

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Every One Should Improve His Mind.

EDUCATION should end only with death. The man or woman who thinks that one is completely educated in schools and colleges is mistaken, for the most that scholastic training can do is start one well, show one the right road of learning and wisdom, and despatch the student forward with a godspeed. The human mind is susceptible of almost limitless development and expansion, and there is no age at which the improvement of it must stop. And it ought to be every man's ambition to make his mind as nearly full and perfect as it can be made; to approach, step by step, that unattainable ideal of intellectual power and completeness, the almighty, all-knowing Godhead, which all cultivated men, all intellectual nations have worshipped under divers names, "Jehovah, Jove or Lord," as the self-existing source of thought and being. . . . Perhaps the majority of high school and college graduates cease studying when they quit the academic halls. They have their sheepskins framed and hung upon a wall, and whenever they feel the need of an intellectual stimulus they glance at the pompous Latin inscription, which they translate but awkwardly, and thereby remind themselves that they have complete educations. But a college education is a machine which will rust and rot unless it is polished and kept in use. . . . Do not attempt too much. This is a busy age, and the man who has his living to earn must give the cream of his energy and most of his time to the work by which he gets bread and butter. But nearly every man has some leisure for reading. Every man and woman ought to read, especially, the English masters of prose and poetry; the ancients as well as the moderns. And it is an excellent thing to have at least a reading knowledge of some modern language, preferably French or German, for those tongues have the greatest literatures. It is said that one is as many times a man as the number of languages he knows. Certain it is that the possession of another than one's mother tongue broadens the intellect and gives the mind new standards of comparison and a cosmopolitan point of view.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Extirpate Hydrophobia.

LAST year fourteen persons in Chicago died of hydrophobia. The horror of these deaths need not be dilated upon. Hydrophobia is no tender mode of death. No Chinaman impaled on a stake, no African tied to an ant hill, no American Indian staring at the sun with eyes from which the lids had been removed, ever suffered greater torments than in our own day and in our own city fall to the lot of the victims of a disease which is communicable and preventable. Being communicable and preventable, its continuance is a reflection on our humanity and on our intelligence. In England, Scotland and Wales hydrophobia is almost unknown. Humanity and intelligence have done their work there. It is time for them to do their work here. Let all citizens, whether on the police force or not, remember that they are proving false to their social and civic duties if they allow the lives of their neighbors to be endangered by unuzzled or unchained dogs. Diligent work for a few weeks will put all such dogs in the pound. It would be a tardy but welcome relief if Chicagoans could feel during this summer for the first time in the history of the city that when they walked their streets they did not have to reckon hydrophobia among the possibilities of their excursion. One more point, however, is to be noted. Rabies is not simply a summer canine complaint. It happens in winter as well as in summer. The notion that mad dogs are to be feared only during the summer is exploded. If the dog catchers will catch and destroy every dog that is without a tag, and if they will, in this way, rid the

town of its present horde of disease breeding and disease conveying curs, a great deal will have been done to reduce the hydrophobia death rate. Get rid of all unlicensed, untagged canine vagabonds; muzzle all respectable canine pets from the 1st of April to the 1st of November; the deaths we die will be pleasanter.—Chicago Tribune

Reform in Russia.

CZAR NICHOLAS II. takes matters into his own hands with something of the autocratic spirit of his great-grandfather and namesake. There shall, he says, be reforms. There shall be freedom of creed and worship—not only, we assume, for Catholic and Protestant, as well as for Orthodox, but also for Jew, as well as for Christian. There shall be no more slavery under the name of "forced labor." There shall be reform in church and state, and especially in the village communes, which are the foundation of the empire. These things the ministers and other officers are peremptorily commanded to execute. It is a great decree. If it is sincere, as we are bound to assume, and if it is inflexibly enforced, as we are bound to hope and to expect, it will effect the first stage in that beneficent evolution of Russia, which seems to be the only alternative to revolution. For a change must come. It would be simply impossible for Russia to go on for ever, or much longer, in her old repressive, reactionary, barbaric style. "The people will come to their own at last," God is not mocked for ever. It was an amazing anachronism that Russia got through the nineteenth century and into the twentieth with a political, social and industrial system belonging to the Middle Ages. That system cannot much longer endure. Reform must come, or revolution; and the Czar seems wisely and bravely to have chosen that it shall be reform. In his efforts for the welfare of his people he will have the hearty sympathy of the world, and if he is successful in them he will have a place in history not second to any in all the line of Rurik.—New York Tribune.

Spread of the Bible.

