

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The City Man in the Country.

BACK to the farm is now the talk and dream of thousands of people who begin to realize that the city does not hold all of life that is worth having. Ten or fifteen years ago all the talk and tendency was of and to the city. Every city boy was determined to stay in the city, and every country boy of energy and ability had made up his mind to go to the city in search of fortune.

Now city boys plan to live in the country, and thousands and thousands of men and women, grown weary of the narrowness city life means to the less fortunate, are hoping and planning for the day when they may leave the smoke and grime and imprisoning walls of the city behind and seek the country, with its open spaces, its pure air and its freedom. Of course, the city will always draw from the country. It must if it is to succeed. But it is essential that there shall be something in the country for it to draw from, which there will not be if the current is always to set in one direction. It would be well for the nation if every generation could spend its youth or a large part of it in the country.

Of course, there are bound to be many disappointments for those who leave the city for the farm. Some of them have a sentimental liking for the country, but are not able to adapt themselves to the conditions of life and business in the country. They wish to be in but not of the country. Others carry their city notions of money-making to the farm and expect to get rich quick. These are generally disappointed early in the game. An agricultural paper tells of a city man who buried \$30,000 on a 250-acre farm in fifteen years trying to breed fancy stock. Another city man, who could easily earn \$2,400 a year in an office, lost \$10,000 in Kentucky experimenting with a bee farm. A traveling man who has been making \$5,000 a year tried Angora goat farming in Missouri and lost \$7,000 in three years.

Yet the editor who narrates these hard luck stories does not discourage the city man who would turn to the farm; he only advises him to begin humbly, learn well and proceed cautiously. Instead of going into specialties at first, the beginner would better try diversified farming. "It is the small farm," the editor says, "some poultry, a few hogs, two or three cows, some fruits, berries and a few acres of common crops that must satisfy the man who makes the abrupt change from city to country."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Physical Basis of Character.

HOW much of character is constitutional? That is a question often in the mind of every man who desires to judge justly of himself and his neighbors. For ourselves, we are inclined to reply that it is but a non-essential part which can be so considered. All the same, certain admirable and important qualities appear to have a close connection with the physique; for instance, courage, energy and good temper. Many forms of illness sap the courage of the most courageous. Low health reduces energy, and hunger or indigestion tries the sweetest temper. On the other hand, such qualities as sincerity, sympathy and honesty have apparently no relation to the physical constitution which can be traced. No one is insincere because he feels "seedy," or cruel because he has a cold in his head, or a swindler because his temperature is above or below normal. The truth we believe to be this: that only the secondary virtues—those virtues, we mean, which can be replaced by a judicious blend of other qualities—are dependent upon the physical constitution, while the real essential of character, the primary colors of virtue as we may call them, have no physical connection whatever. But, it may be said, surely courage is a primary virtue? In one sense no doubt it is, but not in the sense that red is a primary color. Many men without natural courage have been able to make something else do as well; indeed, they have been able to produce in themselves a quality which to all intents and purposes is courage. The sense of duty and the habit of self-discipline have carried men with honor through dangers as terrible as ever were met by the natural gift of pluck. * * * Of course, we do not mean that good intentions will make a hero of every man. That would be an absurd contention. Many

of us who know in our hearts that we are decent people, who have no sense whatever of what old-fashioned divines called our own depravity, can, alas! never bring ourselves to doubt that if Destiny should drag us up to one of the great tests—as nowadays she seldom drags the average man—we should fail. But that is as much because we are lacking in will-power as because we are lacking in courage. Duty or idealism, with sufficient motive force from the will, would carry us through. * * * All the virtues which depend upon temperament are of immense use to their possessors. They are labor-saving and happiness-producing endowments, but they are not necessary to the charm or worth of character. Substitutes for them all can be forged by a man whose will-power is high enough.—London Spectator.

Future Railway Development.

THE next great railway development following that of the railway development of Mexico and the concurrent development of the railway systems of Canada, will be the development of a railway system in South America. A number of influences are now at work pointing to this result. Among them are the opening of the Panama Canal, the necessity for an additional outlet for the peasantry of Europe, and the needs of Europe for the products of South American countries, to say nothing of the gradual expansion of population and the trend of the world's progress. South America has been a neglected region and yet it possesses numerous elements of development which railway construction can bring about. That country is far removed from lines of ordinary travel. The dominant civilization is Latin as against Saxon in North America. No broad policies are pursued though they are conceived of, and feeble efforts are occasionally made to launch out and realize the ambitions of some of the leading men.

