

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Drifting With the Ice.

A GREAT many people drift through life without aim or purpose or effort. They float along the line of least resistance, avoiding all obstacles and shrinking from anything that looks like hard work. Their great desire is to get "an easy job." They do not concern themselves at all as to whether or not there is any prospect of advancement in it, whether it offers any opportunity for self-development or not, or whether it is a stumbling-block instead of a stepping-stone to their future welfare. They have neither plan, nor program, nor ambition to guide them. They simply live for to-day, and, literally, "take no thought for the morrow."

This happy-go-lucky policy can lead to but one thing—failure. Thousands who have adopted it have drifted, in old age, to begging in the streets, to dependence on grudging relatives, or to the almshouse. Many of these unfortunates, if they had taken stock of themselves in youth, or had taken the trouble to find out their success possibilities and had planned their lives along common-sense, manly lines, might have contributed largely to the service of mankind and attained honor and prosperity in their chosen callings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that it does not matter so much where one stands as the direction in which he is moving. If you are working according to an intelligent plan; if you are trying to make everything you do a means of advancement to the goal you have in view; if your great ambition is, not to make yourself famous, or rich, or happy, but to make your life mean something in God's world, go ahead, for you are moving in the right direction and will reach your goal. But if you are looking for an easy place, or running away from hard work; if you are too listless, or indifferent, or careless to take stock of yourself, to decide upon the path you wish to take, to look carefully ahead, but not too far ahead, or to make out an intelligent plan of action and follow it as nearly as you can, no matter where you stand, you are not moving in the right direction.—Success.

Those Defective Country Schools.

IT would seem that a large number of city professors are spending time needlessly in devising means to elevate the country or district schools. Not that the district schools do not need improvement, but when repeated experiences come to light in every day life where some green country boy has come into the city and made a product of the city schools look like a handful of small change, it would seem that the country schools are not wholly void of good results.

"Beware of the man of one book," is an old adage and herein is a thought that instructors often overlook in trying to cram the thought and culture of forty centuries into a 14-year-old student. Indeed, one of the strongest objections to the highly developed school systems of to-day is the endeavor to learn everything instead of learning a few fundamental things well. Two many studies, just as too much reading, dissipate the mind, and prevent the development of the reasoning faculties. The ability to reason correctly is of far more consequence to the high school graduate than to know what kind of fossils may be found in Egypt or what Alexander said after he had whipped everybody in sight.

Of course it may be said that the country boy comes to the city to complete his education, but his habits of reasoning, of studying one thing well until he has mastered it,

has become so established with him that he succeeds better than the city boy who has all along been distracted with so many studies that they are an undigested mass of facts which no mind of tender age could be expected to assimilate. Of course there are a number of things that the city teacher can do and is doing to establish more harmonious relations between the district and the city schools, but there is no occasion for anyone to lay awake nights trying to save the country school pupil from oblivion. What should give them more concern is to assist the country school as not to crush the life out of it by loading on a lot of worthless stuff that most boys of ordinary intelligence pick up without effort, and other studies that should be taken up in maturer years.—Toledo Blade.

Save Old Ironsides.

SENTIMENT or the scrap heap? Which shall it be? Has the American public forgotten "Old Ironsides"? Or does the public grudge the money for "mere sentiment"? These are the questions presented by the news that the historic ship Constitution, now lying in Boston harbor, must be repaired or broken up for old lumber. It is almost a hundred years since the Constitution, the pioneer of the frigate class, with her fifty-five 24-pounder guns, and her crew of 463 men and boys, sailed without orders from the harbor where she now lies to engage the redoubtable British Guerriere. Perhaps no one remembers the 10th of August, 1812, when the "terror of the world" was reduced in forty minutes to a helpless mastless hulk, rolling in the trough of the sea, and the pride of Britain was humbled.

It would take about \$250,000 to restore the old Constitution. For that sum she could be fitted with masts, sails and guns and made entirely seaworthy. In this shape she would serve as a naval museum, and a permanent memorial to her own valiant services, and of the brilliant chapter in American history in which she was so conspicuous a figure. And that is what ought to be done.

Our statutes provide for the sale or destruction of vessels which are no longer worth repairing. There is no official "sentiment" account. Congress might well open one.—Kansas City World.

When Will the World Speak English?

