

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENTS.

IF the annual encampments of the Grand Army veterans served no other purpose they would be invaluable for the influence they exert as visible evidences of the nation's strength and vitality. At a time when the public is absorbed in the contemplation of diverse troubles, political and commercial, they disclose the presence of a national spirit which took us through an upheaval far greater and more terrible than any peril now even remotely seen. It may be doubted whether any other event of the year does so much to correct our historical perspective and enable us to see things in their true relation as does this annual reunion of the old soldiers.

The final abandonment of the encampments, when it becomes necessary to discontinue them, will be a distinct loss to the nation, depriving it of an object lesson which has been stimulating and helpful and could be given in no other way. The mere sight of the aging veterans on parade is something to stir the imagination and kindle anew the fires of loyalty and national pride. No commemorative custom or memorial service which may be adopted in later years will take the place of the sight of the soldiers themselves.

There is added reason, therefore, why each of the encampments to come should be made the occasion for such a demonstration of deep and tender interest as that which has greeted the veterans in their meeting at Minneapolis. Not on sentimental grounds alone, but for reasons of practical policy, we cannot well make too much of these meetings or cherish their memory too carefully.—Chicago News.

EDUCATING FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

THE question of how to educate the daughter of farmers for the real duties of life has been solved by the government of Belgium. Free schools have been established in different sections for the purpose of giving girls instruction in the many branches of agriculture and home housekeeping. Girls are admitted to the schools when fifteen years old, and kept in training for ten months. During that time they are expected to study and master the elements of agriculture, dairy farming, housekeeping and accounts, and be prepared to go out in the world and practice the lessons taught, in many instances becoming teachers.

Belgium is a thickly-populated country. There are numerous cities and towns that tempt the young people to leave the farms. The daughters of well-to-do farmers are inclined to take life easy and try to live above working on the farm. It was to correct this growing evil that the new schools were instituted. Every school admits fifteen pupils. Every girl has a room to herself, and must take proper care of it while she remains a student. All are dressed alike, and their clothing is made of ordinary material. A term of ten months generally entitles the pupil with a liking for the farm, and results in keeping the girls at home and benefiting the country by their lives of usefulness.

Modern life on the farm should be enticing to the sons and daughters of the country. It certainly presents many attractions not found in the pioneer days of agriculture. There is a hope for homes and happiness in the future that cannot be held out in the marts of commerce. Any system of educating that tends to training the minds of pupils in a different direction is not to be commended. The world of humanity must become a home-loving and home-building population to insure peace among the many families. There are more

opportunities on the farm for getting an interest in the land than in any occupation offered enterprising young people. There is a future in agriculture for women. It has opportunities for advancement in every legitimate field of human endeavor. That work should not be overlooked by any parent or guardian.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

DIRECTORS WHO DO NOT DIRECT.

THE summer season is usually uneventful in the financial world, but developments of late have attracted world wide interest. The United States has seen two demonstrations of frenzied finance, in the destruction of a Chicago bank and a great Philadelphia banking and real estate loan concern. Hundreds of poor people have found their hard-earned savings swept away, and the newspapers are again busily discussing that great financial menace, "the director who does not direct." Well known and able financiers of Philadelphia were on the board of the trust company, and regularly the late president showed them large packages containing the company's securities—all "gift-edged." So said the president. Not one of those well-known and able financiers ever dreamed of investigating the packages; and for all the directors knew the packages, representing the foundation of the whole structure, might have contained sawdust.

The truth was at last revealed, but not through any mental efforts of the directors. The suicide of the unfortunate president started an investigation, quickly disclosing a state of affairs that might never have materialized had the directors fully appreciated the importance of their trust. This, and many other similar disasters have developed such an obvious moral that a new era must come—an era in which directors, whether of the Bank of England, or of a concern capitalized at \$5,000, will exercise a vigilant safeguard over the interests of all who are dependent upon their company's success.—Montreal Star.

TALK IT OVER WITH YOUR WIFE.

WHenever a man with a wife and family becomes a criminal, he inflicts cruel sufferings upon the innocent. These silent sufferers deserve the deepest sympathy. The misery they endure cannot be appreciated by those who have never passed through such a harrowing experience. It is lamentable that so few men observe the rule which Tacitus says was observed by the old Germans. "In all important matters they consult their women." The blasting of many a man's reputation, once fair and unspotted, might have been prevented if he had made a confidant of his wife in his business affairs. Defalcations, embezzlements, betrayals of trust and other criminal acts committed in the feverish haste to get rich quickly in many instances would not have been engaged in if the wife had been consulted before the first wrongful or doubtful step had been taken.

