

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## SONGS OF THE NATION.

**B**OARDS of education in three Western cities have required that every pupil who enters the high school must be able to repeat the words of several patriotic songs, such as "My Country 'Tis of Thee," "Hail Columbia" and "The Star Spangled Banner." Excellent! It is a crying shame that not one in ten of the average American audience is able to repeat or sing all of the stanzas of "America." An exchange tells of a patriotic Sunday school superintendent who was surprised to find that the national hymn was not contained in the book used in his school. He requested the children to sing it from memory. They got through the first stanza and then faltered. And the adults present were unable to lend them much assistance. This incident is typical. Do you suppose any company of Germans would fail to sing every line of "Die Wacht Am Rhine?" Or could you imagine any audience of the French that would fail to remember a single word of the "Marseillaise?" The fault is with the schools. Youth is the time to learn the songs that are to abide in memory and the school is the place to teach them. It is possible to be patriotic without knowing either words or tune of the national songs. It is also possible to be patriotic without the flag. But the flag symbolizes patriotism. And the dearest traditions of the nation are forever wedded to both song and flag. "Old Glory" ought to be raised over every school house and the national songs should be taught in every public school.—Kansas City World.

## A SPLENDID PEOPLE.

**T**HE quick and generous response of the country to the cry of distress from San Francisco is inspiring. It makes one proud that he is a citizen of such a country. The American people are a great people—as great in noble impulses and humane sympathy as in industrial and commercial energy. We often hear it, and more often read it, that this is a land of mammon worshipers. We are told that the fierce, remorseless battle for gain has absorbed our mental faculties and made us sordid and unfeeling. Yet when a city far out on the Pacific coast is suddenly stricken and blighted we see these calloused and cold-hearted Americans rushing from every quarter to lay their savings at the feet of the sufferer. The Atlantic seaboard and the Middle West vie with the Pacific slope in sending prompt and liberal contributions. The rich, the well-to-do and the poor are mingling their gifts, and hundreds of cars of provisions and other necessities will soon be speeding across the continent bearing relief to the unfortunates.

It is grand, splendid, glorious! It gives the lie to the calumnies of the critics. It shows that however fast their business pace and however much they overtax their strength in the pursuit of wealth, the American people have human hearts in their bodies and a plentiful supply of the milk of human kindness. The silver lining to the dark cloud of adversity when devastating tornadoes, de-

structive floods or consuming flames wreck a thriving city or hamlet is the fine exhibition of generous sympathy that they call forth from the people of the nation.—Kansas City Journal.

## THE EVOLUTION OF ILLUMINANTS.

**W**E have been going from bad to worse in the matter of illuminants. The old-time lamps that the wise virgins kept trimmed and burning were no doubt primitive and harmless, little jugs filled with oil or grease into which was inserted a spluttering wick, gave but little light, but enough to enable people to move about from place to place. There was nothing to read in those days and the eyes were not taxed. Then came the sconces with their wax or tallow dips and later the candelabra with their multiplied lights. The flambeau became popular for out of door lighting and Nero lit his gardens on one occasion by burning the bodies of fat Christians whom he charged with the burning of Rome after having fired it himself. There were no electric lights in those days and no gas jets. There were no pavements or sidewalks and the traveler attached a small lamp to one of his ankles to light him on the way. From this custom came the Spiritual phrase: "Thy word shall be a lamp unto my feet." The old poets who rhapsodized the brilliancy of the lights in halls on gala occasions had little to boast as compared with the system of lighting now in vogue. There was nothing that gave a better light than the American pine knot by the aid of which so many Americans in the early days educated themselves.

Gas we have had for long and gas is bad enough on the eyes; but electricity, the product of only yesterday, is the evil genius. We are becoming a spectacled race and we may be on the road to total blindness as scientists claim, but we are not likely to abandon electric lighting.—Memphis News Scimitar.

## TUBERCULOSIS TREATMENT.

**C**ONSUMPTION, or the white plague, as it is often called, has received more consideration of late than any other human disease. The fresh air cure is proving more effectual than anything else. Fresh, pure air, in unlimited quantities with sufficient daily exercise to insure full deep breathing is a sure preventive against this disease. In the early stages it may be entirely cured by sleeping in the open air. This brings the question of ventilation straight home to every one. More deaths are caused by consumption in some parts of the country than all other diseases combined. Probably ninety per cent of these deaths could be prevented by the liberal use of fresh air. The other ten per cent could be prevented by the proper care of those suffering with the disease. Consumption is purely contagious. It could be entirely stamped out if everyone would follow the simple rules of health as laid down by physicians who have made a thorough study of this terrible malady.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

## A LITTLE LESSON IN ADVERSITY.

It seems almost incredible that a deaf man should be one of the greatest masters of music, and almost beyond belief that Beethoven, the giant of composers, should have been afflicted with the loss of his hearing when he was but 30 years old, in the full zenith of his wonderful powers.



