



# Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## WHO IS THE HAPPY MAN?

**T**HE independent farmer, who lives with Nature, tills the soil, cares for his cattle, and has what money he can make, can have no idea of the difference between his own life and the life of every man who lives in the city and helps to carry on the world's industries. He does not realize that there are very few men of all the millions in the cities who follow their own will. When he understands that he will understand better how the desire for independence is one of the factors that draws men back to the country. Independence is one of the dreams of the city man. But it is a dream with most men that never comes true. The conditions of life are such that the desire to rest and breathe close to the fields and woods cannot be realized. The rich man is often so enamored of his money and the prospect for more that he waits just a little longer, until death overtakes him still in pursuit of the dollar; the poor man cannot give up his work for a day, or if he is in slightly better circumstances he wants to be just a little more sure he is making no mistake in giving up the days of being bossed for the era of doing as he likes. Happy the man who can always live a life of independence, but happy also the man who while serving others can live in independence of mind and spirit and lead a simple and useful life. That does not depend upon environment, and it contemplates no control of others or by others. It is the domain into which others cannot enter, and it is absolute in its possibilities for happiness whatever the stress of life where business holds sway. Most workers must take their happiness as they go along, without expectation of years of leisure or absolute independence. It is their good fortune if they can make it a happiness which all the world's a-seeking.—Lowell, Mass., Courier-Citizen.

## THE SAY-WHEN SERMON.

**W**Henever you think I have preached long enough I want any of you to say so and I will immediately announce the last hymn. It is not always possible for a preacher to tell just when he should say off, and I for one would be grateful for suggestions. You will not offend me by calling time. Say when and I'll stop." So said the Rev. Charles Clarkson of Detroit to his congregation.

He is a wise parson who knows when to quit. This preacher evidently wants to preach the gospel so that it will stick in his people's minds. He can't do much to tired minds. Therefore he must gauge his sermons to suit. The tendency of all public speech is toward condensation. The Edward Everett style of oration belongs to the stage coach era. This is an electric age demanding electric speech. Brevity is the soul of eloquence nowadays. The direct, nervous utterance is the speech of the busy day. And Robert G. Ingersoll, if he may be mentioned in this connection, did as much as any public speaker to fix the condensed style, the short, simple words of modern oratory.

The same tendency is seen in the later newspaper editorials. It was a great shock to the literary folk when Arthur Brisbane began to write editorials on common every day things and cut out all the long words. But that style of editorials has won out.

If the pulpit is to keep in touch with the times it must adapt itself. The modern audience is quick to catch on. The preacher need not spend unnecessary words to tell the old story of love and sacrifice. And only the speaker of unusual charm is able to hold an audience longer than 35 or 40 minutes.

Before all else the future man of the pulpit must stay by the gospel themes—the themes that touch men's hearts and hopes. He must have something vital to say. And he must say it without unnecessary rhetoric. The man

with a real message can say enough in 30 minutes to keep his audience thinking for a whole week.

The day of the ponderous polished essay in the pulpit is over. It has gone with the prosy, padded, long-winded editorial. This is the day for the say-when sermons.—Des Moines News.

## MOST MARRIAGES ARE HAPPY.

**S**WIFT'S saying that the reason why so few marriages are happy is that "young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages," is doubly outrageous. In the first place it is an outrageous begging of the question. The testimony of less cynical observers in our day and country is that most marriages are entitled to be called happy. In the second place it outrageously puts the whole blame for unhappy marriages on the female partner, contrary alike to probability and to fact. But at least as many of the marriages are failures in which men "choose" their wives, or think they do, as in cases in which men become the prey of their own imaginations. And there is this to be said from the point of view of reasons in favor of marriages with which reason has nothing to do. In the first months of married life there are necessarily very many differences to be adjusted and small incompatibilities of ways of thinking and feeling to be reconciled. That, as all experienced spouses know, is the trying period. Marriage is like life in that it is a school wherein who so does not learn must suffer. Now, to diminish the friction of this trying time no better lubricant could possibly be provided than the romantic love, which cannot be expected to last forever, but which may very probably outlast this greatest necessity for it of the early conjugal period. When the glamour of the romance "fades into the light of common day," and a real man and a real woman takes the place of the creatures of each other's fancy, and passion cools into at best the tenderest of friendships, both parties are better off, and will acknowledge themselves to be better off because the romance has been. "In erring reason's spite" all mankind will continue to love a lover, and justly so.—New York Times.

