

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

IS OUR NAVY CRIPPLED?

CONCERNING a person who was what (for a reason to the writer unknown) is called a "bluffer," or "four-flusher," a well-known wit recently said: "Enter his front door and you find yourself in his back yard." One hearing that may be pardoned if he think of the American navy. It is all front—all line of battle. Behind this—nothing! Virtually no colliers, no transports—none of the hundreds of auxiliary craft that are as essential a part of a navy as the battleships themselves, for without them the battleships are impotent for aggression—good for nothing but defense of our home ports.

Lacking these servitor craft at the back of it, and at the back of these a merchant marine, and at the back of that a coast population of deep-water sailors and fishing folk, a fleet of fighting ships is like an army without teams, trains, forges, pontoons, telegraphs, varied industries and a warlike people.

This is no indiscreet and unpatriotic revelation. There is not a naval attaché at any embassy in Washington who has not repeatedly demonstrated our helplessness to his government. Not that it particularly concerns the good naval attaché; he is merely a spy, gravely borne upon the rolls of his ambassadorial chief and as gravely accepted because in some disguise he is inevitable. His duty is to worm out naval secrets, and our lack of a real navy is no secret. It is a matter of record at every admiralty and chancellery in the world, including, naturally and particularly, those of the Japanese.—Ambrose Bierce, in Everybody's.

DERBY HATS AND BALDNESS.

HERE IS in Russia a popular saying. "He is as baldheaded as a Senator." Senators in Russia are usually baldheaded. On the other hand, among the millions of Russian peasants it is very unusual to find baldness. A comparison of these two facts led even the physicians to give intellectual work as one of the causes of baldness, and this notwithstanding the fact that there are a great number of women who are intellectual workers, but who are not baldheaded.

Again, the clergymen of the Russian church, who are forbidden to cut their hair or shave their beards, are blessed with long, luxurious hair, which by its length and thickness will compare favorably with any woman's hair, and the clergymen are intellectual workers, too.

Now, my explanation of this fact is that the Russian peasants and the common people at large wear caps; women, shawls or hats on their heads; the clergymen, only soft hats, with wide brims, while the Senators always wear tall silk hats with tight brims. These tight hats, like derbies, bring about a gradual starvation of the hair follicles.

From these observations I have come to the conclusion that baldness in otherwise healthy men in the prime of life is chiefly due to the wearing of derbies. In America it is especially developed, because young men begin to wear derbies in their teens. The majority wear them all the time, even while they are working in the offices or shops.—Boston Globe.

CROPS AND COST OF LIVING.

PREDICTIONS of cheaper living, based upon ample crops, must be taken with some caution. We are not confronted by the problem of \$2 wheat, which Mr. Patten probably did not expect when he was predicting it last spring. His prediction served his purpose admirably. Instead of shipping wheat into Chicago and breaking the May market—the sort of thing that has broken nearly every predecessor of Mr. Patten in "bull" operations—the farmers held on to their wheat and waited for that \$2 quotation. Wheat is selling in Chicago for less than a dollar.

Food ought to be, and probably will be, cheaper than it has been lately. But cotton and wool are high and textile prices show no disposition to recede. Most of the prices are rising. Structural steel is not a commodity that the average citizen purchases, but he is affected by its price, and all steel prices are up. Hides are on the free list, but the shoe stores and factories are stocked up with goods purchased before the repeal of the hide duty and prices are not yet coming down. The most important item of expense is rent, and with the growth of population that tends upward, but the extensive building operations all over the country may keep abreast of the demand.—Philadelphia Record.

WHY ENLISTMENTS ARE FEW.

AN unflattering sign of prosperity is the difficulty United States recruiting officers encounter in persuading desirable young men to enlist in the army and navy. This is now in evidence and shows clearly that the demand for all kinds of labor throughout the country has checked the desire of Young America to wear a uniform, with the assurance of good food, clothes and shelter for three years. Young men already in the ranks and on shipboard are showing an eagerness to be released from their enlistments in order that they may accept more remunerative employment in civil life.

There is opportunity in both branches of the military service for bright, capable recruits to learn trades at which they can earn good wages in various lines of manufacture. In the coast artillery and on shipboard hundreds of men become skilled electricians by being taught the mechanism of the big guns, torpedo plants and regular electric machinery. They get a good start in the new and ever-developing field of electricity, and their services are at a premium when they are released from their military occupation.—Philadelphia Press.

