

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## An Exchange of Blood.

**T**HE emigration of American farmers into Canada is assuming proportions that are phenomenal. A writer in Collier's Weekly gives figures showing that it has reached the rate of 50,000 a year. And he gives reasons which it would be well to think about in this country. The truth is, he says, that this heira of good citizens is due to the frauds that have been practiced in regard to our own public lands and that "the westward tide has bumped into the unyielding front of ranch, timber land and mining tract grabs, and so turns north into Canada—ere long in numbers of 100,000 a year—birthright plundered expropriates!"

When we measure up these 50,000 good American farmers lost to us every year and the undesirable part of that other host of foreign immigrants dumped upon us in their stead, the prospect is not cheering. The citizenship of this country must deteriorate woefully if these currents continue to increase in volume as they have increased in the last decade. Meanwhile an amusing phase of the situation lies in the fact that England is showing interest in the American conquest of Canada. The English Economic Review recently had an article trying to stress upon the idea that Americans go into Canada thoroughly imbued with the Monroe doctrine and determined to become the controlling political quantity.

This, of course, is merely a nightmare. Few American farmers of the class that are going into Canada know or care anything about the Monroe doctrine. They are going there to build homes, to develop the lands and to make money. They have more concern for their crops than for all the politics in the world. It is not a political conquest of Canada by American farmers that England needs to fear. It is an industrial and commercial conquest. It is the United States which has real cause to feel alarm over the condition. The wholesale exchange of good stock for bad cannot fall to have evil effect upon us politically and industrially. And yet if the farmers who are going over the line to the north will assimilate Canada as thoroughly as we have thus far assimilated the foreign immigrants, we may be happy under one flag.—Chicago Journal.

## The Business Woman's P. O. Box.

**W**HILE the woman who works for a living is usually more nervous and in less exuberant health generally than the man who works, has been a matter for much discussion in clubs and newspapers, and without any satisfactory verdict having been reached, but there are those who do not find it hard to understand the phenomenon.

The man who works usually does one sort of work. He is a physician, a lawyer, or a clerk, and when he has closed his office door for the day, if he is a sensible man, he puts in the remainder of the time enjoying himself in whatever way best suits him.

And the woman who works—well, she is usually jack of a dozen trades and master of none.

When she comes home from her office it occurs to her that there are a half a dozen pairs of stockings to be darned—and she sets to work forthwith on this nerve-tearing work. When the stockings are finished, she is just as likely as not to sew on the lace that the laundress has ripped off a skirt, and she goes to bed with her head aching and absolutely unrefreshed.

In the morning she remembers that there are a dozen little lace collars to be laundered, for they were much too fragile to go in the general laundry, and that afternoon she gives over to the "doing up" of these troublesome little things, adding a couple of white belts, three pairs of white gloves and a veil to the pile.

When she has finished with these, her back is aching,

and she is glad to lie down and read by the light of a distant and dim gas jet, thereby bringing on the ill that come from eye strain.

She discovers the next afternoon that her hair needs washing, and she spends a good two hours at this hard work. She doesn't feel that she can afford the seventy-five cents or \$1 that a hair-dresser would charge her for this service, and which the latter can do much better than she can do it herself, and so she expends her strength that is worth more to her than money, in half-doing this work.

She manures her own nails when she should be taking a nap, and makes shirt waists when she should be exercising in the open. She makes caramels by way of fun, and fuses over them until she herself admits that she is "half dead."

"She finds things for herself to do that really needn't be done, and by the end of the summer she is a limp and nerve-racked rag."

"But I have to keep nice," she wails, "and I cannot afford to hire some one to do my mending and to groom my hair and nails!"

It is, indeed, a problem how the business woman shall manage, but, nevertheless, these are some of the reasons why she who works for a living is usually a thin and anemic person, who looks haggard and old before her time.—Baltimore News.

## The Mind of the Petty Juror.

**S**OME day science will have progressed far enough in the investigation of the more complex mechanism of the animal body for an authoritative answer to be given to the question, "Has a petty juror any reasoning powers?" At the present time all jurors, by a legal fiction handed down from the time of the Saxons, have the ability to comprehend simple statements of facts, but like most legal fictions, this one has been inconveniently disproved. Only the other day, in the Superior Court, a juror, after listening to the suit of a man who wanted the rent for a hotel which he had leased to two women who sold their interest to a third, awarded him precisely one dollar in lieu of the \$2,400 everybody admitted was owing to him. The decision of this sapient company of calculators was that the ones who sold possession did not owe any rent, the one that owed the rent should not have any possession, and that the owner should look to God and not to his bond. A careful consideration of this judgment proves at least one fact that has been bitterly disputed: Jurors have instincts. They know when it is dinner time and when it is quitting time. Excellent! well-termed Petty Jury!—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Why the Postal Deficit.

