

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Strains of Modern Living.

ALL kinds of rubbish is being written about the awful strain of modern life and its disastrous effects upon those who are forced to dwell within the limits of a busy civilization instead of flying to a lodge in some vast wilderness. In fact, there has been so much said by one person and another about the degeneracy that is certain to follow life lived in the thick of things that any number of men and women are beginning to feel sorry for themselves.

Feeling sorry for yourself, it is worth while saying, can invest more time and sympathy with less profit than any other occupation a man can take up.

If a man drinks cocktails before each meal, highballs between meals, tea and coffee at regular intervals, smokes numerous strong cigars, eats too much, is out in the open air not at all and ends his day with a bottle of wine and a midnight supper, something disagreeable is coming to him if he will only keep it up long enough.

But he need not lay the result of his own gluttony and abuse of alcohol and tobacco and other habits of the sort to civilization or to the awful strain of life in the twentieth century.

The proof of it lies in a decreasing death rate all over America and Europe. A really degenerate race begins to die out—it does not go on living longer and longer.

It may be true that there are more men and women in rest cures than there used to be—but as there used to be no rest cures for them to go to it is reasonably clear that there are lives being saved now that had to be given up heretofore.

It is also said that there are more insane persons than formerly. Insane persons used to die in a comparatively short time, and comparatively few of them were ever restored to health and usefulness. Many more used to die before insanity showed itself, who are now preserved. Statistics of that kind are generally misleading, since they take only one aspect of the case into account.

Men who do not eat and drink to excess, who make play a part of their work and who stick to life in the open whenever they get a chance, need not worry about stress and strain in modern or any other life.—Chicago Journal.

The Rod in School.

SCHOOL principals are naturally divided over the restoration of corporal punishment in the schools, but the majority in favor of the request is very large. That ought to be conclusive with the Board of Education, for the simple reason that the principals who do not believe in whipping, or who can govern without it, will not have to resort to it because the board permits it. It is a matter of discretion, and every tendency toward reposing a larger discretion in the principal, and then holding him accountable for the results, ought to be encouraged. Some men can govern boys without the rod, and any man can govern some boys—indeed, most boys—without the rod. But there are exceptional cases among boys and among principals, and the rules should make allowances and give authority for those special cases.

The fact is that our schools have run mad over the idea of uniformity. The tendency everywhere is to seek to turn out children as much alike as two patent rockers from the same factory. Now, children are not alike by nature, and the chief value of education is to train a child to use advantageously those faculties in which he is strongest. The moment the fact is discovered that a certain percentage of children can do so much work in a certain time, the course of study is gauged up to that speed, and the teachers are expected to spur up the dullards to it so as to make a good showing of "ground covered." Most children can be governed without corporal punishment, and the same effort to adapt all children to this majority rule resulted in prohibiting flogging. Undoubtedly, flogging used to be overdone, but the effort to get along without it is as mischievous as the overdoing, because it gives an ugly boy an undue sense of his own power and importance, a trait which is sure to lead him into mischief in the outside world. Neither parent nor teacher should flog a child in a temper, but it must be remembered that the offense which tends to rouse the teacher's temper is not committed in the presence of the principal. He

meets the offender in a cool and unbiassed state of mind, like a court of appeals. Under such circumstances the chance of a principal's flogging a boy unjustly to gratify either his sense of power or his own brutal nature is very slight. If a principal flogs in such a spirit and without cause, he ought to be tried and dismissed. Because one man in a hundred misuses a power is no reason why the other ninety-nine should be deprived of the power when they need it to maintain discipline. The principals say they do need the liberty to flog in emergencies, and they are the best judges of the situation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Electricity on the Farm.

THE utilization of windmills for the production of electrical energy for farm lighting and farm work has been one of the dreams of those who have been watching the development of electric lighting and electric transmission for mechanical purposes. The hope behind this dreaming has been strengthened by the introduction of the telephone in rural communities, where sometimes the wire fences are utilized for lines of communication.

Windmills are now generally used on farms for the firing of water for the stock and for fire protection. They have been so improved by inventive genius that they are now almost as efficient as steam engines for the purposes for which they are installed. It is therefore not extravagant to believe that some day farmhouses will be lighted with electricity developed by the wind, and perhaps in some instances certain light farm machines may be operated by electric currents from storage batteries which are replenished whenever the wind is strong enough to operate the dynamo.

The Danish government has been experimenting in this direction, with satisfactory results. It found that the dynamo could not be coupled direct to the motor with good result, but that a regulating device was necessary. This was provided by the use of a belt whose tension was kept constant by a movable counterweight. A switch was interposed between the dynamo and the battery, to open and close automatically and keep the charging current constant. A writer in the Canadian Engineer explains these experiments and states that a small plant installed in this way has been operating at Askov and supplying the inhabitants of that place with light. The plant has a gasoline engine as a reserve, for use when the wind is light. It is said that this plant has brought in a net revenue of 12½ per cent on the original investment.

