

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

MURDEROUS AMERICAN RAILROADS.

DUBITLESS American railroads will take exception to the figures compiled by a German railroad official, which show that American roads are more deadly than any others in the world. Statistics do lie, in spite of the proverb, but there is no gain-saying the fact that in the single fiscal year of 1902 376,500 persons were injured in the United States, of whom 60,000 were employees, and 9,800 were killed, of whom 3,600 were employees.

These figures, compared with others for foreign countries, show that in the United States forty times as many were injured as in Russia, twenty-two times as many as in Italy, twenty times as many as in England, eight times as many as in Belgium, four times as many as in Switzerland, and twice as many as in Germany. But France injures fewer passengers than any country in the world.

However American railroads may explain these facts, it is certain that railroading in the United States is unnecessarily perilous to passengers as well as to employees. We shall not attempt to say what measures should be taken to increase the security of railroad employees, but as to the security of passengers it is a different matter. The block signal system has been proved to be almost an absolute guaranty of safety, but it is in use on only a very small part of the railroads of the country, and even so it has been shown of late that it has been disregarded by railroad officials with great subsequent loss of life. But if it were universally installed and made to be observed railroad accidents would soon become very few and many thousands of lives would be saved.—Des Moines News.

PROSPERITY AND THE SURPLUS.

THE national government closed the fiscal year on June 30, with a surplus of receipts over expenditures amounting to nearly ninety million dollars—a larger surplus than has been obtained for several years.

The receipts from customs and from internal revenue taxes have been unusually large, indicating that an unusual amount of imported goods has been consumed during the year, and that the demand for those articles on which an internal revenue tax is levied has been great. These are signs of prosperity, of the existence of ready money, which the people are spending freely.

On the other hand, the problem of a large surplus is perplexing. When there is a deficit, the necessity of economy is impressed on every Congressman; but if there are many millions of unappropriated money in the treasury, every Representative wishes to have some of it set aside for improvements in his district, the officers of the navy urge larger appropriations for warships, and the army officers propose an extension of the coast defenses.

It is likely that bills will be introduced in Congress next winter appropriating ten times the amount of the surplus. They will come from Democrats as well as from Republicans. The Democrats are likely to introduce, also, bills intended to reduce taxation in some way as to bring the revenues and expenditures more nearly to an equality. However desirable the passage of such bills may be, it is not easy under the present financial system to draft a satisfactory plan. Instead of making appropriations and then levying a tax to meet

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.

IN the press and hurry of daily living few of us realize what triumphs man is constantly making over nature. What mention, for example, have you seen of the news that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company will soon begin doing business regularly between America and Europe, across the Atlantic ocean? Yet here is an achievement that deserves to be celebrated by the whole world, and it is no more noteworthy than the passing of a trolley car.

Ten years ago a man who would have said that the day would come when a man could sit in this country and communicate instantly with a man in England, with no wire, even, connecting the two, would have been sent to the insane asylum. That thing, however, is being done to-day. One Marconi pole is at Clifton, on the coast of Ireland, and another is at Cape Breton, in Canada, and messages leap from one to the other as surely and as swiftly as though they were not six feet apart.

This flashing of messages three or four thousand miles around the earth will soon be as commonplace as using the telephone is now, and men will make use of the service and think nothing of it. Yet such communication was beyond the wildest dreams of mankind only a few years ago. The world is moving fast in these latter days, and will move faster yet. Though the earth has been inhabited for millions of years, it is only within the last century that nature's secrets have commenced to be discovered.

We are at the beginning of discovery and knowledge. What the next century will bring forth we cannot guess, but we may be sure that it will be full of wonders un-speakable.—Kansas City World.

THE COST OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

POSTMASTER GENERAL MEYER'S program of postoffice improvement involves two or three items which may seem on their face to involve the risk of a great outlay on the part of the government. He personally believes they would be good business policy, and to indicate why bold plans may be successful he referred to some of the latest figures of the rural free delivery system.

In 1896, the first year of rural free delivery, that service cost \$15,000,000, and the general postoffice deficit was \$8,000,000. Last year the rural delivery service cost \$25,000,000 and the deficit was only \$10,000,000. This year rural free delivery will cost \$55,000,000. The report for the first quarter of the year shows no deficit whatever, and while deficits are expected for the remainder of the year their total will be greatly cut down. As the Postmaster General puts it, the rural delivery service "is costly, but it is proving to be a great feeder to the general postal system." The one aim of the Postoffice Department is to give good service, and there is no reason why the government should not take reasonable business risks in providing it.—Chicago Record-Herald.



