

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Where History Does Not Repeat Itself.

CONTRASTS between French and Russian revolutionary conditions are as noteworthy as the striking parallels of the two upheavals. One vast dissimilarity, palpable enough, is in the relative position of the two nations in struggles against foreign foes.

While the French were having their Feast of Pikes, were tearing down their Bastille, were stringing up officials to the lantern, were fighting out bloody debates in States-General and National Assembly, were running Paris with a Committee of Safety, were reveling in September massacre and reign of Terror, were cutting off King Louis' head and those of the aristocracy, the troops of France were carrying the tri-color to victory against the Duke of Brunswick and other commanders of the syndicate of kings. On the day after the guillotine lopped off the French ruler's head Danton said: "The coalized kings threaten us; we hurl at their feet, as gage of battle, the head of a king!" France was sturdy and patriotic in the fight against the foreign foe.

On the other hand, see what is Russia's plight! Humiliation heaped on humiliation! A foreign war utterly barren of victory; a war ruinously expensive. While million after million of roubles is flung into the bottomless war chest, the people at home are without food. Each workman carries on his back not one soldier, but the weight of a score, starving the while. Not a spark of patriotism can be kindled. Not a ray of hope streaks the utter blackness of the perspective to the Far Eastward.

In its likeness to the French Revolution the Russian Revolution is rich in promise to the Russian masses. In its soldiers who will not shoot, barricaded streets, Jacobinism, improvisation of firearms, pamphleteering, lack of bread, vacillating ruler, rotten bureaucracy, loot of shops, patrollism and in a hundred other resemblances the rising has all the components of the French insurrection. In the aspects wherein the present case differs most from the one of over a century ago are seen the greatest works for the destruction of the Russian Empire.—New York Press.

The Reign of High Prices.

THE problem of living is becoming every day more and more intense for the man who receives a stated salary. The purchasing power of money is constantly becoming less. The dollar will not go as far to-day as it did a few years ago, and the dollars are just as difficult to obtain as ever.

There must be an end some time to this constant increase in the prices charged for the necessities of life. Either the cost must bear some relation to the purchaser's ability to pay or else the latter must do without the desired article. As the situation now stands, the rise in prices is arbitrary, fixed by some unknown and unreachably authority, and has no apparent foundation. Every time the housewife nowadays visits the meat shop or grocery store she is confronted by another increase in the cost of things. Expostulation and protest are of no avail. She must meet the alternative of paying the price or going without. Flour, butter, eggs, canned goods, even vegetables, are all costing more now than they did a year ago. In the face of this constant advance, the head of the family is helpless. The extortion must be met, even though it means deprivation of the little comforts and pleasures which formerly the surplus of the salary provided.

It is an important question, however, to know when the era of high prices will end. It cannot go on indefinitely. There will come a time when the burden will be greater than the people can bear, and they will bring about a reckoning. If the increased cost of living is due to monopolies or trusts, some way will be found to break down their power of controlling the output of the necessities of life. If the individual is made to suffer because some capitalists can buy up and store all the eggs in the market, as is said to be the case in Chicago, then some legislation ought to be devised which would place wholesale robbery of the people in the catalogue of major crimes.

There would be no complaint if the salaries increased in proportion to the cost of living. On the contrary, they

have an unfortunate and disagreeable habit of remaining stationary. The problem is, therefore, a serious one; and while investigations are the order of the day, it might be worth while to inquire into the causes which are now adding to the housewife's existence a multitude of financial cares. The effort to make both ends meet was never an easy one, but for some reason, which nobody seems able to fathom, it is more difficult to-day than ever before.—Washington Post.

Our Army Doctors Shamed.

