# THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

## THE HELP THAT A WOMAN CAN GIVE IN POLITICS.

**If She Can Influence a Vote, Would It Not Help More if She Had a Vote of Her Own to Add to Her Influence?—An Absurd and Unfair Rule Against Women.**

It is probable that not one man in the United States heard or read President Roosevelt's Decoration Day address at Arlington without determining in his own mind whether he would vote for or against him should he be a candidate for reelection. That is man's way of showing his approval or disapproval of public men and measures. But suppose that all any man could say was, "I shall use my indirect influence for (or against) him if he is nominated for the Presidency, and I shall try to persuade the women of my family and all those of my acquaintance to go to the polls and cast their ballots for (or against) him. They may prefer to vote their own conviction, but anyhow I shall do a large amount of talking."

Wouldn't that be flat? Wouldn't it be inadequate? Wouldn't it be humiliating? Yet it would represent exactly the position of women in the year of our Lord, 1902—a position with which they are asked to be entirely satisfied, which they are assured is fully equal if not a little superior to that occupied by men. A great many women are gullible enough to believe this, just as they believe all sorts of other things men tell them—and then frequently wish they hadn't. A large number, however, repudiate such a fallacy, and this number is rapidly increasing. They are thoroughly convinced that they could do Mr. Roosevelt and the rest of the ticket a vast deal more good (or harm) by putting a "yes" (or a "no") into the ballot-box on election day than by prattling to their male relatives and friends on the subject during the campaign. A man will find it rather difficult to answer in the negative this question from a woman: "If I can influence you or you can influence me in favor of a candidate, wouldn't it help him twice as much if we could cast two votes for him instead of one?" Granted that a woman's political influence is as strong as the anti-suffragists claim (a proposition which makes one smile), it cannot do any more than cause a man to abandon his own convictions and vote hers, and in a case of this kind one would naturally suppose that both would be anxious to double this powerful influence.

Now, it may well be believed that there was not one woman who read President Roosevelt's speech, dealing with the most important issue before the country at present, who did not long for the power to contribute or to depose the present Administration to the extent at least of registering her opinion and having it counted. And why should women not have this privilege? There has not been a step from the initiation of the war with Spain to the consideration of the bill for civil government in the Philippines which has not as vitally concerned women as men, and they will profit or lose alike in all the future consequences. Why should women be forced to remain dumb and inert through it all?

Not long ago the Indianapolis *Sentinel* gave as "an important reason for not granting woman suffrage" the following:

"There would remain nothing in this line for women to dispute about. And this would take away a vast source of satisfaction from a great many women, who ought to have something to give occupation to their energies. It is very probable that the women who want to vote get a great deal more satisfaction of demanding the right and complaining of the injustice that is done to them than they would derive from voting.

About the same time the Kansas City (Mo.) *World* said: "Miss Susan B. Anthony and her co-workers have struggled with seventeen Congresses in the last forty years in their effort to have the right of suffrage extended to women. The same amount of energy expended in other directions would have built the Isthmian Canal, the Pacific cable and a double-track railway from Alaska to Cape Horn."

This is, indeed, true. It would not be possible to put into words the material—much less the moral—progress which these women might have accomplished in those more than two score years. The men of this country have a terrible sin to answer for in having compelled its ablest women to spend half a century in the struggle to secure their liberty. It has been a sin not only against the women themselves, but against the nation also, which has been deprived during all this time of one-half its mental and moral strength. Whatever may be the prejudice against the enfranchisement of women, no one can study the records of the past fifty years without perceiving that its advocates have been the strongest and most intellectual women of the age—women who would have been a tremendous force in any undertaking.

They were sufficiently wise and farseeing, however, to understand that a voice in the government is the fundamental power, a knowledge in which the masses of women are still lamentably deficient. And so such women for several generations have put aside every personal ambition, every opportunity for place and profit, to devote their energy and ability to a contest which is not equalled in all history.

In the light of these facts how utterly puerile, illogical and unjustifiable is such a statement as that of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, that if the right were granted for which these women have so long contended they would find themselves with no object of discussion or employment. Is it not most reasonable to suppose that women who were capable of such persistent devotion to a principle, such heroic effort to secure the means with which to work, would be moved by the same spirit to utilize the power obtained at so great a price?

The world to-day has not the faintest conception of the immense force which will be brought into action when the energies of women are given full expression. They may not build a Pacific cable or a railroad from Alaska to Cape Horn—there will always be men sufficient for such enterprises—but they will enter into the vast and quite as important field of education, charities, philanthropies, municipal reforms and civic improvements, which men have been trying to carry forward in addition to their immense material undertakings. In such efforts they will not be as now half equipped and wholly dependent, but will control the necessary means and act with full authority. They will labor no harder than they do now, but the results will be infinitely greater.

