



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Caress.

DISPLAYS of affection among members of families are largely matters of temperament. The members of some families never meet or part without ardent demonstrations of love which are delightful to themselves and pleasing to every sensible observer. Who can witness, without a warming of the heart, the cries of joy, and the embraces with which children welcome the return of father or mother from a temporary absence, or the affectionate parting and meeting of husband and wife? A person who finds in this proper display of pure family affection only an occasion for ridicule is to be pitied. There are other families, however, in which outward demonstrations of love are almost never seen. The members of such families reserve any show of affection for extraordinary occasions when the deepest feelings of the heart are stirred, and even when betrayed into an exhibition of their love, have a feeling of shame as if they had shown a weak side of their nature. There is no reason to suppose that the love of these persons for their family and friends is not as strong and deep as that cherished by those who are more demonstrative, and they would without doubt do as much in case of need for their comfort and pleasure. The repression of the expression of feeling is peculiarly an American vice. The actions of many foreigners when even slightly moved seem to us extravagant and amusing. We cover our deepest emotions with a joke and a laugh. But those who are so chary of displays of proper emotion rob themselves of much pleasure. While demonstrations of love among friends may go so far as to be indecorous or insincere, reasonable exhibitions of affection are both proper and pleasurable. Especially repression by any one of a show of love from a child or a companion is a cruel blow at one of the sweetest and most precious things in life, sincere affection in the heart of a friend.—The Watchman.

The Spirit of Tolerance.

WE would fain believe that men are growing more tolerant of each other's opinions, political, religious and otherwise. In our own country, at least, it is easy to discover a growing disposition to minimize differences of belief and to find for the betterment of mankind. Colderidge somewhere says that there are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a possibility that there may be the refraction of some great truth as yet below the horizon. * * *

Sir Thomas Browne, a sectarian of the strictest order, rejoices that he never divided himself "from any man upon a difference of religious opinion." It is only by the recognition of the manhood beneath the opinions, prejudices, preconceptions, perhaps misconceptions, with which we invest ourselves that we can dwell together happily in this world. * * *

Our opinions may come from birth and early environment, and may not be the result of inquiry, study and conviction, however firmly one may believe that we have worked out the problem for ourselves. We should, therefore, extend the greatest charity to those who refuse to go our way. Bishop Taylor, writing on friendship and general benevolence, observes that a good man is a friend to all the world, and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well and do good to all mankind in what he can. This all-embracing friendship, benevolence and tolerance overleaps the confines of sects, creeds, parties and social distinctions. It emanates from the Deity. "The greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God." We do not all attain this catholicity of friendship, for we are imperfect beings at best, but we should strive for it. Were the world imbued with this spirit, it would be transformed, and oppression, poverty, a thousand woes would be removed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Forestry and Irrigation Must Go Together.

THAT the time has come for an important, aggressive movement for the reclamation of arid and semi-arid lands in the western part of the United States is plainly indicated by the very large representation of States and Territories at the eleventh national irrigation congress recently held at Ogden, Utah.

For many years the friends of irrigation worked earnestly and hopefully for Federal aid in carrying forward projects for the reclamation of arid lands. They were retarded, but not discouraged, by persistent opposition. The final enactment of a national irrigation law by the

last Congress, the fruit of long agitation, makes it incumbent upon these advocates of Federal aid to co-operate with the Government in planning a comprehensive irrigation project for the upbuilding of a great agricultural empire in the western zone of the republic. It is estimated that there are in the semi-arid zones about 600,000,000 acres of vacant public lands with sufficient water available under the storage system to irrigate one-sixteenth of it. In his address to the congress President Clark stated his belief that if the Government would expend \$10,000,000 annually for thirty years in providing reservoirs sufficient to reclaim 20,000,000 acres, the land reclaimed would provide homes for 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 people. As this sum might be easily realized from the sale of reclaimed Government land a magnificent contribution to the wealth of the nation could thus be made with but small outlay.

Development and reclamation of the arid West, to be of permanent value, must have its foundations laid in a system of forests for protecting the sources of water supply which will be forever protected by the Government from destruction.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What Fast Train Operation Means.

