

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Worth of Weather Predictions.

ACCORDING to the authorities at Washington, only 17 per cent of the weather forecasts are failures. It must be admitted that the worth of the Weather Department is growing, and that it has become invaluable. Along the great lakes and rivers the weather forecasters practically control commerce. So much faith is placed in their information that ships sail or remain in port, according to the intelligence given out. On the great lakes it is seldom that a great storm finds shipping unprepared, because the weather man has done his duty.

The farmers are especially benefited by weather intelligence, and the faith that the public has in predictions is shown by the fact that in every newspaper office the one item that must appear without fail, in some fixed prominent position, is the weather report. Every year there is development and more scientific accuracy in peering into the future.—Cincinnati Post.

Be Grateful to the farmer.

IN seeking the reason for the nation's continued prosperity do not overlook the farmer. He is the man who set the wave of prosperity in motion. Secretary Wilson, of the Agricultural Department, now shows facts and figures to prove that it is the farmer who is still keeping the country prosperous. In 1903, for instance, the surplus of farm products which were not needed for domestic consumption and were sold abroad amounted to \$878,000,000. Exclusive of farm products, the balance of trade was against us, the exports of other products falling \$56,000,000 below the imports. So great was the farmer's contribution to the export trade, however, that his products not only wiped out this balance but established a balance in our favor of fully \$397,000,000.

It is not without reason that Secretary Wilson breaks into praise of the growers of wheat and corn and other agricultural products. Big crops mean activity in all productive and manufacturing lines and an immense freight-carrying traffic on the railroads. A large business for the railroads means general activity in the variegated industries which

contribute to railway maintenance and operation. It also means large and regular dividends and a healthful tone in the world of finance. In fact, while the farmer is producing large and salable crops the nation has a stable basis of prosperity which even the wildest financing of Wall street speculators cannot disturb.—Chicago News.

The Futility of War.

IN this day and age of the world, what an anachronism it seems that Russia and Japan must settle their differences by the arbitrament of the sword. Nearly two thousand years after Christ, has the world advanced so little, is there no other way? Must men still be food for cannon, to serve the selfish ambitions of their rulers?

What nation ever permanently profited by war for war's sake? Where is the empire of Alexander, the Rome of Julius Caesar, the France as Napoleon made it? And the conquerors themselves? Caesar died by the hand of an assassin, because he was too ambitious. Alexander, unsatisfied, sighed for more worlds to conquer. Napoleon, perhaps the greatest of them all, died a hopeless prisoner in the awful bankruptcy which robbed him of throne, son, wife, everything.

These men had drunk to the dregs of military glory; their fame makes beggars of the pug military heroes of a day; and yet—

Verestchagin in his *Vive l'Empereur* paints the glories of war in a heap of skulls with vultures flying overhead. A young French professor of history, M. Herve, in a recent text book, thus summarizes Napoleon's work: "Four million men killed on the battlefield; national hatreds that were to perpetuate themselves and bring about fresh hostilities; the Declaration of the Rights of Man hated, and justly hated, by all humanity." If this be as unfair and one-sided as to curse Napoleon for the ills which France endured with the return of the Bourbons (as some writers actually do), it is not without suggestiveness as showing the other side of military glory—the conqueror cursed for his very triumphs, because of this awful cost of his glory, in blood and treasure.—Albany Argus.

A LOBSTER AND AN EAGLE.

"The disappearing lobster," as fish commissioners have termed him, might not only remain, but flourish and increase if he always resisted capture like one described in Forest and Stream. The lobster in question lived in Newfoundland. His would-be captor was a white-headed eagle. Says a witness of the conflict:

My guide and I were sitting on the rocks by the seashore watching the bird soaring round in circles, when suddenly we saw him dash down into a pool of water close by us on the beach and reappear, holding an enormous lobster in his talons. He was an old lobster with a huge claw white with barnacles; but the eagle had him clutched firmly round the back, and at first we could see the claw hanging helplessly down, the barnacles shining white in the sunlight.

Only for a second though. The ripples on the pool had not yet died away, the large drops of water had not ceased to fall upon its surface from the soaring eagle's feathers and the captive lobster awoke to the seriousness of the situation, and to think with that apparently helpless creature was to set. Up came the great white barnacled claw and seized the eagle round the neck.

