

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Snobs of Washington.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S effective rebuke to a part of Washington's official society for snubbing one of her guests, who had been a saleswoman before becoming the wife of an influential government official, is disquieting chiefly because it proves that there are almost as many snobs in the national capital as there are in New York, Chicago or Boston. It is generally conceded that the relation of the snobs to the population varies directly with the youth and size of the city. Of Washington we have long thought better things. Washington is an old city and a democratic one. It is at Washington that there assemble the men who have made themselves, whose mental superiority over their fellow-men has been recognized by their fellow-citizens in being sent to the nation's capital to represent them and to shape the nation's destinies. Most of those men have started the destiny-shaping by selling papers or splitting fence-rails. We have rather plumed ourselves with the idea that the prime qualifications of Washington society were mental capacity and a clean record. We have never permitted ourselves to think that a man who has sufficiently won the confidence of his community or district to be chosen a government servant would go to Washington to suffer humiliation because his wife had once been forced to earn an honorable living with her own hands. To an American it is not a pretty conceit.

It might be embarrassing to those same ladies who have seen fit to appoint themselves arbiters of elegance if a general investigation of social qualifications were made. The husbands of a great many of those ladies have not always been so prominent. In fact, many of those marriages were contracted when the husbands had no such lofty ambitions, and the idea of securing a helpmate to decorate a Washington home was not seriously considered. That is quite right. It is the natural safeguard against fallacious aristocracy. But it is an essential consideration for those wives of Congressmen and Senators who feel themselves qualified to suggest etiquette and social distinctions to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.—Detroit Journal.

How to Become Rich.

AN analysis of the large fortunes which on account of death have changed hands during the year shows that no fewer than 206 of these estates were valued at over £100,000 each. Among them figure the £2,900,000 of Earl Fitzwilliam; the £2,800,000 of Mr. Vagliano, whose great lawsuit with the Bank of England remains one of the most famous of financial cases; and the £2,000,000 of Mr. Sutton, of the well-known firm of carriers.

A further analysis of these two hundred odd fortunes discloses this instructive fact—that the great majority of them have been created during the life of their owners, and created not by speculation nor by any sudden chance of fortune, but by deliberate and unremitting hard work. It is clear that "dogged does it" in the small and exclusive world of money just as in the ordinary world at large.

But still more instructive is this further fact which is revealed by our analysis—that these men, who have worked so hard and succeeded so signally, have also lived a long life. Of the great fortunes of the year—amounting to some £58,000,000 in all—the average age of their owners at death is proved to have been seventy-three years, and no fewer than 25 per cent of them had passed the age of four-score.

The moral is obvious. By dint of sheer industry, shrewdly applied, it is not only possible for a man to amass great wealth, but the activity and self-control which such an aim demands of the ablest of us react so favorably on the health or both body and mind that they also assure the happy gift of a long life.—London Daily Mail.

Do Not Talk Too Much.

BALUNTNESS of speech, directness of action, strict insistence on one's rights and disdain of diplomatic, roundabout methods of dealing with men and affairs are meritorious in a way, but the shortest road is not always the easiest and a little diplomacy will save much trouble in many cases. One can be diplomatic, too, without lying or doing anything that need worry the strictest conscience.

The first and hardest rule of diplomacy in large affairs and small, in public and private life, is Do not talk too much. Some instinct in the majority of people impels them to tell all they know, and, sometimes, a little more. Pit a talker against a man that can keep his own counsel in any affair of business or intrigue, and it is strange if the talker does not get the worst of the matter. He puts his oppo-

nent in possession of all he knows and gets nothing in exchange. The talker proceeds in the dark while the silent man finds his way made clear. The talker is forever making trouble for himself and others. He cannot keep a secret and he seldom can tell the exact truth.

But the habit of keeping one's counsel is sometimes carried to ridiculous extremes. There are men so reticent that they will not tell anything at all and will give an evasive reply if one asks them the time of day. Men of this class think themselves sly, whereas in reality they are mere fools. There is a time to speak as well as a time to hold one's peace.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Courtesy in Business.

