

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Fear of the Surgeon's Knife.

THE millionaire who killed himself rather than suffer a surgical operation for appendicitis is a type of many individuals who prefer death to the thought of going under the scalpel. It is by a strange mental process that they come to such a choice. Often, as in this latest case, the pain to be endured is vastly exaggerated by imagination, while "the sense of death is most in apprehension," for the removal of the vermiform appendix, save in cases of acute development, is rarely deadly nowadays.

Perhaps this wretched man had such a case of "nerves" when he was ordered to the surgeon that his system was strung to the snapping point and only needed the suggestion of the knife to induce recourse to the revolver. Again, his may have been somewhat like the experience of the brave and gallant duelist of whom De Maupassant has given us such an intense study—the man of certain marksmanship who pondered all night over the act of killing his man on the morrow until from certainty his mind drifted to doubt, from doubt to fear, from fear to panic and insanity, until the pistol that was to kill his adversary he turned on his own brain.

It was long contemplation of the operation, no doubt, that made death welcome to the man with the appendix. It was Shakespeare's Brutus who truly said, "Cowards die many times before their deaths." This individual was afraid of pain, but of death he was unafraid. It is a curious process of the mind that makes mere physical fear dominate the moral courage it takes to blow out one's brains. It is a part of the dark, impenetrable mystery of life.—New York Press.

Importance of Tibet.

WHILE the proposed expedition into Tibet has appealed to the general imagination chiefly in point of its promise of revealing to general knowledge an unknown land and a hidden city, it has, in fact, great actual importance as England's first effort to check Russian influence in possibly the most vital point which it is to-day essaying to conquer.

Tibet is not in itself a delectable land—but it lies adjacent to India. Lhasa, for all its secret, is known to be comparatively an insignificant town—but it is the seat of the Dalai-Lama, Pope of the Buddhist world, the incarnation of the All-Merciful God for five hundred millions of human beings. These form a large part of the population of India, and they dominate China. It is by virtue of the influence that has gone forth from the sacred hill on which Dalai-Lama dwells that the present Manchu dynasty has been maintained in power in the Middle Kingdom and throughout the vast tributary realms which up to now have constituted the Chinese empire. What the Buddhist pontiff has done for Manchus he can do again for Moscovites. It was from Mukden that the Manchus luridly extended their sway over the kingdoms to the south of Manchuria; Russia is in that ancient capital now, and if

the Russians would wrest it from their predecessors they would find it the greatest possible aid to have a friend in the Grand Lama, before whom Asia bows as Europe never bowed before a Pope of Rome.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Japan's Industries.

WHEN we take into consideration the fact that a single generation ago trade in any shape or form was regarded by the Japanese as one of the most degrading pursuits, and that all those who followed commercial vocations were classed in the lowest section of the social scale, we cannot fail to appreciate the splendid national qualities which in thirty years have transformed a primitive agricultural country into an industrial nation. The silk trade continues to rank as the leading staple industry, and year after year the area of land planted with mulberry trees increases. In 1902 the value of Japan's exports of raw silk reached almost eight millions sterling. Of late the manufacture of cotton yarns has undergone material expansion, and well-equipped mills have sprung up in various parts of the country. The manufacture of matches is also a thriving industry, and it is worth noting that the Japanese matches find their way as far as British India. Coal and copper mining are as yet not fully developed, but it is the opinion of local British experts that, with better methods of working the mines, the export trade in coal could be brought up to between forty and fifty million tons per annum.—London Graphic.

Longer Life for Mankind.

MODERN sanitation and the improvement in the practice of medicine are showing notable results in the prevention and cure of diseases and in prolonging human life. The Chicago Health Department, for instance, finds that since 1872 the average length of life has doubled in Chicago. In 1903 the average age at death was 42 per cent greater than in 1882, and 111 per cent greater than in 1872. The cause of this increase in vitality, according to the bulletin, is due to the introduction of vaccination and the antitoxins, the discovery of antiseptics and methods of anaesthesia, and, most important of all, "the recognition of the importance of cleanliness, personal and circumferential."

Statistics recently made public in Massachusetts show that the number of deaths from consumption in that State has been reduced about one-half in a little over ten years. The death rate from this disease has been greatly decreased in New York in the past decade by the use of sanitary methods and the fresh-air cure. The gratifying results from intelligent treatment and the enlightenment of the people regarding the prevention and treatment of tuberculosis lead to the hope that the doctors will in course of time conquer even this great scourge of the human race.—Baltimore Sun.

