

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Fewer Men Teachers.

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that the report of the United States Commissioner of Education regarding common schools shows that there has been a marked diminution in the proportion of male teachers in those institutions. It is asserted that while the masculine instructors formed more than forty-two per cent of the whole in 1880, they now number only about twenty-six per cent. Roughly speaking, there are three female teachers for every male teacher in the common schools throughout the country.

It is not especially difficult to understand the probable causes for this change. One of them is undoubtedly the rapid industrial growth of the nation, making it far more profitable for young men of intelligence and ambition to seek fields of employment in which compensation was not only greater, but where there was a prospect that it would increase as the worker proved his worth and acquired more skill.

A question less easily answered is whether it is better for children of both sexes to be taught, as a rule, by women. Some of the British investigators who have visited this country within the past year, have expressed the opinion that there was some danger that American boys might become "feminized" by instruction of this sort. Home observers of the average male youngster are not likely to think that such a process has gone very far as yet whatever more or less direful possibilities the future may have in store.

In any event, there are no signs that the tendency of women to fill a growing proportion of teachers' positions has any present probability of reversal. Women are entering the gainful occupations in greater relative numbers each year. So far as teaching in the common schools is concerned, it looks as if they might eventually have pretty nearly the whole field to themselves.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Why Russia Occupied Manchuria.

BRITISH opinion on the whole seems to take the view that the Russian occupation of Manchuria, and of Port Arthur in particular, was an act of wanton aggression, principally the work of prancing professors and ambitious generals, whose proceedings have been reluctantly endorsed by a government too far removed from them to arrest the execution of their projects, and that now the same government would be only too glad to be quit of the whole entanglement. This, we believe to be a common notion in France, but it is deduced from inaccurate premises. The expansion of Russia in the direction of China has not been the handiwork of adventurous spirits, whose proceedings could have been easily disavowed if unsuccessful. It is, on the contrary, a deliberate and well-thought-out scheme of compensation for checks in Europe. It is recognized by Russian statesmen, if not openly avowed, that projects of development in the Near East are not likely to prove remunerative for some time to come, if ever, and that China offers a far more favorable field for their energy. If this be the case, it is easy to account for the immense efforts made and expense incurred in civilizing Manchuria, in building towns and railways, which the last few years have seen. The British people had indeed spent a great deal less in money and labor in the development of South Africa before the Boer war than Russia had spent in Manchuria before the outbreak of war with Japan. Why should Russia, then, be any the more ready to retire from Manchuria, even if Kuropatkin be more decisively defeated than he has been at present, than the British were to give up the struggle after Colenso?—The Saturday Review.

A School for Brides.

IT is in Philadelphia that a school for brides is to be opened. The prospectus isn't out, but the supposition is that the institution will fill a long-felt want in the lives of young women who simply couldn't wait to be married, and who had neglected most of the preparatory steps. There are some such. They look mighty sweet clad in white, smiling divinely and saying "I will" in a tremulous whisper, while a tear slips down a pink cheek. For a little while they board. It is unsatisfactory. There isn't much home to it, and it takes a lot of loving to cover the coffee spots on the tablecloth and make the soggy biscuits seem like angel's food. There is nothing that

makes a newly married couple yearn for a home of their own like life in the average boarding house. And then they get home. There isn't much money. They realize that they spent more than they should on wedding fixings, and Charley discovers that he must give more attention to business and less to household matters if he is to continue to draw his weekly stipend.

The girl who doesn't know how to cook and dust and sweep, and make beds and run a home, is miles deep in a hole. She is going to realize it sixty-three times a day and have a little weep every time the awful fact comes home to her. She is going to read a cook book and feel more hopeless every time she goes over a recipe. She is going to lose some of her pretty looks and a good deal of her sweetness while experimenting in the kitchen over a hot stove, and unless she has the disposition of an angel, and her husband is ripe for a halo, the first quarrel will occur at mealtime with poorly cooked "grub" for its foundation.