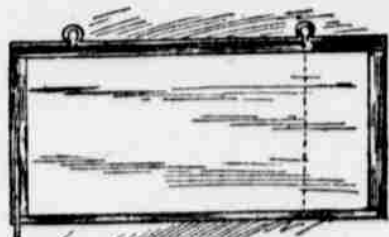
THE time is coming when English will be the universal tongue. This is almost the case at the present time. When our fathers were young no one could make a satisfactory tour of the continent unless he was able to speak and understand French. To-day, except in some remote corner where civilization has not penetrated, a knowledge of French is not essential. Along all the highways of travel English is spoken by a large proportion of those who deal with the tourist class. The vast number of Americans who visit Europe and whose knowledge of the language is very limited has made it necessary for foreigners to learn English. In Germany the teaching of the English language is considered essential and in mercantile houses it has been found that only through a knowledge of English can the German manufacturers hope to compete with their British and American rivals. The activity of the English in Africa has done much toward the spread of the language in that continent, and the same result has been attained in other quarters of the globe through the establishment of English colonies.—Washington Post.

effects are studied and not so natural. It is not so strong as the other, and has been trained since you grew old enough to guard conventionally against expressing all you feel. With that and a knowledge of how school children sing the reasoning was easy."

DUPLICATING APPARATUS.

Copies of Waybills, Etc. Made in a Handy Manner.

The modern, up-to-date business man always has his bills made out in duplicate, and sometimes in triplicate, but generally the former is deemed sufficient. In this way a perfect rec-



READILY MANIPULATED.

ord is made of the original bill, and in case of mistake, when it is necessary to refer to the bills, the record is readily procured. A handy duplicating apparatus has been patented by an Oregon inventor, by which duplicate copies of bills, waybills, etc., can be made without the hand coming in contact with the carbon paper. The frame is made with a side and back of the same size as the bills to be used. In the back of the frame are vertical slots which hold a pair of sliding hinges. Connected with the hinges is a wire frame to which the carbon sheet is attached, the frame arranged parallel to the sides and back, one side piece being longer than the other to serve as a handle for lifting the carbon paper. The affixing of the carbon sheets to the holder

can be done by folding the ends of the carbon paper back in the form of a loop which slips over the rod. In using the apparatus the pad of duplicate sheets on which the carbon duplicate of the waybill or other writing is to be made is placed on the bottom of the case, the carbon holder then arranged so that the sheet of carbon will rest on top of the pad. The bill or writing of which a duplicate is to be made is placed on top of the carbon sheet and the face of the bill is then filled out in the usual way; simultaneously with filling out a carbon duplicate of the writing is made on the uppermost sheet of the pad. By then lifting the carbon holder on its hinge the uppermost sheet of the pad can be removed and the device rearranged for further work. As the pad diminishes in use the hinges gradually work down in their socket, so as to maintain the carbon and sheet in the proper position until the last sheet in the pad has been used, after which a fresh pad of duplicate sheets is placed in position. There is no handling of the carbon by the fingers after it has been affixed on the holder. Furthermore, the sheets of paper on which the original and duplicates of waybills are written are frequently printed in form of blanks. When of this form the apparatus insures that the original sheet when placed in the case is properly positioned with respect to the pad underlying the carbon sheet.

His Official Title.

Colonel William Verbeck, of St. John's School, at Manlius, N. Y., tells the following story of the closing exercises at a Syracuse school:

A little girl was asked, Who is the head of our government?

"Mr. Roosevelt," she replied promptly.

"That is right," said the teacher, "but what is his official title?" "Teddy!" responded the little miss proudly.

When a young man spends his money freely, two choruses go up: That from old women of "How foolish!" and that from young women of "How generous!"

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

It is not hard to understand Edison's predilection for a light diet.

The Mikado continues to give credit to his ancestors. He hopes posterity will do likewise.

The McCurdys doubtless are insured in their own company, but they don't need the insurance.

Ewing, N. J., has a \$5,000 pigsty. The natural supposition is that it also has a fool with money.

The apple trust is said to have been organized. The public should lose no time in speaking for the core.

"The American army will not bear close inspection," says the Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung. Particularly by foes.

Texas, having placed itself squarely on record as concerns the goo-goo eye iniquity, is ready to tackle the life insurance problem.

Emma Goodman, the anarchist, is now earning a living as a hairdresser. Herr Most exhibits no inclination, however, to go to work.

The King of Servia has sent his son and heir to Russia to "learn to be a soldier." Many a parent makes a mistake by sending his son to the wrong school.

There is a pleasing prospect that the time is coming when there will not be so much discrepancy between what a life insurance official gets and what he earns.

If President McCall, in spite of his large salary, is a poor man and "heavily in debt," a few others who do not draw quite as much will perk up a bit.

The doctors have found that kissing in winter is especially dangerous. Those who can should arrange to do most of their kissing in the good old summer time.

After all, Grover Cleveland has probably been saying only such things about the woman suffrage movement that a great many other men think but dare not say.

A poem written by a Philadelphia girl attracted the attention of a rich farmer, who married her. And yet there are people who say it doesn't pay to write poetry.

The stage will need no defenders when it may be said of all actors as it now can be of Sir Henry Irving: "He never sullied the stage with an unworthy performance."

W. T. Stead says it is every husband's duty to whip his wife once in a while. Stead must be jealous of Grover Cleveland for the notice he has recently been receiving.

