



# EDITORIALS



Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## An Exchange of Blood.

**T**HE emigration of American farmers into Canada is assuming proportions that are phenomenal. A writer in Collier's Weekly gives figures showing that it has reached the rate of 50,000 a year. And he gives reasons which it would be well to think about in this country. The truth is, he says, that this heira of good citizens is due to the frauds that have been practiced in regard to our own public lands and that "the westward tide has bumped into the unyielding front of ranch, timber land and mining tract grabs, and so turns north into Canada—ere long in numbers of 100,000 a year—birthright plundered expatriates!"

When we measure up these 50,000 good American farmers lost to us every year and the undesirable part of that other host of foreign immigrants dumped upon us in their stead, the prospect is not cheering. The citizenship of this country must deteriorate woefully if these currents continue to increase in volume as they have increased in the last decade. Meanwhile an amusing phase of the situation lies in the fact that England is showing uneasiness over the American conquest of Canada. The English Economic Review recently had an article laying stress upon the idea that Americans go into Canada thoroughly imbued with the Monroe doctrine and determined to become the controlling political quantity.

This, of course, is merely a nightmare. Few American farmers of the class that are going into Canada know or care anything about the Monroe doctrine. They are going there to build homes, to develop the lands and to make money. They have more concern for their crops than for all the politics in the world. It is not a political conquest of Canada by American farmers that England needs to fear. It is an industrial and commercial conquest. It is the United States which has real cause to feel alarm over the condition. The wholesale exchange of good stock for bad cannot fail to have evil effect upon us politically and industrially. And yet if the farmers who are going over the line to the north will assimilate Canada as thoroughly as we have thus far assimilated the foreign immigrants, we may be happy under one flag.—Chicago Journal.

## The Business Woman's Prob'ns.

**W**HY the woman who works for a living is usually more nervous and in less exuberant health generally than the man who works, has been a matter for much discussion in clubs and newspapers, and without any satisfactory verdict having been reached, but there are those who do not find it hard to understand the phenomenon.

The man who works usually does one sort of work. He is a physician, a lawyer, or a clerk, and when he has closed his office door for the day, if he is a sensible man, he puts in the remainder of the time enjoying himself in whatever way best suits him.

And the woman who works—well, she is usually jack of a dozen trades and master of none.

When she comes home from her office it occurs to her that there are a half a dozen pairs of stockings to be darned—and she sets to work forthwith on this nerve-tearing work. When the stockings are finished, she is just as likely as not to sew on the lace that the laundress has ripped off a skirt, and she goes to bed with her head aching and absolutely unrefreshed.

In the morning she remembers that there are a dozen little lace collars to be laundered, for they were much too fragile to go in the general laundry, and that afternoon she gives over to the "doing-up" of these troublesome little things, adding a couple of white belts, three pairs of white gloves and a veil to the pile.

When she has finished with these, her back is aching,

and she is glad to lie down and read by the light of a distant and dim gas jet, thereby bringing on the ills that come from eye strain.

She discovers the next afternoon that her hair needs washing, and she spends a good two hours at this hard work. She doesn't feel that she can afford the seventy-five cents or \$1 that a hair-dresser would charge her for this service, and which the latter can do much better than she can do it herself, and so she expends her strength that is worth more to her than money, in half-doing this work.

She manures her own nails when she should be taking a nap, and makes shirt waists when she should be exercising in the open. She makes caramels by way of fun, and fusses over them until she herself admits that she is "half dead."

She finds things for herself to do that really needn't be done, and by the end of the summer she is a limp and nerve-racked rag.

"But I have to keep nice," she wails, "and I cannot afford to hire some one to do my mending and to groom my hair and nails!"

It is, indeed, a problem how the business woman shall manage, but, nevertheless, these are some of the reasons why she who works for a living is usually a thin and anemic person, who looks haggard and old before her time.—Baltimore News.

