

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## Nervous Prosperity is a Disease.

**M**ERELY being prosperous makes many persons nervous. Women, having duties which, if not fewer, are less compulsory, than those of men, are peculiarly subject to this complaint. Their physical strength is less, their nervous systems are more complicated. Secretary Root regrets the decrease of country life on the ground that cities make a nervous race, different from the cool old stock which has been the basis of our civilization. Mr. Root thinks that nearness to the soil is a necessary condition of strong nerves. The American climate, in the Northern States, is exciting. Many who cannot sleep in the United States are less troubled with insomnia abroad. When cable cars, with gongs and crowds, railways overhead, packed streets, automobiles, telephones, telegrams, messenger boys, and the general machinery of haste are added, nervous tension becomes extreme. Sometimes it takes the form of a passion for late hours, and might be called Somnophobia. The Somnophobe is so keyed up that he shrinks from the relaxation of sleep, or any other quietness. The love of excitement is often as disintegrating as the love of drink. "Be not hurried away by excitement," says Epictetus, "but say, 'Sombance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are and what you represent.'" Many of our occupations would hardly stand the test of Epictetus. Emerson made the same point as Mr. Root, when he said that Nature's comment is, "Why so hot, little man?" As women are more responsible, just now, than men, for increasing nervousness, one of our problems is to make natural activities attractive to them—not work enough to exhaust them, but enough to keep them from being as restless as a fly under an exhausted receiver. Pleasures, diversions, are never sufficient to form a life. Responsibility is necessary to freedom. Thackeray, laughing at the strivings of Werther, had his heroine, at the end of the poem, go on cutting bread and butter. Candide, after examining all possible worlds, decided that the real thing was to cultivate a garden.—Collier's Weekly.

## Physical Training in the Schools.

**A**BOUT the best thing that has yet been hit upon in connection with the public schools is the care that is being bestowed on the physical condition of the children. In the larger cities of the United States and to some extent in Canada children are being examined for physical defects, and appropriate measures are being taken to remedy these as far as possible. If nothing more was done than to promote the habit of deep breathing that would be a hygienic reform of the first importance. We doubt if anything could be done by public authority that would contribute more to the health and happiness of the community. Until human beings are placed in full possession of their physical faculties and in full enjoyment of their natural functions, they do not know how good a place the world is. With more of genuine good health in the world, more of something approaching physical perfection, there would be less craving for artificial enjoyments and probably less craving for wealth. If the schools will, in addition to making the children practice deep breathing, cultivate their speaking voices and teach them to walk well, the effect in a few years will be marvelous.—Montreal Star.

## The Law of Life.

**L**ACK of work does turn men into tramps, but it does not keep them tramps. The man and the job cannot always keep apart unless the man so wishes. The proof is the fact that thousands of men have been tramps and are no longer. And these men did not owe their escape from tramping to anything that anybody did for them. They owed it entirely to themselves. Taking his life through, the average tramp is such because he wishes to be—because he falls into the delusion that it is easier to beg and steal than to work. One of those economic lulls known as hard times may have set him to tramping. But, when this lull was over he did not remain a tramp unless he wished to. The individual human life, like the electric current,

seeks the line of least resistance. All men are prone to take the line in life on which they can travel with least effort. Man, like other animals, is naturally averse to exertion not compelled by immediate necessity. In other words, man is naturally lazy unless his foresight teaches him and his will impels him to be industrious.

The habitual tramp is such because he lacks the will to be otherwise. Sentimental philanthropists may be challenged to produce a single tramp who, if his story were truly known, could not be proved to have thrown away, because it required of him harder work than he was willing to do, opportunity after opportunity to escape from his condition.

Civilization does not produce the habitual tramp of starchy beggar. He exists in civilization because it is too falsely humane to compel him to work or starve, as savagery does. And it is a perversion of philanthropy to hold that the tramp, or any other human being, is entitled to any place in civilization other than what his will to work can achieve. Work is the law of life.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Evolution of Industrial Methods.

**W**E believe that industry among human beings is destined to pass through three phases—the phases of competition, of organization, of emulation.

Civilization has spent thousands of years in the competitive system. Out of a hundred business men ninety-nine have failed—one hundred business enterprises have landed ninety-nine men with broken hearts, broken hopes, and one man with money in his pocket and a broken digestion.

Competition encouraged the merchant to sell adulterated goods, bogus goods, worthless goods. It encouraged him to pay his employees as little as he could in order to compete with others who hired employees, and to charge his customers as much as he could.

