



# EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## The Sensitive Temperament Belongs to All Great Men.

**F**OR comfort it is better to have a thick skin, but for accomplishment that is worth while power lies in the sensitive temperament. The sensitive man suffers a good deal on his way through life. He is jarred by discord and opposition. His craving is for peace; criticism stings him like a whip. Sensitive men, as a rule, endeavor to hide their sufferings from the public gaze. In this endeavor they assume an arrogance or a cynicism that is not genuine. Some of the boldest flouters of critics and opponents are really the most sensitive. Behind their outward show of contempt they suffer the keenest agonies of soul-torture.

But the sensitive is the creative temperament. A man that does not feel cannot perform. He is not creative, nor original. The sensitive man shuns polemics, the give and take of contest, but once in a fight he stays. All the great men have been sensitive. The sensitive man takes things seriously. The sensitive temperament is the temperament of the thoroughbred whose pride keeps him from ever giving up. It is the sensitive men that battle for an ideal, for a principle.

Sensitiveness is a symptom of brains. The dull wit is protected by a thick skin. But the thinker is sensitive because he thinks. He is self-analytical. He meditates on criticism and measures himself by it. To the world he may appear to be as hard as steel and as cold as ice, but he feels deeply as very man of brains does. Intensity of feeling is a necessary element of genius and intensity of feeling is possible only to the sensitive temperament.

Genuine sensitiveness must not be mistaken for a spurious sensitiveness which is very common and which is nothing but vanity and conceit. One finds people proclaiming themselves "sensitive" because their vanity is easily offended. These people are quick to imagine slights where none were intended. They expect from the world a deference to which they are not entitled and they fret when this deference is denied. The true sensitive does not cry out his hurts. He suffers in silence as every great soul does. His feeling is not a shallow vanity, but a deep movement of the soul.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## History of Japan's Commerce.

**J**APAN has a history antedating that of any of the nations of Europe now existing. Its pages have been shut to us on account of our ignorance of the Japanese language and literature, but these obstacles to the acquisition of knowledge are gradually being removed and many interesting and important facts are coming to light.

The subjugation of Korea in 200 A. D., is proof that Japan had made considerable advancement in maritime power at an early date. The use of packhorses and oxen, the spanning of rivers by bridges, and the establishment of stations at the distance of a day's journey apart, as far back as 313 A. D., show that domestic trade and commerce and interior means of communication at that time had reached a fair state of development. Peddlers were known as early as 457 A. D., while a systematized market was organized and a law of measurement and prices was enacted in 701; and in 790 the ratio of monetary metals was established at the rate of one to ten for gold and silver, and one to a hundred for silver and copper.

By 1540 more than 2,000 Chinese merchant vessels, it is said, went yearly to Japan, mostly to buy silk. Prior to this, and about 1280, the Japan Islands were made known to European nations by an Italian who had lived many years in China. The first navigation line from Europe to Japan was established in 1541 by three Portuguese merchants. The Spanish secured a few trade privileges in 1549, and in 1601 the Dutch came and began to do a large business under the name of the East India Company.

But before or shortly after these events Japan had established herself as a sea power through her own efforts in the Pacific Ocean. The communication with the Philippine Islands, with Annam, with Siam and with India began before 1500, and there were then more than 600 Japanese emigrants living at Manila, and thousands living in Siam. For a short while the Philippine Islands were under the control of Japan. In 1690 William Adams, an English shipwrecked mariner, landed in Japan, and was naturalized. Captain John Smith, sent by James II., arrived in 1613. In

September, 1611, a world atlas was first introduced into the country and stimulated the study of geography and the desire for trade and discovery. So with the assistance of William Adams two schooners were built. In them the Japanese crossed the Pacific and opened trade relations with Mexico, only eighty years after Columbus discovered America. So active was the commercial spirit that during this epoch over 1,000,000 Japanese emigrants had settled in the islands and mainland of Southern Asia.

