



# EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Perils of the Dress Suit.

**C**ORRESPONDENTS of a New York newspaper have been discussing in its columns the important question whether a young man on a salary of \$15 per week should have a dress suit. An earnest philosopher at Seneca Falls sees in the dress suit a peril when owned by a young man who has this modest income. He does not consider the "spike tail" coat a menace per se. The danger, he conceives, is in the expenses it involves.

Perhaps there is something in this. When a man has got a dress suit he must have dress shirts. When he has them he must have studs, modest or resplendent. Calf shoes don't look well with a dress suit; so its owner must have patent dress shoes. He will regard his evening dress as incomplete until he has the proper kind of hat.

The possession of costly and fashionable raiment implies its use. A young man flushed with his first dress suit and opera hat is likely to find the street car too vulgar a conveyance. He must have a carriage to the theater. A sack coat raises no objections to a seat in the gallery, but the "swallow tail" protests that it feels out of place there, and that if it can't loll in a box, it at least must not be taken above the ground floor.

Dress shirts, dress shoes, silk hats, carriages, \$1.50 or \$2 seats at the theater—these are but a few of the costly accessories of the dress suit. The Seneca Falls philosopher pursues the theme. A young man, he reasons, can't afford to have these things on \$15 a week. He gets in debt, robs his employer's till, or commits forgery. The dress suit of the \$15 young man thus becomes the innocent cause of its owner going to jail, where he will not have much use for it.

Whether the \$15 a week young man's dress suit gets him in jail or not—and there are many such young men who have dress suits, and yet probably never will go to jail—it is pretty sure, if he lives up to it, to keep his finances depressed. The dress suit is all right. It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, although certain esthetic people do say it would be more beautiful and joyful if knee trousers were substituted for pantaloons. The accessories of the dress suit are unobjectionable. Life would be less worth living without them. But it seems tolerably plain that the \$15 young man had better postpone indulgence in them until his salary shall have been considerably increased. The attempt to carve out a dress suit career on a sack suit income has kept many men busy dodging creditors the best part of their lives.—Chicago Tribune.

## The Heroism of Physicians.

**I**T may be truly said that no class of men risk death so frequently or so freely, and there is no gainsaying that the motives which impel them are of the highest and most unselfish sort. For they not only dare, in the cause of humanity, such swift and fatal torture as marked this case, but more terrible to contemplate, they unhesitatingly lay themselves open to long years of hopeless and helpless suffering.

For the most part, the world knows little of this. The common tendency is to think of doctors as immune against those ailments and afflictions with which they must so often come in contact. The popular mind conceives them as charmed beings, forgetting for the while that suffering and death are no respecters of persons, and as a natural consequence, the thought of heroism is seldom coupled with that of healing.

Other men who are independent in business can select their own times for coming and going. The doctor cannot. They can cater to the class of trade they desire. The doctor cannot. They can, when they will, decline to dispense their wares and their services. The doctor cannot. However heavily the day's toil has weighed upon them, the evening and night are theirs for recreation or rest. The doctor's are not.

Beyond certain limits of special practice, which any emergency can shatter, he has neither choice of what or with whom he shall deal, and under any circumstances he can never call one hour, night or day, his own.

His is a heroism of constant service—not the kind that does one glaring deed which makes men stare and shout and then reposes peacefully on beds of laurels, but the kind that is never wanting in the moment of need; the kind that is content to walk in the byways as well as the highways of life, the kind that knows no distinction between rich and poor, humble and proud; the kind that means comfort and relief to the body burning with fever,

## TRUMAN H. NEWBERRY.

Michigan Man Appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Truman H. Newberry, who has been appointed assistant secretary of the navy by President Roosevelt, takes the post which Mr. Roosevelt himself had at the outbreak of the Spanish war. He succeeds Charles H. Darlington of Vermont, who resigned in order to accept another Federal appointment and also to devote himself to the practice of law.



