

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

STRENGTH OF SHIP IS MEN.

ROBABLY our navy is as good as any, and we are not foolish if we think it the best. There are complaints against all navies. Many years ago, when the inflexible was on the stocks in England, able constructors proved by mathematics that when launched she would turn wrong side up, but she did not. The Philadelphia of our navy was top-heavy and narrowly escaped tumbling over. Her top hamper was reduced, with the effect of adding to her stability, but without curing entirely a fundamental mistake in the calculations of the constructor, and she has gone into permanent retirement. But none of our ships built since her time have been accused of being top-heavy. A German paper is now publishing a series of articles attacking the value of German warships and denouncing the Minister of Marine. Probably no warship is indestructible. The Japanese war vessels might have been destroyed by Bolshewisky's guns if the Russians had hit them. In the language of the Wild West, the Japanese fleet "got the drop" on the Russian vessels. When two fleets meet, the one whose guns are the poorest served will be destroyed.—Philadelphia Record.

THE NATION'S BREAD.

THAT bread is justly entitled to be called the "staff of life" is fully borne out by investigations of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor. This department made an investigation to determine the amount spent for food by a "normal" laborer's family. The data obtained from the 11,156 families whose expenses were studied showed the average amount spent for food by a family consisting of husband, wife and five children to be \$320.19 per year. It is interesting to note how the so-called normal family of the average laborer, which seems rather above the normal in size, apportion his money for food and other necessities. Twenty-nine dollars and twenty cents is expended for bread, flour and cereals, and while the cost of the bread is small compared with that of other foods, the amount of nutriment and energy derived from it is large. The laborer's meat bill is the largest of all. He spends \$11.50 per year for all kinds of meat, three and a half times as much as for bread. His butter costs him about as much as his bread, and sugar half as much, while about the same sum is spent for potatoes and vegetables as for bread. Thirty-eight dollars goes for milk and eggs. More coffee is used than tea; about \$10 is spent for the one and \$5 for the other. Religion, charity and tobacco claim nearly equal amounts, while intoxicating liquors come in for a much larger share. Labor organizations get about \$9 per year, while \$5.70 is contributed to the support of State and local govern-

ments in the form of taxes. Sickness and death on the average claim \$20.54. It is quite apparent that bread and flour do not form a very large item of the food expense of the normal laborer's family, and only 9 per cent of the cost of the food goes for bread and 91 per cent for all other food articles.—Harry Snyder, in Harper's Monthly.

OUR BUSY ARMY.

HOUGH Americans are always for peace, even if they have to fight for it; though they are constantly advising other nations to disarm, and are given to the holding of peace conferences, they produce officers and soldiers that measure up well with those of any other country on the globe. In such countries as Russia and Germany, in France and Italy, where immense standing armies are maintained and no civilian is quite so good as a man in uniform, the military spirit is dominant. But here in peaceful America, which maintains an army so small that most of its inhabitants never see a regular soldier, we call on the army in emergencies, just as a street car motorman telephones for the "trouble wagon."

If there is a formidable riot the army is called upon to suppress it; if there is a celebration the army must be in the parade; at the funeral of a noted man the soldiers must march in the procession. They open new lands to settlement, police wild mining regions, look after vast parks and forest reserves. When disasters come they act as life savers, salvage corps, firemen, policemen and distributors of relief. When a great fire sweeps Baltimore they are at work before the ashes are cold, and they are the first to respond to the danger call when a terrible earthquake, with its following flames, lays in ruins San Francisco. They string telegraph wires to Alaska and march to Goldfield to preserve order. In times of war all armies are busy in the tented field; but the American army is kept pretty busy in times of peace.—Baltimore Sun.

EXPERIENCE NO TEACHER.