And in that future time, when women are relieved from the paramount necessity of pleading for their own rights from the public platform, they can use their brilliant gifts of oratory in behalf of the other living questions of the day. Think what it would have been to a political party during the past years to have in every campaign the matchless eloquence of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Frances E. Willard! It was said many times during the suffrage convention in Washington last winter that the addresses of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw never had been excelled in logic and power on the floor of Congress. Is it not a short-sighted and mistaken policy on the part of men not to utilize the splendid services of such women in the discussion of great campaign issues? But never till the day of doom will they lift their voices for any political party while they continue to be held in a disfranchised condition.

Attention has frequently been called in this column to the fact that in practically every department of work women are almost wholly at the mercy of men. A notable case in point exists at this very moment in New York city. The (male) Board of Superintendents has recommended to the (male) Central Board of Education that all women who have attained the age of 40 shall be ineligible to advance above the fifth grammar grade in the elementary schools, and ineligible for examination to teach in the high school, but that men shall continue to be eligible until they are 50.

This rule is based on the ancient idea, which dies hard, that at the age of 40 a woman becomes, comparatively speaking, a physical and mental wreck. Perhaps this was approximately true in those good old times when most women who had reached that age had borne fifteen or twenty children, and had been for a quarter of a century butcher, baker and candlestick maker, chief cook and bottle washer, tailor, seamstress and nurse, factory hand, chore boy and drudge-in-general to the whole family, and sometimes to two or three families. An examination of the crumbling tombstones in New England graveyards shows that most of those early women departed this life when about two-score years of age with joy and thanksgiving and in the hope of a better world. Those who were not easily killed off were expected to put on caps at 40 and devote the remainder of their existence to raising their numerous brood of grandchildren.

It is different now, decidedly different. Women are in their prime, mentally and physically, at 40. The Presidents of our largest colleges for women are hovering about that age. The great majority of the women who are on the faculties of our universities are past twescore. The Presidents of all the largest and most active organizations of women have left four decades behind them. Our most effective women orators to-day are past 40 and many of them past 50. Our best women writers, if we except those of the mushroom variety, are go close to 40 that they would rather not talk about it. This is equally true of the most successful singers, actresses and business women.

"'Tis absolutely ridiculous, as well as cruel, for a Board of Education to say to the women teachers in the public schools: "After 40 abandon hope. No further promotion, no higher salary. Stay right where you are till you die or go on the pension list." There is not one other profession in which women are rigidly barred from all further progress at this or any other age. What possible justification can there be for allowing a man ten years more of opportunity than are allowed to women? Whatever may have been the status of the two in the past, women at present are just as capable at 40 as men are, and this proposed discrimination is an outrage.

But what can the women teachers do? There is not one woman on the Board of Education to plead their cause. The Mayor who appointed this board is not indebted to women for his office. There is every political reason for keeping women out of the highly-salaried positions in the public schools. In this particular case the women teachers can do nothing but express their feelings by petitions which are not worth the paper they are written on. There is something, however, which they can and ought to do for the teachers of the future, and that is, join the ranks of those who are working to put into the hands of women a weapon with which to defend themselves against many forms of injustice similar to this. Teachers have been culpably and inexcusably indifferent and often hostile to the efforts made to obtain for them this means of protection. Sometimes through selfish satisfaction at having secured a comfortable position and frequently through cowardice for fear of losing it, the vast majority of them have given neither voice, money nor labor to aid those who are striving for the enfranchisement of women. They will deserve more sympathy because of the inequalities of place and pay to which they are continually subjected, when they unite in a body to demand for themselves the same political power which enables men to make and unmake boards of control, to fill all the seats upon such boards and to monopolize the best positions in State and municipality.

## LAST HUNT FOR ANTIQUES.

**A New York Woman's Experience With the Keeper of a Curiosity Shop.**

"If I wanted to break up the day dreams of the people who haunt the ruins on the other side of the sea I would employ some of the shopmen who sell antiques in New York," said a woman who had returned from a mahogany hunt.

"They would break any spell which sentiment could weave. They are the most-matter-of-fact lot I ever encountered. If I had a parrot that could not enthuse a little bit in any of the shops I have been in to-day I would throw it into the monkey cage in Central Park.

"One of the places I visited is under the mismanagement of a man whose appearance indicates that he is pretty close to being a ruin himself. He allowed me to rummage among the relics without ever rising from his chair. I did not mind that, however, for it is a relief to do your own looking.

"In my search I found an old picture of Henry Clay. He was my father's idol, and I have always flattered myself that I was a fairly good judge of anything relating to the Great Commoner. I suppose I raved over the old engraving.

