



# EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## THE METRIC SYSTEM.

**A**MERICANS who have tried to add British pence and pounds have been glad that our money is measured by a decimal system. Yet we still use inches, feet, yards, miles, acres, ounces, pounds, pints, quarts, gallons and bushels, while European nations, except Great Britain and Russia, and most of the rest of the civilized world buy and sell by the metric system.

Great Britain and the United States have legalized the system, but popular habit, unmoved by sufficient scientific and official influence, clings to the old, irregular systems. To make the change to the metric system in this country would cause confusion at first and some expense. Manufacturers, mechanics, merchants would have to re-adjust their computations, buy new instruments, and re-establish their scales of prices, costs and quantitative measures of products. For instance, all the relations between the weight of wool and the length of carpet for a room would have to be figured anew from the sheep to the parlor.

It is hard to replace old practices, interwoven with the whole structure of popular thought, of manufacture and of mechanics. But Germany adjusted itself in a few months to the metric system. America, which is proud of being progressive, can do as well. Our own scientific men and our neighbors in Continental Europe are already "reconstructed." It ought not to be long before we follow the intellectual and numerical majority, and adopt the metric system.—Youth's Companion.

## SAVE NIAGARA FALLS!

**I**T would be an everlasting disgrace to the United States and to every person in it if Niagara falls should be destroyed. Yet it is seriously proposed to destroy them, and there is imminent danger that the outrage will be committed if a universal protest is not raised against it.

Already the falls have been greatly disfigured and some of the water stolen from them by electric power plants. Unless steps are promptly taken to prevent further robbery, the falls that are the glory of the continent and the wonder of the world will disappear and in their place will be only a barren precipice of ugly rock.

The National Society of Daughters of the Empire State has patriotically taken up the cause of the falls and has presented to President Roosevelt a petition bearing 2,500 signatures, against the proposed vandalism. The President says he is in cordial sympathy with the movement, as, indeed, every good American must be. He urges the people to work with Congress, which alone can interfere. Every State should join in the good work. The members of Congress should be made to understand that they must do all in their power to preserve the falls.

Here is a task for our woman's clubs, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames and all other patriotic organizations. Let them aid the movement and spread all over the country the sentiment that Niagara falls must and shall be preserved inviolate.—Chicago Journal.

## SHEEP VS. DOGS.

**J**UST now the attention of farmers throughout the Northwest is turning toward the raising of sheep. For years the leading stockmen of the country, the professors in the schools of agriculture and the writers in the agricultural papers have been telling them of the stability and profitableness of this industry. Experience, too, has demonstrated the truth of the old saying that "a sheep never dies in debt to himself." But for one obstacle it would also have demonstrated that a sheep never dies in debt to his owner. That obstacle is the sheep-killing dog.

In every farming district where the raising of sheep has been attempted the ravages of this pest have caused

loss of money and temper to the owners of flocks. The sheep-killing dog is a worthless mongrel, a coward and a sneak. He is, generally speaking, of no earthly use as a watchdog or for any other legitimate purpose. He finds his woolly victims game to his liking, because they are timid. They offer no resistance and it is great sport for him to chase and kill them. He could not be induced to attack a tramp or any animal that would fight, if one should invade his master's premises. When he is needed at home, he is sure to be wandering abroad in search of sheep.

Now, everybody values a good, faithful dog. Man has no better or more loyal friend, but that is no reason for the protection of the sneaking, worthless mongrels that do their utmost to make the raising of sheep unprofitable in so many localities. They should be hunted as wolves are hunted, and killed without mercy.

The remedy is to kill worthless curs and leave the valuable dogs in peace. Until this is done, sheep raising will not be the profitable industry that it should be.—St. Paul Weekly Dispatch.

## FIELD'S SECRET UNKNOWN.

**H**OW Marshall Field Made Millions" is the text for many a business homily and yet, very naturally, not one of the writers has come anywhere near revealing the precious secret. Indeed, were the key to his success known at all, it would be worth a cool million in itself. The personality of the great merchant was, of course, the prime factor in his remarkable achievement. The opportunity offered by the city of Chicago was the second great factor, and, possibly, worth 50 per cent of the problem. Had the dispensation of Providence sent Mr. Field in 1852, to New Mexico, or Mississippi, for instance, it is hardly possible that he would have died worth \$150,000,000. Doubtless, he would have been a leader and made his mark wherever he might have located. His physical, mental and moral value could not but have told in any community. Nevertheless it was the Chicago opportunity and his start in the dry goods business simultaneously with the beginnings of that phoenix-like city, that was his greatest aid.

