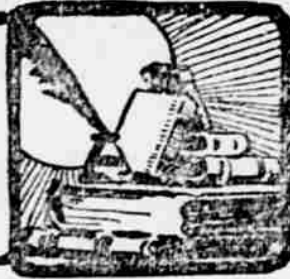




# EDITORIALS



## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### The Relative Intellectual Power of the Sexes.

**M**OST discussion of the relative intellectual power of the two sexes is based on prejudice, or at best on chance observation. It is of exceptional interest, therefore, to obtain the results of an elaborate statistical investigation bearing upon the subject. Such an investigation of the school work of boys and girls has been made by Dr. J. de Korosy, who has reported his results in a paper read at the recent meeting of the British association.

Dr. de Korosy is director of municipal statistics in Budapest, Hungary. To his office have come for twenty-seven years full reports of the progress of the school pupils of the city. The total number of cases he has analyzed is 8,833. They come in part from the elementary schools, which receive pupils of from 6 to 12 years, in part from the higher elementary schools (10 to 16 years), and in part from the grammar schools, though the records for the two higher kinds of schools do not run back for full twenty-seven years.

It appears that in the elementary schools out of 412,758 boys and 350,382 girls 69,422 boys and 54,391 girls failed to pass their yearly examinations and were compelled to repeat their work. This figures out 16.8 per cent of the boys and 15.8 per cent of the girls, giving the girls a distinct advantage. In the lowest grade of these elementary schools the girls had but a trifling superiority over the boys, but the higher the grade considered the more favorably the girls appeared. In the fourth grade the percentage of those failing to pass were 12.2 for the boys and 9.2 for the girls. In the sixth grade, 4.7 for boys and 2.7 for girls.

In the higher elementary schools the percentage of boys failing to pass was 6.2 and of girls 2.2. In the grammar schools the girls made a still more favorable showing.

Another form of test was as to the percentage of honor marks, or "high standings," received by the two sexes. Here the girls were uniformly ahead. For instance, in the fourth grade elementary schools the percentage of high marks for boys and girls respectively was, in mother tongue, 25.6 and 32.3; in arithmetic, 28 and 37.3; in geography, 29.2 and 36.9. In the higher elementary schools the girls did still better, and for one grade Dr. de Korosy showed their percentages of honors to be from three to four times as great as the percentage for the boys.

It is not necessarily safe to argue from Hungary to America, nor even from children to adults, but such a showing as this cannot fail to shake the convictions of many old-fashioned believers in the mental superiority of the male sex.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Common Language.

**I**N an account of the session of the international congress of linguists, at Paris, John Mitchell says that Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans took part and each spoke his own language. The result was that every speech had to be repeated twice in translations and the sessions were three times as long as they otherwise would have been. Manifestly there is a limit, human endurance has to be taken into account, and here is where the universal language may have its chance, but it is no easy question. In diplomatic circles and what might be called polite society a knowledge of French is assumed, and there is little trouble in the medium of communication. But in recent times the number of congresses has grown enormously—this linguists' congress is an illustration. Progress points to their increase and the lack of a general language will be felt more and more.

None of the artificial languages has made any headway. For what reason wise men must say, but probably because there is back of none of them a party or body of race that is using the language to begin with, and affording a standing example and living school. If this be true it might indicate that some living language would finally be adopted, as French was specifically for diplomacy. Why French will not do for the purpose in hand is that it is not the property of a fast-growing race, and that it never was a proselyting language. German is ruled out because of the mysteries of the article—the complex declensions—

the obscure verbs and complicated sentence structure. English might seem to have many of the elements necessary—in its widespread use to begin with, its simple grammar and its direct construction; but its spelling is the despair of foreigners, being so largely arbitrary. Perhaps a reform in English spelling, like that in Spanish, might solve the problem.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the German Government has decided that English is the most useful language that Germans can study. The decision was based on a petition from the Dresden Teachers' Association. This document recited that—

"English is the most widely used civilized language in the world; that it is the most important for Germany's international trade relations; that English literature is superior to French on artistic and moral grounds, and that it is not inferior to French in educative value as an exercise, and that it is easier to learn to speak and write the English language than the French, because the French grammar is very difficult."

The Government's decision was rendered so quickly that it is plain the subject had already been carefully considered. It has been ordered that the study of the English language and literature should be optional in all the schools of the Empire. Incidentally this will be of benefit to the Germans who, in their pursuit of world trade, will be greatly helped by a knowledge of English. And in course of time it may be a help toward something nearer a common language than any that the world yet has.—Indianapolis News.

