EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Telephone in War.

AMONG many things which the Japanese have done during the war which they are now waging and which have attracted the attention of the world their use of the telephone is one. As each advance was made or a trench was dug connections were made with headquarters by telephone. Thus, not only was all important information transmitted immediately to the commander, but fighting was directed from the latter point by the same means. The comander was able to direct the fire of the guns and to order advances when the proper time arrived. The telephone in this service has taken the place of the courier and does the work better and more quickly. By its ability to communicate instantly with many and widely separated points not only are the army's operations directed more effectively, but one commander is enabled to control a larger force than was possible under the old system. Could Field Marshal Oyama have directed the operations of 400,000 men and have timed his strokes so exactly had he been forced to depend upon the orders carried by horse? How could he have controlled a fighting line a hundred miles long? Without the telephone the operations would have been carried on by a number of generals, each acting according to a certain plan, but depending largely upon his own judgment for what to do and when to do it. That the fight would have been carried on as bravely none can doubt, but the telephone co-ordinated the actions of each division and reduced the armies to one vast machine. Nothing was left to chance; every stroke was correctly timed, and the Commander-in-Chief was at once informed of its result. Even the flying columns were followed by the engineering corps, and the result of every skirmish and the taking of every village were known within a short time at headquarters.—Electrical Review.

Breach of Promise.

BREACH of promise suits are generally food for merriment, but it is often very serious business. In one of the cases the defense contended that there had been no explicit promise of marriage, but it was admitted that the defendant "kept company" with the plaintiff "eleven years." We know nothing of this particular case, nor want to know, but that touch, "kept company eleven years," is a hint of the greatest, deepest and most irremediable tragedies of town, country and village life. This custom of long engagements, or, where there is no formal engagement, this "keeping company" in such a way that if an engagement does not exist it ought to, is one of the characteristic marks of a dull or stagnant or careless community. A young man begins to call frequently on a young woman of character and prospects, and continues to make his attentions more assiduous, until finally by general consent they are marked as belonging to one another. Other young men respect the romance, and eventually this young woman becomes as one set apart and destined. The years speed on, and her old playmates among the girls are long ago married, her contemporaries among the boys have gone to the city or are attending to their own families, and she is left alone with the man who, by all the rules of decency, ought to have married her long since or else have ceased his attentions. And then this man concludes, after the lapse of five, ten or fifteen years, that he either does not care to marry, or that he will marry another girl. There is no more bitter nor more pitiful tragedy than this in life.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cost of Dress.

THE controversy that has arisen over the amount which a woman should spend for dress in a year merely goes to prove what widely different standards of "necessity" there are in this country. Mr. Edward Atkinson made the statement that a woman can clothe herself properly on $65 a year. A Kansas City newspaper submitted this estimate to a number of women, and, as might be expected, some thought it reasonable, while others held it to be a ridiculously inadequate amount. One woman, in giving her opinion, said: "The matter of dress is much like any other of the items of living. If you are earning only $25 a week, and you are sensible, you will have your table supplied according to that income. When your salary increases, your ideas and demands grow also, and you spend more. The enlarged income really makes very little difference, after all. Most people grow with the possibility of spending more money." There is much sound economic truth in that remark. The advanced cost of living is influenced not only by the higher prices charged for certain necessities, but also by the higher standard of living and the inclusion as necessities of an increasing number of what were formerly luxuries. There are women in every community who dress respectably on as small an amount as Mr. Atkinson named, probably on less. But much depends on the scale of living adopted and the personal taste. The increase in the cost of clothes, like the advance in the whole cost of living, has come, as we have said, not only through the higher prices of articles, but also from the gain in the number and variety to keep up with the present extremely high standard.—Boston Herald.

Politics and the Pulpit.

SHALL the pulpit take part in politics? This old question is presented with recurring prominence. It may be noted that the most vigorous negative comes from those who fall most directly under the ministerial condemnation.

"Let the preachers stick to religion and keep out of politics" howls the man with a city job. The man of cloth, with a liberal politician in his congregation of something of a pull himself, is prone to echo the cry.

