

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Choose Your Life's Vocation Wisely.

THERE comes a time when every growing boy must face the question: What shall I do for a life work? It is an important question, one that must be faced squarely and answered wisely. And yet there are many who shirk and turn away, trying to avoid a direct answer, leaving the solution to what they hope will be a happy chance. Then there are sons who leave the solution entirely to their parents; and there are parents who leave it all to the sons. Each should consider the matter with diligence and frankness and come to a determination agreeable to both.

In considering the problem it will be well to remember several things. In the first place, all real success must be founded in the economic principle of becoming a producing member of the great industrial scheme. There is no room in the world for a drone. Everybody must produce something. The man who produces what is most needed and most wanted receives the largest rewards.

As a general rule it is wise to try to produce something of which the supply is scarce. In any case, it is prudent to avoid those occupations in which there is already a surplus of the product. For instance, the world is not crying for lawyers, doctors, preachers or accountants. The so-called professions are overcrowded. There is a large surplus stock of legal advice on the market; also medical advice, and of bookkeeping. Consequently the rewards are diminishing. The kind of man that is most plentiful in the market is the one who knows no business in particular, and wants something in which he can wear good clothes while at work. The man most in demand and least plentiful is the one who has had actual experience with some occupation which sells the hands and the clothes, and who, at the same time, has the capacity for planning and directing.

A railroad manager who has tamped the ties and built a trestle; a book publisher who has set type; a lumber dealer who has served as a lumber jack; a contractor who has "measured in" and "checked out"—in a word, the man most in demand and hardest to find is the one who has learned some line of business from the basement to the "front office." The men who want to learn a business from the top down are plentiful. This is a great industrial era. There are opportunities for all. Every ten or twenty years the great industrial army must be recruited anew. The time has passed when it was not "respectable" to be anything but a "professional man." Science and learning have become the handmaidens of the industrial arts. To day anything is honorable that is done well. Produce something—give something to the world, and the world will pour its blessing into your lap.—Chicago Journal.

Higher Education.

MANY parents must debate every year whether it is wise to give the years and the money required for the higher education; writers and business men start discussions from time to time whether the higher education is worth while—whether, in the language of the mart, "it pays"; and the supporters of the higher education are at pains, as in the case of the disquisitions by President Hadley, of Yale, on the subject, to justify the higher education and to try and convince the people that it actually does pay, if not in immediate dollars, yet in moral and intellectual awakening, health, breadth, fervor and power which finally insure to the growth, strength and beauty of the republic.

By higher education is meant not the training of a technical professional or industrial school or college. The man who is studying to be a physician must take the course in order to qualify himself for a diploma; the student at a law school is looking forward to admission to the bar and a license to practice; the electrician or mechanic is aiming to equip himself just as the young artisan is getting ready to ply his trade when he goes to an industrial school to learn the art of bricklaying, printing, carpentry or dress-

making of cotton cloth. There is, of course, in a physician's training some incidental broadening of the mental outlook to be derived from his studies, and so it is with the electrician and the lawyer, who must learn something of jurisprudence, constitutions, governmental institutions and history; but the higher education is essentially something which is not positively needed as a means of earning a living; it is a course in general culture, a study of the humanities, a broad, liberal pursuit of ideals, of great ideas, great movements, and, in a word, such instruction as is given in a university and college in addition to the training for a vocation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mobility of the Japanese.

IN the matter of mobility and in the faculty of doing the right thing at the right time, the Japs clearly outclass the Russians. Whenever the two armies come face to face there is an attempt at a flanking movement. Although the Russians know just what sort of trouble to expect, they are invariably beaten. Before their flanks can be placed for effective defense and properly reinforced, the nimble Japanese have secured the drop on them, and there is nothing to do but back down. Although Russian retreats are always reported to have been made in good order and with no loss of dignity, the correspondents who view the field after an engagement describe the movement as a rout. Troops which retreat in good order do not leave a trail of disabled artillery, blankets, guns and other marching accoutrements. When pursuit becomes hot and all other desires become secondary to the desire to get away, soldiers throw down their trappings and "skedaddle."

