

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Where History Does Not Repeat Itself.

CONTRASTS between French and Russian revolutionary conditions are as noteworthy as the striking parallels of the two upheavals. One vast dissimilarity, palpable enough, is in the relative position of the two nations in struggles against foreign foes.

While the French were having their Feast of Pikes, were tearing down their Bastille, were stringing up officials to the lanterne, were fighting out bloody debates in States-General and National Assembly, were running Paris with a Committee of Safety, were reveling in September massacre and reign of Terror, were cutting off King Louis' head and those of the aristocracy, the troops of France were carrying the tri-color to victory against the allies. Before the regicide France was driving back the Duke of Brunswick and other commanders of the syndicate of kings. On the day after the guillotine lopped off the French ruler's head Danton said: "The coalized kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a king!" France was sturdy and patriotic in the fight against the foreign foe.

On the other hand, see what is Russia's plight! Humiliation heaped on humiliation! A foreign war utterly barren of victory; a war ruinously expensive. While million after million of roubles is flung into the bottomless war chest, the people at home are without food. Each workman carries on his back not one soldier, but the weight of a score, starving the while. Not a spark of patriotism can be kindled. Not a ray of hope streaks the utter blackness of the perspective to the Far Eastward.

In its likeness to the French Revolution the Russian Revolution is rich in promise to the Russian masses. In its soldiers who will not shoot, barricaded streets, Jacobinism, improvisation of firearms, pamphleteering, lack of bread, vacillating ruler, rotten bureaucracy, loot of shops, patriotism and in a hundred other resemblances the rising has all the components of the French insurrection. In the aspects wherein the present case differs most from the one of a century ago are seen the greatest powers for the destruction of the Russian Empire.—New York Press.

The Reign of High Prices.

THE problem of living is becoming every day more and more intense for the man who receives a stated salary. The purchasing power of money is constantly becoming less. The dollar will not go as far to-day as it did a few years ago, and the dollars are just as difficult to obtain as ever.

There must be an end some time to this constant increase in the prices charged for the necessities of life. Either the cost must bear some relation to the purchaser's ability to pay or else the latter must do without the desired article. As the situation now stands, the rise in prices is arbitrary, fixed by some unknown and unreachable authority, and has no apparent foundation. Every time the housewife nowadays visits the meat shop or grocery store she is confronted by another increase in the cost of things. Expostulation and protest are of no avail. She must meet the alternative of paying the price or going without. Flour, butter, eggs, canned goods, even vegetables, are all costing more now than they did a year ago. In the face of this constant advance, the head of the family is helpless. The extortion must be met, even though it means deprivation of the little comforts and pleasures which formerly the surplus of the salary provided.

It is an important question, however, to know when the era of high prices will end. It cannot go on indefinitely. There will come a time when the burden will be greater than the people can bear, and they will bring about a reckoning. If the increased cost of living is due to monopolies or trusts, some way will be found to break down their power of controlling the output of the necessities of life. If the individual is made to suffer because some capitalists can buy up and store all the eggs in the market, as is said to be the case in Chicago, then some legislation ought to be devised which would place wholesale robbery of the people in the catalogue of major crimes.

There would be no complaint if the salaries increased in proportion to the cost of living. On the contrary, they

have an unfortunate and disagreeable habit of remaining stationary. The problem is, therefore, a serious one; and while investigations are the order of the day, it might be worth while to inquire into the causes which are now adding to the housewife's existence a multitude of financial cares. The effort to make both ends meet was never an easy one, but for some reason, which nobody seems able to fathom, it is more difficult to-day than ever before.—Washington Post.

Our Army Doctors Shamed.

THE small mortality in Japanese camps and hospitals puts to shame the medical science of Western armies. The report of the mortality in General Oku's army for seven and one-half months of the severest campaigning shows 24,642 cases of disease and but forty deaths! Only 193 men had typhoid fever, and there were but 342 cases of dysentery. This quite astonishing record seems to indicate that the sanitarians and medical men in the Japanese army take their duties seriously and understand that it is their business not only to cure but to prevent disease by instructing the men in personal hygiene and by looking after the purity of their water supply and food. The contrast between our achievement and that of the Japanese suggests that our neglectful method, or want of method, must be revolutionized. The teachings of science, which we understand well enough, must obtain actual application. "In 1898," says American Medicine, "for about the same length of time the United States put about 275,000 men in the field, and the deaths were 4,965, most of them in peaceful camps and hospitals within our own territory. If Oku's army was only half as large as ours, the figures would still speak loudly for the foresight and medical skill of the Japanese. This marvelous saving of human life is due to the thoroughgoing precautions of the Japanese government and its medical officers to prevent disease in the army. We Americans are by no means the only nation needing to have the lesson brought home. The English and French armies are in the same sad plight, and to a lesser degree the German. We have allowed the half-scorned 'yellow man' to surpass us in military hygiene and medicine, and the lesson should not go unheeded." It will no longer be permissible to let men die like flies in camp and hospital under the impression that a large mortality is inevitable. It may be argued, of course, that the Japanese, having better constitutions than Westerners have and using simpler and more wholesome foods, may be expected to meet hard conditions of living with greater success. This may be true to a certain extent. But it is a lesson of the Jap mortality record that the time now given by us to fancy drill would be much better employed in teaching the rank and file practical hygiene. A new conception of the army doctor's role is also required.—Baltimore American.