But where is the logic? Must the man who is devoting his life to the teaching of morality talk only of the wickedness of those who have been dead for thousands of years? What would be said of a minister who saw a murder committed and refused to raise a hand on behalf of the victim if he argued that the prevention of the crime was no part of his business? Must he stand supinely by and witness gambling, municipal jobbery and kindred vices go unchecked, yet fear to raise his voice because forsooth, he would not be talking "religion?"

It would be interesting to know just what ideals of priestly ethics are held by those who advocate depriving the minister of the gospel of the right to free speech as a public citizen and leader of thought. Certainly the rule is not accepted in other countries, for it is announced that Dr. Gore, recently enthroned as first bishop of Birmingham, England, has "a passion for social reform and ardor for securing the highest ideals in the government of state."

It does not follow that the views advanced in this regard by the pulpit are correct, for it scarcely claims to speak ex-cathedra on such topics, but the argument that it must be barred from discussing public affairs or pointing out public wrong must be open to the suspicion of being inspired by those who fear such potent criticism.—Indianapolis Sun.

Are Old Men Useless?

DR. OSLER'S opinion, expressed in his address at the Johns Hopkins University, that "men above 40 years of age" are "comparatively useless" and men above 60 are absolutely useless, will hardly command general assent. In a profession like his, where theories and methods of treatment are constantly changing—and not always for the better—it may require a man under 40 to keep up with the new fashions. But "keeping up with the procession" is not the same thing as true progressiveness. In true sanity and sound discretion the man of 60, even in medicine, is often safer than the man under 40. In other professions and lines of business where experience, long training and absence of the impulsiveness of youth are necessary, the sexagenarian is generally regarded as the better man for counsel, if not for execution. It is easy in a profession whose mistakes are hidden underground to mistake the confident decisions of hasty youth for wisdom, but in other lines of effort age finds larger appreciation. Possibly the learned professor meant merely to be jocose. It is a good joke to suggest the chloroforming of everybody over 60, but as a serious proposition the retiring of men over 40 won't do at all. Much of the world's best work is done by men over 50.—Baltimore American.

A QUEER OLD STOVE.

Before the year 1760 very little was known of stoves, and only in few places were they then manufactured, for their use was a luxury to be indulged in and enjoyed only by the wealthy. The open fireplace was all that was known prior to that time, and while many of the smaller buildings and huts were comfortably heated in this fashion, and food was prepared for the table, many of the larger buildings could never be heated to any degree of comfort during the cold winter months, and the comforts enjoyed at the present date were undreamed of in those primitive times.

What is probably the oldest stove in the eastern part of the United States is now a permanent fixture in George H. Danner's relic-room in Manheim Borough, Pennsylvania. This stove was years ago owned by Henry Eby, a chairmaker by occupation, after whose death it was sold to A. Bates Grubb, of Philadelphia, whose intention it was to present it to the Pennsylvania Historical Society. In the meantime he learned that Mr. Danner was desirous of having it for his museum, so the stove was finally presented to him, to be kept for the people of Manheim for all time.

H. W. Stiegel, whose name the stove bears, was the founder of the town, laying it out and naming it after his home, Mannheim, in Baden, Germany. He was an eccentric German baron, who was one of the pioneers in the iron industry in this country, and owner of Elizabeth Furnace, which is located near the village of Brickerville, Elizabeth Township, where there is a huge cinder bank and a few old, crumbling walls to mark the spot of the once busy industrial establishment.

The furnace turned out large numbers of these stoves, and at first they aroused a great deal of curiosity, and people came long distances to see

A QUEER OLD STOVE.

them. They were large, square, box-like affairs, resting on curved scroll legs, and weighing something like six hundred and fifty pounds.

The wood stove shown in the illustration is adorned in front with the rural scene of a house and trees. The sides are decorated with scroll-work, and the name, "H. W. Stiegel, Elizabeth Furnace, 1769," stands out in bold relief. On the back is elegant scroll work, a huntsman's horn and pheasants. Over the top, resting on a short section of pipe, was a huge drum or heater.

