

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Sinews of War.

ALTHOUGH Russia, in the present conflict with Japan, has an immense preponderance of military forces, we are apt to forget the extreme difficulty of placing and maintaining a great Russian force in Manchuria. Vladivostok is farther from Moscow than is San Francisco from Boston, and the field of operations is connected with the base of supplies by a single track railway of immense length, not yet wholly complete, very hastily built, interrupted by a lake over which there is a ferry of more than twenty miles, with a running capacity not exceeding eighteen or twenty miles an hour, through a very thinly inhabited section of country, and with constant danger of interruptions by skillful enemies perfectly posted in regard to the location and condition of the road in all parts. It will be an immense undertaking to support 300,000 men over this road. In the opinion of a good many military experts in Europe, 250,000 men represents the largest army which Russia can properly support in Manchuria. The financial centers of Europe have been a good deal disturbed by the possibility of heavy drafts by both Russia and Japan in order to carry on the war. So far, neither country has shown any inclination to draw upon Europe. Japan intends to float a war loan of about \$50,000,000 at home, and Russia has begun by issuing treasury notes to the extent of \$25,000,000. During the Chinese war, nine years ago, Japan astonished the financial world by raising about \$112,000,000 by loans absorbed at home and by taxation. The Russian Government, among other resources, has over \$500,000,000 in gold and bank notes in reserve; so that although the financial condition of the country is anything but sound, the sinews of war for the immediate future are amply supplied.—The Outlook.

The Lost Art of Hospitality.

WHERE are the good old gods of hospitality that were once the chief deities of the household and fireside? Have they no place under the new social regime? Perhaps we hurry too much nowadays to practice the graces of our forefathers. Electricity has set the pace for the past half century, and we are trying to keep up with its telegraph systems, its cars and motor cycles. And dust gathers on the neglected gods as they huddle forlorn and neglected in their corners.

Fifty years ago and more men kept their houses practically as wayside inns for the specific use of their friends, for the general use of whosoever fared that way. To-day a man's house is where he rushes for his meals or to see if his wife and children are peradventure still alive within its walls, and where he sleeps—when his business worries leave his brain clear enough to invite slumber. With the coming of day he is up and off again in the swift mad chase for fame or money, chiefly money.

There are a few people who still cling to the good old habit of receiving on specified afternoons and evenings; they have retained the charm of looking always so rested and at ease that their guests come to rest and acquire, if possible, that same ease, and look with longing on the resurrected gods free from dust, smiling, contented and happy on their pedestals. For the majority of hosts and hostesses to-day, however, entertaining means an annual investment in flowers, leas and music, and a setting open of all the doors to the home. An army of friends and acquaintances rushes through the swift and lukewarm greetings, nobody remembers who came or what they said, and the house is cleaned and closed until the next annual invasion. Sometimes it is a card party, where many come because of the prizes or the supper, and forget even to speak to their hostess again when next they meet her on the street. Entertaining so that both the entertainers and their guests enjoy it is an art almost lost in this busy, work-a-day world.

The open door that was the synonym for old-time hospitality is a word that is known to-day only in its political sense and when applied to China. To build houses for accommodating one's invited guests is not characteristic of

to-day. The man who not long since added two or three rooms to his house because he was "so fond of having company come and stay," is a mild sort of sensation in the eyes of his less hospitable neighbors.

Less hurry and less worry and seeing one's congenial friends more often would mean the salvation of many a work-ridden, care-worn person of to-day, and architects should discover what the art was in the old houses that made them so attractive that one's friends could not stay away from such comfortable places even if they tried.—Memphis Scimitar.

Need for a Hospital Car.

WITH all the improvements in medicine and surgery of recent years, with all the increase in the number of physicians, with all the substitution of trained nurses for Mrs. Gampa, with all the provision of hospitals and dispensaries to the cities, little consideration has been shown for invalids by railroad companies and hotels. The sick man is never welcome as a passenger on a railroad train, and he is not received with gladness at a hotel. On the day expresses, running from New York in all directions, the man who suffers from an illness or an injury has a hard time of it if he is trying to reach his home in the country, or a sanitarium, or a resort in the mountains to which he has been ordered by his doctor. There is no place in the car for a bed, no place for his medicines, and he may have to ride for two or three hundred miles sitting in a chair, racked by the motion of the train and hardly able, from weakness, to hold himself erect. The sleeping car is an improvement, but there is just objection on the part of the other passengers to sharing the confined space with a consumptive, and it is certainly disquieting to think of occupying a berth that only a few hours before was taken by a patient suffering from a contagious disease.

