

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**TOO MANY WOMEN TEACHERS.**  
PRESIDENT G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, never talks without saying something, and his remarks before the Twentieth Century Club revealed a new phase of experimental psychology, in which the learned Massachusetts man is an authority. He called criticism what he termed the feminization of the American public school, which he holds responsible for lack of physical and moral training of boys. The tenderness of women teachers, he contended, falls short of proper discipline and turns out unformed hoodlums who leave the classroom to add to juvenile crime.

There is perhaps some truth in this, but how does Dr. Hall propose to remedy the preponderance of women in such a poorly paid profession as school teaching? Poor textbooks, and the very short average of 151 school days to each year, largely be expected to exert very great influence toward character formation on the pupil. Added to that the fact that the girl who takes up school teaching regards it as a temporary occupation, to be set aside for matrimony, and the element of influence is decidedly lacking.

Dr. Hall may be quite right when he condemns too much attention to manners and not enough to morals, but there is just one trouble with experimental psychology—it always points out plenty of faults, but it is mighty slow at finding remedies.—Chicago Journal.

**FREE PUBLIC LECTURES.**  
IT is not uncommon to hear cultivated men and women of middle age lament the decline of the lyceum system, which did much to raise the standard of taste and knowledge a generation ago. There are still courses of public lectures and entertainments which enlighten winter evenings in many small towns and in the cities, but the old system has changed its characteristics and lost a measure of its influence.

In its place, however, has risen something which may be even more important—the free lecture courses maintained by many of the larger municipalities, such as New York, Chicago and Boston. The old lyceum lecture dealt frequently with philosophical subjects, and was usually delivered by some one of wide reputation. An admission fee was charged, and the illustrations, if there were any, and that was not often, were produced by the magic lantern. The patrons were drawn mainly from the cultivated and well-to-do.

The modern municipal lectures are free, and are usually delivered in the public schoolhouses. The audiences are composed largely of persons who cannot afford to pay much for the instruction and entertainment they receive, but who eagerly embrace the opportunity, for mental culture. The subjects of the lectures cover an immense range. The courses are frequently diversified by evenings which are given to music, or other wholesome entertainment. They enjoy the great advantage of the stereopticon and the vitascope, and enlist the services of many eminent specialists. Their purpose is

to reach those into whose lives comes the least of healthful joy and the smallest opportunity for knowledge. New York City alone has more than a hundred of these lecture centers, all well-known and well-patronized. Although free to the audiences, these lectures and other entertainments are, of course, not free to the municipalities which maintain them. Yet they are so useful, and so admirably adapted to educating, entertaining and uplifting the people, that even the country town could spend money wisely by the organization of such courses.—Youth's Companion.

**WHY CHILDREN ARE BACKWARD.**  
FRENCH scientists have been devoting considerable attention to the problem of the backward child. They regard the vast majority of such cases as the result of false abnormality, and the remainder as physically imperfect. Many children are backward in school through poor eyesight, which places them at a great disadvantage in following instructions given by means of blackboards or charts. Others are deaf, and frequently suffer seriously from going to school without their disability being noticed. These two defects are most common of all.

Many of the diseases of childhood are responsible for permanent troubles that affect the mental development. For instance, children may suffer from neuritis, the thyroid gland may be imperfect, or, as is very frequently the case, adenoids may fill up a large part of the breathing passages and render a child dull and slow.

Trouble with the teeth is blamed for retarded development, and the French experts believe that the nerves of the dental system affect the brain to a much greater extent than generally suspected. They recommend the careful examination of every child at least once a year by a competent physician as a necessary complement of the school system.—Des Moines News.

**ONCE CHINAMAN ALWAYS CHINAMAN.**  
HINA is yet a land and a people ruled by ancestors. A Chinaman belongs, soul and body, to his home land because his ancestors belonged there. The wandering Mongol who dies in a strange land has paid tribute all his life to his native land, and his bones are sent back to his native land for burial. Nor even after death will his country relinquish her claims to him. Why should the Chinese government be interested in keeping American-born Chinese familiar with the reading and writing of the old language when it is presumed that they and their children will remain in America henceforth? The answer is that such is never the presumption. The government's theory is that a Chinaman is lost by the accident of birth to a new land, and when it becomes possible he will take his money and go to live and enjoy it in the Flowery Kingdom.—Washington (D. C.) Post.

west which crosses the Mississippi at Thebes, it gives our merchants direct entrance into southern Missouri, a rich field which should be in our territory, but which we could not reach directly before. That line is now, then, half done.