THINGS TOURISTS DISCOVER.

Traveling Abroad Is Really an Education for the American.

About half one's time in travelling abroad is spent in buying stamps, a writer in the Delicater says. No matter how many I put on a letter I had no faith to believe that it would reach America. I found that I could send a letter with one stamp on it if I paid enough for it, also that I could get a denomination of which it would take twenty. In Cairo I put fifteen sphinxes and pyramids on the front of a letter and five on the back. As for postal cards—imagine asking for one in the Belgian language—Weirdpost-venereing!

But it is in a Mahometan country that an American mind needs readjustment. We woke one morning in Constantinople and found our calendar nine days ahead of theirs, our watches seven hours behind and the name of the month Ramadan. The Mahometans seem to live up to their religion in a more definite way than we do, and we soon learned what to expect. The porter would drop one's trunk when the muezzin called to prayer; the sacredness of animal life compelled us to walk around the hundreds of lazy dogs asleep on the sidewalk; we were required to take off our shoes instead of our hats when entering a mosque; women were not allowed to pray because they "have no souls." Friday was the day for Sunday, and a camera was an "evil eye" and could not be carried into any sacred place. Our artist was once charged 20 cents for keeping an evil eye in his room all night.

Before the journey ends the tourist has lost his identity completely. At first he is from "Kalamazoo, Mich.," then from "Michigan," later the "United States," soon the "States," and the writer was once introduced to a gentleman from Tuscany as "the lady from North America."

A Viceroy's Plain Living.

The book which Miss Juliet Breton has written about her uncle, Sir Robert Hart, the "Grand Old Man of China," for many years in charge of the Imperial Customs Service, is full of characteristic and entertaining stories. Among them is the following: One of the most influential of Sir Robert's Chinese friends was the great Li Hung Chang. The diplomat liked Li's household because of the simplicity he found there—no wearisome courses at dinner, but fish and, perhaps, a dish of chicken with rice. Incautiously, as it turned out, he praised this frugality to his own Chinese servant, for the remark reached Li's ears in a distorted form. Next time Sir Robert went there he had to face a grand ceremonial banquet.

"You shall not have the chance to go away again and say you have been fed like a cooie in my house," said the viceroy, proudly, at the end of the banquet.

"Nevertheless, the very simplicity of your hospitality was what I most appreciated," Sir Robert replied. "But if you believe that I could have made any such remark, and if you persist in altering the style of my reception, I shall not come to lunch with you again."

What a grand old world this would be to live in if opportunity knocked at a man's door as often as the bill collector!

FLASHES OF FUN

She—Are you fond of tea? He—Fes, but I like the next letter better.—Boston Transcript.

Jones—How far back can you trace my family? Genealogist—To any date you wish to pay for, sir.

"Since Maud's engagement how bright and happy she looks." "Yes; a match lights up a girl's face."

"Do you take this woman for better or worse?" "I do, judge, I do. But I hopes we kin kinder strike an average."

"The preacher that married you says you only gave him a dollar." "He ought to be glad I didn't see him for damages."—Answers.

Master—How was this vase smashed, Mary? Mary—If you please, sir, it tumbled down and broke itself. Master—Humph! The automatic brake again!

The Agent—I don't see how you find room for complaint in this apartment. The Tenant—Nor I. There ain't even room to take a deep breath.—Cleveland Leader.

Mr. Timid (hearing noise at two a. m.)—I th—think, dear, that there is a m—man in the house. His Wife (scornfully)—Not in this room.—Boston Transcript.

The Young Doctor—Just think; six of my patients recovered this week. The Old Doctor—It's your own fault, my dear boy. You spend too much time at the club.—Life.

A lad who had just had a tooth extracted requested the privilege of taking it home with him. "I want to put some sugar in it," he said, "and watch it ache."—Tit-Bits.

Friend—What was the title of your poem? Poet—"Oh, Give Back My Dreams!" Friend—And what did the editor write to you? Poet—"Take em!"—Cleveland Leader.