There should be no necessity of a school for brides. There should be no marriages without the home education necessary to make them successful and happy. But things are not what they should be, in this world, and so let's hope that the Philadelphia experiment will prove a success and that a host of girls will be graduated into useful wives.—Cincinnati Post.

Dolls in Heaven?

LITTLE JESSIE RAYFIELD, of Kansas City, blind and still in babyhood, was dying. The mother stood by her bedside speaking cheerfully while the tears that ran down her face welled up from a broken heart. "Mamma, when I am gone," said the child, groping in her poor blind way to touch her mother's face, "I want you to bury my dolly with me. When I get to heaven then I can see her and, oh, mamma, next to you I love her so." The poor mother, almost fainting in her grief, promised the child. "I love my dolly, mamma, and though I hate to leave you I am glad to die, because I can see what my dolly looks like. She and I have been playmates a long time."

Treading softly, the mother took the doll and put it into the arms of the dying child. Fondling dolly with her weak arms, she spoke words of love and tenderness. And then—that "old, old fashion, death," touched the girl and she slept.

And afterwards as she lay in her little white coffin in her simple white dress, the doll, dressed in the same pure white, was laid upon her breast and her wasted arms folded over it. And those who came and looked upon the child could scarce see her for the rain of tears.

And look you: Who will say the child will be disappointed in her wish? Who would put his cruel fingers upon those sightless eyes to keep them forever from "seeing what dolly looks like?" They must be as kind where she is going as they are here. Can they refuse her pleadings for dolly?—Des Moines News.

How to Live.

IT is well to live many years if we can, provided we try at least to make the years useful. Each year means three hundred and sixty-five more days of possible effort; each day has its twenty-four hours in which a good thought or a noble ambition may be born. But we devote altogether too much time to this mere thought of long life and good health. We should adopt some definite plan of self-control and self-denial with the hope of living to be old.

But the plan thus adopted should become a matter of constant habit, working without any thought or effort on our part, as the heart works in its lifelong pumping. Once our physical plan of life is mapped out, our thoughts should be diverted from it. From that moment every particle of energy we possess should be devoted to the task of making ourselves useful. We should concentrate our lives upon some form or upon many forms of mental activity. We should compel ourselves to know the important work that is being done around us, as well as the great things that have been done in the past.

We should resolve to add something, no matter how little, to the good work that men have done. If we cannot create we can at least spread knowledge. If we cannot do the great things, we can talk about them intelligently, in a way that will stir up ambition in the minds of those that are younger and abler.—New York Journal.

PIG-FARMING FOR WOMEN.

Six years ago a daughter of Dr. W. Seward Webb began an experiment in stock-breeding on Shelburne Farms. Doctor Webb's countryseat on Lake Champlain. She was sure she had some business ability, and could make money if her father would give her a chance, says a writer in Country Life in America.

This her father agreed to do, and the young girl invested twenty dollars of her own money in a brood sow, and with her father's permission made arrangements with the shepherd to care for the sow and little pigs. As there was an abundance of skim milk, this was given to her without cost, but all the grain was charged for at market prices. From this single investment she cleared ninety dollars the first year, two hundred dollars the second, and three hundred dollars the third.

By this time the stock had so increased in number as to outgrow its quarters, and was proving so profitable that Doctor Webb thought it advisable to buy her out. So at the end of the fourth year he took over the stock at market prices, and gave her a check for seven hundred dollars, which represented the year's profits.

From this start the present piggery

on Shelburne Farms has been developed. It is the most profitable department of the place. Two hundred or more pigs are sold yearly, averaging from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds in weight, and bringing one-half cent per pound more than the ruling market prices because of the superior conditions under which they are kept. The piggery is a model of its kind. The building is in keeping with the others on the place in exterior style, and the interior is finished with hard pine, cement floors and iron troughs with fixtures.

A girl's piggery is a new avenue of opportunity, and one that might be followed with more or less advantage by almost any country girl.

