

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## The Dawdler Is Bound to Fail.

**D**AWDLING is one of the chief sins of men and women that fail. There are only twenty-four hours in the day, and it is possible to dawdle away five or six of them while hardly noticing it.

The dawdler commences in the morning before he gets up. His alarm clock rings at 6 o'clock, and that is the hour at which he ought to rise. But he lies abed, stealing catnaps, for a quarter of an hour, and then jumps out in a hurry and proceeds to dress. It was just as hard to leave the bed at a quarter past six as it would have been at six, and the result of the loitering has been the loss of fifteen minutes out of the day.

Remembering that he is late, the dawdler pulls on his first garments in a great hurry, but his pace soon slackens. He yawns and stretches himself and spends half or three-quarters of an hour in his ablutions, shaving and attiring. At breakfast he reads the paper leisurely, and the meal takes up another half hour. Then he leaves the house to go to his office, where he arrives thirty minutes later than he ought.

Although late, he does not plunge briskly into his work. There are several other papers to glance through, and over these he wastes the major portion of an hour. And when, at length, he lays aside the papers and turns to his duties, he does not keep at them assiduously.

Thrift is not an Egyptian mystery known only to a few favored Initiates. Everybody sees in what thrift consists, but not everybody having the knowledge puts it into practice.

By dawdling two hours a day, one wastes a twelfth of his entire life. One month out of the year, one year out of twelve, goes for nothing. This waste, remember, is in addition to all holidays and vacations. What man, having his way to make in the world, can afford to drop a month out of his year? What man can afford, at the end of every eleven years, to cease all work for a twelve month? Dawdling wastes times in small portions, but the total loss is enormous and costly.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Naves of Today and of the Past.

**W**HEN one comes to think of it, nothing so eloquently emphasizes the meaning of evolution to a greater extent than the marked changes in the complexion of the world to-day with that existent a century ago. Naval warfare and naval construction has undergone a most complete change. From sails to steam, from wooden hulls to steel, from two, four and eight-pounders, mere popguns, to the terribly destructive twelve and thirteen-inch rifles, whose projectiles, weighing nearly 900 pounds, nothing can resist, save the great and massive belts of steel, toughened by scientific process, which line the vitals of the big warships of to-day. So destructive, indeed, have the big rifle guns of to-day been brought that a single cruiser of moderate tonnage and of the latest model could have, under steam, maneuvered about the fleet of the great British admiral, Nelson, and destroyed every unit of it, without ever coming into striking distance of its guns. That tells the whole story of the revolution in constructing, propelling and arming warships.

Let us compare the navy of England at the commencement of the nineteenth century with that of Great Britain to-day. In 1803 England possessed 450 ships, with a tonnage of 461,000; guns, 24,800; men, 180,000, and cost 12,037,000 pounds sterling. In 1904 Great Britain has 472 ships, of a total tonnage of 1,867,250, armed with 1,800 guns, manned by 131,000 men, and the cost of the vessels footed up to the big total of 36,859,000 pounds. The most remarkable difference here, it will be noticed, is in the number of guns, and the cost of the vessels. The average number of guns to each vessel has dropped from fifty-five in 1803 to fifteen in 1903, which goes to prove and accentuate the enormous increase in the destructive power and range of the modern gun. Comparing Nelson's flagship, Victory,

with the newest 16,000-ton battleship of the King Edward VII. class, it will be found that while the Victory's heaviest shot was sixty-eight pounds, the twelve-inch guns of the King Edward VII. will fire a projectile weighing 850 pounds.

Taking into consideration another and decidedly important element of comparison, the relative cost of ancient and modern vessels, it will be found that a 100-gun warship of Nelson's time cost (excluding armament), but 67,000 pounds, while the King Edward VII., without guns and ammunition, cost the great sum of 1,368,512 pounds (over \$6,000,000), or twenty times as much as Nelson's Victory. Thus, if we have gained greater speed, projectile power and resisting strength, we certainly have paid a largely increased price for it.—Brooklyn Times.

## The Heartlessness of a Big City.

**T**HERE recently appeared in a New York newspaper the account of a man having committed suicide in that city because he couldn't succeed in getting employment. We do not question the hardship. There can be no more miserable plight than that of a man, able and willing to work for his livelihood, friendless, adrift in a great, noisy city; knowing not where to turn for shelter, food, or kindness. Indeed, it is quite possible to understand the ultimate surrender to despair under circumstances so intolerable. What we do not and cannot understand, however, is the persistent refusal of these unhappy wretches to leave the overcrowded town and look for opportunity in the rural districts. No one capable of performing useful service, even of the humblest kind, need ever starve in any agricultural region. It is safe to say, indeed, that no one willing to work, though temporarily unfit, would be left to perish like a dog by the wayside in such a community. There is nothing as callous and cruel as the multitude of a metropolis. Humanity prevails in wider spaces and among less concentrated populations. A starving wretch would be overlooked on Broadway. He would attract immediate attention in a country road. Men die in cities and their fellow-creatures neither know nor care. Groaning under a heiferow twenty miles away they would at once command the sympathy and ministrations of every passer-by. We have never been able to understand the fascination of the big, careless, thronging city for the neglected castaway. Sometimes we are moved to think that such poor creatures must be mad as well as friendless. But suicide is an unusual remedy for these miseries. The conditions generally breed thieves and tramps and murderers.—Washington Post.