FIRST TORPEDO BOAT.

A Newsdealer of Toronto Tells How He Built It.

"I built the first torpedo boat that ever worked," said James C. Cousins, newsdealer, at the corner of Queen street and Spadina avenue, Toronto, to the Globe, in discussing the use of torpedoes in the Russo-Japanese war. "I was a ship carpenter at Charleston, S. C., when the Civil War began, and as there were a lot of Yankee vessels about there General Beauregard asked me one day to see what I could do in the way of a torpedo boat. I took some one-inch boards and built a cigar-shaped boat thirty feet long. At the bow we rigged a copper kettle, holding about seventy-five pounds of powder. The kettle was fastened to a pole, so that we could lift it out of the water when the boat was going, and then sink it about eight feet under water when we got to close quarters. The pole was at an angle of 45 degrees, so that the kettle would strike the hull of the enemy below the water line. The kettle had some percussion caps on the top, and the force of the collision would make them explode like this," said Mr. Cousins, and, pulling out a pencil, he drew this sketch:



FIRST TORPEDO BOAT.

James Eastman's yard, and called it the Little David. That was in 1862. When it was finished we saw the big Yankee war vessel Ironsides just outside of Charleston harbor, and sent the Little David after her. The boat was in charge of Mr. Mills, who kept the Mills House, and the crew were Lieutenant Lascelle, Charles Hance, who acted as pilot, and a big Irishman; I forget his name. The Little David went straight for the Ironsides, the torpedo was lowered and exploded against the hull. The water washed over the Little David, and some of it went down the smokestack and put out the fire. Lascelle and the Irishman jumped overboard, but Hance and Mills managed to get the Little David back into the harbor, and she often did good work after that. The Ironsides did not sink, but was so badly damaged that she had to be towed away by two other vessels."

Mr. Cousins, who was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has had a long and varied career by sea and by land. After a trip through the Baltic he sailed for many years in the Mediterranean, and in addition to the sea ports has visited Jerusalem and other cities of the East, and also Rome. He was unfortunate enough to be shipwrecked five times. He worked in a shipyard at Quebec about fifty years ago, but, becoming tired of the job, traveled through the States and on to Cuba. But yellow fever at Mantanzas

CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL, ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY



The Transsiberian railway is not the complete piece of equipment which it is popularly supposed to be. It is not even actually continuous, for at Lake Baikal passengers and goods must be transhipped across the lake. In winter this, of course, has to be done on the ice. The illustration shows two officials being hurried across Lake Baikal on the way to the East. As soon as it became evident that war was inevitable the Russians put an enormous force of men at work laying tracks across the lake. The thousands of men have labored night and day, and it is now officially announced that this link will be ready for service in a very short time. If this should prove to be true, it will greatly facilitate the transportation of men, horses and supplies from Russia to the scene of conflict.

stopped his journeying for a while. After some years in Europe he came out to Charleston, S. C., at the opening of the war, and joined the Charleston Light Infantry under Captain T. G. Simmons. He spent four months in garrison at Fort Sumter after the surrender of Major Anderson and afterwards took part in fourteen engagements.

VERY FEW WOMEN STAMMER.

Why They Are So Seldom Afflicted with This Disease.

How many women have you ever known who stammered? A few of us, if this question were put, could remember one or possibly two, but the great majority would have difficulty in recalling a single case.

And how many men? Most persons at even a moment's notice can recall cases ranging in number from one to five.

This divergence is due not to any trick of a defective memory, but to one of the most curious of actual facts.

The truth is that the proportion of those afflicted with stammering or stuttering is 100 men to 1 woman. It is one of the most remarkable things in the science of pathology. Even the specialists in nervous diseases seem utterly at a loss to account for it.

An eminent medical authority is quoted as saying that in all his experience he had known of only one woman that stammered. When asked how he accounted for the immunity of the fair sex from this affliction he replied:

"Stammering is an epileptic affection of the organs of speech, and the victim is usually a person of a high-

strung, excitable temperament. At the last analysis the cause lies in the mind; that is, the stammerer stammers because he fears he will stammer and thus make himself ridiculous.

"Stammering is due to self-consciousness, and it has been my experience that women seldom suffer from self-consciousness. Social success is more necessary to their happiness than it is to men's, and if as girls they have a tendency to shyness or timidity they set about overcoming it at an early age, and concentrate their attention upon doing so until they succeed.

