



# EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Are Advantages Disadvantageous.

**A**RE wealth and ancestry handicaps which so heavily weight an aspirant for success and honor that when he wins in spite of them, he is entitled to extra credit? Frankly, we do not believe it. The number of those of obscure origin who attain conspicuous success in life is very much greater than the number of those born to the advantages of wealth and a distinguished ancestry who do this, for precisely the reason that white sheep yield more wool than black sheep—there are a great many more of them. It should also be remembered that to maintain a high level of intellectuality and general capacity is much less conspicuous than to rise from the obscurity of poverty and illiteracy to a place of influence and honor.

To say that wealth and a distinguished ancestry are a handicap to one who wishes to be in the highest degree useful in life is no more true than it would be to say the same of a good constitution or a system free from hereditary taint. To say that they diminish the incentive to struggle with and overcome obstacles is true enough, since one who starts with great advantages does not have so far to lift himself and need not do as much hard work in hand-over-hand climbing. That in many instances the sons of rich and even great men show degeneracy and relapse into obscurity is unquestionably true, but it would not be difficult to show that poverty, an illiterate ancestry, and the lack of incentive to self-improvement hold millions annually at the bottom round of the social ladder, because they are incomparably better fitted to stay there than to ascend. Heredity counts for a great deal, and it is a safe generalization that the better a man's ancestry the better his chances of developing a high, well-directed, and sustained ambition. That this is not an inflexible law of nature is a cause for congratulation. If it were, society would gradually stratify into castes. As it is, the fact that some are steadily sinking from the top to the bottom while more are as steadily, and much more rapidly, rising from the bottom to the top, and that between the bottom and the top is the great mass of solid, common place, right-minded citizenship to which the highest and the lowest strata contribute with every generation, establishes the existence and operation of a law not founded on a sentimental concept of the disadvantage of advantages nor of the advantage of disadvantages.—New York Times.

## Schools Slur Study of English.

**E**NGLISH is one of the most pliable and adaptable of tongues. It has plundered all languages of their riches. It has the greatest of all literatures, save that of Greece, and it has the advantage over Grecian literature of being concerned with modern life and being a living speech. English, probably, will become one day the universal language.

Until very lately our pedagogues seemed to have overlooked English as a medium of education. Earlier scholastic curricula made Latin and Greek the main forces in the higher education. The college boy of twenty years ago was stuffed with Cicero and Virgil, Demosthenes and Homer.

Then came the scientific movement in the schools. Laboratory work was declared to be the great educational method. Physics, chemistry and political economy took the place of Latin and Greek. The humanities fell into disrepute and almost into desuetude. The old college graduate felt almost ashamed of his classics in the presence of the supercilious young man that had been brought up on physical science.

But physical science, it is now admitted, is not sufficient for liberal education. A writer in the Popular Science Monthly confesses that there is undoubtedly too much narrowness, and too little general culture, an outward and visible sign of which is the bad Latin published by many of the younger men in the form of zoological names. Experience proves that language and literature are necessary studies to produce clear and exact thinking and its correlative, clear and exact expression.

Why not, then, make English supply the necessary humanitarian element in education? English has been slurred hitherto in the schools, for the student was supposed to

pick it up casually. The result was that the average student in the scientific courses did not pick it up at all and left college with but scant knowledge of the English tongue and literature.

If English were a prescribed study in all schools and colleges and were taught thoroughly the common speech of the land would soon improve and the diction of our writers would become correct and more elegant. We lack pride in our language and conscientiousness in the use of it. It is time some literary mission work were done.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## The Panama Canal.

**T**HE treaty signed by Secretary Hay and Dr. Herran, the Colombian Minister, is a long step taken toward the construction of the Panama Canal by the United States. A special session of the Colombian Congress will be held in the spring to consider the treaty, and the option of the French company, which will undoubtedly be extended.

The canal will cost the United States: (1) \$40,000,000 to be paid to the French company, the present value of its charter and construction work as computed by the Walker commission; (2) \$10,000,000 down and \$250,000 per year after ten years to the Colombian Government for the concession, including the Panama Railroad; and (3) the further expenditure of \$145,000,000 on the canal is authorized by the act of 1902; more may be needed. The lease from Colombia runs 100 years and is renewable by the United States. And by an arrangement with Great Britain most creditable to the common sense of her statesmen the United States will have exclusive control of the canal strip, subject to arrangement with Colombia.

