



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

DO MORE THAN YOU ARE PAID FOR.

A NUMBER of girls in a training school in Boston have adopted as their motto the sentiment expressed in the above lines. "If you never do more than you are paid for, you will never get paid for more than you do," is the way they put it. These girls have, early in their career, discovered the secret of business success. It is a principle that has worked itself out in life a thousand times, and always to the advantage and success of the follower of it. It has been the foundation stone of many a notable career. Men right here in Pittsburg have accepted it as their motto and have risen to eminence through it. The streets are crowded with men and women who have failed in life because they were looking for the soft snap and the easy job. Pull may get a man a position, only hard work and merit lead to his advancement.

Do more than you are paid for! It is a motto that might well be expanded into a philosophy for life. It stands for fidelity, for honesty and for efficiency. It stands for courage, purpose and zeal. It recognizes the value of sincerity and abhors sham. It is the true pathway of worth and merit leading upward to the serene heights of fame and business prosperity. Those who do more than they are paid for, will soon have stamped upon them the seal of approval by their employer. When hard times come, as come they sometimes do, the man who gives more than value received will be kept on the pay roll, while the man who scamps his work and shirks his duty will be released. Look out for the young man who says: "I wasn't paid to do this, therefore, I won't do it." Very presently he will not be paid for what he does want to do. Shirkers and jerkers are not wanted in any department of life and labor. The worker is always sure of a steady and well-paying position. He exemplifies in his life the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The man who gives less than he receives will be left behind in the race of life.

Men who expect much and give little are doomed to disappointment. They may accumulate money, but their lives are destitute of the achievements which mean success. The only path to an honest success is found in giving more than value received. The servant, in order to retain the respect and consideration of his employer, must not alone be worthy of his hire, he must be more than worthy. Worth is the stepping stone to better things.—Pittsburg Press.

WHAT WE EAT DOES DAMAGE.

THEY say that people eat too much and that many common ills spring from overfeeding. Professor Chittenden, of the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, recently made experiments to determine the hygienic modicum of food suitable for a healthy human being. Taking as subjects three classes of men, a number of Yale professors, a number of students and a squad of soldiers from the regular army, he put them on a diminishing diet. His experiments lasted from six months to a year. He compelled them to take physical exercises regularly. At the conclusion of the experiments the weight of the subjects was in some cases exactly what it had been before, and in some cases slightly lower, but all the subjects, he reports, gained in strength and bodily vigor during the experiment. The daily consumption of food toward the end of the period was only from one-half to one-third as much as that of the average healthy man, although Professor Chittenden endeavored to satisfy the appetite of each subject. And Professor Chittenden's judgment is that the average man eats from two to three times as much as he needs or ought.

With all respect to Professor Chittenden, however, a good many people will still insist that the average man does not eat too much. The great majority of people are compelled to live frugally and they cannot afford to eat a great deal more than they need. They consider themselves fortunate to be able to satisfy their appetite, and few of them are inclined to cram food down their throats when appetite proclaims itself satisfied. Appetite is nature's measure of what is a sufficiency of food and there are very few of us who would not go about hungry if we lessened our daily consumption of food by one-half or two-thirds.

Allimentary troubles come, it is reasonably safe to say, from the quality rather than the quantity of food taken. Poor cooking and adulterated food doubtless damage the health of many people. It is said that hygienic cooking is little known in this country, and there is very little foodstuff that is not "doctored" in one way or another.—San Francisco Bulletin.

SPELLING.

THERE is much complaint that the rising generation can't spell. True, there was complaint that some of the forefathers of the present generation could not spell. George Washington, Andrew Jackson and other men eminent in our history conducted a spell-as-you-please. Ancient men of letters were poor spellers, in many instances. Still, the average has gone down-hill, it appears. Perhaps the memory of the tingling cheeks, and the ready birch in the teacher's hand, which accompanied a "spell down," makes us children of an older growth think that we learned to spell better than do these youngsters, nowadays. Usually, with the old methods, it did not pay to miss the same word twice.