WHEN the "Twentieth Century Limited" train recently made a run on the Lake Shore Railroad of 133.4 miles from Toledo to Elkhart in 114 minutes, probably none of the passengers gave a thought to the real meaning of such a magnificent feat performance. In order to accomplish the feat a speed of fully 85 miles per hour had to be maintained for considerable portions of the distance. With a modern passenger train such speed can be attained with safety only when roadbed, track, equipment, discipline of employes and other operating conditions are about as perfect as human skill can make them.

The train consisted of six Pullmans, each weighing 55 tons, or a total of 330 tons, one combination baggage car weighing 30 tons and a locomotive 135 tons. To haul a mass weighing a total of 495 tons, or 990,000 pounds, along steel rails weighing only 85 pounds to the yard means a sustained shock of tremendous force, and a strain to track and roadbed which would search out the slightest weakness or defect.

One revolution of the engine drivers, which were 84 inches in diameter, carried the train forward about seven yards. In running one mile the piston rod must go backward and forward 247 times. A speed of 85 miles per hour means 1 1/2 miles per minute, so that the piston rod would have to go back and forth, and the large drivers revolve six times each second, which is almost too rapid for the eye to follow. Experiments have shown that a train weighing as many tons as the "Twentieth Century Limited," when running at the rate of 85 miles per hour, cannot be brought to a stop within 3,000 feet.

An "emergency" stop would be very likely, therefore, to mean disaster to such a train, and only perfectly operated signals and the highest art in train dispatching can insure the train against such stops. When it is realized also that a slight defect in any portion of the equipment or imperfect inspection of the same is almost certain to be followed by dire results, the wonder grows over the degree of perfection attained in the various arts and in discipline which have united in making modern train operation possible.—Chicago Record-Herald.

What Constitutes Riches?

THE New York Times has been printing the ideas of many contributors given as answers to the question: "When may a man in New York City be considered rich?" The notion of riches is always a variable one. The question related to the amount of money one must have to be reckoned a rich man according to New York standards. Well, New York standards are various. To some \$100,000, to others \$500,000, to others a million or ten millions seems necessary. One's idea of riches depends largely on his ideas of luxury; that is, of what would seem luxury to him, the power to satisfy all his wants. But wants grow with the ability to supply them. There is always something beyond the present power of acquisition that seems desirable. Most men refuse to admit that they are so rich that they desire no more. Riches might be defined as something more than one has. As might be expected, there are the usual philosophical answers, as, for example, "good health, freedom from debt and anxiety, and tastes corresponding to one's income." This is a definition of happiness rather than of riches.—Boston Herald.

WIT IN TOASTS TO WOMEN.

Some Examples that Are Famous Because of Their Point.

A banquet with a list of toasts as a part of its program almost necessarily includes one "To Lovely Woman." To omit such would be to lose the majesty of the most gallant sort. Many of these toasts have become famous for their wit or sentiment or sarcasm, and among them may be recalled the following:

"Woman, the fairest work of all creation. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy."

This is fairly seconded by a youth who, giving his distant sweetheart, said: "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and treacle stand appalled."

Further, in regard to the fair sex, we have:

"Woman, she needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself." "Woman, the bitter half of man."

In regard to matrimony some bachelor once gave: "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns to earth."

At the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple some wit wished them "unspeakable bliss."

At a supper given to a writer of comedies a wag said: "The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

From a lay critic: "The bench and bar. If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench."

A celebrated statesman while dining with a duchess on her 80th birthday, in proposing her health, said:

"May you live, my lady duchess, until you begin to grow ugly."

"I thank you sir," she said, "and may you long continue your taste for antiquities."

Towels and eggs can never be too fresh.

HEADGEAR IN MEXICO.

Silk Hats Now Worn by Officials Instead of Sombreros.

Among all well-bred people great attention is paid to the hat of the masculine visitor, says Modern Mexico. That emblem of grandeur, as Richard Ford called it, is taken at once and carefully placed on a chair quite as if it were a person. It must be treated with respect. A table is also a proper place for it, but a chair is better.

