

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Women as Wage Earners.

IT has never been determined to the satisfaction of the men workers that it is a good or a fair thing for the women workers to compete with them in the open labor market. The men contend that the women, by accepting a lower wage, decrease the average wage paid to all. The unmarried women who have no one to work for them maintain that the woman who has a husband for her bread-winner is an unfair competitor. Then, again, there are those, generally old-fashioned folk that have, like Webster's veterans, come down to us from former generations, who devoutly believe that the woman's sphere of labor, as wife and mother, is in her own home, where useful, helpful work for the world may be found to engage much of her time, energy and intelligence. These ancient people contend that the rearing of children, the making of good men and noble women, is the very best and the most profitable work to which married women can put their hands or minds.

Respecting the merits or demerits of any of these three contentions we do not pretend to decide, as we are past masters in neither political economy nor sociology. What we do know on the subject pretty thoroughly is that the right kind of labor is a good and beneficial thing for women as well as for men, and that day by day recognition of that fact is becoming more general. What else is being recognized is that the woman who works for a wage or salary loses no dignity nor prestige, but rather gains both by her willingness and ability either to work and support herself in womanly independence or to assist in the support of her family who need her assistance.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Saving Niagara.

GOVERNOR ODELL'S veto has, for the time being, saved Niagara Falls from spoliation by utilitarian enterprise. He rightly considers that sentiment—a love for the grand and beautiful in nature—has claims upon the law-making power which cannot wisely be ignored in behalf of money-making propositions. It will be easy to find elsewhere the power necessary to run the machinery of a population five or ten times as great as that of the United States today. But we cannot find another Niagara. So the New York statesman has the approval of the nation at large, whatever the disappointed Niagara corporation and its tools in the State Legislature may think of his veto.

But Governors and Legislatures come and go, and if Niagara is to flow on forever it is not well that the fate of the Falls should depend on the bargainings of lobbyists and politicians. Neither should it depend on the chance that there may never be a Governor of New York to whom sentiment may be mere silliness, and Niagara a mere waste of water which should be set to turning mill-wheels. The jurisdiction of New York State over a river which forms part of an international boundary is subject to the treaty-making power of the Federal Government. That government, in conjunction with Canada, can make the destruction of the cataract forever impossible through a treaty prohibiting any further diversion of the waters of the river. As both countries are now using the water in about equal quantities the prohibition would be fair to both, and would preserve to Canada and New York the glorious central attraction about which each has created, at vast expense, a magnificent riverside park.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Cupid in the School Houses.

FROM time immemorial the school house has been a favorite resort for sly Cupid. Thousands of charming young women have found the school house the threshold of matrimony, and countless young men have met their fate while eking out an educational existence by teaching winters and "boarding round." Under these circumstances none but the most hard-hearted educational autocrat would have the temerity to seek to banish Cupid and to say that no female teacher could rise in love and marry the man of her choice without losing her position in the public schools.

The New York Board of Education sought to banish all married women from wicked Gotham's public schools, and forthwith an incipient revolution was started. A com-

ly young teacher named Kate S. Murphy, who fell a victim to Cupid's wiles, determined to make a test case in behalf of herself as well as of her suffering sisters, and she brought action against the superintendent for the purpose of preventing the enforcement of the by-law providing that "No woman principle, head of department or member of the teaching or supervising staff shall marry while in the employ of the Board of Education.

The case was carried to the Court of Appeals, where a victory was won for the matrimonial liberty of the female teacher. Following this defeat the New York Board of Education has now amended its by-laws by striking out the clause which permits charges to be made against a teacher-bridge, but it retains the prohibitive feature, merely to demonstrate its continued belief that female teachers ought not to wed and still retain their positions.

In the meantime Kate S. Murphy has won a victory in behalf of her sex in connection with the public schools which will unquestionably be appreciated by her teaching sisters everywhere, and as a token of her good faith she will continue to teach in gay Gotham even though she has fallen a victim to clever Cupid.—Burlington Free Press.

Brazil, Peru and Rubber.

WHEN Brazil and Bolivia entered into a treaty concerning the territory of Acre last fall, it was thought that the long standing disputes over the region had finally been brought to an end. Now it appears, however, that Peru is still to be reckoned with. A battle has been fought between Peruvian and Brazilian troops on the River Crandless, the result being, according to Brazilian reports, a complete rout of the Peruvians.

The Ministers of both countries at Washington have thought it important to bid for American sympathy by issuing statements as to their respective claims and rights. Formally considered, these statements have little in them of interest. They deal simply with vague treaties and vaguer boundaries in an exceedingly thinly settled region.

