

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Need of Thrift.

WHEN "times are good," labor fully employed, production active, and the nation apparently growing rich, the necessity of thrift is overlooked, and the nation may be in reality growing poor. Even the most prudent individuals are apt to be affected by the prevailing spirit of life and extravagance. The fortunate and the sanguine buy useless and expensive things, diamonds and steam yachts, or build palaces too grand for ordinary use. As a rule the money that comes into the hands of promoters is wasted.

After a period of excitement and extravagance, when everybody seems busy, a reaction comes. Hard times or dull times set in. Everybody retrenches expenditure, some because it is the fashion. Labor, it is true, is not fully employed, but that which is employed produces useful things, food, clothing and necessary tools. Less money is sunk in steam yachts or extravagant displays. The nation lives within its income, and saves and grows rich without knowing it. Bad debts are marked off, no enterprises are carried out unless they are demonstrably certain to be remunerative. Extravagant people are too poor to waste the fruits of the labor of others. Thrifty people accumulate slowly, and after an interval of two or three years it is found that the community as a whole is richer. Then begins another era of wastefulness.

This paradox, that when the country is prosperous it is growing poor, and when times are dull it is growing rich by enforced economy, has been established by experience since 1836. The cycle of about ten years—prosperity, excitement, extravagance, deficit, hard times, retrenchment, thrift, accumulation and prosperity again—has been run through many times, and will be run through many more. Epidemics assume a "mild form" occasionally, and so do economic stages. It looks now as if we were not to suffer from a very long or severe attack of "hard times," though we have been reckless enough to bring on an aggravated case.—Harford Times.

Sending the Poor to the Country.

SOME enthusiastic persons in Chicago have organized "The Field and Workshop Society," the object of which is to take the very poor from the tenement districts of the large cities and provide them with homes and facilities for making themselves self-supporting in the country. The society made some experiments in this direction during the last summer, and the results were sufficiently satisfactory to encourage plans for enlarged effort in the work for next year. The plan of the society is not materially different from that of the Salvation Army, which has been most successful in its plans for redeeming victims of the slums, and helping them to become honest, worthy and independent by work and association with the army's different farm colonies. The plan is a splendid one for the alleviation of the condition of the well-nigh hopeless poor, who are compelled to spend their lives in a fight for a miserable existence in some of the crowded tenement districts in the cities. It removes their children from the temptations and vices that thrive in the crowded district, gives them something to live for, something to look forward to, and a prospect of final possession of property and personal independence as rewards for industry and proper living.—Washington Post.

Causes of Railroad Slaughter.

D. R. TOLMAN, head of the New York Institute for Social Service, says that 28,890 persons have been killed on American railroads during the last five years and 253,823 injured, an average of 21 deaths and 139 injured every day. What are the causes of these disasters? Principally carelessness and inefficiency on the part of employees; greed, indifference, or taking things for granted on the part of officials. There is an "if" attached to every December disaster. If employees had not been grossly careless the accident on the Burlington and Quincy Railroad would not have occurred. If freight cars had been properly loaded the accident on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad might not have occurred. If a brakeman had not been kept on duty nearly thirty-six hours he would not have been so sleepy that he failed to flag the "Frisco train" and that accident would not have occurred. If the block system had been in use on the Pere Marquette Railroad the

accident would not have occurred. There is an "if" which would have prevented nearly every big disaster this year, for two-thirds of them were collisions, and it is the business of railroad officials to prevent collisions.

Criminal negligence is the chief cause of railroad slaughter. The railroads, like everything else, are run principally to make money. More money can be made by running them and taking chances of accidents than by providing against them. It is cheaper to work a man to the exhaustion point than to employ two men. Negligent men are cheaper than careful men. Hence many of the roads are run in criminal disregard of public safety. Dividends on stock and bonds are too often paid on the hazards to human life. What will Congress do to stop the railroad slaughter in the United States, which is greater than that in Great Britain, France and Germany combined?—Chicago Tribune.

Who Owns the Prescription?

