

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Married and Single

THE census reports note a considerable decrease in the number of births among the native population of the United States. American men and women are not so much given to marrying as formerly. Many who do marry, postpone the event until youth has passed, and for this and other reasons they rarely have large families and very frequently no children at all.

Whether this decrease in the number of fruitful marriages among the American born population is the fault of the men or the women has not yet been determined, but very probably it is the fault of both. Faulty ideas of the modern world are becoming a prominent feature in our social life as the modern man, and who live more and more in a position of freedom. They are free from an ancestral philosophy of pure submission, which if widely adopted, would put an end to the nation. The modern, however, is not so bad yet as to cause alarm. There are more men than women in the United States, so that if all were paired off a great many men would have to go unmarried. The 76,343,857 people within the area of the United States are divided into 30,000,000 men and 46,343,857 women, giving an excess of males of 16,343,857. Of the males, 23,000,000 are single, 14,000,000 are married, 1,800,000 widowers, 84,000 divorcees, and 121,422 are in a marital condition is unknown. Of the females 23,000,000 are single, 18,845,900 married, 2,211,504 widowed, 2,000,000 divorced, and 41,341 whose marital condition is unknown. But the number of those classed as single includes women, and all persons under the marriageable age, so it will be seen that marriage among adults is a social problem that is still to be almost universal.

The reason for the decrease in the number of marriages and the birth rate among native women might be found in the statistics regarding the working classes. There are 5,200,000 females engaged in gainful occupations other than agriculture. These millions are made up in large part of girls and women in factories, stores and offices, and the modern maid usually graduates from among them.—Kansas City Journal.

The Maneuvers at Manassas

NOTHING is so soothing to the wounds produced by the civil war as oblivion, and nothing makes them bleed afresh so quickly as the sight of a battlefield on which the victor and his relatives have passed through the horrors of fratricidal slaughter. When an old soldier stands on the heights of Manassas a profound melancholy seizes him, and, compared with the scene before him, a graveyard is a pleasure garden or a banqueting hall. It does not seem to shake off the depression.

How aptly could project a reunion of Northern and Southern soldiers on a Southern battlefield, and not only with that, but bring them together as hostile armies and arrange for them to fight over again in military the bloody ground that took place on that spot forty years ago, is impossible. It was a striking contrast with the wide expanse of Charles Sumner, who, presiding heartless. It is as much as a picture that would recall the civil war.

The location of the maneuvers should have been in some beautiful spot, 1,000 miles, if possible, from any battlefield and the pitting of a Northern army and a Southern army against each other should have been avoided like a plague.—Chicago Chronicle.

Are Business Men Cowards?

PRESIDENT BLOTT, addressing the St. Louis alumni of Harvard, recently, called Americans cowards in that so few of them dared to stand against the crowd. He spoke with special reference to business men in facing conditions that exist among the labor unions. It is easier, indeed, for a college president to stand aloof and say what ought or ought not to be done than to know the entire situation of affairs and then to act with discretion as well as bravery. The theories that work ad-

AN INTERESTING SCENE IN HOLLAND.



The picturesque attire worn by the Dutch peasantry has a great attraction for artists, and the American artist shown in the illustration is evidently no exception to the rule, for he is bargaining with a determined looking peasant as to the value of the nether garment which he holds in his hands. The more patches there are the greater becomes the value from an artistic standpoint.

turn, and what he leaves of his kill is most for some other.

Explosion of Naphtha.
When Miss Sapphira Snodgrass read her graduation essay some discerning persons present in the condemnation stirred.

When its peroration ended vowed no effort half so splendid had the ears of Smithville heard.

Such dictation, poise and thinking! Half the audience was blinking tears of pride when Miss Sapphira bade her auditors farewell.

And the way that she was showered with congratulations of rarest flower! Ah, 'tis not for me to tell!

"I predict," said Trustee Brewer as he gave his right hand to her, "you will be no common destiny—no ordinary life.

In your essay's peroration I can see emanation from your sex's limitations and a yearning for the stars."

So 'twas all agreed and settled that she should be so finely metted she would

takes first place 'mong women of the self-assertive kind.

And but for the limitations of her sex might be the nation's chief executive, they said it, if she felt that way inclined.

So, the eyes of Smithville seeing this superb and female being, she went forth into the struggle with determination grim.

But, alas! in moment stupid, by the way met cunning Cupid, and oblivious to glory tarried there to talk with him.

Talked with Cupid there and tarried; all the dreams are laid; she's married; giving up her aspirations to win glory and renown.

So superb and so fine-fetted, all of Smithville feels sore nettled, for as plodding wife she's settled in a little country town!

—New York Times.

Wise men sell good advice, while fools pay for the privilege of giving it away.

Charity with a string to it uncovers a multitude of sins.