**T**HE deficit of \$12,000,000 in the postal department for the fiscal year closed recently attracted the outrageous manner in which the government is held up by the railroads in the matter of charges for the transportation of the mails. It is well known that the general public has to pay unfair prices, but the general shipping public escapes comparatively easy by the side of the government. The government pays about eight times as much pound for pound, as the express companies pay on the same trains, and the government pays rent for the postal cars, while the express companies pay nothing for the express cars. But every effort to secure fair transportation rates for the mails is effectively blocked by the railroads. When it is remembered that the government pays the railroads upward to \$35,000,000 a year for transporting the mails the public may have a better idea of why the railroad managers take so much interest in electing congressmen and senators, and securing pliable officials in the various departments of the "P. O. D."—The Commoner.

## WOMEN IN NEW EMPLOYMENT.

**Hired to Run Elevators in Buildings Devoted to Female Interests.**

Women always seem to be able to establish some kind of new work. Now Boston has in several buildings devoted to women's interests, or patronized by women, girls employed to run the elevators. The idea was introduced by the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and the Young Women's Christian Association soon followed. "Except for one janitor," said the superintendent of the latter institution, "we are all women around here, and to have two or three boys about to run the elevator was an unmitigated nuisance. So we discharged the boys and hired the girls. Since then we have been much more comfortable." The New England Hospital for Women in Roxbury has also introduced elevator girls, and some of the millinery and women's furnishing goods stores in Boston are taking up the idea. "The girls are all doing the work to the complete satisfaction of their employers and have at the same time suggested a solution for the perplexing question of what to do with a girl who has to earn money at an early age. She can run an elevator until she is old enough or has acquired the necessary training for something better. Formerly she might have been a cash girl, but now various mechanical devices are taking the place of the cash girl and leaving her without employment. Several of the girls employed as elevator girls in the buildings just mentioned are studying for better positions, and one is glad to earn \$3 a week while her eyes are recovering from the strain of her high school course.

To run an elevator is not difficult work, but requires careful attention to business. For this reason, according to the testimony of their employers, girls can do it better than boys. They are more conscientious and trustworthy. The girls seem to enjoy the work, and though the hours are long the work is not tiring. At the Young Women's Christian Association the elevator girl goes on duty at 7 o'clock and works till 12. Then she has two hours' rest. In the afternoon she works from 2 o'clock until 5, when she has an intermission of half an hour, resuming work at 5:30 o'clock and continuing till 7.

## Hooked.

Bacon—I tell you, American watches are holding their own. Egbert—That may be, but all the owners of American watches are not holding their own.—Yonkers Statesman.

If it were not for the fact that most people ask too much indemnity, there wouldn't be much use for courts.

Some houses always look as though the occupants were in the midst of a house cleaning.

Origin of "Hamfatter."

A correspondent of the New York Sun gives the following account of the origin of the word "hamfatter"—a term of derision applied to actors: "Years ago, before cold cream became a feature of the make-up box, actors used a preparation of ham fat for removing the crude grease paint of their times. The less prosperous ones, for the sake of economy, contented themselves with the fat side of a ham skin, which they carried about and used just as a wood cutter does in greasing his saw. This practice had a disastrous effect on the complexion, and caused the players to be recognized at once by the cracked and discolored appearance of their faces. Hence the term 'hamfatter.'"

The Brute.

Mr. Jawback—"Go to the devil!" Mrs. Jawback—"You brute! I shall just take you at your word and—"

Mr. Jawback—"And go straight home to your mother, eh?"—Cleveland Leader.

We are always afraid of a man who wears a spiky vest.

## BLEEDING IN SWEDEN.

Only Country in Which the Sparkstotter is in Common Use.

The Swedes have made a fine art of sledding. Their fastest sled is called the sparkstotting and is an exceedingly light sled that the inhabitants of Norrland, a province situated at the north of Sweden, employ during the winter as a means of locomotion.

The use of it now extends throughout Sweden, where races upon this original vehicle constitute one of the most highly appreciated sports of winter. Among other people of the north, in Russia, Scotland and Germany, this sport is entirely unknown, a fact that is somewhat extraordinary, considering that the sparkstotting can be employed in all countries in which the rigors of winter permit of the use of ordinary sleds.

The sparkstotting is constructed entirely of Norway spruce. It is straight, of elongated form and weighs no more than thirty pounds. It consists of two runners, curved upward in front, and six and one-half feet in length. To each of the runners is fixed an upright that serves both as a point of support and a tiller. The entire affair is connected by two or three crosspieces, one of which supports a light seat placed twelve inches above the surface.