Especially is the top hat distinguished in etiquette; it implies that the wearer is a real senior, a true caballero, and it is honored with careful treatment. See that it is allowed to repose on a chair safe from casual knocks or jars. In common parlance, the top hat is "una chistera," a facetious word, and, speaking seriously, it is "un sombrero de copa," or, "de copa alta." It is an emblem of social rank and lawyers often wear it from morning till night.

The sombrero de paja, or straw hat, may be of many degrees of fineness. Sometimes it has a gold or silver cord and is worn by well-to-do rancheros or great hacendados on proper occasions. Women on horseback in the country and formerly in the city wear handsome sombreros. The sombrero of felt, with its ornaments, may cost anywhere from \$10 to \$1,000. It is the gala hat for horseback on days of fiestas and in the country regions is affected by the prosperous. Remember that the hat, in any form, is something to respect. It is taken off as a sign of regard and deference or of mere courtesy.

The sombrero calanes is the Andalusian hat of low crown and broad brim, the hat of the bullfighter on the street, where he receives the homage of the admiring populace, especially of the small boy. It has its epochs of coming into quite general use, and it is far more picturesque than the staid and prim derby. The latter hat is much affected by the city youth of Mexico, but it is foreign, alien and an exotic. It is ridiculous when worn on horseback under the ardent sun of Mexico or Andalusia.

In old times Mexicans, as well as Spaniards of social rank, wore the cocked hat, immortalized in Alarcon's story of the "Sombrero de Tres Picos." The three-cornered hat, properly speaking, affected by the people in times gone, was called the "sombrero de tres caudles."

Boys of the lower classes wear cheap straw sombreros to school, and the marvel is that they ever distinguish them, for they are as much alike as peas in a pod.

But to return to our mittens, so to say, the hat as a symbol of grandeur. It is nowadays the tall hat, the "topper," the silk hat, stovepipe, or what you will. "Gobernadores" wear it, senators and deputies and lawyers of course, though in Mexican cities the young lawyers affect jaunty straw hats in warm weather, and often derbies.

The grandees of the first class of Spain have the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of their sovereign, and the other day the young King Alfonso, receiving a party of noblemen of high degree, who approached him unceasingly, said, after a moment, "Cover yours! Lives seniors," which is the ancient etiquette. Thus the hat plays its Spanish tradition and actual life a ceremonial part differing from usage in Anglo-Saxon countries.

An Old Acquaintance.

The prophet is not always without honor in his own country, but if that country happen to be New England he is sometimes without the perquisites of honor when he is at home.

"I see Hubby Locke has come on a vacation to his grandfather's," said Miss Martin, as she unrolled her apron and took her pin cushion, scissors, thimble and measuring tape out of her bag in the sewing-room of the Widow Farrar.

"Yes, Judge Hubbard Locke has come for a fortnight," said Mrs. Farrar, with careful and meaning emphasis.

Miss Martin's bright eyes shot a quick glance at her. "I'll leave it to them that haven't snapped his fingers off the wheels of their sewing-machines with a thimble to call Hubby Locke 'judge,'" she remarked, as she tied on her pin cushion and began to stab it.

Satisfied with His Job.

A Philadelphia clergyman recently visited an old schoolmate who is located in Montana. One Sunday they held revival services in a large camp of Swedish miners, and at one of the meetings the minister from the Quaker City, looking straight at a big, powerful-looking man who sat in front, said to him:

"My friend, don't you want to work for the Lord?"

The Swede thought a few seconds and replied slowly: "No, I thank not; de Norden Pacific fallers is party good to work for."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Obedient Boy.

"Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?" asked the merchant, who had sent his office-boy on an errand.

"No, sir; he was out, and the office was locked up."

"Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?" The practical boy, says Stray Stories, had his reason ready.

"There was a notice on the door saying, 'Return at once,' so I came back as quick as I could."

Utmost Deliberation Necessary.

"Do you mean to tell me that you would deliberately vote?"

"Of course," answered Senator Sorghum. "That's the only way to buy them. The man who buys votes impulsively is almost sure to get the worst of the bargain."—Washington Star.