The oldest stove in this country was made just two years previous to the Stiegel stove. It is owned by the Michigan Stove Company, and is at present on exhibition in Minneapolis, Minn. This stove is in the form of an old-fashioned box-stove, standing upon legs, or end supports, similar to those of a sewing machine, only that they are about half as high and of much heavier casting. The total weight of this stove is five hundred pounds. It is three feet long, thirty-two inches high and one foot wide, with a hearth extending in front.—Ladies' World.

A Long Run.

A long suffering traveler on a single-track railroad ventured to complain to an attendant of the exasperating unpunctuality of the service.

The employe remonstrated in virtuous indignation.

"I've been on this line now upwards of eight years——" he began.

"Have you, indeed?" interrupted the other sympathetically. "At what station did you get on?" The attendant did not pursue the subject.

Doing Her Own Cooking.

Mrs. Church—What makes you think she's lost her cook?

Mrs. Gotham—Because her husband is sick.—Yonkers Statesman.

If you must run away from the law don't visit your kin. They don't want you, and that's where the police look.

OLD Favorites

Dublin Bay.

They sailed away in a gallant bark,
Roy Neal and his fair young bride;
They had ventured all in that bounding ark,
That danced o'er the silv'ry tide;
But their hearts were young and spirits light,
And they dashed the tears away
As they watched the shore recede from sight
Of their own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sailed when a storm arose,
And the lightning swept the deep;
When the thunder crash broke the short repose
Of the weary sailor's sleep.
Roy Neal he clasped his weeping bride,
And he kissed the tears away.
"Oh, love, 'twas a fearful hour," he cried,
"When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship
Some fell in their mute despair,
But some more calm, with a holier lip,
Sought the God of storm in prayer.
"She has struck on a rock," the seamen cried,
In the depth of their wild dismay;
And the ship went down with that fair young bride,
That sailed from Dublin Bay.
—Mrs. Crawford.

The World Is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!
—William Wordsworth.

At Parting.

Until we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words that men repeat
At parting in the street.
Ah, yes, till then, but when death intervening
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
We wait for the again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting as we feel it who must stay,
Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one loved face.
—Longfellow.

TOWN PRAYS FOR GIRL BAND.

Five Norfolk Society Damsels Leave Home to Go on Stage.

Three weeks ago Miss Tessie Dixon was a demure young teacher in Norfolk's public schools, says a Norfolk (Neb.) special to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. To-day, dressed in a flaming suit of red, with big brass buttons, she parades the streets of a southern city, playing a long slide trombone for life (and so much "per"), while with her are four other Norfolk society girls.

For the girls have gone on the stage. They didn't aspire to the histrionic positions held by Maud Adams nor Ellen Terry, but they did want to get out in the world and see "sights" which were not afforded by a country town. There were five of them—all chums, Gertrude Austin, Mora Dixon, Tessie Dixon, Lydia Wheeler and Maude Mayhew were their names and they were as pretty and as well brought up as any set of girls in northern Nebraska. Their parents were well-to-do and the girls held high positions in the local society.

They were musically inclined and about a year ago, with the assistance of a number of other girls in their own class, formed a brass band—"Norfolk's Ladies' Band," it was called, and it was a good one, too.

The girls became proficient and in time they were engaged by the manager of the opera house to furnish the music at the theater. It was great fun—and they got to meet all the actors, too.

But a few weeks ago the Chase-Lister company played a week's engagement in Norfolk. The manager liked the playing of the girls—and, incidentally, their good looks. He offered the whole bunch—or band, rather—engagements for the entire season. The company was going South, making a tour of the smaller cities throughout Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and other Southern States.

The girls went wild. There wasn't and adventure promised was worth struggling for. "Would they accept?" "Yes, they would."

But the mammas and papas decreed otherwise. "Our daughters go on the stage? No, they won't."