Of the 46.5 miles of the canal one-half will lie at sea level, and this portion is nearly completed. Thirteen miles more will run in a lake created in the valley of the Chagres by a dam at Bohio, which will impound half a cubic mile of water. The remaining ten miles, the famous "Culebra cut" across the backbone of the continent, presents the greatest difficulty. It will probably be passed by a section about seventy feet above the sea. And the sides of the cut will tower more than 300 feet even above that level. The canal will be nowhere less than 120 feet wide at the bottom and usually considerably more. The locks planned by the French company were to be 738 feet long, but the rapid increase in the size of ocean craft may dictate a greater length. The minimum depth of ten metres (32.8 feet) planned by French engineers may also be increased.

These facts convey some impression of the magnitude of the undertaking. Its total cost will be more than twice that of the Suez Canal, more than five times that of the Kiel Canal in Germany. From an engineering viewpoint it will be one of the wonders of the world; its usefulness to trade will be vast and rapid in growth.—New York World.

## A Woman's Happiest Day.

**W**HAT is the happiest day in a woman's life? Three hundred New York club women met recently to find out. One woman plumped for the day and moment when the carriage arrived to take her on her honeymoon, "because she was leaving all her old clothes behind her, although she would probably wear them again in a month or so." Another speaker declared boldly that the happiest day of a woman's life was when she struck a real bargain. In support of this she instances the woman who, on hearing that a bank had lowered its interest to 3 per cent, scraped together all the money she could lay hands on, and deposited it forthwith. The demoralizing effect of feminine clubs was seen in the contention of a third orator, who argued that no woman was so happy as when she had read her first paper at a woman's club meeting, and had seen an account of it in the papers the next day. A fourth said the happiest day never came, because it was always in anticipation; and a fifth declared it wasn't a day at all, but a moonlight night. On the whole, a man is more puzzled than ever as to how to trim his sails.—London Chronicle.

## WOODEN LEGS AND REAL ONES.

Modern Inventions Counterfeit Nature Almost Perfectly.

In the case of a man who had been awarded \$3,000 for the loss of a leg by a railroad and who had appealed the case, deeming the compensation too small, a Chicago judge has decided that artificial limbs should be accepted as part recompense for the loss of real ones. During the trial, on appeal, witnesses were introduced by the railroad who testified that though supplied with artificial legs they could get around as lively as persons with real ones, could dance and ride the bicycle. To this testimony the appellant strongly objected, whereupon the court handed down this ruling:

"Art and invention have done much to mitigate the inconveniences occasioned by the loss of limbs and to restore the power of locomotion and the earning capacity which otherwise might be greatly lessened or lost, and evidence tending to show facts of that nature is competent for the consideration of the jury."

During recent years the progress made by artificial limb makers has been wonderful. An interesting story is told in this connection of a man who was lost in a blizzard in the wilds of the Dakotas. When he was finally picked up he was so badly frozen that it was thought he would die, but by careful nursing a part of the man was saved—that is, his trunk and his head, both in a damaged condition. It so happened he had some money and was able to piece himself out.

After he was sufficiently recovered from his injuries he was brought to Chicago and taken to an artificial limb maker, who was told to go to work on the foundation and see what he could build. In the first place he put on two artificial legs, and the man could walk. The next job was to furnish the man with two arms, and this was done after much work, and the battered trunk, dressed in the latest fashion, began to look quite like a human being once more. The man was still minus both his ears and his nose and one eye, while his hair had all fallen out. The artificial limb maker said he could fix the ears and nose all right, and he went to work and made a pair of ears

for his man, fitted them on and then took up the task of a nose. This was the most difficult of all, but finally a very neat celluloid probovis was made, which was held in place with spectacles. The man next got a wig and a glass eye and went out a new man in the real sense of the word. Wonders are certainly performed in the way of making artificial limbs. Time was when the peg leg was the only thing known, and the man who lost one of his lower limbs had to go stumping through life with a wooden peg. Now he takes \$100 and goes and gets him a new leg, and one that is about as serviceable as a flesh and blood one, not subject to corns, rheumatism, and the other ailments to which flesh is heir.

It is only about a century ago that the first artificial leg was made, and it was considered one of the wonders of the world. It was called the Angleson leg, from the fact that it was made for the marquis of that name. This first limb was wonderfully and fearfully made, as heavy as lead and as clumsy as an iron leg. Since that time great improvements are made, until to-day a man with an artificial leg can walk, run, jump, hop, skip and do nearly everything that the man with flesh and blood legs is able to accomplish.

## EASY FOR PITCHERS NOW.

They Have a Snap Compared with Stars of Bygone Days.

