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TOO MUCH GOODNESS

HOW AN EXEMPLARY HUSBAND ALMOST DROVE HIS WIFE TO LUNACY

THE STAY AT HOME AS CONSTANT IRRITANT

Woman Should Be Taken to the Theater, to Concerts and Balls — Man Should So Arrange as to Spend a Portion of His Evenings Away From His Domicile.

My friend, Ebenezer Butterworth Snagues, tells me that I have made quite a favorable impression among his employes. When he called to see me, socially, the other evening, he said that his porter, Clonough, had asked him if he supposed that I could tell him what ailed his wife. I told Snagues to send Clenough up to my office some afternoon and I would talk the matter over.

Mr. Clenough called the next afternoon and briefly described his wife's condition. He said: "I can't imagine what the trouble is. My wife is very quiet; doesn't like society; don't like to go to the theater, or to concerts, or lectures, in fact, all she does want to do is to stay at home. She doesn't go out of the house to call on any one once a week. I do all the shopping, such as buying groceries, meat and vegetables, and make life as easy as I can for her in every way."

I asked Clenough if his wife had to work very hard. He said: "Oh, no! She gets up about half-past five in the morning and builds the fire. I'm ashamed to say that, but it's pretty hard work in the store, and I don't feel much like getting up mornings, and Mrs. Clenough says she would just as soon build the fire as not. I get up at 6 and she has breakfast all ready for me. Then I have to hurry, because the train leaves at half-past seven, and as I don't have time in the store I read the paper while I am eating and finish the paper on the train. Then, of course, after I have gone, the missis washes the dishes and tidies up things and does her routine work about the house. She's a great woman for routine, my wife is. She has set days for certain kinds of work; washes on Monday; irons on Tuesday, and so on through the week. She is too busy to get any dinner for herself; she just takes a lunch; a bit of bread and a cup of tea, and not always that, because she says 'it's so lonesome to eat alone.' In the afternoon she begins to get the regular dinner, and that keeps her busy until I get home at half-past six. Then we have dinner, and I read the evening paper while she does up the dishes, and then she takes her knitting or sewing and employes her time while I am so tired that after I have had my smoke I usually fall asleep and don't wake up again until bedtime."

Irritable and Fitful.

"Nothing especial seems to be the matter with her, but lately she has become very irritable and fitful. If I don't listen to what she is saying, when she is asking questions or talking of what has happened in the neighborhood, she actually loses her temper and scolds, and that prevents my reading or thinking, and disturbs my nap, and if I tell her not to bother me, she goes off in a fit of the sulks. She has been awfully sulky and morose, lately, and she complains that she is so nervous that she feels as if she would fly, and she is so tired that she can hardly drag one foot after the other. It's strange, though, I don't see why she she should be so nervous, because there's nothing to disturb her. It's always quiet in the house. She doesn't have much company. There's nobody in the house to worry her, not even a child.'"

"Well," I said, "I think I know pretty well what the trouble is, but with your permission I will drop in some morning and talk with your wife." In accordance with this promise I did call and found things as I supposed I should. Mrs. Clenough was one of those long and lank women, of an extremely nervous temperament, very unassuming in appearance, of a retiring, diffident disposition, and not at all self-assertive. After gaining her confidence by cheerful small-talk, I said it must be rather lonesome here. "Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, "lonesome is no name for it; it's perfectly horrible; it's worse than confinement for life on a desert isle. But I wouldn't think of saying that to my husband; he's so tired when he gets home, and he has so much to worry him."

I thought it was rather strange that Mr. Clenough should have so much to worry about, as he was a steady-going man, had no bad habits, had a good, permanent position, and was well and promptly paid; but I didn't say so to his wife. I did ask her if she liked amusements. If she and her husband didn't go to a concert or a theater once in a while.

Would Like to Go to Theater.

She said, "Oh, no. I should dearly love to go to the theater occasionally, but, as I have said, my husband is so tired that he doesn't want to do anything when he gets home but eat his supper, smoke his pipe, read the paper and take a nap; and he never thinks of even suggesting that we go out anywhere. Why, we don't even call on our next-door neighbors; he says he is no society man, and of course if we don't call on the neighbors they wont' call on us."

