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SUNDAY, JULY 9, 1905.

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ONLY THE DAWN.

In a general way the public is familiar with the wonderful advances in electrical science during the last twenty years, and the belief widely prevails that electricity, if it is not yet completely understood, at least has been practically mastered. The numberless electrical inventions which have become necessities in our daily lives, from the telephone to the trolley car, all tend to strengthen this belief, which, it may be said, is rather erroneous.

Compared with what we have learned and what we have done in electrical science, that which remains unknown and unaccomplished is far the greater. It, therefore, may be of interest to reflect upon what remains to be accomplished in certain directions, and to consider briefly the wide fields of discovery and invention which yet await the experimentalist and the inventor, and which inevitably must become a source of great wealth and great benefit to humanity.

One of the greatest problems, and one which has been attacked again and again, yet apparently without yielding to large knowledge and high skill, is that of producing electrical energy without causing great waste. This statement is not applicable to the use of waterfalls, for the energy of falling water can be converted into electrical energy with only slight loss. But hydraulic developments are expensive, and all in all, can form only a small part of our power-producing plants.

By far the greater part of electrical energy is generated in steam power stations, and the process is roundabout and inefficient. The energy we wish to obtain as electricity is stored up in coal. To get it we burn the coal, using the heat generated to produce steam, and using the steam thus generated to drive an engine. The engine then drives the dynamo, and the dynamo gives out electrical energy. Losses must take place at each step. Unfortunately, at one step these losses are great. Probably the average proportion of the energy of the sun stored up in coal which is finally converted into the form we desire is not more than one-tenth of the total. Nine-tenths is lost. Why is this so? Simply because cause of the method we are forced to use, our apparatus is highly perfected—it is the system that is at fault. Then why not change the system? you say. We have tried, but not yet succeeded. In next Sunday's Republic Magazine Charles Wilson Price discusses the problems now confronting electrical invention. Mr. Price is the editor of "The Electrical Review" and a man well up with the modern thought in electrical matters. He takes the position that the discoveries already made in electricity are only the first steps of the science, and he considers in the most entertaining way the lines of probable future development. His prognostications read like a tale of fairyland and every reader will be interested in them.

Is money the passion of the average American's life? Do we worship above all else the golden calf? Read in The Republic's Magazine for next Sunday what Brander Matthews in his keen way has to say about these questions. Brander Matthews is decidedly one of the best thinkers of the times and a clear writer with an unusually agreeable manner. "Peacock Promenade" is a story of fashion by Edith Tupper which cannot fail to attract women readers.

"A Pebble from India" is a corking good tale by that adept at fiction, Julian Hawthorne. "Rise of Ginger Gillett, a Bloodless Conqueror in the Annals of Painted Rock," by Morley Roberts, is a particularly attractive action feature in next Sunday's number of the Magazine. It is "The real thing" in the way of a breezy Western yarn. "What's in a Kiss," by Marian Phelps, illustrated by George T. Tobin, is an excellent poem—it is real poetry. You will be repaid by reading it next Sunday in the Magazine.

See an article which should interest all railroad men.

as well as the general public, will appear in next Sunday's issue, entitled "An Epoch in Railroad," by Helen Smith, "Birds in the Woods," by Helen Smith, and learn of the novel expedient by which a wall-flower achieved popularity.

"Duel of the Immortals" is a hilariously humorous story of the Latin quarter in Paris, recounting the standard performance of some practical jokers. It is written by F. A. Austin, which fact will be a recommendation to many readers.

There are other fine features galore in next Sunday's number. Be sure that you get a copy.

SOUTHWESTERN PROSPECTS.

In The Republic's presentments of the resources of the Southern and Southwestern States attention has been called to the frequent fact that cotton, rice, sugar cane and fruits do not constitute the sole productive character of this immense region. The earth is as rich in coal, ore and other minerals as it is fertile for all forms of husbandry. Manufacture is moving swiftly to solid new distinction.

Thirteen of the commonwealths lying near Missouri engage in manufacture to the extent of \$1,500,000,000. The thirteen commonwealths selected for this illustration are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Texas. Lying together, they comprise what might be classified as the Central-Southern group.

