

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The End of the World Again.

AMAN of the name of Baxter is causing a commotion in certain quarters of London by prophesying that the world will come to an end in 1924. Mr. Baxter's reasons for setting the limit at 1924 are not very plain to outsiders, but he claims to have Biblical authority for his conclusion. People who foresee the end of the world always have the Bible to back them up. It is simply a matter of interpretation.

Many people found a few years ago that their Bibles plainly pointed to the destruction of the world at the end of the nineteenth century. Signs and portents were everywhere, and when the whistles blew at midnight on the 31st of December and no general explosion came off there were thousands of men, women and children who drew long breaths and gladly decided to take a fresh start.

Prophet Baxter is probably no more of a seer than any of his predecessors in the end-of-the-world predicting business have been, but he may be serving a good purpose. Every time anybody sets a day for the end of the world certain people begin trying to do better. Hence those predictions are not without good results. Sometimes it seems as if society might be considerably benefited if there were more of them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Ever Present Germ.

WHERE will science concede to us some measure of safety? It has lately been proved experimentally—which means that it is really so—that books may carry tuberculosis, and it was already known that they communicate scarlet fever and other infectious diseases. It is no longer safe to borrow a book unless we disinfect it thoroughly with powdered formal. If we fly to the mountains to escape germs, we find that even the pearly raindrops that fall there contain them. Almost any one would suppose that in the middle of the sea we should find ourselves from them; but certain conclusive observations lately recorded show not only that "even the water of the central portion of the North Atlantic Ocean is not wholly free from bacteria," but that the germs in sea water are increasing in numbers. No sea water and no rain water has been found perfectly devoid of germs, though the rain water over the deep sea is more nearly free from them than the rain water that falls over the land. Not all these wandering germs are hurtful, but some of them are. The conclusion is rapidly being developed in the lay mind that, the microbe being omnipresent, one is as safe from him in one place as another.—Harper's Weekly.

Why Men Eat Too Much.

EATING is the greatest of all our standard amusements. A great number of people obviously eat a great deal more than they need, and it is entirely credible that a large proportion of the moderate eaters might thrive as well and look as handsome and work as hard and live as long on a very much restricted diet. But would the joy of life continue unimpaired for them? The native-born could subsist for 11 cents a day, but would they think life was worth living on 11 cents' worth of food a day? No, they wouldn't. That is one thing that kills them.—Harper's Weekly.

Summer Life on the Farm.

THERE appears to be a steady demand for sightly farms in the New England States and a growth of that taste which makes people of means prefer the rest of country life during the summer, to the confusion and crowds which make life at a summer hotel wearisome and send people home in the fall as tired, if not more so, than when they sought relaxation. The extension of steam and trolley lines has robbed country life of a large part of its isolation and helped induce people "to go back to the land." Old farms, which a generation ago hardly kept a family alive, are found to have a market value, owing to panoramas of hill, vale, lake and river, which counted nothing in the

I have learned from a close study of some few hundred married couples. If then, you want to inspire a fierce, overwhelming passion in your lover, you will have a better chance if you are his physical opposite. But if you wish to inspire deep and lasting friendship, you will have a better chance by being his physical counterpart.

Looking round the women I know who are, first and foremost, their husbands' chums, I am amazed to find the majority are dark and have dark husbands.

In the rare cases I know of, where a fair man and a fair woman are the best comrades, I have invariably found that their pursuits are entirely different.

The fair man and woman are Saxon to the core, and love birds, animals, mad, long walks, and the pleasures of nature, while the dark couple crave excitement and are mentally more acute.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be that a man must choose his wife according to what position he wishes her to fill in his life. If he wants something to worship, something to delight his eyes, something to provide relaxation when the day's work is done, he should choose a golden-haired maiden. If he wants passionate devotion and poetic fervor he should select a girl with raven hair and dark brown eyes, but he must run the risk of a vehement temper and a jealous disposition. If he is a farmer or a quiet business man he should marry his physical opposite, because the contrast is more pleasant. But if he is a man dependent upon his brain for a living, his first need is sympathy, and this will be found in the woman who is of the same coloring and similar temperament.

FIGURES RUN IN MILLIONS.

Immense Proportions Which Our Manufacturers Have Attained.