WHATEVER view we may take of higher criticism, the spread of the Bible will go on. It will be read as a story even by those who do not regard it as a sacred book. The tales of the Patriarchs and of the great men of Israel will not easily fade out of the human early world. They bring to us the poetry of the early world. They have the primitive glow. It was not merely as a missionary that George Borrow carried the Bible throughout the length and breadth of Spain. It is not solely as a religious book that 180,000,000 Bibles have been accepted from the British Bible Society, and that a steady flow of 16,000 a day pours forth from their depots. It is partly as the most human of all the documents handed down by the human race. There is very little pure dogma in the Bible. Most of the dogmas of the Churches were evolved in the succeeding centuries, struck out like sparks by the application of the precise Greek mind to an Oriental theme. We listen to the story of human life in all its variety and pathos, and from it there grow, like flowers from some rich soil, the great utterances on life and conduct which still act as pillars of fire to lead us on. From the rooms of the Bible Society this flood of books goes forth like water to irrigate the world. It spreads out gradually, carried by missionaries and colporteurs, translated into every tongue, carried across deserts and seas—and with it the light spreads too. A Bible is left on some island, and there for the first time the islanders have a literature. It is placed in a prison, and there the weary captive, reading it in some listless hour, finds light and hope. We talk about the "trade following the flag." The trade we speak of is not always of the best. But here is a trade which will not shame any flag—a trade in something more precious than rubies and brighter than diamonds.—London Daily News.

WANTED HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Would Not Hire Cab Unless He Could Do the Driving. It was evident that he was not a city man, for he looked at the cab long and doubtfully before deciding to hire it. "Funny lookin' thing," he muttered, "with the driver's seat out over the tail of it; but I got to play all the games there is, so here goes." He moved up to the waiting cabby. "I want to hire the go-cart for a while," he announced. "All right, sir," said the cabby. "Where do you want to go?" "Say," was the indignant response, "seems to me you're gittin' pretty gay. What is it to you where I want to go, so long as I pay the price? Think I'm goin' to run away with the two-wheeled box?" "No, sir, certainly not," returned the cabby. "Pleasure ride, I suppose; want to see the sights. Get right in, and—" "Glt in!" exclaimed the stranger. "Well, I guess not. Think I want to ride in that caboose? No, sir. I'll git on top." "But that's my place," protested the cabby. "How can I drive—" "Drive! Who's askin' you to drive? D'you think I'm hirin' this horse so's I kin play the part of the late lamented? Not any. I'm a live man, I am. I'm payin' fer a live man's fun. Git in yourself." "But I can't do that, sir." "Why not? You're smaller'n I am." "I mean I must drive." "Then what's the fun fer me? I was lookin' fer a little joy dodgin' things, an' I sure ain't goin' to pay you fer indulgin' in the sport. If you got to drive, why, take your ol' upright piano box an' drive to thunder. I ain't never played I was merchandise yet, an' I ain't goin' to begin now."—Brooklyn Eagle.

MILLIONS WHO DINE OUT.

New York Restaurants Do Not Supply the Demand. Within the past six months the restaurant business of New York, particularly above 23d street, has undergone a remarkable expansion. Not only has the business of the more fashionable dining resorts grown to an extraordinary extent, but the prevailing prosperity has been equally shared in by the

QUEER COMMUNICATIONS THAT COME THROUGH THE MAIL TO THE WHITE HOUSE

THE President gets a large number of "fake" or "queer" letters every day from insane people all over the United States and Europe. The executive receives a great quantity of mail, but few people have an idea of the amount of this "fake" mail that it falls to the lot of the President's secretary to open. The mail for the President is handled in the official mail room at the city post office in Washington and is delivered at the White House by a special carrier detailed from the force of employes at the executive mansion. There are six letter cases in this room, and each case contains one box for the mail of the President and his family. The number of letters for the President alone runs from 300 to 400 a day, and from ten to fifteen of these are the "fake" letters. There is one man in California who has been writing to the various Presidents for a number of years. He numbers each letter, and the last received was No. 360. In the upper left-hand corner is written the rather startling information, "From Jesus Christ." One of these missives was opened some time ago by permission of the President's secretary and found to contain only a number of unintelligible hieroglyphics something like shorthand. Of course they find their way ultimately into the waste paper basket at the White House, but they are not destroyed at the post office. Another "freak" who has also been writing to the Presidents for years scorns envelopes and stamps and uses postal cards altogether. If he does not finish what he has to say in one he takes another, numbering them consecutively. Sometimes he uses as many as five or six. He signs himself "Michael, King of Heaven," and his communications are usually in the form of commands to the President on the way in which the United States should be run. During the period of the Spanish war he wrote almost every day and gave orders as to the movements of the fleets in Asiatic waters. Not very long ago a letter was received addressed to "George Washington, President of the United States." Letters come addressed to the President in all sorts of ways. His real title is "The President," but he gets them all from "His Majesty" and "His Excellency" down to "Teddy Roosevelt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