RIDE OVER TEXAS PLAINS.

It Gives One an Exhilarating Sensation—Horseback Trip.

"Did you ever take a ride over the buffalo clover plains of Texas?" asked a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I remember one experience that will stay with me all my life. It was in Houston. I was young and it was Washington's birthday. A friend invited me to ride to his ranch in the country. We started in the morning. A light spring breeze was blowing; red and white roses dangled from the balconies of the houses as we rode through the street. After leaving the city we rode into the open. There was a sweet smell from the earth, and our horses stretched their necks and gave themselves up to the pleasure of motion. But that was not the best part. The return is what remains particularly in my memory. We passed the day galloping over the ranch and looking at the animals. After eating a dinner of the finest fried chicken I had ever tasted in my life, and loafing for an hour or two with cigars, we mounted our horses for the return home.

The moon was set full. As we rode upon the plains, and lost sight of all houses, I felt as if I were in an evacuated land. On all sides was a vast sea of white moonlight. The grasses made the waves. When we walked our horses we could hear innumerable little voices singing a song of praise. It was a sacrifice to talk. Then when our horses became warmed up and urged by the additional impetus that they were returning to the stables, we let them have rein, and went at a swinging gallop over the prairie. I don't know how my friend knew which way to go. He was in the lead, and I followed him blindly. To me the motion of the horse, the moonlight and the sounds of night, the smell of the earth and the height of the light-filled heavens constituted an exhilaration which I had never felt before nor felt since. The memory of the ride will always remain with me as something distinct, beautiful and enjoyable."

Complied with the Law.

In Chicago are certain boulevardists set apart for the use of pleasure vehicles only, from which all wheeled appliances which appear to be used for toll or profit are strictly excluded. At the intersection of two such driveways one sunny afternoon stood a dapper little park policeman in a new spring uniform. He twirled a slender switch lightly in his white-gloved hands, and appeared to be making up by an assumption of importance all that he lacked in size.

Suddenly, as if he had bobbed up out of the ground, appeared a gigantic laborer trundling a phobian wheelbarrow. It was an empty wheelbarrow, to be sure, but a wheelbarrow none the less, which had been used many a time in carrying brick and other common things. For a moment the park policeman was stiff with horror at this desecration of the boulevard. Then with lordly tread he stepped out and tapped the workman easily with the switch.

"Here, now, my man," he said. "None of that, you know. Only pleasure vehicles allowed on the drive. You'll have to go down to the next street with that barrow."

The workman hesitated a moment, and then grinned broadly.

"Pleasure vehicles, eh?" he repeated. "Well, there, and as easily as a cat would pick up a mouse, he picked up the policeman and deposited him in the barrow, 'sit you there, then, my boy, and we'll have a pleasure vehicle all our own."

Judge's Pupil Proved Too Apt.

A prominent judge and a young lawyer were taking a holiday jaunt together, and having a very jolly time of it. One day the younger man said to his companion:

"Judge, I wish you would tell me what it is to which you attribute your very unusual success in the law."

"Well, I don't mind doing so, but it must be on one condition, and that is, that you agree to pay the rest of my traveling expenses on this trip."

An ambitious young fellow of considerable inherited fortune that was not too much to do, and so he agreed.

"It is simply this," said the judge: "I always make it my rule to deny everything and insist upon proof."

His friend acknowledged the remark with a simple "thank you," and nothing further was said about the matter.

The judge did not limit himself in his wines and other expenses, and was running up a pretty bill. When their stay at that hotel was ended, and they went to the desk for their accounts, the judge received his bill and passed it along to the younger man with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, what does this mean?" he asked.

"Mean?" said the judge: "It simply means that you agreed to pay all my expenses on this trip, and here's my bill."

"Judge," said the other, "I deny everything and insist upon proof."—Philadelphia Ledger.

How to Go Heavily.

"This won't go for only one stamp," said the village postmaster to old Uncle Kliah, as the latter handed him a bulky and much-sealed missive.

"Whuf for? What'd de maddish wid dat?"

"Too heavy," replied the postmaster, balancing it on his hand.

"Umph! I told dat boy so when he was a-writin' of it. I told him he was writin' too heavy a han', but he kep' on de pen, lak a load of hay. I'll take it back, sah' an' mek him write wid a pencil. I ain't gwine spen' no mo' two centes jest' for his pigheadedness."

The Way of Widows.

"This article on the fashion page is headed 'The Widow's Cap.' What's that, anyway?"

"O' That's merely the thing she sets for the next fellow."—Philadelphia Press.

Time Is Swift.
Miss Olde—I don't think much of the young men of to-day.

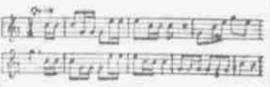
Miss Fly—Well, if you wait for the young men of to-morrow, you are liable to be an old maid.