THE small mortality in the Japanese camps and hospitals puts to shame the medical science of Western armies. The report of the mortality in General Oku's army for seven and one-half months of the severest campaigning shows 24,642 cases of disease and forty deaths! Only 193 men had typhoid fever, and there were but 342 cases of dysentery. This quite astonishing record seems to indicate that the sanitarians and medical men in the Japanese army take their duties seriously and understand that it is their business not only to cure but to prevent disease by instructing the men in personal hygiene and by looking after the purity of their water supply and food. The contrast between our achievement and that of the Japanese suggests that our neglected method, or want of method, must be revolutionized. The teachings of science, which we understand well enough, must obtain actual application. "In 1898," says American Medicine, "for about the same length of time the United States put about 275,000 men in the field, and the deaths were 4,965, most of them in peaceful camps and hospitals within our own territory. If Oku's army was only half as large as ours, the figures would still speak loudly for the foresight and medical skill of the Japanese. This marvelous saving of human life is due to the thoroughgoing precautions of the Japanese government and its medical officers to prevent disease in the army. We Americans are by no means the only nation needing to have the lesson brought home. The English and French armies are in the same sad plight, and to a lesser degree the German. We have allowed the half-scorned 'yellow man' to surpass us in military hygiene and medicine, and the lesson should not go unheeded." It will no longer be permissible to let men die like flies in camp and hospital under the impression that a large mortality is inevitable. It may be argued, of course, that the Japanese, having better constitutions than Westerners have and using simpler and more wholesome foods, may be expected to meet hard conditions of living with greater success. This may be true to a certain extent. But it is a lesson of the Jap mortality record that the time now given by us to fancy drill would be much better employed in teaching the rank and file practical hygiene. A new conception of the army doctor's role is also required.—Baltimore American.

Why the Sky is Blue.

THE sky has long been a puzzle to physicists. There are two mysteries to explain about it—its reflection of light and its color. The old view was that the blue of the sky was due simply to atmospheric oxygen. Oxygen has a faint blue tint, and the idea was that several miles of the gas, even when diluted as it is in the air, would have a bright blue color.

But this did not account for the immense illumination of the sky, and of recent years Tyndall's "dust theory," or some modification of it, has been generally accepted. This regards the blue color as an optical effect, like the color of very thin smoke, due to excessively fine particles floating in the air, which would also account for the large proportion of reflected light from the sky.

Recent calculations by Prof. Spring, of Liege, Belgium, however, indicate that the dust in the air is not sufficient in amount nor finely enough divided to support this explanation, and he rejects it for this and other reasons. He has gone back to the old oxygen theory, and accounts for the general illumination of the sky on the hypothesis, first advanced by Hagenbach, that intermingled layers of different density in the atmosphere give it the power of reflecting light.—Chicago Journal.

TO SAVE THE EYES.

Attachment for the Hat to Ward Off the Sun's Glare.

Some inventions are interesting by reason of their obvious impracticability, others by reason of their obvious simplicity, and yet others by reason of their obvious originality. It must be rather refreshing to the Jaded Patent Office Examiner, dulled by continual drawing of distinctions without differences, and worn out with inferences, to read a patent that is ingenious on its face and with all the



NEW FEATURE ON THE HAT.

emarks of novelty. It is in this latter class that the shield here illustrated naturally falls. It certainly represents a departure from established conceptions of an eye shield. Moreover, it hails from the South, which is also in its favor, as that is a land where the Patent Office finds least support. The combination is self-evident and needs but few words of explanation. Inside of the hat, on the leather sweatband, there is a perforated metal plate, which permits of a wide range of adjustment in the shade, which are supported therefrom to conform to varying conditions of use. The shields, which may be of any desired design, are suspended from this plate by means of a hooked member.

His First Try as "Style."

They were in a carriage going to a ball. He was just of age and was wearing his new dress suit. It was his first attempt at "doing things up in style," says the Kansas City Times. Never before had he worn a dress suit or taken a girl to a social affair in a carriage. He had dressed in nervous haste and yet he had tried his best to see that his raiment was absolutely faultless.

As they were driving rapidly toward the hall they talked of the fine time they expected to have. Suddenly the girl stopped talking and gazed intently at the bottom of the back. The youth noticed that she was apparently interested in something down there, and he asked: "Mary, what's the matter with you? What makes you so quiet?" "John," she replied, "perhaps I shouldn't ask you such a question, but isn't there something wrong with your feet?" The young man looked down. He was still in his old carpet slippers and socks.