The use of gasoline vapor power as an auxiliary in this case is interesting. It will strengthen the belief that the utilization of electricity in rural communities and on the farm is not far distant. The gasoline motor is being developed to a high state of efficiency by the demand for speedy automobiles and auto-boats, and eventually these engines may be utilized with profit on railways as well as on boats of commercial size. Electricity would reduce the danger of fire on the farm, by enabling farmers to light their barns without the use of lanterns, and to do away with matches and lamps in other work in the neighborhood of inflammable materials.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Christianity in Japan.

THERE is nothing very remarkable in the report from Japan that a movement is on foot, supported by many eminent men, to found a church pro-Christian in character but independent in its lines. When Buddhism was disestablished and disendowed in the early "seventies" of the last century, owing to the momentary ascendancy of Shinto, which is merely vague ancestor and nature worship, it was prophesied by acute foreign observers that Japan would either adopt Christianity or become frankly materialistic. It will not be owing to any lack of energy on the part of European and American missionaries if the former course is discarded. Here is one forecast published just fourteen years ago: "To make all Japan Christian by edict some fine morning is not on the program of the Japanese statesman of the hour. But that something of the kind should happen within the next twenty years is not nearly so unlikely as many things that have actually happened in this land of realized improbabilities."—London Chronicle.

such an absurdity?" The merchant was angry, insulting, triumphant.

The agent rose. He felt that the deal was off anyway, and that he had earned the luxury of a few plain words.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I've been here twelve times, have I not?" "I can well believe it!" snapped the merchant.

"And I have spent hours and days you know nothing about finding out all about you and your affairs, and laying out my facts so they'd appeal to you."

"Well?"

"Well, if the world wasn't full of obstinate idiots like you, who have to have a good thing hammered clear through their skulls before they recognize it, my company wouldn't need to employ men of intelligence like me to do the work."

The merchant looked apoplectic for a moment; then as the humorous side of it struck him he began to chuckle. His chuckle grew into a laugh, and with his good humor restored he saw a new light on the agent's figures. The solicitor was as surprised as his victim when he went away with the signature he had been working for.

Caught by the Cry.

"Coo-e-e" is the curious cry that was one of the signals of the native blacks of Australia. The cry was speedily adopted by the invading whites. The final "e" is a very high note, a sort of prolonged screech that resounds for long distances through the bush and

thus enables separated persons to ascertain their relative positions. On one notable occasion this peculiar cry was heard in London. A dashing bushranger made his appearance one morning in front of a bank in Ballarat and coolly posted a notice on the door to the effect that the place would be closed for an hour.

Entering, he terrorized the officials with his revolver and got clear away with \$30,000. Some time afterward the authorities received information that the man had been seen in London. One day a detective thought he espied his man in the Strand; but, not being quite sure, he hit upon an expedient. He uttered a piercing "Coo-e-e."

Passersby stood fixed in astonishment, but the Australian, acting on the spur of the moment and recognizing the familiar sound, hastened to the person who uttered it. He was promptly arrested and was taken back to Australia.—Chicago News.

How She Won Out.

Gladys—Papa says you're a loafer, Jack.

Jack—What reason has he for entertaining such an opinion of me as that?

Gladys—He says you spend three or four evenings here every week without having any apparent purpose in coming.—Chicago Tribune.

If the bride and groom are disappointed, they shouldn't show it under three weeks; the public doesn't expect it any sooner.

OLD Favorites

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.
—Horatius Bonar.

WORTH MEASURED BY MONEY.

Dangerous Mercenary Spirit permeating American Life.

It is too much the fashion in this country of rapidly developing wealth to measure success by a mercenary standard, to estimate the worth and abilities of men by the amount of money they accumulate. Drawing a contrast between the kind of men who once attracted attention on the streets of New York and those who are now pointed out as the important personages, Father Ducey says:

"To-day the question is: 'Do you see that man across the street? Well, he is worth \$50,000,000. Do you see that man behind him? He is worth \$100,000,000—made last week in Wall street.' It is old money bags on all sides. Never is the man of intellect, the savant, the critic, the literateur pointed out in public. The question about the lawyer, the doctor, even the clergyman, of to-day is: 'What fee did he get? Lawyer So-and-So got \$100,000 for obtaining Mrs. Blank's divorce. Dr. So-and-So got \$50,000 for a vermiform appendix operation.' Never an allusion to the learning of the lawyer or the skill of the surgeon in the operation. Even priests of God talk about the income of the parish, instead of the influence they are wielding."

The spirit of materialism seems to be uppermost. Commercialism is the altar at which there is too much ardent worship. The developer of wealth is useful; the mere money getter is of little benefit to anybody, and is in no sense an inspiring picture or a model to be imitated. Recently Dr. Hadley of Yale declared:

"There is no danger that the country will even feel the lack of money makers. What we do need to fear is the possibility of a lack of public spirited men who think not of themselves first. History, whatever is studied in school, is intended to broaden the mind and sympathies. This spirit is growing in this country. We want men who stand for ideals, who make life worth living."