The competitive system is now dying a slow death. Already the system of organization has arrived, and the trusts represent this system.

It is crude and selfish, it takes for a few big organized pirates the enormous sums that used to be distributed among a great many little competitive pirates.

But organization, even under trust management, is a step in the right direction.

The trust that is combining the nation's industries into a few companies paves the way certainly and surely for national ownership.

When one man, or half a dozen men, shall own all the railroads, there will be an interference by the people sooner or later. When one man, or a few men, shall own all the steel mills, all the coal mines and all the oil wells, all the street car lines—there will be interference by the people sooner or later.

When it is clearly proved that one man, or a few men, can run the business of the nation, that the much vaunted competition is not the life of trade but an indication of savagery, then the people will say to the one man, or the few men, "We, the people, will own the business of the people, and not you, an individual."—New York Journal.

## Anglo-American Arbitration.

**S**OME of the United States newspapers suggest the desirability of an arbitration treaty between Britain and that country, similar to that recently made between Britain and France. Everything that looks in the direction of lessening the danger of war, and establishing the pacific plan of settling international disputes by fair argumentation before a competent and impartial tribunal, instead of by "the stern arbitrament of the sword," should have the support of all right-thinking men. The tendency shown among the nations to discuss such peaceful methods, and in some cases to adopt them, is a sign of the times for which we ought to be thankful. It is an evidence of the development of the Christian consciousness which, when it reaches its full development, will tolerate war no more. It may seem a far cry yet to the day when "the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law," but it is coming. By all means the two great English-speaking nations should show a good lead in this direction.—The Christian Guardian.

## ONE OF DOWIE'S STORIES.

An Old Scotchman Who Went Through Bankruptcy.

John Alexander Dowie is opposed to the bankruptcy laws, which he regards as dishonest. Mr. Dowie holds that if a man owes a debt he owes it till it is paid, and no law on earth can absolve him from it. In his hotel one afternoon, during his New York campaign, Mr. Dowie told a reporter a bankruptcy story.

"In Scotland, where I come from," he said, "there used to live an old man named Fergus MacGregor. Fergus carried the bankruptcy law to its logical conclusion, and proved, unconsciously, its fallacy.

"The old man was a Chandler. He got into difficulties, failed, went through the bankruptcy court, and was let off at the rate of 5 shillings to the pound. Permission was given him, that is to say, to liquidate each just debt of £1 by the payment of only 5 shillings.

"Well, Fergus was a happy man when the order of the court was announced to him. He paid all he owed at once. He said he saw his way clear to growing rich. And next morning he started out to do a little shopping for his wife.

"He went to the grocer's and bought potatoes, tea, oatmeal, sugar, eggs, and so forth, to the extent of £2. At the end, taking up his parcels, he laid down 10 shillings in payment.

"Fergus, man, this is not right," said the grocer. "Your bill is £2, not 10 shillings.

"Oh, yes, that's all right," said Fergus. "I have permission from the judge to pay 5 shillings in the pound."

"Fergus, you see, thought that the judge's order was to hold good for the rest of his natural life, and it was a hard business to convince him to the contrary. What I say is, why shouldn't the order have held good? Why isn't it as right to pay future debts at the rate of 5 shillings to the pound as to pay past ones?"

## TO ST. VALENTINE.

Valentine! Saint Valentine!  
A pilgrim to thy holy shrine,  
Behold I come,  
Footsore, and very heavy-laden  
Because of love for one small maiden,  
My lips are dumb.

O Valentine! Saint Valentine!  
Thou knowest this little maid of mine,  
This dainty sweet,  
So pure and fair that when she passes  
Our gray old world grows green with  
Grasses  
Beneath her feet;

That everywhere her dear face shows  
The west wind takes it for a rose  
Just newly born.  
O grant, sweet Saint, that to her know-  
ing  
But fragrance soft and bloom be showing,  
Give me the thorn!

Oh, Phyllis fair! Oh, Phyllis young!  
I would mine were a poet's tongue  
That I might sue;  
That I might sing in golden numbers—  
To wake your heart from out its slumbers—  
My love for you.

Yet—no, dear heart! The years will bring  
A sweeter song than I could sing;  
So slumber on.  
You will awaken to discover—  
When he shall come—my happy lover,  
And I am gone.  
—New York Independent.