THE ruling of a New York magistrate that a physician's prescription belongs to the person who buys it, and not to the druggist who fills it, reopens an old and much debated question. While the magistrate settled the particular controversy between the Gotham druggist and his customer, it does not follow that all druggists accept it as a finality. This particular druggist, indeed, was threatened with imprisonment for larceny before he finally concluded to give up the prescription demanded by his customer.

The question of ownership of a prescription would seem so very simple to the mind of the layman as to require no ruling from a court of equity. A prescription is certainly the property of the person who buys it of a physician, and whether a druggist may be permitted even to retain a copy of it is obviously a question for the owner of it to decide. As a matter of safe practice the owner should always demand a copy of his prescription if he does not retain the original copy. It may turn out to be a prescription of great value, and the druggist of course has no right to it, and few druggists, indeed, claim such a right.

The same principle has been held to apply to photographic negatives. When a person pays the photographer's price for a negative it is his property. If he cares to do so he has a right to take the negative away with him and make his own prints from it. As a matter of custom and convenience, however, the photographer is permitted to store the negative where it may be easily found when new prints are desired from it. It is very clear that the photographer has no proprietary right in a negative which some other person has bought.—Chicago Record-Herald.

College Men and Business.

THE principal complaint against the schools and universities has been that they tended to augment the already over-crowded "professions," that they gave prominence in their curricula to the studies that were calculated to equip men for the so-called polite pursuits of life. As a result there came from the college doors every June a small army of doctors, lawyers, preachers and writers.

There are hopeful indications, however, of a tendency on the part of the colleges and universities to meet the demand for educated men in the various lines of commercial and industrial endeavor, which modern conditions have created. There is gradual and more adequate recognition of the fact that the so-called "professions" are already over-crowded, and that the great demand of our times is for trained commercial and scientific men, for men who can take the places of the self-educated and self-made men who built up great industrial and commercial enterprises.

Dean James H. Tufts, of the University of Chicago, in his address to a recent graduating class, declared that in most classes to-day fully three-fourths of the men graduating intend to enter commercial pursuits instead of the professions. Twenty years ago one-third of the men in the graduating classes of the colleges became teachers, one-fourth or one-fifth entered the ministry, and not more than one-fourth went into business, said Dean Tufts.

There are not enough patients for all the doctors and not enough clients for all the lawyers. It is time the universities were turning out men to take the places of the great builders, merchants and producers of our time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

POPULAR SOVEREIGNS.

King Charles and Queen Elizabeth Who Rule Over Roumania.

One of the youngest of European nations is the kingdom of Roumania, over whom King Charles and his consort, Queen Elizabeth, better known as Carmen Sylva, rule. The kingdom came into existence by combining the two municipalities of Moldavia and Wallachia and over it Prince Charles, of the German house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was called to rule, in 1881, as prince. In 1881 Roumania became a full-fledged kingdom and Charles took the title of King.

The heroic qualities of Charles and his spouse, Queen Elizabeth, who is a daughter of the princely German house of Wied, were displayed during the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877-8, in which Roumania was involved, taking sides with Russia against the Turks. King Charles had rendered Roumania splendid service by his methods of reorganizing and training the Roumanian army, which was in a badly disorganized and untrained state when the young Prince Charles became ruler of Roumania.

On the outbreak of the war the King placed himself at the head of his soldiers to battle for Russia. He was in the thick of many a battle, as brave and fearless a soldier as ever fought for what he believed to be right.

During the war, Queen Elizabeth was constantly active caring for the sick and wounded. She established a hospital out of her own private purse, and rendered personal service in the hospital. One may see to-day in the

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR ON AN ICE BOAT.

One of the most courageous ice-yacht women in the country is Miss Flossie Phelps, of Red Bank, N. J. No matter how hard the winds blow this fair skipper does not hesitate to jump into the cockpit of an ice yacht and take a spin on the river.