"The government engineers have recommended the building of the dam on the Ohio, between Cairo and Mound City, which will make the Grand Chain safely navigable all the year round, and will look for the next Congress to take definite action on the completion of the improvements on the Ohio to secure a nine-foot stage of water all the year and for the deepening of the Mississippi making navigation possible from Chicago to the Gulf.

"Those who did not come in a year, but they will come by the time the Panama canal is completed, and when they are Cairo will be one of the most important inland seaports in America, ranking with St. Louis on the Mississippi and Cincinnati and Pittsburgh on the Ohio. It has been slow work and difficult, the building up of Cairo for this cause, but it was accomplished, and to-day Cairo is absolutely immune from danger of overflow.

"This fact was demonstrated more than a decade ago, and each succeeding year, when other cities, from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, have sustained serious loss from the floods, not a vessel was stopped in Cairo for this cause. The natural advantages now supplemented by ample transportation, five roads direct, and there are others in project, have served to make Cairo what its founders hoped for—one of the best sites in the West for a manufacturing, wholesale and shipping business.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**The Wise Eskimos.**  
Everything in the Eskimo dress has a reason for its existence, writes Captain Roald Amundsen in "The North West Passage." The members of Captain Amundsen's expedition had become accustomed to the Eskimo dress, and had adopted it, but many of them thought it ridiculous for grown-up men to go about wearing fringe to their clothes, so they cut it off.

I had my scruples about this, says the author, as I had already learned that most things in the Eskimo clothing and other arrangements had their distinct meaning and purpose, as I kept my fringe and put up with the ridicule. He laughs last who laughs best. One fine day the anovaks, a sort of tunic reaching below the knee, made of deer skin, from which the fringes had been cut off, commenced to curl up, and if the fringes had not been put on again quickly, they would soon have looked like neckties.

**A Greater Surprise.**  
The infant mind has much to learn in order to comprehend the English language or the mysteries of etiquette. It frequently puts its instructor in a difficult position, especially if, as in a case quoted in Everybody's Magazine, the instructor be a mother dressed to go out, with a waiting and impatient husband downstairs.

"Where are you going, ma?" asked the youngest of the five children, from his bed. "I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother. "Can't we go too?" "No, dear. You weren't invited." After a few moments of deep thought, during which the mother was bidding the others good night:

"Say, ma, don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you took us all?" A mother's idea of as good luck as anyone can ask for is to occasionally find a pair of stockings in the pile that doesn't need darning.

There are many occasions to say human nature should be changed, but you can't change it.

**THE GLORY OF WORK.**  
There the workman saw his labor taking form and bearing fruit. Like a tree with splendid branches rising from an humble root.

Looking at the distant city, temples, houses, domes and towers, Felix cried in exultation: "All the mighty work is ours."

"Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore, Every chopper in the palm grove, every craftsman at the car, Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod— All the busy ranks of labor, in the regiment of God,

"March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare, Honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer!" —Henry Van Dyke.

## JIM'S SISTER

**CHAPTER I.**  
The doctor had made his last visit for the night and the nurse was left alone with her patient—a typhoid fever patient, muscular and raving. It was a private "contagious" ward; a room that was always like a ship's deck, stripped for action, with its metal bed and its gray enamel, its metal table and its gray enamel, decorated only with "colored supplement" prints because these could be changed frequently and burned easily. It was a room of dim light and a tempered shadow—one of those bare hospital rooms where you feel that the flame of life, though it burns low, burns without a flicker, being protected and watched in its feebleness with no sentiment of love, but with the skilled care and the cool eye of unimpassioned science.

The nurse sat at the bedside, her hands folded in her lap, like a nun at meditation. There was something nun-like in her face, in her placidity beside such suffering, in the almost melancholy sweetness of the face of a woman who had looked many times on death alone at midnight and who had lived for a long year in the constant companionship of pain.