"I do not mean to say that all women are totally void of self-consciousness. It is curious, however, that if they have a tendency to shyness or timidity that is so deeply rooted as to make it difficult to overcome, their confusion most often manifests itself in blushing rather than stammering. I have known girls who were victims of the blushing habit, and I discovered that they blushed for the same reason that I stammered—fear of doing so.—Denver Post.

The Fool and His Money.

Towne—Our friend Lenders must be the proverbial fool.

Browne—Oh, come now; that's rather hard.

Towne—Well, I heard Borroughs remark that he was a "perfect gentleman."—Philadelphia Press.

When a woman has children of the croupy age, she looks like goose grease from November till May.

Planets revolve, but shooting stars are not necessarily revolvers.

Topics of the Times

New York has a German population of 899,000 and Chicago has 440,000. The twenty-five largest London theaters seat 28,600 people and earn \$30,000 a night.

England gets about \$5,000,000 worth of new gold from Africa every month and \$7,500,000 worth out of Australia.

Miss Vida Goldstein, the woman candidate in Victoria for a seat in the Commonwealth Senate, was not elected, but she received 51,000 votes.

The annual loss from the burning of buildings in the United States is about \$135,000,000, not including cost of insurance and the appliances for fire protection.

A bore put down at Cessnock, near Maitland, in New South Wales, recently penetrated, at a depth of 250 feet, a seam of coal twenty-seven feet in thickness.

In a divinity essay written by an English schoolboy appeared the following passage: "So he sed unto Mosses. Come forth; but he come fifth and lost the jobb. Morral, Git up uryly."

Mr. Chamberlain is said to be a remarkably proficient political stage manager, appreciating and knowing the value of a dramatic entrance quite as well as Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

It is stated that over 2,700,000 tons of dust ejected from the Soufriere volcano in St. Vincent have fallen on the island of Barbados. The dust, contrary to expectation, has been found to have no fertilizing value.

Public revenue of Great Britain from April 1, 1903, to the latest date at hand amounted to \$227,849,765, a decrease of \$38,004,795 from last year. Expenditures were \$592,738,225, a falling off of \$191,714,365 from last year.

The value of exports to the United States from Panama in the fiscal year 1903 amounted to \$193,342, of which \$56,767 was the value of hides, \$49,974 India rubber, \$27,805 cocoobol nuts, \$16,508 ivory nuts, \$13,372 deer skins and \$6,908 coffee.

Phonographic records of Emperor William's voice, on metal matrices, will be the first deposits made in the phonetic archives that are to be kept at Harvard University, and in the Congressional Library and the National Museum at Washington.

The Russian government has elaborated statutes on general life insurance by the state. The business is to be entrusted to the governmental savings banks. All kinds of policies will be issued and the insured will participate in the profits of the business.

Cobra George Salem, an Egyptian, who entered the Missouri University last fall and is taking the four-year course in agriculture, is so well pleased with his work that he has succeeded in persuading several of his friends in Egypt and Turkey to come and take a similar course in some American college.

In commemoration of the Indian princess Pocahontas, who died at Gravesend, England, when about to sail to Virginia with her husband in 1616, St. George's Church, in Wapping, is to have a pulpit made of wood brought from Virginia. Pocahontas is buried in the chancel of St. George's Church.

The Greco-Roman chariot in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, one of the new exhibits, has excited great interest among artists and archaeologists. Its preservation was due to the fact that it was buried by the ashes of Vesuvius. Many other treasures were found in the same neighborhood, some of which Baron Rothschild bought and presented to the Louvre. The chariot in question is two-wheeled and is perhaps the rarest in the world.

Feb. 13 was the centennial of the use of steam traction on railroads. It was only a five-ton moving engine running over the Merthyr Tydfil course. Its inventor was Richard Trevithick, a Cornishman. It could draw fifteen tons at a rate of five miles an hour. It had an eight-inch cylinder and toothed wheels, which caught in notched rails and helped it over hard places in the track. Only a few trips were made by it, for the experiment was not commercially profitable.

TALENT HAS DEVELOPED EARLY.

Precocious Youngsters Who Are Making Their Mark in the World.

At Grand Rapids, Mich., there is a precocious child who recites selections from Kipling, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley with apparently as much appreciation of the demands of the pieces in the matter of expression and dialect as many a professional elocutionist.

This child is Louise Remington Fay, 3½ years old, daughter of Mrs. Helen Remington Fay. She comes naturally by her talent, as her mother is an elocutionist and has appeared more or less in public ever since she was a few years older than her daughter. Recently Louise gave readings from Kipling and Dunbar before the Elocution Club, and the event has been the talk of its members ever since. She has also appeared in public on several other occasions. The child's mind does not seem taxed in the least by her work.

