



# EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## A Foolish Custom Abolished.

**A**MONG the changes in the details of warfare which have been wrought by the long-range rifle there is one which has been brought into especial notice by the casualty statistics of the Russo-Japanese war. Officers no longer expose themselves to the enemy's fire for the purpose of "encouraging the men."

This foolish practice, which, through years of custom, had the force of prescription, has evidently been abandoned. Thus far in the Manchurian campaign only one general officer has been killed outright and hardly more than a score have been wounded.

When we compare these figures with the statistics of our own Civil War we can see how sweeping has been the change. A recent study of the Confederate archives shows that of 415 Confederate general officers seventy-four were killed in action or mortally wounded, while in the Union army fifty general officers, twenty-three brevet brigadier generals and thirty-four colonels commanding brigades were killed or mortally wounded.

In the Civil War, that is to say, general officers were still under the stress of a tradition which held that a commander should ride up and down his lines—on a white horse if possible—so that the enemy might have a good chance of picking him off. In the Manchurian campaign the general officers have remained in the rear out of rifle range and directed the operations of their men by telephone or by messenger. The casualty statistics show the advantage of this latter system.

It is no reflection upon the bravery of a general officer that he does not expose himself to the fire of the enemy. He is not a fighting man but a director of fighting men. His services are too valuable to be risked in a foolish and spectacular display of personal courage which may be impressive but which is absolutely valueless to the cause which he serves.

In this respect the long-range rifle, which has rendered such exhibitions too dangerous to be attempted, has accomplished a distinct reform in an old and senseless custom.—Chicago Chronicle.

## Fine Men in States Prison.

**H**E was a fine man," said Cassie Chadwick, when she heard that Spear, cashier of the wrecked Oberlin bank, had got seven years in the penitentiary for his part in the "frenzied finance."

Yes, Cassie, these bank wreckers are usually fine men. They live in fine houses. They give fine banquets. They ride in fine automobiles. They shine in fine society. They dress their families in fine raiment. They, being financiers, are supposed to be a little finer breed than the common herd. Some day it develops that they have taken advantage of fine opportunities to gamble with trust funds belonging to other people, and down comes all their finery.

It is wonderful how many fine men are going to the penitentiary these days, while the gross ones go right on wearing negligee shirts and the sweat of real labor.

It is even announced that the Ohio penitentiary is so full of fine men, from banking and other financial circles, that it is impossible to find clerical work for Spear in that popular institution. Spear may have to carry a hod and Cassie do washing. Sometimes justice, in her game of blindman's buff, grabs the eternal fitness and fineness of things, in spite of the atmosphere of morbid sympathy, and a man morally equipped for hod-carrying really has to finally carry a hod.—Des Moines News.

## Music and Men-Making.

**C**ERTAIN members of the National Council of Women recently struck hard at one of the supports and inspirations of all Christendom by deploring the fact that children are allowed to hear and sing martial songs and therefore become imbued with the spirit of war.

What do these women want? Would they be content with a race of men from whose breasts courage had been plucked and who would shine best at pink teas? God forbid! There are enough of these affected clods in society now. "Yankee Doodle" fans no spark in their breasts, nor does the swelling chorus of that grand

harmony, "The Star Spangled Banner," moisten their eyes.

Music, all kinds of music, plays and has played for the ages a grand part in the building of men. It makes for strength. It helps men to perform heroic deeds, and, if needs be, to die. It is the language of humanity and the notes echo around the world. They are caught up by the savage who fights, perhaps, for his thatched home, nerved by the rude notes of tom-toms. Again you will find it in "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," when a Dewey smiles grimly and says, "You may fire when you are ready, Grady," and the shots of his cannon help break the shackles of an enslaved nation.

Old Cromwell's men, grim and stern, fought well, chanting hymns, and the Boers carried the name of God on their lips, in song, into battle, as they fought for their doomed cause.

The time may come when wars are gone forever, when blessed peace shall abide in every corner of the globe. Until then, let us have music—more music—the kind that strikes fire in the eye, and makes the pulse beat and drives out fear. Feed music to babes, to old men, to all of us, for it is good for humanity.—Kansas City World.