Why the Sky Is Blue.

THE sky has long been a puzzle to physicists. There are two mysteries to explain about it—its reflection of light and its color. The old view was that the blue of the sky was due simply to atmospheric oxygen. Oxygen has a faint blue tint, and the idea was that several miles of the gas, even when diluted as it is in the air, would have a bright blue color.

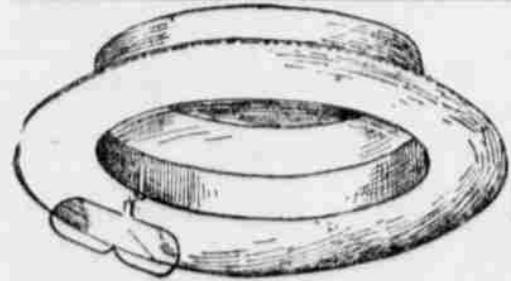
But this did not account for the immense illumination of the sky, and of recent years Tyndall's "dust theory," or some modification of it, has been generally accepted. This regards the blue color as an optical effect, like the color of very thin smoke, due to excessively fine particles floating in the air, which would also account for the large proportion of reflected light from the sky.

Recent calculations by Prof. Spring, of Liege, Belgium, however, indicate that the dust in the air is not sufficient in amount nor finely enough divided to support this explanation, and he rejects it for this and other reasons. He has gone back to the old oxygen theory, and accounts for the general illumination of the sky on the hypothesis, first advanced by Hagenbach, that intermingled layers of different density in the atmosphere give it the power of reflecting light.—Chicago Journal.

TO SAVE THE EYES.

Attachment for the Hat to Ward Off the Sun's Glare.

Some inventions are interesting by reason of their obvious impracticability, others by reason of their obvious simplicity, and yet others by reason of their obvious originality. It must be rather refreshing to the Jaded Patent Office Examiner, dulled with continual drawing of distinctions without differences, and worn out with interferences, to read a patent that is ingenious on its face and with all the



NEW FEATURE ON THE HAT.

earmarks of novelty. It is in this latter class that the eye shield here illustrated naturally falls. It certainly represents a departure from established conceptions of an eye shield. Moreover, it falls from the South, which is also in its favor, as that is a land where the Patent Office finds least support. The combination is self-evident and needs but few words of explanation. Inside of the hat, on the leather sweatband, there is a perforated metal plate, which permits of a wide range of adjustment in the shields, which are supported therefrom to conform to varying conditions of use. The shields, which may be of any desired design, are suspended from this plate by means of a hooked member.



"Beef again," said the head of the house, discontentedly, as the platter was passed before him. "Do you know, my dear, there are times when beef begins to pall on me?"

"We had lamb yesterday," said his wife, "and on Monday you know we had a roast loin of pork."

"Oh, I know. That's just it. Beef, mutton and pork, pork, mutton and beef. One monotonous round."

"You don't care for chicken."

"Oh, I get tired of chicken, that's all. What I would like is a little change."

"We had a rabbit stew last week. I thought you enjoyed that. If you like, I'll have it again to-morrow."

"My dear," said the head of the house, "I don't see why you imagine that because I happen to eat something with a tolerable relish I can stand for it seven days in the week. Let the rabbit rest for a while. Beef!"

The Contented Burglar.

Visitor—Don't you get awfully tired standing there making shoes all day and never being allowed to talk?

Convict—I don't mind it myself. But it's pretty hard on the female shoplifters in the next building. They

"If I had known you wouldn't care for it I might have had some fish."

"You can't get any fish that has the right flavor after it has been packed and kept on ice."

"It's a pity that some new animal can't be invented for you," said the long-suffering housewife, rebelling. "I was reading the other day that they ate iguanas in South America and that the Digger Indians considered ants' eggs a delicacy."

"I don't think I am hard to satisfy," said the head of the family. "Perhaps I had no right to hint that an occasional variety in my diet would be—what is this?"

"What is which?" asked the lady, as he masticated slowly and analytically.

"This—this meat."

"It's venison steak. The red currant jelly is to the right of you."

"I suppose you think that's funny," said the head of the house.—Chicago Daily News.

are not allowed to even utter a verbal complaint while I turn out fifty pairs of these kicks per day.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Every lie you utter goes around ringing a bell to put people next.

OLD Favorites

The Spider and the Fly.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said a Spider to a Fly;

"Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.

The way into my parlor is up a winding stair,

And I have many pretty things to show you when you're there."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain.

For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high;

Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile I'll snugly tuck you in."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,

They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly,

"Dear friend, what shall I do

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?

I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice;

I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be;

I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the spider,

"You're witty and you're wise!

How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!