less pretentious restaurants. The proprietor of one of the medium-priced restaurants on Broadway, who was asked about the increased patronage of his place last night, explained it thus: "In the first place Broadway is growing as a popular dining resort; secondly, more people are in this locality than ever before, and with the Pennsylvania tunnel looming up ahead I have not hesitated to renew my lease for a much longer period than would otherwise have been the case. As soon as the noonday rush is over we begin to make preparations for the crowds that flock here for the night dinner. Hardly a person you see in this room to-night is in this part of the town at midday; they are all down town, while the patrons lunching here between 11 and 2 o'clock have by this time reached their suburban homes. "The business in my place has grown perceptibly from week to week, and

PAY THE GIRLS TO SAY "NO."

How Young Men in Argentine Republic Evade Bachelor Tax.

A new and lucrative field for women's work has been opened in the Argentine Republic, by which the fair daughters of that favored land are enabled to earn good incomes. It is a business requiring no capital, and all the work can be done at home, but one which is confined, in the nature of things, to widows and maidens. The women who engage in this easy and lucrative calling are known as "professional lady rejectors," and their business is giving much concern to the Argentine authorities.

It all came about by the passage of the law taxing bachelors in the Argentine. As the law was thought to bear too hard upon young men who really tried to get married and could not do so from the fact that nobody would have them, a clause was inserted by which a man was exempt from the tax if he could prove that he had proposed and been rejected. They are not so slow in those Latin-American countries as we people up North imagine. The professional lady rejector at once made her appearance on the scene.

The fair daughter of the South who chooses the "rejector" business in preference to typewriting or becoming a saleslady does not hang out a sign nor send cards engraved with "Carmenita Suarez, Professional Lady Rejector, Office Hours, 2 to 10," but she causes it to be known that she is in the business and will warrant a rejection every time. For a certain stated sum she will consent to be wooed by any eligible bachelor tax dodger for a reasonable length of time. He can take her to the theater, buy her lees, and pay for her bouquets and bonbons until the expiration of the time limit, when he asks her to be his, and, according to contract, she promises to be a sister to him. But her work is not yet over, for when the tax on bachelors is due and Jose goes to the alcalde to swear off his taxes, Carmenita has to go with him and make oath that he has proposed to her and been rejected.

This seems an easy and pleasant way of making one's living; but the girls engaged in the business say that it really is one requiring the greatest self-control, and frequently causes the greatest agony of spirit to the practitioner, especially if she has a large and wealthy clientele. For a spinster whose chances of matrimony are on the wane, or a buxom widow who longs to be consoled, to resist the temptation to violate her contract and say "Yes" when some nice young man with a nice fortune proposes, requires phenomenal business integrity, and is a severe wrench to the feelings.

It readily will be seen that it is not every woman who can succeed in the calling of lady rejector. She must have the faculty of convincing men that her rejection is certain, or they will not trust her, and she cannot get business. The young girl just entering the profession has a hard time of it; it is only the old, reliable lady rejectors who are able to accumulate fortunes.—New York Press.

BALL PLAYING IS POPULAR.

American National Game Has Spread to All Parts of the World.

Base hits are made all over the world to-day, for American sportsmen are carrying the national game of baseball to foreign lands just as their British brothers have the manners and customs of old England.

Some of the New York stars who draw fat salaries for playing comparatively few games on specially prepared grounds would feel abashed if they were asked to pick grounders and passed balls out of cactus plants as the players in old Mexico, where the game has just begun to take root.

In and around the city of old Mexico is a league of four clubs, composed of American and Mexican players. Two games are played every Sunday, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. It must be a truly wonderful sight to see a lot of excited Mexicans at a ball game on a hot Sunday, yelling up and down the foul lines like Yaqui Indians, when in the ordinary course of events they would be at home taking a self-content-bringing siesta.

Baseball has followed the flag, the constitution, incidentally the army and other things to Manila, and in that excitable clime the position of umpire is not only dangerous in the funny papers.