Why does the postoffice department go all the way to California to break up a guessing contest when the weather bureau is doing business right under its nose in Washington?

Mr. Carnegie boldly attacks long hair on women's heads. He says it is a germ breeder. Mr. Carnegie could do this sort of thing with a better face if he would shave off his beard.

Whatever may be occupying the attention of your insurance company, or however crowded with affairs its hours may be, it will not fail to refresh your memory as to the payment of that little premium.

It would not be true to say that the people who denounce rich men would themselves be willing to accept riches, no matter how acquired. It is certain, however, that all men would be glad to possess a competence honestly won. The question, then, hangs on the definition of a competence. Until we have a general agreement on that point it will be difficult to define where honest accumulation ends and "tainted money" begins.

The profession of lobbying makes men inexpressibly coarse, disgustingly sly and discouragingly pessimistic on the subject of human character. No man can be a lobbyist without being all things to all men. With the religious humbug he must affect a sanctimonious demeanor. With the rake he must be ready to exchange luscious jests and prurient stories. With the dull, pragmatic purist he must be the sly, sleek hypocrite until he lands his thick-witted victim. All these activities are severe enough upon the character of the lobbyist, but when he knows that they are perhaps only preliminary to cash payment, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the professional lobbyist becomes a sickening

reptilian spectacle in the eyes of honest men.

Some time ago two hundred club women in one of the central States were asked the question, "Who is the greatest woman in history?" The question certainly is not a new one—one wonders sometimes how many centuries old it really is—and the answers included names of women whose commanding intellect, personal charm or self-sacrificing labors for humanity had made them famous the world over. Yet the prize answer held the name of none of these. This is the way it read: "The wife of a man of moderate means, who does her own cooking, washing and ironing, brings up a large family of girls and boys to be useful members of society, and finds time for her own intellectual and moral improvement, is the greatest woman in all our history." Probably, many a tired housewife, reading the answer, has thought grimly that the woman who does her own housework, brings up a large family, and finds time for her own intellectual and moral improvement" deserves to be called the greatest woman in history. Possibly she is even guilty of a passing wish that the writer of the paragraph in question might try for herself, and see how much time she would find for intellectual and moral improvement. Yet, although provocative of possible irritation, the prize answer has comfort, too. In the natural course of things, to be the "greatest" woman in history must be a solitary glory, but one may fall short of such distinction, and yet make the world the richer for a life of toil not forgetful of ideals. The comfort lies in the fact that more and more the work of the housemother—rich or poor, provided only that heart and hands give glad service—is taking the first place in the world's honor list.

The railway statistics of the world are among the surprising facts of our time, especially when one remembers that the entire system has been developed within little more than one long lifetime. There are men still living who can remember when there was not a mile of railway west of the State of New York. The steam railway mileage of the world at the opening of the current year was 537,105 miles and of this enormous extent more than half, or 270,386 miles, lies in America, very much the larger part being in the United States. In Europe there are 187,776 miles, leaving only about 75,000 miles for Asia, Africa and Australasia, but while the average cost of construction per mile of road in Europe is stated at more than \$107,000, that in all the rest of the world is less than \$60,000, in which is included all the costly roads in the mountain regions of this country. This gives one a vivid notion of the difference between developing a railway system in an inhabited country and developing a new country by constructing railways. A more vivid appreciation of the colossal proportions of the system is found in the commercial value of the roads, which is set down in an estimate said to have been made with great care at \$43,000,000,000 for the world, which includes not only the roadways, but the rolling stock other than that owned by private companies, such as the Pullman and others, of which latter there are said to be \$123,000,000 in this country alone. A little more than half of this enormous aggregate of value is assigned to the European roads, while the commercial value of the roads in the United States alone, exclusive of the aforesaid private company cars, is set down at \$11,245,000,000. These amazing figures are of profound interest as a matter of history alone, but of even deeper interest as some proximate measure of what is likely to be the development of the next fifty years.

A Versatile Excuse.

On my way to church one morning I passed two little newsboys who stood beside a third, watching him work devastation on a big, red-checked apple. At last one could no longer control the craving that came over him as he covetously observed the demonstrations of gastronomic pleasure with which the eater greedily embellished his repast.

"Plaze give me wan boite—jist wan!" he begged.

"Naw," was the answer, interspersed with noisy "chawns" and maddening, long-drawn intakes of luscious juice; "naw. Me maw said I dassn't."

Quick as a wink the suppliant saw through the wily subterfuge and retorted:

"Thin me maw'll say Oi dassn't th' nixt tolme Oi hov wan."—Judge.

What He Needed.

"Want t' put adv-tizement in your paper," said the bibulous man. "Musht have shomebody take care me."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "you want to advertise for a valet?"

"No. Better shay: 'Wanted—Snake charmer.'—Philadelphia Press.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who grated hard roasting ears, and made mush out of the meal?