Hence it is a move in the right direction that has been made by the Pullman company in building a car for the express accommodation of invalids. It will probably have larger beds than the ordinary sleeping car, no top berths and better ventilation; it should have the easiest of springs, and be clear of carpets, curtains, plush and the usual textiles that catch and hold microbes; it should have hot water as well as cold, on tap; it should have cupboards for drugs and instruments, where they would be in no danger of breakage and, especially, it should be so constructed that it could be cleaned with a hose after every trip, after the manner of operating rooms in hospitals. If this car were switched from road to road, and its departments advertised, there is hardly a doubt that, merely as a business proposition, it would be made to pay. In the better sense there is no doubt on that point.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Japan's Sea Training.

IN the eleventh or twelfth century the Japanese were the most dashing pirates of the East; in fact, we might almost call them the Vikings of the East. They used junks—small ships with a scrap of sail, but the little vessels in which the Danes once raided our own coasts, or as the craft which the Penzance fisherman have to-day. With these junks the Japanese roamed the seas, going everywhere along the Chinese main, ravaging the coasts, trading and bringing home priceless works of art from China.

It was not until long afterwards that the ruling authorities of Japan, under the great Emperor Hideyoshi, decided that it suited their purpose to shut off communication with the outside world and to live to themselves, trading merely among their own islands. The old Japanese vikings were reduced to simple fishermen, and the period of internal feudatory wars began, for at that time at least Japanese would fight because they loved it.—London Telegraph.

JAP ARTILLERY LANDING ON THE TATUNG RIVER.



The Tatung River, a view of which is herewith given, flows through northern Korea and empties into the Yellow Sea. Pingyang is situated on the banks of this stream, which is now held by the Japanese. The Tatung is used to transport munitions of war and troops into the interior. Small boats are employed for the purpose. By such means guns, artillery mules and other ordnance supplies are transported, thus avoiding the Korean roads, which are practically impassable at this time of the year.

mand was not so great as the quest for war time knowledge. World's fairs, the opening of Indian lands, and similar events of national interest are other "peaceful reasons" for map-making.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE BRAIN.

Electric Current Used to Induce Sleep—Sensation Felt.

Experiments on the brain of a living subject with electric currents have been comparatively rare, as there has prevailed among physicians and physiologists the idea that such a course of experimentation was extremely dangerous, says Harper's Weekly. There have recently been published, however, records of some experiments carried on by M. S. Leduc, with the object of using the electric current to produce sleep and of studying its effects on the brain generally.

In early experiments it was shown that the brain is the best conductor of electricity in the human body, being about 3,000 times more conducting than muscle. It was also observed that when a continuous current was passed through the head from one ear to the other the sensation of giddiness was produced, and that objects appeared to revolve in the same direction as

the current flowed. However, when the electrodes are placed on the forehead and neck and the current sent from back to front, the effects are innocuous so long as a mild current is used and in some cases may be beneficial. According to M. Leduc, the most satisfactory current is one of four milliamperes at thirty volts, which is broken or interrupted 100 times a second for nine-tenths of the period of the interruption. The first effect noted was the disappearance of the faculty of speech, after which followed the loss of the motor faculties. Under ordinary conditions there is no affection of the respiration or pulse unless the current is increased, and then it may cease. The patient is said to awaken instantaneously from the electric sleep and to experience a feeling of refreshment.

On English Railways.

The number of men employed on the railways of the United Kingdom, including boys, is 523,982.

After a man has been engaged three or four weeks, he begins to find opportunities to take sides in her quarrels.

If a man loses all his money he also manages to lose nearly all his enemies

Science AND INVENTION

About 750 tons of ore have been used to produce about one-fifth of an ounce of radium.

To test the mosquito theory of malaria, two French physicians propose to be bitten by mosquitoes fed on an ague patient, and to allow any fever contracted to run its full course without treatment.