COURTESY in business has been called the "oil of the wheels of worldly progress" and "an air cushion with apparently nothing in it, that yet eases the heavy jolts of trade." But it is more than these. It is a positive virtue—the most democratic of all virtues—in that it recognizes all individualities and pays all just claims. By its consummate consideration it infringes upon no one's rights and lessens no one's advantage.

It is often a form of self-suppression in action as well as an expression of universal and individual sympathy. It loosens the burdens of life, soothes anger, and often counteracts and does away with misunderstandings. Courtesy is the outward expression of the most essential sentiments of the inner, truer man. When these outward expressions cease the inner sentiments themselves are weakened and lose their delicacy and energy, and so we may say that the foundations of courtesy are based upon the universal needs of humanity itself.—New York Daily News.

The Span of Life.

IT seems that we were all wrong about the hurtful and life-shortening effect of American "hustle." Our national motto may be said to have been "A short life, but a strenuous one." We were willing, as a people, to have the span shortened a little if only we could have something worth while, something active and effective, going on all the time. But it seems, according to the latest bulletin of the Census Bureau, that the fast life is also the long one. Our "median age"—that is, the age which is such that half the population is under it and half over it—is more than seven years greater than it was a century ago, and increases from decade to decade. We are surpassing every-going foreign countries in this respect, we are surpassing even the loose-jointed, indolent, beautifully relaxed, never-worrying African in our midst; for whereas the median age of our American whites is 23.4 years, that of the devil-may-care colored person is but 18.3. Lately much confusion has arisen in the minds of many Americans over the statement that by certain eminent neurologists that it is next to impossible for a man to "overwork," provided his bodily functions are kept in good order by temperate and wholesome living. Other physicians, to be sure, tell us that hurry and worry spell death. We had accepted the latter judgment, with the qualifying reflection that no matter what science tells us, it always seems to have "another think coming." This census bulletin which links the long life with the fast one appears to be the other "think."—Harper's Weekly.

High Prices.

IT is significant that in some quarters there are beginning to be arguments made to show that high prices, being a sign of public prosperity, are good for the people. If this remark were so amended as to read that high prices are good for some of the people, it would be correct. They are undoubtedly good for a considerable portion of the people. Included in those are the people in active business who find themselves selling goods on a rising market, a rising market generally implying abundant sales and orders for goods to be made. Rich people who own property also find it increased in value. There are others, however, who are less fortunate. They are the men and women of fixed incomes, who are compelled to pay increased prices for what they purchase without addition to their money resources for purchasing. There is a much larger class in those whose fixed income comes from their labor. These are worse off, as they find the cost of what they eat and consume in the other necessities of life—beef and coal and milk and butter, for instance—increased without a corresponding addition to their wages. There can be no equitable increase in prices unless the prices paid for labor are a part of it.—Boston Herald.

High Prices.

Being asked in, he took a seat before the easel and nodded approvingly at a picture that happened to be there. "I like that—like it very much," he said thoughtfully. Then, after a pause "but may I make a suggestion?" Mr. Kost was not so angry with the man as annoyed at the recollection of his own foolishness. He looked squarely at his visitor. "Go to the devil with your suggestion," he replied. "What's that?" exclaimed the stranger. Mr. Kost repeated his invitation. For a moment the other colored. Then he smiled quietly. "Well, Mr. Kost," he replied, "I may take that trip some day; but not just yet. In the meantime, I think I will buy that picture of yours."

KEEPING OUT DISEASE.

Work of Public Health Service in Preventing Spread of Epidemics.

No government undertaking more distinctly reveals the compactness of the world to-day than that of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service which is under the control of the Treasury Department. So far as epidemic diseases are concerned, its finger is on the pulse of every nation; its bulletins each week report the number of deaths from the great contag-

ious and infectious maladies in every city of prominence under the sun.