Every lie you utter goes around ringing a bell to put people next.



"Beef again," said the head of the house, discontentedly, as the platter was passed before him. "Do you know, my dear, there are times when beef begins to pall on me?"

"We had lamb yesterday," said his wife, "and on Monday you know we had a roast loin of pork."

"Oh, I know. That's just it. Beef, mutton and pork, pork, mutton and beef. One monotonous round."

"You don't care for chicken,"

"Oh, I get tired of chicken, that's all. What I would like is a little change."

"We had a rabbit stew last week. I thought you enjoyed that. If you like, I'll have it again to-morrow."

"My dear," said the head of the house, "I don't see why you imagine that because I happen to eat something with a tolerable relish I can stand for it seven days in the week. Let the rabbit stew for a while. Beef!"

"If I had known you wouldn't care for it I might have had some fish."

"You can't get any fish that has the right flavor after it has been packed and kept on ice."

"It's a pity that some new animal can't be invented for you," said the long-suffering housewife, rebelling. "I was reading the other day that they ate kangaroos in New America and that the Digger Indians considered ants' eggs a delicacy."

"I don't think I am hard to satisfy," said the head of the family. "Perhaps I had no right to hint that an occasional variety in my diet would be—what is this?"

"What is which?" asked the lady, as he masticated slowly and analytically.

"This—this meat."

"It's venison steak. The red currant jelly is to the right of you."

"I suppose you think that's funny," said the head of the house.—Chicago Daily News.

HE WAS CARELESS "TOUCHER."

A Second "Appeal" Followed Too Closely After the First.

Senator Gamble and Representative Burke, both of South Dakota, figure as victims in a "touch" story which has been going the rounds recently, says the Boston Transcript. As it is told, last year while the two were chatting in the apartments of Senator Gamble a stranger was announced. He was a tall, unhealthy-looking chap, with a face drawn with pain, and who, in spite of the bitter weather, was without an overcoat.

In a nasal voice he told how he had come to Washington from South Dakota with a car of cattle, fallen ill and had just been discharged from the hospital. He had transportation back home, he said, but had dropped in to see some of his congressional delegation so that if his people came to look for him they might soon get upon his track. He asked for no money. Senator Gamble heard the story impassively, but Mr. Burke's feelings were wrought upon and he followed the man to a street.

"Have you any money?" he asked.

"I am ashamed to admit it," said the complete panhandler, "but I haven't a dime to my name."

Mr. Burke produced and later told his friends that Gamble was the hardest-hearted man he had ever known.

Didn't Want It Pulled.

Mrs. Naggsby—Henry, don't you know that wearing your hat in the house will cause your hair to fall out?

Mr. Naggsby—Yes, my dear; but I prefer to lose it that way.

THE CRAZY QUILT.

For olden fashions
A lance we tilt,
And pause to honor
The crazy quilt.

This patch with roses
So primly spigged
Shows Grampa courted
The timely rigged.

That piece of gingham
Will witness keep
Of when Hoses
Began to creep.

Ah, sweet the slumbers
Beneath its fold,
And sweet the dreamings
From days of old.

So here is praising
The bygone reign,
When quilts were crazy
And lives were sane.

—New York Sun.

Two Letters.

JULY 7, 1903.—My Darling—I am so lonesome to-night, dear heart, for you that I cannot sleep, though it is now past one o'clock, so I have just slipped into my dressing gown (the white one with the blue silk down the front) and put on the little white slippers you always say my feet look so pretty in, and am going to write you all that is in my heart.

I am sorry I let you go away alone, and when I come to think of it, sweetheart, I don't believe you urged me very strongly to accompany you. Was it because you thought the journey would tire me, "big man," or was it because you wanted to have a trip alone, as in your bachelor days.