In Cape Town, too, the residents leave off winning diamonds now and then to play a game of American baseball. The Cape Town Argus of recent date tells of a game between the Columbian, ex-residents of the United States, and the Maple Leaves, who were transplanted Canadians. The Americans won, 18 to 14.

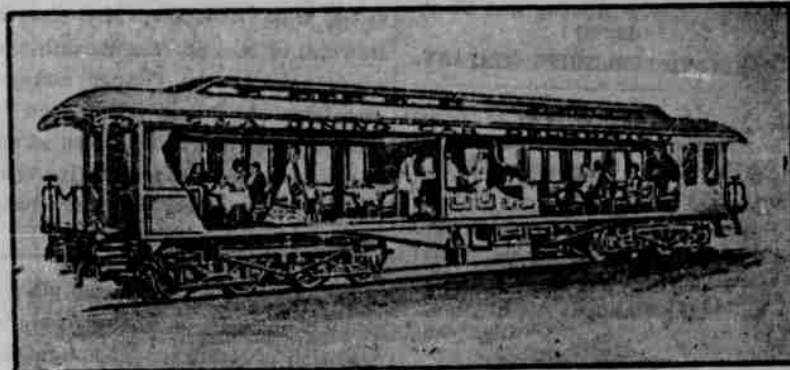
In Honolulu the national game has taken deeper root than American principles. There the papers devote half of the sporting page not to racing but to baseball, and the way the crowds turn out to see the contests might be a revelation to local enthusiasts.—New York Mail and Express.

Is It Always Progress?

Where wet wood-violets fringed a river shore
And lilies clung about the dripping oar—
You see a line of smoking chimney shafts,
And hear the factory's muffled, evil roar.
—Isabella H. Fiske, Selected.

A young man who never goes to call on a young lady unless accompanied by a friend may be a little hard to land, but he means all right. Our friends often think of us as our enemies speak of us.

FIRST DINING CAR IN THE WORLD.



THE DINING CAR DELMONICO.

The first dining car ever operated in the United States, or, for that matter, in the world, was built in 1868 and placed in service between Chicago and St. Louis on the Chicago & Alton Railway. The first dining car was called the Delmonico, and its exterior and interior appearance are reliably reproduced in the above illustration. The Delmonico was sixty feet long. The present vestibuled platform in those days not having been invented, the entrance to the car was made from the uninclosed platform, and there was no interior vestibule or lobby, the car door opening directly into the dining-room. The dining-room comprised not quite one-half of the car and was finished in walnut, except the ceiling, which was canvas, with decorative designs painted upon it. In the dining-room were six tables, each table seating four guests. The seats were upholstered in morocco leather and were immovable, being similar, with the exception of the upholstery, to the seats at present in use in sleeping cars. In one corner of the dining-room of the Delmonico there was a walnut side-cupboard for wines and liquors and groceries; this cupboard was hinged to the side of the car, thus enabling the car cleaners to fold it back and clean the end windows, in front of which it stood. The car was lighted with candles, which were placed in fixtures secured to the roof of the car, and candles were also placed in metal candlesticks on each table. The floor of the car was covered with oilcloth, and in the aisle between the tables there was laid a strip of carpet. At night time the crew slept in the car, the cushions being pulled down upon supporting cross-bars in a similar manner to that which is at present done in sleeping cars.

The kitchen of the Delmonico was in the center of the car. The kitchen was eight feet long by seven feet wide, the remaining width of the car being used for a passageway between the dining-room and the rear half of the car, which was finished in similar style to the dining-room, the forward half being used as a dining-room, the rear half being used to furnish parlor car accommodations, the tables being removed for this purpose. The kitchen contained a charcoal range and cupboards containing cooking utensils and non-perishable provisions, the perishable provisions being stored in a refrigerator or store-box under the center of the car. There was no pantry, the vands being delivered by the cooks to the waiters through an aperture in the wall of the kitchen. Below this aperture was a little door in the side of the partition, by which the cooks entered the kitchen. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which the crew worked in the early days, the bill of fare was elaborate, and passengers were enthusiastic over the meals, which were served table d'ote at 75 cents each.

COUPLE MADE VOWS IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE.

The most remarkable wedding that was ever celebrated in all probability took place recently in Philadelphia. The ceremony was entirely in keeping with the well-known quietude of the Pennsylvania metropolis, for not a word was spoken during the entire performance. When it is known that the contracting parties were both deaf mutes the reason for the silent celebration is understood.