T. H. NEWBERRY.

Mr. Newberry was born in 1864 and graduated from the scientific school of Yale University in 1885. For several years after his graduation he was engaged in railroad construction in Michigan with his father, the late John S. Newberry. He enjoys a high standing and large influence in business circles in Detroit and the Middle West.

Though his principal activities have been on land he has obtained considerable knowledge of naval affairs both from study and from actual service, as he was one of the organizers of the Michigan naval reserve battalion, and during the Spanish war served on the auxiliary cruiser Yosemite with the rank of lieutenant. He has been a friend of President Roosevelt for some

and, at the same time, to the watching heart nearby, burning with the anxiety of love.

True heroism—all the more so because it seldom has the encouragement of deserved praise—is the rule among physicians.—Philadelphia North American.

## A Peril to the Church.

**I**T is fortunate for the churches of this country that clergymen generally take emphatic exception to the attitude of the Board of Missions, which is said to have decided unanimously that it will accept Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$100,000, and to the attitude of those other clergymen who have the temerity to come out boldly and declare that they want Mr. Rockefeller's money whether it is dirty or clean. It is fortunate for the church that this indiscriminating greed is so roundly denounced, because, when all is said and done, it is not the Mr. Rockefellers, or any other money kings, who support the religious institutions of this country. The hundred thousand dollars that a multi-millionaire may give here or there at intervals to excite commendation of his religious spirit or to mollify bitter criticisms of his business methods count as nothing against the small but steady contributions of the millions of plain American citizens who are the true supporters of the church, both with their financial aid and with their moral principles and practices.

Let the American people once understand that the church can be bribed to withhold its condemnation of injustice, oppression and crime—for every one of these is in the indictment against the Standard Oil Company—and they will as surely set their faces against the church as they have against the men who extort their hundreds of millions from the public, contributing of these robber gains the smallest fraction, either in penitence or with the charlatan's aim of hoodwinking otherwise good people into a sort of public approval of their acts.—New York Press.

## Money Worship.

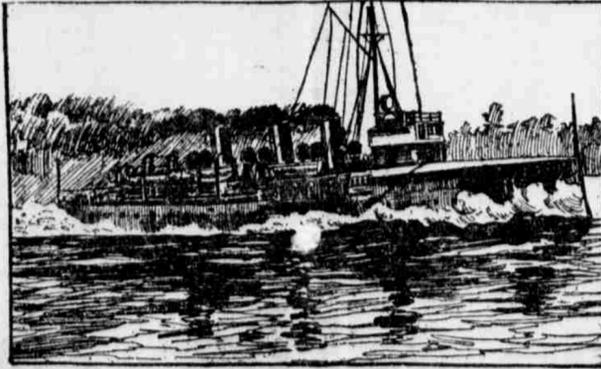
**T**HE cheapening effect on human nature that money worship has cannot be declared too often. Money worship overlooks good deeds and honest hearts. It snubs deserving men and shows no respect for women. It mistakes clothes for the man and showiness for brains. It judges no man by what he is, but every one by what he has. To the money worshiper externals are everything; character is no badge of respectability. Have money and you are somebody; be without money and you are not worth considering. The money worshiper professes a love for art because he thinks it tactful, but he disdains the artist if the artist has genius sans money. He calls immorality "bohemianism" and sneers at "the simple life" as being plebeian. He is narrow, selfish, proud, material and unimaginative.

All the energies of the pulpit and the rostrum, the school and the press should make war on this stinging tendency of the age. It is a matter that affects the very life of the human race. If the subject is old, the war should not for that reason be dropped. On the other hand, because it is old, the attacks should be continued with growing earnestness.—Louisville Courier Journal.

## Mortality in Modern War.

**T**HE mortality in modern war, notwithstanding the marked progress that has been made in the construction of rapid fire artillery and magazine rifles, does not seem to exceed that of former conflicts, if the alleged Russian official figures on the subject are measurably correct. Thus it is asserted that out of a total of 130,000 officers and men ill and wounded 77,000, or more than one-half, have returned to active service, while about 21,000 are still in the hospitals. The killed in combat during a year's hostilities, which include several bloody battles, are placed at from 40,000 to 50,000. This is a heavy toll of death, but it would undoubtedly have been much heavier but for the fact that the small bore rifles, now in use, kill fewer men proportionately than the big caliber muskets formerly employed. As for the Japanese, the proportion of recoveries both from illness and wounds among them is described both by official and non-official observers as surprisingly large.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## FASTEST WAR VESSEL AFLOAT.



