

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Utilizing of Education.

If it be admitted, as indeed it must, that education like everything else should have an end, it should be admitted also that that end must be a useful one, in some real and practical sense. It is true that the tendency of much of education is to take the student off into a land of dreams and to detach him from the scenes of active life. But that need not be so, or if so, need only be so for a while. It is not lost time if young minds are allowed to tarry for a period under the influence of the ideal, and of the aesthetic family. Idealism is the foundation of all true practicality. Every grand loer has been at first a great dreamer.

But just as surely as the ideal is preparatory for higher living, and study the foundation of success, so surely must the type of civil life which characterizes the college give place sooner or later to the serious workaday spirit which enters the arena of social, commercial, or perhaps political life to accept the tasks and fulfill the duties of patriotic citizenship. The use of education is not meant to be a purely selfish use. Culture should not terminate in the personal experience of the educated man.

It remains for the young graduates to put that creed into practice. Knowledge is power, and knowledge is a sacred trust. It is perfectly true that this idea is being abused in some of the industrial excesses of the day where men are taught to become nothing but expert machines, capable of turning out so much work, or of earning increased dividends for somebody else, at the expense of the training of the mind and the development of the religious nature. But such over-emphasis upon the industrial idea in education does not militate against a proper amount of utilitarianism, and while not all knowledge can be practical, in the sense of money-making or comfort-bringing, all culture of the mind should have a distinct relation to the bettering of human life and the elevation of the masses of mankind.—New York Observer.

The Trolley-House.

Now that parlor cars and sleeping cars on trolley lines are established we may be privileged to speculate a bit as to what will come next as an annex of the trolley line. Suppose we hazard the guess that it will be the trolley house—first cousin to the house boat. By the building of spurs and side-tracks in delightful spots at country or seashore at a fair and far distance from the main lines resting places for these movable dwellings could be comfortably managed. At one of them a trolley house might remain for as long a time as contentment was the staying power, and when this burned out the trolley pole might be put in contact with the wire and the trolley house trundled away to pastures new. Of course this is merely the roughest outline of a possible development of the electric car, but it is the pleasantest part upon which the lay mind can dwell. Details of it, like the securing of suitable drinking water and the training of every tenant of one of these dwellings to be his own motor man as well as left to the consideration of those whose business it would be to perfect them.—Boston Transcript.

American Girls and Foreign Husbands.

HERE could be no greater mistake than the assertion that the marriages of American girls with foreigners of rank are mainly confined to England. Up to a quarter of a century ago there were at least three such international marriages in France for one in England. Dozens of American girls have married French nobles of the ancient regime, to say nothing of those who obtained their titles from Napoleon, like Prince Murat. Among these may be mentioned the Duc de Rochefort, the Duc de Dino, and the Duc de Decazes. Many an Italian noble, from Prince Colonna down, has married an American young woman. There are examples of such marriages in the Spanish peerage also; the Duchesse d'Arcois is an American. Many American girls have married German nobles, and one of them, Miss Lee, of New

York, at present the wife of Count von Walderssee, had for her first husband a reigning prince, the Duke of Augustenburg, who was eligible for intermarriage with any imperial family in Europe. There have been fewer examples of such marriages in Austro-Hungary. At this moment we recall but two, that of Miss Carroll, who married Count Esterhazy, and who now lives in Washington, and that of Miss Mabel Wright, who first became Mrs. Ysnaga, sister-in-law of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, and subsequently married a member of the highest Hungarian aristocracy. Whether the rule about sixteen quarters, which is so rigorously observed in the court circle at Vienna, has been relaxed in her favor we know not. The truth is that the number of American women who have married European nobles would be found, upon a complete enumeration, to have exceeded considerably a hundred. We add that, while there have been flagrant exceptions, these international marriages seem, as a rule, to have brought the average amount of happiness.—Harper's Weekly.

Homesteaders Driven to Canada.

