

Woman's Education.

Just as certain college professors and magazine writers are well under way in the work of proving that the higher education of women is all wrong and that the general system of female education is defective in that it does not teach women how to be good wives and mothers, along comes Dr. Lyman Abbott with the assertion that it is not the proper object of education to furnish a woman with a lantern wherewith to aid her in a search for a husband. "We have now got wholly away," says Dr. Abbott, "from the idea that the object of a woman's education is to make her a better ornament for the parlor or a more capable hired servant. A woman should no more be educated to be a wife and mother than a man should be educated to be a husband and father. She should be educated to be a woman, as a man is educated to be a man." Evidently, remarks the Baltimore American, the doctor does not count the occasional professors and the magazine writers in when he says "We." He means all the rest of the world.

Hope for Central America.

The International bureau of central American republics announces a commendable purpose. It is proposed to make uniform the civil, commercial and criminal legislation of the five signatory republics, to establish a uniform customs and monetary system, and to work for the general development of commerce and industry. The success of the effort would be seriously doubted were reliance placed upon the stability of central American purpose alone. But, says the Boston Herald, back of this is the spirit of the international bureau of American republics, and particularly the governments of the United States and Mexico, each of which is determined, for selfish as well as unselfish interest, that constant turmoil in central America shall be checked. The five republics will be given a chance to work out their own salvation, and good government will be assured the moral backing of larger powers and more substantial support if necessary.

The Good-Will Habit.

A habit of holding a kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses; it encircles and enlarges the whole life. When we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them, if we have formed the good-will habit. In other words, says the New York Weekly, the kindly habit, the good-will habit, makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling, others will reflect it back to us. On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interest, our own comfort, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will, after a while, harden the feelings and the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic and uninteresting.

Folly is a fertile plant and bears fruit for a long time. The French are discovering the truth of this in the demoralization of their navy. Mons. Gaston Thomson, the minister of marine, has resigned from the cabinet after the chamber of deputies condemned his department because of the explosion on the warship Iena, in 1907, when more than a hundred officers and men were killed. There have been more than 30 explosions on French warships within the past two years, and the officers and men are said to be completely demoralized. The demoralization, however, did not begin under the administration of Mons. Thomson, but under that of his predecessor, who issued regulations which destroyed discipline on the ships. For the good of all, the commander of a battleship, even more than the commander of a merchant vessel, must be an autocrat, and any policy which undermines his authority weakens the efficiency of the ship's crew.

If the Highland Park housewife who bought two gallons of water for floor polish will just drop in a couple of bars of soap and let it stand overnight, says the Detroit News, she will have something that, with elbow grease ad lib., will just make her floors shine. P. S.—Slice the bars of soap.

An army officer in Washington was convicted of disorderly conduct on a street car, the evidence showing that it took five policemen to carry the belligerent officer to the hospital. The sentence of dismissal was commuted, and with reason, for a fighter like that would be a great loss in time of active service.

A German countess declares that wealth is a sin, and we may assume that being clean broke is also next to godliness.

CHRISTMAS IN A GREAT CITY BY BYRON WILLIAMS

In the metropolis Christmas treads upon the heels of Thanksgiving, eager to exploit its wares. The windows of the great stores, that have been fringed with Autumn leaves, now present the entire gamut of holiday goods. Images of Santa Claus appear in bas reliefs, backed with reindeer and sledges, capacious chimneys and snug fireplaces. Toys and sweetmeats run riot upon the counters, and the Christmas shopper appears mincingly in the long aisles of the great department stores. There are yet many days for making Christmas choices and the shopper has about her none of that mad, scrambling air so noticeable during the last few days of the runaway season. In the streets Santa works at every corner, asking alms for the needy and the sick, that their Christmas, too, may be brightened and of good cheer. With the giving, the faces of the crowd take on a happier smile; the heart is answering to the message of "good will on earth." Inch by inch we are drawn into the merry-making, the bustle and the spirit of the time. In our minds we are turning over and over the problem of what for this dear one and what for that—and in our list we include those who are less apt to be joyous on this day than we are—and now comes the real joy of Christmas: the doing of good that makes our hearts sing with happiness!

There is the little girl we met away up in the pine woods last summer, who will be delighted with a pretty book, the lame boy who sells papers at the corner of Hit and Miss streets, the widow who takes in washing out in the suburb where we live, the jolly boy, friend of a business associate who has so many things one cannot just decide on his present, the elevator man who has met us morning and night with a cheery, good morning and a respectful good night—and then there are the closer ones: the mother, father, wife and babies!

What a galaxy of needy folk—for all are needy on Christmas day! Those who do not need food, or clothing, or money, need something that will prove our love, prove that we have not forgotten them and that on this, the day commemorating the coming of the King of Bethlehem, our heart is attuned to theirs in gladness and rejoicing.

