

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

LIVING ON LESS THAN \$1,000 A YEAR.

ONE of the leading banks of Chicago has posted an order that none of its employees who is receiving a salary of less than \$1,000 a year shall marry without first consulting the bank's officials and getting their approval. The more spirited employees of the bank are likely to resent this order as an impertinent attempt to encroach upon their personal liberties. The average man considers it his right to get married when and to whom he pleases, regardless of possible consequences to himself and his bride or of the wishes of his "boss." But while the order may seem an infringement of personal rights, its enforcement may nevertheless promote the good of those whose liberties it restricts.

Hard as it may seem to persons enjoying much larger incomes, there is no question that it is possible for a young couple to live happily and in tolerable comfort even in a large city on less than \$1,000 a year. On an income, say, of \$75 a month, whether they board or "keep house," they can have sufficient to eat, fairly agreeable surroundings, decent clothes and such diversions as good books, a few friends and occasional visits to the parks and the theater afford. It is true, of course, that to have these things they must economize closely; and even though they practice the most rigorous economy there is not much probability that their savings will accumulate so fast as soon to make them bloated plutocrats.

The trouble is not that a couple cannot live honestly, decently and happily on less than \$1,000 a year in a city, and even raise a family on it fairly well. The trouble is that too many of the young men and women of American cities, and especially the young men, form habits before they think of marrying which unfit them later to sustain the burdens of the state of matrimony on so small an income. Extravagance is one of our national vices. It is especially prevalent among the young bachelors of cities. It is probably no exaggeration to say that a majority of them habitually spend all that they make. Now, while one person can live easily and have some luxuries in a city on a small salary of from \$70 to \$100 per month, two people, as we have already indicated, cannot get along decently on it without "scrimping." But the man or woman who has not practiced "scrimping" before marriage will not probably form a liking for doing so after marriage. The too frequent result, therefore, of marriages on small salaries in cities is that the married pair live beyond their means and accumulate debts and misery instead of a competency and happiness; and debts and misery, as everybody knows, leads men daily into different forms of crime and deeper misery.

No doubt it is for the purpose of saving their employees from these unfortunate results of improvident marriages and its own cash from the fingers of persons suffering from them, that the Chicago bank has posted its unique notice. If the order is effective it is likely to benefit rather than injure those whose freedom of action it hampers.—Kansas City Journal.

THE RUSH TO CITIES.

THE Indiana State Board of Public Instruction has made a valiant attempt to stem the tide of Indiana boys flowing in greater numbers every year into Chicago. It has issued a circular letter to all the teachers in the State, calling attention to the alarming extent of such emigration and urging them to exert all their influence against it.

"It will be a sad day for our national life," says the board—and it is right—"when all the young farmers move to town and the small, well-cultivated homesteads give way to big landed estates."

The rush of population to the cities is truly one of the most serious menaces to our national life, but thus far no way has been found to check it. It had no existence until after the war. In 1890 only about 12 per cent of the inhabitants of the United States lived in the cities. The war unsettled the minds of men who theretofore had been contented to remain in their homes, and accordingly the census of 1870 showed that fewer people continued satisfied with farm life, for the percentage of urban population had risen to nearly 21 per cent. Since then it has steadily grown until, in 1900, more than 33 of every 100 Americans were living in cities.

The tendency is even stronger than it seems, for in the past few years much has been done to remove or mitigate many of the causes of complaint against the farmer's life. Railway building has brought the most remote dis-

tricts into touch with the national centers of trade. Trolley lines have gridironed all the Middle West, and Indiana especially. The rural free delivery system has given the farmer a daily mail service, and by means of the telephone he is in rapport with all the world. Besides all this, we have had a succession of fat years, so that the farmer is now prosperous beyond all precedent.