Baseball pitchers in these days think they are performing wonders if they officiate in two games a week. If they were asked to go in the box more than twice they would imagine they were being worked to death.

Looking back, however, to the days when John Clarkson, Tim Keefe, Charley Radbourne, Ed Crane, Charley Sweeney and other famous boxmen were in their prime one cannot help feeling that the star pitchers of modern times are enjoying a comparative snap. When Radbourne was a member of the crack Providence team in the National League he was called on to pitch every day. The box was only fifty feet from the plate, to be sure, but "Old Rad" had the best batters in America before him day after day. He had marvelous speed when he

wanted to use it, a wonderful slow ball, great curves and a head filled with overflying with gray matter. Day after day "Rad" pitched, winning constantly and soon creating a furore in the baseball world. Providence, as a result, won the National League championship in 1881, and Radbourne was famous all over the land.

In 1894, when the New Yorks were making a great bid for the pennant, which was won that year by the Baltimores, Manager Ward during the last month of the campaign induced Amos Rusie and Jonett Meekin to pitch every other day. Both were giants in build and depended chiefly upon speed. They pitched phenomenal ball, and with another week added to the schedule they would have landed the pennant in the metropolis. As it was though the New Yorks came second. Rusie and Meekin practically won the series for the famous Temple Cup by their fine work in the points. But that was the last year either showed the form which had brought him to the front rank of pitchers.

As late as 1906 McGinnity, the "Iron Man," consented to pitch every day for the Brooklyns toward the close of the season, for Hanlon thought he had a chance of winning the pennant. McGinnity did not appear to be affected by the extra work, but on the contrary appeared to relish it, as he received a bonus for the job. But even since then the "Iron Man" has not been the same in point of effectiveness. Managers of top-notch reputation have profited by these incidents in baseball history. They want to preserve their valuable pitchers as long as possible, so they readily consent to the two games a week proposition and proceed to hire half a dozen boxmen.

## We'll Forget.

We'll forget the winter—its wrath and wrong—When the sun comes out and the days are long.

When the blooms bend down With the bees in brown, And the wind to the river sings its song And the blooms fall thick where the daisies throng!—Atlanta Constitution.

Before you let a boy sit in front of an electric fan, tie his fingers.

## OLD FAVORITES

### The Wearing of the Green.

O, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round? The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground. Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his colors can't be seen. For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.

I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand, and he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?" She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen, they are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red, sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.

You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod, but 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.

When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow, and when the leaves in summer time their verdure dare not show,

Then I will change the color that I wear in my caubeen, but till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

But if at last our color should be torn from Ireland's heart, her sons with shame and sorrow from their dear old isle will part;

I've heard a whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea, where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.

O, Erin, must we leave you driven by a tyrant's hand? Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land?

Where the cruel cross of England shall ne'ermore be seen, and where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

### The Old Armchair.

I love it, I love it and who shall dare to chide me for loving that old arm chair?

I've treasured it long as a sainted prize, I've bedewed it with my tears, I've embalmed it with my sighs;

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart; Not a tie will break, not a link will start; Would you know the spell? A mother sat there!

And a sacred thing is that old arm chair, in childhood's hour I lingered near

The hallowed seat with listening ear; And gentle words that mother would give To fit me to die, and teach me to live;

She told me that shame would never betide With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;

She taught me to lip my earliest prayer As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day, When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;

And I almost worshipped her when she smiled, and turned from her Bible to bless her child.

Years rolled on, but the last one sped, My idol was shattered, my earth star fled.

I learnt how much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in her old arm chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! But I gaze on it now With quivering breath and throbbing brow;

'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died.

And memory flows with lava tide, Say it is folly, and deem me weak, Whilst scalding drops start down my cheeks;

But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear My soul from a mother's old arm chair.—Eliza Cook.

### Triumphant in One Field.

That a girl cannot throw a stone, drive a nail or spin a top as successfully as a boy is pardoned, by a writer in the Washington Post, because she can accomplish one marvelous feat which he declares, no man or boy can ever equal.

There is one thing no man could ever accomplish, even if he were a noted contortionist, and that is buttoning a waist that has the buttons sewed on the back!

A man doesn't live who could button a shirt up the back without going hand. I have watched my wife, and every time she accomplishes this feat of buttoning her waist in the back the feeling comes over me that, after all, compared with women, men are a lot of impatient and worthless beings. Why, I can't button it standing behind her with both hands free. I tried one evening, when we were in a hurry. I won't say that there were a million buttons, each about as big as a pin-head, but there were a good many of them.

