



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Carrying Money.

A returned Alaskan miner went to sleep in a Pullman car in Pennsylvania the other night with \$12,000 in gold on his person. He may not have been wiser when he awoke next morning, but he was \$12,000 poorer. If he had put his money in a bank and carried only a letter of credit and a small sum of cash on the Pullman he would have had his fortune yet.

The mistake of carrying too much money is a common one. Even good business men sometimes make it. There is no sense in any man's carrying more than a very small amount of cash. Whether he lives in the country and is going to town, or lives in the city and is going downtown, a few dollars will be sufficient to meet any emergency which cannot be met by checking on the bank. A little money to pay for lunch, for possible telephone and telegraph messages, for street car fare, for a carriage in case of accident—everybody ought to carry enough for these purposes, and there usually is no good reason why anyone should carry more.

Even those who are traveling need less cash than many habitually carry. So perfect and so extensive has the modern banking system become that a man can go all over his own country and around the world on a few slips of paper that would be worthless to anybody else but a bold and skilful knave and would be very dangerous for him. The best and safest place for one's roll is in the bank. Banks fail once in a while; but the chances of losing money deposited in them are infinitely few compared with the chances of losing it from the person.—Kansas City Journal.

Women and Work.

THE census returns of the United States show very clearly that women are pressing forward more and more into professions and positions formerly held by men, and this in our opinion is an excellent sign, although in some branches of labor there is an outcry against this usurpation of what is termed man's prerogative. What women more particularly require is a training from an early age which will enable them to take their own part in the battle of life when through the death of those on whom they were dependent, or through misfortune, it becomes incumbent on them to provide for themselves. This early training is a matter which does not appear to receive the attention and consideration that it ought, for how many women are there who can, for example, compute interest intelligently and accurately; how many are there who are even capable of managing their own affairs, or their own property, if they have any, with anything like business capacity? The education of woman is not complete unless she has as part of her equipment a knowledge of at least the rudiments of business. Women who are blessed with a fair share of worldly goods need this knowledge hardly less than those who have to make their own way in the world, and who have not the protection and guardianship of husband and father, for such women can never be sure that they may not at any moment be called up to earn their own livelihood.—How to Live.

The Church and the People.

THE pastor who asks why it is that the younger generation is losing its respect for the church, need not go far afield in search of an answer. It is because a majority of the churches do not meet the demands of people now on earth for an outlet to their physical and mental activities. The congregation to which the preacher propounded his query appears to realize this fact. It is erecting a house of worship which, when completed, will be furnished with a kitchen, dining room and gymnasium for the boys. It will supply the craving for social and physical enjoyments while ministering to the spiritual needs of its members.

But the church which hopes to hold the young must go even further than this. It must compete with the school,

the club, the social function, the outdoor diversion and the many other attractions which go to swell the sum total of the joy of living. It also must compete with every organization having for its purpose the amelioration of human ills and human wretchedness. And it must compete successfully or fail in its mission.

The church which lives and moves and does its work close to the world and its toiling, struggling, aspiring, inquiring, practical millions will be successful in retaining its hold upon the people. Mankind demands something more satisfying than sounding theories; something more nutritious than doctrinal husks. To retain its influence the church must be of the people, for the people and by the people. Summing up, the church must come down out of the clouds and abide with the people living here below.—Chicago Journal.

Blow for Phonetic Spelling.

THE cause of "spelling reform" has received a serious setback. The valorous and persistent champions of "phonetic" orthography have received a blow from which they may not recover.

When it came to a discussion of the proposition to make an appropriation of \$2,000 a year for five years for missionary work in phonetic spelling before the directors of the National Educational Association at St. Louis, the distressing fact was revealed that none of the educators could remember the dozen words which the association had decided in 1898 must be "reformed."

What progress can be made in spelling reform if the great educators themselves cannot remember the words to be reformed? At the meeting in 1898 the national association recommended twelve orthographical reforms as follows: Program, tho, thru, thoro, thoro, thorfare, decalog, pedagog, prolog, catalog and demagog. It now transpires that, notwithstanding the vigorous missionary work that has been done in behalf of these twelve "reform" for six years past, the educators at St. Louis who were called upon to consider the question of extending the fight for spelling reform were forced to make the humiliating confession that they had not used the words and hence could not recall them.

