EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

HEART FAILURE AND CRIME.

HEART failure is the prime cause of crime and pauperism, according to an English physician of repute.

When a man is insufficiently nourished, this savant says, the heart muscle shares with the other muscles in the general malnutrition. As the result of this the heart fails and dilates and is perhaps never again able to maintain the same blood pressure and to produce the former strength of muscle, nerve or will power. Thus the man cannot keep his normal place in the social scale and degenerates into a chronic loafer, beggar or thief.

Undoubtedly there is much in this theory, for, though great crimes require physical energy in the criminal, the petty criminal, like the beggar and the pauper, is always deficient in vitality. Whatever the cause, his heart is invariably weak. Thus laziness of the sort that afflicts tramps is really a disease. The healthy man delights in physical labor, and the converse is no less true that the man who does not delight in physical labor, who is what we call lazy, is not a healthy man.

So far as observation in this country goes, however, the cause of this heart failure among the wrecks of life is almost always excessive indulgence in drink, and not insufficient food. Alcohol wears out the heart in a little time and the heart, once worn out, never recovers its old vigor.

In the rare instances, too, where insufficient food is the cause or one of the causes of heart failure, back of it generally lies alcohol, for the man who lets alcohol alone is able to get all the food he needs to nourish him abundantly.—Chicago Journal.

PERILS OF TRAVEL.

TRAVELING, as Mark Twain says, is much safer than staying at home, for statistics prove that most people die in their own beds. But travel has discovered unsuspected terrors since the national conference of State and provincial boards of health began investigating it.

One of the principal addresses at the conference was by Dr. Rosenau of the United States Marine Hospital Service. He declared that the dangers of contact with the sleeping car and its furnishings were very great, though perhaps less now than they used to be. Wash basins and drinking glasses, he thought, were particularly perilous. And unless bedding, curtains, carpets and cushions are disinfected at brief intervals, they are sources of tubercular and other infection.

All this is undoubtedly true. Microbes in millions lie in wait for the luckless traveler in all public places, particularly such confined and airless places as the sleeping car. If they can find a foothold in his system they will take it, and from that moment he is booked for a much longer journey than he meant to take, over a road where there are no sleeping cars.

However, let us not therefore condemn ourselves to stay where we are for the rest of our lives. Microbes are our enemies, but they may be circumvented. Nothing is more firmly settled than that fear of infection is by far the greatest cause of infection, greater even than the microbes themselves. Therefore take this advice down in your notebook:

Keep your digestion in order when you go traveling, drink plenty of water, the purer the better; breathe deeply and banish fear; so shall you defy the microbe and live to die at home.—Kansas City World.

THE MAN WITH THE PATCH ON HIS BREECHES.

THIS is the day for the man with a patch on his breeches to come forward and the man-of-the-dollar to go to the rear."

That was a fine epigram President Roosevelt let fall in a private conversation. It has all the ring in it of robust democracy—the restatement of the equality of man and the denunciation of special privilege. Every citizen of the republic is, and of right ought to be, equal before the law with every other citizen—the millionaire with closets full of breeches and the man with only one pair and a patch.

It is good to note this restatement of the theory of our government. This is not a government of the classes by the classes and for the classes, but of the masses by the masses and for the masses. The man with a patch on his breeches belongs not to the classes but to the masses. He does not enjoy special privileges because the classes have dominated the masses and taken over their government.

Therefore the President does well to say the men of the masses should come forward to claim for themselves every privilege granted to every other man. Either the man-of-the-dollar should be dispossessed of his special opportunity or the man with the patch should be given like opportunity. For it is true that this government must cease to be a government of dollars, by dollars and for dollars, or perish from the earth.

The man with the patch is coming forward. Don't mistake that. He is learning as never before about the unrighteous reign of privilege. He is amazed, angry, determined. The man with a patch on his breeches is in the majority in this country. And this is a country of majorities.—Des Moines News.

ENGINEERS OF BIBLE TIMES.

Same Kind of Work as Simplon Tunnel Done 2,500 Years Ago.

Unmistakable evidence exists that 2,500 years ago certain Hebrew engineers (in the time of King Hezekiah) executed exactly the same kind of work which was carried out in the Simplon tunnel, though perhaps on a slightly smaller scale.

Dr. Bertholet, a professor at the University of Basel, is the gentleman who claims to have made this discovery. The Jewish records state that King Hezekiah, or Ezekias, who reigned at Jerusalem 727 B. C., was much troubled at the bad state of the water supplied to the people of that city. He accordingly had a vast reservoir made at the gates of the city, to which water was fed from various springs lying at greater or less distances from the reservoir in question.