The story of his buying and selling—the specific details of the early transactions which netted him his first pile—has not been told at all. Just exactly how he got hold of the first \$10,000, which was the corner stone of his phenomenal structure, remains to be narrated. Many a man succeeds after he gets that amount, and many of the Napoleons of finance have moved close to earth and far from heaven—to get the \$10,000 start.

Will some one give us the particulars of the great merchant's preliminary transactions? That would be the most valuable lesson in "How Marshall Field Made Millions."—Indianapolis Sun.

## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

**T**EN thousand dollars per year is sufficient, in the way of a salary or income, for any man on earth.—Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota.

Surely, ten thousand a year is enough for any man. It is enough and to spare. It is ten times as much as thousands of the best men on earth receive for an entire year's labor. It is more than twenty times as much as the average working-man receives for the hard work he does annually. Ten thousand a year is sufficient for the man and his family—"and then some." With an income of ten thousand dollars per annum a man ought to be a philanthropist.

Other things being equal the man with ten thousand ought to be very happy. Because—He can have the joy of making others happy. There is no enjoyment comparable to that. He can be a special Providence to the helpless. On the other hand—The man who has an income of ten thousand a year, and spends it all for self, is only a human hog snorting in his trough.—Des Moines News.

"Why don't you talk sense? Why don't you make your head save work for your tongue? What do you suppose I am going to do with a cornet? What would any one do with a cornet? Do you think that I got it to hang on a gas fixture for an ornamental ash receiver? Do think that I would be Smith enough to shove a sword fern in it and put it in the parlor for a jardiniere? No, darling! Decidedly no! I am going to use it to make charming music! I am going to use it to toot the toots! I am—"

"Hen Jones!" cried the exercised Ma, throwing a wild-eyed look at the old man, "do you mean to tell me that you have taken the last degree and become a full-fledged fool? Do you mean to tell me that you are going to blow that squawking horn around this house, and stir up dogs and indignation? Do you—"

"You are jealous, Smithy! You are jealous!" was the snappish rejoinder of Pa, as he started to unwrap the precious package. "You are hot in the collar because there is no music in your make-up! You have got a crossful kink in your temper because you cannot even play 'Annie Laurie' on a B flat dishpan! You are only mad because there isn't a Smith on earth who can start a tune with a ton of dynamite! You are—"

"Is that so, you conceited beauty?" interposed Ma, irritably. "Well, if I don't know more about music than any Jones that ever broke loose from a bug-house, I want you to pickle me for a canned sardine. If I—"

"What's that, madame? What's that, woman?" roared thunder Pa, with quivering thrills of great emotion. "What are you trying to say? What are you trying to warble? You don't know what you are talking about! You never did know what you were

talking about! I want you to distinctly understand that I am a past master in the art of music! I want to tell you right here that for years I was leader of the Hedge Corners Brass Band, and played second alto! You think that I don't know anything! You think that my classical education is superficial! You think that I am sugar-coated like the Smith pills! But wait until after dinner, Mrs. Jones! Wait until after dinner! I will show you how much of a dub I am! I will show you what a musical Jones can do! I will play you solos that will make you sigh, and perform sentimental whippers that will make you weep! I will have Edythe accompany me on the piano, and—"

"Bah!" was the contemptuous interjection of the unfeeling Ma. "You mean that you will have cops accompany you to jail as soon as the neighbors get wise to the cause of the riot." Pa Jones, as usual, let Ma have the last word, but as soon as dinner was done he invited all hands, including Mother-in-Law Smith and little Fido, to the parlor, where he fondly caressed the peace-destroying brass.

"Strike the chord, Edythe! Strike the chord!" remarked Pa, impressively, as he ran his hand through what few remaining sprouts of hair he had, and rolled his eyes toward heaven like a real inspired artist! "Strike it gently! Holy smoke! Can't you wait a minute? Don't fall all over yourself! You are just like your mother! Before we begin, Mrs. Jones, I would like to inform you that I am going to play 'Old Dog Tray,' one of the most sympathetic masterpieces of the famous Wagner! I will give it to you in U G I sharp, with a little crescendo on the side! Now, then, Edythe, let her go!"