Formerly a raging epidemic in a foreign country had little effect here, beyond bringing out expressions of sympathy, and in extreme cases, perhaps, some material aid. Now, when a missionary in Canton—discovers a case of cholera, he reports it to Hongkong. The American consul there, under systematic instructions, cables the fact to Washington, and also passes the word along to his associates on the Asiatic coast. Washington promptly notifies by wire every quarantine officer on the Pacific coast of the United States, and informs Honolulu by the next steamer. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, even when the weapons are disinfectants and germicides.

One case of yellow fever anywhere in Cuba is now regarded as of sufficient importance to be reported by cable. The mere rumor of an outbreak of the plague in an inaccessible corner of the Orient usually results in an order to the nearest consul to make an investigation. In severe epidemics our medical experts are often sent to the scene to study the bacteriological developments of the disease. Such an expert returning from Vera Cruz a few months ago, where he had been studying yellow fever, was stopped on the boundary line, curiously enough, by an inspecting officer of the same service.

Most of the dread diseases against which the quarantine is directed are importations. To keep them out on long coast lines, with the tide of immigration constantly pouring in, is a large one. Although no devices insure perfect protection, the number of cases which now get through the quarantine mesh is proportionately very small.—Youth's Companion.

After a man is 50, you can fool him by saying he is smart; but you can't fool him by saying he is pretty, or sweet.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

First Chapple (Just from abroad)—This is the last time I shall cross in December.

Second Chapple—Was it very rough? First Chapple—Not only that, but we were obliged to contend with those beastly "trade winds."

Takes It All. "Will you accept the conditions of the will, madam?" "Did he insist upon my not marrying again?"

"There is no such clause in the document, madam." "Very well. I'll accept everything else."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Economical.



Algie's Pa—Waal, son, I like yer gal all right, but say, I dunno 'bout that low-neck dress she wuz wearin'. Looked sens'ious scant ter me.

Algie—Why, that's a good sign, pop! Shows she doesn't care much for dress, you know.

First Attempt. Coroner—Do you believe the deceased died a natural death?

Witness—How should I know, I never saw him die before.

Facts in the Case. Mrs. Wages—I understand that drinking is one of your husband's failings.

Mrs. Jaggs—You have been misinformed. It is his most pronounced success.—Chicago News.

How It May Be Done. She was inclined to be sentimental. He was nothing if not practical.

"Would that you could tell me how to mend a broken heart," she said.

"I have known of cases where it has been done by splicing," he replied.

That was the remedy tried in this case.—New York Times.

A Mighty Bad One. Wantano—So you grew discouraged about your poem and sold it for a song, did you?

Duzno—No, the publisher said it wasn't even fit for that.—Baltimore American.

Great Luck. Hicks—You see, he got an idea that one of Capt. Kidd's famous treasures was buried in a certain desolate spot in Carbon County, so he started digging for it.

Wicks—And you don't mean to say he found it?

Hicks—Better still; he found coal.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Just Makes It. "She borrows everything she can think of."

"Oh, no; she never borrows trouble."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Out of Her Range.

Mrs. Buckwheat—Don't ye think Sarah's voice is fine?

Farmer Buckwheat—Wail, I'd like it if she didn't try ter take in so much territory.

Long-Felt Want. "I see by the papers," said Singleton, "that some genius has invented a self-lacking salling craft."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Wederly, a far-away look in his eyes. "I wonder if the man is capable of inventing a self-lacking carpet?"

One Thing Lacking. Maude—Which one would you rather be—rich or handsome?

Clara—Well, I'd like to be rich also.—Chicago News.

Similar but Different. Brown—Hello, Jones! You don't mean to say this is really you?

Jones—It certainly is.

Brown—Way, I thought you were dead.

Jones—No; never was dead.

Brown—Say, are you sure of that?

Jones—Of course I am.