## Aunt Madeline's Valentine.

**A**ND the girl clings to this silly notion? It's preposterous! If you don't make her give up that poor fellow and accept Rufus Clark, I'll have no more to do with any of you. I go to-night unless the girl gives in. She's your daughter; make her obey!" And Aunt Madeline walked out of the room, leaving her niece—gentle, helpless Mrs. Price—in despair, for well she knew that her persuasions were powerless with loyal Kitty Price.

Kitty, the eldest of the widow's four children, had been Aunt Madeline's protegee for years. Ever since her father's death the child had been clothed and educated by this aunt of Mr. Price's, a childless widow, who, to be near her darling Kitty, had for the last three years boarded with Mrs. Price, her liberal payment and well-chosen gifts helping out the widow's straitened income in a way all of them appreciated. That Aunt Madeline "should go" meant that Jack must leave school and go to business, that the little ones could have no new suits that winter, that only bare necessities could be bought, perhaps not even these. Yet Mrs. Price felt afraid to interfere further with Kitty's choice of a husband. It was true that the rich Rufus Clark seemed to others fully as good a man, kind, steady and devoted, as Herbert Huntley, who had a small salary and no bright prospects. But Kitty, unfortunately loved Herbert before Rufus appeared on the field, and she did not believe her aunt Madeline, who assured her that Herbert would "take to drink," or let her support herself and her family after a few years.

Aunt Madeline had made a love match herself, and it had not turned out well. She, too, had been loved by a rich man, and by one who, if not poor, was not blessed with much of this world's goods. She persisted in marrying her choice, reverses had come, and he, a weak character, could not bear trials, resorted to stimulants to cheer him up, and at last was for years dependent upon his wife for his home and support. The rich lover never married, and just when Mrs. Joyce (Aunt Madeline) was preparing to go to work to earn her own support, he died, leaving his one love his large fortune. Judging by her own experience Aunt Madeline had some excuse for advocating marrying for money instead of for love; but "all lovers don't turn out so," Kitty argued, and was sure that manly Herbert, who had supported his sister for years and was thoroughly tried by repeated disappointments and reverses, was very different from weak, vacillating Henry Joyce.

"I won't give him up. I ought not to. I can't," the girl was just repeating, when her gentle mother knocked at her door. Mrs. Price was one of those women who never entered a child's room without knocking. She respected each one's privacy, and perhaps it was for that reason that her children confided so fully in her, taking her as their one confidant.

"Come in, Motherly. I can see Aunt Madeline has been tormenting you again. Why doesn't she come to me instead of worrying you? I think it mean, and I've a good mind to tell her so."

"You won't have a chance, my dear; your aunt is going to leave to-night."

"Leave! for good? O mother! I have done this when you need the help she gives so much! I wish—" and Kitty's voice sounded so hesitatingly that Mrs. Price ventured one last appeal.

"Kitty, dear, it is a sacrifice, and one I cannot ask of you, but if you make it of your own free will you are doing a great and unselfish thing. Rufus Clark would take Jim into his employ, your aunt would see Jack through college, Minnie would have a luxurious home with you, moving in the best society, if anything happens to me—and Rufus is as good as Herbert—I cannot but think your liking would soon grow as warm for him as for your early love."

