

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

TOO MANY WOMEN TEACHERS.

RESIDENT 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. Dr. Hall criticized what he termed the feminization of the American public school, which he holds responsible for lack of physical and moral training of boys. The tenderingness 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 can hardly 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 enliven 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 whole-some 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-attended.

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.

RENNICH scientists have been devoting considerable attention of late 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 by reason of going through 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 neuralgia, 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.—DesMoines 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 tolling years to a brotherhood whose sole duty is to coffin his bones and send him back to his native land for burial. Not 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 here only by the accident of birth or to get money, 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.

HER DESTINY IN A BARREL OF APPLES



Striking Instance of the Trivial Detail That Often Shapes Human Existence

"Preordination" savors too much of heay topics.

"Lick."

When Ivy Chudleigh, Chicago born, but of Australian parentage, found it necessary to go to a farm near Lindenwood, Ill., to overcome the abnormal effect of a too strenuous social existence on high-strung nerves, she at first took kindly to the idea. A few days on the farm of "Apple" Crane dispelled, however, the book-bought theory that the simple life is Utopian. Miss Chudleigh began to plan for the excitement of the electric-lighted streets.

The means Miss Chudleigh adopted as a surcease of ennui was characteristic of the up-to-date American, born and bred in a large city. First she asked and obtained permission from Farmer Crane to assist in the packing of apples in the vast orchard. Her pink lips, her city-whitened cheeks and her wondrous lingerie, made a vast impression on the bluejeans-clad and gingham-gowned youths and maidens at whose side she worked. Ivy speedily became the pet of the apple-pickers.

"Daddy Crane," she said, one day, with attractive urban impudence, "where do you suppose these apples will go? Just think! Maybe some of them will go to Australia, where my mother and father lived. Perhaps some of the men and women who knew them when they were young, will eat the apples their daughter is packing."

In a few minutes she tossed aside a defective punkin and ran, singing, to the nearby farmhouse.

Up in her gabled chamber she turned her writing desk inside out. At last she found what she wanted, a snapshot of herself, one of the mementoes of the summer and a modernized country lad who had utilized his camera for her pleasure. Then she wrote on a faint sheet of note paper:

"I wonder who you are, you who are opening this barrel of rosy-cheeked apples and finding this note and this photograph of me perched up in the branches of the old tree the apples came from. Won't you please write and tell me who you are? I'm dying of curiosity to know. Yours sincerely."

To this missive she signed a fictitious name, giving the number of the box in the village postoffice that she had rented for her sojourn in the country. She resumed the packing of the barrel she had left so suddenly, and when she was unobserved deftly pulled the envelope from her belt and buried it among the rosy-cheeked fruit.

The apples were shipped Oct. 5. On riding into town Nov. 26, she found in her mail box a letter addressed to the fictitious person whose name she had placed in the apple barrel. The envelope bore a British stamp and the postmark of a town to England.

"Archibald Pole-Wrenfordsley," she

wrote from the characteristically British scrawl. Then she looked for the address, "Waggoner'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 he 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, he was one of himself. He assured her that he would anxiously await her reply.

They will 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 Pittsburg on the Ohio. It has been slow and difficult, the building up of Cairo from the sand bars and lagoons, 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 Pittsburg to New Orleans, have sustained serious loss from the floods, not a wheel 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 Northwest Passage." The members of Captain Amundsen's expedition had become accustomed to the Eskimo dress, and had adopted it, but an old man of his tribe, who had been writing on an examination in law, said that she heard him speak Jim's name in the jumble of delirious utterings.

Jim was to have been a lawyer. Poor Jim! Her eyes filled at that old, tear-stained memory of Jim and her father.

Jim had been together at that horrible accident on the Delaware. Well, she at least had not been a burden on her mother's small income, and soon—quite as soon as she was graduated from the schoolroom—she would be not only self-supporting but an aid to the others.

There were two long years of hard work before her yet. She hit her lip.

The untiring man and babe of his labors 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 seemed a childlike pratting.

"Don't sit in a rocking chair and rock while resting." "Don't injure the furniture in any way and be careful of all fancy decorations." He looked about him. "The wreckage has been appalling in this palatial apartment." He read again. "Well, great Eli!" he cried, and looked up at her. "Why, it was you?"

"Come here, please."

She went to him. He pointed with a thin finger at an accusing "Don't kiss your patient."

She flushed under her dainty Swiss cap.

"Not even delirious patients?" he inquired.

She turned her back on him from the window.

"Not even those who have an illumination of reason?" he persisted. She could find nothing to say. "Do you know?" he said, and bent down to him. The line screen at the foot of the bed, hid her from anyone who might pass in the hall. She turned her lips to his forehead. "Night-night," she whispered.

He looked at her with childlike smile putting his lips. It hardened slowly into a pursed mouth 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.

The 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.

CAIRO IMMUNE FROM FLOODS.

Overflow at Confluence of Mississippi and Ohio Rivers Conquered

Major Parsons, of Cairo, is an indefatigable worker, and deeply interested in all sorts of public improvements. He is vice president of the Ohio Valley Improvement Association, 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-

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 raftsmen at the oar,

"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.

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 of white enamel, its metal table and its gray green wall, 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 unpassioned 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 beneath 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 fretfully. 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 stoned a moment to smooth down the stiff gingham of her uniform with a slow hand in an endeavor to loosen 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 said nothing.

"You don't make any allowance for a fellow being ill!"

She affected a professional cheerfulness in the matter.

"Oh, you're well on your way to health," she said. "We'll soon have you back to your friends."

"Nurse," he said, "you're the best friend I ever had—or want to have, anywhere and always."

Her cloistered loneliness rose on her in a surge of bitterness.

"Wait till you've been away from home about a month. One feels very dependent and—affectionate when one is ill. It soon wears off."

"That's the way you always talk," he said moodily. Then, brightening, "I'll

get out of that seat!" commanded the tinsmith.

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" retorted Mr. Bertram Hardy, and that was the end of round 1. Tinsmith's round.

"Sit down, then," ordered the tinsmith, rudely crushing Mr. Bertram Hardy's hat over his eyes.

"You don't look like a fool to me," he said. "Sit down yourself," was the angry reply, and Mr. Bertram Hardy viciously cut at the tinsmith with his walking stick, just missing the jibboom of Mr. Drew's trousers. End of round 2. A draw.

"Get out of this car!" was the tinsmith's next lead. And, suiting the action to the word and the word to the action, he assisted Mr. Bertram Hardy to the platform and sent him to the street, through his walking stick after him.

"I shall have your name and address directly," said the Hull Terror by way of repartee. End of round and fight. Both awarded to the tinsmith.

It was at this point that Mr. Drew interposed his remonstrance and reprimand the conductor that this was a street car and not a prize ring.

"Aw, you don't expect me to butt into a fight, do you?" demanded the conductor.

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 popular administration disguised as Democratic hangs over the future; and while Congress will be called to extraordinary session for the purpose of revising the tariff, it 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 invite 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 Republican.

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 by President Taft who must see that the new schedules are properly 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 Sam Crawford, the heavy slugger of the Tigers. The other day he went into a restaurant, drew himself up to a table, stuck his feet under and looked satisfied.

"Waiter, a little beefsteak and onions, please."

"Yes, sir. Have some nice ham and cabbage also?"

"No."

"How about some prime roast beef?"

"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."