

# Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## BIG FAMILIES.

**T**HE Census Bureau has been comparing the population statistics of 1790 with those of 1900. It has found that the average size of the families in the first enumeration of the republic was 5.8 persons, the variation ranging from 5.4 in Georgia to 6.4 in Maryland. In 1900 the average for the era enumerated in 1790 was 4.6, from 4.1 in a number of States, to 5.1 in North Carolina.

Had the number of persons who composed the total number of private families in 1900 been grouped according to the average size shown in 1790, there would have been 3,207,000 less households than were actually reported. Had the average size of such families in 1900 been as large as the average shown in 1790, the population would have been increased by nearly 20,000,000 persons.

Many considerations are left out of this calculation, the greater chances for living, the noticeable reduction in infant mortality, the extension of the average life of the individual, the conquest of once virulent diseases, and so forth.

While we possibly voice a heresy, we cannot see but the smaller family of 1900 is a distinct advantage over the family of 1790. Sometimes there is a wide vein of foolish trawling in the lectures of those who plead for the spreading of the benefits and the attention among six children that are given to two.—Toledo Blade.

## WHY THE SMALL TOWN SUFFERS.

**A**N Englishman writes about his return to his native village, and what he did not find there, in the Westminster Review. He passed by the village shoemaker's shop—in his youth an important establishment, employing three or four assistants. Only one man is there now, a mere cobbler, who ekes out a scanty subsistence. The business of making shoes has long since been given over to the factory in the large town. The windmill on the hill, where the corn grown in the parish was formerly sent for grinding, has disappeared. The people get their meal and flour by rail from distant cities. He looked in vain for the cooperage shop where the wooden buckets and wooden tubs and vats were formerly made. The zinc bucket he dealt the wooden one a deadly blow, and the decay of domestic brewing has completed its ruin. Wherever he looked it was the same story. Even the domestic manufacture of cotton sunbonnets and stays by the women of the village is but a memory. The modern factories took charge of their business long ago.

Most American city dwellers who return for a brief visit to their native villages may discern like changes. The manufacturing shoe shop, the grist mill, the tannery, the slaughter pen where the local butcher killed his own meat, the small sawmill, the brick-kiln, once so indispensable—these and many other local industries which flourished fifty years ago are more than likely to be missing to-day, and their employment of labor has

gone with them. Improved means of transportation, the centralization of special industries in the great industrial cities, where they can be piled more economically, have here, as in England, brought about a change. Where the work went the workers went—a simple and satisfactory explanation of the early drift to the cities from towns and villages. It is the fashion to speak of the villages of our youth as if they were the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But when we begin to look closely we see they have had their changes, too; changes which register the progress from the simpler and less efficient ways of production to the most modern ones.

In England this destruction of small local industries has a special significance that it lacks with us. The writer in the Westminster says it helps to make the "return to the land" hopeless. Inability to compete with modern farm machinery will long prevent city workers from becoming small agriculturists. And this lack of local industries in the villages shuts tight the only other avenue. Fortunately our regret for their decay, if it exists at all, must be purely sentimental. Our "back-to-the-land" idea does not even contemplate turning city mechanics into village mechanics. It contemplates making them masters of the soil—in which position, with a little intelligence and energy and knowledge of intensive farming, their prospects are worth considering.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## BURBANK, NOT INCORPORATED.

**T**HE capitalists who were going to incorporate Luther Burbank now say that it is not because they cannot take any stock in him. They say merely that the plan would not bring satisfactory results, either to the world or those actively engaged in it. We are greatly relieved by the confession. In the first place, if Burbank's output were raised to the usual high rate notable in a modern corporation we would be afraid that all our trees and shrubs would be changed with a rapidity too startling for human acceptance. And, secondly, we rejoice at this convincing evidence that our law of incorporation, however faulty, cannot be used to legalize any mere grafting operations.—Chicago Post.

## THE EXECUTION OF A WOMAN.

**M**ARY FARMER, who killed another woman for money, was executed at Auburn prison. The legal slaying of a human being is not pleasant to contemplate, still less when the victim is a woman. But in this case the usual hysterical pleas for mercy from muddled newspapers availed nothing. Gov. Hughes held that, while power to commute the woman's sentence lay with him, he had no right to exercise that power in such a manner as to nullify the explicit direction of the law. If other Governors of American States were thus impartial, murder would soon lose its present popularity as a pleasant pastime.—Chicago Journal.