Most women have swift intuitions in matters into which the moral law enters. Few of them are skilled in finance, yet the foundation of the financial success of very many men lies in the prudent counsel and management of the wife. Numbers of our most successful business men owe their good fortune largely to the encouraging or restraining advice of their wives in all important crises in their affairs. As one of the chief sufferers when a false or imprudent step is taken by the husband, the wife is entitled to take the place of counselor and guide whenever such aid is needed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE GERMAN EMPRESS IN COMMAND OF HER OWN REGIMENT.



At a review during the maneuvers in Silesia the German empress led her own regiment, the cuirassiers of the Garde du Corps, past the kaiser. The empress wore the cuirassiers' uniform, but not the helmet, which was replaced by a plumed hat. The late Empress Frederick

used to take command of her own regiment of hussars, whose uniform she wore. The empress takes an active interest in military affairs and is a great student of historical works bearing on the wars of Europe.

Aid to Weight.

A young man who wanted to get on the police force, but was six pounds under weight, applied for advice to a cop who had been on the force several years.

"It is the easiest thing in the world,"

said the experienced one. "Just before you go in to take the physical examination eat a lot of boiled cabbage and drink all the milk you can. Water used to be the regular thing, but it is not so heavy as milk and the stomach holds less of it. Milk and cabbage are the

heaviest foods in the world. You can increase your weight five to ten pounds within an hour."

The candidate followed the advice and passed with two pounds to spare.

An ugly woman is uglier than an ugly man.

OLD Favorites

The Tempest.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters
And a storm was on the deep.
'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder,
"Cut away the mast."

So we gathered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the angry waves were rolling,
And the breakers talked of death;
And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost," the Captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand:
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"
Then he kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer—
And we anchored safe in harbor,
When the morn was shining clear.
—Nathan Parker.

The Great Old Man.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man
inheriteth
Honor and wealth with all his worth and
pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of
spirits,

If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains"—
For shame, dear friend, renounce this
canting strain:
What wouldst thou have a great good
man obtain:

Place—title—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne on corpses which his sword
hath slain?—
Greatness and goodness are not means,
but ends!

Hath he not always treasures, always
friends,

The good great man?—Three treasures,
love and light,

And calm thoughts regular as infant's
breath:—

And three firm friends more sure than
day and night—

Himself, his Maker and the angel Death.
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

HER LITTLE MAN.

French Wife with Any Money Does
Not Want Him to Work.

Frenchmen would sink into innocuous desuetude, says the Boston Herald, were it not for their females. Paris, in particular, is the paradise of the incompetent and lazy good-looker.

And, really, when a young husband brings a lump sum equal to his wife's dot, our American ideals may remain shocked at his contented laziness, but we find it hard to criticize with logic.

Pretty little Agnes B—, for example, had a \$20,000 marriage portion from her mother and she was engaged to Paul G—.

"Do you give her only \$20,000?" asked Paul's mother. "Make it \$50,000 and I will give Paul the same."

Agnes' mother remaining obdurate, and Paul's refusing to make an unequal bargain, the young folks started life on \$20,000 each in gilt-edged bonds, producing the joint income of \$1,500—

and here comes the point. Paul had promised Agnes not to work.

"If I quit father and mother it will not be to live my days alone," she said, while to Paul she murmured: "You will rather be with me all day than to go out and make money?"

After marriage it was up to Paul to make good.

"But we have only \$1,500 a year," he argued, and being tempted of the devil he accepted a congenial situation at \$25 per. And his young wife fell sick of it.

His own mother was uneasy and his mother-in-law scolded. His congenial occupation ought to be to jolly Agnes. Agnes grew anemic, pined, had headaches and emotional anxiety.

In the end they had to spend \$1,200 in traveling to get her health back. Paul no longer works, and all is well.

No other country has anything like this proportion of incomes from long family accumulations, where breaking into capital is considered a crime. One consequence is that women quite as frequently as men may have their own revenues.

Now, as Jules Simon pointed out, the French married woman wishes, above all, security for the enjoyment of her "little man." She fears change and is an enemy to enterprise. A French girl with \$20,000 marriage portion will certainly prefer a husband bringing the same or more—on condition that he be "serious"—say at once, obedient.

