

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Power of Imagination.

A PHYSICIAN who has been bitten by a dog which was declared to be rabid, but which was killed before the truth could be ascertained, has refused to undergo the Pasteur treatment. He believes hydrophobia to be a rare if not a purely imaginary malady, and as he has too much strength of mind to be frightened into a nervous condition he confidently expects to suffer no ill consequences from the bite. If, however, hydrophobia shall develop he will retain his wits as long as possible and record his sensations for the benefit of science.

It is difficult to realize how great may be the control of the bodily organs by the mind. A New Orleans doctor reports the results of an experiment to determine the influence of the imagination on the stomach. To one hundred patients he gave a simple mixture of sugar and water, telling each to take the dose at once. Returning to the sick room in apparent haste and alarm he would ask if the medicine had been administered. Then he would display great agitation, saying he had given by mistake a powerful emetic. Eighty-five of the patients immediately suffered distinct emesis, as though they had, in fact, taken the alleged medicine.

In several instances of death from alleged hydrophobia it has been clear that imagination had produced the nervous condition which resulted fatally, and while most physicians admit that there is such a disease, the best informed doubt whether it has been the cause of more than one in every dozen "hydrophobia" deaths.—Philadelphia Record.

Worry Wrecks.

THOUSANDS of people every year actually worry themselves to death by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects.

Many thousands more, while not actually worrying themselves into their graves, materially impair their health, moral, mental and physical, and weaken their power by the

same. One who is unfortunately placed in life or in a dissipated disease, the thought of financial unsatisfactory progress—any of the thousand and one worries that ought to act as a tonic and a spur to effort—are by thousands accepted as ground for soul-weighing worry and discouragement.

The little magazine called Suggestion says that a melancholy thought which fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much doctoring as physical disease. It needs to be eradicated from the mind or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would have. Every melancholy thought and every morbid action and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be protected by cheerful thoughts, of which there is a bonafide store in every one's possession. Bright companions are cheaper than drugs and plasters.

The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop. We need more mental therapy.—Des Moines News.

The Inefficiency of the Torpedo.

OF the naval lessons of the war, surely the most valuable, and certainly the most surprising, is the comparative inefficiency of the torpedo boat. In not a single case has the torpedo boat been able to send a war ship to the bottom. In the first attack at Port Arthur, although the Russian ships were at anchor and totally unprepared, the two battleships and the cruiser that were squarely torpedoed remained afloat, and were able, next morning, to steam in and beach themselves for investigation and repair of the damage. The only possible exception was the cruiser Boyard, and in her case it is possible that it was a floating mine and not a torpedo from a destroyer that sank her. It seems to be impossible for a torpedo boat to get within range, either by day or by night, of a warship that is on the alert; and when she does, the chances of

making a hit are very remote. In the various engagements, torpedoes appeared to have been fired by the score without finding the mark (except in the night surprise of Feb. 8), a notable case being that of the battleship Czarevitch, which, after being terribly crippled by the concentrated fire of four Japanese battleships, and with her speed cut down to four knots an hour, was subjected to a night attack by the Japanese destroyers, and yet seems to have been able to beat them off and to make port the next morning without being once struck by a torpedo. By all the laws of torpedo-boat warfare, she should have been sent to the bottom in short order. On the other hand, the destroyers have developed unexpected ability for doing duties which were supposed to belong to the cruiser of 2,000 to 5,000 tons displacement. They have kept the sea, and have done splendid scouting work in all weathers.—Scientific American.

Must Wives Be Self-Supporting?

AMERICAN women are ceasing to find men to marry them unless they are self-supporting. This is the startling deduction made by the United States Bureau of Labor in its last report. The marriage rate among women who work and among women with money is much higher than among women who are neither workers nor rich, and the disproportion is annually increasing.

All rich women, according to the statisticians, have opportunities to marry, and generally speaking, all working women have equal opportunities, but the women who must depend on servants to do household work and on their husbands to supply all the household income are being driven from the matrimonial field. Fewer than one-half of them marry now, and the percentage is steadily diminishing.

Nine per cent of the married women of the United States work for wages apart from the performance of their household duties. Twenty-three per cent add to the household income by taking boarders. More than one family in five has its children at work. More than 20 per cent of the earnings of the average American family comes from the labor of the wife and the children.

The old type of American who supported by his own earnings his wife and his children, whose home was his own and who occupied an independent place in the community, is disappearing. Marriage is becoming more and more a commercial partnership where the man and the wife pool their earnings, or a fashionable festivity where the fortune of the wife added to the income of the husband maintains a social establishment until divorce doth them part.—New York World.

Casualties in War.

IN round figures the casualties on the Federal side during the whole four years of the rebellion amounted to 60,000 killed and 350,000 wounded. This was undoubtedly the bloodiest war of modern times, although, if credence could be given to the dubious reports emanating from Russian and Japanese sources, the war in the Orient, only one year old, would seem to equal it already in losses suffered and inflicted.