THE recent migration of thousands of American farmers to the regions of Western Canada has not been through any lack of opportunity, in the regions of Minnesota and neighboring States, created by natural causes. Whatever lack of opportunity or room exists, anywhere south of the boundary line, is the result of conditions wholly artificial in their origin. Chief among these is the tying up of large bodies of the best lands in the hands of speculators who are holding them for a rise. Take a trip on almost any railroad leading out of St. Paul, and all along its line will be found that the unimproved land exceeds in acreage the amount reduced to cultivation. In great numbers of instances there has been no thought of improving it by its present owners. They have bought it on speculation, and when they sell, it is an even chance that the transfer will be to some other speculator. Drive the speculator out of the field, and the vacant stretches between villages will soon be occupied by farms. At present, even in the wonderfully fertile and productive region of the Red River of the North, a vast acreage is unoccupied—held on speculation.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

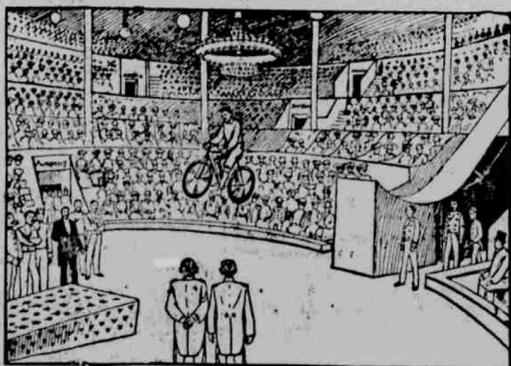
Causes of Failures.

ANALYZING the causes of failure in the United States in 1902, American Industries finds that of the 9,971 failures 29 per cent were due to incompetence, 39 per cent to lack of capital, 17 per cent to special circumstances beyond the business man's control, 10 per cent to fraud and 7 per cent to inexperience. Lack of capital, it appears, is the most dangerous factor in the business life, as it is the greatest obstacle to getting into business. Incompetence, together with inexperience, which amounts to incompetence, accounts for a very large percentage of failures. If to incompetence and inexperience we add "unwise credits," we find that 39 per cent of failures are explained. It amounts to this, in brief, that nearly a third of those who fail in business are not well qualified for it; another third try to do too large a business, and the rest fail by reason of fraud, competition, extravagance, neglect, failures of others, speculation and causes beyond the wisest man's control.—Baltimore Sun.

Noise!

THE modern world, having plunged into a civilization which, with its factories and railroads, seems to promise a continual crescendo of noise, has at last discovered a fact which the mediaeval world was fortunately unable to discover. This fact is that piercing and deafening noises, prolonged through the twenty-four hours, are not only offensive to the ear, but injurious to the health. It becomes necessary, therefore, for the modern world to combat loud noise just as it combats heavy smoke and noisome odors.—Chicago Tribune.

THE LATEST TRICK CYCLING FEAT.



To a German, Paul Munder, belongs the dubious honor of being the latest claimant to fame as a daredevil bicycle rider. Until recently Munder was an amateur bicyclist, but his bold spirit refused to be confined by the feats performed by his brethren, and he has blossomed out as a circus performer with an act that takes one's breath away. Dashing down a steep incline from a height of fifty feet, he and his bicycle leap through the air for a distance of nearly forty feet, landing on a mattress. At present Mr. Munder is trying to amuse the people of Berlin with this exhibition of foolhardiness, and it is said that he will soon put himself on exhibition before American audiences.

for sale at \$1,500, and a farmer who had seen a similar stone elsewhere and had faith in it agitated the formation of a stock company to buy the stone. About a thousand stockholders paid \$1 each and the remaining was necessary was contributed by the present owner. The stone was used on all the animals and most persons that were bitten by dogs. In at least one case, the owner says, the dog was not shot on the spot, but kept until it died of unmistakable rabies. So celebrated are the virtues of this stone that the neighbors are willing to believe that an offer of \$3,000 for it has been refused.—New York Evening Post.

