

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Trial by Jury.

A WITNESS in a Chicago case swore the other day that he had bribed more than a hundred jurors. Asked if any of the jurors he approached had ever refused to do business with him, he replied that he only remembered three who had been proof against his seductions.

Naturally an incident of this character leads to a discussion of the value and safety of the jury system. It was primarily intended to secure for the accused trial by his peers, and by men drawn at random from the body of the people. One of its purposes was to balk interference by the crown through coerced judges; and, in a day when the people had to stand together against this sort of tyranny, it did its work well.

But no one fears the tyranny of the crown now, and we would have quite as much faith in the integrity of the judges as in that of the best jury. It, perhaps, is a safeguard still to have it known that a jury will sit on a case which will be drawn from the body of the people by chance; but it is a safeguard against possible rather than present evils. If anything like this shocking Chicago experience were to become at all common, that safeguard would not weigh in the balance for a moment.

Still, the truth probably is that trial by jury is in more danger from another side than from that of possible corruption. And this is the hard usage to which jurymen are frequently subjected. This leads to a great reluctance to serve on a jury, and to a feeling of soreness and resentment when compelled to serve. It ought to be recognized that a jurymen is performing a patriotic duty, quite as important as that of the soldier; and the utmost pains should be taken to make "his lot a happy one."

The locking up of a jury, for instance, with a view to coercing it into reaching a verdict by sheer pressure of imprisonment should never be resorted to. If a jury cannot agree after a reasonable discussion of the evidence, its disagreement ought to be frankly accepted and the jury dismissed. Then it would seem as if the number of jury trials might be reduced. A jury should not be called in except where its judgment as to fact is absolutely required. Otherwise, the judges might safely be intrusted with the work. Jury service will have to be given more dignity and more comfort and more respect if it is to last in the high form which makes it a safeguard to the course of justice.—Montreal Star.

The Preservation of the Bison.

THE movement now on foot to save the American bison from extinction is one which should commend itself to all thoughtful Americans. That our grandest native animal, not long ago the most numerous large animal of recent times, has been allowed to almost disappear from the earth, is recognized as a national disgrace, and the knowledge that there is still a fighting chance to save him should stir every naturalist, every lover of animals, to action in his behalf. And surely no animal can appeal to us for protection from more points of view than the buffalo. As an individual it is a creature of imposing appearance—the finest hoofed animal on earth to-day—one of the grandest animals of all time. It stands out a bold and picturesque figure in the story of the conquest of the American wilderness; its history is closely interwoven with the early history of our country—with the story of the Indians and the pioneer settlers—and it would seem that it should be preserved, if only as a grand and striking object lesson in American history. But looking at the matter from a purely utilitarian point of view, the buffalo is a valuable animal, which could probably be reared at a handsome profit in any of the States included in its former range. Careful experiments by the Corbins at Newport, N. H., and by others elsewhere have proved conclusively that, with a reasonably large area over which to roam, buffaloes are as easy to rear and less expensive to feed than domestic cattle. Their flesh, which cannot be distinguished from beef, is the least valuable part of them, since buffalo robes and handsome heads for mounting are always in demand, sometimes at enormous prices.

But since nearly all the buffaloes in the country are now in the hands of private individuals, these facts are but

a menace to the race. There is no guarantee that the owners may not at any time sell their herds to the first man who offers a high figure for their heads and hides. Moreover, since most of the animals are contained in two or three comparatively large herds, there is constant danger of a large proportion of them being wiped out at one time by contagious disease. In order to avoid such a disaster, which might easily destroy the last chance to save the bison, it seems that the wisest plan would be for the government to purchase three or four hundred buffaloes known to be free of all trace of blood of domestic cattle, to divide them into reasonably small herds of, say, fifty animals each, and to maintain these herds in as many different places throughout the country until such time as the race is once more safely on its feet.—Boston Transcript.

Another Dip into the Falls.

TWO new 10,000 horse-power turbines have been installed by the Canadian Power Company, and the time when Niagara shall cease to run is brought that much nearer.

You, with your love of the beautiful, cry "Shame!" You ask why commercialism shall be allowed to destroy this world wonder, where millions have marveled and been brought in thought closer to the Power that rules the universe.

And Commercialism says: "Here is the best and cheapest power the world knows going to waste. It will turn the wheels of a thousand factories; it will run railroads and light cities." There is logic on both sides of the question. It is a fact that what has been done and is planned to be done will sound the doom of Niagara Falls.

But there is a bigger question. The falls are public property. By rights they belong to no one man or set of men. And yet the public has gotten little or nothing out of the commercial transformation of this great torrent.

Private capital is now invested in ten companies that have diverted much of the water from the falls. The average citizen has been blessed with little, if any, reduction of traveling expenses, notwithstanding that the falls furnish the power for his trolley line.

Last year a "grab" bill was introduced in the New York Legislature. Had it become a law, little would have been left of Niagara to attract sightseers. The bill was fought tooth and nail by New York newspapers, led by the World, and, backed by public sentiment, they were victorious. The measure is to be again pressed and a still stronger fight to rob the people.