HERE appear to be certain well-defined abuses against which it is useless to legislate. The law's hand is often clumsy and unfitted to deal with matters of delicacy. Every time an American girl trades a fortune for a title and then lives to regret it, the American public sympathizes with her and hopes the lesson will be taken to heart by other heiresses of marriageable age. But it never is. The lure of the title is still potent. Yet it is doubtful if Congress can do anything about it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE FOUND A FRIEND.

A thinly clad young man was walking along a city street one winter morning, eating peanuts from a five-cent sack in his coat pocket, in lieu of a breakfast, when he saw a number of boys trying to attract the attention of a flock of hungry pigeons in the street by tossing cracker crumbs at them. He stopped and joined in the fun by shelling some of his peanuts, breaking the kernels into small pieces, and throwing them on the pavement near the birds.

Recognizing a new benefactor, they flocked round him, eagerly picking up his offerings, but keeping an eye on him meanwhile, prepared for instant flight in the event of his becoming too familiar. Long experience had taught them to be suspicious of strangers.

Stopping down and holding a tempting morsel between his fingers, he called the birds gently.

At first they shrank back, but presently an old bird, having first inspected him critically with one eye and then with the other, stepped forward gingerly, plucked the titbit from his fingers, and darted away. Not finding the experience so very terrible, the old bird soon came back, and was rewarded with another choice bit of peanut. The other pigeons speedily followed the example.

"That's more than they'd do for any of us," said one of the boys.

The young man gave the pigeons about half his stock of peanuts, and then straightened up.

"That's all I can spare, you this time," he said starting away.

A middle-aged man who had been watching the performance with considerable interest tapped him on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said, "are you looking for work?"

"Am I?" was the response. "I've been tramping over this town for a week, hunting a job."

"What can you do?"

"I'm a sort of jack of all trades. I can carpenter a little, run an engine, repair bicycles and—"

"Can you take care of horses?"

"Can I?" said the young man, his face lighting up. "I was raised on a farm."

"Well, come along with me. I need a coachman, and I'm not afraid to trust my thoroughbred's with you. I'll take the recommendation the birds have just given you. Will you work for me for thirty dollars a month and board till you find something better?"

"Would he?"

"The young man is now his middle-aged employer's trusted man of all work, with a wage to correspond, and the pigeons have never had occasion to retract their recommendation.

Died Easily Without Doctors.

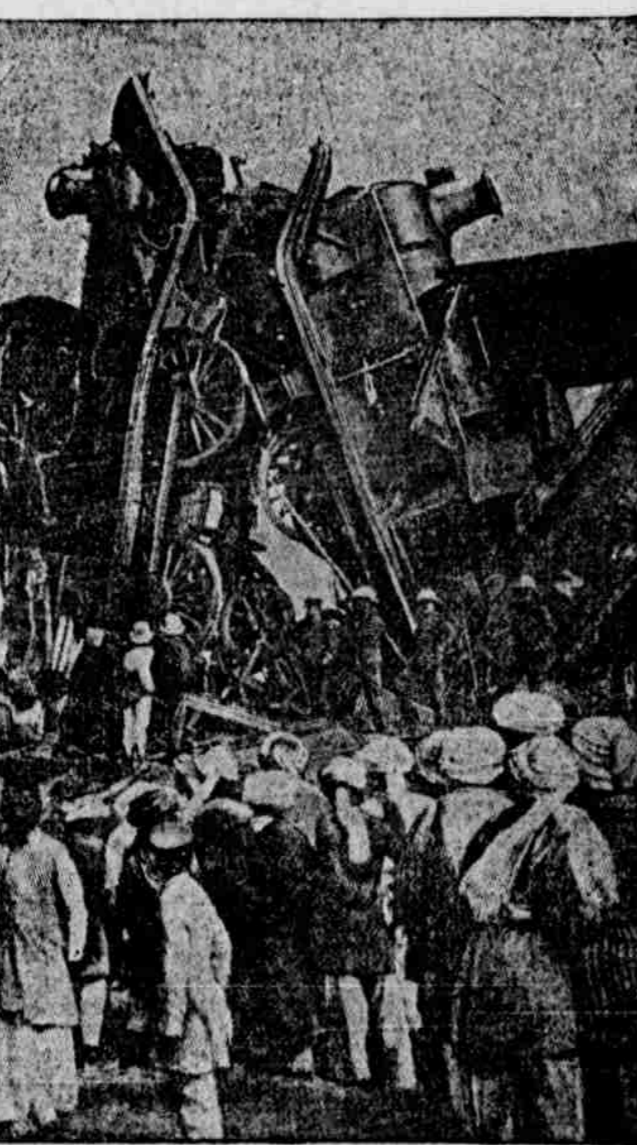
While romping among the simple mountain folk in the province of Cassal the Kaiser discovered a good-sized village without a physician in it.