### Respect for Old Age.

**W**E are on the rush in this country, and we are inclined to brush the old to one side. It has been said that old age does not make a foolish man reverend, nor do gray hairs entitle the frivolous to respect; but there is, nevertheless, a respect and a deference which all right-thinking people will pay to the aged. The mere fact that they are aged will excite in the breast of the right kind of man a feeling of thoughtfulness for their comfort. Deference for the aged is the mark of good breeding in the world over, and contemptuous or rude or flippant behavior toward the old is the sure sign of the blackguard where it is studied and deliberate, and of a light mind and bad training where it proceeds from thoughtlessness.

The fact that a man or woman has lived long in the world raises a presumption, at least, that he or she knows more of life than the stripling and so should command some respect; and how much greater are the respect and reverence which are due as sacred obligations to parents. One of the most inspiring and beautiful aspects of American life is the wonderful devotion of parents for their children. No foreign observer who has written of American life has failed to note that wonderful self-obliteration of the father and the mother in this country; how they give up everything to their children; how they plot and plan that the young shall be happy and fortunate; how they step into the background, and deny themselves of not only luxuries and comforts, but of the necessities of life, in order that their children shall be blessed with all the opportunities and advantages which perhaps were denied to them in their youth.

It has been said that, in general, those "parents have the most reverence who most deserve it"; but that may well be doubted. The total sacrifice which parents make often inculcates an absorbing selfishness in the children, who take the homage and love and devotion of their parents quite as a matter of course, forgetting or omitting to render the slight return which would bring comfort and joy to those whose happiness is centered in the happiness of their children. Often, through mere forgetfulness or procastination, the young who are sound at heart defer too late the rendering of that affection and homage which the parents have a right to expect.

"And that which should accompany old age, As honor, love, obedience,"—Philadelphia Ledger.

### A SONG OF PATIENCE,

Only for a little while  
Sunny days consent to smile  
All their charms must fade away  
In the midst of wintry gray.  
Flowers must wither; leaves must  
fall;  
Hushed must be the robin's call,  
Summer's blooms but to beguile  
Only for a little while.

But the snows will melt at last,  
Days of storms are quickly past;  
Just the same as days so gay—  
Sun and shadows shift and play,  
Quaff the pleasures while you can;  
Bear the sorrows like a man,  
For the tear is, like the smile,  
Only for a little while.

—Washington Star.

## DAYS AND DOLLARS.

BY GARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

Tekla, who was seventeen years old, felt very important indeed, for a surprising thing had happened. It was only five days since she had been graduated from the high school, and here she was with a working knowledge of real estate business already at her finger-tips—literally, because her business was principally concerned with the typewriting-machine in the office of Armstrong & Wolfe. The knowledge, perhaps, did not extend far beyond her finger-tips, because most of the letters she wrote at the dictation of her employers conveyed absolutely no meaning to her mind; but this did not trouble Tekla or anybody else.

Her copy was neat as well as accurate, and there was nothing about the completed letters to indicate that the typewriting young person was as innocent as the typewriter itself of the difference between the east half of lot fifty-seven and the northwest forty in Skandia township.

"You're wonderfully fortunate," said Geraldine Pease, who was four years older than Tekla. "I've always wished I could work for Armstrong & Wolfe—it's such a good place. How did you ever happen to get it?"

"Oh," returned Tekla, overlooking Geraldine's somewhat uncomplimentary emphasis, "Mr. Wolfe and father used to be friends. He knew I'd have to do something to help mother out, and so when Miss Dodd's sick father telegraphed for her to go East, Mr. Wolfe came to me, I'm to have thirty dollars a month."

Mr. Wolfe, who was almost sixty but looked younger, was a large man, so well-proportioned in every way that his great height did not impress one until he stood looking down upon some ordinary six-footer. His shoulders were broad, his hands and feet huge, his good-natured mouth was wide, his mild eyes stood wide apart.

Every one loved and respected him, and because of his kindly eyes, he had few enemies. No unfortunate person ever appealed to him in vain, yet in spite of his amiability, he was seldom imposed upon.

Tekla was conscious of no desire to impose on him; but she was young, it was summer time, often there were no letters to be answered, and she found idleness irksome.

The baseball match between the teams of her own town and of Ironwood was the beginning of her fall from grace. The office closed at four on Saturday afternoons and at half past five on other days, and work was supposed to begin at half past eight each morning. It seemed to the restless girl that two hours' playtime on Saturday afternoons ought not to make much difference to the firm, and she asked if she might be excused.