There was a furious fluttering and beating of wings, a melancholy squawk, and then, tumbling and rolling head over heels in the air in a confused mass, down came eagle and lobster again, into the pool.

We rushed forward, thinking that we could, perhaps, in some way secure the conflict continued in the shallow water. But we had hardly time to pick up a stone ample to throw at the eagle before the lobster, feeling himself at home again, let go his hold.

Now, with his neck all torn and devoid of feathers, away flew the bedraggled eagle to a neighboring cliff, while, brandishing his enormous claw in defiance, the lobster remained—smiling, perhaps—at the bottom of the pool. But the lobster veil doubtless tell you, if you meet him, that the lobster-fishing in Newfoundland is very poor at present.

SECRETS OF LIFE.

Object of Biological Laboratories at Tortugas and on Long Island.

Fresh interest in the Carnegie Institution is awakened by the selection, under its auspices and with its support, of two locations for biological laboratories to accommodate those branches of its service that deal with the beginnings, the development and the mutations of life itself. These laboratories are to be established at Cold Springs Harbor, on Long Island, and at Dry Tortugas. The former will be the more important, or at least will begin its work on a larger scale and with better auxiliary equipment than the other, inasmuch as it will be in close proximity to the Brooklyn Institute and to the hatchery of the New York State fish commission, and during the two busy summer months when investigation is most active their facilities will be placed at its disposal. Along the upper end of the harbor a sandspit runs nearly the whole distance, forming an almost inclosed basin in which is very rich in marine life, while the channel between it and the outer harbor exhibits a rank growth of algae, among which mollusks and echinoderms are abundant.

There was some prospect at one

JAPANESE SOLDIERS CAN SHOOT STRAIGHT.



JAPANESE SHARPSHOOTERS FIRING FROM TRENCHES.

time that the laboratory established at Woods Hole, at which excellent work has been done for some years, would be incorporated in the general system of the institution, but the selection of Cold Spring Harbor was made upon the advice of Professor Charles B. Davenport, of Harvard and Chicago universities, who will be the directing head of the new laboratory, and whose achievements in the past justify the highest expectation of the new line of investigation in which he is to engage. Researches into tropical marine life have not been carried so far as in higher altitudes, and rich discovery, it is believed, awaits the work at Dry Tortugas, which will be under the direction of Professor Alfred G. Mayer, formerly of Harvard and now president of the zoological department of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Science seems to be adventuring into broader realms of mystery than ever before. It is bolder and more persistent than at any previous time in the world's history. It is building not for today, but for all time. The structure which it proposes to rear is boundless, and its fearlessness and faith are in striking contrast to the timidity with which, not so many years ago, it approached problems which now seem simple if not almost contemptible. Could Professor Darwin return and witness the emancipation of mind wrought by his doctrine of evolution he would have no reason to reproach himself for contributing nothing to the world's progress. It is nothing less than the secret of life that it is proposed to probe at these laboratories. How does it start; upon what conditions does it depend in the scale of ascent or descent? As Professor Blackford, of the fish and game commission, says of it, "Neither Professor Davenport nor anyone else expects to live to see the work undertaken more than just begun. It is laid out on lines comprehending the causes of maintenance and development that will require a course of observation of possibly centuries."—Boston Transcript.

NEW VEIL DANCE.

Just the Opposite from the Grotesque and Noisy Cake Walk.

A new dance which has already captivated Paris has made its appearance in the London ball rooms, says the London Mail.

The dance of the veil—la danse du voile—is just the opposite of the grotesque and noisy cake walk, and is likely to bring back something of the grace and beauty of the stately minuet.

The veil dancers float and glide about with light, nebulous wings attached to the side or back of the corsage. These they wave up and down as they daintily advance or recede with tripping steps, or manipulate them so as to form beautiful and varied figures in wing and cloud effects.

Much of the beauty of the dance depends on the cleverness and originality of the dancer, who may make it

stately with statuesque poses, or romping and coquettish, as will best suit her personality.

In the ball room the veil dancer's wings are worn with the regular evening gown, being fashioned of color, material and design to harmonize with the costume for which they are intended.