In some of the French forests a platinum wire kept at a white heat by an electric current has been employed instead of a saw for felling trees. It is claimed that by this plan a tree can be felled in one-eighth of the time required by the old sawing method. The entire absence of sawdust and the beneficial effect of the slight carbonization of the ends of the cut timber in preserving the wood are reckoned as decided advantages.

An interesting method of protecting peach trees from frost during the winter has been practiced for several years at the Agricultural Experiment Station at Canyon City, Colo. Early in November the earth is removed from a circle about four feet in diameter round each tree, and water is turned in to saturate the soil. When the ground has become soft the tree is worked back and forth to loosen the roots, and then is pushed over on its side. The branches are brought together and fastened with a cord, and buried covered with earth is put over them. Thus the trees lie all snug until spring, when the covering is gradually loosened and finally removed, and they are raised and propped up.

Among precious stones the turquoise holds a peculiar place because of the changes of color which it undergoes. United States Consul Tyler at Teheran is eloquent in his description of the Persian turquoise in a recent report to the Department of Commerce and Labor. Students of Shakespeare reading it will recall Shylock's exclamation when Tubal tells him of a ring that his daughter Jessica has given away: "Out upon her! Thou tortur'st me, Tubal. It was my turquoise. I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor." Mr. Tyler avers that notwithstanding its so-called sympathetic changes of hue, every genuine turquoise possesses a permanent color, to which it settles down with age. "The lapis lazuli, or cloudless sapphire of its native skies," he says, "is the highest quality of the turquoise." Travelers are frequently deceived by inferior stones.

While the French submarine boat Narval was leaving Cherbourg Harbor recently, she came into collision with a tugboat which was traveling at right angles to the course of the submarine. The officer of the latter observed the approaching tug, and immediately reversed his engines, the Narval at the time making a speed of five knots. Although the momentum of the submarine was thus considerably reduced, she struck the tugboat with sufficient force amidships to force her nose through the hull of the latter to the extent of sixteen inches and the tug ultimately foundered, when the nose of the Narval was withdrawn. This accident affords a conclusive estimate of the strength and power of these submersible craft for ramming purposes, when driven at full force against another craft; and, according to French Admiralty experts, opens new possibilities concerning naval tactics.

WOMEN PREFER TO GET WET.

Brave Rain Rather Than Carry Umbrellas—Modern Dress Cause.

The day of the feminine umbrella is over. Few women now think of carrying an umbrella save on extreme occasions. At the umbrella counters of the large shops the decline of feminine enthusiasm in the matter of umbrellas is distinctly noted. Many of the umbrellas now purchased by women are of a better grade than formerly, showing that they are intended to serve upon superior rather than usual occasions. The feminine umbrella, indeed, will soon be as extinct as the dodo, and the last woman to carry one may shortly occasion as much interest as the man who recklessly dared the gibes and comments of the Fleet street following by carrying the first one.

Recently upon a day of persistent pouring the observant woman called the attention of her comrade to this paucity of umbrellas.

"Chicago women have little use for umbrellas nowadays," she said. "Lots of women, in fact, never think of carrying an umbrella, no matter how heavy the downpour. Oh, yes, the woman who is caught in her best light gown or wearing a chiffon hat may rush into the nearest store and buy an umbrella to shelter her fragile finery homeward, just as the woman who must wear her best clothes outdoors on a rainy day will make use of an umbrella for the sake of sternest necessity. But how many women of your acquaintance, preparing for a regular rainy day of shopping, calling, or business, arm themselves with an umbrella before starting out?"

"The cause of the change? There are several. First of all, women wear more sensible clothing than they once did. The 'rustle skirts,' snug storm berms, and heavy-soled shoes of the present fashion will stand quite a bit of rain before allowing their wearer to become drenched. The fact that they will be none the worse for a thorough soaking helps the busy woman, especially if she must carry parcels, to leave the umbrella at home.

they once wore. The felt, mohair, or 'ready-to-wear' hats of the day with stand water nobly.

"The pompadour represents another important fact in the umbrella banishment of the present. Hair not naturally curly has imperiled many a good woman's soul, especially in wet weather. Now, with the smooth or only mildly 'huffed' pompadour most popular, it really doesn't matter much whether the hair gets wet or not.