"Look here," said I, "let me fasten that dress," and I began. In five minutes I had buttoned three buttons, and my wife remarked that I was not making much progress, and in two minutes she had fastened every one of them.

A woman's arms must be put in very free in their sockets to permit of her reaching back that way, and slipping those tiny buttons into the buttonholes without ever getting red in the face or trying to kick the cat or doing anything like that.

Women may not be deft in a few little things that there's no occasion for them to be deft in, but for patience and self-control men cannot compete with them.

### Women in Dublin University.

Women, it is reported, are about to be admitted to graduate at Dublin University.

After a man passes fifty, nothing in the show line is very good.

## TRIALS OF THE ACCOMMODATING MAN WHO HAS A TELEPHONE AT HIS FARMHOUSE

**C**ITY people whose neighbors use their telephones think they know all about trouble," said a ruddy-faced amateur farmer, "but I'll compare notes with them any day. If you are not obliging to your neighbors in the country you would better move back to town; so this is what we go through with in order to be obliging. We have the only telephone in our vicinity; and my wife and I ought to draw salaries as rural messengers.

"The other day a call came to our telephone for some one in town who wished to talk with Mrs. Jinks, our tenant's wife. So my wife had to leave her sewing, don her sunbonnet and plod across the rough fields a third of a mile to tell Mrs. Jinks to come to the phone. When Mrs. Jinks got ready she lumbered up to our house with a fat baby under each arm, and found out that Rosy, a friend of hers in town, wanted her to come and bring her out to spend the day.

"'Naw,' bawled back Mrs. Jinks, 'ain't got no hoss.' "In a day or so another friend of the Jinks family telephoned out to say that she and three children would spend Sunday with the Jinks, and Mr. Jinks must come in with the wagon to bring them out. My wife could not answer that the Jinks had no horse, as they had just got one; so she promised to deliver the message. She gave the errand to the Jinkses over to me; I intended to attend to it, and forgot it. The folks in town got ready and waited all day Sunday, but no Mr. Jinks appeared. About Tuesday there was a great disturbance on the farm, involving all the Jinkses, my brother and myself, and both of our wives. The message hadn't been carried, and everybody was to blame.

"This is only a sample," said the amateur farmer, according to the Detroit Free Press. "We have other neighbors near and far; but our house is the telephone office of the district. People in town get mad at us and people in the country get mad at us; our lot is hard."



## Science AND Invention

A new process for drying fruit and vegetables—already in use for drying hops—consists in drawing air through a gridwork of steam pipes into a chamber below the slotted floor holding the materials to be dried. Absorption of sulphurous gases is avoided, while burning is impossible. In a test at Worcester, England, samples of carrots, potatoes, sliced and shredded apples, and other fruits and vegetables, were kept at temperatures of 90 to 100 degrees for six hours, reaching the ordinary commercial state of dryness. The cost of working being small, it is expected that an important new industry will soon develop in England.

The curious phenomena of "sympybilism" are being investigated by E. Wasmann, a German zoologist. This is the harboring of foreign species of insects, etc., in the nests of ants and termites, and it is found that more than one hundred species of arthropods, or creatures with jointed legs, are thus associated with the ants, at least, eighty-five or ninety species being beetles. All are recognized easily by certain peculiarities. Most notable among the characteristics of these beetles are their oily reddish-yellow or reddish-brown color, and special exudation organs or pores with brownish hairs, but there are also modifications of the mouth and other parts.

Some of the discouragements and failures of amateur photographers may be due to such imperfections of shutters as were disclosed in a paper read at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by E. W. Morley of the Western Reserve University and D. C. Miller of the Case School of Applied Science. The better grade of shutters were found to be fairly constant in operation, but the actual duration of exposure was often not even approximately that indicated by the maker. Different shutters of the same make and form gave widely different exposures when set for the same time. With the best shutters of the diaphragm class the duration of exposure was nearly independent of the aperture of the opening. Some shutters of the cheaper grades, designed to give long, medium and short exposures, gave equal exposures in the three cases.

The effects of the swift advance of knowledge, which sometimes causes a new book on some branch of science to appear a back number shortly after its publication, are felt no less in practical scientific undertakings. A striking illustration is furnished by the enormous new coast-defense gun recently tested at Sandy Hook. This gun was intended to be not only the most powerful in existence, but also the representative of the most advanced type of such weapons. But after it had been planned a special plant had to be established for its construction, and the few years' consequent delay before it could be completed sufficed for such improvements in gunpowders, and in the designing of guns for their use, that now the finished monster is, in some respects, out of date before it has fairly been mounted for service.