## The Mind of the Petty Juror.

**S**OME day science will have progressed far enough in the investigation of the more complex mechanism of the animal body for an authoritative answer to be given to the question, Has a petty juror any reasoning powers? At the present time all jurors, by a legal fiction handed down from the time of the Saxons, have the ability to comprehend simple statements of facts, but like most legal fictions, this one has been inconveniently disproved. Only the other day, in the Superior Court, a jury, after listening to the suit of a man who wanted the rent for a hotel which he had leased to two women who sold their interest to a third, awarded him precisely one dollar in lieu of the \$2,400 everybody admitted was coming to him. The decision of this sapient company of calculators was that the ones who sold possession did not owe any rent, the one that owed the rent should not have any possession, and that the owner should look to God and not to his bond. A careful consideration of this judgment proves at least one fact that has been bitterly disputed: Jurors have instincts. They know when it is dinner time and when it is quitting time. Excellently well-termed Petty Jury!—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Why the Postal Deficit.

**T**HE deficit of \$12,000,000 in the postal department for the fiscal year calls renewed attention to the outrageous manner in which the government is held up by the railroads in the matter of charges for the transportation of the mails. It is well known that the general public has to pay unfair prices, but the general shipping public escapes comparatively easy by the side of the government. The government pays about eight times as much pound for pound, as the express companies pay on the same trains, and the government pays rent for the postal cars, while the express companies pay nothing for the express cars. But every effort to secure fair transportation rates for the mails is effectually blocked by the railroads. When it is remembered that the government pays the railroads upward to \$35,000,000 a year for transporting the mails the public may have a better idea of why the railroad managers take so much interest in electing congressmen and senators, and securing pliable officials in the various departments of the "P. O. D."—The Commoner.

## Sugar Is Strength-Giving.

Various reasons have been assigned for the increase in stature and strength of the modern maiden, who has most certainly grown uncommonly tall and proportionately muscular during the last few years. It cannot be that outdoor sports, gymnastic exercises and so on have stretched her out and made her as strong as she is, because her brothers have had precisely the same advantages and they have not developed at the same rate. The secret lies in the fact that of recent years girls have become far greater consumers of sweetmeats than were their mothers and grandmothers.

Time was when we should never have dreamed of having sweets on our luncheon, dinner and tea tables. Now it would be quite extraordinary were one not to offer these dainties. And, what is more, we are not merely content to eat sweetmeats at our meals, but we consume them at all times and in all places between meals. It was recently said that boxes of bonbons play a conspicuous part in modern love-making, "sweets to the sweet" being apparently the text by which every young man of the day guides himself through the devious paths of courtship.

The great Russian wrestler who is shortly to enter again into contest with the Turk, Madral, tells us—at the more sweet stuff one eats the stronger one grows. Sugar is the secret of strength, he declares.—London World.

## His Title.

"If it were customary in this country to confer titles upon men who go in for literature, what should I be?" asked a conceited journalist of his editor. "Baron of Ideas," was the terse reply.

## LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Five early Shakspeare quartos, property of an English collector, were sold in London recently.

It has been suggested that the children of the nation, who knew and loved the writings of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, long-time editor of St. Nicholas, should unite in subscribing funds for a memorial tribute in the shape of a monument.

Librarians have their own sources of amusement. At the New York library a demand for "Abraham Nights" came from the heart of the Jewish section. "Young Soup of a Cargo," was the approximation to "The Young Supercargo" that a lad made. Miss Johnston's "To Have and to Hold" had two original titles bestowed upon it, "Get It and Keep It" and "Two Halves and Two Wholes."

Booth Tarkington has among the curios in his New York City apartment a boomerang. A magazine editor said of the odd weapon the other day: "I do not believe that a native can handle a boomerang so that it will return to the precise spot it started from." "I believe it," said Tarkington. "Why, a magazine writer can do the very same thing with his manuscript if he incloses a stamped envelope."

A suit for \$25,000, involving the dramatic rights in "A Corner in Coffee," has just been brought by Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady against the Ess Ess Publishing Company. The novelette was published in the Smart Set, and Dr. Brady claims that he sold only the serial rights in the story; the company that it purchased also the right of dramatization. The royalties are to be deposited with a trust company pending the outcome of the suit.

The London Academy is authority for the statement that an appeal is being made to the public by the "Bret Harte Assistance Fund" in behalf of Bret Harte's daughter, Ethel. Harte died in poor circumstances, leaving his daughter unprovided for. She has been striving to earn a living on the concert platform and the stage, but her health has broken down. The genuineness of the appeal is guaranteed by George Meredith, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir George Newnes and others of the committee.

