



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

FOOD OUT OF SEASON.

Of course, cold storage preservation of food in varying degrees, ranging from the family refrigerator to the immense plants of the companies which make a business of it, is necessary in our climate. Ice with us is no longer regarded as a luxury, but as a necessity. And yet it seems relevant to ask if we are not carrying the idea too far. Setting aside the mere pleasures of the palate, is it really to our advantage to eat various foods out of their natural season? The argument that food and weather adjust themselves to man's real needs does not seem to be unreasonable. Certainly we do not require in the heat of summer such food as is necessary to our welfare during the rigors of winter, and conversely it is fair to assume that such food as is beneficial in the heat of summer is hardly the kind that will best sustain our energies during the cold of winter. Each season brings the food that is best suited to it, and it is only our increasing love of luxury that has made us carry the summer products far into the winter, much to their detriment and our own.—Indianapolis News.

SAM JONES, EVANGELIST.

E VANGELIST SAM JONES, like many another, sowed wild oats in his youth. But, unlike a great many, he saw the folly of it long before the tares had choked out the wheat. He repented, and he made valuable use of his early experience in his exhortations to his fellow men. He was not always over choice in his language, but he drove facts home in his inimitable way, and few will deny that his labors were without fruit.

The death of the noted evangelist will be mourned by the Christian world. He was a Georgia Methodist and strong on the old-fashioned revival, but he made his influence for good felt wherever he could find an audience.

His strongest characteristic, aside from his religious fervor, was his love of family. He was wont to describe his wife as "the sun, moon and stars all put together." His reverence for her was beautiful to behold, while she, on her part, had an abiding faith in him and usually accompanied him on his lecturing tours.

From the day Sam Jones entered the ministry, many, many years ago, he has been steadily pursuing his campaign of evangelism. It is said of him that he has averaged 400 sermons every year and has preached to 25,000, 400 people. Not all agree with his methods, but none will dispute his sincerity nor doubt that he was a powerful agent in the work of regeneration and evangelization.—Toledo Blade.

TOO MUCH READING.

THE wise man was of opinion that there were too many books in his time, but he does not complain of too much reading of them. That is a habit, perhaps a vice, of this day. Mr. E. J. Baker, a Philadelphia gentleman, who read to excess, and even read while bathing, died in his bathtub the other day with a work on social evolution in his hand. It was shown at the inquest that he had heart disease and kidney trouble, from which he would have died sooner or later, but that his surfeit of reading had aggravated these diseases and that he took no care of himself. Mr. Baker was accustomed to read a thousand volumes a year, chiefly on scientific and occult subjects, and sometimes was

reading ten or a dozen at one time. Such an intellectual orgy as this, book reading at the rate of nearly three a day, must have brought on intellectual congestion, followed by mental dyspepsia, which must have had a most depressing effect upon impaired physical organs. He was a most excessive bibliomaniac. He did not obey the injunction of the book of common prayer, "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." He was an intellectual glutton, a gorging of books.

It is possible that Mr. Baker took his reading too seriously, and that if he had varied his literary pabulum and sandwiched in some pleasant essays, light historical romances, or even ephemeral summer fiction, with the ponderous subjects which occupied his continuous attention he might still have been alive, for "variety is the spice of life."—Chicago Tribune.

CAMERA INSTEAD OF RIOT GUN.

THE other day there was a lynching party at Rosebud, Tex. While the victim was in his last struggles an enterprising photographer took a flashlight picture of the hanging.

If the photographer had taken a picture of the mob instead of one of the negro his negative would have been very useful for the prosecuting attorney of the county. As it is, the photographer has thrown out a practical hint as to the use of a camera under similar circumstances. Riot guns have been advised for the use of every sheriff, and where sheriffs are willing to use them on mobs the very fact that they possess them at the jails is sufficient to put an end to all danger of lynchings. But in many districts the sheriffs are too tender-hearted to shoot into a mob and risk injuring the innocent bystanders along with the ringleaders. Indeed, some sheriffs assume that all persons present are innocent bystanders.

If, however, every sheriff were equipped with a camera and flashlight outfit perhaps many of them would be willing to gather evidence on the spot by that means for the use of the public prosecutor. The camera would at least leave it open to every bystander to prove his innocence, while registering the presence of the mob leaders beyond the possibility of an alibi sworn to by the "leading citizens" of the community.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE BIG-SHIP MANIA.