## PERILS LURK IN THE CLOTHES BRUSH.

**T**HE brushing of dusty clothes in the living rooms of the household is opposed to cleanly sentiment, apart altogether from the evil to health which, as the bacteriology of dust distinctly indicates, might easily be caused by the process. The imagination does not require to be stretched very far to realize that the clothes brush might be easily responsible for the dissemination of disease. Dust is rarely, if ever, free from micro-organisms and among them pathogenic entities have been recognized. Dust is, in fact, an enemy of the human race, a vehicle of disease, and should everywhere and on every occasion, however trifling, be prevented as far as means can be employed to that end.

The clothes brush is a vigorous dust producing agent, and since its application is indispensable it should be used in a manner as far as possible consistent with hygienic requirements. Clothes, of course, must be brushed, just as carpets must be beaten, but both processes create a nuisance which is different not in kind, but only in degree. Just, therefore, as there are grounds reserved for the beating of carpets remote, as they should be, from human habitation, so also ought there to be in a household conducted on hygienic lines a special room relegated to the brushing of clothes. The brushing of clothes is, in fact, a clumsy and an unsanitary procedure, which might with advantage be superseded by some more effectual and less offensive method. The use of some kind of vacuum brush for the purpose would, sanitarially speaking, be ideal.—London Lancet.

boriously, as it seemed to me, I found the tongue of my childhood again, but awkward beyond belief. This is what it said:

"How very respectable of you to ask us!"

The crown princess looked at me a moment, uncertain what to think, then caught the expression on my wife's face, and laughed outright. At that the prince came up and heard the explanation, and we all laughed together. The next moment the room was filled with their children, and we were introduced all round. It was all quite as neighborly and informal as if it had been at home.

My wife was taken in to dinner by a prince, a shy, boyish young fellow, whose great ambition, he confided to her, was to live in a New York skyscraper, and shoot up and down in the elevator.

They say that Frederik never forgets anything. I had proof of this when we next met, in Ribe, my old town on the North Sea, where he had come with the royal household to open the Domkirke, restored after the wear and decay of nine centuries. I was coming out of our hotel at 7 in the morning, and in the square ran plumb into a gentleman in a military cloak, who had a young man for company, and a girl of 15 or 16.

"Good morning, Mr. Riis!" said he. "I hope you are well, and your wife, since last we met."

It surely must be that I am getting old and foolish. The voice I knew; there are few as pleasing. But the man—I stood and looked at him. A smile crept over his features and broadened there. All at once I knew him.

"But, good gracious, your royal highness," I said, "who would expect to

find you here before any one is up and stirring? You are really yourself to blame."

He laughed. "We are early risers, my children and I," he said. "We have been out since 6 o'clock."

## To Tan Fur Skins.

A formula often used to tan skins with hair or fur on is this: Wash the skin and scrape off any flesh that may be sticking to it. Then wash the hair side with water and soap and rinse well. Take one pound each of salt and pulverized alum, two ounces of borax dissolved in hot water, add enough rye meal (cornmeal may answer as well) to make a thick paste and spread all over flesh side. Then fold lengthwise, with the hair side out. Let remain two weeks in an airy but shaded place; then unfold, shake well and wash flesh side with water and scrape with some sort of dull scraper. Pull and stretch and work till dry. The quantity of ingredients must be in the proportions given, but the size of the skin must determine the quantity used. The quantities named probably would be enough for two or three sheepskins.—St. Louis Republic.

## Boiler Made Into Copper Coins.

While taking stock of the old machinery at the Calcutta mint the engineers found that a boiler, which must have been put down in the first half of the nineteenth century, was of the purest copper. Its value was enormously greater than when it was manufactured, because the great consumption of copper in electrical machines has raised the price of the metal. The boiler was melted down and converted into copper coins.