GREAT TOMB OF CONFUCIUS.

Barial Place and Its Approaches Are Scenes of Remarkable Interest.

The city of Chunfushien, the Mecca of the believers of Confucianism, is in the province of Shantung, one of the most populous districts of the Orient. Here Confucius was born, and here his sacred bones lie buried. The tomb, which is located in one of the largest cemeteries in the province, three miles out from the city above mentioned, is one of the most imposing in the whole empire.

The grave itself is surrounded by an earth mound 12 feet in height, the whole surrounded by a cluster of

gnarled oaks and stately cypress trees. Before the mound is a tablet 6 feet broad and 20 feet high, upon which are inscribed the names and deeds of the great founder of Confucianism, a religion adhered to by 400,000,000 human beings. The burden of this inscription, according to reliable translation, is "Perfect One," "Absolutely Pure," "Perfect Sage," "First Teacher," "Great Philosopher," etc.

The avenue which leads up to the philosopher's tomb is even more interesting than the actual place of burial itself. On each side of the avenue are rows of figures of huge animals cut in stone—lions, tigers, elephants and horses, besides numerous mythical creatures, such as animals half dog and half frog, beasts with four legs and twice as many wings, besides a multitude of unnamable monsters that never lived on earth, in the water or in the air. Taken altogether, the burial place of Confucius is one of the chief spots of interest in the Orient.

Common to All.

Neil—She and Mr. Gubble appear to be talking very animatedly. They seem to have something in common.

Belle—Yes. They're discussing the weather.—Philadelphia Ledger.

When there is a death in the family, people begin to realize the kindness of some neighbors. A card of thanks is really creditable.

OLD FAVORITES

My Ain Countree.

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my
Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content until mine een
do see
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain
countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-
tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my
Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will be
naething to me
When I hear the angels singing in my
ain countree.

I've His gude word of promise, that some
gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished
hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts runnin' o'er, we
shall see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain coun-
tree.

My sins ha' been mony, an' my sorrows
ha' been sair,
But there they'll ne'er mair vex me, ne'er
be remembered mair;
His bluid hath made me white, His hand
shall dry mine ee,
When He brings me hame at last to my
ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie
to its nest;
I wad fain be ganging noo to my Sa-
viour's breast;
For he gathers in His bosom witless,
worthless lambs like me,
And He carries them hissel' to his ain
countree.

He's faithful, that hath promised; He'll
surely come again;
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour
I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready
aye to be
To gang at any moment to my ain coun-
tree.

So I'm watchin' aye, an' singin' o' my
hame as I wait,
For the soun'in' o' His footfa' this side
the gowden gate.
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha
listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our
ain countree.
—Mary Lee Demarest.

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
Could ye come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Dou-
glas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye.
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels
do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O, to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were
few;
Do you know the truth now, up in
heaven?
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now, all men beside seem to me like
shadows—
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas,
Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like
dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart,
Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
—Miss Mulock.

QUEER THINGS TO EAT.

What Was Served at the Table of a London Epicure.

Here is a typical insect menu, of which no one need be afraid to partake, since every item has been known and esteemed by insect eaters for generations past. It was served, not long ago, according to Pearson's Weekly, at the table of a rich London epicure, who is also an enthusiastic advocate of an insectarian dietary: Green caterpillar soup, fried locust with woodlouse sauce, curried cockchafers, wasp grubs baked in the comb, stag beetle larvae on toast, moths baked in batter, deviled wireworms, grasshoppers "au gratin."

The green caterpillars that compose the soup feed entirely upon vegetables, and mostly upon particular vegetables most relished by man, such as cabbages and lettuce.

In appearance the soup itself is not unlike clear turtle, while its flavor is delicious.

The locusts, which constitute the second course, have, as every one is aware, been esteemed by gourmets the world over, and from the remotest antiquity. "Eat ye the locust after his kind," was the biblical injunction; and John the Baptist is recorded as having lived for some considerable time upon "locusts and wild honey."