"How can you people get along without a physician?" queried his majesty.

Whereupon a man of 80 to 85 answered nonchalantly: "As well as we may, your majesty, we find it quite easy to die without doctors when our time has come."

The average man is such a baby that every time the potatoes are not fried to suit him, he gets a look on his face as if he were playing the star part in "Driven from Home."

REMARKABLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.



CURIOUS RESULTS OF A COLLISION NEAR LUDHIANA, INDIA.
A remarkable collision occurred near Ludhiana, on the Northwestern Railway of India. The engines on colliding reared upright, and remained so with their foreparts together in the air, forming an arch. The debris of the trains was heaped around on all sides. In the accident twenty people were killed.—The Sphere.

RADIUM TO PHILIPPINES.

One-Thousandth of a Gram for Experiments Costs \$3,000.
The bureau of insular affairs recently paid the largest price for the smallest shipment ever sent to the Philippines, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. It has bought for \$3,000 one-thousandth of a gram of radium, which is equal to .01543 of a grain, Troy weight. The purchase, which was made in New York, is for the bureau of science of the Philippines, which purposes to use the radium in a series of experiments it is about to conduct.

The insular bureau is in something of a quandary as to how it shall ship this precious mineral speck, but it is assumed that the New York concern from which it is bought will manage to pack it in a sufficient number of wrappers to give it at least tangible bulk.

When the requisition reached the bureau the acting chief calmly called for quotations on radium by the pound or ounce, but the New York purveyors evidently feared that the price on radium in such quantities would cause mental and physical collapse in the bureau and accordingly disregarded the specifications and quoted a price of \$3,000 for the quantity above noted.

Major McIntyre, it is stated on trustworthy authority, put on his strongest spectacles and then sent for a magnifying glass merely to read the quotation, after which he sent it by wire to Manila, but with little expectation that the offer would be accepted. Greatly to his surprise, however, he received a reply a few hours later saying, in effect, that the bureau of science would like the \$3,000 worth, but would regard the price as too high if any extra charge was made for boxing or shipping. Accordingly the radium will soon be forwarded.

The Palaces of Newport.

Some of the palaces of the wealthy at Newport have surrounding lawns and gardens covering as much as ten acres; but most of them lie close together in bewildering succession. In Europe such magnificent structures would each own a magnificent park of many hundred acres. The Newport villa is built, however, not for comfort, nor in rhyme or reason, but purely for show. It is a stage set, gorgeous, gleaming, gilded.

One is surrounded by a tree-crowned wall, which cost over \$100,000. It is empty; the owner is away in Europe. That white marble palace, a Vanderbilt residence, is also unoccupied. There's "The Breakers," also owned by the Vanderbilts, the maintenance of which costs a half million dollars a season. And the Bridton villa, the fair and famous garden of which so displeased its mistress that she turned it over to her servants and will not enter it.

Every man has a right to keep his opinions to himself.

BOY VANISHED IN THE MAN.

Lost! I have lost him! When did he go? Lightly I clasped him. How could I know Out of my dwelling he would depart, Even as I held him close to my heart?

Lost! I have lost him! Somewhere between Schoolhouse and collegiate he was seen. Lips full of whistling, curl-tangled hair— Lost! I have lost him! Would I knew where.

