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FAITH IN MARCONI.

The scientific journals do not share the doubt of some of the scientists as to the practical advantages of the Marconi wireless telegraph. Cassier's Magazine goes into the history of wireless telegraphy and shows that it is no new thing, for the ancients by various devices used to get messages across valleys. But there is no carping at Marconi. It asserts that a vastly larger employment of wireless telegraphy is already assured, and that the Lloyds have entered into a contract with the Marconi company for messages and that the rate of twelve cents per word will extend over a period of fourteen years. Already excellent results have been reached. Emergencies in lighthouses and on ships have been met that would have been impossible of prompt relief without the system.

The Electrical Review, one of the most responsible of the weeklies devoted to electrical interests, fully accepts the wonder and value of Marconi's labors. It thinks that the greatest value of the new discovery will be in ships keeping touch with one another during all of the ocean voyage. "If," it says by way of illustration, "several years ago, when the steamship Umbria broke her shaft in mid-Atlantic, and limped into port more than three weeks overdue, some word could have been sent of her condition and position, it would have relieved an intense anxiety that was felt in at least two countries." To this and more, the journals adds the statement: "The value of such a system in war is practically incalculable, and will doubtless lead to a revision of naval codes and strategy."

One effect the discovery had, as the Philadelphia Times observes, was to depress the price of cable stocks, in spite of the fact that the trans-Atlantic working of the system may be years away. Taking everything into consideration, it seems conclusive that the young Italian has made a great and useful addition to the scientific history of the times.

HOAR AND THE ARMY.

The United States marshalship for Arizona is not the only thing troubling Senator Hoar. He has nightmares concerning the Philippines. In a speech in the senate the other day, he declared that he had heard "dreadful things" (not specified) about the conduct of American officers and soldiers in the Philippines. He wanted a committee appointed to go to the islands and investigate the numerous rumors which insist on reaching him. He was still pained at the thought that perhaps Aguinaldo had been slandered. The story has been in circulation a long time that the "second George Washington" sold out his countrymen to the Spaniards several years ago. This, he thought ought to be investigated, as well as many other things. Senator Hoar is a dear old gentleman whose heart is overflowing with kindly feelings for everybody except the American soldier. He is always ready to fear that any discreditable rumor concerning our soldiers is true. The senator seems to forget that the soldiers composing the regular army of the United States represent almost every county in the union, and that no better type of the American citizen can be found anywhere. The benevolent senator prefers to believe that the respectable citizen, when he enlists in the army, becomes a worthy object of suspicion. He seems to take a delight in believing that the coarse stories set afloat concerning our boys in blue by the Filipino junta at Hong Kong are true, and his heart is moved accordingly. If he wishes to dwell on a phase of the war which really appeals to the emotions of an American, he should give some thought to the gentle methods of the "patriotic" Filipinos who reward kindness with treachery and assassination.

THE WORLD'S RAILROADS.

During 1901 there were put down in the United States 5,057 miles of new railways, this estimate being that of the statistical bureau of the treasury. The increase is greater than has been recorded for any year since 1890, and brings the trackage of this country up to 199,378 miles, exclusive of the large and rapidly growing mileage of urban and suburban lines operated by electricity. The railway mileage of the whole world is estimated by the bureau at 484,348 miles; that of the United States, therefore, constitutes more than two-fifths of the total. Roughly speaking, this may be taken as a measure of the productive energy of the American people as compared with that of the entire population of the globe.

Of the total mileage now open to traffic North America has 226,657 miles, Europe 168,605, Asia 35,589, South America 28,364, Africa 15,870 and Australia 15,282. Mexico, which in 1875 had but one railway 264 miles long, from Vera Cruz to the capital city, now has a network of 9,603 miles, while the Canadian systems now cover 17,657 miles of track—which goes to show the advantage of having a restless and enterprising nation for a neighbor. Of course, the Canadian and Mexican governments are entitled to credit for their encouragement of railway construction, but it is a fair assumption that but for the proximity of the United States and the marvelous expansion of American industry and commerce the greater part of the steam roads in the adjoining countries would not have been built.

