

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

War and Peace.

ONE of the curious features of the present international situation in regard to armaments is the indisposition to increase war implements and military forces on any other ground than that of self-defense. No government in Europe would to-day dare ask for increase of taxation for purposes of military conquest. No nation wants an army, and yet many nations are armed in a degree unknown before in the history of the modern world, because other nations are armed. It is a great mistake to imagine that, because the financial budgets of the great powers show almost annual increase in expenditures for the army and navy, therefore warlike feeling is growing, or that the love of peace has not gained ground or that the horror of war does not deepen, year by year. England feels obliged to keep a navy about equal in power to the navy of any two other countries purely as a matter of self-defense. She increases her armament because Russia and Germany increase theirs, and she increases it under protest. Germany adds continually to her military resources, although there is not the slightest doubt that the Emperor desires peace. In this country the only ground on which people would tolerate the increased expenditure for the navy which has been made in recent years has been the ground of self-defense. The commerce of the country is so great, the possibilities of complication so many and the armaments of the other nations of the first rank so large, that, so long as these conditions continue, the great majority of Americans, who hate war and who profoundly believe that the genius of America is peace, feel also that the country must have adequate protection, and have it ready at hand in case of an unexpected need. The world is in arms to-day under protest, each country keeping up its force because every other country keeps up its force.—New York Outlook.

World's Fairs Not Profitable.

EXPOSITIONS where great sums are expended for architectural and other displays are not immediately profitable. If they are ultimately profitable the gain is too remote and obscure to be susceptible of trustworthy estimation. There is reason to believe that they are an injury rather than a benefit to the cities where they are held. They attract great numbers of workmen and others while the money is going for construction, etc., and there is an appearance of prosperity. This appearance is prolonged while visitors are pouring in and spending money, but the cost which is borne in the first instance, mostly by local purchasers of stock, is never covered by receipts, or anywhere near covered. A great share of it is lost beyond recovery. Some are benefited in various ways, but on the whole the loss exceeds the gain. The exposition city sustains injury in consequence of a sudden boom in real estate, followed by a long season of depression and dullness. It sustains still more injury from the influx of an undesirable population, which to a great extent remains stranded and a public burden, taking the form of an increase in pauperism and crime.

This has come to be so well understood that it will probably be more difficult hereafter to induce people to contribute the money for the preliminary work. It is not improbable that in future world's exhibitions the exhibits will be much less extensive and more choice. This would greatly reduce the cost, and the results would be more satisfactory to those who get a comprehensive view of what is going on in the world. Less bigness, less of the gorgeous and spectacular, will make world's fairs more profitable and of greater educational value.—Chicago Chronicle.

Art of Keeping a Secret.

PERSONS that can keep a secret are few. A secret seems to give most people a colic until they relieve the pressure by breathing the treasured information into other ears. Even when the secret reflects shame on the possessor he is sorely tempted to share it with somebody. In that case the instinct for confession takes the place of the vainglorious motives which, in other cases, loosen the tongues of the custodians of a secret. The ordinary person, having a secret, feels proud of it. He goes

about with the thought in his mind that he knows something that would amaze people should they be informed of it. Like the barber of King Midas, of Phrygia, who discovered that his master had asses' ears, he must tell the news or burst; but he seldom displays the shrewdness of the barber, who whispered the awful information into a hole in the ground and then covered up the hole.

Stevenson said that a Scot would keep a secret just for the exercise of keeping it, but even Scotland has its babblers. Human nature is instinctively communicative. There is scarcely a human being, man or woman, that has not one confidant. The rarely gifted persons that absorb secrets as black felt absorb light, giving out nothing and into whose unyielding breasts secrets may be deposited in the firm faith that they will go no further, are not to be found on every corner. They are almost as scarce as centaurs.

There is only one secure method of keeping a secret, and that is to keep it. A secret may be defined as information known only to one person. Telling a secret to one friend, though he be pledged with awful oaths to let it go no further, is like taking the first drink of whisky; it is the initial step toward danger. So long as the toper refrains from the first drink he will not get drunk, and so long as the treasurer of a secret keeps it locked up closely in his own mind, communicating it to no one at all, the secret is safe.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Is Crime Increasing?

