

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Married and Single.

THE census reports note a considerable decrease in the number of births among the native population of the United States. American men and women are not so much given to marrying as formerly. Many who do marry, postpone the event until youth has passed, and for this and other reasons they rarely have large families, and very frequently no children at all.

Whether this decrease in the number of fruitful marriages among the American-born population is the fault of the men or the women has not yet been determined, but very probably it is the fault of both—if fault it be. The bachelor maid is becoming as prominent a feature in our social life as the bachelor man, and she has many apologists. But those arguments which are advanced in defense of her position are founded upon nothing noble. They are taken from an epicurean philosophy of pure selfishness, which, if widely adopted, would put an end to the nation. The condition, however, is not so bad yet as to cause alarm. There are more men than women in the United States, so that if all were paired off a great many men would have remained unmarried. The 79,303,387 people within the area of enumeration of the last census are divided into 39,059,242 males and 37,244,145 females, giving an excess of males of 1,815,007. Of the males, 23,695,836 are single, 14,033,789 married, 1,182,263 widowers, 84,904 divorced, and 121,432 whose marital condition is unknown. Of the females, 30,520,319 are single, 13,845,963 married, 2,721,564 widowed, 114,955 divorced, and 41,334 whose marital condition is unknown. But the number of those classed as single includes children and all persons under the marriageable age, so it will be seen that marriage among adults is such a prevailing practice as still to be almost universal.

The reason for the decrease in the number of marriages and the birth rate among native women might be found in the statistics regarding the working classes. There are 5,319,912 females engaged in gainful occupations other than agriculture. These millions are made up in large part of the girls and women in factories, stores and offices, and the bachelor maid usually graduates from among them.—Kansas City Journal.

The Maneuvers at Manassas.

NOTHING is so soothing to the wounds produced by the civil war as oblivion, and nothing makes them bleed afresh so quickly as the sight of a battlefield on which the victor or his relatives once passed through the horrors of fratricidal bloodshed. When an old soldier stands on the heights of Gettysburg a profound melancholy seizes him, and, compared with the scene before him, a graveyard is a pleasure garden or a banquet hall. It takes weeks to shake off the depression.

How anybody could project a reunion of Northern and Southern soldiers on a Southern battlefield, and, not content with that, bring them together as hostile armies and arrange for them to fight over again in mimicry the bloody encounter that took place on that spot forty years ago, is incomprehensible. It was asking entirely too much of human nature, and it was in striking contrast with the wisdom of Charles Sumner, who, pleading heartless Rome even as an example, succeeded in excluding from the Capitol so much as a picture that would recall the civil war.

The location of the maneuvers should have been in some beautiful spot, 1,000 miles, if possible, from any battlefield, and the pitting of a Northern army and a Southern army against each other should have been avoided like a pestilence.—Chicago Chronicle.

Are Business Men Cowards?

PRESIDENT ELLIOT, addressing the St. Louis alumni of Harvard, recently, called Americans cowards in that so few of them dared to stand against the crowd. He spoke with special reference to business men in facing conditions that exist among the labor unions. It is easier, doubtless, for a college president to stand aloof and say what ought or ought not to be done than to know the entire situation of affairs and then to act with discretion as well as bravery. The theories that work ad-

mirably within the confines of university walls often have little application in the outer world, and especially in the business world, for which constant training and alert watching are absolutely necessary to success. It is certain that no man ever gained a high position in the commercial world without courage to face innumerable obstacles, enormous risks and perils of which the scholastics never dreamed.

The successful business man carries a weight of responsibility for himself and others which is comparable to that of an able commander of a large army. He may pause in the face of the enemy, he may right about face, he may retreat, or even come to a truce, without being guilty of cowardice. The business man need not fly into the face of labor unions in order to prove his courage to sit all over them in order to prove his power.

The object of the business man is not to display his valor or prove himself a hero. He wishes to make the best possible out of existing conditions, and many a strike has been averted and many a problem solved by the cool calculations of the keen-sighted business man.

To the mere looker-on this may seem like cowardice and the wish to avoid a fight. To the practical man of affairs it is good business sense, and ought to be commended as such.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Cost and Folly of War.

THE war in the Far East, according to the computation of a well-informed newspaper of Paris is costing the Russian government at least \$1,000,000 a day, and the expense is increasing daily. If the war continues for years, as the experts say it is pretty sure to do, Russia will accumulate a burden of debt that will rest heavily upon many future generations.

Of course, \$1,000,000 a day is not a surprisingly great sum for a first-class power to pay for the conduct of a war. Russia has been throwing millions after millions since the new policy with regard to the Asiatic portion of the empire was put into operation. Nobody knows how much the Trans-Siberian railway has cost, but it is an enormous amount; and the expenditures on Port Arthur, Dalm Harbor, Vladivostok and the other outposts have run into the hundreds of millions. Indeed, it was pretty well known to the Japanese as well as to the rest of the world that Russia's treasury was in an extremely bad way at the time war was declared.