WITH the sea trials of the huge Dreadnought exceeding expectations and three new fighting monsters contracted for, the big battleship theory has become a formidable condition in England. The example of increased naval armament is there for other nations to accept or confess their limitations. The fact that our Bureau of Naval Construction is working on plans for a 20,000-ton battleship to match the Dreadnought and the announcement that American battleships may be built to equal the new English craft in fighting efficiency show the drift toward naval "Jumbomania" here.

Where is the end to be if each new battleship is constructed with a view single to its superiority over its predecessors? The 21-knot Dreadnought, a floating fortress with the speed of a cruiser, dooms scores of battleships of an older pattern to the scrap heap, as our own 19-knot Virginia and Rhode Island, together with the new Connecticut, have made our best ships of the Spanish war obsolete.—New York World.

PERIPATETIC MUTTON.

"There's no domestic blessing," saith Mrs. Harvey, "like the telephone. It makes every housewife sufficient unto herself." "Oh, yes," her aunt made answer. "And we're all for independence nowadays. It works well—I think. But so did the old fashion of friendship and generosity and gratitude. I remember once a leg of mutton— Did I ever tell you, Kate, about Mrs. Corcoran's leg of mutton?"

She looked so wistful to tell it now that Mrs. Harvey was glad to say no. "Why, it was this way. One day on the old farm we were tacking a comfortable, and all working, in a hurry to get it off the frames. We planned to have a bite for lunch, and not stop to cook a sit-down meal. Sam had gone to the mill, and father was drawn as a jury, so we'd no men folks to look after. But about 12 o'clock Allie happened to glance out of the window, and said she, 'What on earth shall we do? Here comes the Jarvis sleigh, and every one of 'em is in it!'"

"You may believe we were startled. That meant five or six visitors, who had driven seventeen miles and were hungry, of course."

"Mother started for the door. In those days a welcome meant running out on the porch to meet one. I suppose she thought hard for a minute, but she was a manager. Women had to be, that brought up a dozen children on a lonely farm. As she laid her hand on the latch she said over her shoulder:

"Slip out the back way, Maria, and run across lots to the Corcorans. Ask 'em what they're going to have for dinner, and borrow something to help out."

"I did as she said. I ran through the buttry and out into the path we kept worn between the Corcorans' and our house. Down through the lot I went, under the fence and up the slope to the kitchen porch, where Selma saw

me coming and met me on the steps. "What is it?" said she.

"Company, I told her, 'and nothing in the house for dinner. What have you got?"

"She flew into the kitchen and back again, carrying a kettle in her hand. 'It's a leg o' mutton,' said she. 'Take it, quick!'"

"I snatched at the kettle and off I went, under the fence, and across the lot, and so up to our buttry door. I stole softly into the kitchen, put the meat on the stove, and then tidied myself and went into the best room to see our company."

"To my amazement, they hadn't taken off their things. Of course I made an outcry at that, and mother and the girls gave me a queer sidelong look. 'They insist upon it,' said mother, 'that they can only stay a few minutes. They have planned to go to the Corcorans' to dinner.'

"I knew what that meant. As soon as I could steal out again I hastened to the kitchen. Throwing on my hood, I grasped the kettle once more, opened the door quietly and chased like the wind down the path, across the lot, under the fence and up to the slope to the Corcorans' back porch. 'Here's your leg o' mutton,' I told Selma. 'They're coming here to dinner!'"

Both women laughed.

"It does sound pretty," Mrs. Harvey acknowledged.

"It sounds ideal," said her aunt. "The early Christians, you remember, had all things in common."

FRAUDS IN LETTER BOXES.

Postal Officials Seek to Protect the Public from Swindlers.

"The reason why postmasters in large cities exercise care in the renting of letter boxes to patrons," said a postoffice official to a Star reporter, "is because, unless the applicants are known or identified to the postmasters, they might rent boxes to persons engaged in fraudulent occupations."

"The postoffice department has accomplished great reforms within recent years toward the stamping out

of fraudulent concerns who use the mails to reach their victims, but there is one abuse which has not yet been reached, mainly for lack of suitable legislation, and that is the private letter box.

