

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## Different Kinds of Fools.

**T**HERE can be no doubt that God gave us fools for our enjoyment, but we should show economy in the enjoyment of fools." Folly is not easy to analyze—there are so many different kinds. There are clever fools, for instance—perhaps the most "enjoyable" sort—and silly fools, whose folly is more than half their own fault, and in whose composition there is often more than a little of the knave. Then there are "fancy fools," so to speak, who appear only in fiction. And finally there is the man whom we sometimes call a fool for want of a better word to express his entire innocence of the lower forms of wisdom.

Clever fools are very much the fashion nowadays. Literary society keeps quite a number for its amusement. In mental feature they favor their spiritual progenitors in motley. They write a great deal and they talk a great deal, taking themselves very seriously all the while, which is no doubt part of the game, and would do no harm if certain other people did not take them at their own valuation. Their métier is to say silly things in a clever way, and the chief secret of their philosophy is the deduction of rules from exceptions.

There are, of course, other and far more respectable types of clever fool. There is the fool who is apparently inspired now and then to say a really shrewd thing. He is often described by his intimates as "no fool." There is a link missing in his reasoning apparatus. He cannot take his hearer straight from one point to another; neither can he follow an argument from end to end.

Very few "silly fools" afford any pleasure to the spectator. Yet out of two types of them some dangerous entertainment may be derived. The first of these two is a pretty woman—an inhabitant, perhaps, of the "fool-frequented fair of Vanity." But she may thrive anywhere in any station. As a rule she is not such a fool as she looks, and her mind is capable of some expansion, at least in one direction, the direction of self-interest.—London Spectator.

## What the Farmers Will Do.

**C**OMPETITION has ruled in full force in agriculture, while combination and the arbitrary fixing of high prices and rates has been prevalent in the other industries. This has certainly placed agriculture at a disadvantage, and the disadvantage is something which has been felt, and which has found voice in such conferences as the one recently held at Chicago. Selling under competitive conditions and buying under monopolistic conditions does not constitute a favorable situation in which to place any industry, and that is where the farming industry is placed to-day. It is needless to say that the mass of farmers will not long remain content in such a position. They will either effect a combination of their own or they will begin to vote in favor of drastic measures for the suppression or control of other combinations. But they can never, it would seem, organize an effective combination among themselves. We may therefore expect an early revolution of a political nature among agriculturists, unless combination in manufacturing and transportation is in some way robbed of the powers it has in so many cases been freely exercising in the past few years. Assurances from railroad presidents riding about the country in private cars, that the farmers are getting more out of the present industrial arrangement than any other class can never be made to pass at their face value on the farms.—Springfield Republican.

## Ghost Dance and Wedding.

**W**HEN the nervous system of the American woman—or any woman, for the matter of that—lands her in the region of hysteria and sets her to making a show of herself in public she needs, of course, a kindly hand to lead her home and to keep her there by such restraint as may be necessary. One would be loath to think that any woman laying claim to modesty or culture was to be found among the thousands of the sex who fought and struggled about the carriage of the bride at the Goeliet wedding in New York, and who afterward looted the church of its decorations. The mere fact that they were mainly well dressed counts for nothing. If the female wards of Bedlam were let out for a holiday in their good

clothes they might make another such a mob. It was, in fact, a ghost dance of hysteria brought on by the worship of riches and titles which has become a disease in many vulgar minds.

We shame ourselves in the sight of the world by such shocking exhibitions of regard for mere wealth. There is no escape for us through the expedient of calling the emotion curiosity. When a huge mass of women cast aside modesty and self-respect and struggle in the street for a glimpse of a wealthy girl going to church to marry a duke they place themselves on the same level with animals which herd together for gross purposes. When wealth marries title on American soil decency remembers that there are better things than either the one or the other and goes about its business. Mobs of women in good clothes are a curse in any community if they have nothing better to do than run together in the streets to show their vulgarity.

Here is a subject for the cultured women of the land to take up seriously and devise a remedy if they can. Such displays as that in New York degrade the sex and shame the nation.—Chicago Daily News.