And now the holly and the mistletoe appear upon the street corners and rushing business men stop on their hurried way homeward to buy wreaths of the green and the red to hang in the windows of their homes and from the chandeliers of their living rooms.

On and on surges the spirit of Christmas! Like a mighty enveloping shaft of sunshine, it breaks through the clouds of every-day mediocrity and racing across the world sends its glowing glory into every home! Garlands hang everywhere, bells chime and merry laughter echoes through the halls of time. And with the ringing of the crystal spheres, peace spreads her mantle like a cloak and plenty sits enthroned among the merrymaking and the praise! "Peace on earth, good-will to men."



CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY BY BYRON WILLIAMS

We hear of Christmas early in the country! No sooner have the days faded into twilight at six o'clock, than mother begins her needle-work. When the supper dishes are put away, she takes her place in the sitting room where father is reading his newspaper, draws her work-basket toward her and begins to fashion things which only mother can make beautiful and useful.

"Christmas will be here before we know it," she smiles as father questions with his eyes.

"My, how time flies!" he comments, as he turns his paper. Night after night she sews and knits and crochets—and no sooner are the children out of the house and her housework finished, than she goes quietly to some deep corner and brings out uncompleted presents for them. Mittens for Willie, laces for Nell, slippers for Dad. Guardedly she works, her ear sensitive to the least intrusion, the slightest danger of a surprise.

And when the children come home after school, she hurries the work into a friendly drawer and turns her deft hands to the regular routine!

At the church, the children hear of the Christmas tree and of the presents for everybody. The Sunday School takes up added numbers and the young men meet the young ladies to string popcorn and fashion decorations.

Delightful occupation! How, in the days now gone, all men have strung their hearts upon the threads and passed them awkwardly to rosy-checked maids with hair braided down their backs, with ruby lips and eyes, that sparkled with the first love glances!

And the Christmas parties, the sleighrides, the renewing of friendships with those who have been away at school and have returned for the season of gaiety and good cheer!

And the stockings that are hung on Christmas eve in the country! In every home they reap their harvest year by year on Christmas morning. Reap their harvest as the "Merry Christmas!" salutation rings throughout the house.

And it is mother, usually, that steals in upon the sleeping ones, and wishes them a glad and happy Christmas!

And always on Christmas morning she will do this! Though she be in the land of bliss beyond, or in the flesh of the present, she will speak to us of the Christmas morning, speak to us from her loving heart and wish us happiness. Nor time, nor death, nor changes, nor wars, nor misfortunes ever can take from a man this Christmas wish of mother's:

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

From the endless acorns of the turquoise sky she speaks to me on Christmas morning—and she speaks to you, too—but, mayhap, nearer by, for Christmas in the country is indissolubly associated with her. And for that reason, Christmas in the country is doubly dear to me—and doubly sacred.

"With trembling fingers did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas hearth;  
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,  
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve."



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State Journal



**A**NNOUNCES its third annual bargain week during which subscriptions will be accepted for the whole year or 1909 at the cut price of only \$3 without Sunday, or \$4 including Sunday. This Bargain Rate is good only during the week of December 21 to 28 and the regular rates after that date will be \$4 and \$5. All new subscriptions commence January 1 and continue until January 1, 1910 at the \$3 and \$4 rate. All papers stopped at the end of that time without any effort on your part. One reason why this cheap price can be made on such a big newspaper is that everybody pays in advance, thus having no dead-beat bills. You pay only for your own paper this way. Next, by cutting out traveling solicitors' salaries, hotel bills and railroad fare, and doing all business through Uncle Sam's mails at a cost of only a couple cents. When an agent calls on you to present a proposition, remember you pay every cent of his salary and expenses; in most cases the solicitor gets more than you are making. It's a wasteful method and you pay for the waste. Everybody is trying to dodge the middleman—here's a chance to cut him out. The Journal does not print liquor advertisements or unclean medical stuff accepted by other state dailies. Why not protect your family from impure advertising? The Journal is not under obligations to a political clique because it has no job to hold or none to get. It is free to treat every subject in the interests of the people. No matter about your politics, during the legislative session you will find The State Journal the one newspaper whose reports are completest, fairest and earliest. We are right on the ground and spend the money to get the news. Remember, just this one week of cut-price and then back to the old rate. Why not try this big state paper until January 1, 1910, at this low price. Send your money to State Journal, Lincoln, Nebraska

7-YEAR-OLD BOY CLAIRVOYANT.

Remarkable Feats Are Claimed for Son by St. Louis Woman.

New York.—Declarations that her 7-year-old son, Junior, has been a clairvoyant from his birth accompany a description of astonishing power manifested in her own household which Mrs. Jordan W. Lambert, wife of a wealthy chemical manufacturer of St. Louis, has submitted to Prof. James H. Hyslop of this city.