"'How much is it?' I asked, and I meant it.

"'Anything you've a mind to offer,' was the reply.

"Another idol smasher, I thought, as I looked at the man, who was still seated.

"'You evidently do not set much store on the picture,' I said.

"'I'd sell it for 'most any price,' was the reply. 'I'm tired of answering fool questions about it. I don't know where it came from. I don't know the name of the artist. I don't know any story connected with it. It was here when I took the place.'

"I dropped the subject and went on my rambles. I found a queer old lamp. I have a collection of lamps. My husband says if I lit half the collection I would be the light of the world.

"Rather guardedly I asked the curmudgeon of the place if this lamp was for sale. He said that everything he had was for sale. That was his business, he added.

"I don't often use slang, but I quoted my husband by remarking that I did not suppose he was keeping shop for his health.

"'I would be a bankrupt before to-morrow if I was,' he replied. 'I haven't seen a well day for six months. But I don't suppose you are a doctor. You were talking about a lamp. The one you ask about was sent in here to be sold with a lot of rubbish. It is not for sale as it stands.'

"Ignoring his indifference I turned my gaze to an old painting of 'Washington Crossing the Delaware.' It certainly had the merit of age. I was indiscreet enough to say it was the oldest painting on that incident I had ever seen.

"'They're not painting any new pictures on that affair that I've heard of,' said the man.

"Passing over his remark I pointed to a chest of drawers like my grandmother's.

"'Mahogany?' I asked.

"'No, madame,' he growled. 'You will find very little mahogany for sale. If you have any kin who has mahogany you had better speak for it if you want to get a genuine article.'

"'What's this old clock worth?' I asked, pointing out one of the type which stands in the hall of a real home.

"'It isn't worth anything,' was the reply. 'If you want to know the price of it, that's another thing.'

"Then I saw an oil painting on the wall. It hung over a collection of rubbish.

"'This is what I want,' I said, and I said it out. 'Where did you get this painting of Washington Irving?'

"The old crank got out of his chair for the first time and hobbling over to the painting he took it down, turned the back of it to me and said:

"'This was painted as you see from these figures in 1790. Washington Irving couldn't have been more than 7 years old at that time. Nobody knows who it is. But it is not Washington Irving. It was painted in England; that's all I know. Seems to me as if the people who had it painted didn't care much for it or they would have left some information about it.'

"Then why did you buy it?' I asked, rather spunkily.

"'Why did I buy that old clock? Why did I buy that old lamp? Why did I buy that pair of old andirons which, by the way, you have overlooked? Why have I bought any of this old truck?' He uttered this chain of questions with the rapidity of a rapid firing gun, and then hobbled back to his chair.

"As I passed out I said to the man that he had a very interesting collection.

"'I've got a little of everything,' he snapped, 'that nobody wants. The only thing I lack to make the stock complete is a second hand coffin. And I suppose if I was to get one it would be my infernal luck to get into it before any of the people who come in here to look around.'

"This ended my visit to antique shops, and I do not think I shall ever have the courage to enter another."

## POEMS WORTH READING.

### On a Certain Day.

I saw the swaying branches, dotted with blossoms,
Running at random through the daisied field,
Lost in a wild grove on the shore of the Sound,
Beneath a jungle growth. Great bumblebees,
Closed in a thousand homes of the bottom wood,
Droned through the air, under the cavernous coolness
Of old trees new apparelled. Dripping wet
The oars dipped in the mirroring, moving waters,
Which flooded up the sand, and sank from sight
With a soft, shiny sound, while fanning faintly
The wind caught up the eager sea-smell of
Succulent, juicy sea weed that is washed
Into the stagnant shallows.

Nature is like a ring without a stone
If there is nothing human in it; beauty
Kissing some vacant stretch, kisses in vain,
If there is not a thought. And what more perfect
Than lovers resting on the weathered cuticles!

Holding converse with a fair woman there
Was beauty set in beauty. Perfect nature,
Full of the coming summer, was less fair
Than her last, finest product. As the woman
Sang out a boat-song to the sky,
Singers of nature lost their forest charm.
No bird ever sang as human beings do.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

### Policeman and Littlest Girl.

*From St. Nicholas.*

"The nicest man I ever saw,"
Said Little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school,
When we're let out at three.

"He's dressed just as the soldiers are,
He wears gold buttons, too,
And he stands up so proud and straight,
The way the soldiers do.

"He always says, 'Come, little kids,
I'll take you cross the street,' and
I guess 'cause I'm the littlest girl
He always holds my hand.

"And all the cars and horses stop—
He's so big they don't dare
To say 'Get up,' and drive 'em on,
Because he's standing there.