"I suppose, Mrs. Clenough," said I, "that you don't have very much work to do." "Well, yes, I do have a good deal," she replied. "It isn't hard work, but it keeps me busy all the time. My husband is awfully hard on clothes. He has to have a clean frock every day as well as a clean shirt and collar and cuffs. So my washing is quite large. Wednesday it takes about all my spare time mending. Then the house is so near the railroad that it gets awfully dirty, and it takes a good deal of my time sweeping and scrubbing. Mr. Clenough is a hearty eater, too, and I cook a big dinner every day and Saturday I cook cakes and pies for the week."

I didn't make any comments on her work, but I thought that she had enough of it, and rather too much. I said: "Of course you and your husband go to church on Sunday," and she replied: "Oh! no! Mr. Clenough does not want to dress up Sunday. He says he's tired and wants to read and rest; he says that's the only time he does have to himself."

"I suppose," I said, "you take little trips during the summer—trolley rides and so forth." "No," said she, "Mr. Clenough doesn't want to go; he says there's such a crowd and that he sees enough of crowds in the city every day. If he has a day off he goes with some chum somewhere in the woods, fishing or gunning. He says that's the kind of a rest he likes.

Is a Handy Man.

"Well, of course, then," said I, "you both spend a week or two in the country when he has his vacation." "No," she replied, "he takes that time to fix up things around the house. He's a very handy man; he can carpenter, and paint, and do mason work, and plumbing; in fact, there's hardly anything about the house that he can't do. But —I hope you won't misunderstand me, doctor—he makes me awfully nervous; he's a great home body, and I know I ought to be thankful for that, but sometimes I almost wish he belonged to a club that would keep him away from home an evening or two—anything for excitement."

"Well," I said, "I don't think you need any medicine, nothing more than a little beef, wine, and iron, perhaps, or a little wine to sort of quiet your nerves and strengthen them, and what would you think of taking a vacation of a week or two?"

"Oh, doctor!" she exclaimed, "that would be fine, but I don't see how I could do it; Mr. Clenough couldn't get along without me and I wouldn't think of asking him."

I told her perhaps we could find that and said: "I would like to see Mr. Clenough tomorrow evening." When Mr. Clenough came into my office I nearly scared the life out of him. I said: "Clenough, you've got one wife out of a thousand, but if you don't reform, you won't have any, or else you'll have a lunatic on your hands." "Reform," said Clenough, in an indignant tone.

Send Her to Lively Places.

"Yes!" said I, "reform. No wonder your wife is nervous; working all day like a galley slave, and you're worse than no company when you're at home. The first thing I want you to do is to send your wife away for a month, and not to the country, either, but to some lively place, where there's something going on, concerts, lectures, balls, comedies, anything that's gay and cheerful, and nothing that is sad or serious —no tragedy, mind you, for she's acting that now. Don't let her do a bit of work for fear that she should worry about you and the house; shut it up and get a good room for yourself in town. When she comes back take her to the theater at least once a week, and when you go home at night chat a while with her instead of being as dumb as a mummy. Tell her a few lively or humorous incidents that have happened during the day. You see enough of them; you see people enough; you see this one and that one, and have a social chat and keep up your spirits, while your wife slaves at home, without seeing or speaking to a single person. No wonder she is nervous. The wonder is that she is not insane."

"There's another thing I want to say, Clenough, and I know you have too much sense to get offended or misinterpret my advice. It would be a good idea if you didn't stick quite so close to the house. Of course, I don't want you to spend your evenings in barrooms or any such resorts of doubtful character, but there are enough good places where you can have a good time. The fact is your wife is suffering partly from too much Clenough. You are thoughtlessly selfish and your wife is self-sacrificing enough to let you have your own way and say nothing, but it worries her all the same, more so than if she gave you a good tongue-lashing once in a while. It's the annoyance that we keep to ourselves that frets the strings of life the most and soonest snaps them. And don't forget that you have a few neighbors. Call on them with your wife occasionally; it will do you good and do them good."

