

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

EDUCATED WOMEN UNFIT FOR WIVES.

By Dr. A. Lathrop Smith.
We are affecting the homes of two nations. We are sapping the physical strength of two peoples, and going at a headlong pace which must some day bring us to a realization of the mistakes that are being made. Higher education unfits girls for motherhood. The mental strain affects the nerves and makes them dread matrimony more than did the girls of another generation, because they realize that their physical strength is weaker and less able to endure the strain and responsibilities of motherhood.

What plan have I to suggest to change this? It is simple and I think would be effective. Cut out Greek, Latin, mythology and algebra, and turn them out of school at an earlier age. Give the girls an opportunity to rest after a schooling that is practical and useful and let them build up their physical systems for the trials of wifehood. Youthful love founds a stronger home and produces more healthy children. Young married couples who are not overeducated have the healthiest children. That is what is needed.

My observation is that the American nation is drifting to marriages at the age of 38 to 40 for men and 39 to 35 for women. Nature never intended them to mate so late in life. Happiness cannot be the outcome of marriages of that kind.

Then education, as has been pointed out often, makes a woman independent and crowds men out of employment. It reduces wages and makes it more difficult for men to take wives. But that is the economical point of it, and has no bearing on what I desire to convey. Overstudy in school, then more study in music, painting, and perhaps something else, stunts the girl physically, although it may improve her intellect. It ruins her for motherhood. Earlier marriages, I have noticed, are less liable to bring about divorces.

I think a girl should have an ordinary education, such as our grandmothers had, and be satisfied to enter into her home and rear a family of say eight or ten children.

GIRLS, BEWARE OF PLAYHOUSE HYSTERIA.

By Reble Howard.
Hysteria of the playhouse is quite a modern malady. The old-fashioned play-going girl was a healthy person, who regarded the theater as a place of entertainment. The modern girl seems to be amused at the theater. She wants to probe as deeply as possible into the mysteries of life, she wants to be depressed rather than charmed to tears; she wants, in short, to experience the hysterical distress of the mental dyspeptic.

If you don't believe me just run your eye along any row of the parquet during the performance of a problem play. You will find the greater part of that row given up to pallid young women between the ages of 20 and 30. Their hair, you will observe, is lank; their expression strained and eager; their dress severe; their fingers inclined to twitch; their lips compressed. The picture is a pitiful one, but it is still more pitiful when you contrast it with the appearance presented by the mothers of these girls when they, in their turn, went to play. That, you must remember, was forty or fifty years ago, when laughter was considered jolly, and tears the essence of sentimental delight. Rosy cheeked playgoers those, with dangerously bright eyes and entrancingly gay frocks. Little they troubled their heads about ugly sins and nauseating problems. So long as the curtain was up they lived in a world of gallant deeds, courtly speeches, gay glances, merry coquettings, harmless intrigues, cruel injustice, righted wrongs. The stage heroine beloved of our mothers was a roguish, dimpled creature, who laughed at love until she cried, and exacted the utmost homage from the man of her heart.

The playgoing girl, so long as she selects with discretion the plays to be visited, and regards the various themes therein set forth from a level headed point of view, is edu-

cating herself in a sound school. But when she begins to develop a tendency for straggling hair, and when she feels the least bit inclined to take a gloomy view of life, and when she sits down to pen a gushing little note to an actor, then let her beware! For, deny it as she may, these are the first signs of that distressing malady known as play-going hysteria.

THE CHAPERON AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By Della Austrian.
The chaperon these days does not play an important part in America, but she is an important factor in European social life. She is constantly in demand at house affairs and theater parties, and considers herself a great authority on all questions concerning etiquette.

Narrowly circumscribed as the German method of it, it is broad in comparison with the limitations that the Italian girl suffers. In Italy it is unusual for her to accept any attention from a man until she is married. The girl from the homes of the rich go to few dances, and when they do go with their parents. If a young man wishes an invitation to call he must get it from her father, not by asking her. Two young people often marry without having met a dozen times. A man will not court a girl by taking her to dances and theaters even though he should invite a chaperon to accompany them. He usually serenades her at a balcony, and she shows him by a simple wave of the hand whether his attentions meet with approval.

However much we may imagine that French women have many liberties, these only come to them after they are married. In France girls are carefully guarded by their mothers. They are never allowed on the street alone. They accept no invitations until they are introduced to society. A French girl usually makes her debut at a grand ball, when her parents always act as an escort. No man ever looks for this privilege. Though a young man cannot escort a young woman to parties he can invite her mother and herself to the theater, and if the mother refuses, the girl suggests some married friend as chaperon.