So saying, Pa put the cornet to his lips and blew like a blizzard at the

Breakwater, but never a sound came from the balky horn.

Taking another long breath and bracing himself against the piano, the eminent soloist blew and blew again, and even though his cheeks bulged out like a toy balloon, and his face got as red as bluish embarrassment, there was nothing doing in the musical line.

"I told you so, you chesty heathen! I told you so!" exclaimed Ma, with a sweet and joyous smile. "I told you that you couldn't play a cornet! I told you that you couldn't play anything but poker! I told you—"

"Fade away, woman! Fade away!" yelled the disappointed Pa, ragefully. "You make me sick! You make me sad! It isn't my fault because the cornet won't work! It isn't my fault because the blundering salesmen gave me an H hard instead of a C soft! Just wait until I get another one, and I will—"

"What's the use, Pretty?" rejoined Ma, scornfully. "What's the use of exciting yourself? You couldn't play a cornet if it had a hurdy-gurdy attachment and a crank to turn it!"

It was then that the family battle began in earnest, and during the next few hours the buzz of a boiler foundry would have sounded like a small noise in comparison.

Meanwhile little Johnny Jones and little Willie Jones had sneaked the cornet, extracted the putty with which they had plugged it, and were playing brass band on a vacant lot.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## DISAPPEARING VILLAGES.

**Swallowed Up by Encroachment of Sea on English Coast.**

Even the least sensitive will feel something akin to a shock at the announcement made at the national sea defense conference that 115 square miles of land have been swallowed up by the sea on the Yorkshire coast alone, and this in time that has elapsed since the Roman invasion, says the London News. At the close of the meeting E. R. Matthews said:

"The annual loss on the whole east coast of England is larger in area than the island of Heligoland. And, although many thousand acres of land have been reclaimed in Lincolnshire, Cheshire and elsewhere, the balance is still several hundred square miles on the wrong side and the best authorities deny that this gain has ever equaled the loss.

"The constant reduction in area of the remainder of the British isles is also considerable; the sea is steadily encroaching on the shores of Scotland, Ireland and Wales, for from the year 1867 to 1900 the total area of Great Britain diminished from 56,964,299 acres to 56,782,053 acres; a net loss of 182,246 acres."

Another delegate, Mr. Cheverton-Brown, who lives close to the sea at Withernsea, and for many years had every opportunity of making the foreshore a special study, informed our representative that some four miles of land in width had disappeared from the coast between Spurn and Bridlington during the last few centuries. This means a loss of about 115,200 acres of land. Values at £30 per acre the monetary loss would amount to £3,456,000 in land alone.

Several villages have been completely swallowed up by the waves. No trace is left of Monkswear, which, according to Domesday, contained two "carucates" of land, or 240 acres. Thorp, which once covered an area of 690 acres, had been reduced by 1876 to 148 acres and in recent years slips of the coast have taken place in the neighborhood of as much as 300 yards in length by forty to fifty yards in width.

Two other striking illustrations of the manner in which the waves relentlessly devour the land were given to our representative. In 1796, the chancel of the then Kilnsea church, on the Holderness coast, was ninety-five yards from the cliff, but this church was swallowed entirely by the sea many years ago and the whole of old Kilnsea has been absorbed within the last century. The present Kilnsea or New Kilnsea is likewise suffering heavily.

The Blue Bell Inn, in the neighborhood, has a stone in the east wall inscribed: "Built in the year 1847; distance from sea, 534 yards." In September, 1876, it was 392 yards from the sea, so that the loss has been five yards per annum.

## The Point of View.

Cheer up. What right have you to carry a funeral in your face? The world has troubles of its own.

Cheer up and change your point of view. Your ills are mostly imaginary. Why, man alive! In five minutes' walk you can find scores of people worse off than you. And here you are going through the world feeling sorry for yourself—the meanest sort of pity in the world. You are nursing an ingrown illusion. Rid yourself of the bogie man, and—

Cheer up.—Omaha News.

While there are said to be thousands of apostles of the Simple Life, who eat nothing but bread and cereals, the woman never lived who ever drew one as a guest.



## OLD Favorites

**Love Me Little, Love Me Long.**  
Love me little, love me long!  
Is the burden of my song;  
Love that is too hot and strong  
Burneth soon to waste.  
Still I would not have thee cold,  
Not too backward nor too bold;  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old  
Fadeth not in haste.  
Love me little, love me long!  
Is the burden of my song.