WHAT HE BOUGHT.

"Who is your unfailing friend with the fat memorandum book?" inquired the cashier.

"Who told you he was my friend?" asked the bill clerk.

"I inferred it from your joyous expression when you saw him sitting in wait for you on the bench."

"If your references hadn't been any better than your inferences are you'd never have got the job you're holding," said the bill clerk.

"Is he a protegee of yours?" asked the cashier.

"A how much?"

"I beg your pardon," said the cashier. "I should have said protegee. Don't get it, eh? Is he some worthy young man in whose career you are interested and to whom you extend assistance of a pecuniary nature? I don't wish to pry, but I saw you hand him what appeared to be a two spot. Charity is a beautiful thing—the rarest gem in virtue's casket—very rare in a young man. I notice he calls around about every month."

"You're a great noticer," said the bill clerk. "I've noticed that. Did you ever happen to notice how much foolishness you talk?"

"He looks like a collector," observed the cashier.

"Well, I guess you ought to know pretty well what they look like," said the bill clerk.

"Don't be snappy, my son," said the cashier. "There isn't any disgrace in having a collector call around. He might simply be coming to collect an installment on a diamond engagement ring. When a young man gets engaged he naturally presents his fiancée with a ring. If he is a whole-souled and generous young man and thinks a great deal of the young woman he wants to get her a good one and if his accumulated capital is insufficient for the exigencies of the situation, why should he not, if you please, try the installment plan?"

"Why not?" said the bill clerk non-committally.

"Of course," said the cashier. "It's the finest thing in the land. When you get your ring paid for you can buy a house on the installment plan. You can have an installment piano and an installment phonograph and an installment library in installments. You can dress the family on the installment plan. You don't have to wait until it's paid for to enjoy what you get. That necessity for annoying delay is the curse of the cash system."

"You'd only be spending the money that you pay out for some foolishness or other, wouldn't you?" said the bill clerk. "And then you wouldn't have anything to show for it."

"That's right," said the cashier, "and

SURPRISE WAS ON FATHER.

The Kafirs of Africa tell their children many nursery tales which they call "surprise stories." In one called "The man who hid his honey," which is quoted by Dudley Kidd in a volume on the ways of Kafir children, the surprise seems to have been on the father.

Long, long ago, runs the tale, a man had a wife and three children, and they ran out of food. When they got hungry the man went out to hunt, and found some honey. He filled a pot with it, got a reed and hollowed it out. Then when no one was looking he hid the pot in the ground under the ashes, and inserted the reed through into the honey.

When the sun was setting that afternoon he called the children about him to sing, and while they sang he sucked honey through the reed. Again and again he did this, and the children said, "Father sucks ashes through a reed every day."

But one day, when the father had gone hunting again, the youngest child said, "Let me suck ashes and be a man like father," so he applied his lips to the reed.

To his delight, honey came up, and he sucked till his cheeks were full, and then the other children tried it. They dug up the pot and emptied it, and when they had buried it again they put the end of the reed in the ashes. At evening their father came home. When the children sang that evening he put his lips to the reed, but made a wry face. Again he tried, and again he made a face as he tasted the ashes.

"What are you doing, papa?" asked the youngest. "Why do you make such a face?"

"Who has been raking these ashes?" demanded the father.

"The children have been playing there," said his wife. The man raked away the ashes and dug up the honey pot. It was quite empty.

"Why, there is the honey pot!" exclaimed his wife. "Why did you hide it there?"

But Mr. Kafir had nothing to say, and the surprise story was ended.

The Untrammelled Juror.

Tremblingly the juror rose in his place.

"Your honor," he said, "if it would not thwart the ends of justice and throw the beautiful mechanism of this tribunal out of gear, I would like to telephone my wife for some clean handkerchiefs."

The court, frowning at the introduction of the purely trivial, took the matter under advisement.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Punctuality.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," said the man who quotes proverbs when he ought to be at work.

"That's right," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "You can never be sure that the grand jury isn't going to get to work to-morrow and spoil the whole scheme."—Washington Star.

About all some men can see in any undertaking is discouragement.

Sermons of the Week

Ideals.—The ideal we formed at our mother's knee is the highest we will form in all our lives.—Rev. T. C. O'Reilly, Roman Catholic, Cleveland, Ohio.

Simplicity.—Learn to live simply, in body, in mind, in spirit, and a multitude of burdens shall slip from your soul and you shall know the meaning of rest.—Rev. P. O. Hall, Presbyterian, New York City.