Lewis Ash of Phoenixville, Pa., is the man who, though his lips uttered no sound, won the heart of Miss Bella Remmey, daughter of Edward Remmey, 627 Snyder street, Philadelphia.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Koebler, pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, and most of the wedding guests were from



that church. At the close of the service the wildest confusion ensued when friends offered congratulations. The hubbub of rapidly moving fingers and wildly gesticulating arms was something a layman will never forget.

MAIL CARRIER 87 YEARS.

Appointed by President Jackson and Has Recently Resigned.

Sixty-seven years as a mail carrier is the record held by Samuel Gibbons, of Hodgenville, Ky., who has just retired from service. He is 78 years old. Mr. Gibbons began his career as mail carrier under the administration of President Jackson in 1836, when he was but 11 years old, and he has seen service under every administration since that time. He

made the acquaintance of President Jackson at Greensburg, Ky., while the latter was on his way from Nashville to Washington. The President took the lad upon his knee, and at his solicitation promised him that he should be appointed a mail carrier. A few months after the President's arrival at Washington the lad received his appointment, and was given the route from Greensburg to Hodgenville, a distance of thirty-five miles. Since then he has carried the mails on nearly all the prominent routes in Kentucky and has the remarkable record of never having missed a day or met with a mishap.

Wealth of the United States. Mulhall's estimate of the wealth of the United States in 1895 was \$16,350,000,000 (\$78,480,000,000), or \$234 (\$1,123) per capita. It was distributed as follows: Farms, \$4,142,000,000 (\$19,881,000,000); railways, \$2,000,000,000 (\$10,848,000,000); houses, \$4,446,000,000 (\$21,340,800,000); merchandise, \$1,363,000,000 (\$7,302,400,000); sundries, \$3,989,000,000 (\$18,907,200,000). A monograph on "The Progress of the Material United States in Its

Industries," issued by the treasury bureau of statistics in 1902, estimated our money and property in 1900 as \$94,300,000,000, against \$65,037,061,197 in 1890, an increase of \$29,262,938,803 in ten years. In 1900 the value of farms and farm property was \$20,514,001,888; of manufactures, \$13,089,279,596. The percentage of wealth per capita in 1900 was \$1,235.84, against \$1,088.57 in 1890. On June 30, 1900, the public debt, less cash in the treasury, was \$1,107,711,258, or \$14.52 per capita, against \$890,784.871 in 1890, or \$14.22 per capita. On October 31, 1902, the percentage of debt per capita was about \$12. Of all the important nations the United States has the smallest debt per capita.—Guntton's Magazine.

KAISER BUSIER THAN MORGAN.

Letter Does Twice as Much Work as the Big Financier.

Wall street smiled recently at the naive remark of that remarkably active person, the German Emperor, that J. Pierpont Morgan was a busier man than he.

Men in the street said the emperor had been misled by the enormous interests centering about Mr. Morgan, says the New York World. As a matter of fact, Mr. Morgan, who is a tremendously rapid worker, is rather leisurely about getting down to his office, and spends less than half the time that the German Emperor does in physical activity.

The daily work of the emperor would overwhelm almost any man not a trooper, as will be seen from the following comparison, which gives only a faint indication of the kaiser's varied activities:

Morgan's Daily Routine:
8 a. m.—Rises. Has bath. Reads papers.
9 a. m.—Breakfasts.
9:30 a. m.—Summons cab and drives to Union Club. Spends an hour or two chatting, smoking, with perhaps a game of solitaire.
Noon—Reaches his office; goes over letters; receives callers.
2:30—Eats light luncheon.
2:45 to 4:30—Busy at his office with his partners.
4:30—Leaves office.
6:30—Dines at home (usually).
Evenings—Reading, rarely at the opera or theater, occasionally at the club.

Kaiser's Daily Routine:
5 a. m.—Rises. Takes cold bath.
6:30 a. m.—Breakfasts.
7 a. m.—Goes to study, maps out day's work; sees adjutants.
8 a. m.—Receives ministers.
9 a. m.—Goes riding or driving.
11 a. m.—Returns to work. Audiences begin.
2 p. m.—Lunches with children.
3 to 6 p. m.—Visits high officials.
6:30—Receives callers, official and otherwise.
7 p. m.—Dinner.
8 to 10 p. m.—Reads or otherwise amuses himself.
10 p. m.—Retires.

"How was the show last night?" he heard one man ask another. "Well," the man replied, "some liked it, and some didn't." "That's the way it is with everything."

"Spring has come!" cried the leeman, jubilantly. "Nay," sighed the coal man. "Winter has gone."—Newark News.

When a man tells a woman he loves her, she ought to hear what he told the rest, and how soon he got over it.