But indeed, the expression belied her. She was watching her patient for the signs of a hemorrhage, listening intently to his breathing, with the subconscious alertness of the engineer who will sit musing with an eye on the steam gauge and an ear strained for the slightest change of note in the regular swing and cadence of the machinery. The poor fellow in the bed tossed and muttered before he was asleep. She soothed him with her voice, with a murmur of "Yes, yes, go to sleep, then. Go to sleep," as if she were talking to a child. There was no sign of nervousness or anxiety about her. Only once, when she rose to take his pulse, she stood a moment to smooth down the stiff gleam of her uniform with a slow palm in an effort to keep the starch in it so that it would not rustle. The patient was making a dry clutching in his mouth. She took a piece of ice from a bowl among the medicine bottles and glasses on the table and put it under his tongue. He sighed a breath of grateful weakness.

She stood looking down at him, smiling with a motherly pity. His eyes were closed. He has been as self-willed in his illness as a spoiled child. He had been almost convalescent when, against all warning—while the day nurse was chatting with the doctor outside the door—he had staggered from his bed to a basket of fruit on the table and eaten two peaches before he was seen. The result was a relapse into a far more critical condition than he had been at first. Here he lay now, struggling against death itself. She wondered whether he had a sister who was fond of him—or a sweetheart—who was sending him these baskets of fruit.

He was breathing regularly in a fitful sleep. She returned to her chair and leaned forward to look at him with her chin in her hand. Although she was not aware of it he had changed for her; from being a "case" he became a human being with a name, a face, a body, a mind. She frowned at his muttering of pain. Poor fellow! Life must have been so full for him of interests, activities, promises, achievements. To have it all end like this, futilely! He had given the college cry once in a delirium and struggled, panting, through a football game. And once he had been standing on the platform of debate. Another time he had been writing on an examination in law. And still another time she thought that she heard him speak Jim's name in the jumble of delirious utterings.

He was to have been a lawyer. Poor Jim! Her eyes filled at the old, tear-stained memory of Jim and her father, drowned together in that horrible accident on the Delaware. Well, she at least had not been a burden on her mother's small income, and soon—as soon as she was graduated from the law school—she would be able to support him and an aid to her. There were two long years of hard work before her yet. She bit her lip. The muttering rum and babble of his delirium had been growing louder. She went to him again to calm him with the sound of her voice, and he looked up at her with a smile that seemed almost rational. It was only momentary; he called her "Auntie," and began a childish prattle.

"I'm not sleepy," he said. "I don't want to go to bed, Auntie," and tried to raise his head from the pillow. She took her cue from him. "Yes, yes, my dear," she cooed. "Go sleepy. Auntie'll tuck you in."

She arranged his blankets about his shoulders, patting and smoothing them down. "Night-night," he said contentedly. "Kiss me good-night." She touched his forehead with her finger tip. He said, and bent down to her. "The line screen at the foot of the bed, hid her from anyone who might pass in the hall. She touched her lips to his forehead. "Night-night," she whispered.

He looked at her with childish smile putting his lips. It hardened slowly into a stare of perplexity. "Hello," he said. "Where?" He closed his eyes on a decided frown. She was still blushing hotly when his regular breathing showed her that he had fallen into a quiet slumber.

**CHAPTER II.**  
He was sitting in his arm-chair taking a sun bath at a window that looked out on the dazzling white of melting snow. His visitors had just left him, at his doctor's orders. He was waiting for the return of "Nurse Blakely," with an impatience which he might have recognized as longing for his physical

weakness had not disguised affection in him as an irritable lack of what he wished to have. She came in light footed. He frowned a frown. "What did you hear what the doctor said?" "What did he say?" She arranged his pillows to ease the strain on a weak back. He was grateful for that and his gratitude shone in his smile.

"I'm to be humored, the doctor said I'm to have my own way in everything." "Are you?" she said, avoiding his eyes. "You certainly had your own way about the fruit." He laughed now at the folly that had kept him a happy prisoner in the hospital for the past nine weeks. "That's all right," he said; "that was the most delicious—the most—Do you know, Nurse Blakely, I thought those peaches would kill me, but I was doing something to eat—and I just took them." She did not reply. "A man's a fool when he has a fever, isn't he?" he added with apologetic seriousness.

"Only then?" she retorted with obstinate flippancy. "But indeed, the expression belied her. She was watching her patient for the signs of a hemorrhage, listening intently to his breathing, with the subconscious alertness of the engineer who will sit musing with an eye on the steam gauge and an ear strained for the slightest change of note in the regular swing and cadence of the machinery. The poor fellow in the bed tossed and muttered before he was asleep. She soothed him with her voice, with a murmur of 'Yes, yes, go to sleep, then. Go to sleep,' as if she were talking to a child. There was no sign of nervousness or anxiety about her. Only once, when she rose to take his pulse, she stood a moment to smooth down the stiff gleam of her uniform with a slow palm in an effort to keep the starch in it so that it would not rustle. The patient was making a dry clutching in his mouth. She took a piece of ice from a bowl among the medicine bottles and glasses on the table and put it under his tongue. He sighed a breath of grateful weakness.