LUDWIG BEETHOVEN.

To many a man this affliction would have closed the doors of achievement, but not so with the wonderful musician. At first despondent when he had been assured by the best physicians that nothing could be done to help him, he refused to meet any one, as he could not bear the world to know that he had become deaf. It was then that he wrote:

"It makes me sad to think that others can hear the notes of a far-off flute or a distant shepherd's song, and I cannot."

But gradually his great nature conquered the blackness of his despair, and he went to work again with determination. Despite his deafness he determined to lead an orchestra in a symphony of his own. When the last note had died away the great audience was perfectly quiet for a moment. Then a storm of applause broke forth. Beethoven could not hear it, could not know that his symphony had pleased. The applause grew louder and louder. Finally one of the musicians touched Beethoven upon the arm. He turned and saw what he had not been able to hear.

It was after he had become deaf that many of Beethoven's greatest compositions were written, a proof that by force of will alone a man may prove himself greater than circumstance.

## COOKING IN THE CHURCH.

**M**eals furnished for occasions in up-to-date houses of worship.

Light and heavy housekeeping as practiced in up-to-date churches is a revelation to the people who see it for the first time. The country visitor is apt to be shocked or delighted, according to temperament. Many conservative folk, including missionaries, rural pastors, and laymen, come to censure and remain to digest.

Why shouldn't a church have a kitchen?

What could be more practical? It is asked. There are clubrooms, libraries, and gymnasiums in churches nowadays, and people say it is quite proper to have a well-furnished kitchen capable of supplying after meeting refreshments and the solid meals of rarer occasions.

In some churches the ecclesiastical kitchen gives forth a savory effluence three times a day. A cup of coffee hot from the urn often heartens the minister before he ascends the pulpit. Aged members of the congregation, wearied by a long service, may be revived in the basement by a draught of steaming oolong.

"It is a sign of progress," said an enthusiastic matron, who manages one church kitchen, the other day. "The food at festivals and sociables used to be a byword. Everything was cold, soggy and unpalatable."

"People nibbled at things out of a sense of religious duty and went to a good restaurant afterward. Now the menu at any affair compares favorably with what you get outside."

"A missionary to China said that our church reminded her of the Chinese temples which are used as hotels by travelers. Anybody out there may sleep and get his meals in the temple, which is often the only available public house."

"Now, I think that speaks well for the Chinese and for ourselves. The church can never be made too popular and too useful. Religion ought not to be an enemy to modern improvements."

"One good thing about church kitchens," said an uptown matron, "is that they permit us servant tyrannized folk to practice a little cookery. I could never dare to enter my kitchen at home and make experiments in cook's presence. But I can go to the church establishment and educate myself in all the departments of culinary art. Also one meets there ladies who have traveled and there is a chance to acquire the rudiments of cosmopolitan cookery."

## Old Age Pensions.

The colonial legislature of Newfoundland has unanimously adopted a resolution favoring old age pensions, the terms of the grant to be determined by a commission which, it is recommended, shall investigate the subject during the next twelve months, preparatory to the introduction of the measure to give effect to the project.

## DIFFICULT TO PROVE.

Not Always Easy to Establish One's Identity.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the most difficult thing to prove in a court of law is who you are. It is a simple matter if you have still living plenty of relatives of an older generation, but suppose your parents and uncles and aunts are dead, it becomes well-nigh impossible, says a writer in the New York World. As a matter of fact, your knowledge of your identity is absolutely hearsay. You know your father and mother called you their son, and to that fact you may testify if the question of your identity should ever come before a judge and jury. But the testimony goes before the jury with the warning from the judge that it is only hearsay, for you have no personal knowledge of the matter.

Official town or parish records are valuable, but by no means conclusive. Suppose you are John Smith, son of Robert and Mary Smith, born at Albany on August 1, 1865. The record of births in the Bureau of Vital Statistics at Albany will prove that a son named John was born to Robert and Mary Smith on that date; the register of the church may prove that John, son of Robert and Mary Smith, was baptized on a certain date, but they do not prove that you are the John Smith, of whom these are records.

To establish the connection between you and the person mentioned in the records, in other words to prove your own identity, is the difficulty. If your mother is alive she can do it; if any relative who has known you since you were born is alive he can do it.