The new British scout ship Sentinel, shown in the picture, is now the speediest war craft afloat. In her recent trial trip she made 25.5 knots an hour. The Sentinel is 360 feet in length and 40 feet beam and with all her equipment aboard has a displacement of 2,920 tons. She is very low amidships and aft in order to be out of sight of the enemy. She is provided with a signaling foremast, wireless telegraph gaff and a semaphore truck. Her bridge is so lofty that, while her hull will lie below the horizon of the enemy, her lookout will be able to discover the higher bulk of a vessel approaching.

years. Mr. Newberry is married and has three children, a daughter aged sixteen and twin boys aged fourteen. Mrs. Newberry is a daughter of the late General Alfred C. Barnes, of Brooklyn borough, New York, and a granddaughter of the famous publisher, the late A. S. Barnes. As Miss Harriet Josephine Barnes she was one

of the belles of Brooklyn. Mr. Newberry is several times a millionaire, and his wife inherited a large fortune. It is predicted that he will be one of the most influential officials connected with the administration, and that he will in time be promoted to be head of the Navy Department.

Too many jags make vags in rags.



## Gentle Annie.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,  
Like a flower thy spirit did depart,  
Thou art gone, alas, like the many  
That have bloomed in the summer of  
my heart.

Shall we never more behold thee,  
Never hear thy winning voice again,  
When the springtime comes, gentle  
Annie,  
When the wild flowers are scattered  
o'er the plain.

We have roamed in youth 'mid the bow-  
ers,  
When thy downy cheeks were in their  
bloom,  
Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,  
While they mingle their perfume o'er  
thy tomb.

Shall we never more behold thee, etc.

Ah! the hours grow sad while I ponder  
Near the silent spot where thou art  
laid.

And my heart bows down when I wander  
By the stream and the meadows where  
we strayed.

Shall we never more behold thee, etc.  
—Stephen C. Foster.

## Serenade.

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western steeps,  
Sink, sink in silver light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch while in slumbers light  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!  
—Henry W. Longfellow.

## THE DOOR OPENS.

Miss Sarah Found the Way When She Least Expected It.

Looking back, Sarah Starr could not tell when the doors had begun to close. At first, in those years when the possession of youth seemed the pledge of the fulfillment of her dreams some day, the very dreaming of them had been so delicate a joy that only an occasional shadow of wonder or impatience at the delay of life had clouded their radiance. Later, in the bitterness of awakening, she recounted the constraining circumstances—the lack of all social life in a singularly solitary home, a shyness bred by the solitude in which she had grown up, the long years of ministry to an invalid mother. Yet somehow through it all she had kept till pathetically late her belief that something would "happen." She did not realize that things never enter except by open doors. So nothing ever had happened, and here she was 40, and alone—and bitter.

One day the minister called; he was almost the only one who ever did call. Yielding to an unwonted impulse, she spoke her thought:  
"I'd better be dead. It would make no difference to a soul in the world. I'm no good to anybody upon earth."

The minister did not reproach her as she had expected. To her amazement, he threw back his head and laughed.

"My dear Miss Starr," he said, "that's the one thing in the world you can't be—useless. This world is so constructed that unless one lives alone in the wilderness he must, by the very necessity of living, be helping along other people. Count up some time the people whom you help furnish daily bread and joy."

It was a queer idea. Studying it over after the minister had left, she wondered if it was "orthodox," but it certainly was interesting. Then suddenly something happened.

It was only the boy from the tea-store with her tea and butter, and a big tinsel-bedecked cardboard Santa Claus—the tea firm's Christmas souvenir. He handed it to her with a lingering look. Miss Starr, to her amazement, heard her own voice call him back as he was turning away.