The new gun is of 16 inches bore and 49.7 feet long. It is calculated that it can throw a 2400-pound projectile twenty-one miles.

## CROW WITH LIVES TO SPARE.

It Tormented Hogs and Caused a Farmer No End of Woe.

"Say you seed a hundred crows in one flock?" asked an Illinois farmer of a man who was telling him of a visit he had made to the country a few weeks ago. The farmer leaned over in his chair, took aim at a cuspidor half way across the lobby of a Dearborn street hotel, and turned again to the city man. "Seed a hundred? I've seed millions on 'em. But you don't see 'em any more. Crow day is well nigh gone. Time wuz when the pesky birds mighty high eat us outen house an' home. I ain't seed 'em so thick fer five or six years or so an' I reckon they ain't a-goin' to be so plentiful again. I larned a good many ideas about crows when they used to be lots on 'em.

"You may not know that a crow is the thing that comes closest to a cat in havin' its life repewed a lots of

times. It's a fact. When the corn be it was simply a-swarmin' with them, an' you couldn't hear yer own ears fer the cawin', they would almost eat our hogs up.

"One year I had a bunch of fine porkers and the crows would light on the backs of the hogs and peck away until they nearly killed 'em. I stuck up all kinds of scarecrows, but that didn't do a speck of good. It got so bad at last that I had to lay out in the hay mow by the winder and shoot crows all day. They are mighty shy of the smell of gunpowder, but they will risk a good many feathers for a bite of livid hog.

"One day I seed a big, fat shoat come a-runnin' across the lot a squealin' and on his back rode a crow a peckin' away fer dear life. I run out and scared the bird away, but it wasn't long until here he come a-riddin' in on another. He kept it up till I got tired of chasin' out and I got my old rifle and hid behind the woodshed. In a few minutes long come another hog a-squealin' and the same old crow a-peckin' holes in his back. I knew I could plug a chicken hawk on the fly, so I took aim at old Mr. Crow. The rifle went 'bing' and I'll be darned if that hog didn't drop as dead as a door nail. The crow flew away cawin' at me, and I was so all-fired mad I hit the gun over a post and knocked it into smithereens.

"After that I got a dozen shots at the same crow with an old muzzle loader and I knocked enough feathers out of the bird to make a suit of mournin' fer an Indian. One day I kind o' crept up on him, took good aim, and blew his dad doted head offen him. That bird had nine lives if he had any at all and I ain't so sure he wouldn't have got away after I shot him if I hadn't tied him on a pole fer a scarecrow."

## DIVORCE HAS A DEFENDER.

Marriage Needs Regulation More than the Dissolution of the Tie.

There is a general demand throughout the United States for the enactment of more stringent divorce laws. A recent writer in an Eastern magazine, however, presents some reasons for regarding divorce as the only practicable way out of an unfortunate situation in many cases and points out what he considers to be the true solution of the matrimonial problem. He says:

"We are told that the institution of divorce separates husbands and wives and breaks up homes. Nothing could be further from the truth. Divorce never separates, just as the marriage ceremony never unites. Each is but the symbol, the sign, which sets its seal upon that which took place before. If the husband and wife find that they have made a mistake and that the lives of both are made wretched by the mutual companionship it is their duty to separate and obtain freedom by legal process.

It is a mistake, a perversion of the truth to make the statement that homes are being wrecked in this way. No home that is a home indeed has been broken by divorce, and none will be, for this legal step is but the closing scene of the last act in a domestic tragedy. It is a crime to rear children in a home life where father and mother are mutually abhorred, where love dwells not, where the contact of parents serves to bring out all the innate evil of their natures instead of being an inspiration to virtue.

"The rational, reasonable way to minimize divorce is to place barriers against easy matrimony and make marriage a bulwark of sincere and holy purpose against which the waves of youthful impetuosity and unripe affection will dash in vain. The greatest social evil in our country is the marrying habit. There is practically no check on marriage, and young people wed at will and at times in haste, with an angry parent in pursuit. Even those below lawful ages find little difficulty in getting the protection of law and are pronounced married.

## Making Cautious Approach.

"Advise me, Uncle Jack." "Of course, what is it?" "Shall I ask you for \$25 or \$50?"—Life.

When you see a man going to work, as if he were running to a fire, you will find from his employer that he needs more prodding during the day than any body.