Science AND INVENTION

The using of electric light in bathrooms, either public or private, so it is asserted by an English engineer, is dangerous in many cases. Writing to the Government Gazette, he says that the electric light switches most usually employed have brass covers and brass knobs, and it is quite possible that this metal work may be in unsuspected contact with the electric supply wires. In such a case a person standing on a dry wooden floor, and using the switch, would not notice any defect, but anyone in the act of taking a bath, or standing with bare feet on a wet or metallic floor, and attempting to turn on the light, would receive a very severe shock which would probably prove fatal even at the comparatively low pressure of 220 volts.

Some twenty-five years ago mongooses were imported into Barbados to drive away the rats which ate the sugar canes. Now the sugar planters have petitioned the governor to authorize the destruction of the mongooses because the latter, instead of confining their attention to the rats, have driven out many useful animals, including lizards, which were the enemies of the moth-borer caterpillars. The caterpillars are now left free to penetrate the sugar canes, thereby affording holes for the lodgment of destructive fungus. Thus in the continual struggle for existence nature herself is often found to have established the best system of equilibrium, interference with which always brings more ills than it drives away.

Has radium any practical uses apart from its value to pure science? It has been reported that cancer has been cured, or at least that the patient was benefited, and that partial sight has been restored to the blind through the agency of radium. But these alleged uses for the wonderful substance have not yet been finally demonstrated. There is another direction, however, in which it is regarded as possible that radium may prove useful, and that is in the production of light. Prof. Oliver Lodge has pithily said that a knowledge of the firefly's secret would enable us to produce light without heat. The source of the energy which the firefly uses, like the source of the energy of radium, is unknown. Through the study of radium, it has been suggested, we may discover a cheaper and better method of illumination than any we now possess.

Last summer Dr. Horace C. Hovey conceived and tested a new method of measuring the height of some of the great dome-shaped chambers in the Mammoth Cave. He called to his assistance the toy balloon, and after some preliminary experiments had his balloons made of a special pattern, with thinner and more elastic rubber than that usually employed. Then, with five balloons tied in a cluster, and each inflated with hydrogen to a diameter of ten inches, he began his attempts at measurement in the cave. An acetylene light furnished illumination to reveal the balloons when they touched the ceiling. The measuring tape was a light silk thread. The Rotunda was found to be just 40 feet high, and the Mammoth Dome 119 feet 6 inches. But in the vast temple called Gorin's Dome wandering air currents rendered the balloons unmanageable when about two-thirds of the way to the ceiling.

Edward Everett Hale, in his excellent little book, "How to Do It," discusses the matter of reading. The substance of what he says may be given in the form of the following ten rules:

1. Don't try to read everything.
2. Read two books on the same subject, one solid, one for pleasure.
3. Don't read a book for the sake of saying, I have read it.
4. Review what you read.
5. Read with a pencil in hand.
6. Use a blank book.
7. Condense whatever you copy.
8. Read less and remember it.
9. One hour for light reading should have one hour of solid reading.
10. Whatever reading you do, do it regularly.

How to Read.

A hypocondriac who visited Sir Conan Doyle in the days when he was a practicing physician complained of "a very bad side." He told his story in great detail, says the London Chronicle.

He put his hand above his waist line, and said:

"I get a sharp pain here, Doctor, whenever I touch my head."

"Why on earth, then, do you touch your head?" Dr. Doyle asked, mildly but drily.

Fun or Be Done.

"By Jove, Reggie, I don't see why my tailor should dun me. It's positive insolence."

"Dear boy, perhaps he's afraid you've done him."—Boston Globe.

Breakfast Cynic.

"The woman who picks out a husband because he is a good dancer," said the breakfast cynic, "is on par with the man who picks out a wife because she can make fudge."

Opinions should be formed with great caution and changed with still greater caution.

When a man does a fool thing, he thinks it's smart, or he wouldn't do it.

When a man does a fool thing, he thinks it's smart, or he wouldn't do it.

When a man does a fool thing, he thinks it's smart, or he wouldn't do it.

When a man does a fool thing, he thinks it's smart, or he wouldn't do it.

STORY OF A CHILD BANK.