Nevertheless, all this has not kept the young man on the farm where he was born. As soon as he was old enough he made his way to the nearest large city, where, sleeping in unsanitary and cramped quarters, eating unwholesome and adulterated food in cheap restaurants, and working in unaccustomed ways harder than any farmer has to work, he managed at the sacrifice of all the independence and self-respect of his manhood to make a precarious living. And for what good?

Let the thousands of joyless boarding houses that line decaying streets and the other thousands of flimsy and stuffy flats occupied by people who are getting their existence, as they get their furniture, on the installment plan—let these answer. What is the fascination that keeps their tenants chained to the wheel of urban poverty, toil, hardship and obscurity in an ugly and depressing environment?

Benjamin Franklin said that it was a hard case indeed when you could not find a reason for doing what you wanted to do. But who that might be his own master on his own farm can give a reason for wanting to exchange his lot for degrading slavery in a large city?

Reason or no reason, such are the facts, and there seems to be no chance of altering them at present. It is possible, however, that the Indiana board's idea of informing the farmer's children of the drawbacks of life in the city and impressing their young minds with the idea that life in the country is much more to be desired may at times have a good effect. In any case, this is a matter that deserves the most serious thought on the part of all patriotic citizens.—Chicago Journal.

A TURNING POINT IN HISTORY.

THE present war is likely to be a turning point in history. Many times before has the immemorial fight between the East and the West reached such a climax, and to-day the Japanese may feel that they are associated with the great defenders of history. They fight to-day as the Greeks fought the Persians, the Franks the Moors, the Magyars the Turks. Since the Turks were stopped at the Danube the larger history of the world has written the slow conquest of the East by the West. The process has known no stay. It has been subject to no such checks as for a thousand years earlier the great invasions from the East had invariably met. But the aggression of Europe was all the more formidable that it was largely peaceful. Manchester prints and Brummagem ware, articles made in Germany, and American cottons have been much better battle cries than "The Korean or the sword." And gradually most of Asia has come to live subject to the will of Europe and on condition of buying European goods. All of Asia to-day, except China and Japan, is pretty definitely marked out for ultimate occupation by some European power. If Japan is humiliated and China partitioned, the process will be completed; the East as a political entity will have been destroyed, the East as a peculiar civilization will have been profoundly impaired.—New York Post.

Japanese Progressiveness.

THE Japanese always want the latest "tip" on science; they are all for progress. It is interesting to note that they have established communication across the Bay of Korea by wireless telegraphy, sending messages from Cheumipo to Chefoo, a distance of 270 miles.

Of course the messages are not very elaborate, and we can imagine some simple signals being arranged beforehand, and the Japanese would know for certain that there was no danger of their news being intercepted in any way by the Russians.

For the rough purpose of war it can quite be believed that the Japanese, with their extreme curiosity as to what is new, have rigged up in a few ships' instruments capable of taking in signals with the assistance of some of their skilled civilian telegraphists on board.

Ashore the army will run their field telegraphs, at which they are adepts, and afloat the navy will use dispatch boats, flags and flashing signals. The Japanese flashing lamp is peculiarly powerful—in fact, better than anything we have in the British navy.—London Telegraph.

How Animals Travel.

American railroads have almost as many different kinds of cars for carrying animals as they have cars for passengers.

One kind of car that is used for shipping horses is known technically as a palace horse car, and, excepting for the fine woodwork and brasswork, it is a palace car, giving horses fine accommodations.

Each horse has his own stateroom, so to speak, for the car is fitted with independent stalls. Each stall has manger and water trough, and overhead are racks for holding extra feed.

Sheep and hogs are often carried in cars with two stories. These are known as double-deckers, and the animals are shipped in both stories. They have room to lie down in and water is supplied to them from pipes.

Horses and cattle are sidetracked at intervals if the cars are making a long run, and the beasts are led out and allowed to run around for exercise. Then they are driven back to their cars and resume their journey.

Sheep are often unloaded within a few miles of their destination and turned loose to rest and feed until they are in good flesh. This is not done merely from motives of humanity. It has been found that the sheep are so much improved by it that they bring higher prices when they reach the market.