But in 1633 the Japanese Government became afraid of foreign religious influence and alarmed on account of the enormous export of gold; so it issued a law shutting up ports, confiscating all ships large enough to go to sea, and prohibiting shipbuilding. China and Holland alone were allowed to continue trade relations, but their operations were confined to one port. As a result of this law, the growing power of Japan was crippled, and for over 200 years she led practically a hermit existence.—Kansas City Journal.

## State Aid to Good Roads.

**S**EVERAL of the Eastern States are taking a practical part in road building. New Jersey, the first to make a State appropriation, passed a law in 1891 by which the State pays one-third of the cost of improving the roads. The counties furnish the other two-thirds, with the privilege of charging a part of this proportion to the towns in which the roads are built. At first the farmers were opposed to the measure, but now co-operate with it gladly. A State Commissioner of Highways furnishes the plans. Nearly 1,000 miles of roads in New Jersey have been macadamized since the law went into effect. In Massachusetts the State meets the entire cost, but requires the counties to pay back one-fourth. The State appropriations of \$500,000 a year have reached a total of \$5,000,000, and, as a result, Massachusetts has constructed hundreds of miles of fine roads. Connecticut operates on much the same system, and its \$1,500,000 in appropriations has produced 500 miles of excellent roads. On a smaller scale Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Delaware assist in the building of good roads.

By the New York plan the State pays one-half the cost of building roads, the counties 35 per cent, and the townships 15 per cent. Appropriations have reached a total of over \$2,000,000, last year's installment being \$600,000. Pennsylvania, at the last session of the Legislature, appropriated a lump sum of \$6,500,000 for good roads, the State to pay two-thirds and the counties and townships one-sixth each. But there seems to be a loophole in the law in the matter of determining routes, and the rivalry, or jealousy, of neighborhoods has prevented much headway thus far. The principle of State aid to improved roads has been firmly established, on the ground that the whole people are interested in the best highways and that all citizens should bear a fair proportion of their cost. Already the roads built on this basis in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut are an impressive lesson on the value of the good roads movement.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The Morals of Americans.

**D**R. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL thinks that the moral standard of the American people is degenerating. Dr. Hall is president of the Union Theological Seminary in New York. In the course of an address before the Religious Educational Association in Chicago he spoke of the "relatively good state of the common morality of the American people," but a deeper examination of the social side of our American life reveals, he thinks, a situation that causes anything but satisfaction. Our activity has astonished the world, "but morally we are rapidly going astray—so rapidly that one is dumfounded at the contrast after a visit to some of the countries of Europe." Religion, he finds, has very little part in our civilization today; our home life might be better, and our people are generally apathetic about their spiritual interests. To much the same intent but more specific are the conclusions of Dr. Coyle, of Denver as disclosed by him May 19 at the opening of the Presbyterian general assembly at Buffalo. He noted the drift of the people away from lofty ideals and from organized Christianity. It means something, he thought, when conservative observers called our time "the age of graft."—Harper's Weekly.

## ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

The dangers of ballooning, writes Santos-Dumont in "My Air Ships," are confined usually to the landing. But the sea of air presents many kinds of dangers, and sometimes the balloonist encounters more than one on the same voyage. In Nice, in 1900, he went up from the Place Massena in a good-sized balloon, alone, intending to drift a few hours amid the enchanting scenery of the mountains and the sea. His experiences were enough to make most people content with solid earth.

The weather was fine, but the barometer soon fell, which indicated a storm. For a time the wind took me in the direction of Cimiez; but as it threatened to carry me out to sea, I threw out ballast, abandoned the current, and mounted to the height of about a mile. Soon I noticed that I had ceased descending. As I had determined to land soon, I pulled on the valve rope and let out more gas, and here the terrible experience began.

I could not go down! I glanced at the barometer and found that I was going up. Yet I ought to be descending, and I felt, by the wind and everything, that I must be descending. I discovered only too soon what was wrong. In spite of my continuous apparent descent, I was, nevertheless, being lifted by an enormous column of air rushing upward.

The barometer showed that I had reached a still greater altitude, and I could now take account of the fact by the way in which the land was disappearing under me. The upward-rushing column of air continued to take me to a height of almost two miles. After what seemed a long time the barometer showed that I had begun to descend.