But the \$1,000,000 a day is, after all, only a small part of the bills Russia has to face. Her losses of battleships have meant the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of property that must be replaced, and the prospective capture of her great towns with their armaments must make the Czar's heart sick.

Considered as a plain business proposition, the war with Japan does not seem to be a very good investment. Even though Russia should win at last, she will have to defend her possessions more expensively than ever, and how many years of ownership of Manchuria will be required to make up her losses?—Chicago Journal.

Selecting and Managing Men.

MANY men mistakenly think that because they work hard and try hard they must eventually succeed to some extent. This does not follow. Some men carry on great enterprises with little apparent effort. Their success is due to skill in selecting efficient executive heads. Many a business man breaks down trying to supplement the work of incompetent heads of departments simply because he does not know how to choose the right men. A man of commanding ability does not worry himself over details. He makes out his program and then selects men who can carry it out to the letter. Indeed, it is a signal weakness for the head of a concern to bother about little details. It shows that he lacks the insight, the business sagacity, the ability to select and to manage men who can do things efficiently.

It is a great art to duplicate one's self in another and multiply one's self many times by selecting those who are vastly superior to ourselves, but who did not happen to have had our opportunity to do the thing themselves.—Success.

AN INTERESTING SCENE IN HOLLAND.



The picturesque attire worn by the Dutch peasantry has a great attraction for artists, and the American artist shown in the illustration is evidently no exception to the rule, for he is bargaining with a determined looking peasant as to the value of the nether garment which he holds in his hands. The more patches there are the greater becomes the value from an artistic standpoint.

Vituperate the chipmunks and sparrows that whisk off crumbs of comfort from under the camper's feet.

The Camp Robber's gray coat, black and white barred wings and slender bill, with certain tricks of perching, accuse him of attempts to pass himself off as a woodpecker; but his behavior is all wrong. He frequents the higher pine belts, and has a noisy, strident call like a jay's; and how clean he and the frisk-tailed chick-

munks keep the camp! No crumb or scrap of bit of egg-shell goes unmissed. The cunningest hunter is hunted in turn, and what he leaves of his kill is meat for some other.

A man has no right to give his wife away when she boasts before company considering that she never gives him away by looking surprised when he offers her the rocking chair when company is present.

OLD FAVORITES

If I Were a Voice.

If I were a Voice—a persuasive Voice— That could travel the wide world through, I would fly on the beams of the morning light

And speak to men with a gentle might, And tell them to be true, I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea, Whosoever a human heart might be.

Telling a tale or singing a song, In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong.

If I Were a Voice—a consoling Voice—

I'd fly on the wings of air; I'd fly on the wings of air; I'd seek, And calm and truthful words I'd speak To save them from despair.

I'd fly, I'd fly o'er the crowded town, And drop, like the happy sunlight, down Into the hearts of suffering men And teach them to rejoice again.

If I Were a Voice—a controlling Voice—

I'd travel with the wind; And, whenever I saw the nations torn By warfare, jealousy or scorn, Or hatred of their kind, I'd fly, I'd fly on the thunder crash, And into their blinded bosoms flash; And, all their evil thoughts subdued, I'd teach them a Christian brotherhood.

If I Were a Voice—an immortal Voice—

I'd speak in the people's ear; And, whenever they shouted "Liberty," Without deserving to be free, I'd make their error clear.

I'd fly, I'd fly on the wings of day, Rebuking wrong on my world-wide way, And, making all the earth rejoice— If I were a Voice—an immortal Voice.

If I Were a Voice—a prevailing Voice—

I'd seek the kings of earth; I'd find them alone on their beds at night And whisper words that should guide them right— Lessons of priceless worth.

I'd fly more swift than the swiftest bird, And tell them things they never heard— Truths which the ages for aye repeat, Unknown to the statesmen at their feet.

—Charles Mackay.

PURITAN BLUE LAWS.

Statutes So Severe as to Seem Impossible Were Enforced.

It is generally admitted, even by the advocates of a sterner religion than is usually professed in this twentieth century, that the Sabbath was made for man, and this interpretation includes recreation in the injunction to rest. In the days of Puritan dominion there is a little doubt that the idea prevailed most effectually that man was made for the Sabbath.

This religion of a people who believed in taking literal interpretations of the Old Testament as their guide in the government of a country which they had misnamed the "land of the free," reached the height of its impossible demands at the middle of the seventeenth century. A statute framed in Boston in 1653 regarding the penalties for breaking the laws of Sunday observance is the severest of any formed before or since, and shows what a day of dismal gloom this day of rest must have been.