WHAT THE BUGLE TELLS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY



Those who know anything of the daily routine of army posts and on board our ships of war it is hardly necessary to say that the note of the bugle is the most familiar sound of a military or naval life. There is scarcely an hour of the day that its ringing trumpet call does not greet the ear, heralding some drill, formation or inspection, and, to the soldier and sailor alike, sleeping or waking, it becomes an ever-present accompaniment, if not regulator, of his clock-work existence.

As such, then, there must be some interest attached to the meaning of the signals which it conveys, how they can be understood and distinguished apart. As a military adjunct the bugle is doubtless of extreme antiquity. Trumpets were carried by the Persians among the hosts of Xerxes, and in its many varieties the bugle was a favorite with ancient warriors. It even seems to antedate all other musical instruments, as it appeared on the Egyptian hieroglyphs at Thebes, on the stone relics of the Druids in the British Museum, in pictures of Grecian mythology and in the legends of the fall of Troy. A horn or perforated



When was the most primitive and common form of this prehistoric trumpet, which, in its evolution, has produced this present bugle. Its earliest recorded prototype was the long-stemmed, large-mouthed instrument popularly attributed to Gabriel and angel orchestras, and by successive gradations its pedigree can be easily traced down to the shining, metallic and beautifully finished cornet of to-day. But as it is the desire of the writer to make the military use of this instrument more familiar to the many who know of it only in a general way, it is with that end in view that he selects the bugle or trumpet as his theme.

The words "trumpet" and "bugle" are frequently used indiscriminately, although in a technical sense the former is the instrument especially belonging to the cavalry or mounted troops, while the latter is the one most often seen depicted. The two instruments differ but slightly from one another,

the chief distinction being that the trumpet has an extra crook which gives it a baritone instead of a tenor note. The bugles in common use are usually F or G in tone. The appearance of the latter instrument is so well known that it hardly needs describing. Its sound, to the soldier, at least, is an every-day affair.

Until a few years ago the "boatsman's pipe," a curious little silver whistle with the shrillest of sounds, was the monotonous to whom merry chirping the rollicking jack tars yielded a ready and willing obedience. But with the advent of the new navy, fighting turrets, military music and rapid-fire guns, this relic of the days of oak and sail, like other things nautical, has gone under with the tidal wave of change which has swept over the naval service, and has found itself almost, if not quite, supplanted by the brazen trumpet.

From the first call in the morning, "reveille," at 4:30 or 5 o'clock, until the last, "taps," the signal to extinguish lights, at 9:30 p. m., almost every incident of ship routine is punctuated by the bugle.

In the navy at the present day only a few time-honored services are left to the "pipe." Such as "sweepers," "mess call," "all hands to muster," "turn to" and "pipe down." Nearly all others, "clear lower decks," "clean by-ght work," "spread mess gear," "evening quarters for muster," "church," "retreat," "color evolutions," "fire," "exercises, boat calls," "abandon ship," "arm and away" (equipped for distant service of "cutting out"), "hooks on boats," "assemble for drill and ceremonies," "hammocks" and "tattoo" (8 o'clock), have been usurped by the busy bugle.

At the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., all the study, recreation and recreation calls for the cadets are sounded by it, and, together with its military companion, the drum, it plays an important role in the routine life of these embryo officers, thus accompanying them to its constant use when they go out into the service at the end of their four years' course.

This assumption of the essentially military instrument by the navy is but one of the many proofs that this branch of our service is growing military as well as scientific, and reluctant as are some old barnacles to confess it, the day is not far distant when every ship of war will be but a floating fortress, garrisoned by soldiers, governed by nearly the same regulations as are practiced on shore and officered by skilled artificers, to whom the traditions of the sea, except in the use of the extant, will be a thing of the past.

The sailor, or "man-of-warman," as he was once known, indeed, except in dress and appearance, has almost entirely disappeared from the seas. He

no longer eats his hardtack, "salt horse" and "rope-yarn junk" from a tarpaulin spread on deck, but now sits at table and has often as many delicacies as are to be found in the ward-room mess.

He has no more "reefing" and "handing" sail to do, but must be an expert mechanic or artilleryman, skilled in machinery, armament and torpedoes and in aiming and firing modern breech-loading cannon.

While at the wheel he cannot watch, as he used to do, the weather leech of the main topgallant sail to keep it "lifting" or "full and by," ready to "luff" or "let her go off a point," but he must now be a practiced and skillful artificer who, with finger on the electric dial or steam steering gear, directs by the slightest impulse through constant danger the safety of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property.