Boys like pie so well they never know what kind it is they are eating.

## A LITTLE LESSON IN ADVERSITY.

The father of Bertel Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, was a poor wood carver, who deprived himself of



B. THORWALDSEN.

the necessities of life in order to send his son to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen when Bertel was 12 years old. It was the intention of the elder Thorwaldsen that his son should learn artistic principles, in order to fit himself for the wood-

carving that he himself worked at; but Bertel projected himself beyond this limitation and branched into sculpture.

He was 16 years of age when he took a prize at the academy. Three years later, by dint of the hardest kind of work and the closest application, he took a scholarship of \$120 a year for a period of three years to enable him to study art in Italy.

In Italy Thorwaldsen, friendless, copied diligently the work of the old masters, but tried in vain to sell his efforts. He sent some of his works back to Copenhagen, but could find no purchaser. So discouraged was he with his famous "Jason and the Golden Fleece" that he destroyed the model. He finally made another that would have suffered the same fate had not an Englishman seen it and commissioned the sculptor to execute it in marble for him.

## TRADE OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Share of the United States Expected to Grow Rapidly

A glance at the general condition of trade with South America suggests some needs which we have that will be later discussed, says Cent Per Cent. Our trade with South America in 1870 was \$21,000,000; in 1904 it had risen to \$51,000,000. The trade, however, with the orient rose from \$10,000,000 in 1870 to \$60,000,000 in 1904. Trade with our North American neighbors in 1870 was \$69,000,000; in 1904 it was \$235,000,000. So our trade with South America a little more than doubled, while with Canada and Mexico it less than quadrupled.

Besides this general statement space permits only the briefest examination of the most important State—the Argentine republic. The total exports from Argentina in 1905 were \$322,843,841, her total imports \$205,154,420. The rate of increase is very rapid. Of her imports England has the larger share, \$68,391,043. Germany and the United States compete for second place with \$27,000,000 in round numbers. Of her exports England takes \$44,000,000, Germany and France each take \$37,000,000, while the United States takes \$15,000,000, being the only country of importance with a favorable balance, reaching in 1905 about \$14,000,000. Of the \$17,000,000 increase in her imports it is of importance to note that over \$10,000,000 were for goods in connection with means of transportation supplies for railroads, tramways, street cars and automobiles—a field into which the United States should push still farther. As it is the trade of this country has constantly increased.

As has been shown the trade in South America has not been what it should be, not what it undoubtedly will be in the near future. It is certain that as these territories are longer under our control, order and security will have their natural results in improved industrial conditions and enlarged trade. To those who have any faith at all in the inspiration and uplift of our culture, this must appear as an inevitable result. It seems equally as certain that more amicable relations are soon to develop between the United States and her sister republics in the south. Much is to be hoped from the coming conference in July at Rio Janeiro.

The Monroe doctrine had a political intent, but there is a more important type of union into which the sister republics of the new world should come—a commercial union. Of the ultimate formation of such a union there is not the slightest doubt. Our industrial domination of Latin America is equally as certain. Mexico is being gradually but persistently invaded by American capital and a recent careful critic has estimated that in twenty-five years we will control Mexico. The reach of our influence into South America is

constantly widening. That the whole of these lands will be ere long in one tariff zone seems highly probable. Toward such a condition the growing spirit of reciprocity of the past decades has tended; its attainment will be one of the triumphs of diplomacy that will crown the coming years.

## NERVE OF A PERSIAN CHIEF.

Accidentally Wounded by Hunting Companion, He Hid Suffering.

Lloyd C. Griseom, minister to Japan, recently related an incident about the chief of a tribe of semi-savages whom he encountered in one of the interior provinces of Persia.

"Although half a savage," said Minister Griseom, "the man possessed the true instincts of a nobleman and a hero. We went on a hunting expedition together, and one night around the camp fire he pointed to an ugly scar that seared his forehead and said: 'The last distinguished white man that came this way did this.'