At first his project seemed doomed to failure, as there existed between Jerusalem and the springs from which the water was to be derived a high chain of hills, over which it would be impossible to convey the water. It was therefore determined to open a passage for the water through the solid rock. One of the Sirach MSS., dating from this period states in this connection: "Hezekiah fortified his city by bringing water thereto and he bored through the solid rock by means of bronze and he collected the water in a reservoir."

Recent explorations have enabled this predecessor of the Simplon to be thoroughly identified. It is said to be the Shiloan tunnel, by means of which water was brought down from a source to the east of Jerusalem and poured into the pool of Siloam, mentioned in the Bible. This conduit is 300 yards long. The distance, as the bird flies, between the two mouths of the tunnel is only 360 yards, which proves that the work was not executed in a perfectly straight line—due doubtless to the difficulties which the engineers encountered in their task, which (for the period) was of a really marvelous nature.

That the work was commenced from both ends of the tunnel is not only proved by the inscription, but also by the fact that the marks of the boring tools, picks, etc., may still be seen, all bearing in opposite directions. The direction of the tunnel was altered several times during the construction thereof, as there are several short galleries, which were evidently abandoned as soon as it was noted that working was done out of line. The floor of the tunnel is finished with the greatest care and the workings vary from three-eighths of a yard to one yard in width, by from three feet to nine feet in height, more or less, according to the hardness of the rock.

In the light of modern engineering science the following questions suggest themselves: How did these old-time engineers gauge their direction, recognize and remedy their errors in alignment? What tools did they use to execute a piece of work which has remained without equal for 2,500 years?—New York Tribune.

It is a rare unmarried man who knows anything about the prices of practical things.

EGYPT'S GUARDIANS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BRITISH SOLDIERS AT THE SPHINX.

When the British soldier goes to Egypt one of the first things he does is to visit the Sphinx and the Pyramids. This picture illustrates a particularly interesting visit, namely, of some of the troops sent out from Malta recently in view of the encroachments of the Sultan in Egyptian territory, among them the Lancashire Fusiliers. They were particularly interested in the Sphinx, for they wear it as their regimental badge in memory of their fight in Egypt in 1801. The great Sphinx at Ghizeh is hewn out of natural rock and lies about a quarter of a mile southeast of the Great Pyramid. It is sculptured out of a spur of the rock itself while masonry has been added in certain places to complete the slab. It is 172½ feet long and 56 feet high. It is extremely old, being contemporary with the Pyramids themselves. Pictures of the Sphinx are said to make it "look much bigger than it really appears among the sand," but its colossal character is clearly seen in comparison with the size of the clambering soldiers. The base of the monument is very apt to be silted up with the sand of the desert.

Anthony Fiala, the Arctic explorer, has decided to call his book "Fighting the Polar Ice." It is said to more graphically describe the struggle with Arctic ice than any other book yet published.

Upton Sinclair, the author of "The Jungle," says that he believes he holds the record for the number of times a manuscript has been refused. His first attempt at a book, "Prince Hagen," was rejected thirty-seven times—by fifteen magazines and twenty-two publishing houses.

Maxim Gorky is regarded by Prince Kropotkin as one of the most important writers that Russia has produced. In his recent "Russian Literature" Kropotkin devotes a large number of pages to Gorky, classing him among the "Folk-Novelists." A. Pyeshoff, according to Kropotkin, is Gorky's real name. "Gorky is a great artist; he is a poet" —is Kropotkin's estimate of the man. And speaking of his short stories, he says: "In the literature of all nations, including the short stories of Guy de Maupassant and Bret Harte, there are few that give such a fine analysis of complicated and struggling human feelings."

It is not a very difficult task to write a poem to fit a given piece of music, but to be able to reproduce in words the exact rhythm and the essential spirit of a composer's masterpiece is a rare gift. Perhaps the most notable example in recent years of this poetic interpretation is found in Louise Morgan Sill's rendering of Grieg's "Papillon," which is included in her volume of poems, "In Sun or Shade," under the title of "The Butterfly." Mrs. Sill has translated into words the capricious, melodious cadences in a manner to delight those who are familiar with the musician's delicate and haunting refrain. The poem was recently read by Professor Buck, of the English department at Vassar College, to her class in literature as an exquisite example of this rare branch of the poet's art.

LINCOLN'S FIRST CANDIDACY.

In Sangamon River Improvements He Found an Opportunity.

The people of New Salem, like those of all other Western towns, took a keen interest in politics; "politics" meaning, in that time and place not only who was to be President or Governor, but concerned itself with questions which came much closer home to dwellers on the frontier. "Internal improvements," as they were called—the building of roads and clearing out of streams so that men and women who lived in remote places might be able to travel back and forth and carry on trade with the rest of the world—became a burning question in Illinois. There was great need of such improvements; and in this need young Lincoln saw his opportunity.