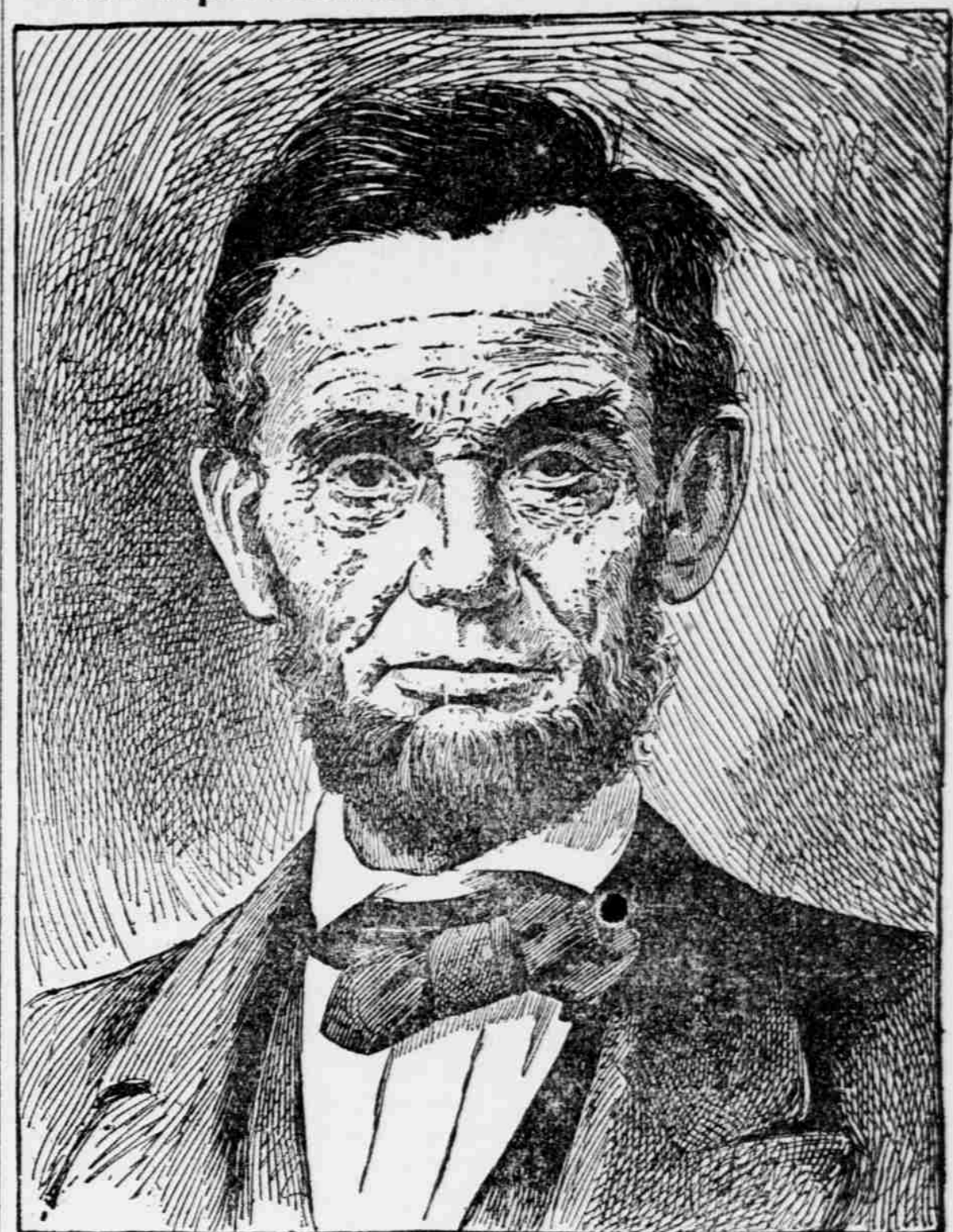
The girl's face was white and fixed. She loved her brothers and little sister devotedly, and then, too, had not her dying father begged her to be a true elder sister to them? He might have foreseen some trial like this, for only a day or two before he died he said to Kitty, when she sat alone with him.

"My girl, you have a hard lot before you—the eldest daughter of a poor widow—you may have to sacrifice a bright future for the sake of your orphan brothers and sister; but do it cheerfully, bravely, and unselfishly and God will make such sacrifice work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

These words seemed ringing in the poor girl's ears. She must not drive Aunt Madeline from her mother. She must not deprive her brothers of Rufus' aid, or Minnie of the safe refuge she could command for her if she gave up Herbert. With pale lips, the girl said: "Wait a moment, mother; I'll speak to Aunt Madeline; only let me sit alone a while."

The mother, frightened at the girl's looks, yet knowing how good and true a man Rufus Clark was, left the room, though longing to upbraid her girl in her wavering now, only waiting until it should grow dusk that her face might not betray her.

## "Government of the People, by the People, and for the People Shall Not Perish from the Earth."



Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809.  
Died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865.

Meanwhile Mrs. Joyce was packing her trunks and boxes, for she was a determined woman, and meant to keep her word. A friend had repeatedly urged her to come and keep "old maids' hall" with her, and sometimes when the boys were particularly quarrelsome and noisy Aunt Madeline had felt inclined to accept, and had hinted as much to Miss Mills, who often said she would expect her "at any time." So now she telegraphed to Boston that she was to come by the night train, and went to work at her packing to keep down the feelings of regret and compunction that threatened to overwhelm her. She decided she would not pack all, but send or come for the rest, and thought with relief that she need not sort over her old mementoes of former days; but there was one paper she must get at and take with her. As she turned over a box full of papers she came across a pink envelope, worn and faded, but one that in its day was evidently chosen for its beauty to hold some dainty message.

