

# Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## AVERAGE VOCABULARIES.

**I**F 300 old spellings are to be tabooed in the President's first order, how many will the second order include and how much of the language will there be left in its received form for old-fashioned people to console themselves with? An uneducated man's vocabulary contains altogether, according to the authorities, only some 300 or 400 words. Italian operas require not over 800 words, and the system of Egyptian hieroglyphs has but 800 symbols. Well educated persons of fair intelligence use, it is said, not over 2,000 or 4,000 words. The Bible of 1611—commonly known as the King James or the Authorized Version—without the Apocryphal portion, has under 6,000 words. Poets, dealing much under abstractions, employ a larger vocabulary. Milton found 8,000 words necessary for the composition of his poems; Pope, 11,000, and Shakespeare, 15,000. These are large figures, compared with the prosy talk of the "average man," who gets along comfortably with 500 words.

Everybody knows or understands a great many words which he never uses. "Dictionary words" include a long list—never heard in speech and rarely seen in print. The number of words, including scientific and art terms, which are not obsolete, that are used by good authors, may reach 100,000. Dictionary makers score a point on their rivals by introducing in large numbers rarely used technical terms derived from Latin or Greek. Slang, colloquialisms, hybrids, special coinages and semi-naturalized words may be used to pad the list indefinitely. Early editions of Webster had but 70,000 words, but Worcester's has 116,000. Webster's Unabridged, 118,000, and Webster's International Dictionary 140,000, while the Encyclopedic Dictionary contains 180,000 words, or, if compounds be included, 250,000. The Century Dictionary, including therewith the Cyclopaedia of Names and Atlas, defines 450,000 words and names. It should be added, however, that of this large total 170,000 are to be credited to the Atlas, and a number, similarly large, to the Cyclopaedia of Names.—Baltimore Sun.

## THE FAMILY PEW.

**S**OME of the most vivid of the emotions which thronged upon the summer pilgrim to the old home were those which awaited him in the family pew of the old meeting house. As he took his seat there, and heard the familiar note of the organ and the clear, thin voices of the choir, the years melted away, the faces changed, the new carpet faded into the well-remembered colors of fifty years ago—and he was in truth a child again.

His thought went back to the time when he was allowed to sit on the footstool as a concession to his short, restless legs. He tasted again the luscious raisin which found its way from grandmother's pocket to his mouth, and sniffed the pungent southernwood of the Sunday money in a neighbor's silk-mitted hand.

It was in that pew that he first realized to the full the dignity of trousers. It was there that he was proudly conscious of the approving glances of his friends on his first college vacation. He recalled in a flash the intolerable length of the sermon on that Thanksgiving day!

The pew has sad memories as well as sweet ones. Most poignant of them is that of his mother's funeral and the awful Sunday after it, when no one could bear to take her empty place and the emptiness of it seemed unendurable. Close upon that time followed the Sunday when he made solemn profession there of the faith she had loved so well.

Then came the days of the great war, when the meet-

ing house blazed with flags and thrilled with the music of bugle and drum. The blessing of the volunteers, the prayers for their safety, and the sad, sad series of soldiers' funerals—all these came up to the man's memory in the old pew.

Suddenly out of this dreamland he is called by the stir of the congregation—and is conscious that he has missed the good pastor's sermon. But perhaps God Himself has preached to him out of life's grim struggle—in the vision of some of his own deep experiences and the discovery that they are still potent to arouse the will and confirm the faith with their rich and tender memories.—Youth's Companion.

## MILE-A-MINUTE RAILROADING.

**A**LL the signs point to an eventual electrification of the transportation business of the country, at least except in the case of very long hauls through thinly populated regions. Will this transformation bring with it the practical impossibility of mile-a-minute travel? There seems considerable justification for an affirmative answer. It has been amply demonstrated that the electric locomotive is capable of attaining and maintaining far higher speeds than this. On the Zossen experimental road in Germany speeds of over 125 miles per hour were reached.

The chief difficulty in the way of operating a commercial line at such enormous velocities aside from the question of cost has to do with the safety of passengers. The rails and cars can be built strongly enough to stand the wear and tear, motors competent to push them at this speed are available, and methods of transmitting current to the motors from an overhead conductor have been perfected. In fact, the realization of a ten-hour train between New York and Chicago seems to require only the device of a protective block system which would render practically impossible the terrible fatalities liable to result from collisions and derailments at these speeds.

If the rolling stock could be made accident proof, and the road bed sufficiently straight and solid to do away with the danger of derailment, there seems nothing in the way of a mile-a-minute line, but its cost. How much heavier this would be than in the case of a fifty-mile per hour service is a question on which the early construction of such a line seems to depend.—New York Globe.