"He makes believe to chase the boys,
And shakes his fist, and then
He laughs and laughs, and they all come
A scampering back again.

"Sometimes he pats me on the head
And says 'Ho! little girl,
You going to wait till Christmas comes
To cut me off that curl?'

"And one time when it rained, the street
Was muddy, and I cried,
He picked me up and carried me
Right to the other side.

"The nicest man I ever saw,"
Said Little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school
When we're let out at three."

THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.

### Ping-Pong vs. Croquet.

*From the Denver Post.*

Old Colonel Jenkins told his wife one day he really thought
To keep abreast of fashion and be up to date they
To get a ping pong layout; he had read about the
same,
And thought there was amusement in the fashionable
game.
His wife gave aquiescence, said the idea was good,
And they would be the envy of the whole blamed
neighborhood.
She'd show that painted stuck-up thing next door
that her croquet
Was but an old back number game that only fossils
play.

The finest set in Jenkinsville was bought, the printed
rules
Were studied as the lessons are by kids in country
schools,
And soon the practice games were on in amateurish
way,
They showing far more awkwardness than science
in the play.
The stuck-up thing who lived next door could
through her window see
The games which were a sign, she vowed, of
imbecility.
And yet a flame of envy burned quite freely in
her breast
And filled her with a feeling of quite pestering
unrest.

'Twas with a grin of ghoulish glee she one day
chanced to spy
A ball from Mrs. Colonel's side land on the Colonel's
eye
And she saw him send it back again with anger
in the fire
Right in her teeth and break the plate and cut her
lip a bit.
Then Mrs. Colonel's racquet flew across the table
and
Upon the Colonel's larboard ear did violently land,
And in the mix-up that ensued the language pro
and con
Was shocking to the neighbors' ears, who all were
catching on!

Of course the action for divorce created quite
a stir,
Some laying all the blame on him, some laying
it on her;
And underneath their active tongues the village
gossip rolled
The precious morsel as if it were ball of purest gold.
The Colonel is a wanderer now, has jumped the
town for good,
His recent helpmeet languishes in grass of widowhood,
And often through the window peeps to see that
stuck-up thing,
Manipulate the croquet balls that neither pong nor
ping.

### The Panama Hat.

*From the Baltimore American.*

There was a man whose chief desire
Was a Panama hat.
He said: "That's what I most require,
It is the thing I must admire,
I'll have to buy or buy or hire
Me a Panama hat."

He envied every man he saw
In a Panama hat.
He gazed at window shows with awe,
And sighed: "They cost a heap, but, pshaw!
I pretty near would break the law
For a Panama hat."

He talked to every man and maid
About a Panama hat.
No chat of marriage he essayed;
Nor weather, crops, or trusts, or trades;
Just: "How I'd like to be arrayed
In a Panama hat!"

He soon fell ill; he worried so
Over a Panama hat.
And when he lay in sickness low
They asked him where he'd like to go.
"Wherever," he said, "they can show
Me a Panama hat!"

At last his feeble spirit fled—
With no Panama hat.
They preached a sermon o'er his head,
In which they hoped, the speaker said,
That his wife's wings was garnished—
And a Panama hat.

Take warning from this lesson true
On a Panama hat.
Don't let your longings pester you
Until you're sick and sad and blue;
But if you must, go dare and do
For a Panama hat.

## ETERNITY.

**A Little-Known Poem by John Greenleaf Whittier.**

"This poem was written by Mr. Whittier in 1831, and was printed in the *New England Review*, which paper he was then editing. It was never collected, and I have never seen it copied. It was signed 'Adrian,' as were many of his early poems.—*S. T. Pickard.*" This is the note used in the *Independent*, from which the poem is now taken:

Boundless Eternity! the winged sands
That mark the silent lapse of flitting time
Are not for thee; thine awful empire stands
From age to age unchangeable, sublime:
Thy domes are spread where thought can never
climb,
In clouds and darkness, where vast pillars rest,
It isn't worth anything," was the reply.
Thy being of its mystery to divest,
Or boldly lift thine awful veil with hands unblest.

Thy ruins are the wrecks of systems; suns
Blaze a brief space of ages, and are not;
Worlds crumble and decay, creation runs
To waste; they perish, and is forgot;
Yet thou, all changeless, heedest not the blot.
Heaven speaks once more in thunder, empty space
Trembles and wakes; new worlds in ether flit,
Teeming with joy and life, and trace
Their mighty circles, such as others shall displace.

Thine age is youth; thy youth is hoary age.
Prior beginning, never ending thou;
Nearest inscribed upon thy ample page,
Yesterday, forever, but as now.
Thou art, thou hast been, shall be: though
I feel myself immortal when on thee
I muse, I shrink to nothingness, and bow
Myself before thee, tread Eternity,
With God coeval, coexisting, still to be.