Lemonade from Sea Water.

Citric acid added to sea water precipitates the salt, making a harmless mineral water. Seven ounces of citric acid will supply a shipwrecked man with this marine lemonade for a week.

An Atchison woman discharged her girl as her Lenten sacrifice, and her husband finds that everything she puts before him is a burnt offering.

Science and Invention

Gravel will shrink eight per cent; gravel and sand, nine per cent; clay and clay earths, ten per cent; loam and light sandy earths, twelve per cent. These figures are useful in making estimates for such work.

Among the innumerable experiments with liquid air two are particularly curious. A ball of india rubber immersed in it becomes as brittle as glass, but a ball of lead, in the same circumstances, acquires elasticity, and will rebound like rubber.

French statistics show that a total of 238,706 horse-power from the falls of the Alps is now used for generating electricity. The electric power serves the following: Aluminum works, 22,336 horse-power, other metallurgical factories 20,485; chlorate of potassium works, 9,000; calcium carbide works, 60,466; sodium chlorate works, 13,400; transmission of power and lighting, 38,727; various industries, 19,889.

It is reported from Johannesburg that a new and unexpected source of wealth has been discovered in the territory of the late Boer republic. Near the eastern border of the Transvaal, on the edge of the lofty South African plateau, three valuable lodes of tin ore have been found, and the deposits are apparently so extensive that predictions are heard that the new colony may prove to be as rich in tin and copper as it is already known to be in gold.

The human body changes its temperature very slightly under any conditions of heat or cold, but a Russian naturalist finds that the body temperature of insects is practically that of the atmosphere. It usually rises more slowly than the air, though more rapidly when the air is very moist. When the insect begins to move, the temperature rises rapidly, and may reach about 28 degrees C. (82.2 degrees F.) Below—0.5 degrees C. insects remain motionless, and the wings are not moved until the temperature reaches about 12 degrees C.

The latest new form of dirigible balloon, invented by L. J. Anderson, of London, has two elongated gas-bags of the same shape and size placed side by side, like the two hulls of a catamaran boat. The car is suspended beneath, being equally supported by both balloons, and the driving propeller is placed behind their rear ends, and half-way between them. In experimenting with a model having balloons seven feet long, the inventor finds that this form of airship possesses advantages in steering and in maintaining a straight course. He is constructing a full-sized apparatus with balloons 70 feet long to be driven by a 50-horse-power electric motor.

After forty years of agitation, led by Liverpool merchants, the British government has just sanctioned the use of a weight of fifty pounds in place of the standard "hundredweight" (112 pounds), and "half-hundredweight" (fifty-six pounds). The reform was demanded because the immense quantities of cotton, corn, tobacco and other American products landed at Liverpool were calculated by the sellers in pounds, while the buyers were compelled to reckon in "hundredweights," which did not represent the number of pounds that the name implies. It is claimed that the reform will save a great amount of time and labor and prevent many errors. It is also regarded as an entering wedge for the introduction of the decimal system in England.

A House Divided.

Most persons have had the experience of walking with a friend out of step and trying to shift just at the moment when the friend also makes the attempt. This is an instance of thwarted harmony much like that which appears in a story, told by V. C., of an elderly couple. They were childless, and had never been united by the bond of other lives linked with their own. So they were always in a state of well-bred disagreement.

On the subject of meals they disagreed thoroughly, and each usually suggested a dish for the Sunday dinner which the other did not approve. One Saturday the man came home from market with a basket.

"You needn't worry about to-morrow's dinner any more, Maria. I've got it."

"And so have I, George. You were so undecided—"

"Undecided? I told you what I wanted."

"Well, I mean you didn't decide as I did. So I bought a goose."

"Why, so have I. I told you I'd like a goose."

"Well, now we are agreed for once, anyway."

"Yes, and I suppose we'll have cold goose and stewed goose for the next two weeks."