"Why is it," the question used to go, "that all the bad spellers become sign painters?" Is it because of the strict union rules, nowadays, that the bad spellers have deserted sign painting and overflowed into all the other occupations? Have modern methods of teaching overlooked the desirability of teaching the boys and girls spelling and the three R's, in order to cram their little heads with ornamental accomplishments?

There has been a widespread belief that the restoration of the old-fashioned spelling bees, "spell up and spell down," would be a good thing. The Brooklyn Eagle thinks so, to such an extent that it has offered prizes on condition that the public school principals will let their pupils take part in a series of spelling matches. The principals do not take kindly to the notion. The Eagle says:

"The nub of the matter is just this, the public school children cannot spell. The principals of the high schools know that they cannot spell, as does everybody else who has occasion to receive letters from them. If a series of competitions were held this most troublesome fact of the school situation to those on the inside might be revealed to the great body of parents and taxpayers. Then there might arise such a hue and cry for common sense and the fundamentals of education as would annoy the authorities who now make out our scientific and philosophical course of study, which slights spelling for general information about everybody from Confucius and Buddha down to Admiral Togo. If the school should once begin to make time enough for fundamentals, of which spelling is easily first, there is no telling how many fads and frills would have to be cut out to find the time for essentials."—Albany Argus.

THE UNLUCKY CZAR.

Long List of Mishaps Which Have Attended His Career.

It has been suggested that Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russians, is the unluckiest of living men. One would have no difficulty in showing at least that the Czar has had more mischance than any other monarch on a throne.

His first mishap was that which prophetically came to him in Japan. He was touring Europe and Asia in 1891 with Prince George of Greece. At Ussuri, Japan, although he had had splendid entertainment from the Mikado, there was a feeling antagonistic to Russia, and a Japanese drew a sword to kill him, when Prince George thrust it aside.

Afterward a Japanese maiden, in atonement, went to a temple, placed a sword hilt down on the ground and fell upon it. You might call the event good or bad luck, since the then Czarevitch was preserved.

But what he was preserved for was to turn later the first sod of the Siberian Railway at the eastern end; and for the dignity—which he in no measure desired, but shrank from—of the crown which came to him soon after by reason of the death of his father, Alexander III., at Livadia.

This attack occurred in May—a month eventful to Nicholas II. It was in May that he was born, thirty-seven years ago, and in May he was crowned, eleven years ago.

He did not want at 23 to rule the destiny of 130,000 people. He had always detested official life and the homage of courtiers. But the duties and responsibilities of autocracy fell upon him.

He began badly. On the occasion of his coronation thousands of his poorer subjects were crushed to death on Khudynskol Plain. On that plain came what many regarded as the fatal evidence of the ill luck which pursues and makes his life woeful. Just before his accession he had become betrothed

to the Princess Alix of Hesse. This, too, was outside his reckoning. Gossip had it that he didn't want to marry a German princess, and that the Princess Helene d'Orleans, daughter of the Comte de Paris, was very much admired by him.

However much a liberal at heart, the best accounts agree that the Czar took up his inherited authority first with distaste, and then with firm purpose of continuing his father's policies. He kept his father's counselors, and de-



CZAR NICHOLAS.

clared he would uphold the principle of autocracy.

His ill luck interfered here, too. Pobledonotseff was obliged to retire. Muravieff was taken from him by sudden death. M. de Plehve, his baleful minister of the interior, a Muscovite grand vizier, was destroyed by a bomb. His best beloved uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, was blown to pieces by a bomb. His governor of finance was struck down.

Death has threatened his own person many times. In Italy, in 1903, a man named Goertz was apprehended in time to spoil a plot of assassination. An anarchist obtained admission to a state reception at the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo in the uniform of a superior officer of the gendarmierie and was discovered with bombs in his pockets, just in time. A girl student, Mlle. Merezhevsky, was frustrated in an attempt to kill him at the spring review in 1904.