The Norrland sled differs perceptibly from the Vesterbotten type, in which the runners, which are much shorter, are not shod with iron, but are well greased or impregnated with boiling tar. The lightest and best type for racing is the one manufactured at Umea, Norway. In order to push the sparkstotting the racer, bearing with both hands upon the extremities of the uprights, places his left foot upon the runner to the left, and then with the right foot strikes the ground at regular intervals so as to propel the sled forward.

If the snow is very hard and the racer is not provided with spiked shoes, it is necessary for him to fix steel calks to the soles. In recent times a horizontal bar, breast high, has been placed between the uprights. This modification renders the steering easier and besides permits of governing with a single hand. Upon a level route the sparkstotting reaches a pretty good speed without great effort.

An experienced racer, when the snow is in good condition, can easily attain the speed of a horse on a trot. In ascents it is necessary to push the sparkstotting or to drag it, but this does not cause much fatigue, owing to its lightness and the feeble surface in contact with the snow. With this sled it is possible to run very fast.

## WELL MEANT, BUT NOT TACTFUL.

Mrs. Chase's rosy face wore an unaccustomed frown when her friend, Susan Wetherbee, came in, and as it did not lift immediately, Susan sought to ease the situation. As a beginning she asked Mrs. Chase if she had met the new minister yet; if he had called. The question proved to have been judiciously chosen. "Yes, he has," replied Mrs. Chase, in a tone that plainly said she wished he had not.

"He's real social," Susan remarked after a discreet pause. "Like own folks."

Mrs. Chase ignored this. "Susan," she broke forth, "of all blundering young ones, I b'lieve my Salome's the worst. If there is a wrong way to say a thing she'll find it. And all the time she's trying to be tactful and not hurt people's feelings. I s'pose I ought to pity her for being so afflicted, but most generally she makes me angry."

"What's she said now?" Susan inquired, with mild curiosity. "You may have noticed that Deacon Chase got up and went out of church last Sunday afternoon?"

"I did," said Susan, nodding twice, to add emphasis to her reply.

"Well, this afternoon, while I was getting into my dress—I was just changing when Mr. Mills came—Salome entertained him. Just as I was coming into the room I heard him remark upon Deacon Chase's going out so sudden."

"I hope nothing was the matter?" he says. "I noticed he didn't come back."

"Oh, no," said she, "there wasn't really anything the matter, only pa's troubled with somnambulism—has been since he was a boy."

"Perhaps," Mrs. Chase challenged, "perhaps you think it was easy to converse after hearing that?"

"I guess you could do it if anybody could," Susan returned, with ready admiration.

"I talked, but I shall never know what I said," replied Mrs. Chase, tragically. "When the minister had gone I asked Salome what on earth possessed her to say that."

"What'd she say?" "She said she didn't want the minister to think—his second Sunday here—that her pa didn't like what he was saying. It would have been awful, she said, for, probably, she said, he'd taken lots o' lot's o' pains with that sermon."

"I never," said Susan. "What did start the deacon up?"

"Why, all of a sudden he remembered he'd left the gate between the pasture lot and the garden open, and he was afraid the cow'd get in 'n' eat up his corn."

"She had, and he said when he got her out and saw what she'd done he wasn't in any frame of mind to go back to church, and he sat down in the barn 'n' got cooled off."—Youth's Companion.

The Inexpensive Life.

The stingy husband is represented by the Bystander as scowling penuriously at his wife.

"Please don't think," he said, "that you can hoodwink me over money matters. Do you think I have lived all these years for nothing?"

And she replied, "I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

Never worry about anything that you can put off until to-morrow. Many of the worries of to-day, if put off until to-morrow, will take care of themselves.

## WONDER OF NATURE.

GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

Sublime Scenery Laid Out by Nature Holds Man in Its Spell—Great Chasm Miles Across—Is a Mecca for the Tourist.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is within a government forest reservation sixty by eighty miles in size. About two-thirds of it is on the eastern side, the other third on the western side. The timber is in fairly good condition. There was a bad fire two years ago which ruined several hundred acres of fine forest, but there is little danger of its recurrence because of the vigilance of Captain Fenton, the superintendent, and his corps of foresters.

It is thirteen miles from one rim of the canyon to the opposite side, and there are two trails by which the western side may be reached. One of them, the Bright Angel Trail, is opposite the new hotel, and although it is eighteen or twenty miles to the top the climb is comparatively easy. It follows a stream of clear, pure cold water which comes tumbling down a narrow canyon on the western side, and Major Powell during his first memorable exploration of the canyon called it the Bright Angel River because it was such a grateful discovery.