## JESSE POMEROY, MOST REMARKABLE PRISONER IN SOLITARY CELL 33 YEARS.



The first picture shows Jesse Pomeroy when he was arrested, and the second shows him in prison. He is America's most remarkable prisoner. For 33 years he has sat in a solitary cell in a Massachusetts prison. He was convicted of cruelty to children. Pomeroy soon may see daylight. A bill is to be introduced in the legislature permitting him to work in the open with other prisoners.

## QUEER STORIES.

China has more than 1,600 walled cities.

Cuba grows twenty-pound cabbage heads.

Two years is the life of the average spider.

The government owns over 92 per cent of the railway mileage in Germany.

As much as a ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of a single whale.

Government railroads in India are experimenting with cast iron cross ties made in the form of boxes.

There are at present in India 321 medical missionaries, of whom 121 are men and 136 missionary nurses.

A machine operated on the principle of the vacuum cleaner is being used to pick walnuts in a California grove.

France has five great mills and a number of smaller ones at which artificial silk is made. There are three kinds of it.

Within the last two decades there have been only two years when the wheat crop of France did not cover the home demand.

"What brought you here?" said a magistrate to an Irish offender. "Two policemen, sorr," was the reply. "Ah, drunk, of course?" "Yes, sorr, both of them."—Story Told at the Savage Club.

In the last eleven years, according to officially reported returns, the city of Leeds, England, has earned a profit of \$5,000,000 from its municipally-owned tramways, waterworks, gasworks and electric light plant.

Max O'Rell was once staying with a friend at Edinburgh. Starting for a walk on Sunday, he took up his walking stick. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" asked his conscientious Scotch host. "It looks more respectable."

In a recent issue of a zoological periodical L. Plato describes the curious habit of a new species of fish from the Bahamas. This fish spends part of

## DON'TS BY THE BABY.

These Rules Should Be Strictly Followed by All Concerned.

All newly born babies who desire to have a copy of the following on a card to hang around their necks can obtain one free by applying to this office:

Don't handle me more than is necessary.

Don't put into my mouth, to stop me from crying, an old piece of rubber to suck. It is about the worst habit I can get into.

Don't let any relatives see me.

Don't take me up, strain me to your breast, walk the floor with me, dance before me like a wild Indian shaking a horrible rattle, or talk gibberish to me when I have a crying spell. There may be something serious the matter with me, but this isn't going to help.

When I push away my bottle, don't force me to feed. I know when it is necessary for me to eat anything.

Don't take me to the circus, prayer meeting, or to spend the day at the seashore. I'm not so old or so fool-proof as you are.

Don't kiss me. Take some one of your own size.

Don't show your anxiety about me when in my presence. I haven't any too much confidence in myself.

Don't be too proud of my unnatural brightness. It may be a form of degeneracy.

Don't tell anybody that I am only a little animal. Let them guess it for themselves.

Don't take my temperature or send for the doctor on the slightest provocation.

Don't let the light strike into my eyes.

Don't rock me to sleep. Remember that the hand that rocks the cradle is ruled by the baby.—Lippincott's Magazine.

## TO A ROBIN.

You accurately reckon  
Her coming to a day!  
When her bright English beckon,  
You're up and on your way.

And on some rainy morning,  
Refreshing and remote,  
I catch the first spring warning  
In your metallic note.

Sing on, brave little Robin,  
Until the blossoms start  
To bless the lyric throb in  
The music of your heart!  
—Success Magazine.

## Guests from Afar

She glanced at the postmark on the envelope. The letter had been on its journey six days. In four days more Elmer Morse would come.

She quickened her steps. There was so much to do in those four short days. No, she would not keep him waiting.

A glow of triumph filled her heart. She had not waited in vain. How many times she had been told that she was wasting her years by her constancy. Even her aunt, with whom she lived, had expressed doubts of Elmer's faithfulness. At least, she had told Elmer that she would do well to think twice before she let any good chance to marry slip away from her. And there had been chances, more especially that thrifty farmer, John Torrington. It was this middle-aged wooer, sturdy and respected, whom her aunt especially favored.

But Elmer's heart was not to be shaken in its constancy to her first lover, the lover who declared himself when she was still a schoolgirl and who had gone into the Far Western wilderness to win the fortune that was to bring them together. A chance had been offered him by a distant relative. He had eagerly accepted it. He hoped to return in a year at the latest. But fortune was elusive and five years had passed.

"And is Elmer going to stay here?" her aunt asked, after she had heard the incoherent tidings.

"Why, yes," Elmer replied.

"Here in Clintville?"

"Of course."

"It isn't much of a settling down place for a man who has seen the



"Is she making him a good wife?"