WHENEVER a crime of unusual turpitude is committed, and particularly whenever a number of such forbidding events occur in quick succession, we hear much about the "epidemic of crime," accompanied by lugubrious comment to the effect that wickedness is increasing, that it is outrunning the growth of population, that the country is rapidly degenerating. It has become the settled conviction of minds chronically indisposed to look upon the sunny side of things that the criminal population is increasing at a more alarming rate than at any time in the country's history, yet no proof is at hand to support this pessimistic view.

Penologists are awaiting trustworthy and sufficiently comprehensive statistics on this interesting subject. Samuel J. Barrows, Commissioner for the United States on the International Prison Commission, declared in a paper published in 1903 that for want of any comparative statistics in the United States it is extremely difficult to say whether criminals are increasing with reference to the population inasmuch as so much depends upon the activity of the police. Mr. Barrows observes that as social relations multiply the standard of propriety and good conduct and of social protection is constantly raised, and when new laws are rigidly enforced "we may expect an increase for the time being in the number of offenders until society has adjusted itself to the new requirements."

It may be noted that the system of news gathering has been brought to a high pitch of efficiency in our day. Every crime of importance occurring almost anywhere in the country is immediately reported. We hear very much more about crime than our forebears did. The diligence of the reporters and the news agencies creates the impression that the world is growing worse. The law-abiding millions attract little attention.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Travesties on Religion.

THE religion which does not appeal to the mind and the soul, and which does not attract because of innate worth, is of little account. The sooner it goes the better it will be for all—save the sensational clergyman, who is compelled to gather congregations by methods bordering on the methods of the circus ring. The American is fond of the spectacular at times, and in moderate quantities. But he neither believes in megaphonic spectacularism nor in mixing religion and tight rope trapeze performances. He may not be a deeply religious man, but he has a wholesome sense of the proprieties. It is never a matter of trouble for him to detect the difference between the mountebank in the pulpit and the clergyman who preaches because he believes and relies on his belief for the holding of his flock together.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

USE FEW FILIPINO WORDS.

Americans Gain Little in Language from the Eastern Isles.

A letter making inquiry of Colonel Edwards, chief of the bureau of insular affairs, war department, as to words grafted into the English language on account of the American occupation of the Philippines was turned over to Captain Taylor, who is an excellent Spanish scholar and is getting up the history of the Philippines from the public documents captured from the Filipinos. He made a reply which indicated that not so many words come over from the Philippines, although thousands of United States soldiers have spent years in the islands. Probably the Tagalog language and the language of the different tribes do not impress the Americans who go to the Philippines.

Spanish is the chief language of the Philippines, and by the acquisition of Florida, New Mexico, Texas and California the United States acquired about all of the Spanish terms needed in the English language to convey the meaning of various places and objects. The English language does not apparently acquire many words from savagery. It would be pretty hard to name any words in the English language that were acquired from the Indians of North America save the names of places.

No one knows how many dialects and different languages are spoken in the Philippine Islands. General Andrew Burt, who spent several years in the Philippines, and served in important positions, said that oftentimes he occupied one point with troops where one language was spoken, while three miles away a totally different language was spoken, differing apparently more than languages of different Indian tribes in this country. The acquisition of any of these tribal languages outside of the Tagalog was almost impossible and useless. It is apparent that whatever else the Philippines contribute they will not enrich or enlarge the American language.

When you write a letter have you a very good reason for writing?

LITERARY LITTLE-BITS

The citizens of Geneva, Switzerland, have presented Stanley J. Weyman with an illuminated and inscribed address and a bust of Calvin in token of their appreciation of his novel of Geneva "The Long Night."

Clara Louise Burnham in Jewel has drawn one of those delightfully natural pictures of child life which have a charm for all classes of readers. The heroine is a lovable child and is blessed with a sense of humor.

A novel by Stanley Weyman is always an event of interest to those who love a good historical novel. His new story is to be published by Longmans, Green & Co. It is a historical romance of France when Henri Quatre reigned.

The Grafton Press, New York, well known for intelligent attention to genealogies, biographies and local histories, has added a genealogical department conducted by an expert and experienced genealogist. This is a timely recognition of an interest that is growing noticeably in this country.

Charles Hemstreet, the authority on Old New York, has decided to become the manager of a press clipping bureau in New York. Speaking recently of his decision, he said: "I give up literature after a fair and impartial trial of eighteen years, fully convinced that the prospect of the old age of an author is not alluring."