I go with thee till Time shall be no more,
I stand with thee on Time's remotest verge,
Ten thousand years, ten thousand times told o'er;
Still, still with thee my onward course I urge.
And now no longer hear the endless surge
Of Time's light billows breaking on the shore
Of distant earth; no more the solemn dirge—
Requiem of worlds, when such are numbered o'er—
Steals by; still thou art moving on forevermore.

From that dim distance would I turn to gaze
With steadfast searching glance upon the spot
Of brief existence, where I met the blaze
Of morning, bursting on my humble cot,
And gladness, and all joys of the happy lot;
And now, so diminished to a point—a speck—
And now 'tis nothing, and my eye may not
Longer distinguish it amid the wreck
Of worlds in ruins, crushed at the Almighty's beck.

Time—what is Time to thee? a passing thought
To twice ten thousand ages—a faint spark
To twice ten thousand—just—a fire wrought
Into the work of infinite—A cork
Balanced against a world—we hardly mark
Its being—even its name hath ceased to be.
Thy wave hath swept it from us and thy dark
Mass of years in dim obscurity
Hath shrouded it around: Time—what is Time to
thee

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. Frequent mention has been made of the Danish cruiser Valkyrien in connection with the Martinique catastrophe; will you kindly give a description of this vessel, and the name of her commander? 2. What is the name of the United States cruiser, now in commission, that a Spanish prize, that has never been in a United States port? SAWYER.

1. The Valkyrien is a steel cruiser of 1,800 tons displacement, 300 feet long, 43½ feet beam, drawing 18 feet of water; she has two propellers, and engines of 3,500 horse power. She was built in Copenhagen in 1887, and rebuilt in 1896. She has deck armor 2½ inches thick, carries two 5.2-inch and six 3.9-inch rifles, four quick-firing guns and ten machine guns, and has five torpedo tubes. She has a speed of seventeen knots, and carries a complement of 200 officers and men. We do not know the name of her commanding officer. 2. The Albany, built at Elswick in 1899, and bought by us from Brazil at the beginning of the Spanish war.

Kindly inform me the year, or about the year when the act was passed prohibiting the exportation of works by the old masters from Italy? E. H.

It is known as the Pacca act, and was enacted during the pontificate of Gregory XVI., (1831-1846), while Cardinal Pacca was head of the Archaeological Academy. It was intended to apply only to the Papal States, but was revived recently by the Kingdom of Italy.

Can you direct me to a list, or lists, of statues erected in public squares and parks in the principal cities of the United States? I especially wish a list of the statues in honor of generals who commanded during the Civil War. S. T.

We cannot. Such a list could be made, more or less complete, by going through "Baedeker's United States" or some similar guide book.

If a French-American citizen makes his will in this country, and he travels in France and dies there, where could that will be executed? In France or America, or either? 2. What would be the mode of procedure in executing a will as mentioned? J. D.

1. There is no such thing legally as a "French-American," and the fact that a person originally French, but naturalized here, dies in France, has nothing to do with the matter of his will. The will might have to be probated in France, and in this country as well; but the procedure would depend on where the property was that the will disposed of. 2. The heirs and legatees under such a will should consult a lawyer acquainted with both American and French practice.

The Michigan that was built fifty-eight years ago, I am quite sure is out of commission. The present ship is modern, as she was built within the last five or six years. H. N. C.

The Navy Registers do not show that there is any new ship Michigan. The Register for 1900 carries the Michigan as a third-class side wheel steamer, built in Erie in 1844, of 582 tons; the Register for July, 1898, carries her as a fourth-class paddle-wheel steamer of 582 tons, old measurement; that for 1871 gives her tonnage as 450, and that for 1881 gives her tonnage as 450, and her displacement as 685. The Register for 1902 carries her as a fourth-rate iron cruiser of 685 tons displacement, propelled by paddle-wheels. Evidently the Michigan of 1902 is the same vessel as that of 1844.

Will you be good enough to state what books you would recommend as the best in the following classes: (1) Arithmetic, in elementary and advanced stages, &c. (2) Commercial business, giving explanation of business methods, in the banking, commission and stock-trading lines. (3) Business correspondence, giving the formation of business letters, rules for salutations, &c. J. L. M.

1. Davies's arithmetical series; the only books we ever found that explained things. 2. "The A. B. C. of Wall Street," so far as stock trading is concerned; we do not know any books in the other lines. 3. There are several books that cover this point; try a book store.