When, last January, with his court the Czar was ending the ceremony of blessing the water of the river Neva, a shrapnel from a battery which was firing a salute exploded near the royal pavilion, killing one man and wounding others.

He completed the Trans-Siberian Railway, as his father desired, in order to consolidate Russian power in Asia and extend Russian trade, industry and commerce. But this railway was one of the causes that brought about the unlucky war with Japan.

Explained.

"Say, paw."
"Well, son?"
"What is frenzied finance?"
"Frenzied finance, my son, is the way your mother goes after my pay envelope every Saturday night. Now run and play."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Grand Larceny.

He—Suppose I steal a kiss?
She—Oh, that would be only petty larceny.
He—And suppose I steal a hundred?
She—Oh, that would be grand, of course.—Judge.

It may be called rudeness to enquire after dining at a friend's house what you had to eat, but sometimes the friend gets up such an elaborate meal that it is ingratitude not to.

Everyone thinks that everyone twenty years older than he is should be reconciled to die.



The manuscript of Swinburne's "First Book of Ballads" has been sold for \$1,000.

A blessed companion is a book—a book that fitly chosen is a lifelong friend.—Douglas Jerrold.

Mr. Bishop's experience in yellow journalism is no doubt what enabled him to make such a striking success in yellow cannalism.

Clarence S. Darrow, the Chicago author of "An Eye for an Eye," has practiced law for a dozen years, but says that he has never taken a case against labor.

In his essay on "Heroes in Humble Life" in the volume, "The Companionship of Books," published by the Putnams, Dr. Frederick Rowland Marvin voices Andrew Carnegie's views which led to the latter's "Fund for the Reward of Heroism."

Edward Atkinson, who died suddenly recently while on his way to his office, in Boston, was well known as a statistician and economist, and was the author of "Facts and Figures, the Basis of Economic Science," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is asserted by the newspapers that women are writing the best fiction of to-day. The head of a large publishing house goes further and declares that "nine-tenths of the good fiction of to-day is written by women." The substantial profits many women receive tell loudly and convincingly that in this channel their work is rated besides that of "mere man."

A book the admirers of Thackeray will rejoice to possess has been published. It is "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," and is compiled by her son and daughter-in-law from family manuscripts never before used. It was to Mrs. Brookfield that Thackeray addressed a series of letters, delightful in their charm and humor. Mrs. Brookfield was the original of Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond," and her husband was the Rev. Frank Whitestock of his touching little sketch, "The Curate's Walk." Charles Brookfield, son of this couple, is a well-known actor and an excellent story teller. One of his stories referred to his father, of whom, though very fond, he stood rather in awe and did not come to know intimately until about three years before his death. One evening, when the lad was about 15, he was hiding in a lumber room, surreptitiously smoking, when Brookfield, Sr., suddenly discovered him. "I am astounded," he gravely exclaimed the father, "that you, whom I always regarded as a straightforward and right-minded lad, should hide yourself in this manner to indulge in the clandestine use of that abominable weed, tobacco. But since you have contracted this odious, paltry, cowardly, indecorous, unsanitary, pestilential habit, and I suppose it's too late to try and break yourself of it, why not come and smoke socially with me in my study?" Every after that son and father smoked comfortably together every day and grew into an affectionate intimacy.

SOME CLERICAL BLUNDERS.

Humorous Mistakes Made by Pastors in the Pulpit.

Each profession has its stock jokes, its stories innumerable, and to each belongs a flavor all its own. That the point of a jest lies not in the tongue of him who makes it, but in the ear that hears, is the testimony of the great dramatist. The doctor on his rounds and the judge upon the bench have both an audience ready and willing to accept as the highest wit the bonmots of the speakers; and there is no club or gathering of men that does not acclaim one of its members as supreme in this respect and is not ready to yield due recognition of the gift, says Chambers' Journal. There is, however, a vast amount of unconscious humor always floating about, and to those who perceive it the world is ever very amusing. It must be admitted that the blunders and jests clerical stand for some reason pre-eminent both in number and in mirth-producing qualities. The reason, of course, is not far to seek: the very surroundings in which they occur, the very upsetting of one's preconceived notions of reverence, all tend to cause a reaction in the ordinary mental equilibrium, and the simplest mistake or accident under such circumstances assumes the proportions of a huge comedy.