"I may have remained a trifle late, but her remarks were too pointed." "What did she say, Percy?" "Told me their lease was about to expire."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"You look so pale and thin. What's got you?" "Work. From morning to night and only a one-hour rest." "How long have you been at it?" "I begin to-morrow."—Success.

Elderly Lady—Doctor, I am troubled with a hallucination that I am being followed by a man. What sort of cure would you suggest? Honest Physician—A mirror.—Cleveland Leader.

"When I was your age," said the stern parent, "I had money in the bank." "Well," answered the embarrassed young man, "perhaps when I'm your age I'll have money in the bank, too."

"Hateful thing," she cried, in the midst of their little quarrel. "I was a silly goose when I married you." "Perhaps so," replied the great brute. "At any rate, you were no chicken."—Boston Traveler.

"Jimmie, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?" "Huh," grunted Jimmie; "I'd be too polite to say anything."

Mrs. X (away from home)—John, did you leave out anything for the cat before you started? Mr. X (who dislikes the beast)—Yes; I left a can of condensed milk on the table, with the can-opener beside it.—Human Life.

Mr. Brown—I had a queer dream last night, my dear. I thought I saw another man running off with you. Mrs. Brown—And what did you say to him? Mr. Brown—I asked him what he was running for.—Stray Stories.

New Husband—Did you make those biscuits, my dear? His wife—Yes, darling. Her Husband—Well, I'd rather you would not make any more, sweetheart. His Wife—Why not, love? Her Husband—Because, angel mine, you are too tight for such heavy work.—Chicago Daily News.

"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife, "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time." "Well, confound it; what do you suppose I want you to economize for, anyway?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Lady (to hero who had risked his life to save her little dog from a watery grave, and looks for some reward)—Poor fellow, how wet and cold you are! You must be soaked through to the skin. Here—I'll give you some quinine pills; take a couple now, and two more in an hour's time.—The Throne and Country.

"What's this?" demanded the customs officer, pointing to a package at the bottom of the trunk. "That is a foreign book entitled 'Politeness,'" answered the man who had just landed. "I guess I'll have to charge you a duty on it," rejoined the inspector. "It completes with a small and struggling industry in this country."—Chicago Tribune.

"I am in hard luck." "How so?" "Told Milly she was the first girl I ever loved, and she said she had no time to waste training mollycoddlers." "Well?" "Then I told Amy that I thought I had loved many before I met the real thing in her, and she asked me if my proposal was the result of a cultured taste—or only a forlorn hope."—Baltimore American.

His Place in the Program. "Your boy Josh says he is going to be a wizard of Wall street." "Yes," answered Farmer Cortnessel. "He thinks so. But the chances are that the regular wizards will use him as the subject of one of their mysterious disappearance acts."—Washington Star.

When a barber cuts you, he usually says it was the result of your shaving yourself the day before with a safety razor.

All men are brave until they are called upon to make good.

LOVE REIGNANT.

Where'er I read in mournful history How all things crumble at the touch of time.

And even great deeds, renowned in mighty rhyme, Show but as cities buried 'neath the sea.

Which, in calm days, men gaze on awfully.

My heart grows heavy; but one thought sublime

Rises, and therewith the uplifting chime

Of morning stars comes back rememberingly:

Woman, thou art that thought, in whom I know

That I alone gave Time his tyrant might,

Dropping my foolish lids of clay too low,

For, looking up, I see great Love, far, far

Above all changes, like a steadfast star

Behind the pulsings of the northern light.

—James Russell Lowell.

An Incomplete Introduction

The express to the north was on the point of starting. A girl was leaning expectantly out of the window of a carriage containing only one other occupant—a man, in the far corner, who was looking with undisguised admiration at the girl's charming, animated profile. Another girl came running along the platform.

"Here are your papers, Ethel; I thought I should not be in time."

"Thanks, Marion, and good-by!"

As they shook hands, the man in the corner came forward.

"Why, Stanley!" cried the girl on the platform. "Going to Trevor grange?"

The guard's whistle sounded. There was a banging of doors.

"Why, of course, Ethel—Oh, I forgot, you have never met." The train began to move. "I must introduce you," she cried, running to keep pace with the moving carriage. "Ethel, this is my cousin, Stanley Mortimer." But the train having gathered speed, she was left far behind on the platform.