## HIPPLE'S HYPOCRISY.

**T**HE damage effected by the late Mr. Hipple is not confined to his depositors. The exposure of a hypocrite always endangers the faith in human nature of the grudging and the weak. Mr. Hipple was able to deceive his creditors by parading his religion, by practicing with convincing ostentation the qualities that usually indicate character and principle. But this proves nothing except Mr. Hipple's success at simulation—a success which is not unique, but which, on the other hand, it would be contemptible to consider universal.

Speculations as to our neighbors', our rivals' and our enemies' sincerity will always be one of the interesting occupations of mankind. Yet it is a courageous man who makes rigid rules, who is prepared to condemn or affirm on general principles. Mr. Hipple refrained from the Sunday newspaper—he now proves a hypocrite, but that makes the Sunday newspaper neither better nor worse. Unfortunately indeed would it be to weaken one's capacity for belief in one's kind because a knave had a measure of success.—Chicago Post.

## LUXURY OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

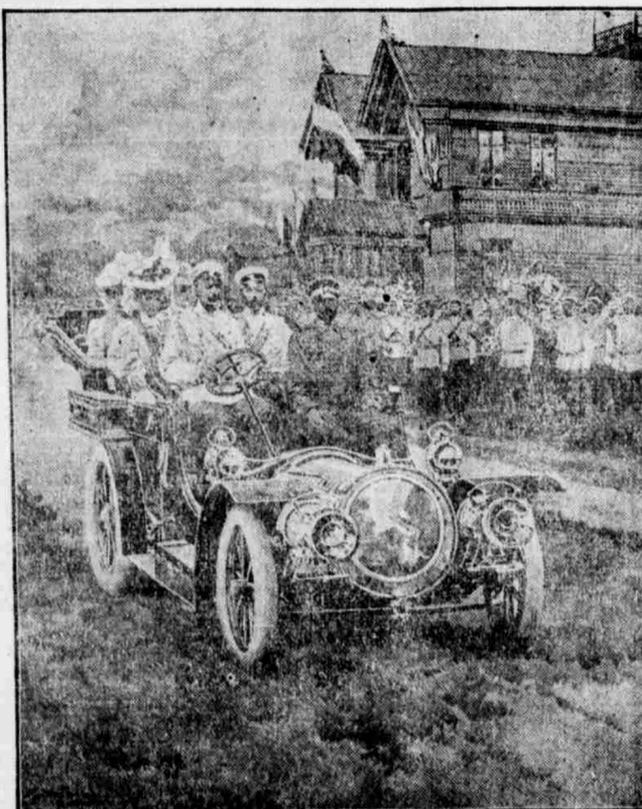
**With Their Splendid Equipment the Great Liners Are Floating Palaces.**

There was a time, and not so long ago, when crossing the ocean seemed quite an undertaking, and the person who had ventured twice or thrice was brave in the eyes of his associates. But, significant of the wandering spirit developed in America within the last decade, a few days ago the writer was speaking with a man, not a professional traveler, who had made eighty trips across; and to the moneyed man or woman of this century a record of from ten to twenty trips across is not so extraordinary as to cause comment. The eight or ten days formerly spent on the waves between here and Europe have been reduced to a trifle over six, and during those six days the vessel is not only in constant communication with land, but every morning a paper containing brief accounts of the news features of the world is printed and distributed free of charge among the passengers.

Because of their bulk and weight the large liners are comparatively steady, and few storms of the summer are of sufficient strength to roll or toss them. The broad decks are like small streets, and the dining rooms and saloons are more like those of a metropolitan hotel than a ship. In place of the stuffy little cabins of old-time ships, the up-to-date liners are equipped with rooms en suite, with baths, full-length mirrors and wardrobes, and even the smaller cabins are provided with all the furnishings of a well-appointed boarding house.—Leslie's Weekly.

Here is a question that came up among some people who were talking down town to-day: Which is worse—to have some one around who is willing but dumb, or some one who is unwilling, but wise?

## CZAR NICHOLAS IN AN AUTOMOBILE.



THE CZAR LEAVING THE RACE COURSE AT KRASSNOYE SELO.

The Czar has rarely been presented to English readers as a motorist. A correspondent of London Sphere, however, has snapped him at the military horse races at Krasnoye Selo, which is sixteen miles southwest of St. Petersburg, whereas Tsarskoye Selo is fifteen miles south of the capital. This particular view shows the Czar motoring down the race course after the races.

## OLD Favorites

### The Huskers.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain  
Had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again;  
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose bright and red,  
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;  
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,  
On the corn fields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;  
Slaughtering through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why;  
And school girls, gay with aster flowers, beside the meadow brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;  
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;  
But still, on gentle hill slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;  
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain  
Bore slowly to the long barn floor its load of husk and grain;  
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream and pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea bluffs a milder glory shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay,  
From many a brown old farmhouse, and hamlet without name,  
Their milking and their home tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;  
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## ONE HOUR IN A TOURING CAR.