The Russian is a gross feeder and a hard drinker. He has tremendous strength and great endurance, but he lacks the mobility of the plucky Japanese, who is trained to the hour for his desperate work; who is able to take his rations on the march, without losing time, and keep up his jog trot movement for hours at a stretch, without a murmur of complaint. He is an interested soldier, who fights for patriotic reasons, and the Russian soldier is a mere machine in comparison.—Detroit Evening News.

Wasted Opportunities.

FROM Missoula, Mont., comes a story of train robbers tearing up the money they had stolen and scattering it in the sand of the desert; the diamonds they had taken from their victims. One is inclined to look at the procedure of these robbers from a humorous point of view, and think of the effort and energy they wasted. And yet it is an everyday occurrence. Day by day men are throwing away diamond-like opportunities. Throwing them away, hoping to escape the consequences of some foolish and willful action in the past. A young man enters a business house. Through sacrifice and economy his father and mother have succeeded in giving him a good commercial education. But in an evil moment he abstracts money from the safe or drawer. Though it may be long undisturbed, his sin will surely be found out, and gone forever is that opportunity for advancement and progress. He has thrown his opportunity into the sand. A young woman trained in a beautiful home along the lines of morality and virtue meets a smooth-tongued rascal, and presently one forever is her opportunity for moving in the best of society. The young man, the young lady, might have been a credit to society. They might have been the honored father and mother of a son whose name might have become historic, but they threw away their diamonds for the sake of a so-called liberty, which is after all only license, and though with tears and bitter cries they search for them again, never shall they be found. When once the flush is driven from the apricot or the peach, no chemistry can bring it back. When once opportunities have been thrown aside, they never return. Never again does the same opportunity come to a man's door. Don't throw away your diamonds.—Pittsburg Press.

TOBACCO IN GERMANY.

Over 7,000 Factories Which Employ About 200,000 Workmen.

The use of machinery of German, French and American designs is common in the better factories for all processes of tobacco and cigar manufacture where machinery has been found practicable. Inquiries made would indicate a desire on the part of the cigar and tobacco manufacturer to avail himself of labor-saving devices as far as possible. Ten trade journals devoted to tobacco are published in Germany and are extensively used for advertising machinery and other appliances used by the trade.

The feeling of hostility and alarm aroused by the introduction of American and British capital, especially in cigarette manufacture, in Germany has not wholly subsided. The multitude of small manufacturers in country villages and elsewhere—over 7,000 factories and 200,000 workers, of whom 160,000 are on cigars—is referred to by the press as the surest defense against any general consolidation of the tobacco business of the empire. This feature of German manufacturing is one sure to attract the notice of an American resident and undoubtedly is to be taken into account in any survey of manufacturing in the empire.

Portions of Baden and that part of Bavaria known as the Rhine-Pfalz form one of the largest and by far the most important tobacco region of the empire. Baden itself heads all the German States in acreage planted in tobacco and in the importance of its cigar manufacture. Recently published statistics for the department of factory inspection for Baden show that the number of cigar factories in Baden was 720, giving employment to

33,720 workmen, or more than in any other branch of manufacturing in the grand duchy.—New York Tribune.

Mrs. Baxter's Wit.
"Talk about always having your wits about you!" began Mrs. Doull. "If you can find anybody to beat Lyddy Baxter, I'll board ye a week for nothing." The boarder preserved the silence of the modest and the inexperienced, but his look of interest was all the encouragement Mrs. Doull needed.

"Now take it this summer," she continued. "Long the early part of June she'll be down to the chapel on night to yeening meeting. We set a Lyddy's pew. But as soon as we get there young Thomas Lintner showed a woman into the seat ahead, and Lyddy says to me, 'That's one of Almyr Burdham's boarders, and they say she's awful well-off.'"

"When the hymn was given out Lyddy see the woman hadn't a hymn-book, so she passed over one of hers, finding the place and all. 'Keep it right through,' says she. After meeting the woman turned round and passed it back to Lyddy.

"Thank you," says she. 'I'm going to be here several weeks, and I'd like to buy one of them books.'"

"I guess you can have this one for the summer," says Lyddy, passing it right back, quick's a flash. 'If you'll give me a pair of gloves same's yours, only mobbe a shade lighter, and number seven!'"