Well, in either case, I am here alone—and lonely—and never wanted you so much before in my life as I do to-night, and somehow I feel sure that you, sweetheart, are just as lonesome for me.

I am quite sure to-night that you are wanting your "little girl" just "dreadful bad"—just as sure as though you were here to tell me your own dear self.

The house all seems so big and empty to-night. I never knew before that one person could make so much difference in a place; but you know, dear heart, that this is the first time I have spent more than a day away from you in all the eighteen months we have been married.

I met Jack to-day, and, as usual, he was full of enthusiasm about some new scheme he is trying to patent. This time it is a "too-weight." I don't quite understand what it is, but jockeys use it when they ride horses. I suppose it helps to hold them down.

I am so glad I am not married to a man like Jack, though to be sure, he is a dear, good fellow, for I am sure a wife would always come second in his affections, and he would be apt to call her "a neat little filly" or a "high-strung racer," or some other horsey term when he wanted to be particularly affectionate.

I went up to Mr. Reeves' office to-day, as you requested, to ask him to attend to that insurance matter, and, you know, he quite annoyed me. I always thought him so nice, but, really, I thought him quite commonplace to-day, not to say vulgar.

He joked me about your being away alone, and said he would bet you were having a "roaring old time" in town, and I am afraid I was rather rude to him, for I told him pretty plainly you would be utterly lost without me, and that you were not like some men I know, who could only have a good time when away from home.

I let Sarah go home this morning to stay a few days, and to-night I went down to the kitchen and cooked my own dinner. I rolled up my sleeves and put on a big apron, and I felt just as I used to when we were first married, and you did not have all this money, and I had to do all the work in the little flat myself.

Just the same, those were happy days, weren't they, sweetheart? Sometimes I almost wish they would come back again, for I had you more to myself then, and you did not have to be worrying about stocks and bulls and bears and things as you do now.

Do you remember the time I made a pie for dinner and put two crusts on it and ate it and never said a word about it, though I know it must have been awful, for I forgot to put in any milk or eggs either?

Oh! and I must tell you what I did to-day. I am sure you will be pleased. You know your golf suit that had the little hole torn in the knee that you were going to take to the tailor to have mended?

Well, I just felt so lonesome all day that I thought it would comfort me somewhat to busy myself doing something for you. So I mended that hole pretty neatly, I am sure you will be proud of me when you see it.

I could not find any cloth like the goods, so I cut a little piece out of your cap, because you can get the tailors to make you a new cap or buy a different kind of one.

I am so sleepy now I can hardly keep my eyes open, so I shall say "good-night," sweetheart, and kiss the place on the pillow where your dear head should be and go to sleep.

Bless you, dear one, and bring you home safely to your loving

BESS.

P. S.—Don't be so lonesome for me that you will miss having a good time.

July 7, 1903.—My Dear Little Girl—Well, it is after two o'clock, and if I had not promised to write every night before I went to bed I would be tempted to crawl between the sheets and write to-morrow instead.

I have been "doing the town" with Jim, Harry and some other fellows, and I tell you it seemed like old times. I needed an occasional reminder to make me remember that I had been married since I saw the boys last.

Don't think I forgot my little wife, for I thought of you often during the evening and wished you had come with me.

I went to the races to-day and lost twenty-five on Helen of Troy, but it was all sport, and seemed like the

RUSSIA'S NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.



GENERAL LINEVITCH.