"Well, not exactly; but she's making him a good husband."

Johnny—The camel can go eight days without water—Freddy—So could I, if ma would let me.

Dyer—Did his widow succeed in breaking his will? Duell—Yes; long before he died.—Pick-Me-Up.

"She said she'd marry me if I felt the same way a year from then." "Did you?" "Yes; but toward another girl."

Belle—I wish the Lord had made me a man. Nellie—Perhaps he has, only you haven't found him yet.—Cleveland Leader.

Hotel Clerk—Do you want a room with a bath? Uncle Hiram—Wal-a-ol; I don't calculate I'll be here Saturday night.—Princeton Tiger.

"Did the wedding go off smoothly?" "About as smoothly as such affairs always go off. The only hitch that occurred was when the pair stood up to be united."

"How do you ever get on so well with your wife? Don't you ever have any differences of opinion?" "Of course we do. But I don't let her know it."—Cleveland Leader.

Little Mary sat seriously thinking out some hard problem, when she remarked, "Grandma, I don't know yet which I'll be, a nurse, or a storekeeper, or get married, and be nothing."

Johnny—They're makin' shingles out o' cement now'days. Dickey—I don't mind that so much, but if I may ever get a pair o' cement slippers I'm going to run away!—Chicago Tribune.

"I'm getting out of a line of common-sense footwear for women." "Do women want common-sense footwear?" "They'll want mine. I've added an extra inch to the heels."—Washington Herald.

"I see the wireless phone is a failure," he said. "I'm glad of it," replied his wife. "Just think of the remarks you make when Central irritates you, and those floating around in space for any amateur to pick up."

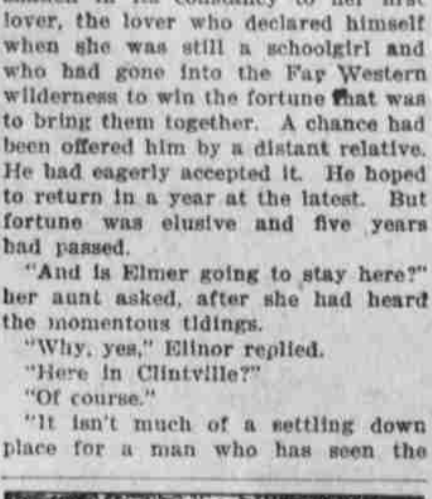
Mr. Simple—I see that this here piano-play'n Paderewski has got the rheumatism in his hand so he can't play. Mrs. Simple—Then why don't he use one of those mechanical pianos?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Is June the favorite month for marriages out here, too?" asked the New York lady. "I don't think so," replied the Chicago woman; "I've been married six times in other months, and only twice in June."—Yonkers Statesman.

Minister—I'm sorry to find you coming out of a public house again, Hamish, after all you promised me. Hamish—Ay, sir, it's wonderful what an awfu' deceiv'n' thing this mist'ral D'ye ken, I went in there the noo thinkin' 'twas the butcher's shop!—Tit-Bits.

"Now," said the magistrate, "you must testify to what you know, no hearsay evidence. Understand?" "Yes, sir," replied the female witness. "Your name is Mary Bright, I believe. Now, what's your age?" "I won't tell you. I have only hearsay evidence on that point."—Catholic Standard and Times.

He (desperately)—Tell me the truth. It is not my poverty that stands between us? She (sadly)—Yes, He (with a ray of hope)—I admit that I am poor, and so, unfortunately, is my father; but I have an aged uncle who is very rich, and a bachelor. He is an invalid and cannot long survive. She (delightfully)—How kind and thoughtful you are! Will you introduce me to him?—New York Weekly.



"We are friends of the colonel."

world," her aunt suggested, in her exasperating slow way.

Elmer flushed.

"That is all understood," she said. "Elmer knows that I would never consent to leave my old home and my friends and go away among those wild strangers."

"Such things have been done," said her aunt, sententiously, as she turned away.

It was a little early for the train, but every detail in the simple program of welcome had been arranged. The pretty cottage was swept and garnished; the appetizing luncheon was prepared, and now the gentle Elmer, her heart beating with anticipation, sat on the shaded porch with her expectant gaze on the road among the willows.

And then she saw a group of men—there were five of them—standing by the roadside as if not quite sure of their bearings. Presently they came forward and disappeared behind the high hedge.

A moment later Elmer saw them at the gate. One of them pointed toward the house. Then the gate was opened and they came up the pathway in single file.