Only aggressive vigilance will prevent the grandest natural spectacle in this country becoming a curse and a scandal.—Kansas City World.

Japan Is Aiding Russian Reform.

THE chief interest in the great war in the East concerns not so much the ability of the Japs to whip the Russians, but their power to help forward the cause of Russian liberty. It had long been understood that the fall of Port Arthur was inevitable, but still, when it came, it came with a jar that the Russian autocracy felt. Three years ago Tolstol, when he believed himself to be dying, wrote to the Czar, warning him against his advisers, "whose cruel and strenuous activity is arresting the eternal progress of mankind." He warned the Czar that autocracy was an outgrown form of government that would no longer serve for an enlightened people living in touch with enlightened nations. He entreated him to heed the desires of the Russian people, and especially to free the working people from the special laws that deprived them of the rights enjoyed by other citizens, and to give them freedom of removal from place to place, freedom of education, of conscience, and in tenure of land. These reforms are coming, and the Japs are helping vastly to bring them. Some of them have already been granted by the Czar, and though what the Czar gives he can take back, or the next may take back, the great reforms, like the abolition of serfdom or the concession of these great rights that Tolstol spoke for, once they are fully established and enjoyed, are irrevocable. The Japs will bring Russia down to modern times if they hold out long enough. More power to them in that good cause.—New York Life.

A BURMESE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

It is not easy to guess what a native Burma would think of the quick action and speed of an American fire engine and its company. What an American thought of Burmese custom at such time of need is recorded by E. D. Cuming, in his book, "In the Shadow of the Pagoda." Mr. Cuming was interested in a mill situated near a small Burmese village. One morning a fire broke out among the lightly built bamboo huts and rapidly spread.

I ordered out the little mill fire engine, had the hands summoned and ran the engine to the burning village, says Mr. Cuming. It was blazing as only bamboo and dhunny thatch can blaze. One house after another caught in rapid succession. The men at the engine pumped until they were tired out, and then I called on the villagers to relieve them.

No one moved save to urge others. I called again. An old man who was a petty government official, and so, probably, felt a slight responsibility, rose, girded up his loins and called for men. His son and one other got up unwillingly, carefully laid aside their cheroots and took hold of the handles. The rest of the population squatted and laughed.

I turned to and worked, though weak from a long fever. The old man soon pumped himself out, and when he left

the others left. I pounced on two men and made them take hold. As they began to work a flight of paddy-birds streamed overhead. The flames gleamed rosy on their white feathers.

"Red paddy-birds! Look! Red paddy-birds!" shouted the population. This was too much for the men at the handles. They squatted on their heels and stared up in delighted astonishment. I grew desperate.

"Whose house is that?" I asked, pointing to one just threatened.

"Your honor, that is the house of Pho Foo."

"Where is he?"

"Here," pointing to one of the men I had driven to pump. He was crouched on the roof of a tree, smoking.

"Is that your house?" I asked him. He nodded and smiled pleasantly.

"It will be on fire in a moment."

"Yes, your honor, I think so," he responded affably, looking at his dwelling with a disinterested air.

I burst out laughing, and the natives joined, rocking to and fro, roaring with amusement, as if the idea of trying to put out a fire was the greatest joke in the world. I told the men to coil up the hose and take the engine home, and I resolved not to spoil the innocent pleasure those light-hearted people took in witnessing the destruction of their village.

Debs Wanted Hill to Join Union.

Despite James J. Hill's belief that wages have been raised to a fictitious standard, there has been only one strike on his railroad, the Great North-

ern, and this was settled to the satisfaction of the strikers. An interesting episode in connection with it is told by Eugene V. Debs, who led the agitation.

"President James J. Hill and I had shaken hands," said Mr. Debs, in relating the story, "and declared the hatchet buried. He said he was glad it was over, and assured me that he had no feeling or resentment. As we stood chatting in his office, he remarked: 'By the way, Debs, you'll have to be my general manager, tonight, for the men won't go to work except on your orders.' I replied: 'All right; I'll guarantee that by morning the trains will all be running on schedule time.' Then Mr. Hill suddenly asked me:

"How about my wages, Debs? I'm an employee, too, you know, and since everybody gets a raise, where do I come in?" He laughed heartily when I answered:

"Join the union, and we'll see that you get a square deal."—Success Magazine.

Paying Old Scores.

"So she fell in love with the critic." "No; she is just going to marry him to dictate what he shall say about the other actresses."—Illinois State Journal.

She Thought So Too.

Grace—He's just crazy to marry me. Bell—I think so too.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD Favorites

An Old Sweetheart of Mine.
As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till, in shadowy design,
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise
As I turn it low to rest me of the daisies in my eyes;
And I light my pipe in silence save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco and to vanish into smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine—
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm,
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

And again I feel the pressure of the slender little hand
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together in a cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But—ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened and my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

PTOMAINE POISON PUZZLES.