If thou lovest me too much,  
'Twill not prove as true a touch;  
Love me little more than such—  
For I fear the end.  
I'm with little well content,  
And a little from thee sent  
Is enough, with true intent,  
To be steadfast, friend.

Say thou lovest me, while thou live  
I to thee my love will give,  
Never dreaming to deceive  
While that life endures;  
Nay, and after death, in sooth,  
I to thee will keep my truth,  
As now when in my May of youth;  
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
And it will through life persevere;  
Give me that with true endeavor—  
I will it restore.  
A suit of durance let it be,  
For all weathers—that for me—  
For the land or for the sea;  
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
Autumn's tempests on it beat;  
It can never know defeat,  
Never can rebel.  
Such the love that I would gain,  
Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
'Thou must give, or woo in vain;  
So to thee—farewell!

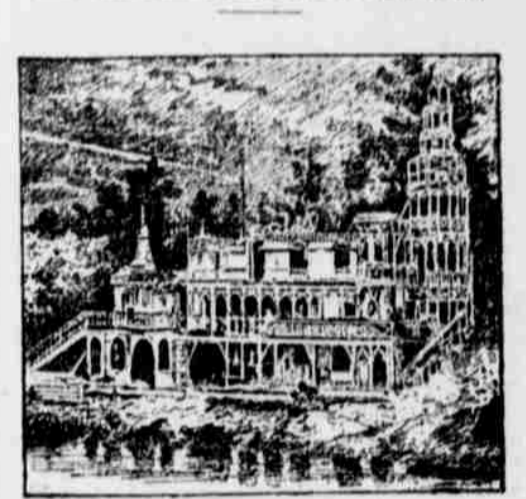
—Anonymous.  
**Worship of Nature.**  
The harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven  
And mirrors every star.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine;  
From the folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.  
The mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer;  
The altar curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its stately march  
The chorus of a prayer.  
John Greenleaf Whittier.

## AN ARCHITECTURAL FREAK.



The curious structure herewith pictured stands on the right bank of the Mississippi river, about fifty miles south of St. Paul, Minn., near the village of Minnetksa. It is the work of a single man, and he has been forty years in building it. During the civil war Putman Gray began collecting logs, driftwood and wreckage, and constructing with his own hands the great building which has become known to all who pass that way as "Crazyman's Castle." He still lives in it at the age of 75. He is a hermit in his disposition, and no one has discovered the secret of his early life.

## British Sailor's Collar Goes.

The reformed uniform for the blue jackets, which is to make the handyman of our navy a different looking sailor lad, came into force at Christmas. The familiar caps and blue collar will disappear, and Jack will be given a peaked cap and a jacket. Sailors have several objections to the old-time picturesque costume. The baggy trousers were liable to catch in machinery, the open jumper was nicknamed the "pneumonia catcher," and the white straw hats for hot weather were difficult to stow away.

A jacket loosely fitting, comfortable around the neck, with a turned-down collar and five buttons; a peaked cap, light, ventilated, with broad, flat top and, for use in hot weather, a cover to protect the back of the neck; trousers moderately loose; this was the reconstruction favored by the lower deck of the home fleet.—London Mail.



"What have you been buying this time, Henry?" queried Ma, in a chirrupful voice, as the esteemed lord and master of the Jones Family airily tilted into the house and laid a package on the table. "Have you been blowing in your money on another bargain lot of grip medicine disguised as hair tonic? Have you been getting some more of that rheumatism cure which is guaranteed to make your kinky legs walk more crooked than they ever wobbled before? Have you—"

"What do you suppose I have been buying, madame? What do you suppose I have been buying?" interrupted Pa, in a disturbed tone, as he glared at his little Mary. "What would any man buy who has sweetful harmony in his heart? What would any man buy who has the aesthetic sentiment of an artist in his sighful soul? Do you think that I would be foolish enough to lug home a hod and a cart load of plaster without first joining the Bricklayers' Union? Do you imagine for one moment that I would be silly enough to carry around a life-size calliope unless I had a circus and a side show to go with it? Not on your angel face, Mrs. Jones! Not on your angel face! I have been buying a cornet! I have been—"

"A cornet!" was the shoutful ejaculation of the astonished Ma. "What in the world are you going to do with a cornet? What—"

"There you go again, dear wife! There you go again!" exclaimed Pa, with a painful expression of annoyance.