The wings may be of silk, with long ends, which are waved and handled like scarfs, but those of tulle or muslin are generally preferred, as they give a delightful, transparent, gauzy effect and are more novel, is not so easy to manipulate prettily.

Often the wings are bespangled with gold or silver, so that they scintillate and flash as the dancer moves to and fro waving them beneath the lights.—Boston Herald.

WAS THIS LAND PAID FOR?

Confederate Money Was the Only Consideration Received for It.

A suit has been filed in the second division of Pulaski circuit court which takes one back to the days of the confederacy, when the currency in circulation was that issued by the Confederate States of America.

The suit is a petition filed by the heirs of Mark Kelly, through their attorneys, Rose, Hemingway & Rose, praying a writ of mandamus directed to Francis E. Conway, State land commissioner, to compel him to issue a patent to certain lands in Green county, purchased by Kelly in 1868, and which were paid for in Confederate money.

The petitioners are J. W. Kelly, C. E. Stone, H. L. Stone, Allie Stone and Frances Valley Bowen, by M. F. Collier.

The petition alleges that in 1859 Mark Kelly purchased at a sale by the common school commissioner of Greene county the west half of the southeast quarter of section 16, township 18 north, range 6 east, consisting of eighty acres, located in the northern part of Green county, about eight miles from Paragould. Later, "when the civil war was flagrant and when the only circulating medium was Confederate money," Kelly paid for the land in Confederate money, which was accepted by the State as good and sufficient payment.

However, Kelly neglected to secure from the State a patent for the land. He entered upon the land and remained in full and undisputed possession thereof until his death, since which time the heirs have continued in possession, claiming it as their own.

Recently they applied to the State land commissioner for a patent on the land, which he refused to issue on the sole ground that it was paid for in Confederate money.—Little Rock Gazette.

It Takes Time.

It takes about 25 days to print bank notes properly so that they will be fully "seasoned" to go into the hands of the public.

OLD FAVORITES

The Society Upon the Stanislaus. I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James; I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;

And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

But first I would remark that it is not a proper plan For any scientific gent to whale his fellow man,

And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,

Fill Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there, From those same bones an animal that was extremely rare;

And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault, It seems he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault;

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown, And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;

Nor should the individual who happens to be meant Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order when— A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor, And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age;

And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin, Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games, For I live at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James;

And I've told in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.—Bret Harte.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Older Than Any European Palace—Jewel Room—Col. Hood's Deed.

Possibly few persons are aware that in comparison with the tower the palaces and prisons throughout Europe are modern creations, says the St. James Gazette. The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry VIII. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's palace in Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed II. The oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was begun in the reign of Henry VIII. The Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. In the time of our civil war Versailles was yet a swamp. The sixteenth century claims the Escorial, the eighteenth Sans Souci, Jerusalem's Serail is a Turkish edifice; the palaces of Athens, Cairo, Teheran, are all of modern date. So it is, too, with the prisons. With the sole exception of St. Angelo in Rome all are of modern date as compared with that one from which Ralph Flambard escaped in the year 1100, the date of the first crusade.

The crown jewels in the tower are worth, it may be supposed, some £3,000,000. Everything of state regalia is there with one notable exception. The Kohinoor is represented by a crystal. Queen Alexandra wears the original on great occasions as part of her personal jewels. The tower has been the sovereign's strong room for the storing of treasure ever since tower-dwelling monarchs were. The old jewel house itself was built simultaneously with the royal mint, when that establishment was within the tower walls. The only attempt to steal the treasure is historic. It was the feat of that picturesque villain Col. Blood. He had ingratiated himself with the deputy keeper of the jewels; had gone so far as to propose a match between his ward and the daughter of the official. All went smoothly. The bogus swain turned up to be inspected, with him three others and the colonel. They beat and gagged the old man, secured the crown, orb and scepter and were just making off when by the strangest coincidence the son of the jewel keeper arrived from Flanders. The scene which followed would do credit to the dramatist. The colonel, disguised as a clergyman, had the crown concealed beneath his cassock, and added his voice to the hue and cry. "Stop the villain!" he roared. He had reached his horse before the imposture was discovered. When they made for him he turned and fired in

the face of the men nearest him. The pistol missed fire and the crown was saved, but not uninjured. Trampled in the mud, its jewels were all knocked out and many of them lost. An apprentice found the great pearl, a scavenger the biggest diamond.