No compromise.—What the kingdom of Christ cannot effect by conquest it can never effect by compromise, even though the doxology be sung and the benediction be pronounced.—Rev. A. H. Stephens, Presbyterian, Chicago, Ill.

Prosperity.—Prosperity is often ruinous, because it is associated with forgetfulness of God. A dependence on self is substituted; atrophy of the finer faculties of the soul takes place.—Rev. G. R. Burns, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Church.—The church has stood for social order, for good government, for freedom, for the family, for education, for the development of the individual, for truth, virtue and charity.—Rev. W. B. Craig, Disciple, Denver, Col.

The Kingdom.—Wherever God reigns in a human soul there His Kingdom is. The weakest Christian, if he be a true son of the kingdom, has all the power of God enlisted in his behalf.—Rev. S. S. Palmer, Presbyterian, Columbus, O.

Judgment.—One might think God sent the earthquake as a direct judgment. No man is warranted, however, in making such an assertion. We do not know the mind of the Almighty.—Rev. Joseph Calhoun, Presbyterian, Pittsburg, Pa.

Success.—Good success does not mean possessing things, but in being somebody. Caesar, having a world, was a failure; Christ, homeless, despised, spat upon, crucified, is the ideal of success realized.—Rev. T. E. Potterton, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Church.—If a man is tolerably good out of the church, the grace of God which comes to him in the appointed channels makes him quite considerably better. The spirit of God in the church develops the best in man.—Rev. J. A. Deas, Lutheran, Portland, Ore.

Words and Acts.—Words are worth only what the man behind them is worth. A counterfeit half dollar may look to be silver, but while silver in its face, it is lead in its ring. We cannot do more than what we are.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

The True Life.—A true life has God for its center. An aimless life cannot be true, nor a life that aims at anything less than what God has intended we should be. In other words, then, a true life is the life of a child of God.—Rev. R. J. Kent, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

No More Antagonism.—The old platform of religious antagonism and controversy has disappeared, and there is not a single public lecturer of any note in the land to-day hostile to the Bible. There were many of them a few years ago.—Rev. W. A. Frye, Methodist, Lansing, Mich.

What is Life?—I never heard of a biologist who could tell what life is. It was Christ that said because of life you shall live. Either He made a great mistake, when He said that or they made a great mistake to forget that He said it.—Rev. H. W. Stryker, Presbyterian, Clinton, N. Y.

Communion With God.—Christ came into the world with a real work to do, and He did it. His spiritual nature kept him in close communion with God, and it is the communion that anyone must have who is to do anything.—Rev. A. W. Raymond, Congregationalist, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Newspaper.—The newspaper must give the people what they demand. It may, by tact and finesse, gradually guide its readers to a different point of view, but it must be to the public what the wise wife is to her husband—"while she bends him she obeys him."—Rev. Charles Scadding, Episcopalian, LaGrange, Ill.

Both of Them Satisfied.

"I wonder," said the tall man in the suit of faded black, "if I could interest you in a new and cheap edition of the works of Anthony Trollope?" "I don't know," answered the man at the desk. "Go ahead and let me hear what you have to say." The book agent began at once. "Every student of literature knows," he said, "that Anthony Trollope was one of England's great novelists. It is true, perhaps, that he wrote for a limited class." And so on, for ten minutes. "No," said the man at the desk, turning again to his work, "you haven't succeeded in interesting me a bit." "That's all right," rejoined the tall man in the suit of faded black, replacing the sample volumes in his valise with imperturbable composure. "I have just started out canvassing with these books, and I was only practicing on you."

A Distinction and a Difference.

He was young and thought that he knew much, but he confessed an occasional desire for further enlightenment. This time it was a legal point, and he propounded the question to his counselor.

"Mr. Jacques, can a man get a divorce from his wife because she is not religious? I read the other day that infidelity was a cause for divorce."—Lippincott's.

If you would be happy lend yourself to good deeds and not borrow trouble.