"Here," she said, "do you want this thing? I don't."

The boy looked up alertly. "That's the third," he said. "You see," he explained, "I told Bess I'd save all I could for the Christmas tree she's giving her rats."

"Rats?" Miss Starr repeated, helplessly.

"Alley kids," the boy explained. "Youngsters that wouldn't have Christ-

mas. Bess knows heaps—she's that kind. Thank you, miss."

The boy ran down the steps whistling, and Miss Starr went back into the house. All the evening she thought about Bess and the "rats." She had had no idea that people were so interesting. She wondered if the boy who brought her milk had a sister, too; perhaps she would ask him some day.

She never guessed it, but she had put her hand upon one of the great doors of life, and it was opening at her touch.—Youth's Companion.

## STEPPING OUT "SASSY."

First Step Toward Success Is Proper Self-Confidence.

For generations the Randolph Jeffersons had been celebrated for the beauty and charm of their women. Betty Jefferson had been declared the most beautiful woman at the Governor's ball, and Betty's daughter had been the belle of three counties, and Betty's granddaughters—three of them at least—claimed the family reputation as a matter of course. The fourth one, Virginia, was different. She was plain and shy and awkward. The Jeffersons always looked puzzled when they thought of her—a homely Jefferson was such a strange misfit.

So Virginia lived her shy, lonely life, an alien among her own people. Yet she was not quite alone either. One friend she had, old Aunt Charlotte, who fought desperately to make the girl conquer her fate instead of yielding to it.

"Tain't yo' 'pearance, Miss Faginny," she urged, day in and day out; "hit's jes' 'cause yo' 'lows things ter tromple on yo'. Hol' up yo' haid, honey, an' step out sassy. Dat'll fotch 'em ev'ry time."

While Virginia was still a young girl the war swept over the South. For a few years the family contrived to keep together, but at last it was necessary for them to separate, and Virginia went to cousins in Philadelphia, who were confident that they could help her to music pupils. The weeks that followed were crowded with agony for the homesick girl. If she had been shy at home, she was a thousand times worse facing strangers. It was not strange that only failure followed her efforts.

One day she went to see a Mrs. Densmore, who had three little daughters for whom she wanted a music teacher. For various reasons Virginia really hoped for success there, but the result was the usual polite regret. The girl's eyes filled with tears, and she bowed silently; then suddenly, to the lady's surprise, she began to laugh nervously.

"I—I beg your pardon," she stammered, meeting the look in the other's face. "I was just thinking of the advice of my old mammy at home—'Hol' up yo' haid an' step out sassy.' I suppose—I ought to have thought of that at first."

To Virginia's amazement, Mrs. Densmore turned and motioned her back to her seat.

"If you don't mind, Miss J. erson," she said, "we will talk this over a little more. To tell you the truth, it was your evident lack of self-confidence that made me distrust your ability to teach; but if you can 'step out sassy'—and ten minutes later Virginia left with her first pupils secured.

Many years after she told the story, and declared it the turning-point of her life. "I learned," she said, "that the first step toward success is to learn to 'hol' up yo' haid.'"—Youth's Companion.

## Sane or Insane?

"Is there any sure test by which to tell the sane from the insane?" inquired a student of the famous French Alienist Esquirol. "Please dine with me to-morrow at 6 o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student complied. Two other guests were present, one of whom was elegantly dressed, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all; the quiet, well-dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some line, but the other is as certainly a lunatic and ought at once to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol with a smile. "The quiet, well-dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father; whereas, the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honore de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

## Hoch Has Many Imitators.

An estimate of the total number of deserted wives in and about Chicago based on communications to the local police concerning the Hoch case, leads the authorities to believe there are at least 1,000 women who have been victims of all sorts of matrimonial adventures. Hundreds of letters are received daily from women in all parts of the country asking for a description of the alleged bigamist. The writer recite the same general story of having met a man who married them after a brief courtship and then deserted them as soon as he could get possession of their money.