Their combined annual output of coal averages more than \$45,000,000; of iron, about \$10,000,000, and of rock and minerals, about \$10,000,000. The value of all ores, minerals, rock and natural resources is between \$90,000,000 and \$100,000,000 a year. And the value of these resources to local manufacture is between \$270,000,000 and \$300,000,000.

A casual glance at the coal output—and it is generally a coal of superior quality—is instructive. Yearly Alabama mines \$12,500,000 of coal, Arkansas, \$2,500,000; Georgia, \$9,000,000; Indian Territory, \$1,500,000; Kansas, \$7,000,000; Kentucky, \$1,000,000; Missouri, \$5,500,000; Tennessee, \$5,500,000, and Texas, \$2,000,000. Iron ore from Alabama, Georgia, Missouri and Tennessee is valued, by a yearly average, at \$10,000,000. Rock and minerals are valued severally as follows: Alabama, \$1,100,000; Arkansas, \$200,000; Georgia, \$1,500,000; Indian Territory, \$12,000; Florida, \$3,000,000; Kansas, \$2,000,000; Kentucky, \$1,500,000; Missouri, \$2,500,000; Tennessee, \$3,000,000, and Texas, \$1,000,000.

Considered of the value of all such resources, to show the country's capacities: Alabama, \$17,000,000; Arkansas, \$3,000,000; Georgia, \$3,500,000; Indian Territory, \$1,500,000; Florida, \$3,000,000; Kansas, \$11,000,000; Kentucky, \$8,500,000; Missouri, \$21,000,000; Tennessee, \$10,000,000, and Texas, \$7,000,000.

Alabama is noted for its coal, iron and white and black marble. The State's coal output has increased from \$4,000,000 in 1890 to more than \$12,500,000 at the present time. There are legends of gold mines. Arkansas coal is well known for quality. Granite is in great demand. The State contains minerals of exceptional commercial utility.

Indian Territory produces bituminous coal. Florida is celebrated for its phosphate rock and gypsum. Kansas produces large quantities of coal, zinc, lead and stone. Kentucky has a vast coal area. Louisiana gives gypsum, sulphur and sandstones. Mississippi has gypsum, phosphate rock, sandstones and clays. Missouri's lead and zinc output is valued at \$12,500,000. Nebraska furnishes coal, rocks and clays. Spanish traditions tell of gold mines in Oklahoma, but the State is known for its gypsum, zinc, lead, copper and rocks. One-eighth of the area of Tennessee is underlain with bituminous coal; phosphate rock also abounds. Texas supplies petroleum and natural gas, besides useful minerals. Gas and oil have been struck in nine of these commonwealths.

The items are offered to impress the point that the Southern and Southwestern States have wonderful capacities for manufacture and trade. And these capacities are scarcely known, much less developed. For example, the coal fields of Alabama are deemed to be practically inexhaustible. The quantity of serviceable coal is estimated to be 108,000,000,000 tons. The output of coal, ore and minerals from these commonwealths is sure to increase fast, soon to be twice \$90,000,000, and the value of their manufacture must make proportionate advance to several times \$1,500,000,000. The Southern and Southwestern States are well equipped for industrial enterprises and their progress must be more uniformly rapid than that of any other section during the next quarter of a century.

MUSIC.

Ethics, politics, sport, science, finance and such things are good in their place and in proportion, but do not deserve the whole of human attention. Music is very important, because it is uplifting and because it just naturally makes you feel good, if it is the right kind; and what are you here for if not to feel good some of the time at least? We all learned when we were young and in about the fifth reader stage that of all the arts great music was the one to raise the soul above all earthly storms. As our old friend Congreve said, even inanimate things have moved and, as with living souls, have been informed by magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Not enough heed has been paid to what has been transpiring in the sphere of music lately. In fact, not since Professor Valbra gave his Hungarian interpretations of "Turkey in the Straw" at George Smith's birthday party at Edwardsville has the world seemed to care for what happened. Things have happened, decidedly. The Atlanta Constitution contains the information that an "old-time fiddler" recently walked fifty miles to attend a fiddlers' convention. That is worth notice certainly, but another item is worth more. The same informant is responsible for the statement that Old Zeke Waffles, who can beat any man in seven States playing "Old Dan Tucker" and "Rabbit in the Briar Patch," has been sojourning in jail for the past half year. That is a shame, to put it mildly; a miserable outrage. It's all well and good for the other prisoners. Actually the prisoners with expired terms won't leave so long as Old Zeke has his fiddle. But, it's a sad deprivation to the world at large, and does not serve the greatest good of the greatest number. Let music lovers everywhere rise up and protest against the incarceration of Old Zeke Waffles. Let's get up a petition for his pardon. Who is the Governor of Georgia, anyway?

