

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Foolish Custom Abolished.

AMONG the changes in the details of warfare which have been wrought by the long-range rifle there is one which has been brought into especial notice by the casualty statistics of the Russo-Japanese war. Officers no longer expose themselves to the enemy's fire for the purpose of "encouraging the men."

This foolish practice, which, through years of custom, had the force of prescription, has evidently been abandoned. Thus far in the Manchurian campaign only one general officer has been killed outright and hardly more than a score have been wounded.

When we compare these figures with the statistics of our own Civil War we can see how sweeping has been the change. A recent study of the Confederate archives shows that of 415 Confederate general officers seventy-four were killed in action or mortally wounded, while in the Union army fifty general officers, twenty-three brevet brigadier generals and thirty-four colonels commanding brigades were killed or mortally wounded.

In the Civil War, that is to say, general officers were still under the stress of a tradition which held that a commander should ride up and down his lines—on a white horse if possible—so that the enemy might have a good chance of picking him off. In the Manchurian campaign the general officers have remained in the rear out of rifle range and directed the operations of their men by telephone or by messenger. The casualty statistics show the advantage of this latter system.

It is no reflection upon the bravery of a general officer that he does not expose himself to the fire of the enemy. He is not a fighting man but a director of fighting men. His services are too valuable to be risked in a foolish and spectacular display of personal courage which may be impressive but which is absolutely useless to the cause which he serves.

In this respect the long-range rifle, which has rendered such exhibitions too dangerous to be attempted, has accomplished a distinct reform in an old and senseless custom.—Chicago Chronicle.

Fine Men in States Prison.

HE was a fine man," said Cassie Chadwick, when she heard that Spear, cashier of the wrecked Oberlin bank, had got seven years in the penitentiary for his part in the "frenzied finance."

Yes, Cassie, these bank wreckers are usually fine men. They live in fine houses. They give fine banquets. They ride in fine automobiles. They shine in fine society. They dress their families in fine raiment. They, being financiers, are supposed to be a little finer breed than the common herd. Some day it develops that they have taken advantage of fine opportunities to gamble with trust funds belonging to other people, and down comes all their finery.

It is wonderful how many fine men are going to the penitentiary these days, while the gross ones go right on wearing negligee shirts and the sweat of real labor.

It is even announced that the Ohio penitentiary is so full of fine men, from banking and other financial circles, that it is impossible to find clerical work for Spear in that popular institution. Spear may have to carry a hod and Cassie do washing. Sometimes justice, in her game of blindman's buff, grabs the eternal fitness and fineness of things, in spite of the atmosphere of morbid sympathy, and a man morally equipped for hod-carrying really has to finally carry a hod.—Des Moines News.

Music and Men-Making.

CERTAIN members of the National Council of Women recently struck hard at one of the supports and inspirations of all Christendom by deploring the fact that children are allowed to hear and sing martial songs and therefore become imbued with the spirit of war.

What do these women want? Would they be content with a race of men from whose breasts courage had been plucked and who would shine best at pink teas? God forbid! There are enough of these affected clods in society now. "Yankee Doodle" fans no spark in their breasts, nor does the swelling chorus of that grand

harmony, "The Star Spangled Banner," moisten their eyes.

Music, all kinds of music, plays and has played for the ages a grand part in the building of men. It makes for strength. It helps men to perform heroic deeds, and, if needs be, to die. It is the language of humanity and the notes echo around the world. They are caught up by the savage who fights, perhaps, for his thatched home, nerved by the rude notes of tomtoms. Again you will find it in "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," when a Dewey smiles grimly and says, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," and the shots of his cannon help break the shackles of an enslaved nation.

Old Cromwell's men, grim and stern, fought well, chanting hymns, and the Boers carried the name of God on their lips, in song, into battle, as they fought for their doomed cause.

The time may come when wars are gone forever, when blessed peace shall abide in every corner of the globe. Until then, let us have music—more music—the kind that strikes fire in the eye, and makes the pulse beat and drives out fear. Feed music to babes, to old men, to all of us, for it is good for humanity.—Kansas City World.

Missouri's Experiment.

THE Legislature that met in January, 1903, appropriated \$35,000 for a binding twine plant to be maintained in the penitentiary. In accordance with that law the Legislature just adjourned appropriated \$125,000 more to be known as a "revolving fund," to be used only to purchase raw material required in the manufacture, handling and marketing of twine. All moneys derived from the sale of twine are to be collected and paid into the State treasury by the penitentiary warden, and kept in a separate account. The warden is empowered to sell the twine to the farmers of the State for cash, free on board the cars at Jefferson City, "and at a price per pound sufficient only to indemnify the State against loss." State twine in bulk may also be sold for cash by the warden to persons in each county who shall be required to sign an agreement to sell the twine to actual consumers at a price not greater than 1 cent per pound over its cost, with transportation from the State capital added.