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looking out of the window. Her hand was within his reach, and he took it. "Do you think," he said, "being Jim's chum, you could—?" He touched his lips to the palm of her hand—"for five minutes? Could you?" It was his old teasing tone. She tried to free her fingers. "Take care now," he warned, "the doctor said I was to be humored." She laughed and that weakened her defenses. He caught her other hand. "You're a brick, Marjorie," he said. "I want to wipe my eyes, you silly." Her tone was itself a surrender. He lay back and smiled with content into her wet eyes.—Pennsylvania Grit.

**JOHN DREW NEXT TO A SCRAP.**  
Broadway Street Car Episode Called Forth the Actor's Protest.  
It was about 35th street that Jack Spencer got aboard a Broadway car. He is a 7th avenue thimble and he was trying to balance four lengths of stereopticon on the heel of his right arm—a ticklish job if you ever tried it, says the New York Telegraph.

Spencer didn't pay any attention to John Drew, who was also aboard, nor the actor to Spencer, because each was apparently busy with his own affairs. The thimble trying to make the pipes behave and the actor combing with reflector the place where he wears the prop whiskers in "Jack Straw." But each took a new grip on himself at the sound of a voice from the other end of the car:

"I say, old tip! Smokin' car with those pipes, y'know." The thimble looked sternly in the direction of the voice and saw a foolish looking person in a monkey, who moved later to be Bertram Hardy, of Hull, England, a regular, perishingly glad, garden goat, don't you know—a spoonful of oil blighter from the head spoferies, dash it all!

"You know, old cockycock," Bertram Hardy went on, "you really ought to smoke up, you know. Eh—what?" "The pipes, don't you see? Haw-w-w!" And still the thimble said nothing. But he threw the pipe into the corner of the platform, strode over to where Mr. Bertram Hardy sat and slapped him, quite haphazard, just about the middle.

"Get out of that seat!" commanded the thimble. "I shall do nothing of the sort!" retorted Mr. Bertram Hardy, and that was the end of round 1. Thimble's round.

"Sit down, then," ordered the thimble, rudely crushing Mr. Bertram Hardy's hat over his eyes. "Sit down yourself," was the angry reply, and Mr. Bertram Hardy viciously cut at the thimble with his walking stick, just missing the jibboom of Mr. Drew's trousers. End of round 2. A draw.

"Get off this car," was the thimble's next word. And, sulking the action to the word and the word to the action, he assisted Mr. Bertram Hardy to the platform and thence to the street, throwing his walking stick at the man. "I shall have your name and address directly," said the Hull Terror by way of parting. End of round and fight. Both awarded to the thimble.

It was at this point that Mr. Drew interposed his remonstrance and reminded the conductor that this was a street car and not a prize ring. "Now, you don't expect me to butt into a fight, do you?" demanded the conductor.

**GAS BY THE POUND.**  
Invention of a German Chemist Puts Light in All Dark Places.  
"Give me two pounds of gas. Folks complain it's getting kind of dark up at our house."

Thus the farmer of the near future, addressing the bewickered corner grocer, who will hand a little iron cylinder over the counter and charge a few cents in the customer's red-covered charge book. And that evening the farmhouse will blaze once more like the ballroom of a summer resort hotel or a sidewalk at Coney Island. Light, plenty of light, for the common and isolated people is not a distant dream, but fact already achieved with commercial success in Germany and waiting the first favorable opportunity to come across the pond.

Blau gas, the invention of the chemist Herman Blau, will make any suburbanite, lantern lecturer, camper or traveling professor of phrenology quite independent of gas trust and oil trust, not to mention the wayward appetitions of the moon. Just get a 22-pound cylinder of liquid gas, 6 inches in diameter and 3 feet long, and you will have more than enough superberrilliant illumination to last four months. A small portable outfit the size of a grip will furnish a 50-candlepower light for 3½ hours a day for a fortnight. It is said to be absolutely safe as a lamp for a train. You could use it advantageously in the subway.

