

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Moving Habit.

A WOMAN in Ohio recently obtained a divorce on the ground that her husband had made her move forty-three times in nine years. An absurdly insignificant reason for dissolving the marriage relation it undoubtedly was, yet one can imagine what their "Wandering Jew" existence had meant to the woman and her children. Romance clusters about a place that has been lived in a century or more, but sentiment does not gather about a house lived in to-day and abandoned to-morrow. The family may have flitted in and out of splendid rooms, yet all the time they were homeless; for one must grow into a house and a neighborhood, and that is a slow process.

An old proverb declares that three removals are as bad as a fire; another that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Our ancestors took a long step toward civilization when they ceased to be nomads. Personal experience also reinforces a woman whose objects to frequent removals, for most of the work falls upon her, and the small share of social life which a housemother can enjoy is taken from her at every journey.

But women, the home-makers, are seldom victims of the moving habit. They need no admonition beyond a hint that the habit, if lightly yielded to, will strengthen, and that it is as fatal to family happiness as it generally is to prosperity. Even if the children must go away, the home should be constant, that they may look back to it, through all the changes, as to a steady beacon.—Youth's Companion.

The Typewriter.

THE other day the thirtieth anniversary of an important event was quietly observed in New York by the presentation of a watch, suitably inscribed, to the first woman who adopted typewriting as a profession.

There is much that might have been put into that inscription. The typewriter is commonplace enough to-day, but in thirty years it has wrought one of the greatest advances in commercial history.

It has done more than marvelously facilitate business correspondence; it has admitted women to an important part in business life. A soulless little machine has done more toward gaining "women's rights" than had the arguments and agitation of centuries.

It is impossible to say whether the typewriter owes more to woman than woman owes to the typewriter, but it is certain that the business world owes a large debt to both. Together they have wrought wonders.

It is difficult to realize that only thirty years ago there were no women in the business offices. The sight of a petticoat on downtown streets, outside of the shopping districts, would have created a sensation. Now things would look peculiar without them. The typewriter has brought the great change. It has introduced women to all departments of business. And who can say that business has not been benefited?

Women are in many professions and many branches of business, but the profession of typewriter is the only one which was offered to women from the beginning.—Indianapolis Sun.

More Men Than Women in the World.

THE opinion is expressed in the latest bulletin of the Census Bureau of the United States that in the total population of the world there are several million more men than women. It is true that in Europe there are more females than males, but the men predominate in every other continent, as far as the population is counted with distinction of sex; and the same rule is believed to hold good in the large regions where the population can only be estimated.

In the United States the excess of males is greater than in any other land where it is known to exist. In our con-

tinental domain there are 1,638,321 more males than females. In other words, for every 100 females in the land there are about 102 males. The assumption is that the frequent wars in Europe or in the over-sea possessions of the European States may have something to do with the slight predominance of women in Europe, as contrasted with the United States.

The reasons are obvious why in our mining, grazing and other thinly settled districts there are more men than women. Probably one of the important reasons why this is also the case in many of our Western cities is that many young men go to them from the East or from foreign countries to establish themselves in business before they think of marrying. In our Eastern cities, however, the preponderance of the female population is so large that in the 1,861 cities of the Union which in 1900 had at least 2,500 inhabitants each, there were 201,959 more females than males; and the tendency in our cities is still toward further increase in the excess of women. In the Eastern part of the country this is believed to be due chiefly to the large opportunities for women in the factory towns.—New York Sun.

Automobiles as Stage Coaches.

DISSATISFIED with the railroad rates and time tables, the proprietors of certain resorts in one of the mountain counties of New York State propose, it is said, to establish a line of automobile coaches to carry guests to and from their places for a distance of thirty miles or so. It is asserted that powerful touring machines will be used and that the time will be quicker than that scored by the ordinary accommodation train.

This suggests a new use for large automobiles, and it is not unlikely that within the next few years these vehicles may be employed more or less extensively in this manner, at least during the summer. There seems to be no reason why they cannot be utilized in some sections as rivals of both the railways and the trolleys. If an attempt to make high speed is made, however, the question at once arises as to the safety of the general public on the highway which they will traverse.