We ought, though, to find a partial consolation in the fact that Miss Maud O. Price and others are doing their best meanwhile to entertain and charm those of us who are not in jail. Authority for this statement as to the young lady is no less an one than our pleasant and pertinent contemporary, the ever sprightly and diverting Vincennes Sun, to which we are indebted for the following item:

Miss Maud O. Price, a comely Elmore girl, a graduate of Earlham College, music department, has written a beautiful waltz entitled "Birds in the Woods." Her other compositions are, "My First Waltz," "A Night in May," "Vesper Galop," "Grand Reunion March." Miss Price is in the city.

Ind, but those of us who are not lucky enough to break into jail with Old Zeke could go over to Vincennes to hear "Birds in the Woods." Birds in the woods—can't you almost hear them now? Hear the "pip" of the bobolink, the warble of the thrush, the shrilly cadence of the meadow lark, the liquid chirp-chirp of the bush-sparrow, the cry of the blackbird, the myriad notes of a million lute-like feathered throats, and all made up and played by a comely Elmore girl, a graduate of Earlham College music department. We know that "Birds in the Woods" is a beautiful piece and we fancy that Miss Price is a beautiful girl, a more than comely. It must be so. With the poet we can see her—

How her fingers go as they move by note Through measures fine as she marches them o'er The yielding plank of the ivory floor. Some might prefer jail with Old Zeke Waffles and "Rabbit in the Briar Patch." Others will prefer Vincennes with Miss Maud O. Price and "Birds in the Woods." For us the latter every time.

The market for whitewash is steady. The Harmon and Judson bear raid did not disturb the centers of production at Washington. The Roosevelt political capital has been impaired, but my friend Morton's coat of white is intact.

The Filipinos are being fitted for self-government on the American partisan plan. They will be allowed to bear the expense of a junket trip, in order that they may become familiar with the generally applied methods of administration.

Good polling-place officials are a guarantee of fair registration and fair voting. As the Board of Election Commissioners appoints these men, it should have ample power to select right ones and to remove wrong ones.

Entries for the Missouri State Fair are said to break the record for any previous year. This is a healthy sign of augmenting interest in the State's activities and products.

Disease is even a worse obstacle to the construction of the Panama Canal than are engineering problems and troubles. Still, a ship canal must be made.

St. Louis gives the world the best of all good fish stories. An angler who was saved from drowning still clung to the line when rescued.

RECENT COMMENT

A Few Words for Hyde.

Harper's Weekly has been managed as an insurance company should be managed nobody now believes. Money may have got into pockets that it did not belong in, and there may be successful lawsuits to get it out again. But it should be remembered that although the Equitable management has been condemned by a committee of its own directors, and by the State Superintendent of Insurance, and by the newspapers, and by public opinion, the officials who are most blamed have neither had their day in court, nor have as yet devoted much attention to their defense before the public. For a long time they were too much engrossed in accusing one another of misconduct to pay due attention to self-exculpation, and lately the hurricane has been so brisk that there was not much use of trying to face it until its force was partly spent. It is pretty well agreed now that an insurance company ought to be run exclusively in the interest of the policy holders. Let the Equitable be a stock company, and the stock was valuable and was held to be morally entitled to some emolument. Mr. Hyde owned stock and seems to have drawn an income of about \$200,000 from the society. He has since sold part of his stock for a sum which may easily yield an income of \$125,000; so it is conceivable that he considered that he was not getting more out of the society than his holdings entitled him to receive. Let the Equitable be reformed by all means, and thoroughly, but let us not hand out striped suits to all the officers who have been accused of atrocious malfeasances until their side of the story has had a full and impartial hearing.