But it is highly probable that when the truth has been sifted out of the wild and extravagant estimates, the number of dead and wounded in the Manchurian armies will be materially reduced. A newspaper story is usually less conservative than a historic account. The war in the Orient has in fact been fought in a comparatively humane way. Except in rare instances, the greatest of care and consideration have been paid to captives and the wounded. The medical departments of both contending armies are organized, equipped and run according to modern ideas as to such things. The Red Cross corps and hospitals have been respected and the rules of civilized war carefully lived up to. Only on one or two occasions during the assaults upon Port Arthur has there been any rumor that quarter was denied or refused.—Kansas City Journal.

PARTNERS INDEED.

The harmony in which Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Green had lived for nearly forty years was slightly ruffled when, at the close of a lecture in the first course ever given in Wrayham, Mr. Green stated that he should like to know more about Eastern religions.

"Jabez," said his wife, firmly, "you know what you believe, and what other folks believe different needn't be anything to you, excepting as you're sorry for 'em, being blinded."

Mr. Green looked unconvinced, and a slight coolness arose, but in time it passed away. Mrs. Green redoubled her attentions in the way of griddle cakes and hot soapstones, and her husband kept the wood box filled to the brim. He had a reason for so doing, inasmuch as certain half-hours in the barn were passed in absorbed reading of an old brown-covered book which Jabez had bought second hand in Nashua, and of which he had never spoken.

"More I read, the more thankful I feel I'm not one o' those heathen folks," Mr. Green muttered one day, as he hung up his old coat in the shed, with the brown book safely hidden in its deepest pocket. "When I get all through maybe I'll tell her how strengthened I am in the faith—maybe I will."

He went off for his afternoon nap, but later on, at dusk, feeling in the pocket for the brown book as he started for the barn to do the milking, he

found that it was gone. As he passed his hand helplessly up and down, Mrs. Green opened the door that led out from the kitchen to the shed.

"Lost anything?" she asked, briskly. "N-no, not exactly," said Mr. Green, feeling like a criminal, "I was just looking—"

"If you were looking for that book on 'Religions of the Orient,' you can't have it till after supper," said Mrs. Green, with decision. "I see by where your slip was when I took the book out of the pocket this afternoon that you'd got ahead of me one full chapter. You shortened up your nap to-day, or I should have caught you. You can't have it again till to-morrow."

"Why, how did you know—" began Mr. Green, feebly; but his wife gave him a gentle shove.

"Do you know we've been married over forty years?" she said, gaily. "You'd better button that collar up close, for it's cold in the barn, even when you aren't stopping to sit down and read. I knocked against that great bulge in your coat the first day 'twas there, as I went after some old tin to stop a rat-hole. Now you go right along."—Youth's Companion.

TRIAL OF FEROCIOUS WARDEN.

Man Named Foss Charged with Barbarities While on Duty.

A Reuter's dispatch from St. Petersburg says: "The court of justice at Ekaterinburg recently tried a man named Foss, who was charged with committing horrible barbarities while employed as director of a house of detention and correction of that town, and also with embezzling money in-

trusted to his care. He exploited the prison labor for his own profit, and he had the prisoners beaten with rods dipped in salt. He treated his subordinates with such severity that not only the warders but also the prison doctor and the chaplain were afraid to resist his orders. In the course of the evidence it appeared that Foss repressed a revolt on the part of the prisoners with such ferocity that the room in which the punishments took place resembled a slaughter house. His cruelties extended over several years, thanks to his enjoying the favor of the local administrative inspector. Another instance of his methods stated at the trial was to the effect that a prisoner who attempted to escape was terribly beaten by the warders and by Foss, and before his wounds healed they began to beat him again. Others of the prisoners were subjected to brutal punishments for the slightest offense, and some of the prison employes who refused to carry out their director's cruelties were dismissed by him. Foss was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, together with the loss of civil rights, privileges, decorations and medals, and with the addition of four years' police supervision."

Merit's Loud Voice.

Do not waste a minute, not a second, in trying to demonstrate to others the merit of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself, you cannot vindicate it.—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

It is as easy to please an enemy as it is to please a friend.

OLD Favorites

The Fool's Prayer.

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought out some new sport to banish
care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away."

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"
—Edward Rowland Sill.

The Old, Old Song.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.
—Charles Kingsley.

PALMIST KNEW HER BUSINESS.

Would-Be Authoress' Fate Was Open Book to Her.

The girl in black hesitated. The sign was a very inviting one and then she wanted to know—oh, several things.

For she was a girl who wrote—and wrote—and wrote. Mostly she got little printed slips, "The editors regret," etc. This time she was almost sure and here was the sign, "Mme. Blank, scientific palmist. Futures foretold."