In the carriage, the two laughed. She had heard much of Stanley Mortimer. That he was a very handsome fellow, she could now judge for herself; but she was wondering whether, as she had been told, he was such a consummate flirt, captivated girls easily, making love and leaving victims on his path wherever he went while he himself remained untouched by the tender passion.

He wondered who she was. How silly of Marion not to have begun the introduction in time to inform him of his companion's name. Anyway, he would have first innings and make headway with her before any of the other fellows at Trevor grange should even have a chance of looking at her.

She smiled sweetly, making some remarks on the length of the journey.

"Oh," he observed, it cannot be too long for me."

"Indeed?"

"Under present circumstances, yes."

"You mean, of course, the return of fine weather," she said, innocently.

"I mean," he answered, "the privilege of the society of a charming fellow guest."

"Oh, well," she laughed, "you will have the pleasure of many charming guests' society at the journey's end; the house party is to be a large one."

"Still, I should prefer to retain the present delightful situation as long as possible."

"Would you? I suppose you have stayed at the grange before?"

"Oh, yes, some time ago, before Harry Trevor was married. He has just returned from abroad and is to be there with his wife. You know her?"

"Very well indeed," she replied, smiling.

"I have never met her, but I hear glorious accounts of her."

"People exaggerate so," she remarked.

"From which I may infer that you are not a blind admirer of Mrs. Harry?"

"I darsay she is all right. Of course," she continued, "you are acquainted with most of the guests you are to meet?"

"I have seen one of them, at any rate, and by the time that we arrive at our destination I hope the acquaintance will have ripened sufficiently to warrant my claiming friendship with her."

"So soon?"

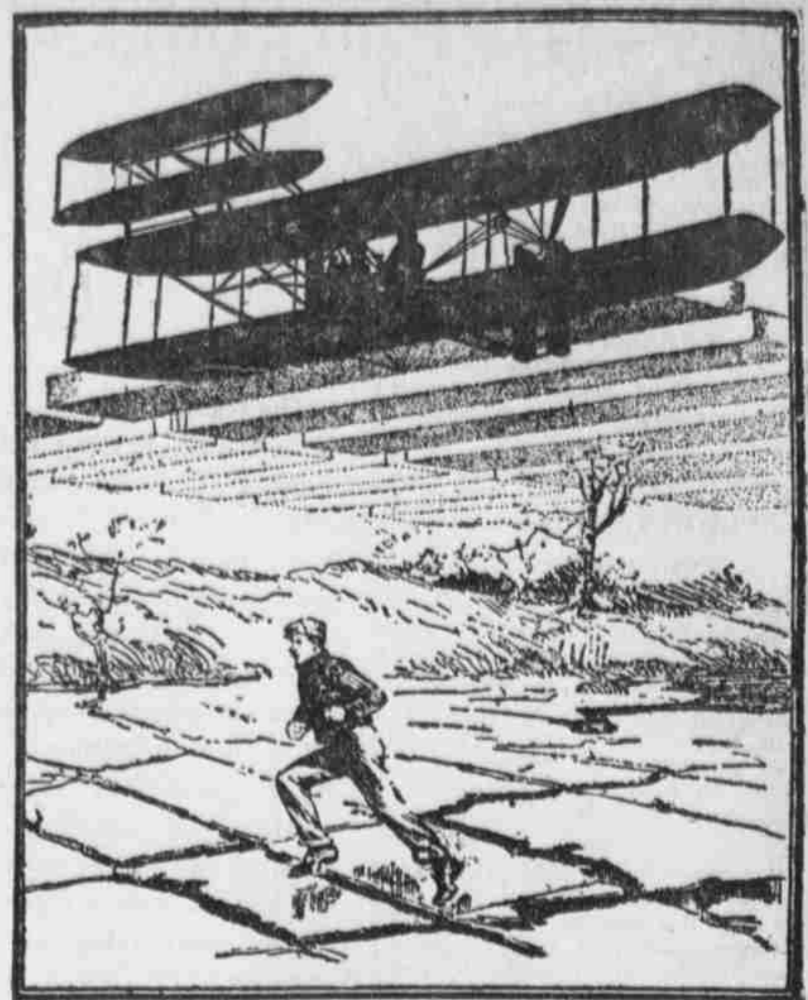
"Why should it take longer? Nearly three hours' tete-a-tete should be equivalent to many days in ordinary circumstances."