**Motor Has Brought the Country Home Very Near to Town.**

Grandmother's diary is full of the merry sleigh rides of her days, but it is doubtful if they had the excitement and charm of a modern motor dash at twenty miles an hour through the spring light, says the New York Post. A half century ago the box sleighs swept over the white-covered roads from Marmaroneck and Rye to neighboring townships, carrying loads of fun-makers to husking bees, weddings, barn dances and other rural diversions, almost under the shadow of the rapidly growing metropolis; seldom, however, venturing as far as the city. But now when it is a matter of only an hour from the lights of Broadway, excursions may be of greater length, and the country amusements have almost disappeared.

The touring car shoots from the porte cochere, taking the road along the ridge. Below lies some lost tributary of the Bronx, illumined by the white

glare of the lamps where the water drops over the low parapet. The brakes grind as the car descends to the sandy roadbed. On all sides are the black, empty tree-pillared aisles of the wood. It does not seem possible that less than twenty miles away lies New York, with its teeming millions, that prosperous townships surrounded us on every side. The chauffeur touches the high-speed lever, and the motor, quivering, cuts into the night. The wind rises from a mere whistle to a deafening roar. A log lying in the middle of the way we skim as lightly as a bird and we swing into Jerome avenue. The marauder gives splendid opportunity for speeding, and, bit by bit, our driver shaves the seconds down, until the motor is hurrying through the darkness at thirty miles an hour. Far away a huge, fiery glow is spread over the southern sky, wavy and blurred. It is the reflection of the lights of New York.

As we near the city traffic thickens. A lone trolley car is passed as if it were standing still, and delivery wagons seem to be dropped a block at a jump; fellow motors appear, and the hoarse "honk" of the auto horns is deafening. This "leg" of the course is eaten up as quickly as the preceding one. The silhouette of the city is more distinct. Here and there, some great apartment hotel shoots its light-speckled bulk into the dusk, while, nearer at hand, the lamps on bridges and shipping in the Harlem form a dazzling network. Our speed decreases to a modest twelve miles an hour. Further up the river, as we rumble over the bridge, a train—the same that left the suburban station with us—whistles for the draw. We will beat it to 43d street by several minutes.

Over into Seventh avenue we roll, slowly threading our way out of the ruck into more open ground, where, at medium speed, we flash past the elevated pillars. A policeman holds up a warning hand as we rush past 30th street, but before he can say a word we are past and two blocks away. Now we are at Central Park West. The rough native rock of the park and the dressed granite cliffs opposite cast puzzling shadows across the asphalt. At 61st street a mounted officer dashes out from the curb, pulling his horse to his haunches, and lifts two warning fingers. "You can't pass here after 6 o'clock," he calls, and we slip down a side street into the Circle, where stands the great discoverer on his pedestal. Swinging into Broadway, we dutifully obey the signals of numerous tall bluecoats and regulate our speed accordingly. A few blocks further on the lights of Long Acre square gleam warmly, and a clock strikes the half hour as the car whirrs to a standstill beside the curb. We have done it in less than sixty minutes.

## HOSPITAL CAR FOR WRECKS.

**Operating and Ward Rooms or Wheels Provided by a Railroad.**

In car No. 1069 the Erie Railroad has added a complete hospital on wheels to its equipment, says the New York Herald. It is provided for use when in case of accident passengers or employes are injured and the nearest hospital is so far away that operations on the spot become necessary.

Divided into two compartments, the sixty-foot car has an operating room fifteen feet ten inches in length, equipped with an Isaac operating table, with a movable head and foot extension, an instrument sterilizer on the right and a surgeon's basin on the left. The car also has two lockers equipped with surgical instruments and stocked with bandages, plasters, sponges, anesthetics, antiseptics, astringents and other medicinal and surgical necessities.

Four-foot slide doors in either side, with portable steps, permit of an easy entrance with a stretcher to the room, which has ten side windows and a large window in the roof over the operating table. All are of ground glass and provided with white rubber roller curtains. Two four-flame acetylene gas lights and two smaller ones furnish light at night. A gravity water system to furnish both hot and cold water can be regulated by a surgeon with a valve operated by the foot.

Two sliding doors, with ground glass windows, lead to the ward room, forty-three feet four inches in length, equipped with eleven brass bedsteads and a lavatory and saloon. Boxes under the car carry crutches, splints, army stretchers, surgical implements, wrecking tools and other accessories. The car rests on six-wheel trucks.

## Too Much Like Work.

"Say, Blinky, I see it here in dis paper dat Roushee wants to harrow 8800,000,000. What do you 'think o' dat?"

"Nothin'. If I had de stuff I wouldn't give it to 'em."

"Why not?"

"Aw, say, don't you know it would take a feller 'most a half day to count out a heap like dat? I ain't fond enough o' work to tackle it."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

The greatest thing in the world is politeness. And no schooling is necessary to be agreeable; simply have a little consideration for others, and be quiet and modest.