Clenough followed my advice, and, the last time that I saw his wife she had gained flesh and was as smiling as a basket of chips, whatever that may be, and she had lost that worried, anxious look, and seemed contented and happy, and the men who work at Snagues' say that Clenough himself is much more of a good fellow than he used to be.

One of the men, in fact, gave me an idea that I had never thought of before. He said Clenough was a good man, industrious, conscientious, an embodiment of all the virtues, in a word, he was exasperatingly good. And there are others just like Clenough. They are models of goodness and propriety, so nearly perfect that they drive the average mortal, with his imperfections, to madness. They're so good that they actually make other people bad by irritation. They're so patient that they make others lose their patience. And of all these good men the quiet, stay-at-home-all-the-time man is most exasperating to the good wife, who, while she appreciates all his good qualities, wishes for a little excitement, even if her husband furnishes it. It's one of many cases where you find the good woman nearly crazy from too much goodness in close proximity. It's a puzling case, too, if the doctor is not wise; ne's apt to give all sorts of drugs for all sorts of diseases without effect; it's not malaria, or hysteria, and all the balm in Gilead will do no good if the selfish man doesn't lend a hand in the cure. —Leon Noel.

ALL THE GOLDEN YEAR

On an August evening, love,
We will talk of Autumn days;
When the crackling fires are burning
And the sun-lit leaves are turning,
Golden Autumn days!

On a Winter evening, love,
We will sing of summer time,
When the yellow sun is shining,
And the tender leaves are vining,
Golden Summer days!

We will sing together, dear,
With the future as our theme;
Through the cold and summer weather
We will plan to walk together,
All the golden year!

JUDGE SAYS FATHERS MAY BEAT DAUGHTERS

Parent Knocks Down Girl for Going With Young Man and Court Frees Him.

NEW YORK, July 21.—More of his decided views about the rights of women were handed down from the Queen's bench by Magistrate Luke J. Connorton, in Long Island City. He believes that married women should be in their houses by 10 o'clock at night, and he refused to convict a husband who beat his wife for habitually staying out later than that hour. This week he discharged Christopher H. Weiss, an Astoria farmer, who knocked down his seventeen-year-old daughter, inflicting a scalp wound, which sent her to the hospital for two days.

"You did perfectly right," said the magistrate to Weiss, when the circumstances were explained to him. "A seventeen-year-old girl has no business to go to a beach resort with a young man if her father forbids it."

Weiss lives on Hurlst avenue. His wife died two months ago, and he and his daughter Lizzie were left alone. He told the girl he would have to be mother as well as father to her now, and laid down the law as follows:

"Lizzie, your mother's dead now, and you're only seventeen. I've got to look after you, and the only way I can do it is to lay down an iron rule. Don't you ever go around with young men without my consent. If you do and I hear of it I'll follow you up and thrash you right before them. Mind what I say."

Lizzie yielded to the pleadings of a youth one day last week and went to North Beach with him. Papa Weiss followed them up as he said he would, and when he found them he dismissed the young man with a vigorous kick and hit his daughter on the head so hard that an ambulance was called to take her to St. John's hospital. She is subject to epileptic fits.

Detectives Burden and Nolan arrested Weiss despite his protest that Lizzie was his daughter, and he could punish her as he pleased for disobedience. The girl said in court yesterday she didn't want to make any complaint against her father.

"Don't worry," said the magistrate "I'd discharge him even if you wanted to press a complaint. He did perfectly right."

Now the young women of Long Island City are up in arms against the magistrate, who had previously been very popular among them since he announced that:

"Married women should not be allowed out of their own homes after 10 o'clock at night. We need a special law to keep them at home."