The divine who in drawing the attention of his congregation to a special communion service on the following Sunday informed them that "the Lord is with us in the forenoon and the bishop in the evening" is chronicled with praying for the children

of his parish, in these words: "And now, O Lord, bless the lambs of this fold and make them meet for the kingdom of heaven." While a Scotch minister innocently, perhaps, hit the mark by telling his people: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller; and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

There is a certain amount of excuse to be made for the young curate who, remarking that some people came to church for no better reason than to show off their best clothes, finished up as he glanced over his audience: "I am thankful to see, dear friends, that none of you have come here for that reason."

An Irish clergyman is credited with having concluded a powerful oration in this fashion: "My brethren, let not this world rob you of a peace which it can neither give nor take away." Which is coupled with the remark of a fellow country colleague who in reasoning with a woman who had lost her faith in Christianity told her: "Well, you will go to hell, you know, and I shall be very sorry, indeed, to see you there!"

But what can be said of the negro student who, conducting the prayers at one of the great missionary colleges, said: "Give us all pure hearts, give us all clean hearts, give us all sweet hearts," to which the entire congregation made response, "Amen."

The giving out of church notices has often proved a pitfall for the unwary. "During Lent," said a rector lately, "several preachers will preach on Wednesday evenings; but I need not give their names, as they will be all found hanging up in the porch."

It was a rector who gave out a hymn beginning "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," before his sermon, and a curate who read in the lesson for the day, "He spake the words, and cathoppers came and grasshoppers innumerable;" but it was at a young woman's Bible class that, when asked what hymn should be sung at the close, they all with one accord chose "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

A ROTARY FIDDLE BOW.

Does Away with Old-Time Scraping and is Big Improvement.

A wonderful advance has just lately been made in violin playing by the invention of the so-called "rotary fiddle bow," which invention is the product of the brain of Tronjhem Qualmquist, of Lesneur, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

It isn't a bow at all, but a wheel about eight inches in diameter, constructed of rawhide and made of re, volve by pedal and flexible shaft in the same manner that a dentist runs his drills and other tooth-boring contrivances.

Every one realizes that the great drawback to violin music is the constant seesaw back and forth which the player is compelled to indulge in in order to produce the music. He "fiddles" slowly when he wants a slow tune and saws with lightning-like rapidity when the exigencies of the music make him hurry, and this waving to and fro of his elbow sometimes detracts in a slight degree from the proper solemnity of the occasion.

But with this new contrivance no see-sawing is necessary. The violin is held in the usual position and the wheel held in the other hand, when brought into contact with the violin strings, produces the musical vibrations by whirling its primeter across the chords. The wheel is so geared that it can be made to run ten times as fast as the man can draw a bow and so regulated with a small brake, worked with the fingers, that the speed can be instantly changed from fast to slow or the other way, as desired. It can be made to touch one string only, or more than one, exactly as a bow is used, and by holding it erect or tipping it to one side the full breadth of the edge of the wheel is brought in contact with the strings or only the sharp edge of the perimeter. With a bow the same tone can be prolonged for only the length of time that the musician is drawing his hand one full length, but no such restriction is necessary when the wheel is used and the musician may dwell on one note as long as he desires and shade off into other notes without the stop or jerk necessary when he uses a bow.

The improvement is marvelous and is sure to come into general use. It is not patented, and will not be, for Mr. Qualmquist says that he would as soon think of making people pay for the air they breathe as to restrict them in any way regarding musical enjoyment.

Content.

"Is your son doing well at college?"
"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He had his picture took after the football game, and it showed he had his regular share of arms an' legs. I should say he was doin' right well."—Washington Star.

If you must have a confidant, and have no mother, hunt up some one who is deaf and dumb.