## Canadian Immigration.

**C**ANADA has been seeking settlers from this side of the line for a number of years, but has drawn most of these immigrants from the West. Now, a Canadian commissioner has been stationed in Boston, to carry on an emigration campaign among the farmers of New England. The site is well chosen, since for many years there has been a westward movement from New England. The settlers rounded up by this commissioner will do something to offset the movement of French-Canadians into New England. But what a testimony to the friendly relations existing between the two countries is to be found in this open appointment of a Canadian commissioner of immigration to serve in Boston!

It is said that within the last fifteen months, 50,000 people from this side of the line have moved to the Dominion. Canada is to be congratulated upon the character of this element of its immigrants. It draws from nowhere else a class so well fitted to develop the Canadian public lands. But it would be interesting to know how many Canadians, in the same time, have come to this country to live. There is a continual movement to and fro across the border and there has been a Canadian loss as well as Canadian gain.—Buffalo Express.

the nitrogenous matter from the insect to serve as food for the plant. Nitrogenous matter is hard to get in boggy places, and so the plant is equipped with this mechanical means of obtaining it.

The pitcher-plant attracts animal life by a sweet liquid. The insect crawls down the pitcher, but cannot return, for the passage is barred by recurved hooks. As wonderful as any is the American "Venus' fly-trap." The leaves are hinged at the center and close rapidly enough to entrap an insect. They remain closed while the insect struggles, but when it becomes exhausted they open to catch other unwary prey.

Occasionally plants make allies of their enemies. A tropical acacia, known as the "bull's-horn thorn," accommodates and provides for an army of ants, to check the depredations of ferocious, leaf-cutting ants. The branches bear hollow thorns, where the ant garrison lives and rears its young. The plant supplies not only lodgings, but board as well, in the form of a special honey, which makes the garrison a good breakfast, and, more wonderful still, solid food in the form of little, yellow, fruitlike bodies, which are developed on the leaflets and do for dinner. When an enemy approaches the hired mercenaries drive it away. Thus the plant hires and supports an army.

## Emerson on the Sea.

On the seashore the play of the Atlantic with the coast! What wealth is here! Every wave is a fortune. One thinks of Etzlers and great projectors who will yet turn all this waste strength to account. What strength and fecundity, from the sea monsters, hugest of animals, to the primary forms of which it is the immense cra-

dle, and the phosphorescent infusories; it is one vast rolling bed of life, and every sparkle is a fish. What freedom and grace with all this might! The seeing so excellent a spectacle is a certificate to the mind that all imaginable good shall yet be realized. The sea is the chemist that dissolves the mountain and the rock, pulverizes old continents and builds new, forever redistributing the solid matter of the globe, and performs an analogous office in perpetual new transplanting of the races of men over the surface, the exodus of nations. We may well yield us for a time to its lessons. But the nomad instinct, as I said, persists to drive us to fresh fields and pastures new. Indeed the variety of our moods has an answering variety in the force of the world, and the sea drives us back to the hills.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, in Atlantic.

## Prices Ruling Firm.

Old Joshua Martin was noted for his ability to make a close bargain, but once in a while he met his match.

"I say, mister," he began, as he walked into a barber shop one market day, while waiting to dispose of his load, "farming's mighty bad nowadays. You ought to lemme have a shave for 5 cents. Why, if I should tell you the price I had to take for my garden sass—"

"Mebbe," returned the barber, "but fact is, I ought to charge you double price now by rights, for farmers' faces are just about twice as long as they used to be. You ought to be thankful for being let off on one fare!"

When a mother denies herself fineries in order to give to her daughter, she forgets her own appearance, but unfortunately her daughter doesn't.

## OLD FAVORITES

Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother.  
Give me three grains of corn, mother—  
Only three grains of corn;  
It will keep the little life I have  
Till the coming of the morn.  
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother—  
Dying of hunger and cold;  
And half the agony of such a death  
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart,  
mother—

A wolf that is fierce for blood;  
All the livelong day, and the night beside,  
Gnawing for lack of food.

I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,  
And the sight was heaven to see;  
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,  
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother—

How could I look to you  
For bread to give your starving boy,  
When you were starving, too?

For I read the famine in your cheek,  
And in your eyes so wild,  
And I felt it in your bony hand,  
As you laid it on your child.

The Queen has lands and gold, mother—  
The Queen has lands and gold,  
While you are forced to your empty breast

A skeleton babe to hold—  
A babe that is dying of want, mother—  
As I am dying now,

With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,  
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother—

What has poor Ireland done,  
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,  
Perishing one by one!

Do the men of England care not, mother—  
The great men and the high—  
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,  
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother—  
Dying of want and cold,  
While only across the Channel, mother,  
Are many that roll in gold;

There are rich and proud men there,  
mother,  
With wondrous wealth to view,  
And the bread that they fling to their dogs to-night  
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother—  
Come nearer to my side,  
And hold me fondly, as you held  
My father when he died;

Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,  
My breath is almost gone;  
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,  
Give me three grains of corn.