Lost! I have lost him, Chester, my boy! Picture book, story book, marbles and toy, Stored in this attic, useless they lie, Why should I care so much? Mothers, tell why.

Yes, he has gone from me, leaving no sign. But there's another calls himself mine. Handsome and strong of limb, brilliant is he; Knows things that I know not. Who can it be?

Face like the father's face, eyes black as mine, Steps full of manly grace, voice masculine; Yes, but the god of life has but one ally, Why does the mother heart long for her boy—

Long for the mischievous, queer little chap, Ignorant, questioning, held in my lap? Freshman so tall and wise, answer me this? Where is the little boy I used to kiss?

—Cork Examiner.

CINDERS

Half way through the park the boy with the dog stopped and looked around him. A chill wind had sprung up, and the wide, elm-bordered path was almost deserted.

"Jimmy!" muttered the boy. "This dog-stealin' ain't what it's cracked up to be. I've a good mind now to leave the little beast where he is!"

It had been growing on the boy for an hour—this terror. All the elation of that first moment of successful theft had fled, leaving behind a lively fear of pursuit and punishment. The incriminating collar with its name and address had long ago been thrown away, to be sure; but there yet remained the dog—"Cinders," according to the collar.

"Tain't worth the risk," muttered the boy at last; and with another swift glance about him he tied the end of the dog's lead to a convenient settee, and ran down a side path toward the avenue.

For one amazed instant the dog stayed motionless, then he strained at the cord with all his small might, giving a series of frantic barks and whines. Two men and a woman, coming up the path, glanced at the dog, swerved, and passed by on the farther side. A small boy shied a stone, then ran; but a backward glance assuring him that the cord still held, he turned and shied a larger one.

The wind from the east grew sharper, and brought a fine, cold rain. The dog, exhausted, frightened and hopelessly miserable, crept under the bench for shelter. He was there when the tall, blue-coated man came down the path ten minutes later, and so he escaped the cold gray eyes of Officer O'Callahan.

The rain increased with the dark. By midnight, hunger, cold and terror had driven the dog almost wild. Little by little his jerks and pulls loosened the cord about his throat, until one last frenzied effort disentangled the knot and set him free. He paused, then rushed down the path, leaving behind him the cord still fastened to the settee.

At the edge of the park the dog stopped. The endless blocks, the lights, the shadows—all were unfamiliar and confusing. Cinders, born and bred in the Western town that was his master's home, had never been in New York until that morning when he had come with that same master on a visit East, only to be stolen at the very railway station by the boy who had so quickly abandoned him. No wonder Cinders eyed his surroundings in dismay! Up one street, down another, across a third, trotted the weary little feet, hour after hour, until at dawn the dog reached once more the park, and dejectedly fraged his way to the bench which had so recently held him a prisoner.

It was then that there began for Cinders a new existence. An existence of anxious days and apprehensive nights; of little food and less shelter; of small boys with stones, and big boys with sticks. His long, silky hair grew soiled and matted, his body lean, and his eyes wild and terror-filled. Once a blue-coated, helmeted man with short club chased him for some distance, but in the bewildering maze of paths he eluded his pursuer and crouched under a low-hanging bush until the man, puffing and swearing, had passed him by. It was a trying experience, but a necessary one; after that Cinders hid when a blue coat came in sight.

Both the park and the adjacent streets Cinders claimed as home, but after his experience with the blue-coated man he grew more wary; and when in the park spent most of his time hiding under shrubs or behind trees until night brought darkness and safety.

As for food—sometimes a bread-crust designed for a squirrel was snatched up by his own hungry little jaws, and once it was the squirrel itself that made his dinner. Occasionally a child with a cookie, or a man with a sandwich, strolled along unaware of the hungry eyes that peered out from beneath tangled hair and watched for a stray crumb thrown aside.

