



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

When Wife Should Support Husband.

A WESTERN statesman has stirred up a little breeze by announcing in most solemn terms that no woman should marry until she is able to support a husband. This has started up the sociologists, and the discussion is getting very warm in the neighborhood of Chicago, which solemnized the event by the recently unprecedented condition that no suit for divorce was filed on that day. A lot of people are having fun with the author of the new ukase, and there are some irate women who seem to think that he is a protagonist of race suicide.

Of course, it would be impossible to take the gentleman exactly at his words, and he probably did not expect such to be the case. He had a certain truth which he desired to impress upon society and considered that it was best done by making it in a striking, not to say theatrical, way. If women never married until they were able to support husbands and children we should come to a sad situation in a short time. But it is still true, and this we assume to be the crux of the original statement, that every woman ought to be able to support herself, and, if need be, those depending on her. The statement is not quite so dramatic as it seems, since most women now do their share in supporting the family. It is a very narrow view to take of married life, that the husband is the sole wage-earner and provider, while the wife simply lolls back at her ease and partakes of her husband's bounty.

As a rule, wives do as much work as their husbands, a kind of work which could not be duplicated at any price, and which, if paid for at market rates for labor, would reduce the husband's income materially. But aside from this the wife is, in spite of her lack of training, a better economizer than her husband. She not only saves the money, but she acts as the stimulus which leads the husband to higher endeavor. It will be noted that few successful men are bachelors. Wives, as a rule, do their share. It is only unfortunate that when death or disability enters the family circle the wife is not always able to take the position of bread-winner according to established business methods.

This is a great fault, not so great as it used to be, since there is a constantly increasing number of young women who have become wage-earners before entering matrimony. Unless there is abundant means to provide against any possible contingency every girl should be taught to do something, so that if necessary she can earn a living. Even those who think they are safe have no security against disaster.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Language of the Future.

IS English destined to be the international language of the future—thus succeeding to the place occupied in the previous ages by Latin and French? It is perhaps significant of much in the future and it is certainly interesting for the present, that the International Commission of Inquiry, though appointing a French president, and meeting in Paris, decided to adopt the English language for its deliberations. The commission is composed, it will be remembered, of an American, an Austrian, an Englishman, a Frenchman and a Russian. From one point of view, it may be said that the majority thus agree to adopt the language of the minority; but then the majority of three have three different languages whereas the minority of two speak the same language. The first occasion, if we remember right, when English was adopted in the same way as now was at the Berlin Conference of 1889 on the Samoan Congress; and in that case it was probably the presence of the United States representative that decided the matter. With the growth of the United States as a "World Power," the tendency is likely to spread; in the matter of language England and the United States between them are perhaps destined to make English conquer the world.—London Chronicle.

How to Live Forever.

SEVERAL secrets of a long life have been revealed by celebrated septuagenarians and octogenarians of the United Kingdom, from which it is possible to devise an edifying handbook for those who want to live forever. It is encouraging to note in the first place that one of the conditions of the long life is the short diet. Lord Avebury says: "Eat little, drink little." Frederick

Harrison: "Touch not tobacco, spirits nor any unclean thing; rise from every meal with an appetite." Dr. Haig Brown advises a spare diet and Lord Kelvin two meals a day and moderation.

The thousands of people who rise from every meal with an appetite, and who walk with it, and sleep with it, and never get rid of it, will learn from these admonitions of experience that they have the promise of eighty years of this pleasant companionship. That hollow feeling which is forced upon them by circumstances over which they have no control is a pernicious blessing that should be treasured joyfully. Their necessary economy is good on other accounts, too. Mr. Harrison would not even countenance a light breakfast on a cigar, such as Mr. Pickwick's friend Jingle took in default of other nutriment. "Touch not" are his words with reference to tobacco.

Dr. Brown has another rule that fits in well with number one and that reads, "Be free from financial care." We know of nothing that would conduce to this happy state quite so effectively as a diminishing diet. First no lunch, then no breakfast, then nothing but an occasional glass of water and food for thought.

Still another thing that the healthy and hearty old men insist upon is life in the open air. We should all walk two hours daily, and that is something that everybody can do who has the time. Time, it is true, introduces some rather puzzling considerations, but the problem is much simplified by abstention from food. There is a gain of the meal hours and no danger of exercising on a full stomach.

As usual, the wisdom of such counsel leaves us about where we were. Most people who are not sages recognize the truths that the sages enunciate and then have the same old troubles with their application. That happy compromise called moderation is easy to preach, but the man who can so command the world that he can always choose the happy means is as rare as the octogenarian.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Try to Like Your Work.

THE World's Work has been interviewing clergymen, endeavoring to ascertain their opinions of their own profession. Of the twenty clergymen put on record, only seven say emphatically that they would choose the ministry if they had it to do over again.

We are sorry that the proportion was not larger. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the result is any particular reflection upon the ministry. The thirteen who are not sure that they would have chosen again to be clergymen do not confess any weakening of their faith. They merely feel, apparently, that the work of spreading the gospel could have been cared for just as well without their special help and that they could probably have been of more service to themselves and others in some other field of labor.