Where can I get a poem on Texas by an army officer, then stationed in Texas, the substance of which is as follows: The devil had been chained up for many years, and asked the Lord to give him a place for a hell. The Lord replied that he had some sand, "down by the Rio Grande," but the devil objected, decided that it would not do, with out water, so the Lord added some brackish water and the devil took the place and "put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toad," and "poisoned the feet of the centipede," &c. H. deB. F.

Is this by "John Phoenix," George H. Derby, U. S. A.?

I want to ask if anybody knows what will kill toadstools on a lawn. There are a good many things will kill them and the grass also, but how to get rid of them and not destroy the grass. Mrs. A. D. DUDLEY.

I want to get the poem from which you quoted in an article on the circus some years ago, in which these lines occur:

"When life was like a story
Holding neither sob nor sigh,
In the olden, golden glory
Of the days gone by,"

I should also like to get the author's name. A. G.

The lines are from James Whitcomb Riley's "Days Gone By," and form the last two lines of the poem. You will find it in Riley's collected poems.

1. What meaning has "Gloria Mundi," the title of a novel by Harold Frederic? 2. What is the meaning of the word "Outlant?" 3. What are the percentages in favor of the banker in faro and roulette? ANTICIPATION.

1. "The Glory of the World." 2. We do not know. 3. In faro the percentage of the bank against the player is less than in any other game, about ¼ of 1 per cent. In roulette, there is a constant percentage of 5 per cent. where a wheel with 36 numbers is used; if a 38-number wheel is used, the percentage is constant at 10.

Where are these lines to be found:
"Let me on thy bosom lie
Loved and only Deity!
What to me are pathways golden
In some heaven of legends—den,
Harps and crown and varish show
Modelled on the life below?
What to me are time-worn creeds,
Web of barbarous names and deeds,
Born of America's weird awe, selfish
Nursing aspirations selfish?
For a lasting supernal
Better for the real eternal."

J. L. W.

Please give me the names of those leaves or flowers that have a pleasing smell when put between the leaves of a book? J. L. J.

Bay leaves, rose petals, lavender—there are plenty.

After Congress declares war with any power does the President issue a proclamation to above effect? If so, please give me the outlines of President McKinley's proclamation in the late war. RETLAW.

Not necessarily. He may issue one if he chooses. President McKinley issued three proclamations on account of the war, but not announcing that war had been begun. The first proclamation announced the intended blockade of the northern coast of Cuba, and was issued April 22, 1898; the second called out 125,000 volunteers for two years, and was issued April 23; the third announced the adherence of the United States to the Declaration of Paris, and was dated April 26, 1898. Later on May 25, he called 75,000 more volunteers by proclamation; on June 27, he proclaimed the extension of the blockade to the whole of Cuba, and to San Juan, Porto Rico, and on Aug. 12 he proclaimed a suspension of hostilities. James K. Polk, however, proclaimed the war with Mexico, and urged upon our soldiers and sailors vigilance and all proper means to bring it to a successful end.

Sam Hill was a member of a Connecticut tribe of Indians in Colonial times, and achieved a bad eminence as a great creator of talent and ingenuity. One day he entered the corner grocery, and bartered a deer for a stipulated sum, telling the storekeeper that the deer was hanging on a limb of a hickory tree at the junction of the brook and the Connecticut River a mile or so distant from the store. Sam came to the counting storekeeper some days after and, not to put too fine a point on it, was called a liar and a thief.

Says Sam: "Didn't you find the river?" "Yes," said the storekeeper.

"Didn't you find the brook?" "Yes."

"Didn't you find the hickory tree?" "Yes. But I did not find the deer, which you said you shot and hung on the tree."

"Well," says Sam, "you acknowledge that I told the truth three times out of a possible four, which is doing pretty well for an Indian." T. A. R.

The story doesn't ring true. Besides, "Sam Hill" was famous for other things than lying, we'd'n't he?

Poem wanted by J. Howard about dog Blanco is by J. G. Holland, 1866, begins "My dear dumb friend low lying there." LAWSON.

J. G. Holland died in 1881, but another friend also gives him as the author.

Can you give me the name of author of the following lines:

"Oh, give me thy fond heart to love,
That I may ever constant prove,
To part as never more
No joy or pie but only love,
No rest but where thou art,
No pulse of fame but in thy name,
No home but in thine heart." F. T. P.

J. H. G.—Your question about dividing a square of 8 inches so that a parallelogram 4 inches by 13 may be made, is an old mathematical paradox; we do not know how to account for the extra inch of surface gained.

F. D. F.—You can go to Limoges, France, and back for less than $300. This will give you first-class passage on a slow, ten-day steamer, and first or second-class railway fares.