## Missouri's Experiment.

**T**HE Legislature that met in January, 1903, appropriated \$35,000 for a blinding twine plant to be maintained in the penitentiary. In accordance with that law the Legislature just adjourned appropriated \$125,000 more to be known as a "revolving fund," to be used only to purchase raw material required in the manufacture, handling and marketing of twine. All moneys derived from the sale of twine are to be collected and paid into the State treasury by the penitentiary warden, and kept in a separate account. The warden is empowered to sell the twine to the farmers of the State for cash, free on board the cars at Jefferson City, "and at a price per pound sufficient only to indemnify the State against loss." State twine in bulk may also be sold for cash by the warden to persons in each county who shall be required to sign an agreement to sell the twine to actual consumers at a price not greater than 1 cent per pound over its cost, with transportation from the State capital added.

Manufacturing of the twine has begun, and the price has been fixed at 10 cents a pound. The trusts, it is said, sell the same article for from 12½ cents to 14 cents a pound. It will be some time before the working results of this special branch of State industry can be ascertained. So far the appropriations have amounted to \$160,000. The farmers who get the twine at a reduced price also pay taxes, and the money that has established the plant, and is set apart for the "revolving fund," all comes from general taxation. Public ownership rests on public taxation. What it may return in public revenue is an open question. It remains for actual practical experience to strike the balance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Treating Tuberculosis.

**T**HE tendency to deal with a case of pulmonary tuberculosis in its early stages by means of drugs solely, is held to be as harmful as it is helpful, not so much that drugs do harm, but that weeks of priceless time are wasted trying to check a cough and quiet a fever while the patient is allowed to continue work. Rational home treatment will effect much in the early stages of the disease, and the following things are mentioned as essential in this home treatment in small towns, suburbs and country places.

(1) The confidence of the patient, since confidence breeds hope; (2) a masterful management on the part of the doctor; (3) persistence—benefit is usually a matter of years, absolute cure a matter of many years; (4) sunshine by day, fresh air by night and day; (5) rest while there is fever; (6) breadstuffs and milk, meat and eggs.

It is held that the question of extirpating the disease is a municipal one, and that a necessary feature of it is the compulsory provision of sanitary dwelling for the poor and for all that are crowded closely, while at the same time States must have sanatoria where such people can be treated. These two broad lines of attack on the disease meanwhile heralded by a wise home treatment it is urged will crown the end with the extirpation of the disease.—Indianapolis News.

## RUSSELL SAGE'S MILLIONS.

He is Said to Have Made Them Chiefly by Lending Money.

"How much is Russell Sage worth?" Many bankers and stockholders in Wall street have been asking one another this question, says the New York World, for, naturally, the accumulation of money most deeply interests them.

The question was provoked by the report that Mr. Sage's lawyers are winding up his affairs and that the dean of the street, who is 89 years old and whose health is not the best, will retire from business absolutely as soon as he can.

The answers to the question varied greatly. The few who have some acquaintance with the veteran's financial affairs fixed his fortune as \$25,000,000; most estimated it at twice that amount; many "guessed" that he had piled up \$100,000,000. All agreed that Russell Sage can, at shorter notice, lay his hand on more ready cash than any man in this country, barring John D. Rockefeller.

"No man in America has been more secretive nor more reticent in business than Russell Sage. He has never had a partner in the street, he has worked there single-handed and with both hands, save for the aid of clerks and other subordinates. He has never practiced the modern 'high finance'; it is doubtful if he knows much about it. He has made money breed money and he alone has been shepherd of his flock with the golden fleeces.

"His fortune is the fruit of the profoundest prudence, the extreme thrift. He has been fortunate in his investments because he has always made sure of their value before investing. He has never taken a risk when he lent money and he has done little, except lend money for the last ten years. Always, especially in panicky times, he has received high rates of interest.

"Yet I am as certain as any man can be that when Mr. Sage's estate is settled up and his securities are realized on there will be not more than \$25,000,000."

So said a banker yesterday who knows as much as any man of Mr. Sage's affairs.

"Mr. Sage has been arranging to retire from business for two years or more," he continued. "He yielded then to the importunities of Mrs. Sage and of Dr. Munz, his physician, to pass the winter of his life away from Wall street. When Mr. Sage came here from Troy, after serving two terms in Congress from Rensselaer county, he had enough money to start a brokerage business. He made a specialty of 'puts' and 'calls' and so successful was he that I know of one year in which he did a business of \$25,000,000 and came out \$10,000,000 ahead.