When I began to see land, I threw out ballast, not to strike the earth too quickly. Now I could perceive the trees and shrubbery. Up in the storm itself I had felt nothing.

Now, too, as I continued falling lower I could see how swiftly I was being carried laterally. By the time I perceived the coming danger I was in it. Carried along at a terrific rate, knocking against the tops of trees and continually threatened with a painful death, I threw out my anchor. It caught in trees and shrubs and broke away. I was dragged through the small trees and yielding shrubbery, my face a mass of cuts and bruises, my clothes torn from my back, fearing the worst and able to do nothing to save myself.

Just as I had given myself up for lost the guide rope wound itself round a tree and held. I was precipitated from the basket and fell unconscious. When I came to I had to walk several miles until I found some peasants. They helped me back to Nice, where I went to bed and had the doctors sew me up.

## DIVORCE LAWS OF CANADA.

### They Are Far More Stringent Than Those Existing in the United States.

It will not be advisable for mismatched couples in this country who may desire a legal separation to go to Canada to obtain it. Recently published statistics show that during one generation of thirty-four years—those preceding the year 1901—the divorces granted in Canada numbered only sixty-nine. In the United States during the same period the number of divorces was almost 700,000. The population of the United States has averaged twelve times that of the Dominion, while its divorces were 10,000 times as many.

If divorces in the United States during the time mentioned had been the same per capita as in the Dominion there would have been less than 2,000 in this country—reduced, in other words, by 668,000.

Were these figures reversed—if Canadians had outnumbered our divorce decrees by 10,000 times, relatively—would we not be looking upon our "lady of the snows" with something of the regard bestowed upon the biblical

scarlet woman? Yet no especial opprobrium, nationally speaking, has been attached to our national laxity.

Here a trivial excuse, spider-weby in its validity, may serve as a pretext for separation. But in Canada it is a much more serious affair. Only one cause, the Scriptural, may be taken as ground for legal separation, and then the matter is not left to the indifferent, insignificant weighing of a local justice of the peace, or even to the courts; it is made the concern of Parliament, both houses of which must pass the bill which is entered by counsel in behalf of his client.

In addition, a published notice of intention to apply for divorce, giving name of applicant and accused with ground of accusation, must be inserted for six months in two newspapers published in the applicant's residential town as well as in the Canada Gazette, the official government organ.

As a further bar the cost of securing a divorce is so high that few people of the lower classes can afford it. The fee varies according to the eminence of the counsel retained, but the average cost including traveling expenses—for both applicant and accused must appear at Ottawa, the seat of government, when the bill is heard—government fee, solicitor and counsel fees and so on, is not less than \$500, and often reaches \$1,000 or more.

### The Freshest Yet.

"This order of poached eggs on toast doesn't look very nice," said the cranky guest. "Are you sure the eggs were fresh laid?"

"Sure," replied the waiter; "they were laid right on the toast."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Not Doing It.

"He left numerous relatives to mourn his death."

"Well, he might as well have taken them with him; they're not carrying out instructions."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What is there that silly enthusiasm will not lead some people to do!

## THE WONDER.

Ho! Clear the way! There passes one Whose head is high; who seems to say: "Behold the wonders I have done! The riches that I have to-day Are but the fair rewards of all The wisdom and the worth I've shown; If I am great and ye are small 'Tis due to strength I have alone."

And people, gazing at him, sigh With envy, thinking all his gains Were due to wondrous cells that lie Within the compass of his brains— Forgetting that if here or there Chance had delayed or turned away He might be humbly toiling where The luckless thousands are to-day.

The artist, pale and ragged, stands Before his picture. Luck has not been Put colors in his slender hands. Chance drew no line or shadow there! There talent and soul-strength are shown. But people, awed and wondering, glance

At him who might be poor, unknown, Save for some lucky turn of chance. —Chicago Record-Herald.

