



# Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## MURDEROUS IMPULSE DANGEROUS TO SOCIETY.

**A**LONSO, King of Spain, said, when congratulated on his escape, "Yes, but it will come again." The risk is always there. And this boy has really little more to do with the actual government of Spain than the device on his coach. He is sentenced to death—through no fault of his own, whether of commission or omission. Even his most virulent enemy admits that he is of great personal amiability, anxious to do everything in his power for the people nominally his subjects.

When President Garfield was assassinated General Grant exclaimed, "For my part, I am in favor of having the civilized nations put down these assassins with a hard hand." It was the natural expression of a blunt and simple nature, and we hear it echoed every time there is an anarchistic outrage. Andrew D. White would have an international bureau of police to run down bomb-throwers. But, anarchism being in defiance of all reason, it is impossible to cure or crush it by reasonable methods.

It is an error to assume that these assassins strike for principle's sake. Their murderous impulse springs from weakness, not strength of mind. The assassin loves a shining mark, and it is equally true that he loves a shining moment.

In the case of the anarchists, theatricalism is carried to the point of a disease. No anarchist kills, or seeks to kill, without careful regard for the dramatic and theatrical value of the background. It does no good to prove to them that they are stupid as well as inhuman; that organized government must go on; and that, as President Roosevelt said in his first message, men will always be found to step forward and take the place of the murdered rulers. Anarchists care nothing for that or any other argument, since their chief aim is to create terror and produce an immense sensation.—St. Louis Chronicle.

## THE OLD HONESTY AND THE NEW.

**I**T is the fashion nowadays to deplore the general want of moral principle and to lament lugubriously the decline of old-fashioned honesty? But, really, how about this old-fashioned honesty? It is always easy to see a saint in a dead relative, just as it is easy to see a statesman in a dead politician. Grandfathers' virtues, like grandfathers' clocks, may be a badge of respectability, but in our own day they are not always in good running order. Our forefathers were not better than we are—indeed, to judge from the criticism of their contemporaries, they were a good deal worse.

The world in which old-fashioned honesty lived was singularly uncomplicated. Smith knew Jones and Jones knew Smith, and if the one did not cheat the other there was every chance that each would die in the odor of respectability. Individualism set the limits to old-fashioned honesty.

We need this individualistic honesty to-day, and we have it. But we need to-day a very much bigger sort of honesty—an honesty which sees that our obligations are set not alone by our relations with each other, but also by our relations with municipalities and States, with a nation and a world. Such honesty is not any too common, but it is growing. Men have gone down to their mausoleums labeled honest millionaires who were directors in corporations whose methods would bring blushes to the cheek of a confidence man. According to the standard of old-fashioned honesty there was nothing to be said against these honest millionaires. But from the point of view of the new honesty they were thieves though they robbed legally.

One does not need to be an academic optimist to see

the beginning of this new-fashioned honesty. We are doing the best we can to shape up laws which shall express a new social conscience. Morality is always a generation or two ahead of legality. The number of offenses against the moral and legal codes is increasing enormously. Moral principle never cut so large a figure in the affairs of this American people as it does now. Our godly ancestors had one moral qualm where we have twenty. It never occurred to them that a lottery was wrong, or that it was wicked to drink rum, or to whip a child or a wife, or to enslave the black man and cheat and debauch the red man.

Nine out of ten of the little conscientious niceties of life are discoveries of the last fifty years. More societies to do all sorts of good and work all kinds of reforms were created in the last two generations than had been formed or thought of before from the beginning of the world.—Chicago Journal.

## SOLD LIFE FOR 15 CENTS.

**T**WO Georgia fools quarreled over 15 cents and both were shot dead. There can be no protest against calling them fools. The littleness of the amount involved, as measured against life, or even against peace and order, is too striking. Yet, if all the men who put their lives up against trivial things were to be called fools there would be a lot of them. What a host of people are dead or maimed all over this and other lands just because they were plucky or foolish!

Physical courage, commonly accepted as one of the noblest qualities, may become one of the basest. Like any other virtue it can become a fault. An army of good men have been killed in defense of things not worth a thousandth part the cost. Among them are those who, from mistaken notions of courage, get up in the dead of night to face the armed burglar that is sure to be ready and desperate. There is fine courage in this, to be sure. But there is far finer courage and better sense in quietly suffering the loss of the sackful of baubles a burglar may carry off, which are of little value anyway compared with your life, and certainly are of no value at all when life is gone.

Either of these Georgians, who are now shot to death, would have laughed to scorn the idea of sacrificing his life for so paltry a thing as 15 cents. It was uncontrollable temper and misapplied courage that carried them to their destruction. The best courage of all is the courage to control one's temper.—Cincinnati Post.

## THE FARMERS' NEW FRIEND.

**T**HE automobile is said to be particularly popular in rural sections of Illinois, where a great number of machines are being used for commercial purposes. Illinois farmers have learned by experience that one auto will haul a dozen wagons stretched out behind it, with a two-fold result: horses are left at work in the field, and produce is transported to town quicker and cheaper.