Few Americans have an adequate conception of the greatness and importance of the manufacturing interests of the country. In fact, it is almost impossible to conceive it, even when we read in the census reports

How often men tell things, and then add, "I wouldn't have it known that it came from me." Then why tell it?

eyes of former owners, and the new occupants draw dividends in health, sunshine, shade and landscape which are fully as valuable as dollars.—Taunton Gazette.

The Nation's Wealth.

THE total wealth of the world is estimated at \$400,000,000,000. These figures are probably lower than they should be, for the reason that statistical returns from South and Central American countries and from the semi-civilized portions of the globe, such as Asiatic nations and the Ottoman empire, are very inaccurate and incomplete. But taking this estimate as correct, the United States owns one-fourth, or \$100,000,000,000, of the entire accumulated capital of the world.

This fact, however, does not mean that the Americans are the best off financially of all the people of the earth. The English are the wealthiest, with the Scotch a close second. Australia comes next, then France, and after her the United States. For the purpose of striking the comparison, the compilation of 1895 from Marshall's "Dictionary of Statistics" is taken, inasmuch as it is fuller than any table subsequently made. The per capita wealth of England is \$1,584; Scotland, \$1,257; Australia, \$1,123; France, \$1,210; United States, \$1,123. Six other countries whose per capita wealth is worthy of mention are the following: Denmark with \$1,104; Canada, \$940; Holland, \$878; Switzerland, \$787; Germany, \$748, and Belgium, \$739. All these figures, of course, have greatly increased since the year they were compiled, but no great change in the relative standing of the different nations has probably resulted thereby.—Kansas City Journal.

The Gift of Laughter.

GOD'S greatest gift to man was the laugh. Without it the human race would have wept itself to death or exterminated itself long ago. Pathos is beautiful. Tragedy is absorbing. But both pathos and tragedy are instantly routed by the laugh.

Laughter has sunshine in it. It is warm. Learned men have searched for the secret of life. What is it but good humor? That's the secret of life being worth living.

What sunshine is to earth good humor is to man. Take the smile and the laugh away and it would be the end of man.

Men can't fight while they enjoy a joke. Death himself recoils from the laugh. The man in a good humor has an enormous advantage over the man who is angry. Anger is dark. Bitterness is filled with shadow. Intolerance is grim and black. Prejudice is blind.

Good humor—with the smile and the laugh—is sunshine in which objects are plain and distortion disappears and wherein phantoms become nothing.—Denver Post.

The Automobilist.

THERE are a great many people in the world who do not seem to realize that their rights end exactly where those of their fellow-beings begin. We are unwilling to believe there are many who are made up of "the combination of Billie and Black George" which that bold Virginian, John Randolph, of Roanoke, accused Clay of being, with the result of meeting on the field of honor; but there are some who, whether being either rogues or hypocrites, or anything else condemned by the written or moral law, constantly forget the rights of others. Consider the untamed automobile. He is next of kin to the bicycle searcher who ran his devastating course a few years ago. What is it that makes a man apparently sane otherwise wish to ride at a reckless speed through the city streets, endangering the lives of others as soon as he thinks he knows how to operate one of those unconcealed deadly weapons? Were we Buddhists we should believe him to be a reincarnation of the war horse described in the Book of Job, that "swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. * * * He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off."—Philadelphia Ledger.

ROYALTY SAW DETROIT.

Prince de Joinville and Suite Once Spent a Day There.

Along in the latter '30's and early '40's I was clerk in the book store of Slidell R. L. Root in the Cooper Block on Jefferson avenue, a writer in the Detroit Free Press, I recall an incident that happened, in which the Prince de Joinville and his suite figured.

They visited this city while en route to Green Bay, Wis., on the steamer Columbus, in charge of Capt. Shock. The steamer lay at her dock one entire day, giving the distinguished party ample time to see Detroit. They visited our store and remained quite a time looking over the French books in stock that I submitted for their inspection and they purchased quite liberally.

Many of our people were curious to know why the prince and his party should be bound for Green Bay. The question appeared to be answered when it was remembered that the Rev. Eleazar Williams, the alleged dauphin of France, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, lived there and it was known afterward that the prince called on the Rev. Mr. Williams, on the steamer's arrival at Green Bay and had a prolonged interview with him. I think the prince did call and see Williams, but he discontinued afterward that there was any significance attached to it. Yet the people continued to wonder.