Miss Phelps has never met with an accident, although she has had a number of narrow escapes. She comes of a family of well-known amateur sailors. Her grandfather, the late Commodore Charles Fisher, owned the Florence, which was in her day the fastest yacht of her size afloat. Her uncle, Delford Fisher, is a skilled ice yacht skipper.

Miss Phelps is one of the society girls of the town. She is a beautiful blonde with long, wavy hair, and the picture she makes in an ice yacht, traveling at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour, is pleasing.

public place of Bucharest a splendid monument representing the Queen in the act of giving a drink of water to a wounded soldier. What counts for most in the history of this statue is the fact that it was paid for with the contributions of the wives of the soldiers of the Roumanian army. They gave it as a testimonial to their Queen, to whom they had given the expressive title of "the mother of the wounded."

Since the stirring days of battle the King and Queen have devoted themselves with untiring zeal to every project that tended to advance the interest of the kingdom. The Queen under the title Carmen Sylva has taken to literature and has published many novels and poems. The great grief of her life was the death, in 1874, of her only child and this melancholy has tinged many of her writings. The heir apparent is Prince Ferdinand, nephew of the King, who married Marie, daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

ON EASTER SUNDAY MORNING.

On an Easter Sunday morning when the services begin
With singing, an' the congregation all a
Joinin' in the praise,
When "Lo, He hath arisen" is each joyful
Carol's theme
One seems to glimpse a glory through the
masses of a dream
I know I sit enraptured, yet I'm willing to
confess
The sweetest sound to my ears is the ripple
of a dream
That traces one fair form that sits beside
me in the pew,
On an Easter Sunday morning in the meet-
ing-house with Prue.

Then hushed in all the singing and the
pastor old begins
His sermon upon vanity an' such like little
sins
No doubt the women's bonnets bath the
plain old preacher vexed
As others wishful eye them—so vainglorious
is his text!
But I was all unmindful of the blossom-
bordered crown
Of a hat that one girl's wearing, for the
radiance of her gown
As she draws it close about her is the
thing that thrills me through
On an Easter Sunday morning in the meet-
ing-house with Prue.

When the sermon there is over an' the ben-
ediction's said,
The minister's creation, rose-embowered, on
her head,
I see is much admired, as we pass down
the aisle,
Since it's nothing less than handsome, an'
it's nothing more than style!
I've filled children and flowers I have never
eyes to see
When just below the brim two eyes a-light
with love for me
I glimpse an' catch of glory but a sur-
reptitious view—
On an Easter Sunday morning in the meet-
ing-house with Prue.

A MEASURE OF SUCCESS

FRANCIS JEROME looked from his newspaper with a yawn. The train, which had been passing through a scrubby forest where the snow still lingered, halted at a small town. The passenger entered the car. Jerome's wandering gaze was attracted by his neighbor.

"He looks familiar. It—why, it is Tom Jones, my classmate at Cornell."

The next moment the two men were shaking hands and both talking at once.

"No, I don't live up here in this desolate wilderness," Jones said in response to the other's query. "I am practicing law at Molay. It's only a country town, but it has a future before it. I've been up this way on business for a client. Glad to get started for home, for Saturday, and I have been away from Nan and the boys all the week."

He laughed gayly. Jerome's lips curled under his blonde mustache. It was easy to place his old friend. He was a country lawyer and a family man.

"What of yourself?" Jones asked after a little. "You know the class of 1884 expected great things of you."

"I am shrugging his shoulders. 'What fools we were!' It took me two years to get rid of the idea that it was my mission to make the world better. Then I burned my manuscripts, looked up my pen, and went into the wholesale grocery business in Chicago."

"You! A wholesale grocer! I wish you hadn't told me; all these years I have thought of you as uplifting humanity."

His companion smiled cynically. "How are the mighty fallen! I am content. More than that, I am successful. I've made a fortune, and that is the measure of success in these days."

"Perhaps so," a little doubtfully. "Still I'd rather have my wife and boys, by home and my dreams of the future than a fortune. Are you married?"