In short, he must keep pace with his ship, which is no longer a towering fabric of airy spars and sailing bells to the breeze under "royals," "topgallant sails" and bellying "topmost stunnells," but a powerful ironclad like the battleship Oregon or swift commerce greyhound like the commerce destroyer Columbia, fitted with every modern appliance, propelled by triple screws, driven by quadruple expansion en-

gines and speeding through the water at the rate of more than twenty knots per hour.

These bulwarks of the nation, triumphs of naval architecture and the highest conception of the constructors' art, need a different kind of hand to guide and fight them than the picturesque sailor of Dibden and Marryat—Every finger a fishhook; every hair a rope-yarn.

The bugle calls in use in the army and navy are not, as many might suppose, rude and unmeaning blasts, without rhyme or reason, and sounded simply at random, but each has a special and peculiar significance, which is soon learned and, to those accustomed to the sound of the bugle, as readily understood as any spoken language.

In the "skirmish" or extended order drills on shore no commands by word of mouth are necessary, but a trumpet, or "field music," accompanying the officer (who designates the desired maneuver), voices the warning for his execution on his bugle. The last note is the signal of execution, at which the



CAVALRY BUGLER.

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and when to go to church. It reminds them that it is time for lunch, time for dinner and time to prepare for bed, and, should physical ailments require attention, it announces the doctor's arrival by "sick call." From morning till night its clarion note "sends the wild echoes flying" and betokens something which cannot be forgotten or shrifted.

Among those calls most often heard and which rarely or never vary are "retreat," "reveille," "parade and guard mounting," "assembly of guard details," "sick call," "drill," "fatigue," "canteen," "mess" calls, "retreat," "tattoo," "quarters" and "taps." All these are equally familiar to the garrison dwellers, whether in barracks or "officers row," and to many of them rhyming words have been so cleverly fitted by the soldiers themselves that the very notes seem to speak the meaning expressed by the call.

For the hoisting of the flag at 8 o'clock every morning, and when it is hauled down at sunset, "colors," as it is called, the bugles sound off the salute "to the colors," and the "retreat" or "trooping of the color."

The exultant inflection of each flourish of this manifestation of respect to the national flag is expressive of the ceremony it represents—a martial "hail" or "gloria in excelsis" to the outward and visible symbol of a nation's greatness.

The "retreat" concludes the ceremonies of the day—evening parade—and its final notes mingle with the



boom of the evening gun which announces the vanishing of the last rays of the setting sun as the colors reach the ground.

The two calls, "to the color" and "retreat," are sounded in unison by all the "field music" massed, who gather at the flagstaff at the preliminary "assembly of trumpeters," while the ordinary routine or garrison calls are usually sounded by the trumpeter of the guard, or ship's bugler, alone.

FOLLIES IN MEN'S DRESS.

Male Attire Falls in Even Distribution of Protective Warmth.

That a dress reform for men from a practical and hygienic point of view is badly needed there is no doubt. What can be more ridiculous than cutting the front of the vest and coat away and thus expose chest, lungs, throat, etc., to the inclemency of the weather, giving rise to serious illness? What sense is there in constructing the back of a vest with a mere, thin lining? Do tailors imagine that the spine requires less protection than any other part of the body. What practical use is there in wearing collars high enough to overshadow the old-fashioned "father-murders," collars that prevent the free movement of head and neck, and tight enough to seriously interfere with the proper function of several organs?

It is ignorance, pure and simple, and it is one of the physician's duties to enlighten the public on the necessity of considering their health before fashion, ignorance, and folly. Wherein the male attire falls in the even distribution of protective warmth. One part of the body should be as warm as the other. But not enough that the present style of dress makes this an impossibility, to flatter man's vanity (presumably, tailors have acquired a habit of padding the coats "to improve the figure," and thereby introduce another element of unequal distribution of protection.

As a proof of how little men care about this "improvement," it may safely be stated that nine men out of ten do not know where their coats are padded, or that they are padded at all, and then they wonder why in a biting wind they should feel cold in one shoulder and not in the other. If physicians called the serious attention of men to these anomalies in their clothing and inculcated in them correct hygienic principles of dressing, they would take a great step in the direction of preventing disease.

Eggs as a Food.
Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of 10 parts shell, 60 parts white and 30 parts yolk.

The white of an egg contains 66 percent water and the yolk 52 percent. Practically an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Vegetarians use eggs freely, and many of these men are 80 and 90 years old and have been remarkably free from sickness.

Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste which is offensive to some, but does not harden the white and yolk so as to make them difficult of digestion. Such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely.

An egg spread on toast is fit for a king—if kings deserve better food than anybody else. Fried eggs are much less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and wholesome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be beneficial to those who use their brains much.—Pittsburgh Press.

An amusing sight is to see a really modest woman raise her dress too high, by mistake, in crossing a muddy street.

The man who thinks twice before speaking seldom says anything.

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