The maidens were gleeful over the partiality shown them in this decision but the new ruling that a seventeen-year-old girl can't go to North Beach or Coney Island with a young mar without running the risk of a spanking from her father, has made them all angry

STATUS OF FILIPINOS AS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Entitled to United States Protection, but Not to a Passport.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21.—Gradually the status of the Filipino in relation to foreign countries is being established. The state department has finally decided how it shall take care of Filipinos outside of their archipelago. Ambassador White has established a precedent in the case of Edward Fancixo, a native of Manila, a record of which has just reached the state department. This man applied to the ambassador in Berlin on July 2 for a passport or protection papers. The ambassador's certificate says:

"Satisfactory proof having been furnished me that Edward Fancixo is a native of the Philippines and loyal to the United States, he is entitled to be accorded adequate protection by the diplomatic and consular officers of the United States. As, however, he is not a citizen of the United States, he is not entitled to a passport."

PREDICTS AN 18-HOUR RUN FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

G. P. A. Ford, of the Pennsylvania, Says Schedule Will Be Established.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 21.—General Passenger Agent E. A. Ford, of the Pennsylvania lines, predicts the establishment of eighteen-hour trains between Chicago and New York. His prediction is evidently based on his knowledge of what the Pennsylvania special can accomplish when required to cover delays and keep within its schedule. During the time that train has been running it has been demonstrated that eighteen-hour trains between Chicago and New York are not only a possibility, but that the time can be cut to sixteen hours if necessary.

On a recent run from Alliance to Pittsburg, the Pennsylvania special covered the distance, 83 2-10 miles, in exactly 1 hour and 30 minutes, an average of 55 and 3-10 miles per hour.

When the train reached Garfield, seven miles from Alliance, it struck a 72-mile an hour gait, and before it passed through New Waterford was covering 81 miles an hour. Twenty-four minutes was made up on the run, and Pittsburg was reached on time. At this rate of speed the run from Chicago to New York can be made in about sixteen hours.

MORALITY IN THE SCHOOLS.

Forceful Reasons Why It Should Be Taught.

In one of the sessions of the State Teachers' association at Saratoga Supt. Skinner delivered an address on "Moral Instruction in Our Schools." In the opening of this address he said: "At a recent educational gathering in Albany the statement was made by one who claimed to be an educator, that morality cannot be taught in our public schools. The only inference to be drawn from the statement is that morality cannot be taught apart from religion."

Using this as the groundwork of his effort the state superintendent proceeded to show that morality can be taught and ought to be taught in our public schools.

The proposition that the governing principles of our common school system are incompatible with the teaching of morality is so absurd on its face that it seems almost impossible that any person who would be accepted as an authority in educational matters could become responsible for advancing it. That sectarianism and religious doctrines are barred from the schools is true. The reasons for such action on the part of the state are apparent to every intelligent citizen, and are very clearly set forth in Supt. Skinner's address. It is not necessary to consider them at this time, for they have nothing to do with the question of teaching morality. While it is true that a genuinely religious person is necessarily a moral person, it is not true that a moral man is necessarily religious. There are many persons in every large American community who are strictly moral in their lives, but who are not believers in any form of religious faith. They are honest, temperate, truthful, clean-minded, correct in speech and deportment, honorable in their relations with their fellow men, good citizens and good husbands and fathers; but through early training or some process of thought, which most of their fellow citizens regard as deplorable, they have eliminated religious dogma, principles and feeling together from their lives and disclaim all faith in the supernatural and the divine.

If that is true, and probably no one will have the hardihood to deny it, then it follows that the principles which govern their conduct may be taught without invading the religious realm at all. It would indeed be a strange state of affairs if the positive influence and direct instruction of our schools were not on the side of temperance, veracity, honesty, purity, kindness, good citizenship, fidelity of obligations and other qualities going to the making up of a sound and conservative code of ethics. If any teachers or school officials have so curiously misinterpreted the prohibition of religious or sectarian instruction as to assume that on that account they were debarred from throwing the weight of their words and example on the side of good morals in their intercourse with the children, it is high time for them to be undeceived; for there is not the slightest reason or sense in that view of the matter, and as teachers they are a failure if they neglect that phase of their calling.