Brown—Well, I read something in the paper some time ago about your funeral.

Jones—Oh, no. You probably read that by my marriage.

Brown—Perhaps that was it. I know it was something sad.

Business Enterprise. Customer—What's the price of sausages?

Butcher—Den cents a pound, already.

Customer—Indeed! Why, you asked 15 cents this morning.

Butcher—Yaw. Dot vos wen I had some pye yet. Now wen I don't vos got none I sell dem for den.

Customer—I fall to see the point.

Butcher—Vy, dot makes for me von rubedation for cheap brices and I don't lose me noddings, ain'd it?

An Explanation. Miss Young—It seems rather queer that ministers should marry so many couples here on earth if there is no marrying in heaven.

Mr. Oldbach—Oh, the ministers evidently know their business. After the victims have been married about six months they begin to long for the other world.

Rips It Up. Mrs. Ascum—Does Miss Nexdore own that piano or does she rent it?

Mrs. Peppery—Usually she rents it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Wanted to Reciprocate. His Pop—Bobby, I merely punish you to show my love for you, my boy.

Bobby—If I was only bigger, pop, I'd return your love.

Friendly Criticism. Biggs—I hear Grundy is married. Have you met his wife?

Diggs—Yes.

Biggs—Is she handsome?

Diggs—I don't care to express an opinion on the subject, but if it was a love match then I am convinced that love is blind.

Caustic Comment. Landlady—I think I'll drop in at the food exposition this afternoon.

Old Boarder—It will only be a waste of time, madam.

Landlady—Why do you think so?

Old Boarder—It will be impossible to find any cheaper kinds of food than you are giving us now.

His Reason. "Why," pleaded the prisoner, disregarding all rules of the court, "do you persist in doubting my statements?"

"Because," replied the court in equal disregard of the rules aforesaid, "if I were guilty of the deed of which I believe you to be I should be like the mischief."—Baltimore American.

Easy Job.

Bill—Got a new job, hey? Wot do yer do?

The Kid—Gee, nothin' much. 'Bout all dere is ter do is ter keep out of de boss' way!

Cheering. "How does our new cook like the place?"

"Oh," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "I heard her telling the girl next door that she'd liked the place very much, but she didn't care for the people. She said she was going to do her best to make us move away, in the hope that somebody else would rent the house."—Washington Star.

A Young Hero. Mother—Why, Willie, you have been fighting again.

Willie—Yes, mother, but I was trying to protect a good little boy from being thrashed by a bad boy.

Mother—Well, that excuses you somewhat. Who was the good little boy you were protecting?

Willie—It was myself.—New York Times.

Cynic at Work. The concierge of a very badly kept house in Paris hung up at the foot of the stairs a card inscribed as follows: "Please wipe your feet on the mat."

A wag wrote underneath: "As you come out"—The Bits.

Insinuating. Miss Olde—Does it take nerve to propose to a girl?

Jack—Well, to some girls it does.

Theological Tenderness. Mrs. Bacon—My husband thinks a man can't feel at home unless he is smoking.

Mrs. Egbert—That is why he thinks he will feel at home in the next world, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Odd Years. "Madge says she is twenty-odd years old."

"That makes her more than forty."

"How do you make that out?"

"Count the even years, too."—Newark News.

The Stingiest Man. "I think the most penurious man I ever knew," remarked the man in the mackintosh, "was old Hewligus. He smoked his cigars to the last half inch, chewed the stumps and used the ashes for snuff. But he wasn't satisfied ever then, and gave up the habit."

"What for?" asked the man with the big Adam's apple.

"He couldn't get any way to utilize the smoke."—Chicago Tribune.

In a Business. He—So your brother is a florist?

She—Well, yes. He takes care of electric light plants.—Pittsburg Gazette.

JEWIS IN AMERICAN WARS.

Many Shining Instances of Their Patriotism.