Miss Myra Kelly, whose sketches of East Side child life in New York appeared in McClure's, and won her great praise, was married to Allan Macnaughton, of Teaneck, N. J., late in August. Miss Kelly is an Irish girl, born in Dublin. Her father is a practicing physician in New York. She taught school on the East Side and there gathered material for the tales that have made her a literary reputation. Mr. Macnaughton is manager of the Standard Coach and Horse Company and lives at Teaneck on the William Walter Phelps estate, which comprises 200 acres of the finest land in New Jersey.

## DEATH RATE AMONG DOCTORS.

That of 1904 Was Higher than Normal Among the Population of Boston.

Among the practicing physicians of the United States and Canada, those who are recognized by the government boards of medical examiners, the death rate in 1904 was 17.14 per 1,000, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association. This rate is higher than for the two previous years and is higher than the average death rate among the population of Boston. There appears to have been the same difficulty in obtaining accurate death certificates of physicians as in cases of other people, and there is a large variety of causes of deaths.

The total number of deaths in both countries is 2,142. In the United States there were 132,225 registered physicians and surgeons at the last census.

During the year 1902 there were 1,400 deaths among regular practicing physicians; during 1903 there were 1,648, including the homeopaths and eclectics. Thus the mortality rates have been: 14.75 per 1,000 in 1902, 13.73 per cent in 1903 and 17.14 in 1904. In 1904 the American Medical Association lost by death 166 members. Heart disease leads the death causes with 205, but this figure includes deaths stated to have occurred from "heart failure," etc.

Pneumonia heads the list of clearly defined diseases with 172 deaths, or 7.5 per cent of the total mortality. Nephritis, including "kidney diseases," was responsible for 91 deaths and uremia caused 18. Consumption is said to have caused 90 deaths, all but eight of which were from tuberculosis of the lungs.

Cancer caused 39 deaths; typhoid fever, 37; septicemia, chiefly from operation wounds, 23; diabetes, 20; gastritis, 16; appendicitis and meningitis, 15 each; bronchitis and insanity, 11 each. Of the total deaths, 143 were due to violence; of these 95 are chargeable to accidents, 36 to suicides, poison caused 21 deaths, railway acci-

dents 17, falls 14, drowning 10, street car accidents 8 and runaways 7. Of the 36 physicians who committed suicide 14 chose poison as the means; 11, firearms; 3, hemorrhages from cut arteries; 2, suffocation by gas; 1, drowning; 1, hanging. In four instances the method employed is not stated.

During the year twelve physicians were murdered. This is three more than in 1903, and one more than in 1902. As to the ages at which death occurred, it is found to range between 22 and 104. The greatest number—57—occurred at the age of 60, followed by 51 at the age of 70; 45 at the ages of 65 and 68; 43 at the age of 67; 42 at the ages of 75 and 76, and 40 at the ages of 72 and 73; 241 lived to be more than 80 years old, 19 were more than 90 when they died, and three physicians passed the age of 100, the oldest on record being 104 years. The average age at death was more than 60 years, and the average length of practice was more than 39 years.

## BLEDDING IN SWEDEN.

Only Country in Which the Sparkstotting Is in Common Use.

The Swedes have made a fine art of sledging. Their fastest sled is called the sparkstotting and is an exceedingly light sled that the inhabitants of Norrland, a province situated at the north of Sweden, employ during the winter as a means of locomotion.

The use of it now extends throughout Sweden, where races upon this original vehicle constitute one of the most highly appreciated sports of winter. Among other people of the north, in Russia, Scotland and Germany, this sport is entirely unknown, a fact that is somewhat extraordinary, considering that the sparkstotting can be employed in all countries in which the rigors of winter permit of the use of ordinary sleds.

The sparkstotting is constructed entirely of Norway spruce. It is straight, of elongated form and weighs no more than thirty pounds. It consists of two runners, curved upward in front, and six and one-half feet in length. To each of the runners is fixed an upright that serves both as a point of support and a tiller. The entire affair is connected by two or three crosspieces, one of which supports a light seat placed twelve inches above the surface.