Manufacturing of the twine has begun, and the price has been fixed at 10 cents a pound. The trusts, it is said, sell the same article for 12½ cents to 14 cents a pound. It will be some time before the working results of this special branch of State industry can be ascertained. So far the appropriations have amounted to \$160,000. The farmers who get the twine at a reduced price also pay taxes, and the money that has established the plant, and is set apart for the "revolving fund," all comes from general taxation. Public ownership rests on public taxation. What it may return in public revenue is an open question. It remains for actual practical experience to strike the balance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Treating Tuberculosis.

THE tendency to deal with a case of pulmonary tuberculosis in its early stages by means of drugs solely, is held to be as harmful as it is helpful, not so much that drugs do harm, but that weeks of priceless time are wasted trying to check a cough and quiet a fever while the patient is allowed to continue work. Rational home treatment will effect much in the early stages of the disease, and the following things are mentioned as essential in this home treatment in small towns, suburbs and country places.

(1) The confidence of the patient, since confidence breeds hope; (2) a masterful management on the part of the doctor; (3) persistence—benefit is usually a matter of years, absolute cure a matter of many years; (4) sunshine by day, fresh air by night and day; (5) rest while there is fever; (6) breadstuffs and milk, meat and eggs.

It is held that the question of extirpating the disease is a municipal one, and that a necessary feature of it is the compulsory provision of sanitary dwelling for the poor and for all that are crowded closely, while at the same time States must have sanatoria where such people can be treated. These two broad lines of attack on the disease meanwhile heralded by a wise home treatment it is urged will crown the end with the extirpation of the disease.—Indianapolis News.

ments with the tiniest of kitchens, but two bachelors who are able to pay a fair price for board and lodging and who do not mind being their own cooks can be exceedingly comfortable in an apartment with kitchen.

As things are now going in New York the bachelor apartment, which is really a home, begins to compete with the club as a deterrent to matrimony.—New York Sun.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Boy Tells Wife of Accident that Had Befallen Her Husband.

"What do you want, little boy?"

"Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?"

"He is an officer in a bank."

"The Mr. Upjohn that went down town on a trolley car this morning?"

"I presume he went on a trolley car. What—"

"Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that horrible street car accident?"

"I haven't heard of his being in any street car accident."

"Didn't hear 'at he'd sprained his ankle jumpin' out o' the car when the train run into it?"

"No. Little boy, you frighten me. What has—"

"Didn't you hear how he'd run to a drug store for a piece of castor plaster to stick on a little cut he'd got over one eye?"

"Not at all. For mercy's sake—"

"He isn't in, is he, ma'am?"

"No, he's—"

"Name's John P. Upjohn, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is his name."

"Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, I guess, 'cause he's stoppin' to have one of his teeth tightened that got knocked a little bit loose when he was jumpin' out o' danger, y' know."

"Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think I can bear it now."

"Well, ma'am, he's in the hospital with four ribs broke, an' one leg's in a sling, an' his nose is knocked kind o'

sideways, but he's gittin' along all right, an' he'll be out again in about a month, an' here's a letter f'm the doctor, tellin' ye all about it, ma'am."

Failed to Learn One Thing.

A retired Irish major sold his horses and carriages and bought a motor car, but instead of engaging a chauffeur he determined to send his faithful old coachman to a Dublin firm of engineers for a course of lessons in small repairs.

"You will go through a two months' training," he explained to Pat, as he handed him a check for his expenses, "during which time you will make yourself thoroughly familiar with the engine and all its works."

"Yes, sor," was Pat's reply.

"You will note every wheel and crank and learn what they are for and what they have to do, so that when you return you will be equal to any emergency."

"I will, sor," said Pat, and, having stowed the check away down in his trousers pocket, he took his departure.

In two months' time he returned with the conqueror's look in his eye.

"Well, Pat, have you succeeded?"

"I have, sor."

"And you know everything about the motor?"

"I know all, sor, from the big lamp in front to the little numbers behind—except one thing," the new chauffeur added, as he nervously plucked a few hairs from his new bearskin coat.

"And what is it you don't know?" demanded the major.

"Well, I don't quite understand yet what makes the blessed thing move without horses."—Tit-Bits.

Certain of It.

"Well, I sent away a poem to-day that I am very sure will not be returned to me."