An even more far-reaching result is the demand for better roads. So long as the automobile was the plaything of the city leisure class it was regarded suspiciously by the farmer, who refused to become enthused over the city man's demands for good country roads on which to go scorching. But now that the automobile has been adopted by the farmer he is as anxious for passable highways as the city man, and the two are working together to bring the road millennium to pass.

Auto ploughs, rakes and harvesters have been introduced into the Northwest and found practicable, but the adoption of the motor car by the farmer as a vehicle of transportation for himself and his produce is more recent.—Des Moines Register and Leader.

## WILL KEEP US WARM FOR AGES.

**H**undreds of Billions of Tons of Coal Stored Away in the Earth.

German statisticians are patient, thorough workers, and the assurance of a leading German technical journal that the world's coal is sufficient for reasonable future demands is backed by elaborate tables that inspire confidence. Germany's deposits are estimated at 280,000,000,000 tons, or enough, allowing for increased demand, to last until the year 3000. Great Britain and Ireland are not so well off, but their 193,000,000,000 tons, with twice the German consumption, will hold out 400 years. Other European countries have a less extensive outlook. Belgium's coal deposits are estimated at 23,000,000,000 tons, of France at 19,000,000,000, Austria 17,000,000,000 and Russia 40,000,000,000. North America is credited by this authority with 681,000,000,000 tons, or about the same as all Europe. But Asia and Siberia are believed to have even a greater store of coal as yet undeveloped.

But calculations of future demands upon the wealth of nature sometimes break down in practice. The lumber supply of the United States was once supposed to be adequate for several hundred years, but the growing prices of the commodity show that already trouble is in sight. The immense increase in the use of steel and cement proves that substitutes for wood are sought. Forestry principles will conserve the timber supply, but it will take time to supply them, and the country will be fortunate if they become effective before the havoc reaches the form of desert places.

The man who commits an assassination, shooting some one he dislikes from ambush, probably began by writing anonymous letters.

## OLD Favorites

**The Old Clock on the Stair.**  
Somewhat back from the village street  
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw,  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
And seems to say at each chamber door,  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed,  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
An affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer  
Was heard the old clock on the stair—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
"Ah! when shall they all meet again?"  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain and care  
And death and time shall disappear—  
Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly—  
"Forever—never!  
Never—forever!"

—Henry W. Longfellow.

## SEARCH FOR NEW FOODS.

**All the World Levied Upon for Plants and Fruits.**

The recent agitation on the subject of preparing meats and meat products has turned popular attention more strongly than any other cause to an interest in a vegetarian diet, and this in turn has induced curiosity as to the origin of the vegetables which we know best in this country, says the New York Post. Every one knows, of course, that potatoes are the mainstay of the Irish and rice of the Chinese. If there is a failure of the wheat crop, there is famine in India and the sympathy of the whole civilized world is drawn upon to supply the wherewithal to tide over the year's deficiency. England must maintain a great navy to prevent its being isolated from its bases of food supply in case of war, as much as for the protection of its colonies.

Taking lesson from these patent facts this country, in spite of the unusually wide range of its products and its practical immunity from harm on this score even under stress of war, has undertaken, through a bureau of the Department of Agriculture, to search the whole world for every sort of growing thing which has possibilities as a food product. Having found such a plant, it has been imported here for development in the government laboratories and subsequent distribution to such government experiment stations or private growers as could develop it most scientifically for the climate to which it is best suited.

Many persons consider Ireland the home of the potato, which has become such a necessary part of the average American's diet. The plant came to this country from the highlands of Columbia and Peru, a section of the world which has furnished a number of the best known and most widely cultivated vegetables of the present time. The

tomato was introduced from Peru back in civil war days, when ignorant people had an idea that it was a poisonous plant. Agricultural statistics of the past year show that superstitious fear of the tomato has disappeared sufficiently to encourage the growing of this popular food on 500,000 acres. The lima bean is another vegetable of popular consumption which came from the same South American country, having been introduced here about eighty-five years ago. Thousands upon thousands of dollars invested in the orange groves of California and Florida obtained that opportunity for investment in consequence of the introduction of orange cuttings from Brazil. England is given credit for having provided this country with asparagus, while celery came originally from southern Europe, and rhubarb from central Asia.

Still unsatisfied with all that other countries have given us in the way of food supply, the aggressive agricultural scientist of to-day has been touring the world and exploring in far-away corners and uninhabited desert and forest nooks for what may turn out to be only a slip of a plant or a sample of an undeveloped fruit. Each, however, brings to the explorer the germ of an idea by which he hopes to develop the new plant, through government aid, into a staple of both food value and financial profit.