"But that does not mean that he made a fabulous fortune. A man who took the chances he did in 'puts' and 'calls' stood to lose almost as much as he made. It was not until about ten years ago that Mr. Sage gave himself up to money lending entirely. He took nothing but gilt-edge securities and though he rarely lost his fortune did not grow with leaps and bounds.

"I have heard him say lately he is worth scarcely \$25,000,000. He has been exacting in money matters, but Mrs. Sage has given away great sums of money—of course, with his approval."

## Colorado Has a Soda Lake.

One of the most remarkable discoveries ever made in the region is that of a lake of liquid soda in the inaccessible desert between Crestone, Colo., and Hooper, in the San Luis valley. The lake is an acre and a quarter in extent and lies at the bottom of a little basin valley in the desert. On its surface soda crystals have collected to a depth of eighteen inches, the whole lake having the appearance of a body of ice with a hard snow covering.

A recent examination by the State School of Mines shows that these crystals are 87 per cent pure soda, purer than most of the commercial soda offered on the market. A Denver man, E. M. Falke, has secured a lease of the land containing the lake and is now installing machinery which will convert the native crystals into marketable form. There are 4,000 tons in sight.

The School of Mines experts say that the soda is a creation of feldspar. The granite masses of the Sangre de Cristo range stand sentinel on two sides of the little valley. The feldspar in the granite, undergoing decomposition, collects in the lake basin, where it is held in check by an impervious clay, and proper conditions are furnished for concentration and evaporation.

## In the West End.

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained:

"On your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is the east. Now, what is behind you?"

The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face, and bawled: "I knew it; I told ma you'd see that patch."



The picture telegraph of Dr. Korn of the University of Munich has been so perfected that in ten to twenty minutes a photograph 4x7 inches in size can be sent through a resistance corresponding to one thousand miles. The portrait or design to be transmitted is on a transparent film, which is wound around a glass cylinder, and upon which a lens focuses a point of light that passes through the film to a selenium cell in the cylinder. The bright and dark portions of the picture cause the ray of light to vary the resistance of the selenium cell to an electric current passing through it, and this variation produces a corresponding instantaneous brightening or darkening of the glow in a Tesla vacuum tube at the receiving end of the wire. Except a pin point aperture, this vacuum tube is covered with wax or rubber. The light ray from the aperture falls upon a sensitive film wound upon a cylinder, and as this cylinder and that of the transmitter are moved in unison, the light and shade of the original picture are reproduced in proper place on the second film, giving a new photograph accurate in minute detail.

The dimensions of the immense diamond found in the new "Premier mine" in the Transvaal last January are given by Nature as follows: Measured size, 4½ by 2¼ inches; weight, 3,032 carats, equals 676½ grams, or nearly 1½ pounds avoirdupois. The largest diamond previously discovered is the "Excelsior," found in the Jagersfontein mine, Orange River Colony, in 1893, which weighed 971½ carats, was as large as a hen's egg, and was valued at \$5,000,000. It was cut into nine large brilliants. The famous Kohinoor and Great Mogul diamonds sink into insignificance when compared with the latest find, which is said to be of excellent quality, and will probably be cut up to make a considerable number of smaller gems.

Jacques Faure, the French aeronaut, has demonstrated that, given favorable winds and other favoring circumstances, it is possible to ride through the air across the English Channel, and over the intervening land on each side, from the British capital to the metropolis of France. On Feb. 11 he left London with one companion in his balloon, and six hours later landed safely at St. Denis in the suburbs of Paris. Upon reaching the shore of the Channel, near Hastings, they descended until the guide-rope touched the water. Rising again on approaching the French shore, they passed over Dieppe at an elevation of 6,500 feet.

Great things are expected from the submarine telephone by officers of the United States navy. The principles underlying it are very different from those of wireless telegraphy. In the latter the telegraphic impulses are transmitted through the air or ether by electricity. In the submarine telephone sound waves travel through water unaided by any electrical force. Water, being denser than air, acts as a better sound conductor. It transmits sound four and a half times as fast as air, 1,100 feet a second being the rate in the atmosphere, while in the water it is 4,712 feet, or almost a mile a second.

An outbreak of twelve cases of smallpox at Newcastle, England, last year has mystified the doctors. No ordinary source of infection could be discovered, but it has been found that on the days when eleven of the patients probably contracted the disease the wind was blowing from one or the other of two smallpox hospitals—one about a mile away, the other about two miles. It is pointed out that flies, a pest of hospitals, may be carried long distances by the wind.