"Harry's valentine! poor fellow, poor fellow! My own loving Harry!" and she opened the faded envelope, with falling tears. It was not Henry Joyce, the drummer, of whom she thought; it was her bonnie lover of those long years back. She seemed to be standing again, a loving, trusting girl of eighteen, and to see his blue eyes so full of love, so beautiful and true to her, beaming upon her, as he said:

"I wrote it myself, Pet, and I want you to keep it always—from your Valentine."

"Always—forever!" she had answered, with a blush. Ah, there is always one that gives, and one that takes, in love affairs. If she had been the giver, pouring out her very life in devotion and sacrifice for him, had she not found a wonderful secret happiness, even in her pain? Would she even now have her past life different? She pressed the faded valentine to her lips.

"Aunt Madeline, I have come to say you need not pack your things. I'll give up—I'll marry Rufus Clark. Herbert will understand, poor fellow. Do stay, Aunt Madeline!"

"Stay! just because I choose to look over my things on a rainy afternoon" (it was perfectly dry outside, but the old lady was hard put to it), "to take it for granted I am going! And as for Rufus Clark, let him go, my child, let him go! I suppose you want Herbert, for better, for worse, and if it's for worse, dear, and the old lady's voice grew tender and solemn, "God will help you, as he has helped many another. The happiest marriages are not always the truest—some one must bear with and sustain the feeble ones. Keep your Herbert, as you love him, and God bless you."

The girl longed to say, "But Herbert is not feeble, and there won't be any 'worse,' but all 'better,' in our marriage," but she was wise, and let the old lady have the floor.

"There, this old valentine conquered me—mere doggerel, I suppose, the lines seem to you," and Aunt Madeline read the verses to Kitty, which were doggerel, and probably only slightly altered from some old book, to suit the lover's purpose. "Mere doggerel; but keep your valentines, dear, when they come from your true love; they may keep you from being a heartless, meddlesome old wretch, and separating two true hearts, as I came near doing."

Kitty's mother went down to the tea-table with bread. It would be almost as bad to learn that Aunt Madeline was to stay and dear Kitty sacrificed, as to bid good-by to their one well-to-do relation. To her surprise, Kitty and Aunt entered the dining room together, the young girl beaming and blushing, the old lady with a tender light in her eyes, and a delicate flush on her withered cheek.

"It's all right, Motherly," said Kitty, joyously. "Aunt isn't going away, and I needn't marry Rufus. He'll have to wait for Minnie."

"But—I—" began Mrs. Price, wondering.

"Mother, St. Valentine shall be my patron saint hereafter!" At which speech Aunt's flush deepened, though she tried to come down gracefully from her former attitude. "I still think Kitty is foolish, but time will teach her her folly" and no one argued to the contrary.

The wedding came off on St. Valentine's day, Kitty declaring that the saint

would bring them luck. Minnie wore her first "long dress," and Mr. Clark seemed so much struck with her wonderful resemblance to the bride that Aunt may still have one of her nieces "married well." Herbert in spite of Aunt Madeline's fears, seems altogether "for better" and not "for worse." He may never be rich, but he is loving and honorable, and on each wedding anniversary he gives his wife a valentine, which is carefully treasured. But Kitty begs in vain for the faded pink envelope and its enclosure. "I'll leave it to you, dear," said Aunt, on the third anniversary of Kitty's marriage, "but as long as I live I'll keep my own valentines. May you have only sweet memories enshrined in them! Mine, though precious, tells a mixed tale of sorrow, hope, almost despair. But, through it all, hope triumphs."

And Kitty, remembering the dying bed, where the poor weak man had repented of his wasted life, felt that even Aunt Madeline's choice had not been so utterly a mistake as some would insist.—The Housewife.

## LINCOLN'S LAW PARTNER.

Hiram W. Beckwith, from 1856 to 1861 a partner of Abraham Lincoln, died recently at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago, aged 72. Mr. Beckwith's father was one of the pioneers of Illinois, having helped to found the town of Danville in 1819. Young Beckwith studied law under Ward H. Lamon, who was marshal of the District of Columbia during Lincoln's administration. He was a close friend of Lincoln and later became his resident partner at Danville, while Lincoln was a circuit lawyer.

From 1857 to 1902 Mr. Beckwith was president of the State Historical Society. He was compelled to resign in the latter year on account of illness. He left a widow and two sons.

## Lincoln and the Dying Soldier Boy.

One day in May, 1863, while the great war was raging between the North and the South, President Lincoln paid a visit to one of the military hospitals, says an exchange. He had spoken many cheering words of sympathy to the wounded as he proceeded through the various wards, and now he was at the bedside of a Vermont boy about sixteen years of age, who lay there mortally wounded.