Old Police Court.
The police court at St. Heller, the principal town of Jersey, is remarkable in several respects—first, the proceedings are always opened with prayer; second, it frequently happens that after prayers there is no more business and every one goes home. There is so little crime committed in the island that the police force of twenty men is kept up only for visit days.

A mother is always proud of her over-sized children until she takes them for a trip on a railroad train.

The very best a man can do is not very much.

OLD FAVORITES

Mary of the Wild Moor.
One night when the wind it blew cold,
Blew bitter across the wild moor,
Loosing Mary she came with her child,
Wandering home to her own father's door.

Crying, "Father, O pray let me in;
Take pity on me, I implore,
Or the child at my bosom will die,
From the winds that blow 'cross the wild moor."

"Oh, why did I leave this fair cot,
Where once I was happy and free?
Doomed to roam without friends and forgot,
Oh, father, take pity on me!"

But her father was deaf to her cries,
Not a voice or a sound reached the door;
But the watchdogs did howl, and the winds
Blew bitter across the wild moor.

Oh, how must her father have felt
When he came to the door in the morn;
There he found Mary dead, and the child
Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms.

While in frenzy he tore his gray hairs,
As on Mary he gazed at the door,
For that night she had perished and died,
From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor.

The father in grief pined away,
The child to the grave was soon borne;
And no one lives there to this day,
For the cottage to ruin has gone.

The villagers point out the spot,
Where a willow droops over the door,
Saying: "There Mary perished and died,
From the winds that blew 'cross the wild moor."

I'm Saddest When I Sing.
You think I have a merry heart,
Because my songs are gay;
But did all else were taught to me
By friends now far away.
The bird retains its silver note,
Though bondage chains its wings;
His song is not a happy one;
I'm saddest when I sing.

I heard them first in that sweet house
I never more shall see;
And now each song of joy has got
A plaintive turn for me.
Alas, 'tis vain in winter time,
To mock the songs of spring;
Each note recalls some withered leaf;
I'm saddest when I sing.

Of all the friends I need to love,
My hump remains alone,
Its faithful voice still seems to be
An echo of my own.
My tears, when I bend over it,
Will fall upon its string;

Yet those who hear me little think
I'm saddest when I sing.
—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

HOW TO IRON A SHIRTWAIST.

This Way It Will Look as if Fresh from the Laundry Service.

Ironing a shirtwaist is always a more or less difficult job, but for the woman who knows how the process is greatly simplified.

In the first place, iron the collar on the wrong side, then on the right, until quite dry; smooth out the yoke (if there is one) and iron it on both sides.

Next attack the sleeves. Stretch out the cuff smoothly, laying a piece of cloth over it and iron so that the cuff is partly dried. Then remove the cloth and iron the cuff on both sides. Slip the iron up inside the sleeve to dry the gathers and to smooth the seams at the opening. Then fold the upper part; then turn it over sleeves, as the starch may have made it stick together, and iron the shoulder portion from the wrong side. Next, lay the sleeve on the table and put the iron into the gathers, working from right to left, holding the wrist with the left hand.

Place the blouse on the table, with the neck at the left side, and begin to iron the front next to you, running the flatiron well up into the gathers at the neck. Next take the back and then the other front, smoothing out the gathers as you go along, gradually drawing the blouse toward you as it is finished. The hems and tabs and the binding around the armholes are ironed on the wrong side.

The sleeves are the most troublesome parts of the waist to manipulate and some persons get better results when a sleeve iron is used; but once the art has been acquired with an ordinary iron the process is quicker. If there is a full down front of the shirtwaist it should be ironed before the body part. The collar and cuffs, if desired, may be polished with a polishing iron, and when the little creases which come from handling are ironed out the waist is ready to be hung up to air.

After the shirtwaist is aired and dry, the folding process comes, and on this the whole success of the ironing depends. Pin the neckband together and plait the front so that it will be no wider than the back. Turn the waist over on a board and lap the sleeves down at the sides; then fold them upward so that the cuffs show above the neckband. Pin them to position. Now fold the sleeves back so that they meet in the center of the back and pin them there; next double the waist up in the back, just below the waistline. This folding process should be done without creasing and your waists are ready for shirtwaist box or bureau drawer.—Philadelphia Record.