They relapsed into their usual silence.

Sunday forenoon the wife asked, "Do you want a little quince in the apple-sauce with your goose?"

"Your goose, you mean?"

"No, I don't. It seemed so absurd to have two geese in the house that I sent mine to Aunt Jane."

"What! I sent mine to Uncle Joe!"

Dressed for a Long Walk. Mrs. Malaprop—I walked twenty-five miles yesterday. Mr. Parlorom—Did you wear a pedimeter? Mrs. Malaprop—Oh, no, indeed—just a short skirt.—Harvard Lampoon.

QUEER USES FOR CEILINGS.

Men Have Employed Them as Substitutes for Savings Banks.

Some time since a Liverpool gentleman died, as it was thought, intestate. No will could be found, and the next of kin had already entered into possession when the decorators, in whose hands the deceased's old house had been placed for renovation, came across the long-sought-for document, posted on the library ceiling, where it had been hidden from view by a layer of paper, which had been placed there by the eccentric testator himself.

The celebrated Beau Brummel, during the first years of his exile, while yet his fame as a dandy was pre-eminent, had the ceiling of his bedroom covered with mirrors, so that even while at rest he could study elegance and assume a graceful pose. For such a purpose a glass ceiling is, however, not unique, and the notorious duchess of Cleveland had such another constructed to gratify her vanity.

For a far different reason did a certain Yorkshire gentleman of the last century, mentioned by Mrs. Gaskell in her "Life of Charlotte Bronte," have his ceiling paneled with mirrors. Ardently devoted to the sport of cock-fighting, he continued to the last to enjoy his favorite pastime, and even when on his deathbed his room was the scene of many an exciting fight, which, lying on his back, he saw reflected in the glass overhead.

Another invalid whose tastes were certainly more aesthetic was a gentleman who died lately at Munich. Confined for many months to his bed, he gratified his love for art by having his ceiling papered and covered with his most treasured pictures, which he in his younger days had acquired. These were changed from time to time for others in his collection, which in their turn were contemplated with delight by the crippled connoisseur as he lay stretched on his couch of pain.

During a police case heard a year back at Tottenham the prosecutrix told the magistrate that she had taken the prisoner in out of charity and had permitted her to remain. This the prisoner denied, saying that she paid 2s 6d a week. "You only paid 2s," retorted the other, "and that is marked on the ceiling." This novel idea of converting a ceiling into a rent book evoked a roar of laughter in court.

An eccentric Brighton pedagogue was wont to use the ceiling of his schoolroom as a blackboard. It was covered with a casing of blackened and polished wood on which the dominie, by means of a long, chalk-pointed rod, used to draw geometrical figures and diagrams while discoursing on the subtleties of Euclid. This unusual proceeding was but the practical application of a quaint theory of his that the elevation of the pupils' eyes induced sharpness of intellect.

Much annoyed at the bareheaded manner in which the photos of his friends and acquaintances that were scattered in profusion about his rooms, were appropriated by his many visitors, a gentleman well known in Parisian society hit upon the ingenious device of having them affixed to the ceilings of his flat. Three large rooms are thus decorated, and that callers, should they desire, may obtain a clear view of the portraits, opera glasses of special construction are supplied.

When in 1833 Mile. Forrester gave a dance at her house in Paris the ceiling of the ballroom was so constructed that at given intervals it discharged upon the dancers a fine rain of white rose, cherry blossom, jockey club and other scents. This pleasing surprise was likewise prepared for his guests by a wealthy Russian nobleman, who, however, heightened the effect by having the ceiling exquisitely painted with the flowers whose essences descended upon those beneath.—London Tit-Bits.

Fishhook Cactus.

Many a traveler in desert lands, when in danger of dying from thirst, has been saved by the plant known as the water or fishhook cactus, says the New York Commercial. During the moist season it stores up a large quantity of water for the subsequent dry one, when all the ground is parched with heat and only channels filled with stones mark the course of former rivulets. So well has this cactus provided for the safety of its precious liquid that it is no easy task to obtain it.