A Modern Indian Wedding. A modern Indian wedding contains a grotesque combination of civilization

OLD FAVORITES

Robert of Lincoln.
Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spink;
Sung and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
And that Miss Mabel Wright, who first became Mrs. Ysnaga, sister-in-law of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, and subsequently married a member of the highest Hungarian aristocracy. Whether the rule about sixteen quarters, which is so rigorously observed in the court circle at Vienna, has been relaxed in her favor we know not. The truth is that the number of American women who have married European nobles would be found, upon a complete enumeration, to have exceeded considerably a hundred. We add that, while there have been flagrant exceptions, these international marriages seem, as a rule, to have brought the average amount of happiness.—Harper's Weekly.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of bragrarts is he,
Pouting boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spunk, spunk, spunk;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knave, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Solber with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum drone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

Bonny Doon.
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I see weary fu' of care?
Thou'd break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flow'ry thorn,
Thou mind'st me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Off has I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
When like a bird sang o' his love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
But my fause lover stole my rose
And, ah, he left the thorn w' me.
—Robert Burns.

ASLEEP IN THE SNOW.
Explorer Who Thought He Had Died
After Reaching Top of Aconcagua.
After reaching the top of Aconcagua, one of the highest peaks in South America, Reginald Rankin was overtaken by a blinding snowstorm. His companions he had left at a camp miles below. His descent on the mountain is described in Longman's Magazine. The farther he went the worse grew the storm; soon he could only see a few feet in front of him. Twice on slippery, hard snow he fell, and was at once whirled down the slope at a terrific pace. How far he rolled in this way he could not tell, but it must have been some hundred feet.
"The deadly eddies of that blizzard at twenty-two thousand feet was fast over-taking me," he says. "I felt that I could go no farther. By the side of a big rock I saw a little scowled-out hollow in the snow. 'Doubtless,' thought I, 'this is my appointed grave.' I sat down in it, quite glad to have ended the struggle.
"When I awoke I thought I was dead. The crescent moon was riding through a sky of deepest metallic blue, against which the white peaks that on every side hedged in my view struck with an almost unearthly contrast. As I gradually comprehended the full stories of that magnificent scene exhibited in the world," said I to myself, "are not half as well buried as I am."
"There was a certain amount of cause, apart from the received tradition that people who go to sleep in snowstorms never wake up again, why I should believe in my bodily extinction. I was utterly without sensation of any kind in my limbs, and when I tried to move them they made no response."
"The snow must have ceased soon after I lay down the previous evening,

for I was only partly covered, and my feet stuck black out of the white mantle, with the toes turned inward toward me in a horrible curl. I began by trying to work my right arm, and after desperate efforts I broke it loose from the ice which had frozen it hard to the snow beneath. Then I worked my left arm loose. Having freed my arms, I broke my back free from the ice the heat of my body had generated, and sat up and tried to work my legs. Here I was less successful; my legs seemed paralyzed: I could not move them at all.
"At this stage in the proceedings my delight in having the finest tomb on earth was sorely dashed. Here was I tied to the top of Aconcagua like a dog to his kennel. Every man must die once, but I strongly resented having to go through the process a second time. After about half an hour's concentrated effort of will I succeeded in freeing my right leg, which appeared to be very nearly as useless free as it was tied, so numb and limp did it feel. With the left leg I had still more trouble. At last I had both legs more or less at my command; but they obeyed orders very slowly and reluctantly, and the feet were both absolutely insubordinate."
Mr. Rankin's fingers were partly frozen, his feet completely frozen, so that upon reaching civilization the toes were amputated. By superhuman exertions he reached his guides, who had given him up for lost, and they hurried him down the mountain. His sufferings on the journey were extreme, and upon reaching Ica he was helpless for a considerable time.