In England the chaperon does not hold the same exalted place as in other European countries. Young women do not hesitate to accept invitations to the theater and other amusements from their friends among men; but the parties usually consist of four or more. It is seldom they call for a chaperon. She is only sought when a coaching party is given or if a country house party is being planned.

THE VACATION UNNECESSARY.

By Russell Sage.
During the eighty-three years of my career I have not once taken a vacation. A young man said to me one day, "Mr. Sage, would you not have taken a vacation if you had worked for some one else?" I replied that I would not. I never have been an advocate of what some persons term the "vacation habit."

When I was a boy the practice was not in vogue. As a matter of fact, I was so glad to get a chance to learn business that the idea of asking my employer to make me a present of two weeks' time that belonged to him because he had paid me for it would have been preposterous.

I think the "vacation habit" an outgrowth of abnormal and distorted business methods.

Suppose we were to restore the conventional order of things and, instead of the clerk demanding two weeks' pay gratis, his employer should demand two weeks' work without pay. What a tremendous howl would go up.

It is worthy, not work that makes the hair gray. Doctors may recommend a change of air for a man when he is sick. But why be sick? Sickness is an irreparable loss of time. If I had a thousand tongues I'd preach "Save time" with them all. It is infinitely more valuable than money.

REALLY AND TRULY SICK.

When I am really sick abed
It isn't any fun.
I feel all achy in my head
An' hate to take my medicine.
Th' sheets get sticky an' hot,
But I am not allowed to kick
'Em off er read er talk a lot
When I am sick.

I hate for all the folks about
To come an' pat me on th' face
An' say, "Poor child, you'll soon be out."
An' tiptoe all around th' place.
They go when I pretend to be
Asleep—I do it for a trick;
I don't like folks to pity me
When I am sick.

My mother's diff'runt—I don't care
If she sits by me once er twice
An' says, "Poor boy, an' smoothes my hair;
She ain't just tryin' to be nice.
They bring warm squashes things to me
For meals an' make me eat 'em quick.
I'm mis'rab'le as I can be
When I am sick.
—Harper's Magazine.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

MY congregation desire me to marry again, and I think," said Mr. Starline, "that I shall select Miss Witherly."

Miss Witherly-Cansard Witherly, spinster, as she was mentioned in her grandmother's will, was not yet an old woman by any means, and was not exceedingly plain; certainly she was young enough and good-looking enough to match Mr. Starline, who was a widowed clergyman of 45 years, and who was sensible enough to desire to choose his wife for good qualities that would endure rather than for youth and beauty, both of which time must dissipate.

"Yes," said Mr. Starline, who was talking to himself in his library, "yes, Miss Witherly is a most estimable lady. Devoted to the church, charitable, energetic, excellent in every way; and she admires—ahem!—that is, she appreciates me."

"How she works among the orphans and the aged poor in the Home; how excellently she manages her Bible class, and how kind of her to bring up that little orphan, Ellen Moore; yes, I shall gain a helpmeet indeed if she will accept me, and," said Mr. Star-

line, regarding his clerical white tie in the mantel glass complacently for a moment, "and I have no doubt but she will."

Then Mr. Starline put on his best hat and his best gloves, took in his hand the gold-headed cane presented to him by his congregation, and set out in the direction of Miss Witherly's cottage, having quite resolved to waste no more time about it, but to propose at once.

Ah! could Cansarda have known it, nothing would have delighted her more. For two years she had made the capture of Mr. Starline, his big parsonage, his snug little income, and the honor of the title of minister's wife the object of her soul. With this hope she had devoted herself to church work, to the aged poor in the Home, to the little orphans and to the poor generally. She had given flowers at Easter, and twined evergreens at Christmas, till her hands were full of briars, and oh! how she had listened to the sermons Mr. Starline preached, and borrowed them for private perusal, and wept over the affecting parts, and had striven not to smile, oh, so very hard, because it was in church you know, when he grew witty.

Just at the time he took his evening walk it had often happened that she was hurrying up the road with a jar of jelly for a sick person or a tract for a wicked one. No one could guess how hard she had worked to gain her point, and now—just as Mr. Starline had made up his mind—poor Miss Witherly began to despair. She had wasted two years upon a clergyman which she might have spent more profitably, for she had driven from her a very respectable farmer with serious intentions, and he had married some one else.

