EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Still a Nation of Farmers..

THE recently published census report on "gainful pursuits" in the United States has evoked a discussion of the possible social and political effects of a continued drift of the people away from agriculture. Have we ceased to be a "nation of farmers," and are the cities to keep on growing at the expense of the rural districts? We do not need the poet to tell us that God made the country, and that man made the town. The larger cities furnish us daily with evidences that they are man-made in situations, and that in the making of most of them man did a very bungling job. That the wealth of the country comes from the soil, and that our national prosperity rests upon agriculture are propositions so self-evident as to require no demonstration by expert economists. The truth of these propositions will be generally recognized, no matter what the census figures may say.

The census report on occupations would indicate to the superficial thinker that agriculture has ceased to be the leading industry of our people. The table showing the proportion engaged in the five principal classes of occupation in 1880 and 1900 is as follows:

	1880.	1900.
Agricultural pursuits	45.29	35.79
Professional	3.46	4.30
Domestic and personal	20.00	19.20
Trade and transportation	10.08	16.30
Manufacturing	21.17	24.41

The table indicates a decline in the relative importance of agriculture among the gainful pursuits. It shows a decrease of 9.50 per cent in the proportion of persons engaged in agriculture since 1880 and an increase of 9.46 in the proportion engaged in commerce and manufacturing.

But those who are inclined to grow pessimistic over the threatened "extinction" of agriculture will need to go deeper into the figures. It is found that the number of persons actually engaged in agriculture increased between 1880 and 1900 from 7,714,000 to 10,382,000. It is to be remembered also that this number is likely to keep on increasing for many years, not only through the opening of irrigable public lands to homesteaders, but because of the drift toward smaller farms and more intensive farming. The scientific agriculturist of the future will get more out of a fifty-acre tract than the old-time "farmer" got out of a quarter section.—Springfield Republican.

Success in Life.

SUCCESS in life is relative. To no two minds does it mean the same. To no two conditions does can it be alike applicable. The success of the farmer, for instance, who adds to his lands, rears his family in righteousness and passes his days in peace and content, far from the turmoil and triumphs of more swiftly moving life, would not seem to the lawyer, the politician or the city merchant to be a success at all.

The crossroads storekeeper may be a success in life in his own estimation and that of his neighborhood, though his brother of the city, who thinks in millions, cannot help looking down upon him with scorn.

There can be no material standard of success, for the reason that the outlook, the aspiration and the attainment of any man are his alone. No two can occupy the same viewpoint. No two can regard success from the same mind and heart.

The school-teacher, who ever gives, may cut a sorry figure in a biographical dictionary beside the millionaire, who ever gets. But in the real building up of the intellect and morality and happiness of the world it is she who is the giant and he the pigmy.

The poor underpaid preacher whose congregation is small because he preaches religion undefiled may in the common estimate be a failure. But who can foretell the harvest to come from the pregnant seed thus sown in good ground? Another generation may see a mighty church arise, that some rich man puts a gorgeous window in and calls his monument.

Which is the more successful life—the one that builds a great window or the one that stimulates the spirit which makes a church?

Possibly nine-tenths of us have no other serious purpose in life than to get the best living we can. We are absorbed in our own little affairs—our wants and our enjoyments, ailments and ease, jealousies and envies, and hatreds and loves. The greater the degree to which we satisfy our wants and triumphs over our enemies the greater our success—we think.

But to gratify our wants is only to create new ones. Human longing is like a sea—the more we pour into it the more it spreads. The millionaire longs for more as eagerly as does the poor man. Content does not lie in the direction of acquisition or indulgence.

Success in life consists in fitting one's self to one's environment, and one thing more—elevating the environment.—Chicago Journal.

Barbarous Waste in War.

SOME international pact should be achieved that will compel respect for ships and goods as objects of economic value in the whole world's rating, whether subject to seizure as contraband of war or otherwise. The Russians are warranted in arresting those trading steamers that are carrying supplies to their enemies, but neither they nor any other people are justified in destroying what the world needs as food, as fuel, as clothing, as medicine, and especially as ships. To empty a ship of its freight and then send her to the bottom, or, worse still, to send her down with her cargo, is barbarous. The coal supply is growing short. Not a ton of it should be wasted. If it is necessary to prevent its falling into the hands of the Japanese, let it be landed and sold to the highest bidder of a neutral nation, provided that circumstances prevent the captors from using it to their own advantage.