I Never Knew.

I never knew how sweet was rest Until I toiled at noon And felt the longing in my breast For that exquisite boon. I never knew how good was peace Until I looked on war And saw the strife that does not cease To mangle, maim and mar.

Diary of a Toy Pistol.

Third. My boy's father is a sport, all right. He means us all to have a good time on the Fourth. I'm keeping company with a thousand or more crackers, ready to go off at a moment's notice. My boy can't wait to get at me. In fact, he began firing me to-day.

Fourth. Bang! bang! bang! That's the way I still feel, though I've been at it all day. We were up this morning at a cocklock. Talk about noise! You never heard anything like it. Everything was all right until 5 o'clock. I don't know how I did it, but I did. The boy was examining me closely to see what was the matter with me. I'd been worked so hard that I was tired. Suddenly, however, I took a notion to go off. It was just like seeing when you can't help it. Well, they sent for the doctor and he said he thought he might save one eye. My boy's father was all broken up. I guess they won't use me again in a hurry.

As for the man next door, he was having a quiet pipe with his kids when the thing happened. He came over afterwards and shook my boy's father by the hand. "You were right," said my boy's father. "But the other man didn't rub it in. Well, I suppose I'm to blame. But it wasn't my fault. It's hereditary. I can't help it if I'm peculiar. Besides, even if the boy didn't knock any better, his father should be good-by! I'm off to the scrap-heap. No more glorious Fourth's for me. Or for the boy, either!"

Precedential Patriotism.

Carlyle, Wills, in Life. Accidents will happen in the best of regulated fire-works. A shot in the hand is worth two in the gun. A little burning is a dangerous thing. He who shoots and runs away, may live to shoot another day. Never look a gift cannon in the mouth. A penny saved is two earned. Cannon crackers alter faces. One good burn deserves another. Patriotism covers a multitude of sins. Whoever thy hand findeth to shoot, shoot with thy right. It's an ill bomb that blows up nobody good. It's a wise father that knows his own child—the day after. 'Twasn't his head that wears his bandage. A living boy is better than a dead patriot. Never put off till to-morrow what you can't fire to-night. Celebration is the thief of time. All's not cold that smoulders. A good aim is rather to be chosen than great strength. Insurance is the best policy. A new bomb sweeps clean.

A SERMON FOR TO-DAY.

Prepared for The Republic by Henry F. Capt. Editor of the "Man Outside the Church."

THE MAN OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

"Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us."—Luke ix, 50. How does it happen that there are so many men of a certain character, keen intellect, tender sympathies and alert human interests who are hostile or more frequently indifferent to formal religion? They care for none of the things that the churches seem to esteem most highly; indeed, they are accustomed to look askance at anything bearing the name of a church. Does the fault—if fault there be—lie with the men or with the church?

This is a larger question than that of getting more men to attend church services. These indifferent men are among the best assets of the Commonwealth; they are forces, living potencies for right and truth and better living. If the best is to be, all the forces of the right will have to co-operate; the good man outside the church and the church itself as a force for good need getting together.

The church might as well cease flinging its anathemas for the propagation of its deity is not established by the refusal to blindly bow the neck to her dominion. Too long has she measured a man by his unmanliness; he was a saint who sat most often and most docile in his pew; he was a sinner who absented himself, even cannot clearly see where the work of the average church actually touches life, where it in any direct way makes for practical honesty, healthier manhood, nobler citizenship, a better world. He puts his money and his manhood where they will do the most good.

To such a man the church seems to be an organization for the propagation of unimportant opinions; its parishioner spirit concentrates its energies in proselytizing. While the millions of the sorrowing and the weary, the wandering and sinning, wait for its ministrations, while its master walks alone and forgotten, this supreme church is itself through people to care for all the things that count most to solve many of our problems. Why does it not do something? asks the practical man.

And the practical man is right, and yet he is wrong. The church ought to help men, but he ought to co-operate with it. The church is behind for lack of his spirit of enterprise, of life and activity. It is left too much to the dreamer. In no way can a man do more to save this world than by saving the church. The merchants must save her from the mystic. Men of affairs can tell her about this life as well as about another. Men of energy can stir her enthusiasm until it shall glow and apply itself to the holy work of making this world of ours more like we imagine another world to be.