## Throwing Stocks Overboard.

**W**HEN a man has money he can spare from his business very often he puts it into stocks. If at a later time he has to have the money in a hurry he sells the stocks for what he can get. Wall street realizes that a lot of people besides the gamblers are selling stocks these days, that is what makes it so nervous. "Big fellows" have had to go into their safety deposit vaults and dig up bundles of stock certificates to sell for whatever they will bring.

Too many red automobiles with cushioned seats have been purchased within the last year or two. Gentlemen with rosy imaginations all over the country have been riding in those splendid chariots thinking of the large quantities of money they were about to make out of speculative deals. The tidal wave of extravagance has risen steadily. Money has been spent before it was made and even before the government presses and the government mints had turned it out. The art of cornering things so as to make them dear and bring in large profits has been carried forward persistently. "Failure" now is being written in capital letters across the fronts of various imposing trusts. Millions have been sunk in grandiose schemes for exploiting industries which when carried on with caution and hard work were highly profitable, but which have failed to produce returns when made to move to the tune of the stock ticker. Now the old story of riotous waste is having its old sequel.

The crops are good and business is good. Because stocks fall the public should feel relieved, since this proves that the country is sobering up. It may have a headache after its debauch, but it is physically sound. What it particularly requires now is serious reflection on the enormity of its financial excesses and a firm determination to stop its foolishness and run its business right.—Chicago News.

## The Clearing-Off Man.

**T**HE man who always thinks it is going to clear off is a blessing to any community. He takes a cheerful view of the weather because he takes a cheerful view of everything. He is wise meteorologically because, as a matter of fact, it generally does clear off, and he is wise temperamentally and in the worldly sense because continued cheerfulness, a habitually hopeful view, is rewarded with the world's affection and confidence—two things which are worth a great deal more than its money.

There are far too many good people in the world who make a kind of public calamity of their goodness. We doubt whether a good person who thus makes his goodness a cheerless and critical thing comes off as well in the eternal account as the man who, though he may have his little human weaknesses, makes people smile instead of frown—makes them firmly believe that dark skies are going to clear, and instantly brightens into sympathetic radiance a rather weak and hazy quality of sunshine when it comes.

Since beauty is truth, the man who makes us believe in the essential beautifulness of the world must be a good and true man. In any case, with all his faults we love him.—New York Mail and Express.

## TICKETS-OF-LEAVE IN ENGLAND.

**Ex-Convicts Who Can Afford Smart Vehicles.**  
A Stratford (England) magistrate says he knows ticket-of-leave men who drive up to the police station in carriages to report themselves, leaving the offices with smiling faces. The police, who should know, say they would like to see them.

"Most of the ex-convicts reporting their whereabouts to us come to the station wearing odd boots," said a city police officer. "They scarcely have the money to pay for a drink, much less a cab, while a carriage is out of the question."

While such cases may be uncommon, however, the fact remains that there are men who, leaving a penal establishment, return to enjoy ill-gotten wealth and to partake of the pleasures of idleness, says the London Mail. Three years ago a business man who had suffered imprisonment for serious charges of fraud drove up to a police station to report himself, leaving in a smart brougham outside his two well-dressed daughters, and wearing the tall hat and frock coat of respectability. He asked for the superintendent in the airiest of manners, saying he had to see him on "a matter of private business." Only the severe and gruff manager of the station sergeant, who recognized him, brought him to realize his position.

The man whom the Stratford magistrate sent to jail for his failure to report himself every month said that he had been turned away from his work and lodgings on two occasions when it was discovered that he had to call at the police station periodically. He could scarcely have known that with the Home Secretary's permission ex-convicts are allowed to report themselves by letter.

A compliment makes a woman feel good, even when she knows it is only flattery.

## LITERARY LITTLEBITS

E. P. Dutton & Co. are about to publish "Canada in the Twentieth Century," by A. C. Bradley, author of "Flight With France for North America."

A gift book that contains calendars of every month in the years 1901 and 1915, inclusive, is an unusual volume published by the Grafton Press, New York.