In his address Supt. Skinner quoted from the school laws of several states to show that the duty of instruction in morals belongs to the schools. The law of Maine says: "Every public and private institution for instruction in this state shall use their best endeavors to impress upon the minds of the children and youth committed to their care and instruction the principles of morality and justice, and a sacred regard for truth, love of country, humanity, and a universal benevolence, sobriety, industry and frugality, chastity, moderation and temperance, and all other virtues which ornament human society." The laws of Oregon require and the state board enjoins teachers "to the utmost of their ability to inculcate in the minds of their pupils correct principles of morality and a particular regard for the laws of society, and for the government under which we live." Similar quotations might be made from the laws of other states, all tending to show that the functions of the teachers embrace something more than instruction in the arts and sciences.

Our public school system aims to make of the youth of the land good citizens. That is the reason for its being. Without a moral foundation to character there is no such thing as good citizenship. Hence the pupils in our schools should be trained in morality as well as in reading, arithmetic, geography or any other study. More than that, a person whose life is immoral has no business in the schools as a teacher, for example in such a case goes hand in hand with precept.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A RAILROAD EPOCH.

American Construction Passes the 200,000-Mile Mark.

The beginning of the second half of 1902 sees the railroads of the United States cross the 200,000-mile line. Construction during the past six months was not especially active, though it was larger than last year's corresponding time, but the total which had been reached by the end of 1901 was so near the 200,000-mile mark that that line was certain to be passed long before 1902 neared its close. It is only by comparing this mileage with that of some of the rest of the great countries that the American people can fully realize the tremendous development which has taken place in this field in their own land. Figures of railroad activities for the world at large are not very trustworthy, but taking those which are most recent and reliable, the United States is seen to be far ahead of any other country. Germany has about 32,000 miles of main track; Russia, 29,000; France, 27,000; Austria-Hungary, 23,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 22,000, while no other European country has as many as 10,000 miles. All of Europe has about 175,000 miles of road, or considerably less than the United States, while the entire world's mileage is approximately 500,000, of which the United States furnishes two-fifths.

All this railroad construction has come in

Continued on 2nd Page.

LIVE WITHOUT LAWS

MAINE FAMILIES WHICH ALSO GET ALONG WITHOUT RELIGION OR MEDICINE

PRIMITIVE COMMUNITY OF STRANGE PEOPLE

About Equally Divided Between Montreal French and Nova Scotia Scotch—Originally Took Up Four Full Townships of Thirty-six Square Miles Each—Story of the Allegash.

BANGOR, Me., July 5.—Among the strange and primitive communities in the far northern woods of Maine, none is more interesting than the settlement of farmers and lumbermen that has existed for sixty years at the confluence of Clementicook stream with the St. John river. The settlement is in Township XVI., Range 12, owned by the Great Northern Paper company, but the matter of ownership does not seem to worry the settlers at all—they go on with their farming and other pursuits just as if they were the lords of the soil.

The twelve families are about equally divided between Montreal French and Nova Scotia Scotch, and formerly their religious differences made a great deal of trouble. Long ago, however, they effected a compromise, agreeing to get along without any religion, and ever since that time they have dwelt in peace and harmony, with neither priest nor minister.

Nearly a century ago, as it is told on the St. John, a few families from Scotland took up meadow lands along the Allegash, having a patent from the English king to hold as much territory as they could inclose within the span of a moosehide cut into narrow strips and fastened end to end. They killed a huge bull moose, and all one winter the women worked at paring and stretching the strips of skin so as to make the line reach as far as possible. When the men went out on the crust in March to survey the land to which they were entitled by the deed of gift the made the shredded moose hide encompass 96,000 acres, equal to four full townships of thirty-six square miles each. Then they built a village of logs and cleared up land for farming.

Went Well Until 1840.