"Perhaps so," she admitted, laughing. "Besides, I have heard so much about you, that I seem to know you quite well; your reputation is a wide one."

"Indeed!" He laughed, well pleased; he was proud of the name of ladykiller. "But, as you remarked just now," he said, "people exaggerate so."

"Still one is bound to be a little prejudiced by what one hears."

SECRET OF AEROPLANE'S FLIGHT.



MOVES SO FAST IT HAS NOT TIME TO FALL.

Suppose you had to cross a lake covered with cakes of ice so thin that if you were to stand upon any one of them you would sink. To cross the lake you would have to run from cake to cake, so that you would not give yourself time enough to sink on any one of them. An aeroplane is very much in the same position. It must move so fast that it never has time to fall through any given section of air. Motion, therefore, is the secret of an aeroplane's flight.—New York Times.

THE YOUNGEST SOVEREIGN.

China, the oldest of nations, is ruled, if the expression may be allowed, by the youngest of sovereigns, a boy of 3. He is a nephew of the late emperor, and until his accession bore the name of Pu-yi, although the royal astrologers have selected as his official title Hsuan-t'ung, which means "General Proclamation." The boy, says a writer in the Overland Monthly, is in delicate health, and the Chinese are inclined to attribute this to his birth on the unlucky thirteenth day of the first moon. In order to escape the evil influence as far as possible, it has been decreed that his birthday shall be celebrated on the 14th of the month.

Further, he is to be brought up more hygienically than his predecessor was. He will have plenty of fresh air, and will not be expected to appear at the midnight audiences which are the fashion at the Chinese court. His first appearance in public—at his enthronement—was not a success, for he cried loudly; and henceforth his father, the prince regent, will attend all official functions alone, and will receive dignitaries of state, and offer up the required prayers for snow or rain.

He will also be responsible for plowing the first furrow at the spring festival at the Temple of Agriculture, for the worship of the Lord of Heaven on the white marble altar of the Temple of Heaven, and for the propitiation of the local deities who watch over the old city of Peking.

But the little emperor, although relieved from these duties, will not be allowed to forget that he is an official baby. He may no longer live with his own family, or see his parents except in the presence of the whole court. Twenty-four nurses will keep watch over him, and he has three wives already, aged 10, 12 and 13 years, each of whom receives an allowance of \$400 a month.

The exact meaning of his new name, "Hsuan-t'ung," is difficult to render in translation, but the character Hsuan is considered very fortunate. A certain emperor of the Ming dynasty called himself "Hsuan Te," of "Proclamation of Peace," and the symbol is common on old Ming pottery.

Optimistic officials read into Hsuan-t'ung, or "General Proclamation," a reference to the promised constitution; and it is confidently expected that this child emperor, when he comes of age, will inaugurate a new regime of progress and reform in the government of China.

LIPTON'S PUBLICITY METHODS.

Says There Is Much Virtue in Advertising and Quick Action.

"I dare say I owe a great deal of my success to advertising," says Sir Thomas Lipton in the Strand. "I always tried to get hold of some new method. To attract attention I used to post cartoons in my shop window. In later years, when my business had spread on one occasion I engaged an aeronaut to throw out from his car 10,000 telegraph messages addressed to one of my shops. I offered prizes to the first twenty people who arrived with a message, and the fenders coming from all parts of the city, much popular interest resulted."

"Advertisement sometimes, as I have found, results most unexpectedly and from untoward conditions. About 6 I was awakened by the telephone bell ringing in my bedroom. Springing out of bed, I soon learned that a fire had broken out at my Newry branch. On arrival at the scene of the fire I found nothing could be saved, so I immediately telegraphed to my Dublin and Belfast stores and ordered a fresh stock of provisions to be sent by passenger trains. Meanwhile I found another shop close by, and at the usual hour the following morning I had the new premises in full working order. And there was more business done at the second shop than at the first. The fire, it appeared, had drawn public attention to us, and our smartness in opening another shop so quickly was practically appreciated."

The flower of the family isn't necessarily a blooming idiot.

WHAT SHE SAID.