I have a little looking glass upon my parlor shelf;

If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold—yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,

And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den;

He knew the vain and silly Fly would soon come back again;

So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,

And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.

Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing:

"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing!

"Your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head,

Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,

Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then nearer, nearer, drew—

Thought only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue;

Thought only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! at last

Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,

Within his parlor—but she ne'er came out again!

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,

To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;

Unto an evil counsellor close heart and ear and eye,

And learn a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

GARDENS FOR WORKINGMEN.

How the Good Work Is Being Extended in Europe.

France, Germany, Holland and Belgium have joined in a movement to encourage the establishment of gardens for workingmen. Although the work is not a new one, it has been considerably extended during the last year. The evil of intemperance has so undermined the health and usefulness of workmen, says the Washington Star, that this plan was utilized to interest them in a healthful employment outside of working hours that should bring them increased comfort and attach them to the soil they cultivate.

An international congress was held in Paris in 1903, and one will be held in Liege to consider the best plan of allotting plots of ground to workmen for purposes of cultivation.

United States Consul Atwell, at Roubaix, who reports this subject to the state department, says that many employers in France have made generous gifts of land to be allotted to deserving workmen, and at the Arras exposition a first prize was awarded to the "exposition of gardens for workmen."

According to reports made in October, 1903, there existed at that date 600 gardens in Belgium in which plots had been allotted to 3,000 persons. France had created 6,130 gardens, which had provided assistance to 43,000 persons. These gardens were provided either by charitable societies

or by groups of philanthropists associated for the purpose.

The congress of 1903 discussed whether the laborer should derive full profit from the land cultivated or pay rent for his cottage, reserving to himself the surplus. French delegates leaned toward the adoption of the full charity basis, while the Germans inclined to view the matter strictly from the point of social preservation, and thought it wiser to demand a small return for the grounds allotted.

"In order that the work may thrive in cities where the majority of operatives have never handled a spade," Consul Atwell says, "it is now thought necessary to encourage a taste for cultivating the soil in children by creating school gardens. It is suggested that on holidays, which are so often ill-employed, scholars shall accompany their tutors to these gardens and there learn to use garden implements and acquire a taste for gardening. Prizes judiciously awarded would soon furnish the stimulus necessary to form the useful worker. The school garden has not yet taken form, but it is to be hoped that it may become the adjunct of the older work known as the workmen's garden."

"It is only just to say that the first person to put the idea of a workmen's garden into practice was Mme. Hervieu of Sedan. Since that time she has had many coadjutors, as the work commends itself not only as philanthropic, but as one of social conservation."

SLASHED BY A MADMAN.

Woman Received Twenty-Seven Cuts with Razor and Lives.

Seated in a chair, a weak and pale-faced woman, who is just recovering from twenty-seven wounds inflicted with a razor, says the London Chronicle, told in the Southwark police court the other day a thrilling story of a desperate struggle for life in the dark. Her husband, Alfred Curtis, a laborer, was in the dock, charged with attempting to murder his wife at their home in Vine street buildings, Tooley street, S. E., on Nov. 11.

Mrs. Curtis, speaking with some difficulty, said she was dreaming in the early morning when she suddenly awoke to find her husband cutting her throat. She struggled with him, fell out of bed and became unconscious.

"I screamed and begged for mercy," continued Mrs. Curtis, "but he never said a word, only stared at me. I remembered no more."

Thinking his victim was dead, Curtis walked to the police station with his clothes bespattered with blood, and said: "I have killed my wife. What made me do it?"

Meanwhile Curtis' sister, who lived in the next tenement, had been roused by the screams and arrived just in time to save the injured woman from bleeding to death.

The house surgeon at Guy's Hospital catalogued Mrs. Curtis' injuries as follows:

Two incised wounds in the throat, one of which severed the air passages; seventeen cuts on the left hand and arm; six cuts on the right hand and arm; a cut on the upper lip; a wound on the right cheek.

Curtis, who had nothing to say, was committed for trial.

Took the Doctor's Advice.

Dr. William Osler, formerly of Johns Hopkins, now regius professor of medicine at Oxford, was talking during his recent Canadian tour about the importance of precision in the writing of prescriptions.

"Wherever a sentence may have two meanings," said Dr. Osler, "rest assured that the wrong meaning will be taken. Hence, it is important in prescription writing and in directions to patients that the greatest clarity and precision be obtained."

"A young foreigner one day visited a physician and described a common malady that had befallen him."

"The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

"Write it down, doctor, so I won't forget it," said the patient.

"Accordingly the physician wrote the directions down—namely, that the young man was to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

"The patient took his leave, and in a week he returned."

"Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked.

"Worse, doctor, worse, if anything," was the reply.

"Ahem. Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"I did the best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up more than ten minutes at a stretch."—New York Tribune.

Inspiration.

Gray has just penned the line: "Homeward the plowman plods his weary way," when the voice of his wife was heard:

"Thomas, go fetch me up a scuttle of coal from the cellar."

Gray was in fine fettle to complete the poem after he'd cooled off.—Yonkers Statesman.

A little girl likes to take care of a baby; but it's different with a boy.