The men of executive ability may give themselves to organizing the immense forces of the church and using them on the mammoth problems of society. The people of the churches are not indifferent so much as ignorant, not selfish so much as soothed to complacency by selfish leaders. The practical man cannot afford to neglect the great force for which the church stands, that of religion. He might as well ignore his power-house in his factory. Religion is the power, the dynamo of human history; it makes men. If you would help men you must touch them at their roots, religion, religion, religion. It changes the springs of character; it makes men better essentially and not superficially. It makes a new race, and there can be no new world until there is a new race of men with clean hearts and loftier desires. Wise is he who works with religion to make the new earth and the new humanity to dwell therein.

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

BY HAN PALMER.

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Savior divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day, Be wholly Thine. My high glad heart impart Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may I love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire!

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Patronize needs patience. The church needs more than meetings. The self-centered are seldom of any service. A man can be serious without being sour. Blessings are not to be measured by their bulk. He knows little who comprehends all he knows. Information is no substitute for inspiration. Piety used as a pull soon gets frayed out. Sin's salary is inseparable from its service. A short temper has the other kind of a tongue. Troubles reverse the laws of perspective. The heaving calm tries to pass itself off for a helping hand. Whetting the practices dulls the principles. Losing the temper is a sure way of finding trouble. The strong man never fears care, but he fears from fear. There's a world of difference between preaching on tackle and catching fish. When the people go to sleep it's the preacher who needs to be awakened. It makes all the difference whether life is a factory or a school to you.

CHILDREN ARE DIPLOMATIC IN UNEXPECTED DILEMMAS

BY PAOLO LOMBROSO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Who does not know children? Their eyes and their faces, and who has not time and again been surprised at their cunning? Improvised intrigues, diplomatic lies, innocent boasts, which their experience has shown them are often useful, are brought into play by mere babies.

This is one of the parts of the mental life of children which is worthy of the closest study and interest, as it shows at an early time the tendencies of the child while there is still a chance of correcting the bad ones before they grow too strong from force of habit.

There are certain kinds of innocent and harmless teasing and taunting in children which may be treated with great indulgence without neglecting our duty as educators, because they show no malice or intention to deceive, but are rather signs of vivacity and intelligence.

I know a baby of three years who had been told not to pick a certain kind of apple in the garden without special permission. One day when he had just picked a generous supply of these apples he was surprised by his father, and to exonerate himself he immediately cried: "You did tell me I could pick these apples to-day, papa, didn't you?"

He astutely inverted the order of facts to suit his purpose.

My own little son, when about four years of age, was a great lover of grapes. When we were in the country the peasants being around our summer house, who knew his tastes, enjoyed giving him all he wanted, but knowing that I did not approve of his indulging in them, he said to the peasants one day: "If you want to give me any, please give me green ones."

He reasoned that I would not know whether he had eaten these or not, while the peasants would.

Not long ago a consensus of opinion was taken and a very striking symposium published as what women admired most in men. Fifteen noted women took part, and almost all declared that what woman needs most and likes best is a master, and when I read the expressions of these well-known women I felt almost hopeless as to the prospect of any equality between man and woman.

I am, however, free to confess that I do not believe that if the same question was put to American women, we should have the same answer, nor do I believe that these celebrated authors have properly diagnosed the real feeling of women for man. I am not now, of course, discussing the feelings of young girls, but of people who have arrived at a mature knowledge of the world.

There are certain traits in men that women do not forgive. Meanness is certainly a chief one. A liberal man is always popular; a man who is liberal in his contempt for the petty, even a little irresponsibility appeals to her; parsimony is unpardonable.

A man's mind also must be essentially a male mind. There is nothing in human intercourse which is more absorbing than the blending of the truly masculine mind with the opposite sex. This alone calls out real confidence, this alone enables a woman to tell the secret things that are in her heart, which she would probably confide to none other.

In every woman's love, however, there is the element of the maternal. However, much she may admire physical strength, there is a man who is weak, or suffering, she probably cares for him even more than when he is strong and well. He makes a supreme appeal to her, and calls out all that self-denying devotion of which a woman is almost always capable.