This gas, which is mostly liquefied under a pressure of 1,500 pounds to the square inch, is not poisonous or explosive. It costs slightly more than metropolitan gas, but the public service commission may have a say on that. Anyway, it beats electricity, acetylene, tallow candles and kerosene. It can be piped through a copper tube as small as a telephone wire. It burns right side up or upside down in a mantle burner, giving an incandescent white glow. A number of suburbanites could with little expense have a common plant for the distribution of the great light giver, or each one could pipe his house separately, taking care not to inform the Plumbers' Union, which might object to the simplicity of the installation.

Mr. Blau gas—that is, Mr. Blau, the inventor—is praised by scientists because he ingeniously constructed his gas by a reversal of the usual gassy process, distilling oil at a low temperature and mixing in gases the trust has no use for.—New York Tribune.

**Texas Bees Bring Much Money.**  
The output of honey in Texas last year was 4,965,000 pounds. California made 3,967,000 pounds, and New York third, with 3,422,000 pounds. Missouri was fourth, with 3,018,929 pounds. Texas also stands first in the number of colonies of bees, there being 417,000. The honey crop of Texas brings an annual revenue of approximately \$200,000,000, the price for each pound ranging from 8 to 10 cents a pound. In addition the beekeepers sell many thousands of dollars' worth of bees each year. These colonies of bees are shipped to all parts of the United States and to foreign countries.

That mighty anti-trick of killing the fattest calf for the prodigal cause more family rows than anything else on earth, except the division of Father's Money.

## Political Comment

**Where Is the Democracy's Hope?**  
Has the Democratic party a future? If so, how may it best be realized? These questions continue to be discussed.

There is an optimistic article on this subject in the December Forum. Henry Litchfield West, under the title "The Future of Democracy," gives his idea of what the party has to preserve it and what it needs to win.

He notes first the vitality that the organization has always displayed. Since the war it has met defeat after defeat. It has elected a president only twice. And yet after every reverse it has continued undaunted, hopeful, optimistic. At every national election it comes bravely forward and fights hard. Not only is its vitality remarkable, but its real principles are eminently respectable. It is a low tariff party, a strict constructionist party, a states' rights party, a party opposed to the extension of the executive power. The catch issues of the last few years have not destroyed these fundamental ideas.

What, then, does the Democratic party need to win? To us it seems that the answer is reasonably clear. Some day circumstances will push one of these important issues to the front—in all probability without the party's aid—and then Democracy's great chance will come.

Seizing the issues of the moment has proved the party little. No single one of them has united it. But it is not unlikely that one of the great issues mentioned would accomplish this, as in the days of Cleveland and Tilden, inspiring it with the old aggressiveness and making it once more a vast and formidable antagonist to Republicanism.

In that way the vitality which has enabled it to survive frequent defeats would stand it in good stead. The hopefulness which springs eternal in the Democratic breast should prove a great offensive force. We may well ask ourselves what a party which displayed such sanguine courage in the face of sure defeat last November would be capable of accomplishing with steady guidance and with the inspiration of great issues.

But this is not exactly Mr. West's view of what Democracy should do. He holds that it must regain the confidence of the people—that it must "nominate someone whose name and record will be an assurance of safety to the business interests of the nation." And he adds that "it is a mere waste of words to predict that no one who lacks this assurance will be elected."

True enough, but not the entire truth. Few will deny that Democracy today has but a meager share of good report—that of late it has usually found public opinion a liability and not an asset. But a mere choice of "safe" leaders will not change all that. A crusade for the fundamental principle that circumstances make a vital issue—that way lies confidence and possible rehabilitation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**The Independence Expenses.**  
The extraordinary enthusiasm which developed at the founding of the Independence party has no record in the document listing the campaign expenditures, recently filed with the secretary of state of New York. The throngs which were recruited by flocking to the reform organization felt that it sufficed if they lent the support of their lungs while holding tight to their pocketbooks.

It appears that of the \$42,502 contributed to the campaign fund, William Randolph Hearst furnished \$42,205. The only other contribution came from the sale of campaign souvenirs. It seems, then, that Mr. Hearst, although a wealthy man and the candidate for the presidency, lost nothing except time in his battle for principle. John Temple Graves, striving for the vice presidency, supplied the moving muscle of his eloquence and the singular beauty of his schemes.

This is as it should be; the only man who made anything out of the formation of the Independence party in the way of prestige, notoriety and increased circulation, paid for it like a man. The others were merely absorbed of other contribution than lip service.—Toledo Blade.