Not only clergymen, but men of all kinds of occupations, are miserably prone to feel this way. No man, presumably, ever accomplished all that he has expected or aspired to accomplish; hence he looks upon himself as a comparative failure. Every other field of labor seems brighter than the one whose difficulties and whose disappointments he knows by personal experience.

Make up your mind that in hardships your occupation is not in a class by itself. The others all have their drawbacks. The only difference is that you do not know them.—Pittsburg Press.

How to Remain Young Naturally.

BETTER than the art of growing old gracefully is the secret of not growing old at all. It is something worth knowing and worth remembering. The secret is concealed in the fact that men and women are as old as they take themselves to be. That implies will power, but what of it? The world is governed by will power.

When a man says that he is dead on his feet he is usually telling the truth. Growing old is a habit. When a man at 40, or 50, or 60 years imagines that he is growing old, he will be old.

After awhile the world will learn the secret of longevity. Improved conditions, supplemented by will power, will perform the miracle. Then a man, instead of growing old gracefully, will remain young naturally.—Chicago Journal.

not feel any better by the time I reached the railroad and jumped off my horse at the station. I told my story, and they telegraphed a description of the man up and down the line, while I sat in the waiting room. I had made up my mind that I should never see my money again, but suddenly, under my arm, resting at my side, I felt something that seemed stiffer than the cloth in the coat. I put my hand in, and there was the wallet! He had put it in his own clothes when he took it away from me, and in his hurry had forgotten to change it back again when he put on my suit.—Youth's Companion.

A Fish's Appetite.

A singular instance of tenacity in the digestion of fish is reported from Sheffield, England. The fish, which was four feet long, had what appeared to be an abnormally hard liver. But the cutting up process revealed something far stranger. The supposed hard liver turned out to be nothing else but a piece of stout netting, over two yards long and fourteen inches wide, which had been pressed into the form of a football. How this great mass of indigestible material came to be swallowed by the creature is a mystery, and the suggestion that the fish caught in the toils of a fisherman's net solved the problem of how to escape by devouring his prison walls is not considered scientifically practicable.

A prayer for those who pass seventy: "That I may never be shipped from one of my children to the home of another, just as a pauper is sent from town to town."

OLD FAVORITES

The Song of the Camp.
"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried.
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps
allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belch'd its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from
Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forget was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name.
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-axe confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond, the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learn'd
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Raid'd on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortar!

An Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honor'd rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.
—Bayard Taylor.

BABY WOODCHUCKS.

What a Family of Five Learned from Their Mother in One Summer.

The woodchuck family best known to me was the one that lived by the old rail fence just back of the orchard on my father's farm. The mother introduced herself one morning in the latter part of May, just as old Rover and I had started out for a day's fishing. As she fled at our approach, Rover followed and disclosed to me the burrow into which she had fled.

More than one day's sport I got out of that burrow. I took care that Rover didn't go with me when I made my visits, and, instead of digging out the inmates, boy-fashion, I waited for them to come out of their own accord. Several times the old woodchuck appeared; but, feeling sure that there were "more to follow," I patiently watched and waited. Finally my patience was rewarded, for, one fine morning, five little cubs came tumbling along the narrow passage after their mother to the entrance of the burrow, and looked with their great, beautiful brown eyes upon the outside world. What a marvelous surprise it must have been to them to view the green grass and the beautiful flowers!

When satisfied that there was no danger lurking in the immediate vicinity, the mother led the way into the grass, followed by the cubs, which tumbled along in haste to keep close to her. They tried to imitate her in everything; and when she nibbled a clover leaf they followed her example, and soon the sharp little teeth had learned to cut the juicy leaves.

The real object of their first outing was soon accomplished—that of filling their stomachs—and then they began playing about in the grass, very much like puppies, but the mother was careful not to let them wander far from the entrance of their home, for if her trained ear caught the sound of something approaching she would hustle the little ones into the burrow. Once the cubs had traveled only a part of the passage before they heard the deep breathing of the dog at the mouth of the tunnel. The exertion and excitement must have made their little hearts beat fast, and for the first time in their lives they learned what it was to be frightened.

This was only the beginning of their education; for day after day they came out of the burrow, and when they scrambled back something had been added to their little stock of woodchuck knowledge. A part of this knowledge was obtained by copying their mother, but by far the greater part came through instinct and experiences of their own.

Some attention was given to the art of climbing trees and fences, for from elevated positions they could command a much more extended view of meadow and woodland. Yes, wood-

chucks, though they are usually very clumsy. Never a day passed that the little woodchucks did not receive a lesson in danger signals. They soon learned to distinguish among the many sounds that came to their ears those that threatened harm from those that meant no harm at all. They learned that a dog is not a dangerous foe, as his presence is usually made known while he is some distance off; but they learned to be very wary when a fox was in the vicinity.—St. Nicholas.

GROWTH OF CATCH PHRASES.

Many Words and Sentences in Common Use Had Peculiar Beginnings.