The habit of not counting women in serious conversation is often too painfully marked in England. I remember once dining at the house of a very celebrated man with Miss Willard. He had a most sincere

admiration for the great American woman, the only other guest present was a member of Parliament who had traveled much and had often visited America.

The conversation turned on the different liquor laws which had been enacted in the States, and instead of asking Miss Willard, who was an expert on the subject, our host turned to the English member of Parliament and conducted a conversation on American questions with him across the table, and never once did either of these worthy men think it worth while to refer to the expert who was in their midst. I know it was only force of habit, for both men would have acknowledged Frances Willard as their intellectual equal.

A pleasure-seeking, aimless wife is sometimes spoiled by her husband, and allowed to become more self-indulgent and more foolish, because that "keep her quiet" and gives him a good time at home. A selfish, ingenuous man is too often made more arrogant by the foolish subservience of the woman which ministers to his self-pleasure.

But it is probable that the training of woman is slowly but surely going on, and that eye and eye, when woman has evolved, the ideal man will be the "brother of girls," as the choice Arab proverb phrases it; this man, who will not hurt but as a character of good whose duties are first of all to her own nature and to him by whom that nature was endowed.

Then will they rejoice in real companionship, and it must be a comfort and consolation to hundreds of women who have missed the sweetness of companionship and love in this new world to know that by bravely living on a true and noble life loyal to the ideal, the new order of womanhood will command new respect and a truer love from the man who is to be.

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WHAT WOMEN MOST ADMIRE IN MASCULINE CHARACTER

BY LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

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MYSTERIES OF THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE SURROUNDING US

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

I do not speak of that which is known as the spiritual world, but of purely material things. Without conjuring any ghosts, we are continually surrounded by the "evidence of things not seen," and the progress of science is gradually revealing their existence, sometimes in the most startling manner.

We are accustomed to regard sight and hearing in their normal state as perfect senses, but their imperfection, or rather the narrowness of their range, becomes every day more evident. If we could really see and hear everything which the visible and audible worlds contain, we should be able to see light and sound waves as they are, and the brain impressions to translate to us the brain impressions of waves of any length whatever, this earth and this universe would become far too wonderful for comprehension by existing human intelligence.

The sunlight deceives us by its brilliancy. We fondly think that it shows us everything, but in its very midst we are like blind animals in a cavern, not aware of objects that stand all about and impinge over us. It may be a mercy that our sight and hearing have ranges so narrow. If we could see with the X-rays a world of skeletons would surround us in place of the world of beautiful surfaces, of which alone we are commonly aware.

We may imagine that often some among these creatures about us habitually behold these nightmares of which science affords a few glimpses, some of which make us shudder.

What is true of the face of the earth is equally true of the broad universe beyond. We do not know how many worlds are living round us, or what companions our sun and his planets have. Many of these things lie just beyond the ordinary reach of our senses. Such a phenomenon as the marvelous solar corona which astronomers are hastening to watch during its few minutes of visibility in Labrador, Spain and Africa, is but a small example.

Other material existences are more deeply concealed, and some of these are being rendered partially evident. At the Potsdam Observatory photographs have recently been taken of the Orion nebula, using a kind of light that the eye cannot see at all, the so-called ultra-violet radiation. These photographs show that great glowing clouds in a most amazing aspect, stretching across vast areas that to the eye and the telescopes are mere vacancies, and revealing contorted masses of nebulae that defy description and explanation. On every known planet there are strange things, and we are making their presence known. They are probably more numerous

and of vaster volume than the apparent and perceptible contents of space.

There is a new kind of glass just coming into use for optical instruments, "ultra-violet glass," which promises to utilize more completely than has heretofore been possible those radiations of light that lie just beyond the grasp of the eye at the short-wave end of the spectrum.

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

TO-DAY IN ST. LOUIS.

- From The Republic of July 19, 1880.
Owing to extreme humidity and the utter absence of any breeze, the day was most oppressive, although the mercury stood but at 82 degrees in the shade.
Several persons were prostrated before 10 o'clock in the morning, while horses gave out