Taking the dying boy's thin, white hands in his own, the President said, in a tender tone, "Well, my poor boy, what can I do for you?"

The young man looked up into the President's kindly face and asked: "Won't you write to my mother for me?" "That I will," answered Mr. Lincoln, and calling for a pen, ink and paper, he seated himself by the side of the bed and wrote from the boy's dictation. It was a long letter, but the President betrayed no signs of weariness. When it was finished, he rose, saying: "I will post this as soon as I get back to my office. Now is there anything else I can do for you?"

The boy looked up appealingly to the President.

"Won't you stay with me?" he asked. "I do want to hold on to your hand."

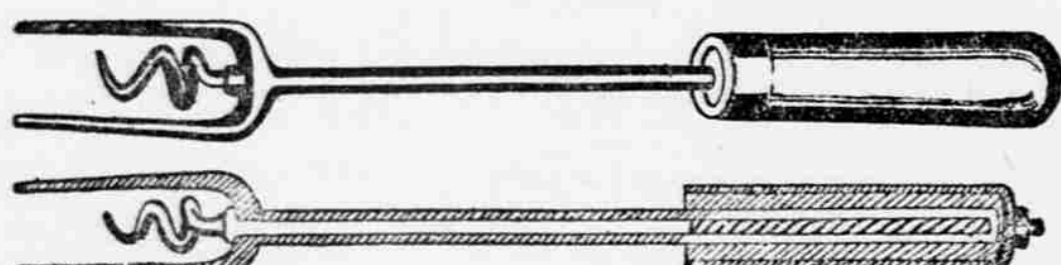
Mr. Lincoln at once perceived the lad's meaning. The appeal was too strong for him to resist; so he sat down by his side and took hold of his hand. For two hours the President sat there patiently, as though he had been the boy's father.

When the end came he bent over and folded the boy's thin hands over his breast. As he did so, he burst into tears; and when, soon afterward, he left the hospital, they were still streaming down his cheeks.

## Unnoticed.

"You say you saw my sister at a recent wedding?"  
"Yes. It wasn't very long ago."  
"But I don't remember that she mentioned seeing you."  
"Very likely. I was only the groom."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A HANDY CORKSCREW FORK.



The accompanying illustration looks as much like a corkscrew as it does a fork, but the combination makes a very excellent arrangement for kitchen service. It is particularly designed for turning and lifting large pieces of meat during the process of cooking. The fork consists of the usual handle, with a tube or sleeve fitted therein, the tines mounted on the outer end of the tube, and a rod passing through the tube and handle and carrying at one end the spiral screw, and the other end secured by a nut to cause the screw to revolve with the handle.

In operation the tines are driven into the meat to the proper distance, and the handle is then turned to cause the spiral screw to engage or twist into the meat, giving a firm and reliable connection between the fork and the meat. To remove the fork, release the screw by turning the handle in the reverse direction.

The advantages of the fork are apparent, for with it a piece of meat or a fowl of any size can be handled with great ease without fear of tearing the meat or of dropping the same.

## FISHES THAT FLY FOR LIFE.

Interesting Scenes While Voyaging in the Gulf of Mexico.

"Watching the flying fish in the Gulf of Mexico is one of the favorite pastimes of persons who make the voyage across the Gulf for the first time," said an observant man, "and the habit is not an uninteresting one, for there is much to be learned, much that is new and attractive to the stranger. There is something particularly fascinating about the flying fish in the Gulf of Mexico.

"During the trip recently we ran into great schools of them between here and Vera Cruz and it was difficult not to believe at times that they were simply making sport of the big vessel that was plowing through the blue waters of the Gulf. They would dart across the bow of the ship, scamper this way and that, and seemed to be in a playful mood all the while. They looked like animated sprays, mere flashes and splashes of water;

now taking this form, now that, now shooting along with the course of the ship; now bounding out from the vessel's side, and all the while apparently conscious of the fact that men and women were watching them. They seemed to take somewhat of pleasure from the enjoyment of the human beings. But, of course, they were busy with other problems. It was not a pleasant business either. It was a matter of life and death with them. They were being pursued by their enemies. The only way they could escape was by leaving the water for a while. The enemy has not learned this little trick of flying, and consequently could not follow when the flying fish spread their wings and soared in the air for a while.

"It is remarkable what distances these delicate members can go on their poorly trained wings. I have seen them fly as far as two city blocks. They are interesting little fellows, and they always draw the attention of the tourist and the stranger in Gulf waters."