"The pressing business cares that now render so many women absent-minded have borne their part in the abolishment of the feminine umbrella also. The price of two or three umbrellas will buy a new hat, while the lost umbrella always pricks annoyingly at the womanly conscience. So the average Chicago business or professional woman stalks serenely along in the rain, quite unprotected, solacing herself with the reflection that all the beauty culturists agree upon that improving effects of rain water. And when the rain is over the umbrella-less woman feels delightfully free."—Chicago Record-Herald.

OLD AND NEW AIDS TO BEAUTY.

Doubt if Inventions Have Made Women More Attractive.

Of course, there is nothing new in the cult of beauty; the only novelty lies in the extravagant fashion in which new inventions are applied to it. Electric baths and vibration treatment may be innovations, but cosmetics and medicated baths date from the earliest ages. Women have always aspired to be beautiful, and have painted their faces and "tired their heads" since time immemorial and in all countries. The geisha of Japan changes the color of her lips three times in one evening, and no little Japanese lady ever misses an opportunity of whipping out the rouge pot and mirror which form an indispensable part of her toilet. Among the recipes which have come down to us from our ancestresses are many prescriptions for the complexion which used of roses and olive oil. Mixed bathing in tubs of water thickened with scented bran and salutary herbs was the fashion in mediaeval France and recalled the days of Roman luxury. Vapor baths date from an even earlier period, and one wonders if there is any nostrum to-day for the preservation of beauty which was not known to those professional beauties of France, Diane de Poitiers and Ninon de L'Enclos.

The question is, Are women really any more admired to-day for being steamed and smeared and electrified? Is any attraction worth having which is obtained by the painful and expensive methods we read of? I doubt it. Nobody is really taken in by the artificially manufactured beauty.

It is the duty of every woman to make the best of herself. Certain defects of complexion and figure can be easily remedied. Physical exercise, fresh air and good diet will work wonders with those, and by the addition of a smart dressmaker, milliner and clever hairdresser many a plain girl has been transformed into a pretty one. If a woman's nose is inclined to absorb too much color and her cheeks too little, no doubt a few judicious dabs of powder and rouge in the right places may be excusable.—London Outlook.

Not Her Business.

Mrs. Plummer is one of the gentle, clinging women who are guarded and guided by some strong and well-balanced member of the sterner sex as long as they live. When Mr. Plummer died she was overcome by grief and a sense of helplessness.

"Now, my dear Emily, what are all these bills?" asked her cousin one day, when Mrs. Plummer had been a widow nearly six months.

"They are gas bills," said Mrs. Plummer, looking apathetically at a small pile of pink slips, "and those blue ones are telephone bills. They are beginning to complain at the telephone office, and they've said something about taking out the telephone; and the gas company has shut off the gas already. I sat in the dark last night."

"Well, but why on earth don't you pay the bills?" asked her bewildered relative.

Mrs. Plummer looked at her guest with reproachful, tear-filled eyes.

"George has always paid the gas and telephone bills," she said, plaintively. "I supposed you'd understand."

Prince of Montenegro.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, the comely opera ruler of the Black mountain principality, which has a population less than that of Rhode Island, was a great athlete in his younger days and is still a good horseman, a capital shot and a splendid swordsman. To his other attainments the prince adds that of being a poet and prose writer of no small talent, his best work being a tragedy, "The Empress of the Balkans." His civil list, only \$14,000 a year, is ample for his simple tastes, which never call for great expenditure.

Attaining the Ideal.

All the revolution that mankind is yearning for is just this: to make men look in the direction of their work, to emphasize service and not wages, to ask how much good it will do? and not does it pay? writes Ernest Crosby, in Swords and Plowshares.

Acclimatizing the Ostrich.

The ostrich is being acclimated in southern Europe by M. Octave Justice, whose eighty specimens from South Africa are thriving on a farm near Nice.

Have you a friend who does well, and with whom you occasionally find fault because he doesn't do better? This is the meanest meanness in the world.

HOSPITAL PETS.