Actually the dispute has great importance to both countries, because the prize at stake is the control of some of the richest rubber forests in the world. Brazilian companies have begun to work the forests in the course of their progress up the tributaries of the Amazon, while Peruvian companies have entered them since the denudation of the forests in Mantana, which is recognized Peruvian territory.

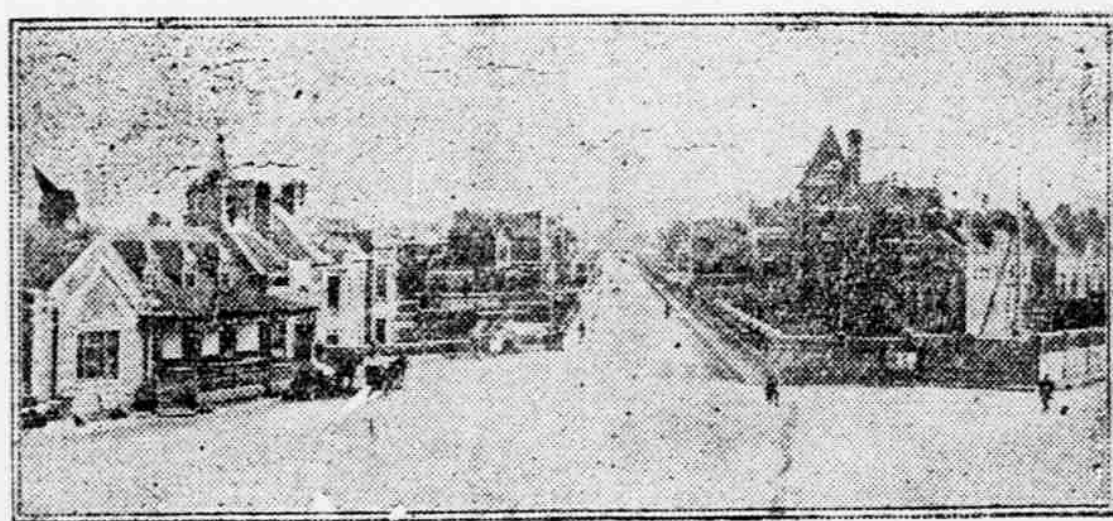
It is reported from Rio Janeiro that no war will result from the frontier battle since both countries desire arbitration. Brazil demands, however, that Peru withdraw all her troops from the disputed country before arbitration begins, while Peru insists that the presence of her troops is not in the slightest degree derogatory of "good faith and fraternal sentiment." Certainly if the desire for arbitration is genuine a provisional arrangement should be easy to make.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Industrial Changes in China.

SLOW as is the progress of civilization in China, compared with Japan, which, in a period covered by the memory of men now living, had sprung from a condition as barbarous as Persia to her present place among nations, yet industrially at least the "Celestial" Empire does move, and that in a manner which cannot be neglected in any computation of future trade with that country. The report of the Inspector General of Customs of the empire shows that China is rapidly getting into a condition to supply herself with certain articles for which she has depended heretofore almost entirely upon other countries. Those who have not kept themselves well informed in regard to the industrial changes which have been taking place in the empire will be surprised to learn from the report that the nation which for so many years relied almost entirely upon England and the United States for its cotton goods, now manufactures 50 per cent of all the goods of this kind supplied to the home market. In a year China's imports of flour have fallen off one-fourth, not that the Chinese are eating less of it than formerly—in fact, the consumption of flour is increasing in the empire—but because the deficiency in imports was more than made good by the recently established Chinese flour mills grinding Chinese wheat.

These would seem to be signs that, in spite of a corrupt and incompetent Government, China is beginning to awake from her sleep of centuries.—New York Press.

DESTRUCTION OF DALNY'S DOCKS.



ONE OF DALNY'S PRINCIPAL STREETS.

The necessities of war produce strange conditions. For five years the Russians had been engaged in erecting the commercial port of Dalny, situated on Tallenwan Bay to the east and north of Port Arthur. It was to be an open port, without a custom house, and free to the commerce of the world. Large government buildings were erected, streets were laid out, houses built and great docks constructed, the entire outlay being in the neighborhood of \$25,000,000. Then came the war, with Russian unpreparedness on land and sea. The defeat of the Russians at Kin-Chou compelled their evacuation of Dalny. Before abandoning the place, however, they destroyed the larger docks and many of the utilities which Japan might find useful, thus wiping out in a few hours works which in times of peace they had created at large outlay of time and money.

tails on the table, naming the pouch from which it was emptied, the number of the train carrying it, the date, and a few other little details any one of which in hot weather would have cost a mug of beer.