MUST BE GOOD LISTENER.
"Motion Over Small Talk Necessary to Social Success."
"One of the first qualifications for a man or woman who aims at being a social success" is the ability to talk and

listen to twaddle in such a way that the face shall express all the depths of pent up emotions, while the ears drink in the trivialities or the tongue echoes the gossip of scandal of the hour."

This sentiment was uttered with muchunction by a man of uncertain age, whose face and figure have for years been familiar in the clubs, in the ball rooms, and other places of social resort in Chicago. His hearer was a much younger man, whom by precept and by example he was trying to initiate into the mysteries of social life.

The two men were at a theater largely attended by the men and women who collectively constitute the mysterious entity, Chicago society, and they were watching a couple seated in one of the boxes. "Now watch the young man and woman closely," continued the mentor, "and tell me what you think they are talking about. You see, that they are both young, both handsome. I can tell you that they are both rich and of high social standing. If you don't know them yet you must make their acquaintance at once, for no one can be in society without knowing them. Their conversation seems to be interesting, doesn't it?"

"What are the words," continued the older man, "of which that pretty picture is the accompaniment?"

"Is he telling her one of those fairy tales which all maids love to hear, of respectful admiration and chanceless affection?" Are those arched, sidelong little glances exclamation points by which the maiden signifies her delight at the picture which the young man's imagination has painted? I can tell you just what the subject is.

You know that a scandalous story about two well known people began to circulate yesterday. That young man knows all about it, for he has excellent sources of information. His companion knows something about it and is anxious to know more. He is satisfying her curiosity, and they are both gloating over the charming little bit of scandal. But, my boy, they are both artists, and you must school yourself to play your part as well as they. One next time that you have occasion to tell a girl how many thousand dollars are involved in the latest engagement transaction you must do it with the same caressing grace in your glance and in your gestures that this young fellow brings into play. Then, as a reward for making a fool of yourself, the girl will perhaps reply by one of those half smiles which you seem to admire so much.—Chicago Tribune.

MARRIAGES IN FRANCE.
They Are Arranged by the Parents—Breaches of Promise Rare.

Breaches of promise are rare in France, where marriages are so carefully arranged by parents, trustees and lawyers on both sides. Recently, however, at the first chamber of the Tribunal of the Seine there was decided an action in which a widow sued a merchant for refusing to marry her daughter, to whom he was engaged. The merchant is established in Paris, and the plaintiff's mother and daughter lived at Tours. Last year the defendant saw the young lady, who is very prepossessing, and in due course of time he proposed marriage to her. She of course referred him to her mother, who had no objection whatever to the match. Everything then worked smoothly. Rings were exchanged, the merchant walked out with the young lady and her mother, banns were published, the marriage contract was drawn up by the notaries, rooms were selected for the young couple and invitations to the wedding were sent out.

A few days before that fixed for the wedding the merchant changed his mind. He said that his affection for his fiancée was intense, but he was dubious about her mother. He had serious apprehensions as to the results of having a mother-in-law, so he preferred to remain free from any of the shackles imposed by matrimony. The young lady was so disappointed that she became seriously ill. Her mother, seeing that the merchant adhered to his decision, suggested that he should give some compensation, as preparations for the marriage that failed had obliged her to disburse a good deal of money. The widow's suggestion was scouted, so she went to law, acting in her own name and as her daughter's guardian and trustee. The judges of the tribunal of the Seine decided in favor of her daughter. They held that the defendant in the action had withdrawn his promise without any serious reason and that he had acted in an unjustifiable and abrupt manner, which caused prejudice to the young lady to whom he had been engaged. He was accordingly compelled to pay the person who had suffered most from his conduct £200 damages. Nothing was allowed to the mother, the court considering that she had sustained no moral prejudice personally by the breach of promise of the defendant.

Points Water or Silver.
Water in which potatoes have been boiled is very effective in keeping silver bright. It can be bottled for use, and if required to be kept a long time a tenth part of menthylated spirits will do this.

Higgins Family Out of Luck.
"So you are going to keep that stray cat?" said Mr. Higgins.
"You know," said his wife reproachfully, "that a cat is lucky."
"Yes, that cat's lucky, but I don't believe we are,"—Washington Star.