The exterior skin is more impenetrable than the toughest leather, and, besides, it is protected with long, wiry spines curved into hooks at the end, yet so strong and springy that if a large rock be thrown against them they remain uninjured. If the spines be burned off one way, by long and tedious effort, cut through the rind with a stout knife; otherwise nothing but an axe will enable them to get at the interior of this well-armed plant. When the top is removed and a hollow made by scooping out some of the soft inner part it immediately fills with water, cool and refreshing, though a blistering sun may have been beating upon the tough skin above it all day. The water, when first obtained, has a whitish or smoky tint, but when settled is as clear as crystal.

Temporary Opinion.

The Fiancee—The idea of his thinking that he is unworthy of me. The Confidante—Yes, but you needn't argue the matter with him. He'll discover his error in time.—Brooklyn Life.

A Query Answered.

Laura—We have no infallible formula for removing a double chin. Consult some man who says he can shave himself in the dark.—Baltimore News.

Some women have so much powder on them that kissing them must taste like the first bite in a biscuit.

LITERARY LITTLE-BITS

Joel Chandler Harris is arranging for publication in book form some new Uncle Remus stories which he wrote during last year.

Margaret Horton Potter has named her new novel "The Flame-Gatherers." It is a tale of India during the early years of the thirteenth century.

Hildegard Hawthorne, whose first novel, "A Country Interlude," is being published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Miss Lillian Bell has written a story showing the heroine of "Abroad With the Jimmies," as a "honeymooner," a fat dweller, a housekeeper, and a hostess.

Marie Corelli has completed the manuscript of a new romance much in the manner of "Thelma," Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish the book in this country.

S. R. Crockett's next novel, "Strong Mac," is to be a story of Scottish life in the early part of the last century. The heroine will bear the mellifluous name of Adora.

A new novel by Lucas Malet is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co. for publication this fall. Its title will be "The Paradise of Dombin," and it is understood to deal with modern English society.

"How to Be Self-Supporting at College," by James Melvin Lee, is a well-written and suggestive essay by a recent graduate of Wesleyan University. It is of particular interest to young men preparing for college.

Rudyard Kipling's new volume of stories will be published the coming fall. At the same time will appear a new novel by Henry James. The latter is preparing to make a visit to America after an absence of many years.

A. C. McClurg & Co. will shortly issue in one volume a reprint of Patrick Gosse's journal of the Lewis and Clark expedition, edited by Dr. James K. Hosmer. It will be uniform in style with the publishers' library edition of Lewis and Clark.

Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, president general of the International Sunshine Society, has just finished her comprehensive book upon ways in which women can earn money. Her book is based upon actual personal experience in a variety of occupations, and also upon the experiences noted from thousands of letters and personal interviews.

The Missouri town that forms the background of Miss Rose E. Young's Henderson, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish, is just such a one as the author's native village. At eighteen, however, Miss Young left Missouri and went to Texas, where she taught school and dabbled a little in journalism. Later she took up editorial work in Chicago, and finally went to New York. Her first novel, "Sally of Missouri," appeared last autumn.

Mrs. Theodore Thomas has written a book which is said to be something in the vein of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." It is to be entitled "Our Mountain," and is the narrative of several seasons spent by the eminent impresario and his wife at their summer home, Felsengarten, near Bethlehem, N. H. The garden is described in the text and through photographs, and there is also the story of "how we built it with our own four hands." The book will bear the imprint of the Macmillan Company.

LEAVES CARD IN HIS SHOES.

Senator Cockrell Thus Marks His Rubbers at the White House.

The veteran Senator from Missouri, Mr. Cockrell, is nothing if not resourceful, says the Washington Post. This was demonstrated the other evening on the occasion of the last public reception at the White House.