Nearly every one has at times been puzzled to account for the origin of words and phrases they hear used in the conversation of those with whom they come in daily contact. Some of these are peculiar in their etymology and give no indication of their parentage. The word "hurrah," for instance, is a token of joy in use for centuries. It is the battle cry of the old Norse vikings as they swept down to burn and murder among the peaceful British. "Tur aie!" was their war cry, which means "Thor aid"—an appeal for help to Thor, the god of battles.

"It's all humbug!" Perhaps it is. Humbug is the Irish "nim bog," pronounced humbug, meaning bogus money. King James II. coined worth less money from his mint at Dublin, his 20-shilling piece being worth 2 pence. The people called it "ultra bog."

It was a Roman gentleman of 2,000 years ago who first asked "where the shoe pinches." He had just divorced his wife and his friends wanted to know what was the matter with the woman. They declared she was good and pretty. "Now," said the husband, taking off his shoe, "isn't that a nice shoe? It's a good shoe, eh? A pretty shoe, eh? A new shoe, eh? And none of you can tell where it pinches me."

"Before you can say Jack Robinson" arose from the behavior of one John Robinson, Esq. He was a fool. He was in such a hurry when he called on his friends that he would be off before he had well knocked at the door.

"There they go, helter-skelter!" That phrase was coined at the defeat of the Spanish armada. The great fleet of the Spanish invasion was driven by storm and stress of the English attack north to the Helder river and south to the Skeldes river—the Scheidt.

Do you know why a hare is called "Puss"? This is not a riddle, but just an example of how words get twisted. The ancient Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror pronounced the word "Puss." The puss he remains to-day.

"Go to Halifax." That town was a place of special terror for rogues because of the first rude guillotine invented there by Mannaye for chopping off felons' heads. Halifax law was that the criminal "should be condemned first and inquired upon after." Coventry had a queer law in old times by which none but freemen of the city could practice a trade there. Strangers were starved out. Hence the phrase of shutting a man out of human company—"send to Coventry." "Spick and span" comes from the "spikes" and "spanners"—the hooks and stretchers for stretching cloth new from the loom.

To "dun" a man for debt comes from the memory of Joe Dun, bailiff of Lincoln, who was so keen a collector that his name has become a proverb.

"News" is a queer word—the initials of north, east, west, south, which appeared on the earliest journals as a sign that information was to be had here from the four quarters of the world. The sign was N E W S, and gave us our word "news."

Unreasonable Woman.

His wife asked him to read to her. Taking up the paper, he turned to the woman's page and started with the first article that attracted his attention. It was by a distinguished medical authority on the subject of correct breathing and began:

"As a means for preventing wrinkles in the face it is certain that the practice of keeping the mouth shut is one of the most positive."

"That will do, sir!" she snapped. "I asked to be entertained, not to be insulted."—New York Press.

People Who Radiate Cheer.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy the morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and land look contemptible beside such a disposition.—Detroit Free Press.

If there is anything in the world that makes the average person mad it is to be told that he has everything in the world to make him happy.

UNEXPECTED GOOD LUCK.

A retired banker who now lives in San Francisco is fond of telling the story of the way in which he was "held up" by a desperado in Arizona. At that time the banker owned a small copper mine in Arizona, and had gone down there to show it to an eastern man who wished to buy. He liked the mine, and took it, and to the astonishment of the former owner, he paid for it in United States bills of large denomination.

I asked him how he dared to travel away from the line of the railroad with so much money, but he laughed, says the banker, and replied that he didn't know any one in the region who would cash his check, and that no one knew he had the money, anyhow. Then I parted company with him. He rode back to Phenix, while I started with a fresh pony toward the main line of the railway, twenty miles away.

I didn't feel very nervous, for I was riding across the desert, which was entirely flat except for the scattered blue mesas that stood like loaves of bread upon its surface. It was not until I saw another horseman coming toward me that I scented trouble. You see this happened not very long ago, and the old habit of carrying weapons had already begun to fall off, so I was completely unarmed.

"Hello, stranger!" said the newcomer, who looked extremely "hard up." "I've lost my way. Which way are you going?"

I made the best of it and chatted pleasantly with him. Finally, when he had looked me all over, he said, "Stranger, I've got a gun and you haven't, I reckon, so I'll ask you to hand over your watch and money, and then I'll say good-by."

He had taken out a revolver, and it seemed advisable to follow his directions. I gave him my watch and loose change, but he did not seem satisfied, and made me get off my horse, and after he had prodded me he discovered the fat wallet of bills in my shirt. Then he looked at me critically and smiled.

"You're dressed pretty well, stranger," he said, "and you're about my size. I ain't dressed very well. Take off those clothes, and do it quick. I want to catch a train and get out of this country, but I like the way your clothes look, and I want to wear them myself."

"You aren't going to leave me here without clothes?" I asked, angrily.

He laughed then and said, "Oh, no. I'll give you my outfit, and won't charge you a cent for it. Come now! I'm in a hurry!"

I took off my clothes, and then, according to his command, turned my back while he cautiously took off his and put mine on. Then he jumped on his horse, looked at my watch, and said, "Good-by, stranger! Don't try to follow me. It ain't healthy."

There was nothing for me to do but put on his old clothes and take another direction on my pony. I was feeling pretty miserable about the loss of my money—a little over seven thousand dollars—and my watch, and I did