Of the half million miles of railways in the world about one-third are owned by the governments of the countries wherein they are located. Nine-tenths of the German roads are owned by the federal government or by the various states comprised in the empire. Two-thirds of the Russian roads were built and are owned and operated by the government, as are nearly one-half those of Austria-Hungary. Nearly all the Italian roads are government property, but are operated by companies under leases. The republic of France, in accordance with the terms of the franchises under which the railroads within its borders were constructed, will become the proprietor of nearly all of them by the middle of the present century. A large proportion of the railway mileage in operation in India (25,655 miles) is public property, while practically all the railways in Australasia are owned by the various colonies. Anyone may draw whatever moral he pleases from these facts. There is one consideration of weighty import, however, in this connection.

It is significant that in the United States, where transportation facilities have been furnished by the adventure of private capital, the people have greater and cheaper facilities than are afforded in other countries. There are, after all, the main considerations.

It seems, from Washington dispatches, that when Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the senate, in his opening prayer the other day, invoked the Divine blessing on the reporters who send out the accounts of what congress does, he inadvertently launched a controversy which it may require another prayer to settle satisfactorily. The uncertainty as to the chaplain's invocation is the application of it. The newspaper reporters in the gallery think he intended to pray for the shorthand reporters on the floor, who record the proceedings for the Congressional Record. The shorthand men, on the other hand, feeling that they are not in a condition to need being prayed for, are sure that Dr. Milburn had in mind the newspaper men in the gallery, who report the proceedings of the senate in their own language and not in that of the senators. Both sides of the controversy have submitted arguments to the chaplain, and it is understood that he will construct a prayer that will make it absolutely clear whether he thinks the Congressional Record reporters or the newspaper reporters generally, or all of them together, are the ones to be prayed for. The discussion over this important matter has brought to light the fact that the chaplain's prayers are open to revision when occasion demands, just as the speeches of senators and representatives are. When Charles Sumner died in 1873, it was decided by the funeral committee of arrangements after much discussion, that Dr. Sunderland, the senate chaplain, should not be asked to preach a sermon, as he was known to be partial to very long ones, but that he should be confined to a prayer. The doctor took advantage of his opportunity and prayed, as he thought, for everybody on the earth and the waters under the earth, mentioning a host of persons by name. The next day he and everybody who read his prayer were astonished to find that he had forgotten to say a word for Henry Wilson, the vice president of the United States, so the official reporters, after a consultation with Dr. Sunderland, interpolated a nice little prayer for the vice president along with the others, and the truth of history wah thus preserved.

Mr. Percy Sanderson, the British consul general at New York, is indignant at the wide circulation of reports that the Boer prisoners in Bermuda are not properly clothed. Writing to the New York Sun, he says: "A mistaken impression being apparently widely prevalent that the prisoners of war in Bermuda are not clothed by the British government, I have been requested by the governor of that colony to make public the fact that all requisite clothing is issued entirely free of charge by the military authorities to all prisoners of war who have not the means at their disposal to buy their own clothing. His excellency states that there is now in the colony a quantity of clothing sent to Bermuda for the prisoners of war, which at the present time is not required; that if, notwithstanding, any new and unused clothing is forwarded for the prisoners of war, they would not be precluded from receiving it, but that it has been found necessary to prohibit further distribution of worn clothing from the United States as a matter of sanitary precaution, and in deference to the advice of the military authorities."

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle is much scandalized by the manner in which young American women have been deporting themselves toward Jan Kubelik, the violinist. Commenting on the Brooklyn incident the Democrat says: "Now the silly women of Gotham who used to mob Paderewski with their affected and sentimental raptures are after Jan Kubelik, the famous young violinist. Kubelik is a small, narrow-chested youth who is a prodigy with the violin. He is awkward and shy except in the handling of his instrument; but the women have made an idol of him and are as enthusiastic in their worship as ever a Hindoo was before the image of Budda. They rushed on the stage after a concert the other night in Brooklyn, begged for a lock of his hair and frantically kissed him hand. 'Please go away, you worry me,' prayed the lad, but they persisted in their worship until he managed to escape. What opinion will that young man have of the dignity and reserve of American ladies after such an experience?"