The moon is usually supposed to have solidified from the center to the periphery, but lunar photographs have convinced two leading French astronomers that the surface hardened first. This view modifies various theories.

Naturalists have discovered a wasp that uses a pebble to pound down the earth over her nest. It is believed that this is the only one of the lower animals that makes use of a mechanical instrument.

## An Earthquake Specialist.

Professor John Milne, of England, was for twenty years in the employ of the Japanese government, and during this period established an earthquake survey with nearly 1,000 stations. The cable companies always appeal to him when their lines are interrupted by earth tremors. Some time since it was reported that two West Indian cables had broken on Dec. 31. "That is very unlikely," said Professor Milne, "but I have a seismophone showing that these cables may have broken at 11:30 a. m. on Dec. 29." He then located the break at the exact spot it had occurred off Haiti.

## The Simple Truth.

"What's your chicken salad to-day?" asked the shopper in the delicatessen department. "Veal, mostly, ma'am," replied the new salesman.

## KITCHEN FOR A BACHELOR.

The Modern Architect Launches One More Blow at Matrimony.

As a concession to the home-making instinct bachelor apartments are now built with kitchens. They are not ordinarily intended for men who employ others to do their cooking, but for those who cook for themselves.

The kitchens, indeed, in the smallest bachelor apartments intended for men of modest means are about the smallest things of the kind ashore or afloat. There is just room enough for a small gas stove, a little sink, a tiny refrigerator and the necessary floor space to enable the bachelor to turn around.

All the permanent appointments are provided by the landlord. The tiny refrigerator will hold a moderate supply of milk, butter and the meat of at least three meals.

Some of the bachelor cooks are content to get breakfast merely, but others also prepare dinner. The gas stove will do either.

Forty minutes will ordinarily suffice to prepare, cook and serve the bachelor cook's dinner, and if the housekeeping is done in partnership the meal can be made ready in less time.

Bachelor apartments with tiny kitchens are on the whole an economy for men who cannot endure the ordinary boarding house. The kitchen does not add greatly to the rent of an apartment, and the cost of meals is astonishingly small.

The breakfast of coffee, rolls and eggs the year around need not average more than 8 to 10 cents a head, and with fruit included it is hardly more than \$1 a week. Dinners, including an occasional night off at a restaurant, need not average more than from \$2.50 to \$3 a week, so that the weekly cost of two meals a day is below the price charged by a pretty cheap boarding house.

The man who must restrict himself to a hall bedroom and a cheap boarding house table cannot afford even the smallest of bachelor apartments with the tiniest of kitchens, but two bachelors who are able to pay a fair price for board and lodging and who do not mind being their own cooks can be exceedingly comfortable in an apartment with kitchen.

As things are now going in New York the bachelor apartment, which is really a home, begins to compete with the club as a deterrent to matrimony.—New York Sun.

## BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Boy Tells Wife of Accident that Had Befallen Her Husband.

"What do you want, little boy?" "Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?"

"He is an officer in a bank."

"The Mr. Upjohn that went down town on a trolley car this morning?"

"I presume he went on a trolley car. What—"

"Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that horrible street car accident?"

"I haven't heard of his being in any street car accident."

"Didn't hear 'at he'd sprained his ankle jumpin' out o' the car when the train run into it?"

"No. Little boy, you frighten me. What has—"

"Didn't you hear how he'd run to a drug store fur a piece of cut plaster to stick on a little out he'd got over one eye?"

"Not at all. For mercy's sake—"

"He isn't in, is he, ma'am?"

"No, he's—"

"Name's John P. Upjohn, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is his name."

"Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, I guess, 'cause he's stoppin' to have one of his teeth tightened that got knocked a little bit loose when he was jumpin' out o' danger, y' know."

"Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think I can bear it now."

"Well, ma'am, he's in the hospitable with four ribs broke, an' one leg's in a sling, an' his nose is knocked kind o' sideways, but he's gittin' along all right, an' he'll be out again in about a month, an' here's a letter f'm the doctor, tellin' ye all about it, ma'am."

## Certain of It.

"Well, I sent away a poem to-day that I am very sure will not be returned to me."

"So good?"

"No. I gave the editor a false address."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.