"Well, it was a gallant deed; it was to gain a crown," was all Blood had to say as they carried him a prisoner to the dungeons. But no ill befell him for this and other treason. He had played for high stakes before, had attempted to surprise Dublin castle and capture the duke of Ormonde, and, that failing had coolly laid his plans to seize and hang him when he returned to London. The outcome of all was that, confessing to having plotted to take his sovereign's life, he was granted a pension, and lived and died in the odor of sanctity at court.

All this took place in the Martin tower, which is haunted to this day, your are desired to believe. The ghost is that of Harry Percy, ninth earl of Northumberland, who spent fourteen years of his life a prisoner there. The wizard earl, they called him. For his companions he had Raleigh, working on his mystic preparations which he hoped would produce an elixir of life; and Henriot, Allen Torperley, his Magi, as they were known. This little coterie discovered sun spots before the alert eye of Galileo had detected their existence, and was the first to detect the satellites of Jupiter. When, at the end of his long imprisonment, the earl returned to his home, he founded a library from which half the learning of following years had its inspiration. Only a sun dial, fixed by Henriot's own hands remains to commemorate that remarkable fellowship which did so much for the glory of English science.

MANY SYSTEMS ARE IN USE.

Railways in England Are Operated Under a Variety of Conditions.

It is not easy for an American railroad man to conceive of the conditions existing in the British islands. The English railway systems total only 22,000 miles. Yet this comparatively small mileage is the property of 230 companies, more than half of which have their separate administration and executive. The others are "leased and worked lines." Allotting an average of eight directors apiece to each of the 125 independent companies, the English railways support 1,000 directors, whose fees can hardly be less than \$1,250 a year each.

The railroads of India cover about 26,000 miles. Yet Thomas Robertson, the expert who recently reported to the British government on Indian railway administration, says that the task of supervising the lines of that vast country might safely be entrusted to a board of three qualified men, assisted by a secretary, a chief inspector and a number of inspectors and auditors. Three experts with a small staff are considered by Mr. Robertson capable of performing duties of about the same character as those for which in England are employed 1,000 amateur directors with their secretaries and assistant secretaries, accountants, auditors, clerks, messengers, etc.

It only the sum of \$1,250,000 paid away annually in fees to railway directors were available for a centralized railway board it would be possible to attract the ablest men by offering the largest known salaries and yet make a saving.

The saving by "standardization" is also to be considered. The Harriman lines, 17,000 miles, are to unify their machinery so that all "parts" of rolling stock shall be interchangeable. The consolidation of American roads has gone much farther than in Britain. The Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania systems contain about 20,000 miles each, either one of them nearly equaling the 22,000 miles of all England. And though the individual roads in these systems have in some cases their separate boards, these usually consist of practically the same men. Many important lines are also "leased and worked." Against the 120 systems of 22,000 miles—less than 100 miles to a line—in England the Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania systems include together less than twenty component lines, or an average of more than 2,000 miles a line. The longest single line in the United States, the Southern Pacific, has over 9,500 miles of track.

For Their Stomachs' Sake.

Sunday-school treats must come round oftener in England than in the United States, for the Dean of Bristol has included in his recent book "Odds and Ends," many stories of the hold of such festivities on the juvenile heart and stomach.

The hand of the small boy wavered for an instant over a plate of cakes before he took one. "Thanks," he said, after his momentary hesitation. "I'm sure I can manage it if I stand up."

Another boy, still smaller, who had stuffed systematically, at last turned to his mother and sighed. "Carry me home, mother, but oh, don't bend me!" The average boy in Yorkshire knows why he attends these feasts, and does not relish being furnished forth scintillatingly. A solicitous curate approached one who was glowering mysteriously. "Have you had a good tea?" the curate asked.

"No," said the boy, in an aggrieved tone, laying his hand on his diaphragm. "It don't hurt me yet."

Man for the Place.