Could anything be more thoroughly exasperating? Tho these pedagogs have continued the agitation of spelling reform thru six years they confess they have made no attempt to use the adopted words in private correspondence or in any other way. And so the great cause of phonetic spelling languishes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Girl of Twenty-eight.

GOVERNOR WARFIELD, of Maryland, is evidently not an advocate of large families. In an address to the graduating class of the high school at Wilmington, Del., he said:

Don't do the foolish thing of getting married early in life. I have three daughters, and will not give my consent to any one to marry before she is 28.

The world has changed a good deal in the last forty years. We have "girls" of 30 now, whereas in the old days a woman became an old maid at 25. Seventeen years was then deemed an eminently marriageable age, and this proverb prevailed: "At 20 a woman gets a man better than herself for a husband; at four and twenty, one as good; at eight and twenty, one much worse." Nowadays the public experiences a certain shock when a girl of 18 marries.

The finest years of womanhood lie between the ages of 25 and 35. It is the privilege of every woman to decide whether she shall spend them in single blessedness or in duplicated bliss. Considering marriage merely as a refuge, or even as a business venture, it may be that she who deliberates up to the age of 28 is lost. Regarding it from the point of view of the individual woman's own preferences, she may quite properly wait longer if she pleases. It is with her a question of marriage with the man she wants or no marriage at all.—New York Mail.

ing of you wearing yourself out watching that boy alone."

"So should I," put in Sister Margaret, "and I am going, too. He will be so excited that it will be all the three of us can do to hold him down."

Mrs. Fuddleston looked at her with gratitude. "Well, then," she said, "come here for dinner and we'll get an early start. I should hate to have Harold miss a single thing."

At his office that day Mr. Fuddleston happened to speak to his two partners about the treat he was going to give to his little boy.

"My stars!" one of them exclaimed. "I'd like to go along just to see the little chap enjoy it."

"So should I," said the other. "I'd rather be horsewhipped than go to the circus with grown folks, but it's a circus in itself to watch a boy at such a show."

So it came about that three men and three women sat down at Fuddleston's table that evening for an early dinner. When it was nearly time to go Mr. Fuddleston asked his wife if she had told Harold.

"No; I thought it would be best to give him a surprise," she answered.

Just then one of the partners looked out of the window. "Why, it's raining!" he said.

This was serious. Aunt Jane at once grew concerned over the risk of taking Harold out in the night air when it was raining.

"What do you think, my dear?" the fond father asked of his wife.

"Why, of course, if it is going to be a rainy evening it would never do to take him."

Then the other partner peered through the window and said it looked pretty bad; not a mere shower, he thought, but the beginning of a storm.

"I shouldn't take any risk, Julia," said the other sister.

"It's lucky you didn't tell Harold," said the junior partner.

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Fuddleston.

"Upstairs with the nurse," answered Mrs. Fuddleston.

"Well," said Fuddleston, decidedly, "we won't take any chances. Besides, my ticket is for a box, which only seats six people."

So little Harold was left at home, and six adults, instead of two, sacrificed their entire evening that he might not run the risk of getting wet and catching a cold.

Colors that Are Not Easy to See.

What color is least easily seen at a distance? One would naturally say, some dull neutral tint, a somber gray or brown. This has been the conclusion of most military men, and our brilliant dress uniforms have given way for practical campaigning to khaki and other dull colors. Is this a mistake? Possibly so, according to the results obtained in recent experiments in England. It has been found there that masses of dull color are very much more conspicuous at a distance than mixtures of bright tints. For instance, a battery of field artillery whose carriages and caissons were decorated with strips of red, blue and yellow could be made out with difficulty at a thousand yards, while other batteries painted a uniform brown or drab were easily seen at great distances. It would seem as if, on the same principle, a regiment of gayly dressed troops might be less easily visible than one wholly garbed in dull-colored khaki.—Success.

Red hair is not a bar to good looks. But no hair at all is.