South America possesses mineral wealth in abundance. It is a matter of common knowledge that there are many great rivers in South America, but it is not so well understood that there are hundreds, perhaps even thousands of other streams not marked on the maps and not now used for purposes of navigating by canoes, that are larger and longer than many navigated North American rivers. These rivers of the South pour out of mountains and drain large districts of uninhabited, almost unexplored country. Still other rivers flow from more populated regions, but are as yet little known, the more interior courses as they are reached, becoming swift and winding, and flowing in numerous channels over many cataracts and rapids.—International Railway Journal.

Marriage for Ten Years.

IT is not the first time that George Meredith tried to make a painful situation worse. Both in Richard Feveril and in Rhoda Fleming he brought his characters to the point where it seemed that they could not suffer more, and then, with infernal ingenuity, gave the thumb-screw a last, apparently impossible, turn, and left both characters and readers insensible with horror.

Now he proposes to deprive marriage of its greatest alleviation. When a thing is known to be permanent it is accepted. A man and a woman marry, and, if they have been properly instructed, look forward to nothing but marriage ahead of them all the way to the grave. Marriage therefore enters into all their calculations. It is like the weather. It may bring storms and, worse than storms, dull days. But it is there and what people know they can't avoid they don't think of trying to escape from.

But let people once fall into the habit of marrying for ten years. A marriage for ten years would last about three. There would be a termination in sight, and the prospect of termination means the possibility of anticipation. People do the things that they think about.

The centuries have been right about it. The way to make a man and a woman happy together is to convince them that they can never get apart. If they know that they are shut up for good they will take to amusing themselves as best they may within the inclosure.

Schemes like Meredith's for making marriage worse than it is ought to be quarantined.—Chicago Tribune.

FRIDAY NOT UNLUCKY.

On the Contrary, Statistics Show that It is a Day of Good Fortune.

Friday, it has been discovered by a painstaking and laborious statistician, is not the unluckiest but actually the luckiest day of the week.

Taking all the great calamities which befall humanity, the painstaking gatherer of facts has discovered that the general average gives the title of "luckiest day" to Friday, and that of unluckiest to Monday.

The moral is plain. Beware of Monday.

In one line alone it has been found that Friday deserves its present title. In railroad accidents Friday heads the list. So it is wise, if you be superstitious, to avoid beginning a journey on Friday.

The "thirteen superstition" was knocked in the head long ago, and it was to be supposed that an iconoclastic age would "take a punch" at the Friday dread before long.

Sir William Churchill was one of the first to discard the superstition.

"Friday is my lucky day," he wrote. "I was born, christened, married, and knighted on that day, and all my best accidents have befallen me on a Friday."

It has not been necessary for a person to admit being superstitious to acknowledge a preference for beginning certain things on any other day than Friday. This feeling is inborn in nearly all nationalities except the Scandinavian.

Sir William Churchill's experiences

might not be accepted as disproving the general rule against Friday undertakings, but the conclusions of the statistician may have more weight.

First he takes the record of assassinations. In these he discovers that Sunday is pre-eminently the conspicuous day. Wednesday comes next, counting attempts which did not succeed as well as attempts which did. Saturday is third, and Monday fourth. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday are equal.

There is a possibility that the person having in mind such an attack chooses any other day than Friday, in the belief that the day will prove unlucky for him. An examination of the records of such attacks in the last 150 years has disclosed the fact that the would-be murderer looks on Friday as an unlucky day for his attempt. That might be construed to prove either side of the argument, but it is fair to accept the statistician's conclusion in favor of Friday as the lucky day.

As a side issue, he has discovered something which might be used to bolster up the "thirteen superstition." Of all the assassinations attempted or accomplished, during the last century and a half, 9 1-3 per cent have fallen on the 13th of the month. A proper proportion would have been about 3 1-3 per cent.

Three famous men, among others, he finds were assassinated on Friday—Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley and Nasr-ed Deen, Shah of Persia. Three attempts were made to kill Alexander II of Russia on Mon-

days, two to kill Bismarck on Mondays, and three to kill Louis Philippe on Tuesdays.