We believe this spirit is growing—will grow as we grow older as a nation and as civilization advances. We are living and have been living in a period of wealth-developing, of money making, of industrialism and commercialism in which have grown up colossal fortunes through the development of the enormous natural advantages of this wonderful country. In such a period of industrialism success is apt to be measured by individual wealth of earning capacity. But we shall come more and more to understand and appreciate the true standard; to estimate men, not in dollars and cents, but according to their real worth. The world's greatest benefactors have been men who lived and died poor in material wealth. The scholar, the patriot, the statesman, the artist, the scientist, the teacher, the moral exemplar, these in the greatness of their work, make the more money grubber seem meanly

small. There is too much worship of wealth, but it is not universal, and wealth itself is poor and feeble as compared with the power of thought and the spirit which moves men to work toward the highest human ideals.—Nashville American.

BUYING A PAIR OF CRUTCHES.

Odd Experience of the Purchaser in One Place that He Went To.

"Now, this, you know," said the narrator, "I thought was an odd experience.

"A friend of mine who broke his leg the other day sent me to buy him a pair of crutches, and he wanted a cheap pair. He didn't expect to break his leg very often and he didn't see any use of locking up a lot of capital in a pair of gaudy crutches.

"But at the first place I went to that was the only kind they had—handsome crutches, rosewood, silver mounted and that sort of thing, very pretty crutches, but costing more than I wanted to pay, and so I started away to look elsewhere.

"As I was going down the stairs from the place I heard somebody calling me, and, looking back, I saw, three or four steps up, a woman near whom I had been standing when I was asking for the crutches on the floor above. She had heard me ask and seen me turn away, and she had followed me out, and now she was calling to me on the stairs.

"Young man," she was saying, "I have at my home—and she gave me her address in a fine West Side street in the seventies—a pair of crutches that I have no further use for that I would like to give you. I will give you my card, and you can just go right up there and get them."

"Well, it is part of my business not to be feazed by anything. I try to be always ready for whatever may turn up, but I will admit that this offer of a pair of crutches, in this situation, on the stairs, by a handsomely dressed woman who spoke as one with authority, accustomed to control wherever she was, but who was clearly making this offer to me out of the purest kindness, did a little bit to surprise me.

"I gathered myself together in a minute and took off my hat and thanked her as politely as I could and told her I couldn't think of taking them. She said I'd better, that they were nice crutches and that I could have them just as well as not, but I thanked her again and begged to decline them, and then she went back up the stairs and I went on my way to another place where they sell crutches.

"And there I found crutches, not so nice, to be sure, as those I saw at the first place, but serviceable enough, at such prices that a man could afford to buy two pairs of them and use them both at once if he wanted to. I bought a pair of these, and my friend is now hobbling about on them quite comfortably. But that was an odd experience in the first crutch place, hey?"—New York Sun.

PLAN NEW OVERLAND ROUTE.

Canadians to Build a Line 3,500 Miles to the Coast.

The length of the main line—the new transcontinental railroad in Canada—from Monoton to Port Simpson, is estimated at 3,500 miles. It is expected to cost in the neighborhood of \$125,000,000, of which \$85,000,000 are for the eastern section, to be built by the government, and \$40,000,000 for the western section, to be built by the railway company.

In addition to the main line there are several projected branches, some to connect with the principal towns and cities to the south of the railway, and others to open up new districts still farther north. Nothing here has been definitely decided, but it is practically certain that, in the east, branches will connect the new transcontinental railway with Montreal, Toronto, Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William; while in the west branches will be built to Regina, Calgary, Prince Albert and other important centers in the wheat and ranching districts.

In British Columbia connection will probably be made with a line running north from Vancouver, and a branch line will run north to Dawson City. A possible development of the future may be a branch from some point on the eastern section extending northward to Hudson Bay. Railways to Hudson Bay have been projected and chartered time and again during the last 10 or 15 years, but have always fallen through because of the immense expense involved and the uncertainty as to the forthcoming profits for many years after completion. With the new transcontinental road opening up so much of northern Canada, the cost of a branch to Hudson Bay would be materially reduced and its commercial success correspondingly increased.—Success

Apples as "Nightcaps."

The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Every one ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night.—Family Doctor.

TIME FOR PLAIN SPEECH.

A clever insurance agent had labored long to close a contract with a wealthy merchant whom he wished to insure for \$100,000, says the World's Work. The merchant was what is known among agents as a "tough proposition," and the solicitor's eloquence ran from him like water from a duck's back. The agent, with all his professional pride roused, redoubled his efforts. At last the merchant swung round in his swivel chair, and fixed him with a cold, gray eye.

"Young man," he said, "if you can satisfy me on one point I'll take the policy."

The agent braced himself for the encounter. "I guess I can," he said.

"Well, then," said the merchant, pointing a big finger sternly at him, "how much do you get out of this first \$1,000 which I am to 'invest' as you call it?"

"I have no objection personally to telling you," said the agent, "but I have agreed not to give the exact figures."

"Is it half?"

"Yes, more than that."

"More than half! And will you kindly inform me why I should pay you more than \$2,000? Do I get anything from it? What reason is there for