## IN THE DEAD O' NIGHT.

**D**OROTHY BENTON crept softly to the head of the stairway and listened to the vocal evidences of slumber which reached her from the room below, proof that both Uncle Jacob and Aunt Jemima were sleeping soundly. So she secured a match and lighted a small tallow candle, murmuring to herself the while, "What a wicked girl I am."

Next she loosened a cord which was fastened around her neck, then took in her cold little hand the object which the cord held in place—a small photograph. To this she softly spoke:

"It's so wicked, Reuben, for me to keep your picture when Aunt Jemima said I shouldn't never see you again. She says I'd ought to be so thankful I got a good, kind aunt to keep me from the wiles of this sinful world, Reuben, an' she says men are all wicked, deceivin' critters, an' she says—oh! oh!" Dorothy almost screamed aloud before she remembered the quick ear below. It seemed as if she had heard some one say "Dotty." But no one ever called her "Dotty" except her father and Reuben, and her father was sleeping the sleep which knows no waking, in far-off Illinois; while Reuben was toiling on the old farm adjoining the one where she and her father had spent so many happy days before she had seen Aunt Jemima or Kansas.

Her blue eyes filled with tears, clouding her vision. Then these drops were cleared away, for she heard another noise, a grating, as of some object being dragged along the side of the house. Although frightened, she could not decide to waken the sleepers, and lastly extinguishing the candle she knelt in front of the garret window, peering out into the night. Nothing was there but the same bleak Kansas prairies, now white with the first winter's snow. How often, during those sad, lonely two years, had she looked from this little window, wondering if there were any end to the prairie; wondering how far it was to dear old Illinois and Reuben's home; wondering whether if she should die Aunt Jemima would insist upon laying her away under the sod of the dreary plains.

She could count on her fingers all the persons she had seen since coming to Kansas, and with these she had hardly exchanged words, for her aunt's sharp voice was ever reminding her that she had better be about her work. And how she had worked! Washing, ironing, mending, cooking, feeding pigs and chickens, and, until the snow, she had even helped to turn the windlass for Uncle Jason, who was digging a new well under the old sycamore tree, a few yards in front of the kitchen.

Before her passed the scene of that last stormy interview between Reuben and Aunt Jemima, which had been, as her aunt had said, "the last of it. She would take her niece to Kansas. She needed Dorothy herself, 'an' he needn't think she was goin' to allow a young thing like that to have such notions about gittin' married. The girl is an orphan, an' might be thankful." She recalled the last loving, resolute look which shone in Reuben's eyes as they parted and he slipped the tiny photograph into her hand.

"I know it's all because I'm so wicked."

Rap-tap-tap! The sound appeared to come from under the window.

"Aunt Jemima would say 'twas a ghost, but I don't believe—"

Rap-tap-tap! "Dotty!"

Dorothy could doubt no longer. She sprang to her feet and placed her lips to the broken pane.

"Reuben! Oh, Reuben! is that you?"

"Yes, Dotty. The answer was prompt and resolute. "Dress warm an' quick an' open the window. I've got a ladder. Hurry, dear."

Her trembling fingers almost refused to obey, but in less than five minutes she had donned her best dress, her cloak and hat, had reached the bottom of the rickety old ladder, and Reuben was holding her in his great, strong arms and kissing lips that offered no resistance. Then, before she had time to think, he grasped her hand and hurried her away to the old tree, whispering: "We can't talk here, Dotty. The old cat'll hear us and—"

Then Dorothy found her voice and began to cry. "Oh, Reuben, what am I doing? Aunt Jemima said I shouldn't never see you again. I'm going right back if you call her such names."

"Now, Dotty, don't cry," said Reuben, soothingly. "I didn't mean no disrespect, but I'm tired an' cold—couldn't find it, what's that?"

In his haste to get beyond the hearing of Aunt Jemima, Reuben had collided with a small chicken house containing some of the good woman's favorite Leghorns. The bang and clatter, mingled with the frightened outcry of the fowls, had the dreaded effect. The front door opened and Aunt Jemima's "Who's there?" was distinctly heard.