In this connection George Knaggs, in Robert E. Roy's history of the Knaggs family, says:

"While on visit to my relatives in Detroit I met Gen. Lewis Cass, who said: 'You are the very man I wanted to see.' *

He went to the Cass residence, where he was introduced to the Prince de Joinville and the Duke D'Autumne, son of King Louise Philippe of France, who with their suite had just returned from Green Bay, Wis.

It appears that Louis Philippe had heard that a man named the Rev. Eleazar Williams, an Indian missionary in the Episcopal Church of the United States, claimed that he was the son of Louis XVI and Queen Marie Antoinette, who had been beheaded, was consequently the dauphin and en-

titled to the throne of France. To ascertain whether his story was true, the young prince came to the United States, chartered the steamer Columbus at Buffalo, and proceeded to Green Bay, where Williams was preaching to tribe of Indians.

When they saw and spoke to him, however, they became convinced he was either a wilful impostor or a person deceived by foolish stories. Williams was well known in Detroit. When the First St. Paul's Church, on the east side of Woodward avenue, was consecrated, on Aug. 27, 1837, he read the consecration service and was frequently in this city afterward. He died at Hogansburg, N. Y., in 1858.

When the two princes were on their way back they stopped at Detroit and were entertained by Gen. Cass. They had great curiosity to know the situation in the surrounding country, which was once under French rule. Cass was much gratified on being able to furnish a historian on those subjects like Geo. Knaggs, who was gentlemanly, finely educated and spoke French like a native. George accompanied the prince on their steamboat trip to Buffalo, where he bade them farewell, and went to New York, via Lake Champlain.

The Prince de Joinville and the Duke D'Autumne were accompanied by Marshal Bertrand, Count Montholon and the Viscount Montesquieu.

WOMAN SUCCEEDS ON ROAD.

Mrs. E. G. Taylor Makes Living as Commercial Traveler.

Mrs. E. G. Taylor, commercial traveler, representing a Bridgeport, Conn. house, is stopping at an uptown hotel. In an interview with a Commercial reporter, Mrs. Taylor said:

"Why do I sign my name upon the hotel register, 'E. G. Taylor, New York'? The reason is, no doubt, obvious. I was born in Cavendish, Vt., and received my education in the public schools there. I married in Bellows Falls, Vt. My husband died 13 years ago, and I have traveled for nine years, representing Thomas P. Taylor who, however, is no relative of mine. I have always been successful; but it is my aim always to be more so. My sample trunk is a large one, and with an average excess of 25 pounds. I never use a hand satchel to show samples in part, but have my trunk taken to stores when it is impossible for buyers to view the samples at the hotel.

"With the exception of a two-week holiday I travel the entire year, visiting all the large cities east of the Mississippi River, and in winter time, for a period of two months, devoting my time to the large cities of all the Southern States, save Florida.

"Many incidents occur while traveling that relieve the monotony. Recently a rather fleshy woman had evidently secured the privilege of storing in the car part of her household effects and many of her pets. Among the latter was a rooster. The conglomeration reminded me of the sign I once saw in front of a general merchandise store out West which reads: 'Bibles and treacle, goodly books and gimlets for sale here.'

"The hotel clerks always treat me with gentlemanly consideration. The traveling men often extend courtesies that show their goodness of heart. In a convention crowded city, when hotels were filled, they have more than once surrendered their rooms to me and gone elsewhere to search for quarters." —New York Commercial.

He Thought It a Muddle.

One who knew him says that the late Thomas B. Reed learned to use the typewriter while he was in public life at the nation's capital. There was a machine in the Ways and Means Committee room, and that was where he practiced.

One day in the last Cleveland administration, after the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had been telling the committee about the finances of the country, the ex-Speaker sat down to the typewriter and gave to Bourke Cockran, then the orator of the House, his opinion upon what he thought had been the result of the conference.

The result of his manipulation of the types may seem a contradiction of the statement that he had learned to use the typewriter, but the better conclusion is that the instrument was used to denote the state of mind in which the discussion left him. At all events, this is what he wrote: —"querty S X BBBB N Mu?—m." 2fc b3xXXX

Strength of an Egg Shell.