## Kubla Khan.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree,  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea  
So twice five miles of fertile ground  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves,  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw;  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Slung of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such deep delight 'twould win me  
That with music loud and long  
I would build that dome in air—  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!

And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey dew hath fed  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.  
—Samuel T. Coleridge.

DEMAND FOR WATER POWER.

Waterfalls Enable World, While Increasing Machinery, to Spare Coal.

Every day sees more and more of the wasted power of waterfalls which lies at man's disposal in every hilly or mountainous country, turned to use in furnishing electric energy. The power of waterfalls is driving the greatest of all tunnels, the double Simplon bore, through the Alps; it is sending another tunnel, by devious ways, behind precipices and under glaciers to the summit of the snowy Jungfrau; and a plan is now being perfected for constructing, once more with the aid of waterfalls, and to be run by them, when finished, a rival to the Simplon road, which shall cross the Alps between Turin and Martigny.

Everybody knows what Niagara is doing, and how the waterfalls of California, and of other mountainous States, are being harnessed.

A. A. Campbell Swinton at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, presented accurate statistics, which he

had personally collected, showing that no less than 1,500,000 horsepower derived from waterfalls is now being utilized in various parts of the world for the development of electric energy. Of this great total, which he believed did not represent the full truth, for he thought it probable that the real aggregate is 2,000,000 horsepower, nearly one-third must be credited to the United States.

There is one feature of this utilization of water power in place of steam power, which Mr. Swinton brought out, and which is seldom thought of, and that is the saving of coal which it effects. On the basis of 2,000,000 horsepower derived from waterfalls, this saving amounts to nearly 12,000,000 tons of coal per year.

But the maximum amount of water-power that is available has not yet begun to be approached in actual utilization, so that the annual saving of coal must become larger and larger every year. This, in view of the increasing difficulty of working many coal mines, owing to the great depths to which they have penetrated, and in view of the approaching exhaustion of some of the most famous fields, becomes a highly important consideration. Every little while the world is reminded, more or less sensationally, of a coming coal famine. The fact is that coal, of the better grades, possesses so many advantages and conveniences as a fuel that the earth's supplies of it should be conserved for human use as long as possible. Men of science have more than once sounded a warning against the waste of coal, for coal is the gift of a geologic age which can not be renewed. Thus waterfalls, by enabling us to spare coal, are performing an indirect service only less important than their direct service in supplying electric power. But for them the growing use of electricity would soon make a drain upon the coal mines of the most serious character.

The era of waterfalls seems certainly to have dawned. Every great cataract will become a focus of industry, just as every great river valley has always been a center of population, and Professor Brigham's prediction, that Niagara is to be the industrial center of America, may be fulfilled within a generation.—Success Magazine.

## OLDEST ALTAR IN AMERICA.

Church Built by Cortez' Order in Tlascalcala Still Stands.

Many Americans with the two historical dates of 1607 and 1620 firmly fixed in their minds may be surprised to learn that for nearly a century before the days of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock Christian altars had been standing on this side of the great waters.

The daring Spaniards followed close after the great discoverer, says a writer in the Pilgrim, and braved the seas in search of treasure. So it was that the intrepid Cortez marched upon Montezuma's capital after bunding his ships behind him at Vera Cruz. Here at Tlascalcala, twenty miles north of Puebla and less than fifty miles east of Mexico City, Cortez found staunch allies. Their four chiefs he baptized from a huge black lava font. Each of these rulers had a key to the great treasure chest, which can still be seen, an enormous affair having four locks.

Here is also shown the banner Cortez carried in his conquest and afterward presented the Tlascalcalans for their loyalty. It is about ten feet long and forked at the end; its fine and heavy silk was once a beautiful crimson.

The Tlascalcalans have again and again refused almost fabulous sums offered for it on behalf of Spain. These natives throughout the country cling with a wonderful tenacity to any such relic, for in their eyes it is supremely sacred. At the time of Cortez, Tlascalcala was an important city. Charles V. of Spain, signed the grant of arms to the city, while Phillip II. affixed his signature to the city charter at Barcelona, May 10, 1585.

The church of San Francisco, the original one built by order of Cortez, is in good preservation, having been well cared for. On the pulpit in the chapel is found this unique inscription, "Aqui tubo principio el Santo Evangelio en este nuevo mundo." ("Here the holy gospel had a beginning in the new world.") Like the interior of all Mexican churches, this chapel is highly decorated, being especially rich in elaborate statues.

Tlascalcala is the capital of the state of the same name, which happens to be the smallest commonwealth in the Mexican union. The city now numbers barely 4,000 inhabitants, while the greater part of its public buildings show there is no progress and very little repair.

## Wouldn't Be Diverted.

Miss Kremey (in bookstore)—Have you Moore's poems? Clerk—Yes, miss; I'll get 'em for you. By the way, here's a splendid story called "The One Kas." Miss Kremey—Oh, I want Moore.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The average girl may be hard to please in the presents given to her by the family, but any girl taking her steady seat is not.