And the same with the captured ship. This is a work of skill and value, and is needed in facilitating the commerce of all countries. If it has made itself liable to seizure by trading in forbidden supplies, there is no reason why it should therefore be destroyed. It carries no fighting machinery, it is not a danger to the war fleet of the nation that makes the arrest. It may be carrying merely a few tons of contraband articles, and a deckful of supplies intended for neutrals or for people engaged in peaceful pursuits, and in such a case it is a wanton waste to sink it, if, indeed, it is not a defiance of international law. Powder and arms might be used by the captors, or might even be thrown overboard if there were no time to take them or room to stow them; but not the textiles, fruit, meat and manufactured products that nations exchange with one another. Warships are fair prey. They are to be sunk by the enemy whenever possible, or converted to the uses of the winning side, but to scuttle a million-dollar ship because of the accident of her trade is to commit a crime against all humanity, whose needs that ship is capable of serving.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Marrying Age.

THE dictum of Gov. Warfield that girls should not marry until they are twenty-six has naturally caused considerable discussion among those most interested—the girls themselves, their parents, and the young men who do not want to wait for a bride until she is verging on old-maidhood. The first question of interest is a matter of fact: Are our girls generally marrying at too early an age? Some light is thrown on this matter by City Registrar McGlenan, of Boston, in the Globe of that city. He shows that in the year 1902, out of 6,172 brides, only 120, or a little more than 2 per cent, were less than eighteen. While more than half the total number were under twenty-five, "yet 4,180, more than two-thirds of the whole number of brides, were married between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine."

These figures, the Registrar thinks, "do not indicate that all girls are marrying at an abnormally early age." Other writers on the subject testify that marriage is entered into by both sexes at a later average age than in former generations in this country. There are many reasons for this. The growing independence of women, the more extensive fields for their employment, the importance given to education, operate to defer marriage, as the increased cost of the wedded state deters many young men until they can "afford it."—New York World.

OLD FAVORITES

"I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen."

I'll take you home again, Kathleen,
Across the ocean wild and wide,
To where your heart has ever been,
Since first you were my bonnie bride;
The roses all have left your cheek,
I've watched them fade away and die;
Your voice is sad whene'er you speak,
And tears be in your loving eye.

Chorus:
Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen,
To where your heart will feel no pain,
And where the fields are fresh and green,
I'll take you to your home again.

I know you love me, Kathleen, dear,
Your heart was ever fond and true,
I always feel when you are near
That life holds nothing dear but you;
The smiles that you once gave to me
I scarcely ever see them now,
Tho' many, many times I see
A darkening shadow on your brow.

To that dear home beyond the sea,
My Kathleen shall again return,
And when thine old friends welcome thee
Thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
When laughs the little silver stream,
Beside your mother's humble cot,
And brightest rays of sunshine gleam,
Then all your grief will be forgot.

The Brave at Home.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
That smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles.
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Shed holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.
—Thomas Buchanan Read.

THE JOY OF KNOWING

Knowledge Farmers Should Have—Value of Contact with Soil.

There was a day, says Breeders' Gazette, when the farm was a little world. The farmer did it all, knew it all. He sold little, he bought little. His men were paid in kind. A day's work was exchanged for a bushel of wheat. If the farmer owned his soil he could hardly fail to live well. He could even make money if he had the advantage of living close to cities. There were no railways. The prairies and the deserts were untamed. The farmer then did not know how badly he did things. He had not found out how costly many of his practices were. His cattle were fed and fattened when 4 to 6 years old. His wethers must be 4 years old. There was even a "4-year-old" club in England, the purpose of which was to maintain the practice of eating only 4-year-old mutton. Rotation of crops was little practiced. Fertility was maintained, if at all, by careful saving of manures. In that point our fathers were often better than their sons.