"So good?"

"No. I gave the editor a false address."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is all right to select the lesser of two evils, if you know which one it is.

THE OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH.

The tantalizing third we beat the birds to bed at night
And raced the roosters on The Day to greet the morning light.
The cannon, loaded weeks before, was ready to salute;
Our "captain" touched her off and shouted "Hil there, fellows, scoot!"
But we, who scorned discretion, stood around the piece of scrap,
Each hoping, if the captain fell, to fill the glorious gap.

Nay, not a whit more cheerfully the fathers faced the powder;
Nor could their blunderbusses raise a racket any louder.
And what more reckless hero ever drew a sword from sheath
Than he who fired his crackers while he held them in his teeth?

And, since nobody dared to "take a stump," I've often prayed
A blessing on the boy who cried, "Let's go to the per-rade!"

And then we heard the orator (though much against our will)
Who said, "The blood our fathers bled, thank God! is bleeding still."
He bled so long we greatly feared he never would run dry.

And some one read "the grand old words," we vainly wondered why.
But, heaven be praised! a monster gun was there to make a noise,
And a gallant life-and-drum corps understood the needs of boys.

All day the crimson lemonade gushed gayly forth at us,
Till aniline enamel lined each boys' esophagus.
All day, as long as all our wealth could syndicate the price,
We chilled our ardent stomachs with canary-colored ice.

How could that coal-tar dye compel the flavor of a dream?
How could that starch of corn produce so heavenly a cream?

I wonder why The Day is never celebrated now,
They try to celebrate it, but they plainly don't know how,
And would I do it in the way we used to, if I could?

Of course not, well, no, come to think, I don't believe I would!
You see, I'm just a human man and lack a boy's endurance,
Nor do I want the company to pay my life insurance!

—Edmund Vance Cook, in Puck.

OCEAN MEREDITH'S FOURTH

BY ADA MELVILLE SHAW.

OCEAN MEREDITH had always lived in a large city. She was a patriotic lassie, and every year on the Fourth of July she used to decorate the house with flags, play "Yankee Doodle" and all manner of patriotic tunes on the old piano, and then, dressed in patriotic colors, with a flag in her hat, one pinned to her dress and one in her hand, go to some of the several celebrations of the day.

This year Ocean was away from the city, in a little town where it was quieter at noon that it used to be at midnight in her city home. Ocean rather liked it. She thought that when the procession went by on the Fourth of July she could see the whole of it, and not be crowded by so many hurrying people.

As Ocean became acquainted with the boys and girls in the little town she asked them what they did on the Fourth; but they were shy of the city girl, and she could not find out much about it.

The day before the holiday Ocean was very busy all day.

"What are you up to, lassie?" asked her mother.

"I'm getting all ready for to-morrow, mother."

"It will not be the same here, dear, that it was at home."

"But we're Americans, aren't we, mother? They'll celebrate, won't they?"

"I suppose they will, child."

Ocean's home was on the principal street of the sleepy little town. When the people woke up on the morning of the Fourth, what should they see but flags waving from the four front windows of the Meredith's little cottage, the posts of the porch twined with bunting, and the red, white and blue wound about the trunks of the trees just within the paling fence. Before the morning dew was off the grass, there on the porch was Ocean herself, a sweet little vision in white, with red and blue ribbons in her hair and around her waist, and wee flags floating from either shoulder. Some passing children stared at her and at the house. She ran out to the gate several times, and peered eagerly up and down the street. There was not a flag in sight, nor a sound of life and drum. Then Ocean found her way tearfully to her busy mother's side.

"Don't you think, mother, if their grandfathers had been soldiers, and their brothers had belonged to the Volunteers, they'd celebrate?"

"I think they would, Ocean, dear."

"Mother, may I celebrate?"

Ocean's mother always let her little girl do anything that was right, so she said "Yes," and thought no more about it. In half an hour there stood before her a little soldier lassie, with a cap perched on her curls and a drum slung over her shoulders. "I'm going to celebrate, mother; I just can't stand it!"

"All right, sweetheart. Have as good a time as you can. Perhaps we can have a little picnic in the woods this afternoon."

The people of the town heard the sound of a drum, and peered out their doors. There, marching all alone through the dusty street, beating her drum as her brother had taught her, and singing "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," was a little girl in white.

"For gracious sake!" cried Tom Peterson, an old member of the Grand Army, coming out of his house to see. "What are you doing, little one?"

Ocean saluted gravely. "I'm celebrating. Don't you know about the Fourth here? My grandfather was a soldier. My brother is one, too. I was watching for the procession, but it didn't come."