By having a sure income of her own of, say, \$750, she will just as certainly prefer an obedient young husband earning \$10 per week in a government office with short hours and a moderate pension, to a hustler who might double or quadruple her capital. And if she has \$1,500 per year she will still more certainly prefer an obedient young husband earning nothing to a wonder of enterprise—who is always at his office! This explains the immense vogue in

France of those professions called "of perfect repose." The phrase refers to repose of mind in that these professions seldom tempt men to risk capital in investments; but repose of body is no stranger to their walks. They are army officers, government functionary (one French voter in ten is a government functionary), barrister, doctor, engineer and university professor.

Engineers, either of civil or military specialties or of private enterprises, are quoted high, but rather special. Often they are men who work. Sometimes they have opportunities to invest money advantageously. It is a trifle too uncertain, too energetic, too masterful.

The mass of young Paris doctors, barristers, functionaries, professors—and all army officers—can be depended on to make model French husbands. I know the case of a young doctor whose ambition is to write a book on French watering places. To my certain knowledge he has three fine girls with ample marriage portions chasing after him. The mother of one said the other day:

"I told him I would make Berthe's portion \$65,000 and pay my own expenses if he would agree on his word of honor that I should go with them."

"A dream of happiness!" her gossip replied. "Your daughter pigeonholed a swell son-in-law, with nothing to do, always beside you."

"And the relations, my dear—think of his relations! (She referred to his professional relations.) We would flit from one watering place to another, hotels at half price, douches and inhalations for nothing, jump immediately into the best medical sets of Vichy, Bourbonne, Uriage, Contrexeville, Vitel, Plombieres."

"While he is writing his book?"

"Exactly, my dear! Provided he doesn't write it too quickly! If he marries Berthe I'll see to that!"

She need not worry. The young fellow will see to it himself—that book will be his life work; that and the dally jolly of Berthe.

JOSIE'S ICE-CREAM.

It was next to the very last day of school, and Miss Barton's kindergarten was all excitement, says the Chicago News, for there was going to be a party. "What is ice cream?" asked Josie Czlewski, timidly, of a little boy in her room, whom she met on her way to school that morning. He stared at her scornfully. "Huh!" he snorted. "Huh!"

Josie Czlewski shrank into herself, abashed. Evidently it was an outrageous thing not to know about ice cream, and she was sorry she had asked. But still she wondered.

She had on her old, faded plaid dress which she had worn most of the year. Some of the others were dressed up because of the party. Josie's sinking of the heart, which had been coincident with the appearance of these enviable garments, was almost forgotten in her excitement over the ice cream. She knew what ice was like. Nobody could cook it. Ice cream must be the delicious acme of one's maddest dreams, judging from the raptures about her. She was afraid to display her ignorance again, so she waited with Spartan repression.

"You must be patient," Miss Barton warned them, when the janitor carried in the ice cream. Josie Czlewski watched with eyes that grew bigger and darker. The sawdust-covered ice almost started the tears. Was that ice cream? Away with dreams!

But no, a delectable, rosy, paper-shrouded block of something appeared. This was ice cream! She pressed her hands tightly together, and when the wooden plate was put into her lap, she stared at it, too happy to eat.

But she soon joined the others, whose spoons worked with clocklike rapidity. Never had Josie Czlewski imagined anything like the taste of it.

On a wooden chair Miss Barton was piling more of the paper-covered rosy slabs. Josie felt she could eat many, many more slabs. But alas! the wooden chair was empty. She glanced at it wistfully and started, for the paper on it was coated with a layer of melted ice cream from the burden it had carried. She tilted toward it. She gave one furtive glance about the busy room, and then, quicker than it takes to tell the shocking fact, Josie Czlewski bent over, and with her little pink tongue lapped up the equally pink melted ice cream from the chair. Miss Barton's eyes beheld the scene. She wavered, and then deliberately turned her back on it.

"Did you have a good time, Josie?" the teacher asked the little girl who had learned that afternoon what ice cream is like.

Josie turned starry eyes up at the teacher. "Yes'm," she breathed, fervently. "oh, yes'm!"

Camel's Carrying Capacity.

A camel can easily carry a weight of one thousand pounds on its back, about four times as much as a horse can carry. The camel begins work at the age of 4 and is useful for half a century. The horse, as a rule, is nearly played out at the age of 15.