This morning a false report that Mr. Starline was courting Rosa Rhubarb, the doctor's daughter, had reached her, and she was very cross. Moreover, her dear crotch, the Widow Lane, had come to stay all day. Every woman has one crotch in the world before whom she plays no part. Over a late lunch, Miss Witherly was talking to Mrs. Lane as she talked to no one else, where the clergyman arrived, and a new servant, who was not acquainted with the gentleman, thus announced him:

"A man wants you, Miss Witherly." "Old Hopper, I suppose," said Miss Witherly. "I promised to send his wife some clothes; put him anywhere, Jane, out of the way until I can eat my lunch, for I don't disturb myself for any one to-day."

And Jane, returning to Mr. Starline, escorted him to the parlor, where every word that was spoken in the dining-room was plainly audible.

The clergyman seated himself in the largest arm-chair, which was near the communicating door, and folded his hands and waited. He was composing an ornate proposition. He had got as far as: "My dear and respected Miss Witherly, you may have remarked," when suddenly a sharp voice smote his ear with these words, "Old Starline! Old Starline! He could scarcely believe his ears. Involuntarily he leaned a little nearer the door and heard the words repeated.

"It must be some one else of the same name. I'm not old," said Mr. Starline.

"It's nobody's business, I'm sure," said Miss Witherly.

"But they said so," replied Mrs. Lane.

"I wonder what they said?" asked Mr. Starline of nobody.

"And you've been so active in church," said Mrs. Lane.

"I'm sick of the church," said Miss Witherly. "I never will again if I get out of it. I hate the very sight of old women with rheumatism, old men with wooden legs, and sickly, dirty little orphans with no pocket handkerchiefs."

Just as I want to have a little comfort, I have to take a long tramp to read the Bible to some horrible sick person. I am going to move to Rice-town and buy a home and get a dog and teach him to drive all beggars away and bite all the children that open the gate, I am."

The clergyman groaned softly.

"My," said Mrs. Lane, who knew the cause of her friend's disgust. "Why, I thought you enthusiastic about Starline and his church?" "Old Starline!" cried Miss Witherly. "The old poke! Why, he is more and more stupid every day. Gracious, how I did laugh when I heard he was paying attention to Rosa Rhubarb; the older they get the younger they want," said I, and it is true."

"Well, perhaps it is," said Mrs. Lane. "Though I don't see what men want to marry schoolgirls for. And you are not going to have old Starline yourself after all? Some said so."

"I don't want to hear what they said!" cried Miss Witherly, to whom the grapes would have been so sweet, had she known how near her lips they hung that very day. "I detest him! I wouldn't have him if he went on his

knees in the mud to me. I am going to the Methodist church after this, if I go to any, and I don't know that I shall. It is all poor box and children here. Money, money, money all the time; you are squeezed like a lemon, and as I said before, I am done with all this poor work and shall take my own comfort. If I'd done it before, I might have had the largest farm in the country for my own to-day."

"Well, I never expected to hear you talk that way," cried Mrs. Lane. "When I was here at Christmas you called the minister 'that excellent man,' and made me tie the cedar till my arms ached."

"Well, I've changed my mind," said Miss Witherly. "The less I see of old Starline, his silly congregation and his horrible poor people, the better."

Mr. Starline groaned softly once again. He arose and crept quietly out of the front door, and from the porch to the road, and then he fled. He absolutely believed that evil spirits had taken possession of this lamb of his flock, and could have wept over her. He was a little angry, too—that was but human nature. But his congregation desired him to marry, and a few days afterward he offered himself to little Rosa Rhubarb, and was accepted. And Miss Witherly never knew who was the "man" who disappeared so mysteriously from her parlor, or how near she came to being the minister's wife.—Waverley Magazine.

CURRENCY IS INSURED.

Sender Now Protected Against Loss When He Ships Money.

Money is now sent everywhere in single packages containing \$10,000 or less, under policies of insurance protecting the owners against every possible hazard, at rates varying from 15 to 50 cents per \$1,000 of currency insured. Most of the notes are \$5, \$10 and \$20 denominations, besides supplies of \$1 and \$2 for use as "hand-to-hand money" for crop movement purposes.

These transfers go to all sections of the United States, Canada, Great Britain and to continental points, says the New York Post. The business has now grown to large proportions and is written by some of the strongest insurance companies in Europe and America. One very interesting claim paid a few days ago was for the loss of a parcel containing \$2,700 in bank notes shipped through the mails by a Canadian institution. The destination was a small postoffice, where the business was so light that the postmaster, not having the use of a safe in which to store valuables, was forced to take home every night undeveloped registered mail that arrived during the day. The package of bank notes was taken out of the office in this way, and just before the postmaster reached home he was attacked by footpads and relieved of the money. The loss was immediately reported and the insurance company at once reimbursed the institution, at the same time offering \$500 reward for the detection of the thief. The case has not been cleared up yet.