Railroads have their own rights of way. Trolley lines either follow their own routes through the fields or go along a part of the public road, leaving the rest clear for traffic. But, if in addition to the numerous automobiles that fly along for the pleasure of their individual owners, regular lines of these machines are eventually established for carrying passengers at a rapid rate over frequented routes, the need for stringent restrictions will be greater than ever. The farmer with his team and the driver with his horse and buggy have rights which must be upheld.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Women and the Suffrage.

WHENEVER a proposal to grant political equality to women is made in a State Legislature its women advocates are counteracted and outnumbered by stout and even passionate women opponents. Whenever we admit to the Sun a letter from a woman in behalf of woman suffrage we get so many letters from women protesting against the innovation that we regret having allowed the controversy to start. We are going through this experience now. If we gave full liberty to the discussion it would fill columns of our space continuously, and the great majority of the women controversialists would be on the side of the opposition.

Woman suffrage is now even less a question of practical politics than it was a generation ago, and it will never enter into politics as a considerable issue till the time comes, if it ever comes, when women themselves are united in asking for the suffrage. Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow; but the vast majority of women refuse to strike the blow, so far as concerns equality with men in the suffrage.—New York Sun.

NOTED WOMAN REVOLUTIONIST.

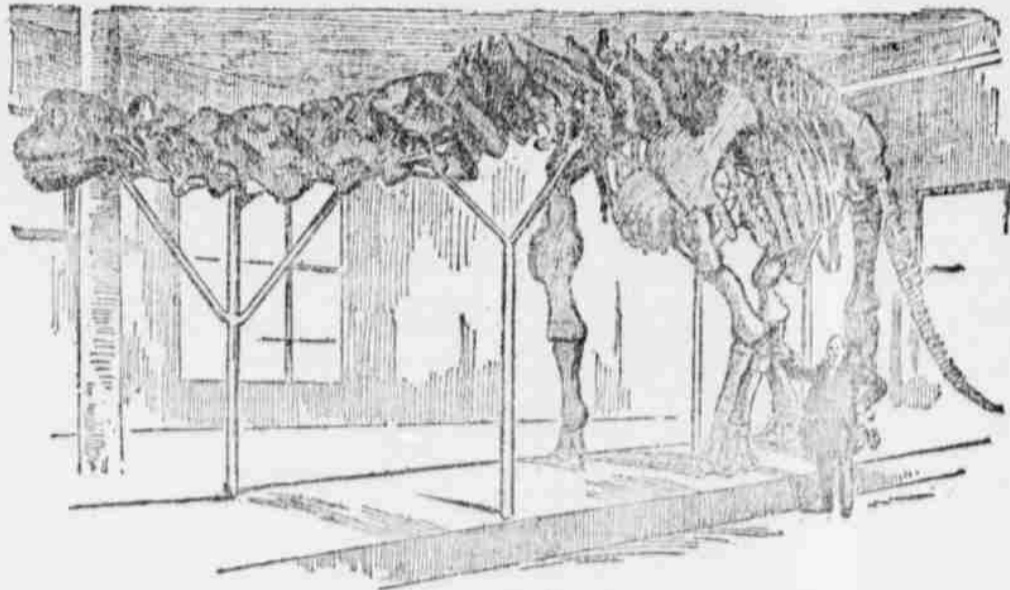
Katherine Bereshkovska, Who Spent 23 Years in a Siberian Prison.

One of the foremost leaders of the socialistic revolutionary movement in Russia is Katherine Bereshkovska, who is now in this country holding meetings among the Russians in the large cities and appealing for American sympathy in the struggle of her people for larger political rights. Few women have suffered the horrors, the anguish and the hardships which have been crowded into her life. The daughter of a nobleman, she was early imbued with the radical political and social beliefs of the revolutionists and was sent to Siberia for her advocacy of her principles. There she spent twenty-three years in exile. Four years ago she returned to Russia in Europe and became the treasurer of the revolutionary party. She traveled extensively, organizing the workmen in the cities and the peasants in the country, circulating literature regarded as treasonable by the government and preaching wherever she could the doctrine that the Czar and the entire system of government must be swept away in order to give room for the growth of freedom and liberal institutions. To the Russian people she is known as "grandmother." She is an able speaker and a forcible writer, contributing largely to the revolutionary literature which finds its way into Russia by means of the underground mails. Mrs. Bereshkovska believes that in a few months the Russians will rise by the millions and sweep away the whole system of Czarism



and bureaucracy. Before coming to this country she was a refugee in Sicily, for the dread of arrest and of another term of imprisonment had driven her out of Russia.