**Rest from Reformers.**  
It is not whether the tariff will be repealed, but what it will provide when it is changed that scares all the manufacturers and business men. It would be a good idea if Congress and all the state legislatures were to all meet next year, close everything up as clean as a round's tooth, and then adjourn for a few years and then allow everything to be adjusted to conditions. What we need all along the line is a rest from reformers, who are reforming all the time and do not give anybody a chance to get adapted to prevailing conditions.—Melrose (Mass.) News.

**Feminine Idea of Church Finance.**  
That evening I spent with the pastor, in his barren, comfortable study. He had broken himself down in the service of a debt-laden city church, and had come to the country for rest.

"Indeed," said he, "the financial problem is a serious one with us. Not that the people set their hearts on the salary, as is so often the case in small churches. My eight hundred dollars comes in promptly every year. But how is it raised? You have seen this afternoon. There are hardly any men left in my church. Regular subscriptions have almost ceased. Why? These leprous money-making schemes have driven all sound finance out of my church and out of many another as well."

"How were they started?" I inquired. "Perhaps it was somewhat this way: There were originally a handful of women in the congregation whose names came from a list of names in the Bible and would not let them have any money to put in the contribution baskets. So they smuggled cakes and pies and fancy work out of the house, sold them and gave the money to the church. Presently the other women, not to be outdone, were on hand with their cakes and fancy work and their eternal underwear. They got up a sale and realized a tidy little sum. The men folks felt the financial pressure on their subscriptions, and began to let up to the ladies more and more, until finally things arrived at the pass where you find them today."

The pastor sighed deeply.—Robert Haven Schuller, in Success Magazine.

**Cause of the Deficit.**  
United States Treasurer Treat, in his annual report, points out the true cause of the large shortage in the treasury. It is the increase in expenditures. The receipts in the fiscal year 1908, as he shows, were in excess of those of any previous year except 1907. But the expenditures were swelled out of all relation to the needs of the public service. Thus it transpired that a surplus of \$84,000,000 in 1907 was turned into a deficit of \$38,000,000 in 1908.

In calling the attention of Congress and the country to this drain, Treasurer Treat is doing his duty as a vigorous public officer. Mr. Roosevelt, in his annual message to Congress a few days hence, should repeat the warning. Although only five months of the fiscal year 1909 have expired, the deficit is about \$55,000,000. It is likely to pass beyond the \$100,000,000 mark by the end of the year, on June 30 next. The Democrats, in the recent canvass, called attention to this treasury shortage, but they had a bad candidate and a bad cause, and the country refused to listen to them. If the deficit should continue until the congressional canvass of 1910, however, the Democrats would have a far better chance to make votes out of it.

This is doubtless the reason why Chairman Tamm of the House Appropriations Committee issued his warning to his fellow-Republicans the other day to cut out all expenditures except those needed for the benefit of the public service.

Let the Republican Congress remember that the treasury shortage in the current fiscal year is not beyond any figure seen since the civil war days. In 1890, during the Spanish war, it went up to \$90,000,000, but in the present year, during a period of peace, it will go far beyond that mark. The present generation has seen a deficit which closely approaches the one which will be shown by the treasury statement which will be issued on June 30 next. The appropriations for the current fiscal year were made last winter and can not be changed. But those for the year which begins next July are still to be considered. The Republican Congress should see to it that no outlay is authorized for the coming fiscal year except such as may be necessary to keep the wheels of government in motion, though an exception might be made in favor of waterway improvement, which will benefit the whole country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**The Good Business Outlook.**  
The country may say that whether business continues to improve or not, it has at least been saved from the dark days which inevitably would be felt if Mr. Bryan had been elected. His election would have put every business man upon guard against threatened changes of a perilous character, and the resulting stagnation would involve widespread injury.

From that condition we have most fortunately escaped. The stream has not been checked in its flow or turned aside. The assurance of four years of Republican administration under so able an executive as Judge Taft is a guarantee that nothing radical will be done, that injurious changes in the tariff will not be made, and that the confidence of business men in the adoption of a safe and sane policy will not be shaken.

Recognizing this, the business world should not hesitate for a moment. It can go forward along the lines it has been pursuing ever since trade and industry began to revive from the panic of last fall. There is no doubt that this will be done. No shadow of a populist administration, such as the one which, in the event of a Democratic victory, would be called into extraordinary session for the purpose of revising the tariff is evident that the revision will be made in harmony with well recognized Republican principles.