P. L., Jr.—The Belmonts are not Jews. Mr. Belmont is a vestryman of the Episcopal Church of the Ascension.

E. P.—The Erie Railroad has not been in the hands of a receiver within three years.

F. A. J., Jr.—Mr. Joseph Jefferson does not use a dog in "Rip Van Winkle."

## SCIENCE.

GREAT SHIP CANALS.

The oldest and the most important ship-canal is that of Suez, begun in 1859 and completed in 1869. It is 100 miles in length and cost $100,000,000. It was at first 54 metres wide on top, 22 metres at the bottom and 8 metres deep, but in 1890 $10,000,000 were expended to increase these dimensions to 77, 34½, and nearly 9 metres respectively, and it is now proposed to increase the depth to 10 metres. Ships are allowed to pass through it at a speed of 5 miles per hour, so that its whole length can be traversed in 18½ hours. Night navigation is made possible by electric lights, which were introduced in 1887. The tolls are $2 per ton. In 1870, 486 ships passed through the canal; in 1885, 2,026; in 1900, 3,441. In the year 1899, 221,818 passengers were transported.

In 1887 the Emperor William Canal to connect the North Sea with the Baltic was begun and the canal was opened in 1895. Its cost was $40,000,000. Its length is 98 kilometres, its depth is 9 metres, and it is traversed in less than 12 hours. Its receipts do not cover expenses. Still another canal connecting the North Sea with the Baltic was opened in 1900. Its length is 65 kilometres, its depth only 3 metres, and its cost was $6,000,000. The Manchester ship-canal is 57 kilometres long and nearly 8 metres deep and cost $85,000,000.

Amsterdam is connected with the sea by a ship-canal opened in 1876, and Rotterdam is likewise connected with deep water by a canal opened in 1893. Petersburg also has a ship-canal 25 kilometres long. The Gulf of Corinth canal was finished in 1893. It is only 6.3-10 kilometres in length and cost about $5,000,000. Königsberg has a ship-canal completed in 1895, 35 kilometres long, that cost about $2,000,000. There are two great ship-canals in America connecting Lakes Huron and Superior, and another, the Welland, connecting Erie and Ontario. The canals at Ste. Marie carried 24,000,000 tons in 1901, more than twice that of Suez for the same year.

PRODUCTION OF NEGATIVES BY THE ACTION OF VAPORS.

Mr. Colson in 1896 showed that zinc emitted, at ordinary temperatures, vapors that could darken photographic films exposed in a perfectly dark room. M. Vignon has recently succeeded in obtaining photographic images from medals powdered with zinc. The medals were in relief and plaster medals rubbed with zinc powder gave clear images (negatives) on the film. The images are negatives not by the inversion of lights and shadows, since the exposures are made in perfect darkness, but owing to the fact that the relieds give more energetic impressions than the hollow parts. To interpret the images it is necessary to make positives by contact from the original negatives, when it will be found that the scale of the original is scrupulously maintained, which is far from being the case in photographs made in the ordinary fashion from illuminated surfaces.

The finer details are not, however, well shown, as the intensity of the image depends strictly upon the distance of the detail from the film. Vapors from other substances have been employed successfully in an analogous manner.

GERMAN EMIGRATION.

In 1901, 110,606 emigrants left Bremen with destinations as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| England | 4,908 |
| Canada | 909 |
| United States | 103,214 |
| Brazil | 85 |
| Argentina | 1,851 |
| Africa | 54 |
| Australia | 250 |

From Hamburg the emigration was 92,602 persons, 18,354 being Germans, 27,072 Austrians, 36,961 Russians. Their destinations were:

| | |
|---|---|
| England | 6,855 |
| United States | 71,949 |
| Canada | 2,545 |
| Mexico | 157 |
| West Indies | 127 |
| Brazil | 1,696 |
| Argentina | 1,338 |

A comparison of the number of emigrants bound for Argentina and Brazil with the number bound for the United States may cool the blood of those who foresee trouble with Germany in South America.

MAMMALS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Mr. Elliot, in the publications of the Field Museum of Chicago, gives an important synopsis of the mammals of North America and the adjacent seas—a conspectus mammalium. In 1857 Prof. Baird enumerated 220 terrestrial species; Mr. Elliot gives 628, besides 388 subspecies. The difference marks the gain in our knowledge in the past half-century. The principal gain is in the rodents and insectivora. Part of the gain is due to the division of well-known species. There are seven species of reindeer given here, formerly the European and American reindeer were all included in a single one. There are nine subspecies of lynx, seven of the fox. These remarks are not intended as a criticism; on the other hand, they show that Mr. Elliot's work has taken account of all the publications relating to his subject and that his work is unusually thorough and complete.

COST OF BATTLESHIPS.