Most people are aware of the power of egg shells to resist external pressure on the ends, but not many would credit the results of tests recently made, which appear to be genuine. Eight ordinary hen's eggs were submitted to pressure applied externally at over the surface of the shell, and the breaking pressures varied between 400 pounds and 675 pounds per square inch.

With the stresses applied internally to twelve eggs, these gave way at pressures varying between thirty-two and sixty-five pounds per square inch. The pressure required to crush the eggs varied between forty pounds and seventy-five pounds. The average thickness of the shells was .013 of an inch.—Scientific American.

Elephants as Nurses.

In Siam some of the women instruct their children to the care of elephant nurses, and it is said that the trust is never betrayed. The babies play about the huge feet of the elephants, who are very careful never to hurt their little charges.

Somehow, we always expect a curly-haired man to be sentimental.

ROSES ADD \$5,000 A YEAR TO HIS INCOME

There is at least one man in England who makes money out of his recreations, and that man is the octogenarian dean of Rochester—Dean Hole. Combining deep learning with a large fund of bright wit and broad humor, he can spare time from his heavy ecclesiastical duties to add \$5,000 a year to his income by growing roses in the misty old town so well known to the lovers of Dickens.

For 60 years the dean has been studying the national flower, and during that time as many as 300 varieties have passed through his hands. He is his own gardener, even at his present advanced age, and it is only the more laborious part of the work that he intrusts to other hands. As early as 7 o'clock in the morning the dean may be seen in his garden looking after his pets. His method of disposing of his roses is through a London



DEAN HOLE.

wholesale florist, who cuts them at Rochester under the critical eye of the dean and removes them to Covent Garden Market, where they are sold at prodigious rates to West End clubs and restaurants. Many of the varieties are so rare that it is no uncommon thing for a single rose to fetch as much as \$2.

What puzzles most people is how the dean persuades roses to grow in a place like Rochester, as experts say that the flower never flourishes in a smoky atmosphere or in a chalky soil. It has been surmised that the kind old dean's piety has much to do with the phenomenon, but the reverend gentleman denies the soft impeachment. Like a good business man, he will not give his secret away, and merely says to searchers after knowledge: "I am 83 in the shade, and although I have no desire to encourage gambling, I will back myself to grow a rose with any man in the world." Fifty years ago he concluded that rose growers should be brought together with an opportunity of comparing their achievements. He got together the funds, arranged the schedule and kindled the enthusiasm of other rose growers, and out of this grew the National Rose Society, which flourishes to-day.

MONO-RAIL ROADS.

Latest Developments of High Speed Traction Watched with Interest.

Electrical experts and transportation managers of this country are watching with interest the latest developments of high-speed traction, as indicated by the construction of the "mono-rail" line between Manchester and Liverpool, England, the Berlin-Hamburg tests in Germany and the "limited" service between Cleveland and Toledo. All these represent different types of locomotion.

The German tests are practically a continuation of those made two years ago on the Berlin-Zossen short military line, and are to determine the practicability of maintaining high speeds with both steam and electric locomotives. The "mono-rail" system is a development of the idea which in this country took the forms of the Meigs electric railway and the Boynton bicycle railway. In spite of those who laughed at the inventor who year after year appeared at the State House seeking an extension of the time in which to build his experimental line from Boston to Brockton, the Boynton bicycle railway contained an idea which is being applied practically abroad, and which had vitality enough to withstand not only the fiercest attacks of competitive systems, but ridicule enough to have crushed out a worthless scheme. The experimental lines of the "mono-rail" type which exist as ruins at Coney Island and Patchogue are monuments to the germ of an idea which is full of possibilities. And the great railroads know it.—Boston Transcript.

A Calculation.

Hi Tragedy—Yes, I'm with Bigstar's company now. I get a hundred a week.

Lowe Comedy—Say! You'd be in luck if you only got the difference.

Hi Tragedy—The difference? What do you mean?

Lowe Comedy—The difference between what you get and what you say you get.—Philadelphia Press.

John's Mishap.

A Chinaman once lost his queue, and he didn't know what to do; he searched here and there and almost everywhere, but it never more came to his queue.

The average woman can't understand where the trouble began, recalling with pride in herself that she always met her husband with a smile.