The successive suits for the estate of A. T. Stewart failed on such grounds as these. The plaintiffs, cousins of the late Mrs. Stewart, were unable to prove their relationship. It was necessary in one of these cases that a man should prove his late father and A. T. Stewart to have been brothers, but he had no personal knowledge of the matter; he had heard his father in Ireland refer to A. T. Stewart as his brother, but the court would not let him testify even to that, and, as the defendants denied the relationship, the case fell to the ground.

The identity of a person becomes even harder of proof after he is dead. In the Royal Arcanum there are several hundred thousand dollars of death benefits tied up because of the inability of heirs to prove that the insured man is dead.

Very often it is necessary to success in litigation over an estate to prove not only who were your parents, but who were your grandparents. Family Bibles, with the records therein, help out in this, but are not at all conclusive. Birth and marriage certificates are accepted as corroborative, but it requires quite a mass of such matter, together with at least some witnesses who can testify of their own personal knowledge, before a court will accept such a fact as proved to its satisfaction.

## PASSING OF FAMOUS HEN.

Had Laid 4,750 Eggs Before She Died at Age of 22.

"Betsy," George Bradley's famous hen, known to poultry raisers all through Tennessee, is dead at the age of 22 years, and has been buried with honors befitting her career of usefulness.

Betsy was one of a brood of chicks hatched on the day that Bradley's eldest son was born, nearly twenty-three years ago. By the date of the young man's birth the family established her age.

Betsy was occasionally permitted to indulge her motherly instincts, upon which occasions she invariably brought into the world from a dozen to fifteen of the finest chicks that ever scratched gravel.

When not engaged in motherly duties Betsy sometimes worked overtime and laid two eggs a day.

As year after year passed without any appreciable difference in Betsy's strenuousness, she became the wonder of the country and the barnyard jewel of the Bradley family.

It is estimated that during that time this industrious hen has laid 4,750 eggs and hatched 570 chickens.

Over her grave Mr. Bradley will erect a headstone inscribed as follows: "Here lies laying Betsy. Born in 1883; died in 1905. She did many a fowl deed for those she loved. Peace to her bones—let them lay. May she lay again some other day."

If the 4,750 eggs that Betsy laid during her nineteen years of faithful service were sold in the market at their present price they would realize \$968.50. If her 570 chickens brought an average price of 30 cents they would represent a market value of \$171.

On this basis Betsy earned \$1,079.50 for her owner before she retired from active duty and commenced to take life easy.—New York Herald.

## Terrible Thought.

Mrs. Bacon—I see Japanese cooks are coming into favor.

Mr. Bacon—Well, say! After discovering what fighters those Japanese are, imagine going up against a Japanese cook!—Youkers Statesman.

## THE REVOLT IN SOUTH AFRICA.



### BRITISH MOUNTED TROOPS IN CONFLICT WITH THE FIERCE ZULUS.

Some time ago Bambaata, a native Zulu chief and formerly regent under the British for the Greytown district, in Natal, South Africa, revolted, and began a bush warfare against the whites. Many members of the British mounted police have been murdered and other native chiefs joined Bambaata's forces. A tax collecting party, headed by Magistrate Stainbank and supported by a mounted column, was attacked at Mahlabitini, in Zululand, and the magistrate and one of the mounted men were killed, the others of the party narrowly escaping with their lives. Ever since the revolt of Bambaata the mounted police have been in almost daily conflict with bands of Zulus, who after delivering a sudden attack will disappear in the forests or hide in the tall kaffir corn. All of South Africa is now seething with unrest, not only in English but in German territory, and the doctrine

of Africa for the Africans is being preached among the blacks. The agitation is even extending to the far north and agents are busily engaged in stirring up revolt against the white man's rule.

The Zulus, a considerable number of whom are now in revolt, are the fiercest native fighters in South Africa and are close seconds to the Arabs of the Soudan in fanaticism. In the past they have waged many desperate wars against the English. It was in one of these struggles, in the 80's, that the Prince Imperial of France, the son of the last Napoleon, fell. In former wars the Zulus depended mainly upon their assegai, or spears, but now many of them are armed with rifles, which renders the situation even more grave. If the disaffection becomes general, affecting the native races, there will be much bloodshed in the dark continent in the near future.

## Revenge.

William H. Chase, the portrait painter, tells a story of the time when the late James McNeill Whistler was at outs with the Royal Academy at London.

About this time an admirer of Whistler in Pennsylvania wrote him

requesting his autograph. The letter was sent in care of the academy. That institution took advantage of the opportunity thus offered to revenge itself for the alleged affronts put upon it by the caustic Whistler. The Pennsylvania's letter was returned to him some months later, through the dead

letter office at Washington, and it bore on the envelope the word "Unknown," repeated as many times as space would allow.—Washington Star.

After listening to a hard luck story sift it down and it usually stands on this foundation: Laziness.