COAL MINING IN BRITAIN.
Great Difficulties Encountered in Sinking Some Shafts.
With increased and increasing demand for coal came the necessity for opening out lower seams, and deeper shafts meant a heavier capital expenditure in colliery enterprise, says the Engineering Magazine. It is worthy of remark how little the outside public realize of the great difficulties that often have to be overcome in sinking—such as passing through water-bearing strata or running sands—or of the enormous cost entailed by some colliery developments.

As early as the year 1820 John Buddle, in giving evidence before the House of Lords, declared that the cost of sinking, even then, was frequently £10,000 to £15,000; and J. T. Taylor stated before a select committee on rating of mines in 1857 that at Haswell colliery in the county of Durham, £40,000 was expended in contending with a quicksand, and that the shaft had ultimately to be abandoned. At Murton colliery, a few miles distant from Haswell, £300,000 was expended in sinking the quantity of water pumped during the operation of passing through the overlying magnesian limestone bed amounted to an average of 9,306 gallons per minute from a depth of 540 feet; and the three shafts ultimately reached the Hulton seam, at a depth of 1,488 feet from the surface, in April, 1843. Many deep and costly sinkings—several much deeper than in the last instance—have been put down since the Murton Winding, but none, I believe, at a greater expenditure of capital, owing doubtless to the greatly improved methods now employed in carrying out such operations through watery strata—notably the Kind-Chaudron system whereby the shaft is bored out and the side protected by metal cylinders lowered from the surface; and the Poetsch or Gobert methods, whereby the water is frozen in the "running" sand, or other water-bearing strata, and the shaft sunk through the solid mass.

It Answered Well.
Wife (with solicitude of tone)—It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself at night, balancing your books?
Husband (tenderly)—It is, my darling.
Wife—I have been thinking about it for some time, and now I have got a pleasant surprise for you.
Husband—A pleasant surprise?
Wife—Yes, dearest, I sent for mother yesterday, and I expect her this evening. I mean to have her stay with us a long time. She will take care of the children, and I can go down and sit in the office with you while you work.
Husband—The Dickens—that is to say, I couldn't think of you going to town.
Wife—It's my duty, dearest. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. Oh, John, forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But if I will go and sit with you to-night.
Husband—To-night? Why, I—I—the fact is I got through with my books last night.
Wife—You did? How delightful! And so you can now stay at home every evening. I'm so glad.
And the delighted wife ran off to make preparations for the reception of her mother, while the husband, with sombre brow, sat looking at the picture of a card party, with one member absent, in the glowing grate.

Upstairs.
"Fifteen-two and a pair makes four," said Subbubs, who was playing cribbage with Popley. "What have you in your crib?"
"Ah!" replied Popley, absent-mindedly. "Just the sweetest little cotsums-footsums girl in the world."—Philadelphia Press.

When you hear a married man say he hasn't made up his mind about a thing he means that he hasn't asked his wife about it.
The office hunting season is open for twelve months each year.

WORK OF THE SCIENTISTS.

Americans Too Busy to Devote Themselves to Original Research.

The American man of science works in the general laboratory of application and assimilation, says the Book-lovers' Magazine. The individual and epoch-making discovery is not usually made under American conditions. It has not been here that chemistry has been recognized by the periodic law of Mendelejeff, or physics by Helmholtz's conception of the conservation of energy. The greatest work of mathematics has not come from Americans, and it is not from them if we except the work of Willard and Walcott (Gibbs) that the flying leap has been taken from the conceptions of the mathematicians to the concepts of molecular or chemical physics. American physicists last winter seemed to be principally occupied in describing to more or less popular audiences what French and English physicists had accomplished in radium and radiant energy.

The broad, continuous record is made here in a wide round. So is the practical application of scientific discovery made elsewhere; but the initial discovery, the co-ordinating theory is not usually American.

Bessemer, a German, discovered the steel process that bears his name. English capital applied it. The United States makes more than half the world's Bessemer. This is not an invariable sequence, but it is frequent. Research in Germany; primary application in England; expansion in America.