It is probable that she would not have enjoyed the game so well if she had suspected that Mr. Wolfe, whose large, blunt fingers did not lend themselves gracefully to typewriting, had been compelled to answer at considerable length and with much discomfort two important letters that had arrived in the 3 o'clock mail.

Mr. Armstrong, the other partner, had not learned to use a typewriter, and always had enough to do, besides, in his own special department.

The ball game, however, was only the opening wedge. Tekla was popular, and her friends and classmates were having a glorious time that summer.

At first, indeed, the girl stood out bravely, refusing all daytime amusements; but after that first baseball game Tekla found it so easy to ask and to obtain leave of absence for part of Monday morning, all of Tuesday afternoon, or every bit of Wednesday, that Mr. Armstrong, an irascible, wiry man with nervous dyspepsia, feared Mr. Wolfe was in danger of being compelled to do all the typewriting.

One forenoon Mr. Armstrong observed Tekla, who had arrived three-quarters of an hour late, looking at her watch with more than her usual irritating frequency. When she was not occupied with this futile employment, she was casting impatient glances at a visitor who had, in her opinion, already stayed far too long. Mr. Armstrong knew what her impatience portended. The door had barely closed behind the visitor before Tekla had taken the intruder's place beside Mr. Wolfe's big desk.

"O Mr. Wolfe," she said, in her bright, pretty, pleading way, "should you mind very much if I were to go home a little earlier? It's most eleven, you know. I'm going to a party tonight, and I want to try on the new gown mother's maid for me. It's just the prettiest dress—"

Mr. Wolfe glanced from the papers in his big hand to the office clock.

"This letter—" he began.

"Couldn't I do it the first thing this afternoon?" pleaded Tekla, eagerly. "You see, mother can't do a thing more to that waist until I've tried it on."

"Well, if that's the case, I suppose—"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Tekla, hurriedly darting away.

Mr. Armstrong, who had suffered in silence for six weeks, rose and slammed the door.

"That girl's the limit!" he snapped.

"If I had my way, I'd fire her so quick she wouldn't know what had happened."

"In that case," said Mr. Wolfe, "she probably wouldn't realize why she was fired, and the experience wouldn't do her any good."

"I would do me good!" declared Mr. Armstrong. "She's utterly impossible."

"No," said Mr. Wolfe, "there's good stuff in that girl. It means something in this business where figures count for so much, to have a girl who is absolutely accurate."

"And absolutely ignorant!" sneered Mr. Armstrong, whose love for the older partner made him quick to resent anything that seemed like an imposition.

"Well," returned Mr. Wolfe, mildly, "as long as typewriting is all I expect of her, I don't mind that. So far, those quick little fingers of hers haven't made a mistake. Miss Dodd, as you know, got us into hot water about eighteen times last year by her inability to stick to straight copy. Yes, there's good stuff in that little girl, but she certainly lacks a realizing sense."

"Or any other kind of sense! She isn't giving you three solid days' work a week."

"She's giving me more," said Wolfe, smiling whimsically, and casting a rueful glance at his outspread fingers, as he sat down at Tekla's typewriter. "If they weren't built so like sausages I wouldn't mind, but it seems to me that I hit everything within six inches every time I aim for a key. Look at that! Figure 2 for 'A' every time. But had as it is, it's more legible than my handwriting."

"Why don't you give the girl a good talking to, if she's worth taking pains with?"

"Well," confessed Mr. Wolfe, inserting a fresh sheet, and with one heavy forefinger laboriously ticking off the date, "to tell the truth, I have. I went around there one night about three weeks ago and talked to her like a grandfather. You know you can't be right down hard on a little light-hearted thing like that. Her mother doesn't seem much older than she is, and they certainly do need the money. I talked to them both. They—they seemed pleased."

"Humph!" exploded Mr. Armstrong, indignantly. "I'll talk to her."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Wolfe, resting his large, calm eyes for a long moment on his partner's perturbed countenance. "Talk just rolls off that girl like salad dressing from an iced tomato. Some sort of a kindergarten method might work better. I'm willing to take a little pains with her because of her father. Mighty nice chap was old Samuel Bliss. Now don't worry, Armstrong. She'll be trying to work thirteen hours a day, the way you do, before I'm done with her. I haven't quite figured the way out yet, but I think I see light."