While the old-fashioned farmer sold little he also bought little. He did not go into the markets for feeding cattle or sheep; he did not go on the market for foodstuffs or fertilizers. He kept cows, the maids milked and made butter, the calves were grown on the place; they were finally fattened and sold. The farmer did not dream of shipping them to market himself. He did not much watch markets. He knew little about sources of supply in feeding cattle or sheep, or as to ages most profitable to buy. There was then much less need that the farmer should be an educated business man. There was need that he should be economical, saving, skilled in all manner of trades and arts, for he made his own tools, soap, shingles, candles, clothes, horses. He was a carpenter, builder, skilled axman, swung the scythe and cradle, half-soled his own boots.

The schools were ruder then. The farmer's son worked morning and evening, going generally late to school, learned to read, spell, cypher, a little of geography. What he learned did not wean him away from the soil. He read steady-going papers by the fire of winter's evenings and good old-fashioned books. To-day the whole system of schooling is changed. Boys are pushed as much at 10 as we did at 15. There is no longer any time for them to do work on the farm before or after school hours. They bring their books home from school. They get little thus far in their books to lead them to think of the farm or of agriculture. We will not say that modern school systems are inferior to the old, but we do believe there is too much divorcing of brain work, study and hand work. Boys are best off when they have plenty of actual contact with the soil and the real work of the farm in connection with all the schooling you care to give. We are not giving too much education to our boys so much as we are neglecting to give them the right kind. Mathematics will not hurt, but will help. Languages will help if they do not take too much time. Chemistry is the foundation of all sciences; the boy cannot do without that. Geology helps. Botany helps. All these and other things but lay broad the foundation for a profitable agricultural education and make a man able to understand and appreciate this world of which he is a part. The life is more than the meat.

The tendency of modern agriculture, with its machinery and horse power, enabling men to reap wide fields, is essentially destructive. There is great need of scientific and practical teachings of soils and maintaining and restoring fertility to them. You cannot learn that of the farmer practicing his art on the prairies to-day. He is a soil-robber, and wisely enough; for all pioneers must be soil-robbers. The young generation of farmers must cease to be soil-robbers. The farmer is a business man. He must know with definiteness and skill many things. He must know how wisely to choose cattle for feeding, to buy feedstuffs wisely for them, to feed them economically. Thanks to modern methods practical men, skilled in these arts, are now to be found in our agricultural colleges.

Agricultural education pays well in the joy that it brings the young farmer. The common processes of the art take on a new meaning. As he plows, instead of turning up a dead soil he is turning up the history of the world since the very rocks cooled. He is thinking of the chemistry of that soil and of the problems concerning it and its productiveness—problems that neither he nor his sons will find all settled. It is nowhere a dead world to him, but a source of thought and pleasure everywhere. He will do things better, he will make more money for his training, but what is as important he will take a new interest and pleasure in doing things.

RAPID BRIDGE-BUILDING.

Iron Work Manufactured, Shipped Hundreds of Miles and Erected.

Wherever the demand is made, the engineer must make the face of the earth fit his purpose. In the wilds of the Andes he must throw his structure of steel across a torrential ravine from a precipice on one side to the mouth of a tunnel on the other. At distances of thousands of miles from the place of manufacture the parts of the bridge must fit like watchworks when put together in the finished structure.

Five years ago the Pencoyd Bridge Company, of Philadelphia, manufactured for the English government the famous Atbara bridge in seven spans of one hundred and fifty feet each, weighing one and one-half million pounds, in twenty-nine working days. The metal was shipped to Egypt, and carried more than a thousand miles up the Nile Valley into the Soudan. After arriving at its destination it was put together on its piers, ready for railway traffic, within sixty days, without using any timber staging and with absolute accuracy of fit in all its parts. This bridge was imperative for the success of the plans of Lord Kitchener in the campaign that made his fame and fortune.

In 1900 the Pennsylvania Steel Company built the Goktelk double track railroad viaduct to cross a ravine in Burma. This viaduct is nearly half a mile long and three hundred and twenty feet high in its highest portion, and the weight of manufactured metal was about three and one-half million pounds. This structure was shipped from the place of manufacture just about half way around the globe, and then transported several hundred miles inland, and rapidly erected, with every bolt and rivet fitted accurately in its place.—Woman's Home Companion.

Heaviest in Winter.