"What Have the American Jews Done for America? What Should They Do?" was the subject of an address by Rabbi Leon Harrison before the People's Synagogue in the Social Settlement Building on Friday evening. He said in part: "In the war of the revolution, though there were probably not 3,000 Jews in the country, 27 Jewish officers fought for our independence. Manuel Mordecai Naoh was a staff officer of George Washington, and gave to the government \$20,000. I may mention the generous service of Hayne Solomon, the friend of Madison, Randolph and Robert Morris, who loaned \$300,000 to the government that was never returned, and in many other ways helped his country in dire need. I will simply mention that in the war of 1812 Jewish brigadier generals, colonels and captains abounded. In the Mexican war the same is true. The list of Jews distinguished in the regular army and navy of the United States is disproportionately large. Commodore Uriah Levy, the highest naval ranking officer up to the civil war, abolished corporal punishment. I have in my hand a partial list of 8,000 Jewish Americans who fought in the civil war, among them being sixteen Union and twenty-four Confederate staff officers. Their record is distinguished by eminent valor and numerous awards of medals by Congress. The old warriors from the South recall Judah P. Benjamin, the brilliant Secretary of State for the Confederacy. May I mention among many shining instances in North Carolina six Jewish brothers took the field; in South Carolina five brothers, and likewise in Mississippi, four being Confederates and one Union. There is an instance of fourteen Jewish families sending fifty-three men into battle. In the present regular army and navy, from Commander Marix down, dozens of Jewish officers evidence that they are descendants of the Maccabees. Twelve Jewish sailors went down with the Maine."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her Activity Gave Her Husband a Bad Half-Hour, However.

When Mr. Trumbull was a candidate for the office of Mayor he had many strange experiences, not all of them pleasant. From his political opponents he naturally expected some hard knocks, but he was not prepared for the severe blow which his faithful and well-meaning wife dealt him.

"I'm getting used to unpleasant things," he said, one night at dinner, "but I must say I've had a blow today. I really flattered myself I was popular in this district, even with the ragmuffins over on Sea street."

"And so you are," interrupted Mrs. Trumbull.

"No," said her husband, "that bubble was pricked to-day. I find that the two posters on the old Higgins fence that announce me as a candidate have been almost torn off, evidently by sticks and knives, and the face on each poster has been almost obliterated. I felt quite depressed when I saw it on my way home."

"You needn't," said Mrs. Trumbull, with rising color, "for I did all that work with my umbrella and a hat-pin."

"You?" exclaimed her husband.

"Yes, Henry Trumbull, I did it, and I should do the same thing again if I had the chance. There was nobody in sight as I came by there, and when I saw those dreadful pictures, not really like you at all, and with that hideous turn-down collar that you never ought to wear, it's so unbecoming, I just couldn't bear it!"

"I took and looked at them a minute, and then I went right to work. And the next time you run for any office, you send the men that make the posters to me, and I will let them have the negative of one of your good photographs with your glasses on so the little scowl between your eyes doesn't show, and a high collar. Then they'll be fit to put on Higgins' fence or anywhere else."—Youth's Companion.

THE ORIGINAL JOHN BULL.

It is not every one who knows that there really was a John Bull. This gentleman was a musical doctor and, some of his biographers declare, also a medical doctor.

Be that as it may, he is the man who wrote the music of the British national anthem, "God Save the King," the words of which were supplied by Ben Jonson. The anthem was originally sung June 10, 1605, to commemorate the escape of James I. from the gunpowder plot. The portrait of Dr. John Bull, herewith reproduced from a recently resurrected volume published in 1822, seems to indicate that the original was in personal appearance not in the least degree like the familiar caricatures of himself.

New Telephone Invention. A French inventor has communicated in the Academie des Sciences a process by which, he asserts, the features of a person telephoning can be conveyed through the instrument to the person with whom he is in communication.

Dangerous Rhombs. Three hundred and fifteen shoals in various parts of the world were declared dangerous to navigation last year by British admiralty surveys.