Chester, sitting at the switchboard, threw toward him a box cover containing a miscellaneous collection of pins, paper fasteners, rubber bands and pens. He selected a rubber band and deftly snapped it at the left ear of David, who sat with his head bent over the letter book he was indexing. "Aw, cut it out!" protested David, shouting and rubbing the injured member.

"Didn't hurt you, did it?" asked Chester, with a grin. "Say, Dave, 'member that souvenir postal you sent me when you was over in Michigan? That one where you and a bunch of other guys was settin' in a ottomobile?"

"Uh-huh. What av it?" Dave spoke with some languor, for he was feeling the reaction from a too-strenuous vacation.

"I showed it to a girl up in our block," replied Chester, "and she says, 'Who is that good-looking feller that's grabbin' onto the steerin' wheel?' she says."

"Aw, fudge!" exclaimed David. He seized his pen and applied himself to his indexing, his nose almost touching the page of the letter book.

"On the level, that's just what she said. I says to her, 'That's the kid that sent the card,' I says. 'He's my assistant.'"

"He's some classy lookin'," she says. To look at an you'd think he was the guy that owned the machine," she says.

"Aw, go chase yourself," muttered David, flipping over the leaves of the letter-book.

"She did, honest," declared Chester. "She's a dandy girl, too."

"Must be kinder foolish in her head," commented David.

"All right, I'll tell her you said she was foolish," remarked Chester. "I'm goin' over there to-night. She's goin' to have the hull crowd over to listen to her uncle's graphophone. He's got a swell one."

"Tell nothin'," exclaimed David. "Don't you go an' tell her anything! I said, I don't care what you tell her," he added, with some inconsequence.

"Needn't get so sore about it," said Chester, turning to thrust a plug into a hole in the switchboard. "Hello!" he drawled. "Oh, hello, there," in a tone of suddenly awakened interest.

"Huh! Sure I know who you are. Say, Kit, I just been telling Dave what you said about him, and he says—"

"Here," interrupted David. "You shut up!"

"He says you're—"

David sprang up and put his hand over the mouthpiece. "Aw, chop it now, kid," he cried, angrily.

"I ain't goin' to tell her," chuckled Chester. He pushed away the interposed hand. "Say, Kit, he won't lemme tell you what he said. He's 'fraid ter."

Huh? All right, I'll tell him. Huh? Well, I'll try to make him. He's got a swell growth against girls, though.

Huh? All right. See you this eve. Good-by."

He turned again to the irate Dave. "Say, Dave," he said, "she wants I should bring you over to her house this evening with the rest of the bunch. I told her you was awful grouchy, though."

"Yes, I heard you," growled David. "You got a right to keep your mouth shut about me. I bet I won't go after what you said."

"Aw, come on, Dave," urged Chester. "I was just joshin'. We'll have a dandy time. Come on, now."

"You'll frame up some kind of a fake story about me if I don't go," said David with an effort at gloomy resignation. "What time'll you call for me?"—Chicago Daily News.

THE WORLD'S BANK NOTES.

How the Various Nations Differ in Their Tastes.

The only paper money that is accepted practically all over the globe is not "money" at all, but the notes of the Bank of England. These notes are simply printed in black ink on Irish linen water-laid paper, plain white, with ragged edges. The reason that a badly soiled or worn Bank of England note is rarely seen is that notes which find their way back to the bank are immediately canceled and new ones are issued. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water-laid paper printed in black and white, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures. They are in denominations of from twenty-five francs to one thousand francs.

Bank of England notes are of a somewhat unhandy size—five by eight inches. South American currency resembles the bills of the United States, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors. German currency is printed in green and black, the notes being in denominations of from five to one thousand marks. The one-thousand-mark bills are printed on silk fiber paper.

It takes an expert or a native to distinguish a Chinese bill from a laundry ticket; the bill is of low denomination, or a firecracker label if for a large amount, the print being in red on white or yellow on red, with much gilt and gorgeous devices. Italian notes are of all sizes, five and ten lire, are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine tints.

The most striking paper currency in the world is the one-hundred-rouble note of Russia, which is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when a sun ray passes through a prism. In the center in bold relief is a finely executed vignette in black. The remainder of the engraving on the note is in dark and light brown ink.

The American practice of scattering strands of silk through the paper fiber as a protection against counterfeiting is unique.—Harper's Weekly.