Twenty years ago (1882) a British battleship cost about $2,400,000; the Admiral class (1889) cost about $2,600,000; the Royal Sovereign class (1892-95) cost about $4,200,000; the Majestic (1895-97) cost $4,400,000; the Formidable and the Duncan (1901) cost more than $5,000,000; the King Edward VII., the Dominion and the Commonwealth, now building, will have displacements of about 16,350 tons, and will cost about $6,400,000.

CIVILIZATION AND THE BIRTH-RATE.

M. Neymarck has lately examined various economic, financial and social causes that influence the birth-rate. Some of his results are summarized in what follows. He believes, in the first place, that the birth-rate will always diminish with the increase of "civilization," with "progress," in a country. In Germany the birth-rate was 42 per 1,000 in 1875; in 1895 it was 36. In England the rate diminished from 36 to 29 in the same period. In France it fell from 26 to 25.2. The rate of diminution is therefore least in France. Some of the economical causes influencing the birth-rate are:

First—The increased cost of living, or, more accurately, the increased scale of comfort. As a matter of fact, it is not certain that the cost of life has increased, but our requirements have become greater.

Second—The desire to insure increased comfort for one's self and one's family. The father of a family limits his offspring in proportion to his egotism.

Third—The desire to establish one's children well in life is proved by curious statistics. In France there were 281,353 heritages in the direct line to divide 1,468 millions of francs, of these 170,819 heritages, amounting to 1,131 millions, were allotted to one or two children; 75,061, amounting to 326 millions, were divided between three or four children, and 34,573, amounting to 412 millions, were divided between five or more children.

Fourth—The reduction of the rate of interest runs parallel to the decrease in birth-rate. In France the birth-rate was in 1872, 27.8 per 1,000; in 1880, 25.6; in 1890, 22.9; in 1900, 22.4. The three per cents. produced in 1872 about 5½ per cent. on the investment; in 1880 about 3½ per cent.; in 1890 about 3¼ per cent.; in 1900 less than 3 per cent.

Fifth—The increase of taxes and the indirect effect of the obligations of military service must also be considered.

Sixth—The entrance of women into competition with men as wage earners. In France there are now 3,335,331 women who are thinking less of maternity, as they are more or less interested in their occupations or trades. There are 3,561,500 single women, 1,505,838 families without children, 3,000,000 divorced or widowed persons without children—nearly 6,000,000 persons in all these categories.

EXPECTATION OF LIFE.

From the experience of life insurance companies and from census returns tables of the average expectation of life can be constructed. A sample of such a table is given below. Column I is the age, column II is the expectation of after life from the experience of England and Wales in 1838-54, column III is the expectation from the experience of Massachusetts in 1893-97. The statistics apply to males.

| I. Age. | II. England. 1838-54. | III. Mass. 1893-7. |
|---|---|---|
| 0 years. | 39.91 years. | 44.09 years. |
| 10 years. | 47.05 years. | 49.33 years. |
| 20 years. | 39.18 years. | 41.20 years. |
| 30 years. | 32.78 years. | 34.28 years. |
| 40 years. | 26.69 years. | 27.41 years. |
| 50 years. | 19.84 years. | 20.53 years. |
| 60 years. | 13.53 years. | 14.28 years. |
| 70 years. | 8.45 years. | 9.34 years. |

Corresponding tables for the two species in other countries differ substantially from the foregoing. The expectation of life under modern conditions has increased. A male exposed through life to the conditions of mortality obtaining in Massachusetts in 1893-97 would, on the average, live 4.68 years longer than he would have lived had he been subjected to the rates prevalent in England and Wales in 1838-54. The increased expectation of life is greatest in the earlier years, as the table shows. It does not prove that our stock is more vigorous, but it points to the undoubted fact that our weaklings are better cared for by improved sanitation. A decrease in the birth rate tends to make the expectation larger, for it is among infants that the greatest mortality obtains. Consumption is the dreaded disease that carries off great numbers of all ages. Modern medicine is on the way to conquer that plague, and within a comparatively short period we may look for great increases in the tables of expectation.

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## SOUTH AFRICA'S BRIGHT FUTURE

**A Land of Great Resources—Many Millions of People Can Live There.**

Some writer has spoken recently of South Africa as a great thirst land, largely diminished in value by the prevailing dryness. This statement is mainly true, but it needs qualification or an erroneous impression of the country is conveyed.

More than half of South Africa is deficient in rainfall, including the entire western half of it; but a large part of this great region, which is not adapted for farming except where irrigation is possible, is covered with nutritious grasses that are particularly relished by sheep; so that, before the war, 13,000,000 sheep were grazing on the Great Karroo and other dry plains of Cape Colony, and 4,000,000 were herding on the high, dry, cool plain of the little Orange Free State.

Thus the dry regions of South Africa