Mr. Cockrell approached that important function through the long tunnel which has its entrance just opposite the west side of the treasury. But as he shed his outer garments at the entrance he forgot about the heavy overshoes that incased his patent leathers and protected his extremities from the severe cold. Not till he had proceeded, by easy and prolonged stages, past the portraits and waving palms, and began to climb the stone staircase, where the sound of the spirited music burst upon his ear, did the Missourian become aware that he was unnecessarily encumbered.

Of course, the press was great. It always is in the processions into the white house on such public occasions. To turn back and deposit his superfluous footwear with the polite attendants where the crowds surge in might have been well enough but for losing one's place in the line. An hour's time would have been dissipated.

Therefore, Mr. Cockrell removed the overshoes and, leaning over the stout rope, placed them close up against the wall on the side of the staircase not occupied by arriving guests. Into one of them he gracefully dropped his calling card. Then he resumed his steady march along the sinuous route to the east room. Many a curious spectator looked into the cavernous office at the tiny bit of pasteboard, but the overshoes were undisturbed, and Senator Cockrell found them there an hour later.

Nothing worries some men like the expected troubles that never happen.

PIONEER INDEPENDENCE.

Country life and city life to-day are made delightful by countless conveniences and luxuries of which the grandfathers of the present generation did not dream. These conveniences are, nevertheless, purchased at the price of more or less of that sturdy independence which distinguished the pioneers, and of which George Cary Eggleston has given an attractive picture in "The First of the Hoosiers," which is in a sense the story of the life of his brother, Edward Eggleston.

In the days of Edward Eggleston's boyhood the foremost citizen of Vevay, Ind., was Captain William Lowry. He had conquered his worst enemy when he had cleared the forest from such lands as he wished to till, and from the first he relied upon himself for the satisfaction of his needs and the needs of his family.

The family grew rapidly as families usually did in that day and country; but under the primitive way of living the multiplication of children was a help rather than a hindrance to prosperity. To the end of his days Captain Lowry and his boys and girls produced for themselves everything they needed to eat, drink and wear, with the exception of salt, coffee, tea, and, as prosperity increased, a calico gown now and then as a bit of finery for the women folk.

On the farm itself the cotton and wool needed for clothing were grown, carded, spun, woven and fashioned into garments. The blankets on the beds, as well as the quilts, and the sheets and the pillow-cases, which were made of home-grown linen, were prepared in like manner.

The sugar-camp, a vast grove of sugar-maple trees, yielded all the sugar and molasses used on the place. From the corn-crocks came, besides a great

store of apples, an abundance of cider and vinegar, apple butter, peach butter, dried fruits and cider molasses. The dairy yielded milk, cream, cheese and butter in lavish abundance.

The poultry-yards produced more than the home demand called for, but the surplus was never sold. Much of it was given away to less fortunate folk. Beef, pork, bacon and mutton were all products of the farm. The grain was ground in near-by water-mills, and the miller was paid his "toll," not in coin, but in a portion of the grain.

In all his life this sturdy pioneer never had a servant or hired helper of any kind in his house. All the work of the household was done by the members of the family working together in willing co-operation, making something of a frolic out of much of the work; and not one of them ever had work enough to bring more than a healthy and pleasant weariness.

The house was a generously hospitable one. Rarely came a time when there were not some of the numerous relatives staying there, as all of them loved to do. The place was a kind of Mecca to them all. Strangers were entertained, too, whenever their paths led into that region; but no presence, whether of visiting kinsfolk or of passing strangers, was ever suffered to make the smallest difference in the family life.

Whether there were many guests or none in the house, there was always an abundantly laden table, and there were beds by plenty. There was singing in the evening, and if the weather was cold there was always a gathering of children, and often of young men and maidens round the great wood fire, where nuts were cracked and apples roasted, while one or more of the girls played a merrily humming accompaniment on her spinning wheel.

Some of the girls liked spinning—some did not. Those who liked it did it; those who did not let it alone. That

was the spirit in which all these things were done in the house and on the farm.

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