This report with the nickel goes to the headquarters of the postal division in which the car was operated, and from these bonded officials, by the same general red tape route, the small coin finds its way to the seat of national government and to the fund representing that great constituency of the Postoffice Department which persists in sending money in envelopes

through the unregistered mails of the service.

The Way of Servants.

Subbubs—I see Cashman has announced himself as a candidate for governor.

Citiman—Yes, he declares it is his "great ambition to be the servant of the people."

Subbubs—Servant? What! Doesn't he mean to keep the place if he gets it?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some men belong to church and some others seem to think the church belongs to them.

AN OPTIMIST.

Shall I, by Life's close commonplaces hedged,
Misrate the casual sunbeam, or, austere,
Regard the wild flower pale, chance-rooted fern,
Scorning the song-bird this dull thick fledge?
Nay! Heart's ease, Fortune, I have never pledged,
A hostage for thy favor all too dear.
Ah, Heaven's light downshineth strangely near,
When outward view hath long been casement-edged.
Though grim mischance with evil hour conspire,
The balanced soul they shall not oversway,
Nor circumstance abash, nor failure bar.
They vex me not, the lamps of old desire,
Unlighted in the bare room of to-day.
Somewhere the morning waits! Meanwhile a staz.

—Century.

Love Me, Love My Dog

MY name is Persephone, and I am said to resemble my mother, Pandora, who, as far as her puppies go, certainly holds the traditional gift box. For all my brothers and sisters are prize-takers. I myself don't go to shows, because I am nervous and hate being stared at.

I am proud of being the poodle, and a French one into the bargain. 'Tis only jealousy that makes other dogs sneer at me, just as I have seen human canaille sneer—at a safe distance.

My young mistress is the prettiest creature living. I used to think her one of the most sensible until she got friendly with Mr. Roff, who then was, and I thought ever would be, my pet abomination in trousered males.

Phyllis and I live with an old lady who is fond of us both, but she is very strict with Phyllis, who calls her—behind her back—"the ogre-aunt."

Mr. Roff laughed until his eyes were lost when she first said it to him. I longed to tell him what I thought of him, and wondered how he would look then.

Phyllis had been getting very thick with this young man—whose laugh startled me almost out of my skin—when one day she fell from her bicycle.

I was following her when the accident occurred, and Mr. Roff was riding by her side. Something he said made her color hotly, then pedal down the coming hill with all her might.

Suddenly she rode over a stone, swerved to one side, and before I could reach her fell to the ground with a heavy thud.

I scampered to the spot and began to howl for help, while Mr. Roff jumped off his machine, as white as death, and stooped over her.

"Be quiet, you brute!" he muttered, glaring at me, and I knew that if he could he would put the blame on me and say that I upset her.

But of course, I paid no attention to him, but howled again, until at last some passerby came and fetched a cab and took them home.

The house was very quiet for many days, and I felt wretched. The "ogre-aunt" crept about weeping. Once she put her arms round my neck and wept over me. I suspected from that that she was getting short of handkerchiefs and took care to keep out of her way; for I do not like to have my neck curts made all damp and untidy. I was very neglected. No one brushed me.

At last I was summoned to my darling's room and crept in nervously. My heart was beating very loudly and my eyes were dim with tears of joy. Such a thin little hand patted my uncombed head, such a weak little voice said: "Dear doggie, do you miss me very much?" Miss her! Of course I did. And with her all my pet titbits, my little walks, my scampers after balls. So I wagged my tail and smiled up at her.

Little by little she got better, and well enough to comb me and send me for my ribbons. I knew the colors well and always brought the one she said.

But one morning my feelings received a shock. Phyllis had a letter and was very silly about it, kissing it as though it were a dog or two-legged being. Still I minded that less than if it had been Mr. Roff.

"Oh, Phoney, listen!" she whispered, as she combed my hair. "I am sure you will understand, you dear old thing! I've such a dear letter from him, and he wants my answer, Phoney—the answer I would not give the day I met with my accident."

I dropped my ears and lowered my tail. By him I knew she meant Mr. Roff. But what answer did she allude to? I looked inquiringly into her gentle, blue eyes.

She laughed and kissed me on the nose.

"You dear old thing! I will read it to you, Phoney."

And she pulled it from her pocket and read out a lot of rubbish that seemed quite unintelligible to me. But, then, I always thought Mr. Roff half an idiot, and wondered at Phyllis liking him. Then came a few words that made me sit up I can tell you.

"Let that poodle of yours be made use of for once. If it is to be 'yes' put on her a blue ribbon. If 'no' a yellow one. I shall call to-day, and if I see the color I long for on that black creature's head I shall at once beard the lion and assert my rights."