Levet Yeats, who made readers grateful for his first book, "The Honor of Savelu," has a new story, which is also a historical romance, coming out under the title of "Orrain." The scene is laid in the days of Henry II. of France and its historical interest centers in the struggle between Catherine de Medici and Diana de Portiers.

W. E. Morris has furnished a new story entitled "Nigel's Vocation." It is a story of a young man who, having joined the church of Rome and having been admitted to a monastery as a novice, finds himself recalled to the world by the inheritance of a large estate. The schemes of many persons to supplant him and complications which arise from his love affairs form the story.

"Christian Science" is the title of a book which Mrs. Mary Platt Parnele is about to publish, perhaps has published by this time. In it she is said to inquire if it is either Christian or science, and to "discuss dispassionately" its claims, benefits, limitations and errors. This seems queer, since we have been told that Christian Science aims to put mankind in a receptive attitude, so as not to obstruct or evade the acts or will of God toward his creatures. And if this be true how can there be either limitation or error in the influence it seeks to aid?

Mrs. Emily Post's new book, "The Flight of a Moth," will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. The heroine is a young and beautiful American widow, who, after her husband's death, does exactly what she pleases. From her childhood on, until the last day of mourning for her husband, she has been held back from having a good time. When the book opens she goes to Europe with only her maid, and decides to make up for lost time. Her sister warns her that she is like a moth and will burn her wings, but she declares that she would "rather be a burnt moth than a crawling worm."

Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley, the author of "The Singular Miss Smith," is widely known through her various historical-religious novels: "Titus: A Comrade of the Cross; Stephen: A Soldier of the Cross; Paul: A Herald of the Cross; The Cross Triumphant; The Transfiguration of Miss Philura; and Prisoners of the Sea." She was educated at Wellesley College, and married the Rev. Mr. Kingsley in 1882. Since 1902 she has been on the staff of the Ladies Home Journal. She does her literary work, she says, "from 9 to 12, while the children are at school." Her new story is described as a decidedly clever skit on various phases of social life and women clubs; but it is also an attractive and unusual love story.

AMERICAN FLAG IN BATTLE.

Record of the Union Standard from Brandywine to Santiago.

Although the resolution by which the flag became a national standard was not officially promulgated by the secretary of Congress until Sept. 3, 1777, it seems well authenticated that the regulation stars and stripes were carried at the battle of Brandywine, fought Sept. 11, 1777. This shows that the contract entered into by Betsy Ross must have been carried out with great expedition, and that the flags had been distributed among the line regiments of the revolutionary army early in September. The flag first displayed in battle at Brandywine Creek had thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and as a union thirteen white stars were displayed on a blue field.

The flag which was carried by the men in blue and buff during the battles of the revolution remained unchanged until the first day of May, 1795, when, by a previous act of Congress, two additional stripes were added to the body of the standard and two stars to the union. These additions were made to represent the States of Vermont and Kentucky, which had just been admitted to the federal union. As no further change was made in the national flag until 1818, it follows that the regimental col-

ors carried during the war of 1812 were of this design. Thus the American flag surrendered by General Hull at Detroit, and those captured by the British at Bladensburg and Washington must all have displayed fifteen alternate red and white stripes, as well as the fifteen stars of the union.

In 1818, by an act of Congress, the stripes of the national flag were again reduced to thirteen, and it was declared that the addition of a star to the union should thenceforward represent each new State. A newspaper of the time, still kept in the government archives, said: "By this regulation the thirteen stripes will represent the number of States whose valor and resources originally effected the American independence, and additional stars will mark the increase of the States since the present constitution." From this time on the increase of stars in the constellation which formed the union was steady, and during the war with Mexico, in 1846, twenty-nine white stars were displayed in the blue field.

The flags borne by the regiments of the northern army during the four years of the great civil war had thirty-five stars in the union. This was the full number of States then forming the national federation, as the United States government had refused to recognize the constitutional right of a State to secede from the union. The retention of the stars representing the Southern States was regarded as a serious breach of military etiquette by the more punctilious of the Confederate leaders, and the capture of one of the Federal standards was always well rewarded by the authorities at Richmond.