In the days of the Puritans an observance of Sunday meant an attendance at all the church meetings, and it meant little else. Worship in the public meeting house was compelled by law. When the bell tolled out its summons, all must go, willing or otherwise, and notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of the journey. This often meant a tramp of many miles over rough ground where one carried his footgear in his hands.

At the time this severest of all statutes was passed in Boston, no one was allowed to go anywhere on Sunday except to church, unless there was some extraordinary need or the errand was one of mercy. No one was permitted to go from one town to another on that day or to enter any public house for a drink. Guards were stationed at the edge of town Saturday night at sundown to see that no vehicle passed either in or out of the city from that time until the close of the following day, and labor of all sort was prohibited.

Even children were not allowed to be seen in the street nor young men and women to promenade. In fact, it was because the worthy town officials had heard of the grievous misdemeanor of childish laughter in public highways, and had been informed that certain young people had committed the offense against God of walking in the fields on the Lord's day, that the statute regulating penalties for these faults had been enacted.

It was of no more avail to the offender of that early day to plead ignorance of the law than it is to-day. Still, to make assurance doubly sure that all inhabitants knew what these Sunday laws were, ministers were required to read them from in front of the meeting-house twice during the year. Then woe to any one who chose to ignore them, for the hand of inexorable law, not tempered by mercy, was upon him.

Parents were responsible for the misdemeanors of children between the ages of 7 and 14. Over that age they were required to receive themselves the penalty of their own misdoing. For breaking any of these laws the first time, the punishment was a severe reprimand from the chief executive of the town. If any daring child escaped for a moment the family corral to frolic upon the public highway, this untoward action would not fail to bring his parents into open disgrace.

STARVATION DIETS.

These Make Breakfast Foods Look Like Highest Luxury.

The hardest fare that six strong men and a boy of 15 ever kept alive on was the daily menu of the Windover's survivors, who were cast up on the Irish coast near Kilslegg. They lived for sixteen days on stewed ropeyarn, without a crumb of anything else to help digest it, except water; and though it made them ill, they kept alive on it, and did not waste away very much.

The Windover was a bark carrying salt between Spain and the States, with an English crew, and she was dismasted and abandoned about a thousand miles out on the Atlantic. Three of her crew were killed by falling masts, and two others were washed overboard; but the seven others took to the whaleboat and set out for Britain. Being in too much of a hurry, they took too little food, but three large butts of water, besides the tank the boat already held. The result was they ate up their provisions in four days, but had water enough for a month, and, after starving two days more, they tried boiling lengths of tarred hemp rope into a pulp and swallowing it. They had a keg of paraffine wax, and though it made them very ill at first, they eventually contrived to live on the boiled hemp, the tar, boiled to a jelly, adding to the nourishment of the rope.

Two men who went to a small island off the Irish coast a little while ago kept themselves going for ten days on a diet almost as bad. They landed in a boat, which was smashed by a wave on their trying to relaunch her, and they were left on the bare, rocky island, which has only a slight sculp of coarse turf, without food. Fortunately there was a spring on the island, but nothing in the way of food but gulls, which they could not catch, and nothing to make a fire with as a distress signal. There are not even any shellfish, as there is no beach, and the pair had to subsist for the ten days on cold, raw seaweed washed up by the tide. For two days they starved, but after that they tackled the seaweed, making three meals a day of it, until rescued.

A diet of boots is one of the commonest of last resource foods; and, though it is hard for a well-fed man to imagine that any one could masticate and digest shoe leather, a pair of long sea boots will keep a man alive for a fortnight, if he has a little water.—London Answers.

LONESOME SHEEP HERDER.

His Duties Simple—Feeding, Watering and Protection of Flock.

The herder may live in a tent, but he is just as likely to sleep right outdoors, rolled up in his blankets and tarp; it may be that, where the feed is uniformly good, a rough cabin with some outlying shelters will be erected. His duties are very simple; he must take his band, day by day, where there will be sufficient feed and water; he must keep them banded together and must protect them from wolves and coyotes. In fact, his duties are altogether too simple; the stories of herders driven insane by the loneliness and monotony of their lives are seldom overdrawn, and only a few out of many are told.

From day to day and week after week he may go without seeing a single human being, nothing but sheep, sheep, save his almost human dogs, and scarcely a sound in all the great treeless waste, save the incessant, monotonous, distressing ban-aba of the band. Who can wonder that, when night falls, and these sounds gradually die down to silence, the herder, resting in the sweet relief, suddenly rises in anger to slay the foolish sheep whose untimely voice would start the whole band into the noise that has oppressed the day? All over the sheep country in the mountains you may see what are locally known as "herder's monuments"; they are piles of stones which have been slowly gathered by the herders and built into fantastic forms, the attempts of the men to save themselves from the insanity that comes from perfect idleness. Frequently they find the bleached bones of a man on the bench lands, a herder who has yielded; whose mind has given way under the strain of the great wastes and the life with the band; who has shot himself. His band has wandered away, dropped over a precipice, or collapsed with some other band.—World To-Day.