"Phoney, it shall be blue! Fetch blue, darling," said Phyllis, with a joyful smile.

And I walked slowly out of the room to the boudoir beyond. When I brought the blue ribbon back she laughed again.

But I had laid my plans. Whatever this "yes" was to mean, Mr. Roff hoped to read it in the color of my

ribbon. But I meant him to read "no." I would show him that a dog of my breeding could be something more than a mere catspaw in his plot.

I rolled over and scratched until the ribbon came off and lay on the ground. Then I trotted into the garden with it and buried it in my favorite corner, where I hide my best bones.

I knew I was doing wrong, but Phyllis would not really mind, and I owed Mr. Roff a grudge or two.

Often when my ribbon came off I used to take it to my friend the parlor maid and get her to put it on again. So now, as I sneaked down from the boudoir with a yellow one in my mouth and met her at the foot of the stairs, she said with a laugh:

"What, your fine bow off again, Phoney? What an untidy dog!"

I wagged my tail as she tied it on. For civility lowers no one, and she is a nice girl. Then I sat down on the doormat to watch for Mr. Roff.

At last the gate clicked and he came up the steps with a light spring. But as his eyes fell on me such a look of astonished despair crept into his face that my heart quaked within me and I hung my head.

He stooped over me as though he could not believe his eyes, and as I felt his warm breath on my face I rolled over on to my back in terrified submission.

"Silly brute," he murmured, "get up. Have you been stealing? Don't give yourself away like that, Phoney."

He looked at me fixedly without saying anything. Then, stooping again, he took off my ribbon and stuffed it into his pocket.

That night Phyllis was worse, and no one could understand why. And the next day she lay silent, looking out of her window with such distressed eyes that I could not bear to look at her.

And Mr. Roff did not come near the house, which proved that he had really meant goodby.

At last I could stand it no longer. Surely Mr. Roff could make things right again. I would go to him.

So one afternoon I crept silently out into the road. He did not live far off, and, as fate would have it, I came across him outside his garden gate. He smiled when he saw me.

"Why, Phoney! Come to see your friend," he exclaimed; "you're only just in time, my girl. I start to-night."

I wagged my tail and opened my mouth. At his feet I laid the earth-soiled blue ribbon. He stared at me in amazement. "Phoney, you're a brick! You're trying to tell me there's been some mistake. I'm coming back with you to make sure. Lead on, you imitation Mephistopheles, and may the real one have you if I'm misreading you!"

"What a race that was! I felt myself really warming to him for understanding me so well."

And, when we got to the house, I crept stealthily in through the open door, enticing him up, until we stood like two thieves within the boudoir, where Phyllis lay on a couch by the window.

As she turned her head to look at me her eyes fell upon him, and she crimsoned with delight. Then suddenly she became quite pale, and said in a cold voice:

"Good evening, Mr. Roff."

He stepped up to her, and held out the ribbon I had given him.

"Phyllis," he asked, "is this the ribbon you put on Phoney that morning?"

She stared from him to me. I crept beneath the couch, but I kept my ears open.

"Yes," she murmured. "But—"

The words were never said, for with a sudden exclamation he threw himself on his knees by her side, and took her to his arms.—St. Louis Star.

A Sum in Addition.

Mrs. Flaherty stepped off the scales in the back room of the grocery store as soon as she had stepped on.

"Sure, these scales is no gud fr me," she said, in a tone of deep disgust. "They only weigh up to wan hundred, an' I weigh wan hundred an' noineety pounds."

"It's easily discouraged ye are," said her companion, Mrs. Dempsey, cheerfully. "Just step on to thim twic, me dear, and let Jamesy, here, do th' sum fr ye."

When you begin to notice a man's name in the financial columns of a newspaper it is time to look for his wife's name in the society columns.

Reference books contain everything except the one thing you want to know.

Difficult Horseback Feet.

There are no better horsemen in the world than the cavalry officers of the Italian army, yet even among them there are very few who could perform the feat recently achieved by one of them.

To run an ordinary foot race is easy enough, but to run at full speed for several hundred yards holding in one hand a spoon on which rests an egg and to reach the goal without dropping the egg is a feat which must be practiced carefully a long time before it can be performed successfully, and as a result there are not many who can be sure of accomplishing it whenever they try. Great, therefore, was the surprise when an Italian officer mounted on horseback performed this difficult feat. Moreover, he selected a course in which there were two or three high fences, and these he cleared at full gallop without losing the egg.

Of Wide Interest.