There are, of course, many ways of preparing them. They can be fried, after their legs and wings have been plucked off, which was, as a matter

of fact, the process adopted in this particular instance. Or they may be powdered and baked into cakes, or curried, or boiled, turning red, like lobsters, in the process.

The woodlouse sauce, if properly made with fresh butter, flour, milk, pepper and salt, will be found fully equal to shrimp, which it much resembles in taste. Indeed, the woodlouse, although he lives on land, is first cousin to that much renowned crustacean.

Cockchafers, curried or otherwise, are delicious if selected of a serviceable size and plumpness. So, too, are their grubs, when full grown. They should then be at least two inches in length and fat in proportion, and may be eaten uncooked, like oysters, or stewed in milk.

Perhaps, however, the most toothsome of all insect delicacies is that which comes forth on our "menu of the day"—wasp grubs baked in the comb. These grubs have been fed by their parents on a saccharine fluid composed of fruit and vegetable juice, and are simply tiny balls of sugary fat, possessing a flavor as exquisite as it is unique. No one who has once tasted them will ever again be surprised at the preference shown by fish for this particular grub when used as a bait.

The stag beetle larva is, of course identical with the cossus, which the old Roman epicures used to fatten for their tables upon flour and wine. The sixth course should be served steaming hot, since there is no more appetizing odor than that emanating from a plump baked moth.

Deviled wireworms are eaten in the form of a paste, spread upon sippets of toasts, and taste not unlike anchovies when treated in similar fashion.

WORDS AND THEIR USES.

About 5,000 Only Are Used by Educated People.

No one can say how many words there are in the English language, because there are so many words of doubtful standing, says the Springfield Republican. The Century dictionary contains about 225,000 words, and the new edition of the Standard dictionary lays claim to over 300,000. Of these many are obsolete, and many others are rarely used. Science has added a vast vocabulary of polysyllables that are scientific formula rather than real words. They have no place in general literature. The ordinary English vocabulary may be said to contain from 30,000 to 50,000 words, the latter estimate being large. No single writer of literature has used so many as the lower number named.

Shakespeare, whose vocabulary is larger than that of any other English poet, unless it be Browning, used about 15,000 words, while Milton, whose range was narrower, employed only about half that number. The vocabulary of the illiterate has been set as low as 30 words, but this must be exceptional. It's more likely that the "ordinary workman" uses from 2,000 to 3,000 words, while, of course, he is familiar with several thousand more, which he recognizes in print but does not himself use. The common estimate of the average vocabulary of educated people is from 5,000 to 6,000, but in this case the number of words which are not used is enormously increased. A well-read college graduate should be familiar with perhaps 100,000 words, while in the course of a year he might not use 5,000 of them in his writing or conversation. Short-hand reporters find about 2,500 word signs and contractions ample for representing the words which are commonly used in public speaking.

Dead Shots Are All Deaf.

"I see you are a rifle shot," remarked Philosopher Simeon Ford to a man who after a good deal of sparring for place at last sat down in the hotel corridor by the side of New York's landlord orator.

"How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Ford's companion.

"Oh, easy enough. You are deaf in your left ear. All rifle shots are deaf in their left ears. All the Creedmoor experts are that way. I am deaf in my left ear myself and got it shooting rifles. I met Gildersleeve once and I was backing and filling and dodging to get a position where my right ear would hear on him and he was maneuvering at the same time for an opening where he could rake me with his right ear. Then Gildersleeve said to me, as I have just said to you, that he observed I was a rifle shot. It was the first time I had heard that all rifle shots were deaf in their left ears, but I have noticed it ever since and know it is true.

"The reason of it is that all the concussion of the rifle explosion comes on the left ear drum. The right ear is partly turned away and partly protected by the gunstock being brought up to the cheek when the gun is fired."—New York Sun.

Saying It Too Often.

"I don't see why you call him stupid. He says a clever thing quite often."
"Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once."—Philadelphia Press.