"No, no; time for that. My life has been a busy one. Just now I am taking the piece of one of my traveling salesmen for a week. I often go on such a trip, visiting their regular customers and learning how well they do the work I pay them for. My next point is Monroe."

"We are almost there. It's a little box of a place, just a lumbering town."

"Yes, I'll get an evening train on to civilization. Well, good bye, Jones. Glad I met you. When you are in Chicago look me up."

An hour later Francis Jerome was in a decidedly bad temper. He had learned that there was no train out of Monroe until Monday morning, thirty-six hours later.

"What a beastly shame," he growled, picking his way along the uneven street. "I will come dangerously near starting at that apology for a hotel. And tomorrow! Wonder if there's such a thing as a novel in the town. Fortunately I've a box of cigars—good ones, too—in my case."

He made his calls upon the retail grocers. As he was on his way back to the hotel he heard music.

"That is no novice's hand," he thought as the organ pealed out a strong, triumphant melody. "The player is a musician, born and trained."

Glancing round, Mr. Jerome saw that he stood before a modest church. The door was ajar, and he caught a glimpse of a dim light within.

The music had glided into a tender harmony that thrilled the listener's heart with a half-forgotten memory. Pulling the door open, he stepped within.

The small audience room was lighted only by two lamps in the further end. The elevated platform upon which stood the pulpit and the organ was heavily trimmed with evergreen branches and the wall at the back of the platform was covered with the same. Outlined against this dusky greenness were two stanzas each holding a magnificent Easter lily, the blossoms gleaming white and pearly in the dim light.

Jerome remembered that the morrow would be Easter. As he looked there was the sound of a side door opening, the music ceased, and the organist rose, saying:

"Ah, you are prompt, little girl."

"How beautiful the decorations are!" The newcomer was a young girl, and she went on. "Are you ready, Miss Mildred?"

"Yes, dear. You play it through once before I begin to sing."

"You must stop me if I go wrong. It makes me so happy to think that I can play for you to sing, you, my precious Miss Mildred, who have taught me everything."

There was the sound of glad tears in the fresh young voice. For a moment the two clung together. Then the girl set down at the organ, while her companion took up a position between the lilies.



Francis Jerome drew a long breath. It was true, this woman, whose crimson-tinted, olive face showed but dimly against the background of pine and cedar boughs, was Mildred Blake, once his promised wife.

He sat still, his breath coming in short gasps. The girl played on. Mildred threw back her head, and the voice that had so often filled his heart with rapture rang out in—

"Christ is risen, risen to-day."

The unseen listener did not stir until the song was ended. Then he rose, opened the door softly, and stepped out into the night.

For an hour he strode along, going over the past. It had been so happy, so hopeful, yet his own hand had closed the door upon it.

Mildred Blake had been his fellow student at Cornell. She it was who had incited him to dream of a glorious and a useful future. When he graduated and went West to seek his fortune Mildred was his promised wife.

The estrangement had come slowly. At first he had struggled bravely, clinging to his lofty ideals through disappointments and rebuffs. When he began to turn from those ideals, to seek material success at any price, then his letters to Mildred were further apart and colder.

She was very patient, but there were



"CHRIST IS RISEN, RISEN TO-DAY."

lengths which even her gentleness could not go. There came a day when Francis Jerome received a letter giving him his freedom.

He accepted it gladly. Life was too busy for him to think of marriage. The years had gone on, and now—

"She must be the minister's wife," he concluded, as at last he turned his steps in the direction of the hotel. "She to be living here! Both voice and touch prove that her musical talent has fulfilled the promise of her youth. But married to a man who would be content to preach here! Bah! Her life is a failure!"

The next morning Mr. Jerome went to church. He must know something more of Mildred, and he could not bring himself to question a stranger about her.

The little edifice was crowded with bronze-faced lumbermen and their prematurely aged wives. The stranger had no eyes for them. He even forgot to look for Mildred in his eagerness to see the man whom she had married.