The culprits had reached the big tree, and Reuben, who had concealed a small bundle under his overcoat, suddenly grasped the handle of the big windlass. "This thing ain't but a few feet deep. Get in the bucket, Dotty, quick!" Dorothy was too frightened even to resist. A few quick turns and she nestled securely beneath the surface.

It was none too soon. Aunt Jemima appeared, enveloped in a comforter, lantern in one hand and a broom in the other. With great strides she advanced toward the chicken house, but when she had gained about half the distance she suddenly stopped, a blood-curdling shriek rang out upon the night air, and she fled, leaving her weapon in the snow, and slamming the door behind her. Leisurely following her was a specter, with ghastly face and long, swaying arms. All was again silent, and in a few minutes Reuben was speaking to the shivering little girl in the well.

"Dotty."

"Oh, Reuben, what have you done?"

"Don't worry. I jest scared her a little. I came prepared to 'cause I know she's afraid o' ghosts. But, say, Dotty?"

"Well?"

"I've got a good hoss an' sleigh out here. It's been a long, long two year sence yer aunt took ye away, dear. It's been awful hard savin' money to find ye, Dotty, and I loved ye so well I done it."

Reuben thought he heard an encouraging little sob from the bottom of the well, and he proceeded with more confidence.

"Will ye marry me, Dotty, quick as we can git to town if I bring ye out of that hole? 'Tain't very far to town, ye know, an' I spoke to the judge afore I come out. He said he'd be ready."

"Oh," sobbed Dorothy. "I—I—can't! It's so wicked, an' Aunt Jemima's been too good to me. It's awful, Reuben!"

"I know day after tomorrow's Christmas, Dotty, an' I planned it so's we'd just get home. Mother's expectin' us. But if ye won't come I'd better leave ye in the well. You can tell yer aunt ye went to see after the chickens an' fell in. Ye'll have to tell somethin'."

"It's so wicked to lie!" wailed Dorothy.

"Course 'tis," Reuben grinned triumphantly. "Hain't ye better hang on to the rope an' let me bring ye up to the earth agin'?"

"I—I guess I had, Reuben," was the faint response.

As the cutter sped away toward the pasture gate Aunt Jemima was saying:

"Jake Benton, yer a sneek an' a coward to lie 'er' asleep while yer wife goes forth alone in this sinful world. I tell ye it's the devil hisself!" —Valley Weekly.

## WOMEN IN THE COLLEGES.

### Twenty Thousand Studying in Twelve of the Western States.

There are 30,000 young women receiving collegiate instruction in the United States, and of this number 20,000 are in the group of twelve States making up what was until a few years ago known as the West. This group consists of the three middle West States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, of the five northwestern States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and of the four trans-Mississippi States of Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska.

In Illinois alone there are 4,500 woman students pursuing the higher branches of university education, as against 1,700 in New York, 1,500 in Pennsylvania and only 700 in Massachusetts.

There are 2,300 woman students in colleges or universities in Iowa and 3,400 in Ohio, a larger number than in the whole South, with the single conspicuous exception of Tennessee, which takes a higher rank than any of the other Southern States in respect to higher education, the income of Tennessee's schools and universities being larger in a year than those of Kentucky, Alabama and Mississippi combined. The universities and colleges of Tennessee have nearly 2,000 woman pupils, almost equaling, in this particular, California.

There is only one State in the country which has no woman students in colleges and universities, and that State is New Hampshire, which in other respects stands high in educational matters.

Wyoming, in which women first obtained equal recognition with men in legal and political matters, had at the time of the last report only sixty-five woman students in institutions for higher education. North Dakota had eighty-six and Utah 232.—New York Sun.

### Really Having a Good Time.

"So you are looking forward to a good time this summer?"

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Cumrox.

"Going out of town?"

"No. I'm going to send mother and the girls out of town. Then I'm going to sit in my shirtsleeves, smoke my pipe in the parlor and hire a street piano to play all the ragtime I want." —Washington Star.