It is in this country, most rife with the application of science but deficient in original research, that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given to this special work the largest endowment yet consecrated to the extension of the boundaries of knowledge. It is a favorite theory in American scientific circles that much discovery is stifled here by the insistent claims of teaching on time and strength. If it be so the revenue of the Carnegie Institute furnishes an escape. If it does not the cause for the relative absence of discovery must be looked for in our imperfect elementary education, which stifles where it should stimulate and dulls by routine and mechanical teaching, leaving the mind unable to profit to the highest by higher study in succeeding years.

THE FATHER-IN-LAW OF EUROPE.

Herewith is reproduced the latest portrait of King Christian, of Denmark, who has been dubbed the "father-in-law of Europe" owing to the fact that his children have married into reigning families of several of the great powers. One of his daughters is



Queen Alexandra, of England, who does not let a year pass without paying a visit to her royal sire. The photograph from which the illustration was made was taken at Vienna while King Christian was paying a visit to his son-in-law, the Duke of Cumberland.

German Anti-Tipping League.

A movement has just been started in Berlin to abate, if possible, the practice of tipping in cafes and restaurants. An anti-tipping league has been founded in Berlin, with branches in the principal cities of Germany. The members of the league sign a pledge to frequent only those restaurants and cafes in which tipping is strictly prohibited. The proprietors of the establishments which abolish the tipping will be supplied gratis with a big sign bearing the letters "O. T." (Ohne Trinkgeld) meaning "no tips," printed in large type. The writers themselves profess to be in favor of the innovation as long as their employers pay them a wage sufficiently large to enable them to dispense with tips. It would be a great relief to the traveling public, and particularly to American tourists, who at home are not accustomed to be taxed at every turn, if the league should become a success.

He Wanted to Choose.

A small boy was told by his mother that there would be a new baby for him to play with, as the doctor was going to bring it in his black bag. That afternoon the youngster appeared at the office of the family physician and said:

"Are you going to bring a new baby to our house?"
"Yes, my little man," replied the doctor, highly amused.
"Then," returned the small boy, "let me have a look at the kids you have in stock, and I'll pick out the one I think I'll like best."

Expert Testimony.

"To settle a bet," said the visitor, "how long can a man go without food?"
"Ask the man over there," said the snake editor.
"Is he the editor who answers questions?"
"No, he's a poet."—Philadelphia Press.

ERRORS ABOUT MAD DOGS.

Popular Beliefs Concerning Them that Are Deeply Rooted.

There are some popular beliefs not quite classable as superstitions which seem too deeply rooted for universal education to destroy. Several of these concern mad dogs. The idea that a healthy dog which bites a person must be killed because if it should at some future time go mad the person bitten would have hydrophobia is reluctantly given up, even by some persons of education. Even more strange is the belief in "madstones" about which much has been pointed out. There are many "madstones" in this country and the believers in their efficacy always know where the nearest one is kept. In a few cases these madstones are public institutions. Some of them have curious histories.

One was the property of an Ohio negro, named Lepp, and on his death was placed in the State library at Columbus; from which, according to reports, it was recently taken and applied to the wound of a woman bitten by a supposedly rabid dog. The same report stated that the dog was not mad after all, but that the woman received blood poison from the stone and died. That stone's career of healing should be ended by now.

A Virginia newspaper recalls that another "madstone" was kept at the State penitentiary for many years and was free for the use of any person who wanted it applied to a bite or other wound. "Later a 'madstone' which may perhaps have been the same specimen was sold at auction in the country for \$30.

Perhaps the stone having the most remarkable history is in St. Louis, and one of its "cures" has recently been exploited in the newspapers. It was brought to this country in 1887, by a Russian physician who settled in Nevada. He said that the stone had been used in Russia for 150 years, in proof of which fact he submitted documents written on parchment in Russian, which the people in Nevada had to take as faith, as they could not read the language. He offered the stone