"Postmasters are required to cause the applicant for a box in the city postoffice to certify over his signature that the box shall not be used for the promotion of any fraudulent purpose or in pursuance of an illegal business. They also require him to furnish his address, business in which he is engaged, if any, as boxes are often rented to persons not engaged in business and to women whose correspondence is large, and to give a reference. It has not been found that this rule is oppressive or obnoxious to any person who does not desire to use the box for an improper purpose, but it has been found that it shuts out a great many persons who wished a box for legitimate purposes."

"The private letter box should be abolished and the attention of congress ought to be called to its abuse in large cities. It is often impossible to locate persons engaged in conducting fraudulent and unlawful correspondence through the mails. For a small sum these individuals can rent a box in some store, usually a cigar or stationery store, through which to receive letters addressed to them, instead of having them addressed and delivered to their places of residence from the city postoffice."—Washington Star.

Press Gang for British Fleet.

Desperate means were sometimes resorted to in order to get men for British warships. A chronicler writes that in the year 1763, "a fleet of ships being required immediately to be manned, the press gangs placed a live turkey on the top of the monument, which, drawing together a great number of idle people, they had the opportunity of selecting as many men as answered the purpose of their intended scheme." The scene so outraged a citizen that he fired a shot at the bird, "which occasioned it to fly away." But the mischief had been done.

FORTUNE BY ACCIDENT.

Inventions Which Have Made the Largest Returns to Investors.

It pays to think—even about trifles. Not long ago a young man who was visiting in a strange city had that experience known to so many when riding on street cars. He wanted to get off at a certain street, the name of which he knew, but the locality of which he was in ignorance. The car was crowded. He had told the conductor the name of the street, but, as is not unusually the case, the conductor forgot.

"Your street's two blocks back," said the conductor suavely when the young man asked him if he had arrived yet. More or less angrily, the youth said:

"It's a wonder somebody wouldn't think of something that would tell a passenger when he got to his street."

"Well, why don't you invent something?" asked the conductor.

The young man got to thinking and to working. The other day he refused \$200,000 for a street car device that could be utilized to show the names of the streets automatically. He thinks it is worth more. The man or woman who conceives an idea that is patentable almost invariably has visions of immense wealth, but how the dream is realized may be found by consulting the patent office authorities, the men who handle thousands of these "children of the brain" that never bring to their inventors even the amount of money necessary for getting them patented. But, on the other hand, there are a great many patents that have made their originators immensely wealthy, and famous as well.

One would naturally suppose that the greatest returns would be from the large affairs, such as the electric railroad, the telephone and the telegraph, but such is not the case, for the small household inventions, mechanical toys and puzzles have given quicker returns and greater profits for the money expended than any of the large affairs.

The man who invented "Pigs in Clover" happened to strike the public fancy, and millions of people all over the country were chasing the little marbles into the middle pen. That man made millions on his simple puzzle because he launched it at the right time.

J. W. McGill in 1867 invented the little metal paper fastener, without which no office is now considered complete, and though but a trifle it made wealth for its inventor. Such a little thing as the rubber tip on a pen nib brought \$200,000 to its inventor, Hyman L. Lipman, and that small piece of metal which you wear on the heel of your shoe to protect it had made up to 1887 over \$1,000,000 for its projector.

A man named Canfield first hit upon the notion of making armpit shields seamless with a sheet of cloth covered with rubber, and it brought him an income of many thousands a year. The man who invented the metal fastenings for buttons must have been a bachelor, for it did away with sewing, but it made him a millionaire.

The barbed wire fence, about which many have said unkind things as they disentangled themselves, was worth over \$1,500,000 in royalties to the originator. A countryman, whose loss from eggs being broken on their way to market was a serious thing, evolved the idea of packing them in separate compartments, and this simple device is now used altogether, and that countryman is not obliged to toil for his daily bread.

Criminals have played an important part in some of the world's greatest inventions, and some have made small fortunes out of their discoveries. Charles Filer, who devised the new lockstitch sewing machine, was serving his fourth term for burglary when his idea was perfected. When he was released his idea was backed by some capitalists and he was given a salary of \$5,000 a year to superintend the construction of the machines, in addition to a royalty. At the same time he sold his English rights for \$50,000 cash and \$25,000 worth of stock of the English company.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Last King of an Ancient Line.