All went well until 1840, when Edward Kent, the Whig candidate, was chosen governor to succeed Reuben Fairchild, the Democratic incumbent of the office. A hot presidential fight was in progress, and the Democrats, wishing to redeem the state in November, called a special session of the legislature and organized a new form of municipality, called plantations, each of which was given the right to vote in state and national elections. It was hoped that as the inhabitants of the plantations were strongly Democratic, their vote, added to the regular party vote in the cities and towns, would stem the Whig tide and redeem the state; but when the November returns came in, and Maine was found to have cast her vote for Harrison, nearly every Democrat in the Allegash settlements became a Whig "out of spite," and those few who refused to do so were forced to emigrate. Three families packed up and moved to Township XVI., Range 12, here they have ever since resided. Although they cannot vote under their township form of government, every man of voting age is a Democrat, showing that these exiles have remained steadfast in their political faith. In the Allegash plantation at the last election every one of the fifty-three votes was cast for the Republican ticket, which shows that the great turnover in 1840 is still in effect.

Allegash has a stage line, a postoffice and a root and herb doctor as evidences of civilization, but Township XVI., Range 12, is still in primitive innocence. The nearest doctor, lawyer or clergyman lives at Fort Kent, sixty-two miles away to the northeast. There is no church nor postoffice, nor store of any kind in the township. A two-acre plot on a sunny hillside serves as a common burying ground for the villagers, whose graves are surrounded by a strong stump fence. The residents are all farmers or lumbermen. The farmers raise fine crops of hay and oats which they sell at high prices to the lumber operators of the region. For six months after April and for three months in midwinter supplies are brought to the settlement from Fort Kent by canoes or on sleds over the ice. During the other three months the place is as inaccessible as the back side of the moon.

The ruler and supreme dictator of Township X. I., is Alexander Castleton, the richest man in the village, who owns a farm of 1,500 acres, yielding annually 2,000 tons of hay, which is sold from the stacks to lumbermen at $18 a ton. "King" Castleton, as he is called, fixes the amount that each resident must pay in money or in labor for the support of schools and roads and to meet general expenses. He makes the assessments, and his subjects never question his decisions.

Jean Boyer, one of the leaders of the French contingent at Township XVI., does a prosperous business in cutting timber for the Fort Kent mills. Having no sons to assist him, he has trained his three daughters to the business and takes them every winter to the camps, where each has charge of a crew of loggers. The three Boyer girls are skilled in the use of snowshoes and the rifle, and can handle ax or cantdog better than most men.

The company that owns the township makes no objection to the presence there of these squatters, or to their clearing up farms and using what wood and timber they need. It is convenient to have them away up there, partly as a safeguard against forest fires getting beyond control and partly to raise crops of fodder corn for wood horses, thus saving the heavy expense of sending supplies so far into the wilderness.

TURNED TO STONE AND THEN HE DIED

Strange Malady of New Jersey Man—Passes Away After Nine Years of Pain.

WOODBURY, N. J., July 21.—George W. Lewis, aged forty-seven, is dead at Cross Keys. Mr. Lewis was known as "the man turning to stone," and has been a great sufferer for fifteen years. The case has baffled the ablest physicians in this state and Pennsylvania.

Prior to nine years ago Lewis was frequently ill, but from appearances there was no particular ailment. Then he found that his fingers were getting stiff and it was with difficulty that he could move them. This stiffness moved up his arms and soon from the elbows down the flesh hardened until his arms were useless. The skin was drawn tight and his hands became like marble. The prick of a needle was not felt, neither did blood flow from a cut. The flesh was nearly white with a marble cast.

Four years ago his feet and lower limbs began to harden in the same way. The skin on his face was drawn and he frequently said he felt he was gradually turning to stone.

Years ago he was an inveterate smoker and he always thought this was the cause of his trouble.

There was another remarkable feature. The victim got very little sleep. He did not seem to need it. Weeks passed at a time when he did not close his eyes.

During the day his attention was occupied by events that came to his notice at the country store, where he managed to go with much effort, but at night he sat up and read. He ate as little as he slept. Seldom was he hungry, and he went for days at a time without food.

Several trips were made to hospitals, where he was told there was no hope.

Mr. Lewis' mind was not affected. He was a ready talker and was well read.

Couldn't Stand Her Cooking.

Mrs. Retired—Well, Bridget, now what's the matter? Isn't my daughter Esther in the kitchen to help you?

Bridget—That's just it, mum. If I've got to eat her cooking, I'll quit.—Denver Times.