Wise men miss a lot of real pleasure because they are not foolish.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;
Lovers grow cold, and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Every-day toil is an every-day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

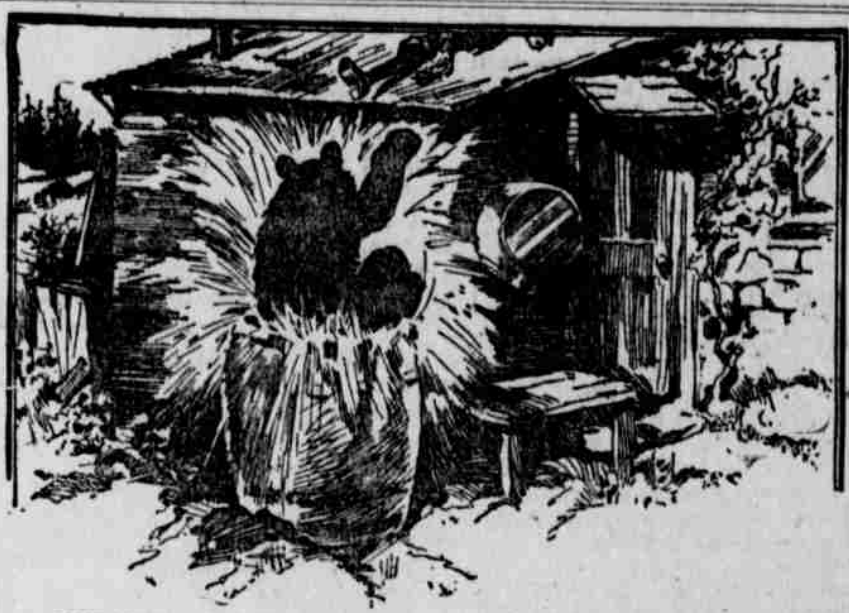
Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter
Just when we mourn their were none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

Scaring a Bear

The bear is a natural clown, both in appearance and in actions, and a good many amusing stories have been told of his queer performances. One that occurred is best told in the words of the person most interested.

When I was a boy my parents lived in the Mountain regions of northwestern New York. The country was comparatively unsettled, and there were plenty of bears and wildcats, and even a few panthers, roaming around in the woods. People were not much afraid of these wild animals, however, for they seldom molested a human being unless wounded or driven into a tight corner. We boys used to go fishing without any other weapon than our "bar low" pocket knives, and even the girls would go into the woods and the wild pastures to gather nuts and berries, unattended and unarmed. Occasionally a bear would be seen, but he would shamble away like a frightened cow and disappear in the woods.

When, therefore, one August day, father and mother told me that they were going to drive to town, fourteen miles away, and should not be back un-



THE BEAR TOPPLED BACKWARDS INTO THE HOGSHEAD.

til "milking time," I easily gained permission to pass the day fishing for trout in a neighboring brook.

My success was so good that before 3 o'clock in the afternoon my string of fish was as heavy as I cared to carry—twenty-five pounds or more—and so I started for home, arriving there a little before 5 o'clock. The house was locked and mother had the key with her, so I sat down on the back doorstep to wait until it was time to go for the cows.

While I was sitting there, idly watching the edge of the swampy woods not more than a hundred rods away, a little, round, dark object that looked like a well-grown puppy, came tumbling out into the open field, and in a minute or so it was joined by another exactly like it. These two strange little animals began to gambol with each other, like kittens, rolling over and over, and clumsily biting and pawing one another.

My heart began to beat fast with excitement, for it had not taken me long to identify the little animals as bear cubs, and if there was anything that I wanted more than another it was a wild pet, to match the wildcat owned by my particular chum, Ellis Sprague. Here, then, was a chance to secure something that was worth more than a dozen young wildcats.

I did not stop to consider the matter for a moment, but jumped up and made a dash for the young bears at the top of my speed. As it happened, just as I started, the cubs fell into a fierce and more quarrelsome tussle than usual, and were so much taken up with biting and squeezing each other that they did not notice me until I was close upon them. Then one of them scrambled off so wildly that he sent the other sprawling on its back, and before the little fellow could recover his wits and his legs I had him under my jacket.

He struggled hard and squealed sharply, but did not bite or scratch, and I turned and made for the house as fast as I could go, mindful of the fact that the old mother bear was probably somewhere close at hand, ready to pursue and take a vengeance upon any one who meddled with her babies.

Indeed, I had hardly gone twenty yards when I heard the old bear crashing through the underbrush in response to the half smothered cries of the cub under my jacket. She was evidently in a tremendous hurry, as well as a towering rage, for I heard the pole fence on the edge of the swamp go down before her like so many dead twigs. I had a good start to be sure, and it was only a short distance to the house, but the struggling cub rather impeded my flight, and there never was a boy, anyway, who could keep pace with a bear in a race, long or short.