Beware of the Canned Goods When the Tin Edge Bulges Out.

Just what "ptomaine poisoning" really is puzzles the average man, but he is not so puzzled that he proposes to risk it in order to solve the enigma. He is quite willing to wait until the medical sharps have drawn their deductions from the sufferings of others. "Ptomaine poisoning" is very much like appendicitis—it is almost fashionable to have it. But the ptomaines can not be toyed with as can appendicitis. They always mean business, and there must be a hurry call for the doctor, when they make their presence known. Like appendicitis, too, they are charged with a great many things for which they are not responsible, and they have in the past escaped blame in cases where they deserved all the censure.

Some queer ideas are extant about ptomaines, one of the most widely spread being that they are created by the cans in which the majority of this workaday world finds most of its food. But one of the scientific gentlemen in the agricultural department will tell you, and perhaps with a superior air and some condescension, that that is just where you are most in error. In a very few minutes he can convince you that the only safe food to eat, as far as ptomaines are concerned, is canned food. Regard all others with suspicion. Of course, sometimes quite by accident, ptomaines are found in canned foods. But that is because they were in the food before it got into the can. Any way, it is easy enough to avoid them if they are in the can. Cast your eye over the ends of the can. If they

bulge, beware. If they sink in you are safe.

"But I thought canned goods were the main cause of ptomaine poisoning?" you suggest.

"Nonsense!" is the reply. "No other form of food is safer. The reason is obvious. Canned goods are generally prepared from fresh material, used before there is opportunity for decomposition to reach the danger point, and they are further freed from danger of bacterial action by careful sterilization."

Food-poisoning may be caused in various ways, the most common causes being those of meat, sausage, fish, milk and cheese poisoning, through bacterial actions producing ptomaines. These bacterial changes usually take place in the flesh before it is cured or cooked. During this time the bacteria, which act by attacking the nitrogenous portions of the food and breaking it up into other substances, some of which are poisonous, complete their work so thoroughly that even the heat of an oven or frying pan is insufficient to destroy their newly acquired poisonous qualities. These changes take place with great rapidity and are almost impossible to detect in their first stages. Later the decomposition is accompanied by a characteristic taste or odor, but the food may have become dangerous before these telltale evidences are noticeable.

The remedy lies, said the professor, in stringent laws regulating the sale of any food product that is open to suspicion—and especially in removing from every creature that has been sacrificed to the human appetite the intestinal tract, where these dangerous organisms are found in greatest abundance. The passage of such laws, based on the work of the bacteriological laboratories, has already marvelously reduced the number of reported cases of ptomaine poisoning.—Washington Post.

DEBT WIPED OUT BY PELEE.

Evidence of Obligations Destroyed—Survivors of Eruption Prosper.

Rising out of the ashes and prospering beyond all thoughts of the possible at the time of ruin, is said to be the latest history of the people of the island of Martinique. The historian is American Consul Ayme, on leave of absence from his post in Brazil, says the Worcester Telegram. He was the only official United States representative on the island after the eruption of Mont Pelee a few years ago, when the city of St. Pierre was destroyed and nearly all its inhabitants killed in an hour.

He stopped at the island on his way home and looked into the conditions of its people. He was astonished and he expressed his astonishment and at the same time explained how it was possible for the quick recovery to have taken place. He says that at the time of the eruption St. Pierre was the metropolis of the island and practically all the wealth was centered in the city. With the buildings of the city there was wiped out all the papers and evidence of indebtedness on the island, so that there was no evidence on which creditors or such of them as outlived the disaster could collect a debt of any kind.

All the people on the island outside of St. Pierre found that their debts were wiped out by the terrors of the eruption, but the eruption did not destroy the large stores of specie and metallic wealth in the banks of the city and that fell into the hands of the living inhabitants of the island and made them rich in hundreds of cases where they had been poor. Therefore, they were much better off by means of the eruption and they have taken advantage of their opportunity to prosper and make the island bloom. Those who were killed by the volcano do not miss the wealth they left. It was better for the survivors than a national bankruptcy law.

Advantages of Infirmary.

Senator Depew says that the most interesting instance of true optimism that ever came to his notice was that afforded by an old man living near Peekskill, N. Y.

This old chap, who could give Mark Tapley points on how to be cheerful under adverse conditions, was a character in his way, and nearly everyone in Peekskill enjoyed drawing him out.

He suffered from a combination of palsy and St. Vitus dance; and when he would painfully duck his head from side to side in the manner peculiar to his complaint the effect was most distressing.

One day a sympathetic person said to the old fellow: "It must be dreadful to be afflicted in this way."

"Oh, I don't know," blithely responded the Peekskill man. "It has its advantages. Now, it's just the thing when I go to a two-ringed circus."

Latter-Day Banking.

Prospective Depositor—
Bank President—Perfectly safe, my dear sir; perfectly safe! Why, we haven't a trusted employe on the place. As soon as we find ourselves beginning to have confidence in one we discharge him on the spot.