Some curious experiments have been made at one of the royal philanthropic institutions in Copenhagen. For some years back the seventy boys and girls in the place have been carefully weighed every day in groups of fifteen and under. Thereby it is proved that the children gain weight mostly in autumn and in the early part of December. From that time till the end of April there is scarcely any increase in weight. More remarkable still, there is a diminution till the end of summer.

The Editor Had One.

"Is there a literary club around here anywhere?" asked the long-haired visitor.

"Yes," replied the editor, reaching under his desk, "are you a literary man?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Show some people real diamonds and they will insist they are glass.

GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCKS.

Long before the Western express had come within whistling distance of the Summerville station Uncle Charles declared he could hear the bells of grandmother's clocks. "Haven't heard 'em since I was a boy," he said, "but I know how they'll sound—all going together and every one of 'em right. I tell you, Lettie, you ought to have mother's sense of time. You can't even keep our mantel clock straight. Why, mother has a hall clock seven feet high and over a century old. Then there's the 'banjo' clock in the dining-room, and the 'sun' in the kitchen—we call in the 'sun' because of a round hole in the door-picture to see the pendulum through. There are three or four others besides, and the way mother keeps them straight is a marvel. It must be the old wooden wheels. Nothing like them made nowadays!"

Half an hour later grandmother greeted her home-coming flock at the door of the neat white farmhouse, and sent them to their rooms to prepare for a waiting dinner.

"Hello!" said Uncle Charles, as he followed Aunt Lettie into the east chamber. "There's Uncle Hiram Doty's old 'bul frog' clock. Has a voice like a frog when it's getting ready to strike."

Mechanically he pulled out his watch and consulted it, then glanced again at the clock. He hesitated then without comment stepped forward and set the clock half an hour ahead. Aunt Lettie smiled, but said nothing.

"A little later, entering the kitchen, he beheld the "sun" ticking merrily in its accustomed place. Uncle Charles compared it with his watch. Grandmother was out of the room. Stealthily he opened the clock door and moved the hands back twenty minutes.

Dinner had hardly begun when from east chamber and kitchen came simultaneous wheezing and banging of bells. The "sun" counted six and stopped. The "bullfrog" did better and made it thirteen. Grandmother looked up in alarm and gazed at the "banjo-clock" before her. It was, so Uncle Charles discovered, an hour and a half fast. That alarmed her still more.

"Charles," said grandmother, severely, "have you been settin' my clocks?"

"Why, yes, mother. I fixed the 'sun' and the 'bullfrog.' They seemed a little off."

"Well, mercy sakes! How ever shall I tell the time now?"

"By them, of course. They're right now."

"Yes, but they won't be to-morrow. You see, Lettie" (this apologetically to her daughter-in-law), "they're all clocks that just won't go right. I know about how much each gains or loses in a day, so when I hear one strike I can tell about what time it is. For instance, this morning when the big hall clock struck three, I knew the hand said quarter to eight. The 'banjo' is an hour slower, so it said quarter to seven, and would strike ten in fifteen minutes. When that struck ten the 'sun' would say ten minutes to six, and would be almost ready to strike twelve. The 'sun' is fifty minutes ahead of the 'bullfrog,' which said quarter to five, and in twenty minutes would strike three, and that is twenty-five minutes behind Sarah Pettit's alarm-clock with the brass works that she set by the town clock last week, and isn't more than five minutes out; so it was about quarter after five and time to get up."

She looked at Uncle Charles reproachfully. "I do declare, Charles," she said, "you've gone and mixed me up so now I d'now's I ever shall get it figured out again."—Youth's Companion.

Cliff of Natural Glass.

A cliff of natural glass can be seen in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming. It is half a mile long and from 150 to 200 feet high, the material of which it consists being as good glass as that artificially manufactured. The dense glass which forms the base is from seventy-five to one hundred feet thick, while the upper portion, having suffered and survived many ages of wind and rain, has naturally worn much thinner. Of course, the color of the cliff is not that of natural glass—transparent and white—but is mostly black and some places mottled and streaked with brownish red and shades of olive green and brown.

Anything and Everything.

Towne—Some people kick at one thing and some at another.

Browne—Yes, but most people kick at one thing and another.—Philadelphia Press.