Nothing on paper had ever looked quite so beautiful to Tekla as the check she had received at the end of her first month's sadly neglected work. The envelope, addressed to Miss Tekla Bliss, and placed on her table, had greeted her the morning she was so disgracefully late from oversleeping after Mildred Hull's coming-out party. For three days afterward Tekla had experienced, at breakfast-time, something surprising like a sense of duty. It hurried her to the office and kept her there until closing time. But the glamour of the check and the unprecedented sense of duty flickered out together by the afternoon of the fourth day, when Tekla succumbed, at half-past two, to temptation in the form of a naphtha-launch picnic.

Mr. Armstrong noticed that his partner frequently paused in his work to lean back and regard Tekla with puzzled, almost remorseful eyes. Sometimes, while so engaged, he scribbled something in a little book that he carried in his waistcoat pocket. Toward the end of the month the puzzled expression departed, but the sorrow remained. Mr. Armstrong could see that although the kind-hearted old man had made up his mind to deal with Tekla, he was far from happy over the prospect. She herself had no misgivings. She continued to arrive late, to go home early, and to absent herself whenever she happened to feel like it.

"You do have an easy time in that office, don't you?" said Geraldine Pease, meeting Tekla one noon in holiday attire. "I don't dare ask for a day off once in six weeks."

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" retorted Tekla, airily. "Mr. Wolfe isn't the scolding kind. He says I'm the neatest typewriter he'd had—when I'm there. Mr. Armstrong looks like a thunder-cloud all the time, but Mr. Wolfe lets me go any time I ask."

"But," asked Geraldine, curiously,

"haven't you any conscience in the matter?"

"Not a scrap," laughed Tekla. "I should think," said Geraldine, "that you'd like to feel sure you were earning your salary."

"As long as I'm getting it," returned Tekla, "I'm satisfied."

Pay-day was approaching and Tekla was glad. Just before that important date Mr. Wolfe said, one morning, "Never mind Miss Bliss's check, Armstrong. I'll attend to it myself."

It was the thirty-first of August, and for the first morning in two weeks Tekla was not late. After hanging up her hat, she turned expectantly toward her table; but no white envelope greeted her. A moment later Mr. Wolfe rose from his chair and laid a large, oddly lumpy envelope before her. As Tekla picked it up, Mr. Wolfe turned suddenly to his partner.

"Armstrong," said he, "you remember that appointment with Johnson at the bank?"

Thus considerably left alone, Tekla opened her large envelope. Inside were twenty-seven smaller envelopes, on the outside of each of which was printed "\$1.11. Please count immediately." Besides this, each small envelope bore a date, one for every day in August, the Sundays excepted. Tekla, wondering what this meant, opened one of the envelopes, spread the enclosed coin on her table, and counted.

"Why," exclaimed Tekla, "I must have made a mistake! I'm eighteen cents short."

But the second count brought no better result. Ninety-three cents was all the packet contained. Laying it aside for future consideration, Tekla opened the next tiny envelope. Something was wrong with that that, too. It contained only seventy-eight cents. Three packets contained the full amount, one dollar and eleven cents. These, however, were offset by two others, holding respectively nineteen and fourteen cents, while a third enclosed absolutely nothing but a large Canadian penny. Tekla gasped, and looked at the date. It was August tenth.

"Now what," mused Tekla, beginning to see light, "was I doing on—Oh, yes, that was Elizabeth Button's birthday. I telephoned Mr. Wolfe that I wouldn't be down because I was invited to help Elizabeth celebrate."

Tekla, with a flush creeping into her cheeks, counted her money. It amounted to fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents. A slip of paper attached to the newest of the dollar bills caught her attention. She read the words: "An honest day deserves an honest dollar."

"And honest day—an honest day," repeated Tekla, regarding with misty eyes the heap of silver and copper coin. "Does he mean that the other days weren't honest?"

An hour later, when Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Armstrong returned, Tekla's cheeks were red, her eyes were resolute, the machine was giving forth short, sharp, metallic clicks, and all round the industrious girl were neatly typewritten pages, for Tekla was doing an honest day's work.

She did not have a relapse to her old, easy-going habits. Nothing was said, but when pay-day came again, Tekla received two checks, Mr. Armstrong's for thirty dollars and Mr. Wolfe's for fourteen dollars and twenty-five cents. Choosing a moment when Mr. Armstrong was absent, Tekla laid the second check on Mr. Wolfe's desk.

"I didn't earn it," said she, briefly. "Not last month, perhaps," said Mr. Wolfe, pushing the slip toward Tekla and smiling, "but you've more than made up for it since. Mr. Armstrong says you're worth two Miss Dodds. That's a good deal from Mr. Armstrong, you know."