A youthful inventor has just built a wireless telegraph apparatus which he has operated with success in the physical laboratory of the Indianapolis Manual Training High School. He is Arthur Berger, 19 years old, who will be graduated with the June class.

Berger conceived the idea four years ago of making a wireless telegraph system. He gathered all the knowledge he could of the Marconi system from scientific periodicals. When familiar with the apparatus and the fundamental principles he began his first machines. They were crude affairs, but demonstrated the soundness of the principle on which he had built them.

Last year, during his study of electricity in advanced physics, Berger began the construction of a second set of instruments, with many improvements upon his former system.

The construction of a wireless telegraph system is not the first apparatus made by Berger. He has invented an automatic letter-folding machine designed to facilitate the work of the mailing departments of large business firms. The machine folds the letters, puts in any advertising matter desired, such as a return postal card, seals the letters and puts the stamp on. It is a simple device, and a child could operate the machine. Berger is perfecting the letter-folding apparatus and expects to put it on the market soon.

"Tibbie" Page, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Page, of Payson, Utah, is the latest musical genius of Utah. Though only 6 years of age, the child plays the cello in dance music and executes difficult accompaniments to violin selections by her father.

The little girl was born June 27, 1897, and even before she could walk was humming tunes. After hearing her father play the violin she would hum the melody, and when her hands were powerful enough to lift a bow she picked up the knack of handling it, solely by observation. At the end of a week, having had a few lessons in the methods of placing the fingers, she could play bass parts by ear with her father.

The child practiced until she was able to play waltzes, all by ear, and now she accompanies her father in difficult numbers. She has been playing her part in the orchestra during a six months' tour of Utah, Idaho and Oregon. In addition to her other accomplishments the little girl is a clever dancer and sings well.

WHEN NATURE IS REMISS.

Sometimes the Senses Are Forgotten in the Making of a Human Being.

Nature nods undoubtedly at times, as in the case of the child born without a brain, whose case has been made public this week. Not long ago an infant was born and lived for three weeks with a hole through its heart. Thousands of us are color blind, others have no musical sense. And there are many Laura Bridgman's, many Helen Keller's. The queen of Roumania has or had at her court in personal attendance upon herself the daughter of a blind nobleman. She could neither hear nor speak and had to be taught to communicate by holding the throat of a speaker and imitating the vibration produced by the effort. But what a grudge against nature must such a one as Lyon Playfair discovered ever feel!

Here was a girl who was blind, deaf, dumb and could neither taste nor smell. One might be pardoned for asking if such a life was worth living. Yet there was a beautiful lesson in such an existence, as the great warm heart of Playfair discovered. He sent her a pretty finger ring, and the poor mite replied in this pitifully pretty letter: "Dear Sir Lyon Playfair: Sir Lyon Playfair sent Edith ring in box. Edith thank Sir Lyon Playfair for ring. Sir Lyon Playfair come to see Edith. Good-by. Edith." During his first visit the child had closely examined his hands, wrists, arms and face, her touch being marvelously accurate. A year later he went again to see her. At first she did not recognize him and no one betrayed his identity. At length she turned back the cuff of his shirt and touched his wrist. Her face lit up with intense joy. "It is the Englishman who gave me the ring," she rapidly spelled out on her fingers. And in a second she had flung her little arms around his neck and was weeping with delight at the recognition.—St. James' Gazette.

Johnny Got the Dose of Oil.

"Johnny, you must go to the drug store and get me a dose of oil," urged the boy's mother.

Johnny, who stammers frightfully, begged that she send his younger brother, who was not so afflicted, but this the mother refused to do. "You must obey me," she pressed. Finally, and after making threats of a whipping on the mother's part and a great deal of crying from Johnny, he said he would go if she would write the order upon a piece of paper.

"Give this boy a dose of oil," the mother wrote, and Johnny took the order to the druggist, who mixed the oil in a glass of soda water and invited Johnny to drink thereof.

"Well, where's the oil?" inquired Johnny's mother upon his return home.

"It's in me. The man said: 'Here, boy; drink this soda water,' and I did," explained Johnny. "When I kept hanging around, the man asked me what I was waiting for, and I—said I was waiting for the oil. Then he said, 'You've swallowed it,' and that I had better run along home to my mother."—Washington Post.

Not Appreciated.

"Now, Tommy," said the fond mother, "when you see people your senior standing you must ask them to sit down, and they'll like you."