Mrs. Lambert recounts an instance where a tennis ball was spirited from a bathroom into the pocket of her son, although the door of the building was padlocked and she well knew that the sphere was on the other side of the panel.

Two white roses of an unknown species and of a delicacy that they seemed scarcely of the world of material things were left on a table of the room by some unknown agency.

Mrs. Lambert also claims to have seen the astral body of William Hannegan, who has been instructing her son.

Self-Interrogation.

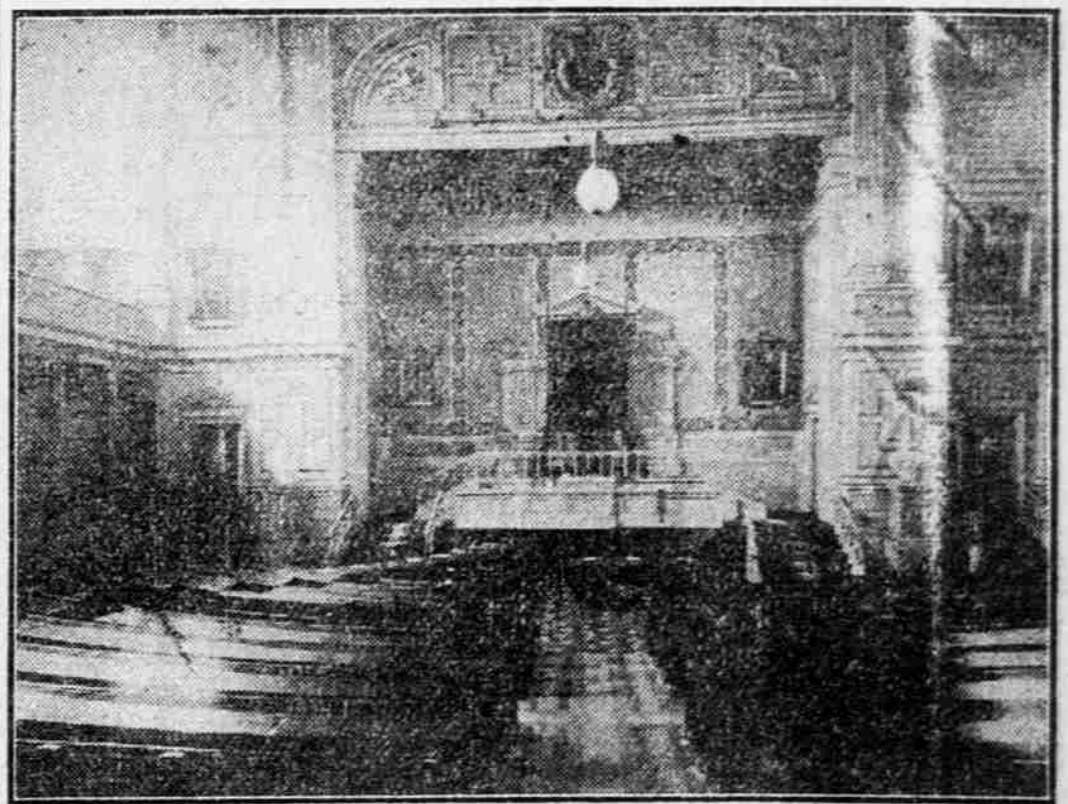
Go to your bosom, knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know.—Shakespeare.

DECLARES LIQUOR NOT NEEDED.

According to Writer, Europeans in Tropics Are Better Without It.

Transmitting an article written by Dr. Harold H. Mann, and published in "The Young Men of India," under the title of "Is Drink Necessary for Europeans in India?" Consul General William H. Michael of Calcutta writes: "Europeans and Americans who come to India do not need liquors to keep well; they will be better with-

WHERE FERDINAND CONVENED ASSEMBLY



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. Interior view of the Sobranje or National Assembly room, showing Ferdinand's throne and royal portraits. It is here that Prince Ferdinand opened the Sobranje for the first time since he has claimed regal dignity, on October 23. This event took place amid great pomp and ceremony and cheering from the subjects, as the ruler ascended his throne and read his address.

out stimulants of any kind. After nearly two years' residence here my observations lead me to say that drinkers of spirits, wines and malt liquors are the most susceptible to disease, especially fevers, either on the plains or in the mountains, of any class of the inhabitants. Proper regard for dress, to guard against sudden weather changes, moderation in eating, especially meats; using only filtered and boiled water, entire abstention from alcoholic, vinous and malt liquors, and plenty of sleep will almost invariably

insure, to the average healthy person, good and uniform health, as far as fevers are concerned, and by adding vaccination and inoculation, will go a long way toward making that person immune from contagious diseases."

Fully Covered.

The following written definition of the word "bachelor" was handed in by a schoolboy: "A bachelor is a man who has no wife, nor wants no wife, nor can't get no wife."