The regimental flags carried by the regular and volunteer regiments during the Spanish war of 1898 displayed forty-five stars in the blue field of the union, ten new States having been added to the federation since the great civil struggle which so nearly severed the republic. This was also the first foreign war in which the State troops of the reunited country appeared in the field together, and it was the first occasion on which former Confederate officers of high rank resumed the uniform of the United States service. The great garrison flag which was hoisted over Santiago after the surrender of the city by the Spanish commandant measured twenty feet in width by thirty-six feet in length, the forty-five white stars which formed the union showing distinctly against the bright blue of the field.—Philadelphia Record.

COLLECTING TRANSFERS FAD.

New Hobby that Street Car Conductors Run Across Nowadays.

"Transfer, please," said a passenger on a Broadway car.

"Where to?" asked the conductor.

"I don't care," answered the man. "Any old place. I'm not going to use it anyhow."

"Collect 'em?" inquired the conductor, and the passenger nodded.

It wasn't a rush hour and the conductor had time to talk. "That's the newest freak," he explained to the man on the back platform. "Collecting transfers. I suppose about once a week some chap tackles me for a transfer to add to his collection. Of course, we won't hear that part of it officially. We've got to give transfers when they are asked for, and what's done with them is none of our business."

"A man who travels with me quite often showed me the other day a collection of nearly 400 transfers that he'd gathered. They represented about every city in the country of more than 10,000 population. This man said he'd picked them up on his own travels through friends in various places, and even by writing to the street railway companies direct for them.

"All transfers are patterned on the same general style nowadays. That is, they are marked off into little sections containing the transfer points, the hours and minutes for the time limit, the dates and so on. The conductor punches one of each of the sections.

"Out in Salt Lake City they still use a system that used to be followed on the Jersey City trolleys, but was given up several years ago. On the transfers are printed a lot of little pictures of men and women and children. There is a man with a smooth face, a man with a mustache and a man with a full beard; a young woman and an old woman; a boy and a girl. The conductor punches the picture that most nearly resembles the person to whom the transfer is issued. The system never became popular for one thing women don't like it. It was a pretty old lady who didn't get huffy if the young woman's face was not punched for her.

"In Kansas City they are particularly whether you are going to transfer north, east, south or west, so there is printed on the transfers a compass showing these four points, and the direction you are going is punched out."—New York Sun.

Appetite of the Eskimos.

The Eskimos have enormous appetites. An arctic explorer relates that he saw a boy eat ten pounds of solid beef food and drink a gallon and a half of liquid with much gusto. This same explorer observed an adult eat ten pounds of meat and two candles at a meal. Sir P. Phillips tells how a lad of 17 years ate twenty-four pounds of beef in twenty-four hours.

It is noted that all of Japan's victorious generals are upwards of fifty years old. Fifty isn't old after you pass it.

No matter how good a man is, if he and his wife get along well all the credit is given to her patience.

FORMS OF BEGGING.

Two, Once Familiar, Now Largely in Disuse—One Form is Perennial.

"There are fashions in begging, do you know?" said Mr. Binkleton, "just as there are in all things. They come and go."

"A fashion that prevailed not so many years ago started with this formula: "Mister, I don't want any money, not a cent, but I'm hungry. I want something to eat. Take me to some restaurant and give me something to eat. Don't give me the money; you pay for it yourself. Only give me something to eat."

"The theory of the inventor of this form of begging was that first it would appeal by its apparent sincerity; and, secondly, that the person thus asked for a meal wouldn't have time to turn aside from business to take the beggar to a restaurant, and so if he were impressed would give the beggar money; which, of course, was what the beggar wanted.

"This form of begging was very popular and successful for a time. It even came to have quite a literature. "There was, for instance, the story of the hardy and able man who, held up with this appeal, dragged the beggar to a restaurant and there compelled him to eat, standing over him with a club and, though the beggar had already eaten four breakfasts, forcing him to keep on eating until he begged for mercy."

"And there was the story of the beggar told by himself in a beggar's joint of how in one short afternoon he had been compelled by seven stingy givers to eat in quick succession seven meals of doughnuts and sinkers. Thus the stories ran. I had one actual experience of my own:

"I'm no judge of beggars, I frankly confess; I can't always tell by any means whether a beggar is worthy or not. But once, when this form of begging was common, I met a tall, thin young man who stopped and said to me: "Mister, I'm hungry, can't you give me something to eat?" I took a glance and took the young man to a restaurant.