"So you thought you'd celebrate? Well, I vow! See here, wife!"

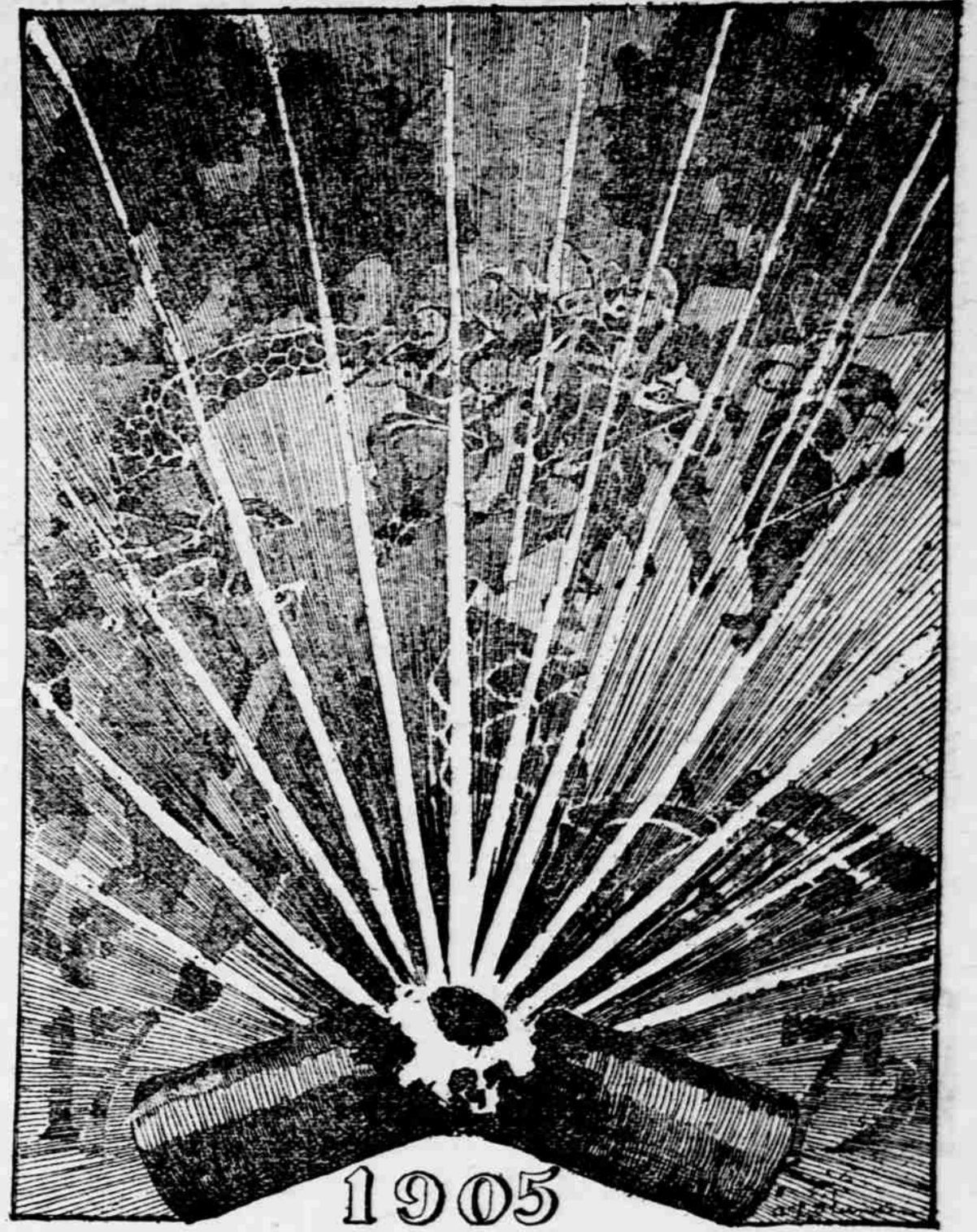
Ocean waited while a woman in a sunbonnet came out. Then the man went into the house and came back with an old life and a tattered flag.

"I reckon your grandfather and me were comrades, little one. Suppose we go see your mother a bit. Then we'll celebrate some more."

Ocean's heart beat high as she walked by the old soldier's side back to her mother's gate.

"If you will let us have your little girl for a while, ma'am, we'll take care of her. Actually we've forgotten how to be patriotic in this town. There isn't a flag in town besides yours. It's a shame."