It was by way of the Sangamon River that he entered politics. That uncertain water-course had already twice befriended him. He had floated on it in floodtime from his father's cabin into Springfield. A few weeks later its rapidly falling waters landed him on the dam at Rutledge's Mill, introducing him effectively if unceremoniously, to the inhabitants of New Salem. Now it was again to play a part in his life, starting him on a political career that ended only in the White House. Surely no insignificant stream has had a greater influence on the history of a famous man. It was a winding and sluggish creek, encumbered with driftwood and choked by sand bars, but it flowed through a country already filled with ambitious settlers, where the roads were atrociously bad, becoming in rainy seasons wide seas of pasty black mud, and remaining almost impassable for weeks at a time. After a devious course the Sangamon found its way into the Illinois River, and that in turn flowed into the Mississippi. Most of the settlers were too new to the region to know what a shallow, unprofitable stream the Sangamon really was; for the deep snows of 1830-31 and of the following winter had supplied it with an unusual volume of water. It was natural, therefore, that they should regard it as the heaven-sent solution of their problem of travel and traffic with the outside world. If it could only be freed from driftwood, and its channel straightened a little, they felt sure it might be used for small steamboats during a large part of the year.

The candidates for the Legislature that summer staked their chances of success on the zeal they showed for "internal improvements." Lincoln was only 23. He had been in the county barely nine months. Sangamon County was then considerably larger than the whole State of Rhode Island, and he was of course familiar with only a small part of it or its people; but he felt that he did know the river. He had sailed on it and had been shipwrecked by it; he had, moreover, been one of a party of men and boys, armed with long-handled axes, who went out to chop away obstructions and meet a small steamer that, a few weeks earlier, had actually forced its way up from the Illinois River.

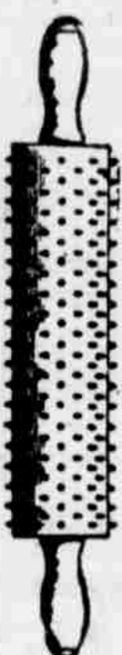
Following the usual custom, he announced his candidacy in the local newspaper in a letter dated March 15, addressed "To the People of Sangamon County." It was a straightforward, manly statement of his views on questions of the day, written in as good English as that used by the average college-bred man of his years. The larger part of it was devoted to arguments for the improvement of the Sangamon River. Its main interest for us lies in the frank avowal of his personal ambition that is contained in the closing paragraph.

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition," he wrote. "Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem. How far I shall succeed in gratifying this ambition is yet to be developed. I am young, and unknown to many of you. I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular relations or friends to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But if the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."—From Helen Nicolay's "The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln," in St. Nicholas.

NEW IDEAS IN ROLLING PINS.

Common Smooth Surface Replaced with One Having Projections.

History states that rolling pins have been in active use for so many years that the date of the birth of the first one has long been forgotten. Ancient records show that Noah had such an implement down on his list. In the intervening time the shape has not been altered, the rolling pin of to-day being identical with the one used before the flood. Naturally, a change would seem useless, as it fully serves its purpose in its present form. Still, an up-to-date inventor deemed otherwise and designed the rolling pin illustrated herewith. A radical change in shape is adopted, the time-honored smooth surface being displaced with one having innumerable protuberances. These protuberances act on the dough like a meat tender does on tough meat. A second glance will convince the reader that this rolling pin will not suffer in comparison with the common one—it will be just as useful to the housewife in subduing her over-zealous husband. In fact, it should have a higher rating, as it is bound to make a lasting impression when skillfully wielded in the hands of an irate wife.



In Deep.

An American who had been traveling in England dined with an English friend on the eve of sailing from Liverpool. The Englishman, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, had been in America, and told many large stories of his adventures. Finally, after he had related a wonderful story about the mud in Washington, the American decided to retort in kind.

"You make me think," he said, "of an adventure I had in London. The mud there was something worse than I had ever seen before. It got me into difficulties with an old chap, too."

"Nonsense!" said the Englishman. "Some of the streets are a bit greasy at this time of year, I admit. But they're not as bad as you would see in America."

"Well, here's the story," said the other. "You can judge for yourself. I was walking along the sidewalk. I had noticed that the mud was pretty deep, but I hadn't thought much about it until suddenly I saw a silk hat apparently floating along in a puddle.

"Thinking to do some one a favor, I reached out with my cane and tried to haul it ashore, but to my amazement an old gentleman looked up from beneath it, and he was very angry.

"'Hello!' said I. 'You're in pretty deep.'

"'I'm in deeper than you think,' he replied. 'I'm on top of an omnibus.'"

A Confidence.

"Of course," said the ponderous statesman, "in the course of my remarks I said some things which were not popularly understood."

"How do you know that?"

"Because," rejoined the ponderous statesman, dropping his voice to a whisper, "I didn't understand 'em myself." —Washington Star.

About the only things in the house which the women regard as important not to disturb are the cream and the baby.