The sailor has the right to consider Friday his luckiest day if exemption from shipwreck be considered. It has been a pet superstition of the sea that Friday is the unlucky day for sailing. This is found to be extraordinary, as the number of shipwrecks occurring on that day of the week is the smallest.

To secure this conclusion, the statistician examined the records of the disasters to British vessels from 1895 to the present day. He found that 24 per cent happened on Thursday, 16 per cent on Saturday and Sunday, 14 per cent on Monday and Wednesday, 12 per cent on Tuesday, and only 4 per cent on Friday.

By examining the record of railroad disasters from 1893 up to date it was discovered that the nervous person who fears to begin a journey on Friday can point to some substantiation for the fears. It was in this item alone that the day kept up its reputation.—Chicago Tribune.

Very Often.

Teacher—Now, then, what do we mean by composition? Little Girl (eagerly)—Please, composition is the art of bringing simple ideas into complication.—Manila Times.

There is a mistaken impression that every time an old maid is introduced to an unmarried man, she sees Hope Ahead.

CALLING IN THE TREETOPS.

In the interior of the island of Mindanao in the Philippines, there are many natives who live in houses in the treetops. Where the forests are thick the entrances to villages are often at considerable distance, and by way of suspended bridges from tree to tree. Thus one may walk directly beneath a cluster of houses, says the author of "The Gems of the East," without suspecting its presence.

On one occasion, by mere luck, while struggling through a bamboo forest, he came to a place where, resting against the thick growth, was a severed bamboo of great height, with notches cut in it. Recognizing it as a Mansaka ladder, he mounted it to see what was at the summit.

To his amazement, there lay on the top of the vegetation two long, horizontal bamboos on which muddy feet had trodden, and beyond these other bamboos, forming a path or bridge. He signaled his men to be quiet and follow, and then proceeded to cross the first length of the rickety way, some twenty feet above the ground. When he had gone about thirty yards, he came suddenly out into a clearing where were four large elevated houses. The path he was on led to the nearest one, and they were all connected by bridges.

To cross the shaky bamboo over the open was a problem for one less bird-like than the tree dwellers; but taking off his shoes, the traveler went ahead. He had scarcely reached the middle and most ticklish part when the Mansakas in the houses detected his presence. With a chorus of yells they sent stones and arrows at him, and one old woman crawled out on the bridge and shook it so that only by using both hands could he cling to it. At last he was able to stand up and make the sign of peace. The old woman stopped and stared at him, while his men crowded up on the bamboo, and prepared to discharge their guns into the houses, if necessary, to protect him. The traveler called his interpreter.

"Tell her she must not be angry with me," he said. "Tell her she looks ugly when she is angry. Tell her I am a friend, and carry no bolo, nor even a spear. If they lay down their arms I will kill no one."

The old woman, who still had some stones clutched in her hands, hesitated for a while, and then regretfully dropped the missiles. The traveler went toward her, and caressed her scarred face. She seized his hand in hers, which were trembling, and the men and women in the houses stilled their racket.

The old woman was the chief's wife, and bore the scars of many fights. She said they had mistaken the party for slave-traders. Being reassured, she turned and led the party into the village, and there they were entertained at a feast. She even offered to adopt the traveler and make him chief, if he would stay, but he declined the offer firmly and without regret.

Woman and Her Hat.

"A woman's wild anxiety not to be separated from her hat," commented a masculine theatergoer, according to the Philadelphia Press, "is beyond me. Last night I took my wife to see a certain show and directly before her sat a woman with a hat of decidedly ample dimensions. She turned around as the curtain went up, looked my wife appealingly in the eye and asked: 'Will my hat be in your way, madam?' Her speaking at all took my other half off her guard and, affected by that beseeching look, she murmured something inaudibly.

"The hat stayed on, and my wife bobbed first to one side and then to the other, putting two and two together, as it were, and making up in her mind just what the complete stage picture was like. The woman must have been conscious of her victim's tactics, for presently she looked around again and, with misery all over her face, asked: 'Does it annoy you very much?'