The minister was a small, slight, thoughtful-faced man. It was apparent that he was educated and cultured. He threw himself heartily into the service, doing all in his power to bring home to his listeners a realization of the risen Christ.

And Mildred? Again standing between the snowy Easter lilies, dressed simply in black, she sang of the wondrous love that had broken asunder the bonds of death.

Francis Jerome listened with bated breath. Whatever of success or failure the years had brought Mildred, they had brought her a serene joy in life, to which he was a stranger. He saw this in her face and heard it in her voice.

The service over, he was hurrying from the church when Mildred met him. She gasped. For a moment her color

fled. Then she greeted him with simple grace.

"Such a surprise! Ah, you must find the waiting tiresome," as he explained his presence in the town. Then she laid her hand upon the minister's arm.

"Mr. Jerome, one of my college friends, William, Mr. Jerome, this is my brother, of whom you have often heard me speak."

He remembered perfectly. William was her older brother and had planned to work in the foreign mission field.

"My health would not permit it," Mr. Blake explained. He had overruled Francis' objections to going to the parsonage, and they were on their way thither. "It's all right, though. This work up here is the Master's. Yes, it's lonely in a way, but Mildred and I are too busy and too glad that we can tell the story of the risen Christ to mind."

The parsonage was a tiny house, but the rooms were cozy and dainty. The two men sat before the open fire and talked until Mildred summoned them to dinner. The roughly plastered walls of the dining room were tinted a soft gray, making an effective background for the green vines which wreathed the pictures. The table was spread with lavender and white china and family silver. There were soup, cold meat with vegetables, a salad, coffee and nuts.

During the afternoon Mildred and her brother listened to the story of Francis Jerome's success. The woman sat with her eyes fixed upon the leaping flames, and her face gave no hint of her thoughts.

There was no evening service at the church, as Mr. Blake went out in the country to preach. Rain was falling, so he did not urge Francis to accompany him.

"Indeed you are not to go back to the hotel. Mildred will entertain you, and I will return early."

So it came about that he sat opposite Mildred, while outside the rising wind drove the rain against the windows. Conversation lagged, and at last silence fell between them.

The mind of Jerome was occupied with one question. Had he made a mistake? Not in one way, for his success was assured. Was it too late to right the wrong he had done Mildred? He rose and crossed to her side.

"Mildred, I have never loved any woman but you. I let the busy, grinding world come between us, but I never forgot. Now I can give you every luxury. Promise me you will be my wife, darling."

"I have not forgotten. I shall never forget. All my life I shall love the Francis Jerome whom I once knew. But you—the man who has made the accumulation of gold his life's aim—no, I do not love him."

He stared at her. "What do you mean, Mildred? I am unchanged. Surely you are not sorry that I have succeeded in life."

Unwaveringly her dark eyes met his. Therein he saw something of the depths that separated this woman's soul from his.

"To you success means money." Her voice was low but firm. "Cannot you understand that I do not care for what you have done as I do for what you are? Nay, Francis, the measure of success you have won does not satisfy me. I cannot be your wife."

He never loved her as at that moment. Whatever she bade him he would do, he would become anything she wished, but Mildred's far-seeing eyes never wavered.

"I do not love the man you are now," was her steadfast reply.

"But the man I may be," he cried, "Mildred, Mildred, do not turn away from me. Give me some word of hope."

"What can I say? Can you undo the slow work of ten years with a single wish? To me life is service—joyful, radiant service. To you it is success, a success measured by a bank account. We could not be happy together."

"I will change. You shall mould me into what you wish."

"She drew back. 'I? I am the architect of no man's fate. In one year, if you are of the same mind, you may come to me again. If then I find in your nature aught of the man whom I loved so long, I will become your wife. It is not what you do in that year; it is what you come to be. Ah, William, you are here.' And she turned to greet her brother who had just entered the room."

Just one year later there was a wedding in the little church where Francis Jerome had, unobserved, heard Mildred rehearse her Easter solo, and the Rev. William Blake was the officiating clergyman.—Hops Darling, in The Home Magazine.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage.—Confucius.