OLD FAVORITES

The Green Isle of Lovers.

They say that, afar in the land of the west,

Where the bright golden sun sinks in glory to rest,

Mid ferns where the hunter ne'er ventured to tread,

A fair lake unruffled and sparkling is spread;

Where, lost in his course, the rapt Indian discovers,

In distance seen dimly, the Green Isle of Lovers.

There verdure fades never; immortal in bloom,

Soft waves the magnolia its groves of perfume;

And low bends the branch with rich fruitage depressed,

All glowing like gems in the crowns of the blest;

There the bright eye of Nature in mild glory hovers;

'Tis the land of the sunbeam—the Green Isle of Lovers;

Sweet strains wildly float on the breezes that kiss

The calm-flowing lake round that region of bliss

Where, wreathing their garlands of amaranth, fair choirs

Glad measures still weave to the sound that inspires

The dance and the revel, 'mid forests that cover

On high with their shade the Green Isle of the Lover.

But fierce as the snake, with his eyeballs of fire,

When his scales are all brilliant and glowing with ire,

Are the warriors to all save the maids of their isle,

Whose law is their will, and whose life is their smile;

From beauty there valor and strength are not rovers,

And peace reigns supreme in the Green Isle of Lovers.

And he who has sought to set foot on its shore,

In mazes perplexed, has beheld it no more;

It fleets on the vision, deluding the view,

Its banks still retire as the hunters pursue;

Oh, who in this vain world of woe shall discover

The home undisturbed, the Green Isle of the Lover!

—Robert Charles Sands.

Grace Before Meat.

Some hae meat, and canna eat,

And some wad eat that want it;

But we hae meat, and we can eat,

And sae the Lord be thankit.

—Robert Burns.

NICHOLAS I. OF RUSSIA.

Great Man Scared Out of Greatness by Specter of French Revolution.

In reviewing this first of my sojourns in Russia, my thoughts naturally dwell upon the two sovereigns—Nicholas I. and Alexander II. The first of these was a great man scared out of greatness by the ever-recurring specter of the French Revolution. There has been much to make him a stern reactionary. He could not but remember that two Czars, his father and grandfather, had both been murdered in obedience to family necessities. At his proclamation as emperor he had been welcomed by a revolt which had forced him

To wade through slaughter to a throne—

a revolt which had deluged the great parade ground of St. Petersburg with the blood of his best soldiers, which had sent many of the nobility to Siberia, and which had obliged him to see the bodies of several men who might have made his reign illustrious dangling from the fortress walls opposite the winter palace. He had been obliged to grapple with a fearful insurrection in Poland, caused partly by the brutality of his satraps, but mainly by religious hatreds, to suppress it with enormous carnage, and to substitute a cruel despotism for the moderate constitutional liberty which his brother had granted. He had thus become the fanatical apostle of reaction throughout Europe, and as such was everywhere the implacable enemy of any evolution of liberty. The despots of Europe adored him. As symbols of his ideals he had given to the King of Prussia and to the Neapolitan Bourbon copies of two of the statues which adorned his Nevsky bridge—statues representing restive horses restrained by strong men; and the Berlin populace, with unerring instinct had given to one of these the name of "Progress Checked" and to the other the name "Retrospection Encouraged." To this day one sees everywhere in the palaces of continental rulers, whether great or petty, his columns of Siberian porphyry, bowls of jasper or vases of malachite—signs of his approval of reaction. But, in justice to him, it should be said that there was one crime he did not commit—a crime, indeed, which he did not dare commit; he did not violate his oath to maintain the liberties of Finland. That was reserved for

the second Nicholas, now on the Russian throne.

Whether at the great assemblages of the winter palace, or at the reviews, or simply driving in his sledge, or walking in the street, he overawed all men by his presence; whenever I saw him, and never more cogently than during that last drive of his just before his death, there was forced to my lips the thought, "You are the most majestic being ever created." Colossal in stature, with a face such as one finds on a Greek coin, but overcast with a shadow of Muscovite melancholy, with a bearing dignified, but with a manner not unkind, he bore himself like a god. And yet no man could be more simple or affable, whether in his palace or in the street. Those were the days when a Russian Czar could drive or walk alone in every part of every city in his empire. He frequently took his exercise in walking along the Neva quay, and enjoyed talking with any friends he met, especially with members of the diplomatic corps.—Century.