The next thing Ocean knew she was



Why We Celebrate

COME here, son. Let's talk. You smell of powder and burning punk. That rag on your finger hides a burn. It is possible you will set fire to the house before the day is done. The one thing that seems good to you is noise—NOISE—in big letters, with an explosion every second and joyous whoops in between. Do you know what it is all about?

Do you know why thousands of tons of gunpowder are burned? Why 80,000,000 of people take a holiday? Why flags are flying, bands play "The Star Spangled Banner," and from the Florida Keys to the coast of Maine the folks feel a splendid burst of patriotism, and are glad that they belong to this beautiful country?

You don't just understand, and you are not to blame. We have a few men in the country who couldn't tell the President's name, and other men who have been so busy making money that they have forgotten the birth of freedom and the devotion, heroism and self-sacrifice that made it possible for the United States to become the first nation in the world.

Your great-granddaddy was a lad like you when the people decided to be free. They were governed by a king. He ruled a country he had never seen. He was not a good king. He oppressed the people. He would not read their petitions for justice. The Americans were no more to him than cattle. He was rich and big and powerful. He claimed, as kings do, that his right to rule came from God.

There were no millionaires in the United States then. Nearly everybody was poor and had to work. Very often many of them were hungry. Sometimes they were shot down by Indians while tilling their fields. Life in the country was hard, and cities were few and far between. The people didn't care about hardships. They were willing to go hungry, wear homespun and go without hundreds of things that we think we must have, but they would not be slaves.

They wanted to be free; to govern themselves; to make their own laws. They thought about it, they prayed about it, and one day they defied the king.

Then came war and suffering. It would make you cry to even think about it. There wasn't much money, powder, medicine, clothing. There was a world of courage. History has never known braver men than those Continental soldiers, who loved George Washington as you love your father, and left bloody footprints as they marched.

Sometimes they won battles; sometimes they lost them. Mothers mourned for dead husbands and sons. There were graves everywhere. There were traitors, too; and it took stout hearts to keep on fighting, when the odds were so great. "Liberty or death" was the cry. They meant it. They really were willing to die for their country. They were unselfish. They wore rags. They fought for love. They saw their homes burned and their possessions destroyed. And yet in the breasts of these men was a fire that couldn't be quenched. They fought with scythes and clubs and axes, as well as guns. When there were no cannon balls they shot stones, and they did not think that their homes, their money, their possessions, legs, arms, even their lives were too big a price to pay for liberty.

One day it was all over, because right was stronger than wrong. A nation was bleeding from a thousand wounds, but it was free.

The people were no longer slaves of an unjust king, and America was what God intended men should make it—the land of the free, the home of the brave.

And that, son, is why we celebrate Independence Day. It is to mark the birth of liberty, to arouse love for the finest flag that was ever lifted by a breeze, to make you and millions more care more for your country; to make you remember the grandness of the men who died that you, too, might be free and share in the glories of a republic.

When you and the other millions of boys who are shooting firecrackers grow up to be men, pray that you will not forget; that you will be as true and loyal and brave and as unselfish as was that grand race of oaks that burst the shackles forged by a king over a century ago.

Get your firecrackers! Start the pinwheels, shout as loud as you can. Let's celebrate hard, and when the smell of gunpowder is in the air, and fiery stars are gleaming, and the boom of cannon almost drowns the music of the band, we'll salute the flag that we love—that George Washington loved—because of the things that happened when your great-granddaddy was a little boy.—Cincinnati Post.

seated in state in a tiny bit of a carriage drawn by two ponies. In this, with her new friend beside her, she was taken from house to house. She hardly understood what was going on, but in a few hours her carriage, decorated with flags, led a good-sized procession of men and boys. There were nine old soldiers and their flags, fifes and drums. They were Ocean's bodyguard. The procession marched up and down the quiet streets, singing, drumming, cheering. People got out old flags and streamers. It was a splendid Fourth of July.

When the parade was hot and tired and thirsty, they stopped at Ocean's door, and there stood her mother with great pails of lemonade and a heaping tray of cookies. You ought to have heard them cheer. They cheered the flag and George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, the President, the Grand Army of the Republic—and last, but not least, they cheered dear little Ocean Meredith, whose patriotism waked them all up on the Fourth of July.—Farm and Fireside.

Pyrotechnology.

"They're off in a bunch," said the sporty Red Light, as he saw a little fellow light a pack of firecrackers at once.

"Go chase yourself!" said the Pistol to the Nigger-Chaser.

"Shoot the cap!" said a Piece of Punk to the Pistol.

"That's what I call light work," re-



"I'll tell you how it happened: Another kid swiped all my fireworks!"