Scarett, who was elected president of the Automobile Club of America, has an appropriate name for the position. Perhaps, says the Chicago Daily News, the members could find no man named Runoveritt.

The easiest way to get along with some people is to let them think they are right.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

Mark Ashton, the author of "The Stands Alone," has written another biblical romance.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce "The Fugitive," a picture of Russian Jewish life, by Ezra S. Brundage.

"Swinburne" is the new title announced by McClure, Phillips & Co. in their "Contemporary Men of Letters" series. The biography will be written by George Edward Woodbury.

Mrs. Aiden's book, "Women's Ways of Earning Money," will be the first volume in the Woman's Home Library, which Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster is editing for A. S. Barnes & Co.

Two weeks after the date of issue the American Unitarian Association found it necessary to go to press with a second edition of David Starr Jordan's new book, "The Call of the Twentieth Century."

A new book by M. F. Waller, entitled "A Daughter of the Rich," tells of the adventures of a wealthy New York girl who went to live in a happy Vermont family. It is said that the story is told with "genuine Louisa M. Alcott sympathy."

Dwight Tilton's new novel, "My Lady Laughter," the latest announcement of the C. M. Clark Publishing Company of Boston, will have as its background a location and period which has been hitherto practically neglected by novelists.

In her latest novel, "The Pine Grove House," Ruth Hall turns aside from historical fiction and gives a realistic picture of the life of city people at a summer hotel in a small country town. The story has an abundance of interest, mystery and incident.

This has been a prosaic season in fiction, on the whole, and the reaction brings its comforts. It is pleasant to pass out of the garden of rose-pomfested titles and meet such homely fusties as "Sally of Missouri," "Barnet Jones," and "Tennessee Todd."

It speaks well for Mr. Van Zile's characterization of his English noble in "A Duke and His Double" that Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., of London have just purchased the English rights in that book from Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. It also speaks well for the good nature of Mr. Van Zile's satire that, although Flint and his family of newly rich Chicagoans are satirized, the book is popular in Chicago.

D. Appleton & Co. have issued a new edition of Andrew D. White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." This edition has a larger page than the former ones and is bound in a new style of cloth, making it more strictly of the library form. It is the fourteenth edition that has been printed since the work first came out in 1896. Editions have been published in England, and among the translations is one in Italian.

A large part of the elaborate edition of Dr. Mudge's great work, "The Gods of the Egyptians; or, Studies in Egyptian Mythology," which is to be brought out soon by the Open Court Publishing Company was destroyed by fire in the bindery, thus reducing the total number of copies to 1,000, of which 300 are reserved for the American market. Owing to the great cost of making the original color plates, which were also destroyed, it is doubtful whether the work will be undertaken again.

Though Lillian Bell is now Mrs. Arthur Hoyt Bogue, of New York, she retains her maiden name for literary purposes. She is the daughter of Major William W. Bell, of Chicago, and was born and educated in Chicago. Her first successful book, *Issued Just Ten Years Ago*, was "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid," which, with "A Little Sister of the Wilderness" and "The Under Side of Things," established her reputation as a writer of clever fiction. Her more recent books, dealing with her impressions of European life, have been severely criticised. Her latest is "The Dowager Countess and the American Girl."

How He Cooked It.

Roast beef which happens to be rare has been at times turned into wall-dome meat with a rapidity that the lay patrons of restaurants could not understand. Yesterday one of the men in a restaurant who had cut away a piece of roast beef observed to the waiter that he regretted it was so rare.

"I'll fix that all right," said the waiter, taking up the plate. "But I've cut it," was the answer. "That seemed to make no difference, for the waiter carried off the beef. He returned presently bearing a slice that looked quite different. But when it was cut the meat was just the same, although it was dark outside. The waiter was pained that the guest should be in the least dissatisfied.

"Why, I never worked in a restaurant in my life where it wasn't the customary to make the roast beef well done by holding it in boiling water," said he with an injured air. "That's what we always do when we have to take it back for a customer."

Was Self-Centered.

Miss Beemer—Who is your favorite poet, Mr. Weaver? Weaver (who is addicted to verifying)—Really, don't you know, I think it might appear egotistical for me to answer that question frankly.—Boston Transcript.