"Oh, I'm glad!" breathed Tekla, fervently. "That's worth all the picnics I've missed."—Youth's Companion.

### Indians' Nose Breathing.

Sir James Crichton Browne thinks it unnecessary that children should be taught to breathe through the nostrils only, and maintains that they cannot do so under the stress of active exertion. London Hospital thinks otherwise. Among the North American aborigines, at a time when they were capable of extraordinary physical exertion, the precept to "shut your mouth" was enforced upon the young by the most severe discipline.

Catlin founded upon his experiences among the American tribes a curious book upon the subject. After depicting open-mouthed men and boys in every variety of ugliness and stupidity, he says that he refrains from giving illustrations of the fairer sex, and would only remind them, while counselling them to be careful about closure of the mouth at night, that "idiots asleep cannot be angels awake."

Sir James declares that not all nostrils are sufficiently wide to permit of breathing being conducted through them to the exclusion of the mouth; but it is certain that nothing would tend more than breathing through them to promote their development.

### A Prince's One Fish.

I read recently that Prince Arthur of Connaught had had a day's salmon fishing in Scotland and had caught only one fish. An admission of this sort is quite contrary to piscatorial ethics. A mere commoner would not have been expected to make so bold an announcement. He would have called it ten at least, or if he had been tied down to a single capture by the presence of eye witnesses his fish would certainly have assumed noble proportions.—Black and White.

### PAY FOR TREE DESTRUCTION.

Important Precedent Established by a Massachusetts Court.

A Springfield, Mass., jury gave a property owner a verdict of \$234 damages against a trolley company for the loss of a tree cut down by the employees of the latter. A fine shade tree is worth more money than that, but the principle established by the verdict is that electric companies which destroy trees must pay the owner their valuation as fixed by a jury.

There are more ways of destroying trees than by cutting them down. An electric company which places its wires through or close above the branches of a tree does them an injury, checks their growth and in the end destroys them. An electric current, such as a trolley line or an arc light wire carries, is not favorable to the health of trees with which it comes into frequent contact. Ditches dug for underground wires close to the trunks of trees usually injure and often kill the trees. It is doubtless necessary to sacrifice trees in order to extend electric wires. This is inevitable, but the principle which ought to be understood and enforced is that the electric company should pay for their destruction and not sacrifice private property for their own benefit without making full compensation.

The rights of tree owners in their trees are imperfectly understood and inadequately enforced. A corporation given the use of a street for any purpose usually regards trees as an obstruction to be removed as soon as possible. If they are made to pay in every case they will avoid tree destruction when they can and the owner will get some compensation if the tree is destroyed in the construction or operation of their work.—Philadelphia Press.

### Pirate Among Plants.

Among all the forms of vegetable life in the Mexican tropics the wild fig trees are the most remarkable, says the Geographic Magazine. Some of them show such apparent intelligence in their readiness to meet emergencies that it is difficult not to credit them with powers of volition.

In the tropics where the wild figs flourish there is a constant struggle

### IN THE HANDS OF HIS ENEMIES.



The wounded Russian soldier, as shown in the picture, made from a photograph, has fallen into the hands of good Samaritans. The intelligent young Japanese surgeon and his assistant are as tender and painstaking in making the diagnosis as though the sufferer were of their own race, and the gentle and sympathetic-looking nurses are ready to begin their ministrations. The stricken moujik, who had been led to believe that to fall into the hands of the yellow heathen was equivalent to worse than death, will learn more of the inherent humanity which actuates his little enemies than he could have been taught in any other way.

for life among numberless species of plants. Certain of the wild figs appear to have learned this and provide a fruit which is a favorite food for many birds; then an occasional seed is dropped by a bird where it finds lodgment in the axil of a palm frond high in the air.

There the seed takes root and is nourished by the little accumulation of dust and vegetable matter. It sends forth an aerial root, which creeps down the palm, sometimes coiling about the trunk of its way. When this slender, cordlike rootlet reaches the ground it secures foothold and becomes the future trunk of the fig tree.

After the descending rootlet has so-

secured itself in the ground a branch bearing a few leaves springs from the seed in the palm top and a vigorous growth begins. Then the fig gradually enlarges and incloses the supporting palm trunk until the latter is completely shut in the heart of its foster child and eventually strangled.

### Asked and Answered.

"Say, pa," queried small Tommy Toddles, "why do cows give milk?"

"Why—er—because they can't sell it, I suppose," replied the old man.

After a man has reached a certain age, a severe sickness will leave him looking like some wounded animal to the end of his days.