General Linevitch finds himself, at the age of 67, commander in chief of the Russian army in Manchuria. He has a notable record as a soldier, and has fought in two continents. Born in 1838 and educated in the military school, he first saw service in the Caucasus from 1859 to 1864, and won his first promotion. In the Russo-Turkish war he again distinguished himself, being decorated with the cross of St. George of the fourth order for marked personal valor. He was severely wounded, however, and at one time his life was despaired of. In 1885 Linevitch was again in the field against the Turcomans, and won a colonelcy for bravery. Six years later he was made a major general, and in 1895 was transferred to the military command of Ussuria, the Russian province immediately north of Korea. When the Boxer rebellion broke out he was sent to aid the allied armies in the relief of Peking, and at that time was instrumental in saving a British detachment that was seriously menaced by the rebels. Then the czar conferred on him the Order of St. George of the third class, and in a short time he was given command of the First Siberian army, which position he held at the beginning of the war with Japan, and until the arrival of Kuropatkin was commander in chief. At the battle of Mukden he commanded the Russian left center, and it is said, repelled thirteen consecutive attacks by the Japanese, and managed to withdraw his army with comparatively slight loss. Because of his constant solicitude for their welfare, General Linevitch is greatly beloved by his soldiers. It is alleged that for years a keen rivalry has existed between himself and Kuropatkin.

days before I met you, when a good horse was the first love of my life.

I am too tired to tell you all about it now, but we had a roaring old time, and kept it up till after one to-night, when I just tore myself away from the rest of the gang.

I hope you saw Reeves to-day about that insurance matter, and will arrange things all right, for he's one of the best fellows I know, and has a pretty keen insight into human nature. He can size a man up better than any one else I ever knew.

Well, good night, little girl. I am so dead tired I can't write another line. I will be home in a few days, and I'm afraid it will come hard to settle down to the usual grind after such a glorious time. Your loving husband,

FRANK.

—Illustrated Bits.

BUILDING NEW SETTLEMENTS.

How a Railroad Gets People to Locate Along Its Line.

The immigration department of a great railroad is most active and effective. It is, strictly speaking, a department of the future, says a writer in the World To-Day. Its duties are well defined. It must develop the possible resources tributary to the road; it must build new settlements, establish new communities, and bring about new conditions. Its pressing need is people. How does it go about securing them?

The resources of the new line are studied and every possibility is recorded. The district is attractively and truthfully described in a booklet which is distributed through the road's many agencies throughout the country. The newspaper columns are used, or papers space in the leading magazines is

Some of the roads fit up portable exhibit cars in which are placed beautiful displays of farm products of all kinds, also samples of precious and other metals from the new district. These exhibits are very alluring to the farmer or investor, attract much attention, and are most convincing arguments. Such cars are sent out to all parts of the more thickly settled States and are in charge of thoroughly posted representatives.

Sometimes a lecturer accompanies the exhibit car, giving free stereopticon lectures. The grain is shown growing in the fields; gold and silver are pictured being brought from the mines; and oil is shown gushing high into the air. An appeal is made to the man who is renting a high-priced farm with no prospects of ever owning one of his own. He is told how, in the newer districts, the same crops are grown on land costing less than one-tenth the price of his rented land.

He is awakened to his own possibilities; he sees a chance for his sons to become independent; he is almost convinced, in fact, he cannot resist the arguments and wants to go and see this wonderful Eldorado. His first anxiety is the expense of the trip. His name is sent to the general immigration office; the car has secured its result.

After a mother has lost one baby by death, nothing that her other children do ever makes her impatient.

HERE SHE COMES.



—Cincinnati Post.

COLOR AND VALUE OF OPALS.

Gems Must Be Bright and Without Streaks or Spots.

Veins of opals are usually met with in soft formations, where nothing above ground indicates their presence. The search for them, therefore, often requires considerable time. But it is not extremely difficult for opals are generally found near the surface. Indeed, it was thought for a long time that they were not to be found as deep as twelve feet below the surface. This opinion has, however, given way in the light of evidence, because opals of great value have been discovered at a depth of fifty feet.

The value of opals depends upon several considerations, of which the principal one is the color. It is important that they should be bright and not present streaks or spots alternating with uncolored substance. The most valuable are those which have red fires or mixtures of red and yellow, blue and green. Opals of a single tint are of little value, unless the tint is particularly striking and the figure beautiful. Indeed, one of the essential qualities of the opal is the arrangement of the figure, which sets off strikingly the hue of the stone.