"I asked old man Sparks to sit down, and he tried to lick me," replied Tommy.

"How was that?"

"The pavement was wet and slippery."

CITY THAT PAYS NO TAXES.

Income from the Property at Freudenstadt Pays All the Expenses.

In the Black Forest of Germany is the little city of Freudenstadt, with about 7,000 inhabitants, a busy industrial place with iron and chemical works of some importance.

Small as it is, Freudenstadt is a full-fledged city, with a mayor, aldermen, half a dozen policemen and a fire engine. The public business is conducted on an economical basis, and the total expenses do not exceed \$25,000 a year.

Freudenstadt has the distinction of being the only city in Germany, and perhaps in the world, which does not tax the citizens a dollar for municipal expenses. The yearly net income from the public property covers all the outgo.

This property consists of about 6,000 acres of fine forest, which, being managed under the best forestry methods, is a permanent source of income. One or more trees are planted for every one that is cut down. No tree is cut till it can yield the maximum profit.

After deducting all the expenses of the industry the annual profit to the acre is about \$5. That is exceptional even for Germany, where the annual profit ranges from \$3 to \$4.50.

The question is often asked in this country whether it will pay to keep land under permanent forest. Unless at least a moderate profit is possible no one can be expected to grow trees on land that can be used for any other purpose.

The Rhode Island experiment station is now giving some attention to this question, and in a bulletin prepared by Prof. F. W. Card some interesting figures are presented. He cites the experience of Zachariah Allen, of Rhode Island, who planted a worn pasture with trees in 1820 and kept a careful financial record till 1877, fifty-seven years. After deducting all expenses he found that his profit was nearly 7 per cent per annum on the original investment.

There is also a record of the returns on a forty-acre tract of white pine in New Hampshire for eighty years, during which time the average annual profit was \$3.75 an acre. The facts given by Prof. Card seem to show that only a moderate profit is to be expected from forests treated as a permanent crop. Perhaps we cannot make as much money in this industry as is made in Europe, where every part of a tree can be marketed at some price, even the small branches and twigs being gathered into bunches and sold for firewood.—New York Sun.

SEVERE ESQUIMAUX SWEAT BATH.

Would Probably Kill a White Boy Natives, However, Enjoy It.

Boys who make a fuss because their parents oblige them to take frequent baths should be glad they are not Eskimau children, living on the shores of Norton Sound. In that cold region of Alaska all the boys are obliged to take a sweat bath once a week, and this bath is no joke. A fire of driftwood is built in the center of the floor of the kashim—the one room house, where the men and boys of the village pass most of their time—and when the smoke has passed off and the wood is reduced to red, glowing coals, a cover is put over the smokehole in the roof, and the place becomes intensely hot. The boys then must take off their clothes and sit about the furnace-like apartment until their skin becomes as red as the shell of a boiled lobster and seems on the point of blistering.

Owing to the intense heat, the bathers are obliged to wear respirators to protect their lungs. These respirators are pads of shavings bound together, concave on the inside and convex on the outside, and large enough to cover the mouth, nose and part of the cheeks of the wearer. Across the inside runs a little wooden bar, which is held by the teeth to keep the respirator in place. The boys sit there until they are dripping with perspiration. Then they rush outside into the intense cold and roll in the snow.

E. W. Nelson, who spent between four and five years in investigating for the government the Eskimau living about Behring Strait, says: "On several occasions I saw them go from the sweat bath to holes in the ice on a neighboring stream, and squatting there, pour ice water over their backs and shoulders with a wooden dipper, apparently experiencing the greatest pleasure from the operation." Although the Eskimau boys seem to withstand such a bath as this all right and seem even to enjoy it, it would, in all probability, kill any white boy who tried it.—Detroit News-Tribune.

The Jap Surprised Her.

Travelers on their first trip abroad are likely to place too low an estimate on the intelligence and education of the foreigners they see. An American woman was walking with a man in The Hague, when she saw a Japanese standing in front of a shop, his expressionless face perhaps appearing to her as an illustration of the stolid, illiterate people of the Orient as she had imagined them.

"Oh, see, there is a Jap!" she exclaimed.

The native of the far East removed his hat, bowed gracefully and said in perfect English:

"Yes, madam; I am a Jap."—Detroit Free Press.

The Regulation Focus.

Frittilla—Papa, what is a society manner?

Papa—Well, meet your guests with stylish cordiality beaming out of one eye and critical inspection glaring out of the other.—Brooklyn Life.

Fortunate is the man who can borrow enough money to pay his debts.