The country itself is in excellent condition. The farmers have gathered large crops and good prices for them to plant extensively next year. Labor will be given abundant employment and with resumption of traffic on the railroads no more complaint by men connected with or interested in those corporations will be heard.—Denver Post.

**Must Not Be Rushed.**  
Tariff revision will not be long delayed, for it is the habit of the party in power in Congress to do things, but it is well to remember that it should be passed on by President Taft who must say that the new schedule is wise, then both workable and honestly worked. It will do little good to rush the changes through in the short session. The business interests, that means practically everybody, want a thorough and well considered measure that will not need further changes of any consequence for years after it is enacted into law.—Buffalo News.

**Making It Home-Like.**  
A good story is told on San Crawford, the heavy slugger of the Tigers. By trade he is a bartender, but one day he went into a restaurant, drew himself up to a table, stuck his feet under and looked satisfied.

"Walter, a little breakfast and onions, please." "Yes, sir. Have some nice ham and cabbage about?" "No." "Don't want any?" "A little of our elegant tripe would do you good."

"John," called the proprietor, "what d'ye mean by annoying a customer like that?" "Just trying to make him feel at home, sir. He's a barber."

**Singing at Its Own Value.**  
They tell me, Grimby, that your daughter sings with great expression. "Greatest expression you ever saw. Her own mother can't recognize her face when she's singing!"—Home Herald.

**The Measure of Renown.**  
Bob—Introduce me to the old guy. The hostess—Why, you must know him. He's the president of your college. "No, I don't. He isn't interested in athletics!"—Life.

**Unphosphated.**  
Knicker—The fashionable woman's figure is like a slat. Bocker—While the mattress, bolster and pillows are worn on the head.—New York Sun.

The rarest seashell in the "Cone of the Holy Mary." Only two specimens are known, one of which is in the British museum.

## HER DESTINY IN A BARREL OF APPLES

read from the characteristically British scrawl. Then she looked for the address. "Wagoner's Wells, Surrey, England, November the eleventh." Well, if her apples had not gone to Australia they had at least fallen into English hands in the land from which her ancestors had sprung.

Then she read the letter. The writer admitted having found her funny little note and the presentation of her lovely self among the apples had purchased. He was deeply interested in both, he declared. The snapshot was altogether too small. Would she please send him a larger and more truthful one? And just as an earnest of his own good faith, here was one of himself. He assured her that he would anxiously await her reply.

Ivy sent the photograph, and told that she was not a farmer's daughter, but an adventurous maid with a Chicago education in matters of the heart. She gave him likewise her real name and her home address, and tried to consider the incident closed.

But Spurre Archibald Pole-Wrenson, fondler of Wagoner's Wells, Surrey, England, was of a different type. He wasted no more time in unsatisfactory correspondence. He forthwith packed his property British bags and boxes and took the first available vessel for New York, hurrying from thence by the eighteen-hour train to Chicago.

For all his haste, his British training in the conventionalities stood him in good stead, and he had provided himself with a letter of introduction to the British consul in Chicago. By coincidence it happened that the consul had known Ivy's father, then dead, so the very unconventional transatlantic adventure of this very conventional young English squire was greatly facilitated. He called upon the widowed mother of Ivy Chudleigh, and with quite un-British impetuosity begged the privilege of paying his addresses to her daughter.

Like a young Lochinvar from the East, instead of the West, he wooed her, and to such good intent and result that the particular set in which vivacious Miss Ivy had reigned as a belle lost her from its functions, and before it really had time to figure out what was going on the invitations to the wedding were out.

Farmer Crane sent a barrel of apples as a wedding gift. Mr. and Mrs. Pole-Wrenson's friends are now making a tour of the world, for he is a fortune to young squire, and not a fortune hunter. Eventually they plan to settle down on his ancestral estate in Surrey County, England, but one of their hygienic and modernized country, and has done yeoman service for the betterment of that great water way. He is equally interested in the deep waterway project of the Mississippi, the national good roads movement and various kindred schemes of internal improvement.

"Cairo is bound to be one of the greatest cities on the Mississippi or the Ohio," he said, returning to the one subject uppermost in his mind. "With the completion of the Cairo and Thebes Railroad, connecting us directly with the great railroad lines from the South-