When the figure is quite regular and distinct it is the more valuable, much less so when the grain is quite small and irregular. Sometimes the color appears as a single blaze or with figures regularly spaced. It may then be of a fine ruby red, and is much sought after, but oftentimes the uniform tint is only green or reddish and has but little brilliancy to speak of.

The cutting is very important for the opal; thus a thick stone will be much less beautiful than a thin stone, which on losing part of its volume, loses also the figure. The foundation tint contributes much to the beauty. It ought to be transparent, slightly milky, and harmonize fully with the different reflections of the opal, which, when really beautiful, presents a variety of hues infinitely pleasing to the eye.—Jewelers' Circular.

ORIGIN OF WHALES AND LIONS.

Kings of Sea and Land Said to Have Sprung from Same Source.

As every one knows, or ought to know, the whale is not a fish, but a mammal, and zoologists have long pondered and disputed about its family tree. In ecocene times the ancestors of mammals of the Philadelphia Record, were beginning to take shape somewhat like those of to-day and to lose the grotesqueness inherited from their reptilian progenitors. To be sure, animals were very different from those of to-day. Horses were no larger than dogs and had five toes, while cattle-like tinocoars, twice the size of an ox, with six horns, tuslike teeth and five toes, cropped the herbage of Wyoming. Along with these peculiar plant feeders there dwelt some primitive flesh eaters, to which Cape gave the name of creodonts.

The scene shifts to modern times. Prof. Fraas, of Stuttgart, Germany, is delving in the rocks near Cairo, Egypt. He is getting out huge jawbones that have been petrified. The jawbones are those of whales and the rocks near Cairo were, in ecocene times, the sea-shore. The professor has studied his whale jaws and compared their teeth with other fossil teeth. Now he tells us in a recent "Abhandlungen" that these teeth of ancient whale are like those of the ancient carnivorous creodonts.

From this he argues that in ecocene, or earlier, times some primitive flesh eater took to an aquatic life. From these old times to the present whales have been becoming more fishlike. It is hard to believe that the ravenous lion and "inoffensive" and "boobish" whale of to-day had a common ancestor, but yet they both have the same taste for blood, only the whale swallows his food whole.

SLASHED BY A MADMAN.

Woman Received Twenty-seven Wounds with Razor and Live.

Seated in a chair, a weak and pale-faced woman, who is just recovering from twenty-seven wounds inflicted with a razor, says the London Chronicle, told in the Southwark police court the other day a thrilling story of a desperate struggle for life in the dark. Her husband, Alfred Curtis, a laborer, was in the dock, charged with attempting to murder his wife at their home in Vine street buildings, Tooley street, S. E., on Nov. 11.

Mrs. Curtis, speaking with some difficulty, said she was dreaming in the early morning when she suddenly awoke to find her husband cutting her throat. She struggled with him, fell out of bed and became unconscious.

"I screamed and begged for mercy," continued Mrs. Curtis, "but he never said a word, only stared at me. I remembered no more."

Thinking his victim was dead, Curtis walked to the police station with his clothes bespattered with blood, and said: "I have killed my wife. What made me do it?"

Meanwhile Curtis' sister, who lived in the next tenement, had been roused by the screams and arrived just in time to save the injured woman from bleeding to death.

The house surgeon at Guy's Hospital catalogued Mrs. Curtis' injuries as follows:

Two incised wounds in the throat, one of which severed the air passages; seventeen cuts on the left hand and arm; six cuts on the right hand and arm; a cut on the upper lip; a wound on the right cheek.

Curtis, who had nothing to say, was committed for trial.

Turns About.

Van X.—My wife has taken a fancy of overruling her allowance and having the bills sent to my office. I wish I knew how to break her of it.

De Q.—Do as I did; buy a lot of things for yourself and have them sent C. O. D. when she's at home and you're out. By the time she's paid the bills a few times she'll be willing to stop and call it even.—Detroit Free Press.

Why?

The world moves. It has to in order to keep from being run over by an automobile.—Atlanta Journal.

Gents wear pants; gentlemen wear trousers.