Precautionary Treatment.

The Dutch peasant lives with canals all about him, and reaches his cottage by way of a drawbridge. Perhaps it is in the blood of the Dutch child, says a writer in M. A. P., not to fall into a canal. At all events, the Dutch mother never appears to anticipate such a possibility.

One can imagine the average English or American mother trying to bring up a family in a house surrounded by canals. She would never have a moment's peace until the children were in bed. But then the mere sight of a canal to the English child suggests the delights of a sudden and unexpected bath.

An Englishman inquired of a Dutch woman, "Does a Dutch child ever by any chance fall into a canal?"

"Yes," she replied, "cases have been known."

"Don't you do anything for it?" continued the questioner.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "We haul them out again."

"But what I mean is," explained the Englishman, "don't you do anything to prevent their falling in? To save them from falling in again?"

"Yes," she answered, "we spank them."

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

American men of letters continue to gravitate eastward. Booth Tarkenton, the Indiana novelist, who has been nearly a year in Europe, spending most of the time in Rome and Paris, declares his purpose to live in New York for a year or more and give his time to studying and writing stories of political life. This probably means that he will stay there permanently and it will be interesting to observe the effect. It varies widely with different people; Howells and Bret Harte, for example.

Moncure Conway's autobiography should be one of the most remarkable books of the season. He is 80 years of age and thirty years of his life were spent in London. He is Virginian by birth, connected by family ties with the Washingtons and other historic Virginians. His book will present a rare and intimate picture of life in the South in his boyhood in the '40's and '50's of the last century. It will present also the matter of the author's conversations with Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Lowell, Garrison, Tennyson, Disraeli, Carlyle, Browning, Gladstone, Burne Jones and many other men of distinction.

Hamlin Garland describes himself as novelist, dramatist, and farmer. Writing to a friend recently of his farm at West Salem, Wis., he says: "My life here goes on like the hands on a town clock. I write three hours in the morning, and work in the garden, do carpentering or build fences in the afternoon, go to bed at nine, and rise at half-past six the next day, to take up the same routine. . . . I sold twenty-five dollars' worth of strawberries and forty dollars' worth of early potatoes—but that sounds too much like boasting. . . . I've got the dog-gonest patch of Hubbard squashes!"

One of the literary periodicals squints a trifle toward sensation in an announcement that "it will be news to the reading public that Russia has a counterpart to the shrine of Lourdes" in the Sarov spring on the site of the h. of St. Seraphim, and promises the story of the canonization of the saint a year ago, when the whole royal family took part in the ceremony. The magazine's announcer is mistaken. It is not "news," unless, perhaps, to a few. The story was told in print some time ago of how a hermit of a century or so ago was really one of the czars, who, suspected, justly or unjustly, of having joined in the murder of his uncle, abdicated the throne and lived ever after as a "holy hermit." "The reading public" has been told all about the growth of the absurd myth.

In this period of Lewis and Clark celebrations the appearance of a fine library reprint of Gass' Journal is especially pertinent. Sergeant Patrick Gass was the dominant figure among the rank and file in the celebrated expedition across the continent, and although an entirely unlettered man, his diary, brought out in the first years of the nineteenth century, was one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the subject. It has, however, been for many years unavailable. The volume is edited, with an introduction, by Dr. James K. Hosmer, and has an analytical index and fac-similes of the quaint original illustrations. The same house will also issue a "Short History of Oregon," compiled by Sidona B. Johnson, which will cover the early discoveries, the Lewis and Clark explorations, settlement, government, Indian wars, and progress.

WHAT RUSSIANS DO WITH THE HEADS OF CRUNCHUSES.

The struggle of the Cossacks and other Russian troops against the Chinese mountain bandits known as Crunchuses is fierce and unrelenting. So far the campaigns against the brigands have only resulted in scattering

THE HEADS OF CRUNCHUSES.

The struggle of the Cossacks and other Russian troops against the Chinese mountain bandits known as Crunchuses is fierce and unrelenting. So far the campaigns against the brigands have only resulted in scattering



FATE OF CRUNCHUSES.

the robbers, not in exterminating them. When the bandits are caught alive a terrible fate awaits them. They are summarily tried and executed, their heads being hung aloft in baskets, as shown in the illustration, that the grewsome spectacle may be a warning to others. The Crunchuses are bitter in their hatred of the Slav troops and will doubtless cause trouble before the war is ended.

It's a mean automobilist who will run over an innocent child—unless he is in an awful hurry.