Packages containing \$20,000 of insured bank notes were on the train that went through a bridge in a Southern State last winter. New York underwriters were much concerned over the incident until they discovered that the car in which the insured packages were stored remained safe on the rails. The largest single risk ever written was taken in England some time ago, when one package containing \$25,000,000 was insured.

Getting Over Ground.

"How far will a man's feet carry him in twenty-four hours? That is rather an interesting question," said the man who dabbles in figures, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "At the ordinary speed of walking, supposing one could keep it up for that length of time, a man would cover probably seventy miles."

"My attention being called to the fact that some of the natives of the Far East make as much as fifty-seven miles in a day drawing vehicles behind them, it was commented on that this seemed to be an extraordinary feat. If one will take into consideration, however, the fact that these men are, as a rule, insured to this sort of thing—trained to the very pitch, as it were—it will not seem so remarkable. In the Boer war there were some of Lord Roberts' men who marched nearly forty miles, and they were novices, comparatively speaking, at the game."

"This was over a rough, rugged country with which they were barely familiar and at a gait with all running eliminated. They carried arms, ammunition and a blanket in addition to rations. Make a comparison—a soldier in uniform with a lightly clad native; the wild yeld with a track or road, well beaten and well known; the burden of the man in khaki with a light jinricksha and its contents; the soldier almost unused to anything but pavements, with the rough, wiry and long-winded natives; and, lastly, the respective gaits observed—the first plodding steadily along, the latter walking and running in turn. When you have weighed these various conditions you will see that the less trained European does not suffer by placing the figures of his performance alongside those of two jinricksha men working by spells."

Retreat of Mrs. Hubbard.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor doggie a bone.

"Begobs," remarked the cook, "the last lady Ol wurrked fer niver cam, in the kitchen, an' if yez don't clear out, Ol'll lave."

Herein we see the true reason why the poor doggie got none.—New York Sun.

DONKEY WEARS FALSE HORNS.



ACTS AS A DECOY AND LURES WILD ANIMALS TO DEATH.

At the Government station of Beringo it was possible to observe native life with considerable facility, for we were visited by numerous tribesmen. Among these was a hunter of the Wanderobo, who is the possessor of a most accomplished donkey, which, with an antelope's horns strapped to its head, is body covered with the skin or painted to resemble the animals its master intended to stalk that day, was the means of luring many an unwary creature into falling a victim to the poisoned arrows of the hunter crouching behind his ass.—Illustrated London News.

Topics of the Times

Germany has ten trade journals devoted to tobacco.

Imports of cheese into the United States now exceed the exports.

Vessels of eighty-five steamship lines enter the harbor of Antwerp regularly.

To keep the whole German army in the field for one week would cost \$30,000,000.

It is estimated that Guatemala's coffee crop this year will amount to one million sacks.

In the United States the sparrow has six broods a year; in Britain seldom more than three.

The women of Saint-Brieux, Brittany, are celebrated for the beauty and the fine texture of their caps.

The corn crop of Argentina this year is officially estimated at 173,900,000 bushels, against 148,422,000 in 1903.

In the Bahama Islands the flamingoes build their nests of mud so high that the rising tide will not flood the eggs.

The longest railroad in this country is the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which owns 7,734 miles and operates 7,971 miles.

If the world's railroads were equally distributed over the earth's surface no one would be more than seven miles from some line.

Nevada has a mile of railroad for each five citizens, but only eighty-seven hundredths of a mile for each one hundred miles of area.

According to Charles Booth of the Salvation Army, "the poverty of the poor is mainly the result of the competition of the very poor."

According to a recent Russian consular report, six years ago 9,000 children attended the Russian schools in Syria. The number is now 20,000.

At Calvinia, Cape Colony, a statue is to be erected over the grave of Esau, the loyal Kaffir, who was flogged and shot by the Boer invaders during the war.

Imports of palm oil into the United States increased from 8,081,252 pounds in 1901 to 37,822,806 pounds in 1903. The 1903 imports were valued at \$2,083,500.

The average locomotive will draw three hundred tons of goods a mile every three minutes. It would take a man and his team ten times as long to haul a single ton for one mile.

In an official report just drawn up for the French parliament it is declared that the fleet is at the height of efficiency, but that the garrisoning and provisioning for several colonies are insufficient.

What is considered the largest body of cinnabar ore in the world has just been uncovered near Apex, Gunnison County, Colorado. It is about two hundred feet wide, carries gold and is about 50 per cent quicksilver.