It was quite evident they were strangers. Elmer had time to inspect them before they reached the porch.

For a moment she was alarmed. Were these strangers the bearers of bad tidings? She quietly arose and stepped forward.

But, no, they were smiling as they halted and drew up in line. And then every hat came off as if at a concerted signal.

It was the youngest man who spoke. "We are friends of the colonel, from Montana, Miss Barnes."

"From Montana?" she cried, and looked at him wildly.

"The colonel is all right, Miss Barnes," the youngest man hastily answered her. "We managed to get here a little ahead of him."

"The colonel?" Elmer repeated.

"Col. Morse," the youngest man explained.

"Everybody back yonder calls him colonel," said the stout man.

Elmer gave a little gasp.

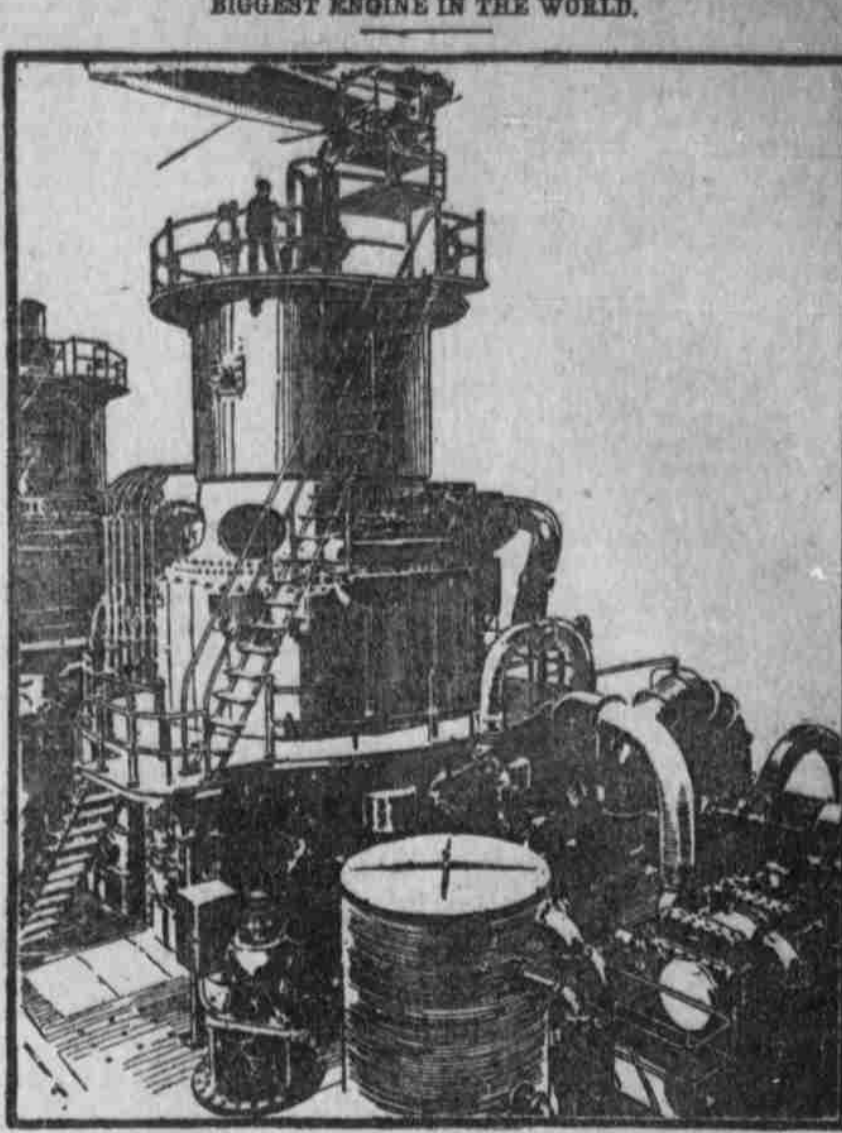
"And you—you have come all the way from Montana?" she cried, and put out both her hands.

He glanced about at his companions.

"Having given you his promise," the youngest man resumed, "the colonel wasn't the man to tell you what he was sacrificing. That wouldn't be like him. He wouldn't tell you what a foolhardy he had gained out there and what a power for good he had become and how we all need him. He wouldn't tell you that Nature had fitted him for a man of action, a pioneer, a builder, a leader of men. He never hinted that the confines of this little town would be to him like prison bars. And, of course, he didn't tell you that we want him for our Governor, that our State needs him and that he's the only man the friends of reform can elect!"

He paused and drew a quick breath.

## BIGGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD.



NEW TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND HORSE POWER TURBINE.

Chicago at the present moment is distinguished as having within its limits the largest prime mover in the world! This largest prime mover on the globe is the huge turbine engine with which the new Quarry street station of the Commonwealth Edison Company is equipped and which at 22,000 indicated horse power is to be multiplied by six before the station is complete. As a matter of fact, two of these 22,000 horse power units already are dancing the dervish dance in the Quarry street station and the third one is in course of erection.

Physically, one of these 22,000 horse power turbines isn't particularly big to look at. At a quarter of a mile it resembles an iron water tank resting on the ground, and including base rising to a height of thirty feet, with diameter of about fifteen feet. But as to its insides: Oh, my! Fifteen thousand horses inside of it, and every mother's plug of them running away!

A horse power, it will be remembered, is an old fogy designation of a force that is sufficient to raise 35,000 avoirdupois pounds to a height of one foot in one minute. With 22,000 horse power exercising the cylindrical shell the generated power is sufficient to pick up twelve Chicago Sunday Tribune buildings, each seventeen stories high, hoisting them at the rate of sixty feet an hour, until at the end of a ten-hour day this 204-story building would be 600 feet above the Dearborn street pavement! For the Tribune building weighs 60,000,000 pounds, complete and tenanted as it is.

But talking about running on railroad schedules, nothing that was ever set to rails can compare with the speed which is developed in each of the five turbine wheels inside the jacket of the engine. Each of these wheels is fourteen feet eight inches in diameter, and each wheel under initial pressure of 180 pounds of steam to the square inch makes 750 revolutions a minute. Putting a wheel of this diameter upon a rail and giving it 750 revolutions to the minute would make the modern automobile speeder appear so nearly stationary that you'd have to set stakes in order to discover that he could be moving. Six and a half miles a minute would be the turbine schedule, or two hours and thirty minutes from Chicago to New York.—Chicago Tribune.

## TO MAKE HENS LAY.

**Mr. Timmons Puts an Original Idea Into Practice.**

"I got all these to-day," said Mrs. Timmons, holding out her apron and showing seven fresh eggs. Mr. Timmons said nothing. There was nothing for him to say. He knew why Mrs. Timmons showed him the seven eggs, because she had been showing him eggs daily since the warm weather began.

It was just her way of protesting against his having paid \$5 each for a dozen fine fowls which would thanklessly eat large quantities of fancy foods; as thanklessly inhabited yards he had specially made for them, and which produced two eggs per week for the lot.

Mrs. Timmons, on the other hand, had bought eight hens and a non-descript-looking rooster from a farm wagon that passed. They were a badly assorted lot of hens, no two alike, but they were grateful for the occasional handful of table scraps she gave them, and each laid practically daily. It was maddening.

Sitting in his office next day, Mr. Timmons had an idea. It was not an original idea, but he believed it would help things along. He would buy a few eggs and place them in his nests, thereby not only deceiving Mrs. Timmons, but encouraging his hens to lay.

That evening he took an old negro into his confidence, the agreement being that every evening he was to slip in the back gate and place eleven eggs in the nests.

"Well," said Mrs. Timmons next morning, "your old hens have waked up. I went back there and they'd laid eleven eggs."

"Sure enough," said Mr. Timmons delightedly. "They're remarkable layers."

Next day it was the same. A couple of days later Mrs. Timmons came to him with the eggs in her apron.

"Those are the most remarkable hens I ever saw," she said. "I wish mine were like them."

"It pays to get good stock," said Mr. Timmons, grandly. "Why, there is a world of difference between my birds and those mongrels you have—"

"I should say there is," agreed Mrs. Timmons. "Why, your eleven hens have laid fourteen eggs to-day, and one of them is a goose egg."

"Hah, hah!" chuckled Mr. Timmons, weakly. "Somebody's let some other hens in that pen. They'd better let my birds alone or I'll kill somebody."—Galveston News.

**Only Once.**

The grass widow was reading in some dimly a letter from a youth who hadn't seen her for two years.

"If you haven't married lately," it read, "I should like to take you out to dinner, if you will go."

"I think that's mean of him," she said. "I have never married but once in Chicago."

People in big towns are so selfish. We would rather live in a little town, where the people sympathize with you when in trouble, and where, if you have no trouble, they will look up some for you.

Many a widow's heart has been warmed over by an old flame.

## Singular Question.

"Pa, I'd like to know—"

"What?"

"If a one-legged man wears trousers or just one trouser."—Kansas City Times.