## Frosted Windows

A source of constant annoyance and injury to stovekeepers, especially retailers, in extremely cold weather is the gathering of frost on their display windows. Various devices have been tried to remedy it, such as the application of glycerin and other chemicals, but these are generally of little avail.

In northern Russia, where zero weather is not an uncommon experience, the owners of display windows employ as an effective protection against frost a three-inch space between two panes of glass. The outer sash is rendered as nearly tight as possible by calking and pasting strips over the crevices. A second sash is then fitted and inserted about three inches within the first. This double sash is said to keep out moisture, and if the glass is kept clean and dry is said to be effective. At any rate, this plan is worth trying in these days, when window dressing has become so important an art. The device involves sound scientific principles.—Boston Herald.

## Proved Beyond a Doubt.

Middlesex, N. Y., July 25.—(Special.)—That rheumatism can be cured has been proved beyond a doubt by Mrs. Betsy A. Clawson, well known here. That Mrs. Clawson had Rheumatism and had it bad, all her acquaintances know. They also know she is now cured. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it. Mrs. Clawson tells the story of her cure as follows:

"I was an invalid for most five years caused by Inflammatory Rheumatism, helpless two-thirds of the time. The first year I could not do as much as a baby could do; then I rallied a little bit and then a relapse. Then a year ago the gout set in my hands and feet. I suffered untold agony and in August, 1903, when my husband died I could not ride to the grave.

"I only took two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and in two weeks I could walk on myself and saw my own wood. I dug my own potatoes and gathered my own garden last fall. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills put the Kidneys in shape to take all the uric acid out of the blood.

## No Time for Fools.

When George Westinghouse, as a young inventor, was trying to interest capitalists in his automatic brake, the device which now plays so important a part in the operation of railroad trains, he wrote a letter to Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, President of the New York Central Railroad Company, carefully explaining the details of the invention. Very promptly his letter came back to him, indorsed in big, scrawling letters, in the hand of Commodore Vanderbilt.—"I have no time to waste on fools."

Afterward, when the Pennsylvania Railroad had taken up the automatic brake and it was proving very successful, Commodore Vanderbilt sent young Mr. Westinghouse a request to call on him. The inventor returned the letter, indorsed on the bottom as follows: "I have no time to waste on fools."—Success.

## A Venice Industry.

Venice owes the accumulation of great wealth from a new industry to one of her natives named Jouin. It was in the year 1656 that he observed that the scales of a fish called the bleak fish possessed the property of giving a milky hue to the water. After experimenting with it he discovered that when beads were dipped into it and then dried they assumed the appearance of pearls. This covering, however, was easily worn away, and successive experiments led to the manufacturer of hollow glass beads, all blown separately, then polished in revolving cylinders and finally coated inside with the pearly liquid, the latter being protected with wax. This branch of industry is carried on in Venice to this day.

## RACE DONE?

### Not a Bit of It.

A man who thought his race was run made a food find that brought him back to perfect health.

"One year ago I was unable to perform any labor; in fact, I was told by my physicians that they could do nothing further for me. I was fast sinking away, for an attack of grip had left my stomach so weak it could not digest any food sufficient to keep me alive.

"There I was just wasting away, growing thinner every day and weaker, really being snuffed out simply because I could not get any nourishment from food.

"Then my sister got after me to try Grape-Nuts food which had done much good for her and she finally persuaded me, and although no other food had done me the least bit of good my stomach handled the Grape-Nuts from the first and this food supplied the nourishment I had needed. In three months I was so strong I moved from Albany to San Francisco and now on my three meals of Grape-Nuts and cream every day I am strong and vigorous and do fifteen hours work.

"I believe the sickest person in the world could do as I do, eat three meals of nothing but Grape-Nuts and cream and soon be on their feet again in the flush of best health like me.

"Not only am I in perfect physical health again, but my brain is stronger and clearer than it ever was on the old diet. I hope you will write to the names I send you about Grape-Nuts, for I want to see my friends well and strong.

"Just think that a year ago I was dying, but to-day, although I am over 35 years of age, most people take me to be less than 40, and I feel just as young as I look." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason, Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.