Captain Fenton says that the country on the western side of the canyon is much better than that on the eastern side; that the timber is larger and thicker, water is more abundant, and there are a great many deer and other big game. The forest reserve includes a strip of thirty miles along the edge of the canyon, and west of that, to the Utah line, the land has been taken up by Mormon ranchmen, who have large

herds of cattle. Nearly all of the inhabitants of that corner of Arizona are Mormons. John D. Lee, the leader in the Mountain Meadow massacre, had a ranch at a ferry over the Colorado above a hundred miles north of here, where he lived in concealment for more than twenty years. He was finally discovered, identified, arrested, convicted and executed for complicity in the murder of a caravan of people in northern Utah while on their way to California. His widow now keeps a hotel at Holbrook, Ariz., one of the most important stations on the Santa Fe Road, and several of his sons and daughters are living in the locality.

People are beginning to find their way here. Last year, which was the first since the railroad was opened, about 12,000 people came. This year, if the present average keeps up, there will be from 20,000 to 25,000 visitors, and everyone who comes goes home a walking advertisement for the place. There is nothing to compare with it anywhere in the world. It is impossible to exaggerate the grandeur, the sublimity, the impressiveness of the scenery; and its fascination cannot be accurately described. It is impossible for one man to express his emotions to another.

It is a singular fact that three-fourths of the people who come to the canyon are women. A large number of them are well along in years, and the endurance and the nerve they show is extraordinary. Nearly every woman who comes here insists upon going down to the bottom of the canyon, while only half of the men show that amount of energy. Two New York women have been here for months. They have visited all the places of interest within 150 miles, including the Mohk and Supai Indians, and have followed all of the trails to the river. Every one of these excursions is enough to use up the strongest men.

Nowadays one can ride to the canyon in a parlor car or a Pullman sleeper and step off the train into one of the most picturesque and comfortable hotels in the world. You can come all the year round. February and March are the least pleasant months, because there is no humidity in the atmosphere; and if the sun is too hot all you have to do is to raise your umbrella. There is occasionally a freak of weather. The snowstorm in which we were lost occurred on the 20th of May,

1890, and it is a singular coincidence that a similar squall should arrive on the very same date this year, with snow enough to hide the roadway through the forest. But there is no danger of getting lost now. The trees have been blazed on both sides of the trail, and if you stick to the railway cars you are sure to bring up at the canyon, three hours or so after you leave the Santa Fe Line at Fort Williams. The snow never lasts more than a few hours. It may fall to a depth of two or three inches during the night but as soon as the sun comes out in the morning it disappears almost instantly.

There is a peculiar railway down here. It is the only one I know of in this country over which no passes are issued. Everybody except the conductor and the train crew—even the president himself—has to pay fare, and a round-trip ticket over the entire system costs \$6.50. The railroad is ninety miles long. It has no stations except the terminals at Williams, where it connects with the Santa Fe, and at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It has no side tracks except one to allow the trains to pass. There are four passenger trains a day, two in each direction, made up of a baggage car and two coaches and through Pullmans from Kansas City and Los Angeles twice a week. There are no freight trains and no freight is carried except water and other supplies for the hotels at the Grand Canyon. The road depends upon passenger traffic alone. That is the reason why passes are not given. There are no switchmen in the employ of the company and the pay roll carries only twelve names, including conductors, engineers, firemen, ticket agents and all concerned, and the track is kept in order by five section gangs of ten men each, who are now rebuilding it from the bottom with new ties, new rails and ballast of volcanic clinder.

I shall not try to describe the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Few pens are brave enough to attempt it, and none is equal to the task. Famous writers have described the canyon with fine word-painting, but none conveys more than a meager idea of what the canyon looks like, and it seldom looks the same from hour to hour. With every shifting cloud its outlines and colors seem to alter. As the sun rises and sets in the heavens its majestic outlines change like the scenes of a panorama. You may sit on the rim from breakfast to dinner, gazing over the same area, and see a dozen pictures differing in color and intensity. It is a stupendous intaglio, carved in the silent desert by the Colorado River, and the rain and winds. It is like an inverted mountain range, 217 miles long, reaching a depth of 7,530 feet, with a series of depressions averaging 6,000 feet chiseled out of the earth by the erosion of ages.

It is the generally accepted theory that this great chasm is solely the work of water—of the floods that come down from the mountains every spring and summer—but Mr. Ordway, a distinguished Mexican geologist, who came here not long ago, made a suggestion which may not be entirely new but is worth mentioning. It is his idea that, while the earth was cooling, the soil and the rocks contracted and split a deep and wide fissure in the surface of the plateau, and that its sides have since been worn down and polished by the action of the water. That seems reasonable.