CHINA'S EMPRESS DOWAGER.

Tai An the Great, the Most Despotic Woman Ruler of All History.

When the time came for adieu, her Majesty mingled with her guests, the Emperor following closely; and as Mrs. Conger got beyond me I stepped aside for royalty. Imagine my astonishment when the Empress Dowager turned, took me by both hands, stroked my arm and inquired how I liked China and how long I would remain, concluding by asking me to come and see her again when I returned to visit Mrs. Conger! I did not lose my equanimity, but studied this most remarkable woman at closest range.

Could she of dignified mien, deep-set unflinching eyes, rare smile and melodious voice be the most despotic female sovereign in the history of the world? Has she two distinctly opposite natures? Is this the secret of her marvelous power? Born in obscurity, the daughter of a minor officer, a favorite concubine of the harem, young and inexperienced, she reached the pinnacle of authority by incredible ability, shrewdness and daring. Through all the intrigues of the Chinese court since she first usurped the throne, she has borne a charmed life, and her enemies have arisen only to disappear with terrible swiftness, while her autocracy remains unchallenged. With relentless will she has stripped the Emperor of the last vestige of the legitimate authority which for a brief period he had exercised under the wise guidance of Kang Ku Wei, absolutely controlling his every word and act, as well as the earthly destiny of 400,000,000 of subjects.

And this most fascinating hostess, urging us to "stay longer" and "come again," annihilating conventionality and precedent, was Tsi An the Great, woman ruler in this land of Confucius, where to be a woman, according to the philosophy of the Great Sage, is to be despised among men!—Minnie Norton Wood, in the Century.

WONDERFUL NATURAL BRIDGE.

Solid Arch Over Three Hundred Feet Wide Spanning a Utah Canyon.

Here, across a canyon measuring three hundred and thirty-five feet seven inches from wall to wall, nature has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone sixty feet thick in the central part and forty feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening three hundred and fifty-seven feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure fifteen or twenty feet on each side, and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of the bridge. A large rounded butte at the edge of the canyon wall seems partly to obstruct the approach to the bridge at one end.

The majestic proportions of this bridge may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are one hundred and eighteen feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia, known as Cabin John Bridge, a few miles from Washington City, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would overspan the Capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet. And if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras Grove of giant sequoia in California stood in the bottom of the canyon, its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the under side of the arch.

This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Caroline, filaments of green and orange-tinted lichens run here and there over the mighty buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture.—Century.

The phonograph is now as common in the rural districts as the cabinet organ used to be.

ALL FOR HAROLD.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuddleston try not to spoil Harold, but they are willing to sacrifice their own pleasure at any time to give him a treat that he will "remember when he grows up." They planned a treat lately, but, as the story is told in the Brooklyn Eagle, the outing will never figure in Harold's reminiscences of his happy childhood.

The circus was in town, and Mrs. Fuddleston said they ought to take Harold; a child thought so much of such things, and he was old enough now to appreciate it.

Mr. Fuddleston agreed. "I will try to take him to-night," he said, resignedly.

"I shouldn't think of letting you go alone with him!" exclaimed Mrs. Fuddleston. "That is asking too much of you, dearest. I will go along to relieve you of some of the care. I shouldn't ask you to go at all, but it is hardly the thing for me to go without you."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Fuddleston, chivalrously. "But the little chap mustn't be deprived of the pleasure, even if it is rather of a bore to us."

In the afternoon Mrs. Fuddleston's two sisters dropped in, and Mrs. Fuddleston told them, with a sigh, that they were going to the circus that evening on Harold's account.

"Oh, my dear!" said Sister Jane. "Of course he will enjoy it, but he will be a dreadful care to you and Jack. I know you will have a headache to-morrow to pay for it. I think I shall just go along to relieve you. Now don't say a word, dear! I'd much rather do it than stay at home think-