It was toward the end of the week that Cinders, stalking under the trees in the twilight, came face to face with a shabby, hollow-eyed man on one of the park settees.

"Hallo!" greeted the man.

The dog backed away.

"Here, by Jove! you look a little more hard up than I do. Come here, sir."

The dog did not stir.

"Pretty tough old place this world—eh?" said the man with a weary smile.

Still the dog did not stir.

"Hungry?"

Two mournful eyes gaze' unsherv-

ingly into the man's face. The dust of the dog's heels stirred faintly with the slight—the very slight motion of a tail feebly wagged.

"Humph!" grunted the man, thrusting his hands into his pockets and pulling out a dime and four copper cents. He glanced from the coins to the dog, and from the dog back to the coins.

"Humph!" he grunted again, rising to the most, old fellow. And he snubbed down the path that led to the avenue.

When he came back some minutes later he threw a hurried look about him, then drew a sandwich from the paper bag in his hand.

"Come, sir, come—good fellow!" he called softly.

A bird chirped overhead.

"Come, sir, come! Where are you, Weary Willie?" called the man again, peering into the shadows.

The silence was unbroken.

Until it was quite dark the man sat on the bench and waited; then he rose and walked away.

On the next night twilight found the hollow-eyed, shabby man on the same bench. The dog, too, found him there.

"Humph!" growled the man, throwing that same quick look about him,

and dragging from his pocket a paper bag. "Seems to me you were a good while coming!" He extracted a sandwich, broke off a generous piece, and tossed it to the dog.

Snap went the famished jaws, and the dog came at once to "attention."

"Ah, ha!" crowed the man. "So you were hungry!" He threw a second piece, then another, and another. "There!" he exclaimed, when the sandwich was finished. "How do you feel, Weary Willie?"

The dog whined, and took a tentative step forward.

"What's your name—Jack?"

There was a slow wagging of the dog's tail.

"Fido?"

The tail wagged harder.

"Rover?"

There was a quick, short bark.

"Come here, sir," ordered the man; but at the outstretched hand the dog turned and ran; the memory of those friendless days and nights was not to be so lightly cast aside.

It came to be a regular thing after that for the shabby man to bring a nightly sandwich to the bench in the park, and for the dog to come and eat it. There was always an exchange of courtesies in the shape of jovial greetings and sharp barks, and gradually the dog lost his fear. Three times he tried to follow his new friend home, but the sharp "Go back, sir, go back!" brought the little eager feet to a halt, and sent the dog slinking back to the shadows, there to stand with wistful eyes gazing after the shabby figure disappearing down the street.

"After all, where's the use of it, Weary Willie?" asked the man one night when the sandwich gone, the two sat together on the bench. "Where's the use of it? There's no one to care what becomes of us, you and me. Let's chuck it!"

The dog thumped his tail against the seat.

"Humph! Think it's a joke, do you? Well, maybe 'tis, maybe 'tis."

There was something queer about the man that night. His voice shook, and was not quite clear; his step, too, was far from steady, and he dropped on the seat with a curious relaxation of all his muscles. The next night it was worse, and the next worse still. There was a flat bottle which he brought again and again from his pocket and put to his lips after a cautious look about him.

He stayed longer and longer each night, and sometimes he seemed to sleep, so low was his head bowed on his breast. At such times the dog spent long minutes in motionless watching of the silent figure, giving occasionally a low whine—a whine which met with no response.

There had been almost a week of this when one night the man slipped from the seat and lay half on the ground. Cinders leaped to the man's side and licked his face, his hands, and again his face. He whined, then barked, then stood quiveringly alert for the slightest movement. At that instant down the path came several boys eating bananas.

There was a chorus of jeers, then a fusillade of banana skins. Cinders, fierce and bristling, faced the crowd and barked. He growled and showed his small white teeth, as from all sides came men and boys on the run. More banana skins, and even small stones, struck the man, the dog and the ground nearby. Still the dog stood firm, thrusting his tiny, fierce little self between the inert figure and the crowd.