"I couldn't tell whether he was just a beggar who had learned the patter or whether that request had just come up out of him spontaneously, but the instant I had said 'Come along' I felt sure he was all right; for that instant he stopped being a beggar and smiled up and walked along with me, not gringing, but as if I was his friend.

"And was he really hungry? Well, you should have seen him eat. "Son," says I to him, when he got to the restaurant, "there's the bill of fare. Feed yourself," and he did.

"I think he must have been a young shipwrecked sailor who had been seventeen days in an open boat without food, or something of that sort; but certainly he was of tubular construction inside, hollow all the way down, for his storage capacity was something stupendous.

"Eat? I never saw a man eat so in my life, and I never saw a man enjoy a meal so much. I like to eat myself and have been hungry at times, but I don't suppose I ever ate anything that tasted so good to me as that meal did to him.

"Lucky it was a cheap restaurant, for I had only about a dollar and a half with me. His check was \$1.25, but I never begrudged him the money."—New York Sun.

... Railway Train.

A pleasant story, originally told of a Scotch Highlander, is served up in somewhat novel guise in a New York paper. This time it is ascribed to a Kentucky mountaineer, and the dialect is adapted accordingly. But the main incidents remain the same. The young man had never seen a railway train. One day he consented to go to town and see the wonder. He arrived a little ahead of train time, and, getting impatient as he waited, he walked up the track to meet it. Turning about, the mountaineer ran along the track as for his life.

"Toot, toot," sounded the locomotive, slowing up; but the mountaineer only ran faster than ever. He soon reached the station, completely out of breath.

"Why didn't you cut across?" inquired one of the bystanders.

"Cut across?" exclaimed the un-south youth. "If I had struck the ploughed ground the thing certainly would have caught me."

Not Satisfied With the Place. Mrs. Backlotz—So your servant girl has left you again? Mrs. Subbubs—Yes. Mrs. Backlotz—What was the matter? Mrs. Subbubs—She didn't like the way I did the work.—Philadelphia Press.

Still at It. "Childhood's hours are the happiest times of one's life," sighed the disappointed man.

"Oh, I don't know," chirped his companion, "I don't see but that I can watch a ball game just about as well as I could forty years ago."—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Case of Throat Trouble. Wrubber—You look badly this morning, old man. What's the matter? Klubber—Throat trouble. Wrubber—Tonsillitis? Klubber—No; my wife talked to me for three hours after I got home this morning.—Philadelphia Record.

When a woman writes a letter she covers everything from putting the milk picher out in the morning to the cat out at night, and then ends with an apology because she doesn't write more.



Although Korea is noted for its poor roads, most of them being little more than bridle paths, there is one marked exception. This is the highway shown in the accompanying picture, which is said to be the finest causeway in the Far East. It leads from the imperial palace in Seoul to the tomb of the murdered Empress of Korea, some fifteen miles distant. The road is fifty feet wide. It is traversed twice a year by the Emperor, attended by 4,000 or 5,000 Korean soldiers. The Empress to whose grave these semi-annual pilgrimages are made was very bitterly opposed to the Japanese. It is alleged that she was killed by Jap soldiers at the instigation of the minister from Tokyo.

Vagaries of a Language.

The vagaries of English spelling are well illustrated in the following extract. The words sound properly but the spelling does not correspond to the meaning required. It would make a good exercise in spelling to rewrite the extract in its proper form:

Know won kneeds weight two bee toiled there weigh two dew sew.

A rite suite little buoy, the suu of a grate kernel, with a round around his neck, fine up the rode as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopped at a blew house and wrung the belle. His two hurt hymn and he kneaded wreat. He was twu tired to raze his fare, pall face. A feint mown rows from his lips.

The made who herd the belle was about two pair a pare, butt through it down and ran with awl.

her mite, for fear her guessed wood knot weight. Butt when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site.

"Ewe, poor deer! Why dew ye lye hear? Are yew dyeing?"

"Know," he said, "I am feint."

She boar hymn in her arms and hurried to a rheum where he mite bee quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untied his neck scarf, rapped him up warm and gave him a suite drachm.—St. Nicholas.

Greeks Increase Fast.

The population of Greece is increasing faster than that of any other country in Europe at present.

"It's an outrage," a man said to-day. Still, it's not the only one.