"I pressed him to tell me how the wound had been inflicted, and he said: 'The white man and I were out hunting. We saw a wild goat on a rock across a valley, just a short distance away. My friend took careful aim and fired. The bullet missed its mark and struck the rocky ledge just below the animal. By a strange freak the bullet ricocheted back to where we were standing and struck me a glancing blow on the forehead.'

"Your companion must have felt dreadfully," I said.

"He never knew I was hurt," replied the chief. "I had my tight-fitting turban on and did not remove it. It kept the blood inside until we reached home, and my friend never knew what had happened."

"Who was your friend? I asked.

"Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the present British ambassador to the United States," was the reply.—Kansas City Star.

## A HARDY PIONEER.

A pioneer woman of the genuine old-fashioned sort is described by Herbert Myrick in "Cache la Poudre." Mrs. Elizabeth Stone was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1801, and died at Fort Collins, Colo., in 1895. In her early married life she and her husband journeyed by wagon to Minnesota, where Indians were their only neighbors. They went thence by wagon across the plains to Fort Collins, in 1864. Her husband died the next year.

Although she was the only white woman in the valley, Mrs. Stone had no thought of giving up, and under the stress of circumstances she developed remarkable executive ability. Unaided, she built the first flouring mill north of Denver, the first millrace, the first brick kiln, the first brick house. She was "aunt" to all the soldiers, "mother" to the women, boys and settlers who gradually joined the community.

She was a wonderful dancer, and at a ball held when she was 81 years old, showed herself as nimble on her feet as any of the young people.

Several young men entered into a conspiracy to "dance the old lady down." Each in turn invited her to dance with him. She danced with them all, and kept it up until her partners were exhausted. At the close of the dance "the old lady" still held the floor, and the last of the conspirators owned up defeated. Then she went home and got breakfast for a full house.

She was of sterling character and rugged sense, and her influence was always good.

## Neighborly Mr. Whiggens.

Mrs. Nippy frowned a little. "I don't like to go without you, dear," she said; "but Bernhardt may never play here again—and you've bought the seats and all—"

"It's too bad," Mr. Nippy answered; "but there's no way out of it. I've simply got to stay home to look over those proofs to-night. Why not ask one of the neighbor women to go with you? There's Mrs. Whiggens, for instance."

"I believe I'll ask her," said Mrs. Nippy.

Mrs. Whiggens was delighted to go. At 8 o'clock the house was still and Nippy was up to his ears in work.

The door bell rang. Whiggens stood outside.

"Hello, Nippy!" he said. "The women seem to have deserted us to-night, so I thought I'd run in and spend the evening with you."—Judge.

## Not Always a Quiet Home.

"What I want," said the young man, "is to get married and have a peaceful, quiet home."

"Well," said Farmer Corntossell, "sometimes it works that way and then again sometimes it's like Jolain's 'debatin' society.'—Washington Star.

## A Circus.

Visitor—What a well-behaved little boy.

Mother—Yes; I told him if he was good he could watch his father take up the carpet.—New York Sun.

## KING FREDERIK AT HOME.

The new King of Denmark, Frederik VIII., begins his reign rich in the love and respect of his people. He is as democratic a sovereign as even Denmark could desire, and is possessed of that last blessing of public men—a wonderful memory for faces. When Jacob Riis was in Denmark in 1904, says a writer in the Outlook, he was invited with his wife to dine at Charlottenlund with Frederik, then crown prince, and the crown princess.

I just borrowed a top hat—it was three sizes too small, and I was glad to carry it in my hand in the presence of royalty—says Mr. Riis, and the rest was easy. We drove out, with the American minister and his wife, who were also invited.

Charlottenlund lies in the forest just outside Copenhagen, on the beautiful store road. We hardly knew we were halfway there when we wheeled into the palace grounds, and the door of the carriage was yanked open by lackeys who swarmed to help the ladies. In we went, and almost before we could draw breath a door was thrown open, our names were announced, and the crown princess came forward with outstretched hand.

"It was very good of you to come out to us," she said.

Our entrance had been so sudden, due to the hustle to make way for the princes following close upon us, and in thought and speech we had been so far away during the ride, that the Danish greeting left me for the moment dumb, groping my way four thousand miles across the sea. Slowly and la-