The Sultan of Brunei is 83 years of age—at least so he told me. And while he stoops as he walks, he makes the appearance rather of a temporary invalid than of an old man. He seemed pleased when I told him that he might pass for 60; and indeed he might, for his face is singularly free from wrinkles. His expression of benevolence suggests the late Leo XIII.—his smile is engaging, albeit tinged with sadness.

His house was rulling when the Roman empire had hardly ceased to crumble. His ancestors gave the law to a vast eastern empire when Europe was but a patchwork of barbarous chiefs, and when, after centuries, Spanish and Portuguese found their way to the Spice Islands they laid propitiating gifts at the feet of the Borneo Sultan—as vassals, humbly begging the right to live within his dominions.

Brunei is still the metropolis of native Borneo—indeed, the name Borneo is but a corruption of Brunei—yet few maps show the existence of this empire.—Harper's Magazine.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Kipling's new book, "Puck of Pook's Hill," grew out of a characteristic incident. It is the author's habit to prowl through the village of Burwash, which lies near his farm in Sussex, England. One day two years ago he went into an old bookshop and picked up a time-worn "History of Sussex." He began to read the volumes and became absorbed in them. Finally he bought the set. When he brought the books home Mrs. Kipling asked: "Why did you buy these old books?" "I am going to get a book out of them," replied Kipling. The result was the group of fanciful tales which compose "Puck of Pook's Hill," and which have the Sussex background. It is a modern "Midsummer Night's Dream," for it deals with fairies and knights.

Henry Van Dyke, in a recent number of The Interior, proposes the addition of two stanzas to the national anthem. He thinks these are required to express the inexhaustible riches of the sublime and beautiful, the broad and varied natural enchantments of all America. He says: "Let us sing the familiar and well-loved verses which come from the East; but let us sing also of the North and West and the South, the great lakes, the wide forests, the vast prairies and the blooming savannas:

I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers' mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains.

Thy silver eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the west;
Thy flowery southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air—
O, land beyond compare,
Thee I love best!

"When in 1889 Hearn appeared in my reception room," writes Dr. George M. Gould in Putnam's Monthly, "although I had not seen any photograph of him, and had not even known of his coming, I at once said, 'You are Lafcadio.' The poor exotic was so sadly out of place, so wondering, so suffering and shy that I am sure he would have run out of the house if I had not at once shown him, on overflowing kindness, or if a tone of voice had betrayed any curiosity or doubt. It was at once agreed that he should stay with me indefinitely, and there was no delay in providing him with a seat at my table, and a room where he could be at his work of proof-reading. His 'Two Years in the French West Indies' was then going through the press and an incident connected with the proofreading illustrates how impossible it was for him, except when necessity drove, to meet any person not already known. He wished to give his reader the tune of the songs printed on pages 426-431, but he knew nothing of music. I arranged with a lady to repeat the airs on her piano as he should whistle them, and then to write them on the music staff. When the fatal evening arrived, Hearn and I went to the lady's house, but as we proceeded his part in our chatting lapsed into silence, and he lagged behind, although he finally dragged himself to the foot of the doorstep. After I had rung the bell his courage failed, and before the door was opened I saw him running as if for life, half a square away."

How Far Back Can You Remember?

"I can remember back to my fourth year," said a physician. "I was four during the Philadelphia centennial of '76 and I remember two centennial scenes well. One was a great room full of brass band instruments—borns so big and yellow and shiny that they delighted me. I remember, too, a Turkish coffee room. My father took me into this room. Turks in native dress served the coffee. I liked the place at first. Then I saw that it was noisy—the native waiters shouted horribly—I was frightened, I was on the point of tears. But whether I cried or not I can't tell you."

"I can remember back to the time when I was three," said a lawyer. "At the age of three my family took me to Cape May. One day, as I toddled about on the beach, I saw my father out in the water. He laughed and held out his arms to me, and, all dressed, I ran into the sea to him."

"All of us," said a psychologist, "can remember back to our fourth year. Some of us can even remember back to the second year. It would make an interesting article, a compilation of the earliest memories of a lot of people. The trouble, as a rule, is to fix the date of these memories, so as to be sure of our age at the time."—Minneapolis Journal.

From reading the "Household Hints" we learn that a real chef makes a distinction between a "fowl" and a "chicken." What is it?