Of army, navy and other semipublic pets much that is entertaining has been written. Hospital pets are not so well known, but it is easy to imagine the pleasure they give to a ward full of little patients, and no one could doubt the statement of a nurse, in the Hospital, that they brighten many a weary hour of convalescence and materially help toward a cure.

The first pet of which the nurse tells is Jumbo, a wise old tortoise, which lived, moved and had his happy being in a children's ward in a New York hospital. His curious wanderings about the ward, his clumsy gait, his air of antiquity and wisdom caused many a child to forget pain; and to have Jumbo on the bed was the highest reward the staff nurse could promise to a little patient for good behavior during the surgeon's visit.

"Nurse Judy" was a fox-terrier which for fifteen years, was a close and lovingly compassionate friend to every little inmate of a children's ward in a London hospital. None knew better than Nurse Judy that a dog that lives in a hospital must not bark, for there were little sick ones whose sleep must be disturbed. Barking was the only canine privilege denied her, and she was always cheerful under this ordeal of silence, and more than most of her kind, she learned to express her joy by wagging her stumpy tail.

"Gypsy," another terrier, has taken Nurse Judy's place, and is already so wise a probationer that some of the nurses say they "could almost trust her to take a temperature." Gypsy plays ball with the convalescents, and always has a Santa Claus pocket of her own at Christmas. The only liberty she will not tolerate from the children is the attempt to "commandeer" any of her own special property from the top drawer, where it is kept.

A monkey named Giovanni was once a ward pet in a little hospital in Leghorn, Italy. Originally he had belonged to an Italian, whose dying wish was that his monkey might stay with him to the last. The good Sisters who acted as nurses did not quite know what to do with the awkward legacy bequeathed them by the friendless sick man, but Giovanni's big eyes said as plainly as possible, "Don't send me out to face a friendless world! Isn't it enough for a monkey to lose his loving master without losing the home he has found here?"

His mute simian eloquence prevailed. Giovanni was adopted, and became known as the "Count." The Sisters grew very fond of him. He amused the children, and at length became as much a fixture as one of the pillars of the hospital gate.

Two chameleons lived and died in a children's ward in a London hospital. They did not live long,—chameleons in captivity never do,—but they were a great source of interest and wonder while they lived, and their changing color under the children's very eyes was a constant mystery and delight. A wise little boy patient once informed the ward that it was "only conjuring, like that chap did at our school treat." But it was never quite clear to the others whether the conjuring was done by the chameleons or was a trick of the nurse who owned them.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE STAGE.

Opala Tempt Fate, but Emeralds Always Lucky.

"About the pet superstitions of individuals in the profession there is almost no end," says Clara Morris. "One man has a horror of barrels, especially empty ones, and if he sees a wagon load of them in the street he is convinced of coming misfortune. But he has a counter-balancing comfort in the possession of a caul, which he always carries with him, believing that it shields him from violent death. The late John McCullough always went to the theater by the same road he took the first time. If he got as far as the door of the theater and suddenly remembered that he had been tempted out of the accustomed way, he would clear back to his hotel and take a fresh start and always follow the accustomed route. I remember when Sarah Bernhardt was here for the first time she manifested a positive dread and horror of the color yellow, and, indeed, that is shared, to some extent at least, by a good many people. A very prominent actress of our day has an abiding faith that disaster is certain if ever the curtain, having started on its ascent, is allowed to return to the floor instead of going up, and will insist, whether all is ready to ring up or not, that once moved it shall rise, even if the empty stage has to wait. Emeralds are regarded as very lucky jewels, but very few professionals will tempt fate by wearing that most beautiful and most unlucky of stones, the opal. I'm not at all superstitious myself, yet I'd regard that man an enemy of mine who would offer to give me an opal."—Woman's Home Companion.

Lord Strathearn.

Lord Strathearn began the career which has led him to the House of Lords and a colossal fortune as a "red-haired, freckled, rough-hewn Scotch lad" in the wilds of Labrador. He was in the employment of the Hudson Bay Company and his duty was to barter for furs with the natives and pack them off to Montreal—work which involved long and perilous journeys by canoe and on snow shoes, and hardships which would have proved fatal to anyone less sturdy than the Scottish saddler's son.

They are expecting so much of the men here lately, they will finally demand that they love their step-children.