When Father Came to Leave He Had No Money.

The bank belonged to the child, and it had all the interest of a new toy. In an effort to show the child how it worked and the object of it, the mother had sacrificed all her available change, after which the child had picked up a few pennies that had been carelessly left on a table, and these had followed the rest. Then she had waited to make a financial assault on her father.

"Money," she said to him as soon as he was settled in his favorite chair.

"Say! she's beginning early," he commented, laughing.

"Oh, I've got a savings bank for her, and she's been crazy to put money in it all day," his wife explained.

"Well, as long as she puts it in the bank it's safe," he remarked, as he gave her a nickel.

Her eyes sparkled and she laughed so joyously that he was enraptured. She was a happy, graceful child, with very pretty and captivating ways of expressing her pleasure.

"That was worth more than a nickel," he laughed, as he gave her a dime.

"But you mustn't humor her too much," his wife cautioned.

"Oh, this is in a good cause," he urged, with the blind indulgence of a particularly proud father. "It's teaching her to save money, and that's something every child should learn. It isn't like spending it, you know, which would be wasteful."

So he gave her a quarter, and in two minutes he was laughing as joyously as she was and getting as much fun out of her as she was out of the bank. But after dinner it was different.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "the bank's got all my money, and I've got to go uptown. I'll have to borrow some change from you."

"What little I had," she explained, "was used in showing Tottie what the bank was for."

"Well, a bill, then."

"Haven't one. I told you this morning you'd have to bring home some money to-night. Did you forget it?"

His blank look showed that he had.

"We'll have to open the bank, then," he said. "I've got to have some money."

"The only way that bank can be opened," she told him, "is by taking it to the savings bank that issued it, and then they'll place the money it contains to the credit of Tottie."

He swore: not there in the house, but later, while he was taking a nice, brisk, three-mile walk to keep his appointment for that evening. And it was a week before he could be lured to look at the little bank again, which he has classified as a sort of an inanimate confidence man.—Brooklyn Eagle.

INDIAN AS FOOTBALL PLAYER.

He Is Unsurpassed in Running and Tackling—Fond of Game.

As a matter of prosaic fact, these hard-working and well-behaved wards of the nation at Carlisle have been from the start models of disciplined and educated conduct on the football field as well as off, and only their shocks of black hair and their swarthy faces mark them as unusual or odd when they line up against the "palefaces," says a writer in the Illustrated Sporting News.

These lads are intensely fond of football, and they have left in them an inherited indifference to hurts and a toughness of fiber that are their strongest qualities when added to swiftness and agility of movement. I have seen them play through a hard game without one call for "time out," because of injury, and nearly everyone who has seen them play must have noticed the fierceness of their tackling and their fashion of breaking out of a scrimmage on the rebound like so many rubber balls. In running, tackling and aggressive line-breaking the Indians are unsurpassed.

Their weakness is an argument in favor of the claim that football is a question of the trained mind as much as the powerful body. It is mental alertness and adaptability that the Carlisle players find themselves lacking when they meet the first-class teams. To analyze and meet the unexpected, and to solve the problems of a scientific attack and defense of a style to which they are not accustomed puzzles the slower and less effectively trained mind of the Indian, and he cannot make as quick a change of mental base as the white youth. This is to be expected, and the astonishing feature of it is that the Indian player is able to make the showing he does. He comes to Carlisle from the reservation a little savage and in perhaps a half dozen years he is fashioned into the clean, alert, self-respecting young man who delights those who know good football, played with ardor, yet with self-control and intelligence of a high order. While his opponents shout and rave in moments of great stress, he plays the game in silence, without a show of emotion, whether he wins or loses—the type of the true sportsman. He is a vindication both of the wholesome training of football in the development of young manhood and of the magnificent work accomplished by the policy and life work of Col. Pratt at Carlisle.

Not Asked Yet.

Tess—So she's to be Mrs. Roxley, eh?

Jess—I don't know.

Tess—Why, I'm sure it was yourself who told me she had determined to marry J. M.

Jess—Well, that's different.—Philadelphia Press.

Patriotism always stands in with the government.