A Dog's Loss.
"Well—Gracious! She's awfully hysterical, isn't she?"
"Belle—Yes. Somebody very foolishly told her she was most charming when she laughed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HOW PARLIAMENT VOTES.

The way in which the British Parliament conducts itself is ever a wonder and a joy to the Americans, says the New York Sun in a humorous account of the proceedings. The transatlantic visitor gets into the gallery somehow while the session is on, and wants to know why the King is not there; why the Speaker wears a wig and why the members wear their hats; why—

"S-s-s-h-h-h!" says an attendant. "Quiet. There's going to be a division."

A sturdy figure begins to speak. He leaves no doubt in anybody's mind that he lacks faith in the existing government. He thinks it should be poleaxed. Failing to find a precedent for massacring the prime minister off-hand, he moves that a matter of a few hundred pounds be knocked off some appropriation or other. Or maybe he wants something else. His reason for torturing the government does not matter at all. When he is through a big Scotchman leans forward and seconds his motion.

Then another member climbs out of his recumbent position. He is bored at being disturbed. Worries fall him to express his utter indifference to what the previous speakers think about anything, especially the government. Both gentlemen are useless circumstances of the earth. He asks and expects the decent and clear-minded part of the House to stand by him.

"Now's the division," says the attendant to the American in the gallery. "It's fun."

The Speaker taps with his gavel and calls the perfunctory. "Order! Order!"

As nobody is out of order, he puts the question to the ayes and noes. "Division!" yells everybody at once. The clerk seizes an old-fashioned hourglass and turns it.

Then many things happen. Bells ring. They ring everywhere. They rouse up sleeping members and disturb conversations. They wake up a policeman. He has been sound asleep, but in the tenth of a second after the shout of "Division!" comes rattling through the corridors he is on his feet, bawling out the word.

"Division!" roars a basso-profundo in some distant niche, and the call passes on. Bells ring. Tall gentlemen and fat gentlemen in frocks and short coats are dashing madly about. The astonished and unlightened looker-on asks, "Where's the fire?"

The gentlemen bolt into the House. They run and jump and lose their hats and tempers, and the swiveling doors clash backward and forward. They have been attending to business affairs, or dawdling over lunch, or quarrelling over billiards; but now the bells and the cries mean that the fate of the universe is in the balance, and quick action is necessary.

In exactly three minutes the Speaker calls once more, "Order! Order!" and the doors shut with a suddenness which collides unpleasantly with belated members.

The Speaker begins to order the division, but is interrupted by a very young member who rises to a point of order.

"Hut!" thunders a good half of the House, and the young member recalls the rule which grants a point of order being made standing or uncovered, and blushing puts on his hat. But he sticks to his point. He wants to know what it is all about, and the Speaker tells him.

The supporters of the government file out of one door and the Liberal benches empty into another. As the members trickle through they are told off by the tellers. The members return to their seats.

The very air is intense with apprehension. Then one of the clerks receives a slip of paper and shouts out figures, and there is a roar from one side of the House. The doors open and the members begin hurrying out. Some of them are still befuddled.

"Look here, Williamson," says one to a friend who is whirling past. "What was it all about?"

"I don't know," replies Williamson. "Don't know at all."

They reach the yard and get back to their occupations, disheveled and uncertain.

The American visitor has seen how Parliament votes.

The Broomstick Queen.
The fisherfolk of Newfoundland are a delightful and sturdy set. A writer in Ontario says that they are as simple as children, and as guileless. Many of them have never seen a horse or a cow, and the railroad and trolley-car are beyond their comprehension.

Here is a story which shows without exaggeration their theory of the outer world.

"Why haven't we got our wharf money yet?" demanded a grizzled codman of the inspector in a fishing hamlet, three years ago, when the annual grant for the repair of the public wharf was in some manner delayed.

"I don't know," said the official. Then he added, in joke, "I suppose the queen hasn't sent it out."

"Oh, well," commented the gray-beard, seriously, "we can't be too hard about it. Maybe she's had a bad fishery herself."

A Mistake.
"Mrs. Pluman holds her own well, doesn't she?"

"But it isn't. That's her sister's child."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A birthday party is a great success if the presents amount in value to as much as the refreshments cost.