The men in the steel mills at Homestead Sunday contributed $10,000 to the McKinley memorial fund. It is hardly probable that there is another town in the world outside of this country where the laborers in any particular class of manufacture could contribute that amount of money to any cause. They do not have it to contribute. It speaks volumes for the state of American trade and American manufacturing establishments, but louder still does it speak in recognition of the policy of the dead president which made it possible for these men to live and prosper. It shows that the men who work in the Homestead mills recognize in the protective policies of McKinley their present happiness and prosperity.

Cyrus Curtis, publisher of the Ladies' Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post, says the phenomenal circulation of both publications was built up by advertising. "I have spent from two to three hundred thousand dollars a year in pushing my periodicals, and of all the theories concerning results from the expenditure of money in publicity, there is only one thing that is absolutely sure, and that is: Good advertising, if persisted in, surely pays." It pays Mr. Curtis to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. He is no exception.

There are two republicans in the Alabama legislature, two in the Arkansas legislature, none in the Florida legislature, five in the Georgia legislature, none in the Mississippi legislature, one in the South Carolina legislature, and none in the Texas legislature. There is no republican in the legislature of Louisiana.

The union reform or referendum party, which had its origin in Ohio and proposes as a means of settling all important public questions their submission to the voters of the state or district affected, dies hard. It ran a ticket in Ohio last year and polled for its nominee for governor 2,718 votes.

The City of Mexico recently honored the memory of the feminine patriot Donna Josepha Ortiz de Dominguez by erecting a statue in her honor in the Plaza Santa Domingo.

By the census of 1900 only two states had more foreign-born than native-born male residents of voting age: Minnesota and South Dakota.

THE HAPPY DANCE.

Is this the girl I knew,
So proud, so lovely?
Who thrilled me through and through,
If she spoke only?
So fair, so fine was she,
So far away from me!
Now her eyes shine for me—
Shine for me only.

Is this the face I knew,
Its secret keeping?
Are these the eyes too blue
(I thought) for weeping?
Now such a child is she,
Dim are the eyes I see
When she looks up at me—
I'd swear her weeping.

But last night the fiddle played
A tune that never before
Any fiddle in mortal hands had played
As we swept over the floor.
I bent and spoke a word;
And never an answer came.
But a blush that was hid in her heart
and heard,
And it lit in a sudden flame.
It lit in a sudden fire
That lit her lover's life—
Sweep higher, O fiddle bows, higher
and higher!
She is to be my wife!

Is this the town I knew,
So dull, so dreary?
Is this the heart that grew
Therein so weary?
Now, now, so kind is she,
Green grown the trees to me—
Bright is the town to me—
Winter's grown weary!

For last night the fiddle played
A tune that never before
Any fiddle in mortal hands had played,
And my heart is playing it o'er.

H. C. BUNNER.

There was a time, and that less than thirty or forty years ago, when turkeys were driven to Richmond in droves of 500 or 600. From as far off as Henry and Franklin counties turkeys were driven here. In gangs, or droves, they are as tractable as cattle and can march quite well and as rapidly. Their long legs qualify them for feats of pedestrianism. But when dusk comes they "will" go to roost. To do this they ask no man's leave. All they wish is a roosting place.

Once a great gang was being driven up Governor street about nightfall, when the turkeys espied the trees and fence of the Capitol square and forthwith proceeded to go to roost then and there. Nothing could stop them. All the drover could do was to guard them from thieves until the next morning, when he easily persuaded them to resume their march to Bacon's Quarter Branch, near which was then the greatest wholesale turkey "market" of Richmond.—Richmond Dispatch.

It is sometimes hard to distinguish between the peacemaker and the busybody.