There are various places along the rim from which splendid views of the canyon may be obtained. Each is different. Each has its own glories; but the best, because from that promontory the eye has a wider vista, a double view; there the canyon curves around like a monstrous serpent, and one can follow it a distance of nearly eighty miles. Thomas Moran painted his famous pictures from what is known as Moran's Point. He thinks the colors of the rocks and the clays appear more brilliant there than elsewhere.

You can wander along the rim for sixty miles. There is no obstruction for all that distance, and you can look down a mile into the bowels of the earth.—William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## RELIGION OF RUSSIA.

Peculiarities of the Church of Which the Czar Is the Head.

Confession is enjoined in the Russian church, but is not performed as satisfaction offered to God, says the Church of Ireland Gazette.

No candidate for holy orders will be ordained until he is married. This, of course, refers to the secular clergy. The monastic orders must be celibates. A widower priest may marry; but he must first renounce his orders. A curious inconsistency is that no priest as

long as his wife is alive can attain a bishopric, because all bishops must be unmarried.

In the episcopal the priest receives the bread and wine separately, whereas the laity receive both elements mixed together, from a spoon, standing. The sacrament is also administered to infants, but they receive the wine only, lest they might reject the bread.

Baptism is a most elaborate ceremony and takes forty days before it is complete. It includes triple immersion, the chrism, and tousse of the infant's hair in the shape of a cross. The sacrament of unction differs from the similar sacrament in the Roman church, being, as it is, administered even to those who are slightly ill, whereas the Church of Rome only gives it in an articulo mortis, or when there is no chance of recovery.

The services in the Russian church are most elaborate. This is evident from the fact that the ritual and services occupy twenty folio volumes. Service is performed at least three times daily, and the greatest part of the service varies every day in the year, and every part of every day, except in the communion office.

The average pay of a parish priest is about £200. Bishops have about £500, and a metropolitan, who corresponds to our primate, £1,000 per annum. There are no state endowments, I believe, the incomes being derived from collections of fees, for no priest will perform even the most trifling office without payment.

The Russian clergy have no social standing; a better class of Russian would not eat at table with the parish priest; in fact, they occupy the place of our own clergy occupied about, say, the fourteenth century.

Sermons are rarely preached in the Russian churches. There are books of homilies from which the clergy may

read, but these homilies are so very lengthy, ornate and elaborate that the people refuse to listen to them. As a rule, the clergy are too ignorant to compose their own sermons, and even if they do compose them they must first be sent to the consistory for approval, because the government is determined to stamp out heresy. The consistory is in no hurry to return the sermons and often several weeks or more may pass before they do so, consequently the clergy as a rule leave preaching severely alone. The Russian priests never pay parochial visits except to beg; the result is that they have never gained the confidence or good will of the laity.

## When the Stars Fall.

Almost historic is the remark of the awe-stricken lad who, while observing the great meteoric display of 1833, turned his eyes to a familiar corner of the heavens after an especially brilliant flight of meteors, drew a long breath, and gasped:

"Well, the old Dipper's still there, anyhow!"

Much more recently a similar spectacle, although in this instance a display no greater than is ordinarily looked for in August skies, disturbed the tranquillity of a little girl whose father, an enthusiastic amateur astronomer, had taken her up on the roof with him to see the sight. He expected her to be delighted with the shooting stars, but he soon observed that her expression was scarcely a joyous one.

"What is it, Ada?" he asked her. "Don't you like to watch them. Aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"Ye-es, papa," she answered, dubiously, conscientiously trying to harmonize the dictates of politeness and truth. "At least, I suppose we can spare the stars, and I think I might enjoy it if only you can give me your word we are sure of the moon."

## Pushing the Old Folks Aside.

When the babies are cross and a man would like a quiet retreat there is none for him. But in a few years, when the children are grown and he is in the way, the daughters and mother put their heads together and originate a den. There is no den for the mother because she gracefully eliminates herself by sitting in the kitchen or running over to a neighbor's. It is her natural disposition to hide in a corner or remove herself entirely, and it is not the natural disposition of the father. Hence the den. It has a couch and some pipes and tobacco and the books which the neighbors haven't got around to borrowing as yet, though if father begins a story to-day the book will be found to be loaned out when he wants to finish it to-morrow. The den is a fashionable way of pushing the old man out. If there is one in your house, Mr. Man, don't be deceived.—Atchison, Kan., Globe.



SCENE IN THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.