Suddenly the man opened his eyes. One glance at the mob, the dog and the flying stones and banana skins cleared his brain. With a snarl of rage he caught the quivering little dog in his arms and staggered to his feet. There was a cry of "The cop's comin'!"—and the man found himself all at once alone with the dog, while up the path came a blue-coated, hurrying figure. Clipping the dog yet more firmly in his arms, the man turned and walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

"Come, come, what's the meaning of all this?" called the policeman, as he realized the shabby man's side.

"Nothing," returned the man, inconspicuously.

"But the crowd—what were they doing?"

"Stoning the dog—and me."

"Stoning you! Been drinkin'?"

"Do I act drunk?" retorted the man, sharply.

The policeman gave him a long, shrewd glance.

"Mighty neat it," he growled. Then he tried a new tack.

"Whose dog is it?" he demanded.

"Mine." There was a ring of defiance in the man's voice.

"Where's its collar? Got a license?" probed the policeman.

"It will have by this time to-morrow."

"Looks to me mighty like the little devil of a beast I've been chasin' in these 'ere parts fur the last month. I've had more'n a dozen complaints of a stray dog; but I couldn't catch the little varmint."

"You'll not have any complaints of this dog," said the man, quietly, as he turned off at one of the side paths.

It was then that existence for Cinders changed yet again. It became now a thing of kind words, scanty but gladly given food, and a bed in one corner of a sparsely furnished room up many flights of stairs. There were the same walks in the park, only now he both went and came with the man. There was the same bottle, and there was the same cautious tipping of it to the man's lips—but perhaps less frequently now. At all events, there never again came a time when the man was not fairly erect and in his right mind as he sat on the bench.

As the summer passed the man's clothes became more shabby, and his cheeks more hollow. At first he had gone away from the room each morning and returned at night clinking a few loose coins in his pockets; but now days and days passed when he did not leave the room until night, apparently preferring to lie for hours on the bed in the corner with his face to the wall.

"Where's the use?" he would say more and more frequently, as Cinders would leap upon the bed and coax him, dog fashion, to go out for a walk.

"Where's the use, Weary Willie? If there was some one to care, I'd quit it," he went on one day. "Perhaps I'd never even have begun. She cared once, Weary Willie; she said she did; but it didn't last—it didn't last. She got tired and skipped—skipped." There was a long pause, then the voice began again. "You don't blame her, do you, Weary Willie? Maybe you'll skip some day—eh? She said 'was incompatible, old fellow; in-com-pat-i-bility. Long one, isn't it? But net half so long as the misery it holds. S'pose it will be that way with us, old boy—in-com-pat-i-bility?"

The dog whined and leaped to the floor.

See High.

"The autumn," said Eben H. Emery, New York's weather forecaster, "is by far our finest American season. For- eigners visiting us should invariably come in the autumn."

Suddenly Mr. Emery smiled.

"I am reminded of an old autumn song," he said. "A thousand leaves are falling; it is the way it begins. A lady, at a church concert, rose to sing this song.

"A thousand leaves are falling," she caroled, and then her voice broke into a screech, and she had to stop, for she had pitched the song too high.

"Start her at 500," shouted an auctioneer from the gallery."

Decidedly Burglar-Proof.

A remarkable burglar-proof safe has been placed in a bank in England. At night the safe is lowered by cables into an impregnable metallic-lined sub-vault of masonry and concrete. After reaching the bottom it is fastened down by massive steel lugs, operated by a triple time lock. Until these lugs are released automatically at a desired time no human agency can raise the safe, and to break in through a mass of stone and concrete which measures 10 by 15 feet with dynamite would wreck the building without making it possible to get at the safe.

Not an Outlaw.

"Ever been in Siberia?" asked the reporter.

"Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee. "I took a knowing there one summer."—Chicago Tribune.

When a very old girl becomes engaged, she doesn't care if people know it.