"My wife hadn't the heart to say it did, so she viewed that hat all the evening. What puzzled me was the horror—even agony—of the woman at the idea of taking off her hat. I wondered if her hair had not been done up or if she were bald and her hat were attached to her wig."

Something Wrong.

"You say you don't understand what 'cold cash' is."

"No, I don't."

"Why, man, any sort of money is cold cash."

"Well, if that's so, how is it that it always burns a hole in my pocket?"—Philadelphia Press.

A Ruthless Critic.

"Mr. Dobbins says he is wedded to his art."

"Yes," said Miss Cayenne, "wedded but with ample ground for divorce."—Washington Star.

No man can do anything against the grain. Woman can do it, but man can't.

QUEER STORIES

London paid \$150,000,000 on June 24 to take over her waterworks from private corporations. The water is held in 122 reservoirs, and the filtration works cover 143 acres.

The smallest island inhabited in the world is that on which the Eddystone lighthouse stands, for at low water it is only thirty feet in diameter. At high water the base of the lighthouse, which has a diameter of only a little over twenty-eight feet, is completely covered by water.

Close to the shore of Eastern rives in West Dresden, Me., there is an apple tree which has few equals. It stands thirty feet high, measures ten feet and three inches around and spreads fifty feet. Its owner, Mr. Ham, has gathered in some years thirty bushels of apples from this tree, which is said to be more than one hundred years old.

Snakes may almost be said to have glass eyes, inasmuch as their eyes never close. They are without lids, and each is covered with a transparent scale, much resembling glass. When the reptile casts its outer skin, the eye scales come off with the rest of the transparent envelope out of which the snake slips. His glass eye scale is so tough that it effectually protects the true eye from the twigs sharp grass and other obstructions which the snake encounters in its travels, yet it is transparent enough to allow the most perfect vision. Thus if the snake has not a glass eye, it may, at any rate, be said to wear eye glasses.

A Havre fisherman's wife drying codfish caught by her husband on the coast of France noticed that one fish had a hard substance inside. On investigation she found in the fish a golden bracelet. How the ornament came into its strange receptacle is, of course, not known; but it is conjectured that it must have slipped from the wrist of some fair passenger leaning over the bulwarks of a trans-Atlantic liner, and been seized by the cod on reaching the water. As the shoals of codfish have only recently left the Newfoundland Banks, and are just beginning to make their appearance in French waters, it is probable that the bracelet has traversed the Atlantic in the fish's interior. Perhaps its owner will come forward to claim it.

F. V. Coville, in the National Geographic Magazine, gives an interesting account of how the Indians of the desert obtain drinking water from the barrel cactus. It was among the desert hills west of Torres, Mexico. The Indian cut the top from a plant about five feet high, and with a blunt stake of palo verde pounded to a pulp the upper six or eight inches of white flesh in the standing trunk. From this handful by handful, he squeezed the water into the bowl he had made in the top of the trunk, throwing the discarded pulp on the ground. By this process he secured two or three quarts of clear water, slightly salty and slightly bitter to the taste, but of far better quality than some of the water a desert traveler is occasionally compelled to use. The Papago, dipping this water up in his hands, drank it with evident pleasure and said that his people were accustomed, not only to secure their drinking water in this way in times of extreme drought, but that they used it also to mix their meal preparatory to cooking it into bread.

The Same Old World.

If I were a millionaire
And lived in a mansion and drove a pal
And you were the common herd
And lived in a hovel or back suite,
third—
And I had money
And you had none
And you had trouble
And I had fun—

If I were as rich as Sage,
Or Morgan, or Drexel, and you were
poor—
If you were all bent with age
And I were young, at my fair prime's
door;

If I were happy
And you were sad—
If I had dollars
For cents you had—

If I were loaded
With yellow wealth,
Got, mayhap, boldly,
Or won by stealth—

And you had a paltry gift
Of getting along (if you had a lift)—
Why, I'd be a millionaire
And live in a mansion and drive a pal,
And you'd be the common herd
And live in a hovel or back suite, third!

L'ENVOI.

This world moves along
In its settled way—
It's the same world to-morrow
As yesterday.
—Baltimore News.

Lost a Good Snapshot.

He—Look, look! I think that man
out in the breakers is drowning!
She—Oh, heavens! and I have left
my camera at home!—Judge.