Breed, Wis., July 18.—Special.—Chas. Y. Peterson, Justice of the Peace for Oconto Co., has delivered a judgment that is of interest to the whole United States. Put briefly, that judgment is, "Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best Kidney medicine on the market today."

And Mr. Peterson gives his reason for this judgment. He says: "Last winter I had an aching pain in my back which troubled me very much. In the morning I could hardly straighten my back. I did not know what it was, but an advertisement led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. After taking one box I can only say they have done more for me than expected, as I feel as well now as ever I did before."

Pain in the back is one of the first symptoms of Kidney disease. If not cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills it may develop into Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism or some of the other deadly forms of Kidney Disease.

The Value of Latin.

This story, told at an education meeting in London the other night, may perhaps be enjoyed by those who are antagonistic to the teaching of the "dead languages." At a certain school a certain boy was regularly absent during the hour in which Latin was taught, and the teacher called upon the boy's father, at whose instructions, it had been learned, the lad kept away. The teacher asked for an explanation, and the father said:

"It is all right. During the Latin hour I am teaching Jimmy something that he will find far more useful than Latin in his progress through life." The teacher was interested, and asked what this subject might be. The father replied, "I am teaching my son how to shave without a looking glass."

Wasted After-Business Hours.

A great many people dissipate more energy between the time when they leave their work at night and when they return to it in the morning than they expend all day in their vocations, though they would be shocked and offended if any one were to tell them so. They think that physical dissipation is the only method of energy-sapping. But men and women of exemplary moral habits dissipate their vitality in a hundred ways. They indulge in wrong thinking; they worry; they fret; they fear this, that, and the other imaginary thing; and they carry their business home with them, and work as hard mentally after business hours as during them.—Success.

Forgetful.

"Will you erect a monument to your husband's memory?"

"Why, he had no memory. I never saw such an absent-minded man as he was."—New York Daily News.

A BACK LICK.

Settled the Case With Her.

Many great discoveries have been made by accident and things better than gold mines have been found in this way, for example when even the accidental discovery that coffee is the real cause of one's sickness proves of most tremendous value because it locates the cause and the person has then a chance to get well.

"For over 25 years," says a Missouri woman, "I suffered untold agonies in my stomach and even the best physicians disagreed as to the cause without giving me any permanent help, different ones saying it was gastritis, indigestion, neuralgia, etc., so I dragged along from year to year, always half sick, until finally I gave up all hopes of ever being well again."

"When taking dinner with a friend one day she said she had a new drink which turned out to be Postum and I liked it so well I told her I thought I would stop coffee for awhile and use it, which I did."

"So for three months we had Postum in place of coffee without ever having one of my old spells, but was always healthy and vigorous instead."

"Husband kept saying he was convinced it was coffee that caused those spells, but even then I wouldn't believe it until one day we got out of Postum and as we lived two miles from town I thought to use the coffee we had in the house."

"The result of a week's use of coffee again was that I had another terrible spell of agony and distress, proving that it was the coffee and nothing else. That settled it and I said good-bye to coffee forever and since then Postum alone has been our hot mealtime drink."

"My friends all say I am looking worlds better and my complexion is much improved. All the other members of our family have been benefited, too, by Postum in place of the old drink, coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee or tea is the wise thing for every coffee drinker. Such a trial tells the exact truth often where coffee is not suspected.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

AVOID STRAY NICKELS.

Small Coin Lost in Mails Worries Clerks and Costs \$18.43.

Ordinarily no man is rich enough to escape that certain sense of elation which comes from picking up a nickel on a sidewalk, but for a railway postal clerk to find such a coin in a mail pouch where it has worked out from insufficient wrappings, not only does he miss this elation, but it may provoke profanity.

For a nickel lost in a pouch of mail in transit becomes a matter for national concern. It comes to view, perhaps, just as a pouch of mail is emptied upon a sorting table, and when it has broken away from the bunches of letters, and cards, and circulars, rolled to an open space on the table, and there settled down, heads or tails, with a noisy spinning dance, the clerk who first sees it is it.

A necromancer could have no more idea than the man in the moon as to what particular package it rolled out of, and if he had and should tell the postal clerk, the clerk wouldn't dare try to restore the coin to the original package. That would be too easy altogether.

No, it is a lost nickel from the moment the clerk has to see it spinning there before his eyes and according to the tender governmental conscience the clerk has to get ready for the inauguration of about \$18.43 worth of fuss over it.

For himself he doesn't dare go to bed for a short nap until he has got rid of his 5 cents' worth of responsibility to the government for the action of the fool person from whom the nickel was parted. He digs up his printed form for such occasions, printed and provided, and at once fills out a long blank, describing the coin, telling the circumstances of its being found, and whether it landed heads or