Descriptions have been given in the Evening Post's correspondence of the last six months of some of the noteworthy novelties brought to this country in this way, including durum, or macaroni wheat; chavote, the new delicacy of the egg-plant variety; the cactus cheese, which is so nearly like the ordinary cake chocolate as to be readily mistaken, except for its slightly tart flavor; new varieties of tangerines and other specimens of the orange family, and of grazing plants which will grow in the semi-arid parts of the west, where there are less than six inches of rainfall. In each of these instances there has been an accomplishment worthy of note, but the list has not yet been exhausted. Other plants and fruits are being developed along the same lines and descriptions of some of them will be available before long for the information of the public. At the present moment it is possible to give some brief facts about several experiments which have progressed far enough to indicate a gratifying success in as great measure, probably, as those just mentioned.

Salads have come to be a part of the principal daily meal for most persons who live reasonably well, because of the many kinds which can be prepared at small cost and which add so much to the enjoyment of the repast. But there is a continual longing for new kinds of salad, and chefs are puzzling their brains to arrange new combinations. To meet the demand has been one of the tasks which the agricultural explorer has set for himself, and already he has succeeded to a degree. In Japan he has found a vegetable called by the Japanese udo, which is as common there as celery is here. It is so enjoyed by the Japanese that they import the canned article to this country rather than do without their accustomed food. It cannot take the place of lettuce for variety of uses, but may be adapted to a palatable dish by the addition of certain sauces. It has not yet been given a distinctive American name, but it grows in thick blanching shoots of two feet or more in length, and prospers splendidly. By slicing the shoots into long, thin shavings and serving with a French dressing there is presented a slivery-looking salad with unusual crispness and a new and distinct flavor.

## First Glimmer of a Star.

A little girl, the French critic Sarcey related, once presented herself at the Paris Conservatoire in order to pass the examination for admission. All she knew was the fable of "The Two Pigeons," but she had no sooner recited the opening lines when Auber stopped her, with a gesture.

"Enough," he said. "Come here, my child."

The little girl, who was pale and thin, but whose eyes gleamed with intelligence, approached him with an air of assurance.

"Your name is Sarah?" he said.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"You are a Jewess?"

"Yes, sir, by birth, but I have been baptized."

"She has been baptized," said Auber, turning to his colleagues. "She has said her fable of 'The Two Pigeons' very well. She must be admitted."

Thus Sarah Bernhardt, for it was she, entered the Conservatoire.

## Precious Souvenirs.

Post—I think I'll rent a safety deposit box."

Reporter—For goodness' sake what for?"

Post—I have two or three receipted bills here, and I hate to risk losing 'em.—Cleveland Leader.

When your rival sells a bill of goods you are apt to think that somebody paid more than was necessary, simply to make you mad. But isn't that a foolish notion?

## A HEARTY WELCOME.

One of the earliest acts of Abraham Lincoln as President was to appoint Dr. William Jayne as first governor of Dakota Territory. It rested with the governor to determine what point in the territory should be the temporary capital until such time as the legislature should select a permanent seat of government; therefore there was a great rivalry among the little towns in Dakota to secure the favor of the new governor. In connection with this rivalry the author of "A Brief History of South Dakota" gives this story:

It was reported that Governor Jayne was driving out from Sioux City to look over the Dakota towns before he determined upon the temporary seat of government, and the enterprising town of Vermillion energetically prepared a great banquet in his honor.

Presently a carriage containing two well-dressed gentlemen was seen approaching the village from the east, and a committee of citizens went out to meet it and welcome the new governor. The two men were invited to accompany the committee forthwith to the banquet hall. There they partook of a fine dinner, and several hours were spent in speechmaking.

The guest of honor thanked the people sincerely for their courtesy, spoke of his good impressions of the country, and declared his intention to settle among them.

This declaration was greeted with hearty cheers, but at that moment three or four carriages drove through the village, stopping only for a moment, and then driving on toward

Yankton. Some one brought word into the banquet hall that Governor Jayne and his party had gone through to Yankton without giving Vermillion an opportunity to do him honor. Then the chairman turned to the guest at the banquet and asked him his name.

He said it was G. B. Bigelow, and he was much surprised to know he had been mistaken for the new governor of the territory, supposing that he had met the usual hearty welcome which the new towns of the West held out to intending settlers.

Sorely as were the people of Vermillion disappointed, their sense of humor was too great to permit them to mourn long over the laughable mistake. "Governor" Bigelow lived with them for many years, and in the fullness of a ripe old age died among them, respected by every one; but Yankton became the temporary and the permanent capital of Dakota Territory.

## What He Struck.

One day in Washington recently a group of politicians were talking, when "Uncle Joe" Cannon was reminded of a story.

"There was a friend of mine in Ohio," said he, "who once joyfully sought an oil expert, declaring that he had struck this fluid on his land. He brought a sample in a bottle. Now, evidently my friend had been in a great hurry, hastily grasping the first bottle at hand, for, when the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted he sent the following telegraphic report:

"Find no trace of oil. You have struck paregoric."—Woman's Home Companion.

Every bachelor secretly thinks he would make a good husband.