THE COLOSSAL BRONTOSAURUS.



A MONSTER THAT EXISTED MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO.

This skeleton of a colossal brontosaurus was recently presented to public view in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It has a length of 66 feet, 8 inches, but the species is believed in some instances to have attained a length of 80 feet and a height of 16 feet. The skeleton now on view was discovered in Wyoming, about three miles west of the famous Bone Cabin quarry, in 1897. The bones were removed within the next two years, and nearly five years have been devoted to freeing them from adhering material, and rearranging them so as to tell their story to the observer. Two-thirds of the original skeleton has been found. In completing the restoration, and especially in supplying the skull, use has been made of the remains of a related form, a mosasaurus, taken from the Bone Cabin quarry. The brontosaurus is believed to have lived on plants, and to have existed millions of years ago.

Burglar Caught by Megaphone.

An old lady who lived on the outskirts of Chicora, Pa., discovered a burglar in her home one night recently, and immediately mounted to the

roof with a megaphone. This she used to such effect that she aroused the entire neighborhood, with the result that the burglar was captured.

Found Wanting.

"How do you like the new minister?"
"Oh, his intentions are all right, but he can't use half as many big words as the last one we had."



"Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane."
I am getting old and feeble, I cannot work no more,
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest;

Old maesa and old missus, they're sleeping side by side,
And their spirits now are roaming with the blest;
Things are changed about the place, the darkies an all gone,
And I cannot hear them singing in the cane,
And the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a happy time to me, not many years ago,
When the darkies used to gather 'round the door,
They used to sing and dance at night, and play the old banjo,
But, alas! they cannot do it any more;
The hinges are all rusty now, the door is tumbling down,
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain.
Oh! the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,
In my little log cabin in the lane.

The Cry of the Children.

Do you hear the children weeping, O, my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.

But the young, young children, O, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Still, all day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls which God is calling onward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

TOMATOES DIDN'T COME UP.

The Trouble Was that the Seeds Had Been Boiled.

Several years ago Uncle Sam was "smagged" by as sharp a swindler as ever swindled, and who afterward managed in some clever manner to keep without the precincts of the penitentiary, says the Washington Star. The sharper in this particular case worked his wiles on the authorities of the Department of Agriculture, it is stated, and put the free garden seed division of that department in bad odor with numerous agriculturists for many moons thereafter.

He was a grafter from Graftsburg, this fellow was, and his particular graft was boiled tomato seed. He conceived the brilliant idea of furnishing the Department of Agriculture with large quantities of these seeds from the vegetable canneries of Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey, representing them to be the fresh product of the tomato vine and excellent for propagating purposes.

The fact that the tomato seeds had passed through boiling water in the process of canning and were therefore practically cooked and rendered unproductive did not bear a feather's weight on the fellow's conscience, for was not Uncle Sam regarded as common prey for all manner of grafters. He was backed by influence and the government bought liberal quantities of his boiled seeds.

When these were sent out in little manilla envelopes broadcast by members of Congress and others to farmers and even backyard gardeners in all parts of the land, labeled "Early Duchess tomato seeds," with full directions for planting, the government agents acted in perfect good faith. But at the expiration of the proper period and tomato vines failing to rear their heads from the soil where the cooked seed had been planted there arose a howl, long and bitter. The tomato crop is said to have been short that season, and so many protests were hurled at the Department of Agriculture by the injured ones that it became necessary, old employees say, to establish a new division temporarily in the department, known as "the division of protests and tomato seed inquiry," and for a time it was the busiest branch in the building of agriculture.

It Made a Difference.

Southern Orator—I wish to place in nomination a man whose brilliance of mind bedims the radiance of the noon-day sun; whose integrity is as firm and secure as rock-ribbed Port Arthur—

A Voice—Does the gentleman mean "before or after taking?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Not Looking for Work.