The Norrland sled differs perceptibly from the Vesterbotten type, in which the runners, which are much shorter, are not shod with iron, but are well greased or impregnated with boiling tar. The lightest and best type for racing is the one manufactured at Umea, Norway. In order to push the sparkstotting the racer, bearing with both hands upon the extremities of the uprights, places his left foot upon the runner to the left, and then with the right foot strikes the ground at regular intervals so as to propel the sled forward.

If the snow is very hard and the racer is not provided with spiked shoes it is necessary for him to fix steel calks to the soles. In recent times a horizontal bar, breast high, has been placed between the uprights. This modification renders the steering easier and besides permits of governing with a single hand. Upon a level route the sparkstotting reaches a pretty good speed without great effort.

An experienced racer, when the snow is in good condition, can easily attain the speed of a horse on a trot. In ascents it is necessary to push the sparkstotting or to drag it, but this does not cause much fatigue, owing to its lightness and the feeble surface in contact with the snow. With this sled it is possible to run very fast.

## Bone Put in a Boy's Arm.

At the annual gathering of the Glasgow University Club at Sunderland recently Sir William Macewen, who was concerned in an extraordinary operation upon a child over twenty years ago, introduced the patient, now a full-grown man, to the medical men present and explained the nature of the remarkable case.

The child was born without a bone in the right arm, the boneless limb hanging helpless by its side. The surgeons determined to make an attempt to save the limb.

Small sections of the bone taken from the tibia and other portions of the legs of other patients who were under treatment for the cure of bow-leggedness were transferred to the boneless arm, there to continue their growth and to become amalgamated—in fact, eventually supplying the place of the missing humerus.

Sir William Macewen kept in touch with the boy, who at the age of 14 left Glasgow for Sunderland, where he had worked since. The young man bared his arm to the guests present and gave the company abundant proof of the sustained serviceableness of the limb, despite several accidents, including a compound fracture, which had befallen it.

There is only one way for a woman to prevent her husband swearing when he is putting up a stove, and that is to have it put up when he is down town.

If it were not for the fact that most people ask too much indemnity, there wouldn't be much use for courts.

## ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

In one of the northern tier of counties of Iowa dwells a politician whose war record is one of his proudest possessions. As a matter of history he "volunteered" by means of the draft near the close of the war, was assigned to the cavalry, and saw no more wearing service than policing the instruction camp; but for purposes of appealing to the soldier vote he has become able to remember all that might have happened to him if he had "enlisted" earlier.

Being a candidate for office last fall, he turned a camp-fire into a political rally and called upon his old comrades for support.

"In those long watches of the night," he said, "when we lay shoulder to shoulder beside those earlier camp-fires along the Rappahannock, in those wearisome days when we pursued the fleeing enemy across the Potomac after Gettysburg—"

"Hold on there Bill," called a neighbor who knew him of old and had a grudge. "Stick to what you know about. You never saw either of them rivers."

The orator paused and looked down at him. "Let me see," he asked, coolly critical. "You were perhaps at first Bull Run?"

"No, I wa'n't, and you—"

"Then perhaps you were with Meade? Or Hancock?"

"No, sir, Bill Bar—"

you to come here and interrupt my discourse with these men who were at Bull Run, and were on the Rappahannock, and were at Gettysburg—"

"When you and I were boys, back in Indianer, Bill," interrupted the objector, who had now worked up to the front of the interested audience, "there was a circus come our way. They had one of the most wonderful wild beasts of the African jungle with 'em—the only, sole and unique, three-horned unicornian." You and I paid our good money to see him, Bill, and we were mighty well satisfied with what we seen. But along come a feller from St. Charles, and he says: 'Sho! That ain't nothin' but a three-horned steer they bought of Sile Thompson, and painted stripes and spots on.'

"See here, you' says the circus man. 'Be you from Africa?'"

"No, I hain't," says the St. Charles man.

"Did you ever see a three-horned unicornian before?" says the circus man.

"No, I never did."

"Then what right have you got to come here sayin' this beast ain't a three-horned unicornian, like we say it is?"

"Wal, says the ol' feller from St. Charles, 'I ain't never seen no three-horned unicornian before, but I seen Sile Thompson's three horned steer many a time, an' I'm speakin' from that point of view.'"

The politician did not stay to have the application of the fable pointed out.—Youth's Companion.

Never worry about anything that you can put off until to-morrow. Many of the worries of to-day, if put off until to-morrow, will take care of themselves.