The new Hamburg steamers that are being built for the South American service will have some novel features, including a playground for children, and on deck arbors like those used in German gardens, which, it is expected, will be particularly appreciated by the passengers in tropical regions.

The International Typographical Union will build a library at the Printers' Home, at Colorado Springs, Colo., to accommodate the large number of books presented to the home by the late Congressman Amos J. Cummings. The library presented to the institution by Mr. Cummings has 20,000 volumes.

Few persons have any idea of the extraordinary manner in which the population of Europe has increased during the last century. According to statisticians, this population has more than doubled itself from 1850 to 1900. To this increase the Latin nations of the west and southwest contributed the least, and the greatest growth was in the east, where the people have not yet become thoroughly saturated with the ideas of modern civilization.

THE MANCHU WARRIOR.

Hardy Courage of Past Has Degenerated Into Lazy Parasitism.

Manchuria, though a part of China, is considered distinct from the empire proper in much the same way that Americans regard Alaska, though there is no similarity in their respective positions with regard to administration. Three or four centuries ago

the southern part of what is now known as Manchuria was occupied by Koreans and was a portion of their territory. It is not known how far north their rule extended, but there are traces of Korean architecture as far as Liao-Yang, which is 120 miles from the present Korean boundaries. At this early period the Manchu element consisted of a few powerful tribes, who, though of the same general Mongolian stock, possessed many ethnological points sufficient to distinguish them from the great Chinese race which occupied China proper. The roving life in a wild country where young braves thought it no extraordinary achievement to kill with bow and arrow, single handed, the fierce Northern tiger, developed the Manchu into a hardy, fearless warrior, with a love for courageous deeds.

The history of the Manchus is one of continued and rapid growth. From a small tribe their influence spread over the great plains of western Manchuria until they became a force which even great China deemed it advisable to conciliate. Their ambitions knew no limit, and early in the sixteenth century they began an invasion of China. A century later, by methods which at times gave evidence of the most crafty and skillful diplomacy, and again were those of a most cruel tyrant, the greatest empire that the world has known was acquired by a race of half savage nomads.

As the home of the Manchu dynasty, Manchuria, in the eyes of the emperor, deserves honored treatment, and the followers of the standard—there was scarcely a Manchu who had not seen service—were specially cared for. It was declared by special decree that all Manchus for time unending should belong to one of the eight banner corps and receive a small monthly stipend. The great home country should remain the exclusive property of all Manchus, and Chinese were forbidden to hold land in it. The Koreans had now been driven to the south, and Manchuria extended virtually to the banks of the Yalu on the south and to the sea on the east.

The Manchu policy, which, in its conception, provided for the continuance and development of a great race of pure Manchus, who would always be at the beck and call of the Manchu dynasty and would be a safeguard against the restoration of Chinese rule, brought on results quite the reverse of those desired. The Manchu found his small wage sufficient at first to provide food, and there was no longer the necessity to live the arduous life of a hunter or herdsman. In a generation or two the race had degenerated into a lazy band of parasites who, in the absence of a strenuous life, had lost all the cunning and the warlike skill which had brought to them a great empire. They maintained a reputation for fierceness, however, and at the time of the late war with Japan it was predicted that the Japanese would find a match in the Manchu cavalry. The first engagement between the two dispelled forever this illusion.—Century.

Slang Substitute Stumped Him.

"It's pretty hard to avoid the use of slang these days," remarked a well known professor of English literature. "At any rate there are certain expressions which aren't found in the dictionary which can't be duplicated well. The other day after I had just given a lecture to my class, advising them against the use of slang, a bright young fellow came to me with this query:

"What word would you substitute in place of 'jumped over' in the sentence, 'He jumped all over the umpire?'"

"Well, I have to confess that that sentence was too much for me. I tried substituting various words, such as criticize, complained about, etc., but they all failed to give the adequate meaning. I gave as an excuse to my pupil that this was a baseball expression and couldn't be altered, but that didn't satisfy my own conscience as to the growing use of slang."—Philadelphia Press.

Spendthrift Young Lover.

"When young fellers begins a court-in," said Farmer Halcedo of New Jersey, "they jest gits crazy, an' that thar boy Jim o' mine ain't no exception."

"What's Jim bin a-doin'?" asked Farmer Soanreep.

"Hanged if he didn't go inter town yesteryan' spend a hull quarter fur a teeth brush!"—New Yorker.

Even the baby in the cradle finds this is a pretty rocky sort of a world.

A man has to use a magnifying glass to see his own faults.