Besides, there was Harry and he—well, he had sworn that proposal No. 5 was to be the limit. In her own mind she had quite decided that if this last—this bright pet story—failed, she would give up all hope of the literary career that she had planned for herself, though, to tell the truth, it was a case of "I like candy, but candy doesn't like me." Fame absolutely refused to respond to her wooing—and then there was Harry.

He was so very nice and somehow he always sold his stuff. Then, too, proposal No. 5 was due to-night and he her story enthusiastically received or cruelly returned she could not know until to-morrow.

"I'll do it," she said. "I'll go in and listen to the woman and abide by what she says." So she rang the bell and waited. The door was opened by a sweet-faced woman. "Your palm read? Certainly; step right in."

"Ah! you have a very fortunate hand indeed. You will marry very shortly. Excuse the question, but have you your wedding day set?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said the girl; "I may never marry at all."

"It's very funny," murmured the palmist, who by some strange fortune appeared to really know her business; "I could have sworn that they were to be married this very day. When the line of—"

"Dear me," remonstrated the girl, "can't you see something else in my hand? Do you see anything about, eh—about writing, you know?"

"Oh, yes," said Madame Blank, looking at the hand contemplatively. "Yes, I should say that you wrote a very fair hand indeed."

"Gracious, I don't mean that! I mean writing stories!"

"The man you marry will write for a living, if that's what you mean. You will be very happy and your husband famous. Now, look at the—"

"Excuse me," haughtily said the girl, as she swept her hand away. "I've an appointment that I entirely forgot. How much? Fifty cents? Thank you! good day."

"Horrid old thing!" she murmured when she reached the street; then in surprise she exclaimed, "Why, Harry, where did you come from? You look particularly happy."

"I am," he returned. "I have been offered the editorship of one of the best magazines in New York. Congratulations, me, won't you, dear? And say, No. 1 is not due until to-night, but I must catch the 9 o'clock express. Say yes and come with me, won't you, little girl? Ah, do, dear?"

"But, Harry, the answer to my story hasn't come, and, besides, who could get ready to go by that train?"

She was weakening, says the New York Times. You see, he really was going, and—oh, well, what was the use of denying it—she did love him and New York was a lovely place.

"Yes, I'll do it, Harry. Only give me time to do my hair and put my hat on straight."

"And the story—"

"Never mind; they'll probably reject it."

And they did.

MIRACLE PROVES EASY.

One Cure at a Shrine at Least Has Practical Illustration.

Stories of the miraculous performances in which Father Ignatius, of Llanthony, Wales, has raised the dead to life recall the sensation of a few years ago at Nock, in Ireland, where in a certain church a shrine was supposed to have restored the halt, the lame, and even the blind.

At the time Dr. Oscar A. King of the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons was traveling in Ireland, and he made it a point to look into some of the stories of marvelous cures.

"One of these cases was of a boy about 17 years old, who had been cured of a tumor in the trachea, or windpipe," said the doctor, recalling the experience. "According to the stories current the boy had been affected since birth and the tumor had been declared inoperable. Yet he had gone to the church and had been cured in an instant."

"Well, I went down to the place and found the young man, who repeated the story in detail. Then I went to the surgeons who had examined him and who had given up his case as hopeless. The report of the surgeons was that since infancy the child had been troubled by a tubercle in the windpipe, the thing being about the size of a pea and attached to the wall of the trachea by a threadlike fiber. The parents of the child were indifferent about the operation at best, while in the one trial of the physicians to remove the obstruction the boy had fought them all off.

"The miracles of Nock had aroused the interest of the parents, however, and the boy had been sent down there to the shrine. At that time the faithful were going in hundreds to the church, and it was being torn to pieces by relic hunters, who desired souvenirs of their visit. That afternoon the plastering on the walls was suffering, and at the moment of the boy's entering the building was full of lime dust and sand. As he stepped inside he strangled on the dust, was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and in the paroxysm the tubercle was coughed up and out and away.

"Yet, seriously enough, the boy had been cured at the shrine!"

How to Keep Young.

She is one of the most interesting women in the world. Over 65 years old, slight built, sensitive and nervous—and though she has seen more suffering than falls to the lot of most women she is still young.

Her prescription for youthfulness is interesting and well worth trying.

"How do I stand all this wear and tear? Economy. That's it, economy. I save my strength. When I'm not working in the business which is my very life, I either rest or play. I don't putter. That's what ages women—puttering. When I see a teacher breaking down or a trained nurse giving up with nervous prostration, I wonder when women will learn to stop puttering."

"It isn't work that wears out; it's fretting and puttering. The way to keep young? Stop worrying and go to work. Throw yourself, heart and soul brain and nerve, into some one thing make a fetish of it; throw every bit of energy you've got into it—housekeeping, taking care of children, teaching writing, nursing—it doesn't make a bit of difference what you do; it's the way you do it that counts. Copy the first young-looking man you see; do the way he does; work when you are working but when you are not working cultivate the art of being amused."

When a man calls his wife "she" and "her," it's a sign they don't get along very well.