"I see Jonsy has shifted from cigars to a pipe. Is he trying to save money?"
"No; he is 'too lazy to bite the ends off his cigars."

TASKS IN RAILROAD BUILDING.

Two Carloads of Powder in One Blast—Mile of Track Costs \$250,000.

"Look out! Look out! It's going off!" was the wild cry heard a few days ago in Paw Paw, a small mountain enclave West Virginia town, on the new line of the Wabash, twenty miles east of Cumberland, when the ringing of bells and blowing of whistles gave the warning that in a few minutes the button would be pressed that would explode 8,000 pounds of giant powder in the rocky mountain side directly opposite and close to the town.

For three days the people of Paw Paw had watched men carrying can after can of powder into the tunnels dug into the face of rocks. As the number of cans disappearing in the mountain side increased the alarm of the people grew, and some in terror left the town, while those remaining filled their ears with cotton and waited for—they knew not what.

At last, when 325 cans of powder, 8,125 pounds, had been emptied in the arms extending right and left from the inner ends of the two 45-foot tunnels, wires laid and the tunnel closed, the electric button was pressed. There was a deep, rumbling report, the whole earth seemed to rock as though shaken by an earthquake and tons of rock plunged forward and toppled over into the canal and river.

Not a stone had been thrown a hundred feet toward the frenzied town, but 20,000 yards of rock had been torn from the mountain side and many precious days saved the contractors who are building the "link" connecting the Western Maryland Railroad at Cherry Run with the West Virginia Central Railroad at Cumberland, and thus bringing nearer realization George Gould's dream of making the Wabash Railroad an ocean to ocean line.

It was only the proximity of this blast to a town that made it particularly prominent on this railroad construction that is requiring a blast for almost every foot of the roadbed; in fact it was a small one in comparison to some that have been fired. In one blast, in Sidling Hill mountain, the charge consisted of 1,400 cans of powder, just two carloads, and when it was put off rocks weighing half a ton were hurled through the air hundreds of yards, across the Potomac River and striking telegraph poles along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad broke them off close to the ground.

It is this necessity for almost continuous blasting that has done much toward making this sixty-five mile strip of railroad construction the most expensive of any built in recent years, with the single exception of the line over which the Wabash enters Pittsburgh. The cost of building the first five miles from Cumberland averaged \$250,000 a mile and the average cost for the sixty-five miles is \$100,000 a mile. In building this connecting link, the Wabash has had to contend with an unusually large number of obstacles of a surprising variety, some placed in the way by nature, others by man.

Upon forty miles of this line there are engaged to-day 2,629 men, 300 animals, nine locomotives and nine steam shovels. For eighteen months there has been no cessation of labor, and it is hoped that in eight more the work will be completed.

An idea of the difficulties encountered can be formed from the fact that this line in forty miles crosses the Potomac River nine times, the Chesapeake and Ohio canal seven times, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad three times, passes through mountain ranges and spurs by five tunnels, varying in length from 700 feet to 4,400 feet, through ridges and hills by innumerable cuts, many of them over fifty feet deep through solid rock, and some almost a mile in length, and that a great portion of the road is being cut out of the rocky sides of mountain ranges, directly above the canal.

The first work was done on this connecting link on July 21, 1903, and the contract called for its completion in eighteen months. The delay and extra work occasioned by trouble with the canal rendered its completion within contract time an impossibility. It is only a fact that work is being rushed day and night, regardless of weather conditions and without regard to expense, that makes safe the prediction that not later than January 1, 1906, the Wabash will have this line open for traffic.

Dry Humor.

An Eastern rheumatic who was visiting in Southern Arizona was asked by the editor of one of the local dailies what he thought of that country.

"Wonderful dry air," said the invalid.

"Yes, everything is always as dry as dust out here," said the editor. "By the way, while you're stopping here for your health, you ought to let me send you my paper."

We would like to go back to the dear dead past long enough to settle this question: Did women in the long ago put a piece of red flannel in the lamp bowl for pretty's sake, or through some superstition about safety?