In my excitement I ran straight for the house, never once thinking, until I was almost upon the threshold, that the door was locked. How my heart

soon as she was free started for the Adirondack wilderness and never stopped until she had left far behind her every sign of human habitation and rain barrels.—Chicago News.

ANTIQUÉ WATCHES.

Ingenious Counterfeits that Deceive Even the Connoisseurs.

There are certain marks which serve as a fair guide to the authenticity of an antique watch and the following hints will be useful in determining the age and value of old watches, says the New York Sun.

According to the authorities the first watch was invented about the year 1500. The original pocket timepiece was cylindrical in shape and made entirely of iron, including the plates, pivots, wheels and pillars. Watches of oval form did not appear earlier than about 1550. Most of them date back to the period around 1600. It is probable that there were no watches decorated with enamel before 1632.

The balance spring was invented about the year 1658, but was not extensively employed until 1690. Repeating watches were not invented before 1678. Watches with alarm attachments were carried in the sixteenth century.

The minute hand was introduced only with the use of the balance spring and consequently is not met with until the end of the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding the fact that the cylinder escapement was invented in 1710, it is found only in isolated cases in the eighteenth century.

Almost all timepieces until the beginning of the nineteenth century were vertical watches. Watches having chased cases did not make their appearance before the beginning of the eighteenth century.

"Quarter colours" cases are not found before the year 1790, watches with gongs not before 1780. Watches with movable figures on the dial and musical watches occur only around the eighteenth century. Watches set with pearls came into vogue about the same period.

More or less valuable are the so-called egg watches, watches with but one hand, watches with fine openwork or exquisitely chased cases, gold enamelled watches which are enamelled both inside and outside, watches in general which are handsomely decorated in any respect.

THE MIRACLE OF TREES.

Nature's Marvelous Manifestation in the Glorious Forests.

How wonderful are the trees! Each leaf, with its varied outlines and delicate tracing of stem and veins, and its soft, fresh, glossy texture, is a marvel. To a man who had been born and always lived on some barren island it would seem a veritable miracle, could he be suddenly transported to our zone when the trees stood stark and bare against a wintry sky, and watch the buds begin to swell and then the tender vivid green of their first outputting till they stood crowned with the full glory of summer foliage.

No wonder there were tree worshippers in earlier days. It is easy to love them now, and hard to tell which is most attractive and beautiful. Each one is an objectified thought, expressing something. In the oak it is sturdy strength, stout resistance to every wind that blows. In the elm strength again, but yielding a little more, and with more grace; in the towering pine, aspiration and soft converse with the wooing breeze. What endless variety there is in form, in color and in leaf and blossom, and how exquisitely they blend when they are grouped together.

There is a peculiar fascination about a real forest, with its dim recesses of shade, and its shy inhabitants, but to appreciate any tree it should stand by itself where it has full room to develop. Maples, for example, crowded together grow tall and spindling, with a tuft of foliage at the top. A maple by itself with full room to spread its branches and drink in the showers and sunshine is one of the noblest trees that grow, rich in foliage and symmetrical and pleasing in outline, and so it is with them all. Plant trees wherever you can if there is only room for one, care for and cherish them, and teach the children to know and love them. They will add charm and attraction to every home, and are true and steadfast friends.

Driven to It.

An acquaintance once asked a popular cartoonist for one of the great daily papers why he was in the habit of labeling the well-known persons whom he pictured in his cartoons. "Why don't you take it for granted that everybody knows them?" he said. "Leave something to the intelligence of the persons who read the paper."

"Once thought as you do," answered the artist. "Some years ago I had a series of political cartoons in the paper. I thought they were pretty good, but one day a man with whom I was well acquainted asked me why I had been putting my own picture in the paper so often of late.

"Putting my own picture in? I said. 'When have I done that?'

"'You've been doing it every day,' and he opened a copy of the paper he had in his hand and pointed to my alleged portrait in my latest cartoon.

"'That wasn't intended for me,' I said. 'That is supposed to be Senator Blank.'

"'Since that time,' added the cartoonist, 'I have labeled everybody. I don't take any more chances.'

Rise of the Laborer.

According to many labor leaders and economists, workers to-day are better paid by from about 10 to 40 per cent, and in some cases almost as high as 70 per cent, than two decades ago. Their hours are shorter, and it is asserted they are better fed, better clothed and better housed; that their environment is happier, and that they have more leisure to enjoy the benefits of all refining influences.

The average man has occasion to say, to himself at least once a week: "Well, I've got myself into a nice boat!"

A boy is never uncomfortable if he is riding or eating.