inquiry into the payment of secret commissions for corrupt purposes in the course of trade. The result of the investigation rather astounded the conservative old gentlemen who conducted it. They were amazed at the moral code that governed to a great extent the competitive commercial men. Enterprising bribery turned-up in all directions wearing a smug and innocent face. It was found that the druggists paid secret commissions to the physicians on their prescriptions, amounting in some cases to 25 or 50 per cent on the price paid by the customer. It was found that architects, engineers, contractors and bosses expected and generally received a fee in some form from builders and investors and workers in addition to their professional fees. It was found that in the one case of lubricating oils used on the railroads the trainmen were bribed to declare that one kind of oil was full of grit and worthless. It was found that the bishop who represented morality in an institutional way winked at dishonesty in a commercial way by letting his butler receive all sorts of considerations from the tradesmen whose goods he let into the bishop's palace. With this astonishing view before the eye one sees that there is only one way out of the mess, and it is not a new way at all, but a very old way, and amounts to nothing more than a re-establishment of the ancient sense of rectitude and fair dealing in every one of the pursuits of life and which insists that a man shall be just as honest in the market place as he is in his family circle. After all, Emerson put his finger on the remedy when he said in effect "Every man takes care that his brother does not rob him. But there comes a time when he takes care that he does not rob his brother. Then all goes well. He has turned his apple cart into a chariot of the sun."

The amazing acumen of the ordinary police justice comes up at regular intervals. The last coruscating example of it comes from Brooklyn. A woman in that city with negro blood in her veins some years ago married a white man, by whom she had a child. When her husband died, he left \$10,000 in trust for the child when it came of age, but made no provision for his wife, who was compelled to go to work to support the child. She then placed the child with a woman to board at the rate of \$9 a month while she undertook to earn a living. This sum she paid so long as she was able to obtain work, and when out of work she tried to get her child back, but the woman in whose charge it was refused to give it up unless the last \$9 was paid. The mother then appealed to a justice to obtain possession of her child, and the justice decided—oh, Jehosephat!—that the mother could not obtain possession of her child until she had paid the \$9. This ought to go down in the law books along with the other precedents furnished by his worship, Dogberry.

The disinclination of the Cuban soldiers to give up their arms at \$75 a head shows what a poor idea of business they have. They can buy a good gun for \$20 and have \$55 over.

Another Hot Wave Here

But you can

KEEP COOL

By Wearing Our Summer Goods

Specials this Week

Ladies Shirt Waists

Ladies Separate Skirts

Gents Furnishings

Everingham & Carr

Fayetteville

Why Not Put Society in Uniform

Democracy is such a leveling process that we should not be surprised to see the individualism of commonplace people resorting to all sorts of devices to attract attention to themselves. One of the easiest ways to escape being ignored and swallowed up in the crowd is to adopt a uniform. That was the governing impulse of the delightful, but platitudinous girls, who called themselves Rainy Daisies. They could not add an inch to their stature, but they could take four inches off their skirts. Hundreds of other estimable but unheard of women cling to big hats and eekin dresses with no other purpose than to escape being utterly ignored. But there is another and a better side to the uniform question. It serves to identify the wearer with an obligation, a duty or a mission, and, in inviting attention, challenges scrutiny. That is its meaning in a railroad conductor or a national guardman. It is not strange that dress should stiffen up one's moral character a little when it invites inspection and advertises one's intentions. Man in his social capacity, having found out how much dress has to do with character, is very likely sooner or later to get every distinct class into uniform. It is now proposed in one of our largest cities to put regalia on the newsboys, with the notion that it carried some kind of obligation and that the newsboy will behave himself better if his clothes are peculiar to him. If this is true, why should not the valuable moral lesson be carried out in other directions? Why not put congressmen in uniform? It seems to have worked very well at the state prisons. Might there not be some Roman dignity enforced upon our senate if it had to sit in togas? One can see at a glance what a benefit the community would derive if book agents were compelled to adopt a livery and insurance agents made to wear an unmistakable uniform. It is true the individuals themselves might not be benefited, but their private advantages would, of course, give way to the good of society. To be able to arrive instantaneously at a man's mission by the cut of his coat would certainly result in a great saving of time, and probably of money, and it would do away with the confusion at swell dinners when one cannot tell the head waiter from the chief justice. The distinctions need not be absurd and punitive. Stock brokers and bucket shop men need not be compelled to wear bearskin shakos and political bosses mantles of wolfskin, but some unobtrusive symbol, say, a large diamond ring on each finger or a pair of brass knuckles would perhaps be sufficient for all practical purposes. Whenever society insists that a man's intentions shall declare themselves in his dress, it will be unnecessary for us to go about trying to find out what those intentions are. We shall know our man by the cut of his jib.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow ever returns to the United States, he will probably be slightly ashamed of himself for his attempts to make the Englishmen laugh at the expense of the American volunteer. It seems that he could not be funny except by belittling the Yankee soldier. One can forgive the Englishmen for laughing, but what will we do with Bigelow?

The autobiography and letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, a volume which has just been printed, places before the world a woman whose estimable character and superb womanly qualities cannot be sufficiently praised. She was a rare example of the true feminine quality that charms the world. She lived a long and useful life without ever losing the ineffable gift of true womanliness. All those qualities which the world has idealized in woman came out softly and beautifully in her life. That which she had written, and she wrote a great deal, stands today unimpeachable for its charity, its sweetness, its simplicity and its love of mankind. A book which lets us into the secrets of such a woman is of priceless value at a time when so many rash and restless women are trying to attract attention to themselves by the hysteria of literature. Mrs. Oliphant will not rank with George Eliot or Mrs. Browning in intellectual gifts, but she stands on the same plane of loveliness with the poet's wife, and what she has written has probably had more influence with the world even than George Eliot's masterpieces.

The effect of Mme Bernhardt's Hamlet upon the English people appears at this distance to be rather dubious. The daily press, to use a common expression, "let her down" as easily as possible and devote themselves to the absurdities of the French translation. Such lines as "To be or not to be? That is the question!" are rather ludicrous in French, where, strictly rendered, they amount to this "Ah! It is existence or it is not! Who knows?" But even this is not as bad as Salvini's rendition of it in Italian which, brought over literally again into English, would read "Is it or is it not? That's it!"

John D. Rockefeller has lit in Washington and gobbled a large piece of it. By foreclosing a mortgage on the Everitt Land company, which owns four millions' worth of property, he gets control of the whole of it. It was only recently that he foreclosed a mortgage on the Monte Cristo mines, and taken with the recent deal, he now owns Everitt completely. It has a population of about four thousand. If Mr Rockefeller lives and continues in good health, he will probably own the earth in time.

Mrs. William J. Bryan is as an orator no slouch herself. She has just been delivering an oration to her own sex which is not only eloquent, but is crammed full of good homely sense. She said, "When man finds in woman a thorough appreciation of his work and aims, when the mind of woman becomes the perfect supplement and complement of the mind of man, as the Creator intended it to be, and gives over trying to be superior, then will all the discussions as to woman's rights and privileges cease."

The trolley men of Brooklyn are getting ready for a strike. Brooklyn is a trolley city, and there are 11,000 of these men. They claim to have grievances which the rapid transit company will not listen to unless the grievances are made spectacular. So the men have about decided to have a strike.