And the sweethearts of the girls, they, too, objected. Several of the girls were engaged and the combined influence of the prospective grooms was added to the weight of the "kicks" of the parents.

The girls began to waver. First one, then another, deserted the ranks of the band, until there remained just five, who said they were determined to go "on the stage." The prayers of the parents and the upbraidings of the sweethearts were outweighed by the glittering promises of the theatrical manager—especially when the girls saw the nice, nobby new uniforms in which they would be bedecked.

Secretly every girl in town envied the "jolly five" when their time came to leave town. Dressed in their red uniforms, the girls were escorted to the depot by their parents and friends. In the end the parental consent was obtained by the five who were steadfast to the faith and at the depot the mothers and fathers gave their blessing and the train pulled out.

But the older residents of the town, fearful of the temptations which beset the theatrical profession, have asked the prayers of the church for the girls.

So strong became the religious feeling for the welfare of the "Theater Girls" (as they are now known) a special prayer meeting was held one night, the entire time being given up to petitions for the absentees. But the girls don't believe they need any prayers. They write back to their friends here that they are having the time of their lives and say they intend to stay by the theatrical business as long as they live.

WAR'S CASUALTIES ENORMOUS.

Number of Killed and Wounded in 1904 Will Exceed 400,000.

Ascertaining losses by war operations is a very difficult task, and yet approximate results have been secured, says Leslie's Weekly. It is noteworthy, but no occasion for surprise, that the number killed and wounded in war during 1904 greatly exceeds that of 1903 by reason of the sanguinary contest between Japan and Russia, in which lives have been recklessly sacrificed. The total loss for the year is about 400,000, as compared with 86,000 in 1903, 25,000 in 1902 and 3,000 in 1901.

The total losses in the Russo-Japanese war have not been officially stated, but from the most reliable unofficial accounts they will amount to at least 370,000. Other losses have been as follows: Armenia, including massacres, 7,864; Tibet, 6,492; Philippines, 3,239; Sumatra, 2,379; Africa, 3,714; Uruguay, 2,035; Macedonia, 820; Santo Domingo, 240; Bulgaria, 239; Morocco, 50; Arabia, 40.

Wellington used to say that it was impossible to tell the number of men lost by the French. Nevertheless he put 30,000 or 40,000 as the number on both sides killed at Waterloo. Sanguinary as has been the recent fighting between the Russian and Japanese armies, the results are less terrible than those of that day. Experience is teaching us that, murderous as are the weapons of modern make, the actual mortality in the battles of to-day is not as heavy as in the time when armaments were not, on paper, so deadly.

At Leipsic, where 460,000 men were engaged, 90,000 men were lost. At Sadowa there were 430,000 men, of whom the Prussians lost 1,147 officers and 8,794 men, and the Austrians 30,000. At Borodino there were 74,000 casualties; at La Belle Alliance 61,000. In our Civil War the greatest battle was at the Wilderness, where of the 142,000 Federals, one-seventh were lost, and of the 52,000 Confederates a corresponding proportion. Deadlier still was Pittsburg Landing, where General Grant lost 25 per cent of his men.

A Stickler for Promptness.

A certain merchant in Boston is noted for being a stickler in the matter of promptness, to the extent that he has been known to walk out of church because the services did not begin promptly, and to leave his sister alone in a strange city because she was four minutes late in keeping an appointment. Not long ago he overheard a forceful exposition of his peculiarity.

He had walked out to his stable and was about to go in when he heard the new groom within say to the coachman, "Is it thrue, Dolan, that the boss is cracked about doing things on time, and goes into a fit whin anybody is late?"

"Thrue Thrue?" cried Dolan. "Let me tell you, Ryan, how thrue it is. If the boss had promised to mate himself at Iliven o'clock and was late, he'd find himself gone whin he got there. That's how thrue it is!"

Can Tell When It's Rough.

Patience—Do you think you can tell anything about a man by his face?

Prudence—Certainly; I can tell if he has shaved.—Yonkers Statesman.

Gossip has wonderful acoustic properties.