Lorado Taft's "History of American Sculpture" will be the first volume to appear in Professor Van Dyke's series to be known as "The History of American Art."

Driving all sorts of horses with all kinds of vehicles is the content of "Driving," an elaborately illustrated and complete volume written by F. M. Ware, who is an authority.

Colonel George B. McClellan, the newly elected mayor of New York city, has written a book entitled "The Oligarchy of Venice," which is to be published next spring by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Kinneys, illustrators of "The Thrill of Left the Lucky," have undertaken a series of paintings for a story which A. C. McClurg & Co. will "star" in the spring. It is promised that the pictures, which will be reproduced in full color, will surpass anything yet attempted in the illustration of fiction.

A new book by Bishop Spalding is always an interesting event. A. C. McClurg & Co. announce "Glimpses of Truth," comprising a large number of the bishop's "aphorisms" on life and conduct, which distinguish his addresses and writing. A new photographic portrait faces the volume as a frontispiece.

"The Opening of the Mississippi: A Struggle for Supremacy in the American Interior," will be the title of Professor Frederic A. Ogg's new book, originally announced as "The Exploration of the Mississippi." It deals with the history of the region drained by the great river as well as with that of the river itself.

The interesting announcement comes from London that Israel Zangwill, the author of "The Grey Wig," "The Mandate of Elijah" and "Children of the Ghetto," is engaged to be married. Miss Edith Ayrton, the daughter of Professor W. E. Ayrton, one of the best known electrical engineers and inventors in England, is the young lady who is to become Mrs. Zangwill.

Miss Fannie Merritt Farmer, the well-known author of "The Boston Cooking School Book," has written an important new book entitled "Food and Cookery for the Sick and Convalescent," which is designed to meet the needs of the trained nurse, the mother or of anyone having the care of the sick. The work is the result of years of study along the lines of food and feeding, and it will include a great deal of important information in addition to hundreds of recipes.

## SPORT IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Many Picturesque Streams and Lakes—Interior of island.

Along the Newfoundland coast salmon begin to press in toward the fresh water early in the month of June, says the Halifax Chronicle. They follow the enormous schools of that curious fish, the caplin, which frequently crowd into the shores in such vast numbers for purposes of breeding that tons of them are often picked up dead and used for fertilizing the soil. There are several later runs, depending altogether on the state of water. Most of the rivers, being short, readily run off in a dry season. Then the fish will hang about the estuaries until the arrival of a freshet which invariably impels them up stream. In most of the estuaries sea trout can be taken with the fly readily, but salmon will rise only in the streams.

There are no finer salmon streams anywhere than those in Newfoundland. Although they have suffered in the past by the deplorable greed and lust of killing by the improvident class of poaching fishermen, it is pleasant to know that, especially in the many fine streams of the western shore, the number of fish are of late years steadily increasing. Better preservation will doubtless continue to improve the fishery.

Unlike the numerous streams of New Brunswick and Quebec, which are all leased, the rivers here are free and open to all comers. The first rod holds possession—that is the rule of the river. A camp may be occupied just as long as the owner chooses to remain.

The magnificent Humber, pursuing a course through the immense lake known as Deer pond and lapping the base of precipitous cliffs, affords glimpses of enchanting and often noble scenery from the windows of the railway carriage. Although it has many a likely-looking pool tenanted by large salmon it is of no use for the angler to waste time with them, as for reasons not determined the Humber fish steadily refuse to take the fly. In this respect this noble river offers a singular exception to the general rule in Newfoundland, as in every other salmon stream fresh-run fish will take the fly with a rush that is often tigerlike in its ferocity. Along the west branch of the Humber, from Blz falls to Junction brook, there is, however, a succession of most charming salmon pools known collectively as "The Willow Steady," from the number of wild wil-

lows which edge the banks, and here sometimes the obturate heart of the Humber salmon will relent and he may look with favoring glance at a well-flung "yellow legs" or a "dusty miller" or "fairy."

One of the very best salmon rivers of the island is the Hare river, away up on the extreme northeastern apex of the island, flowing into Hare bay. To reach this stream it is necessary to take camp outfit and proceed from the railway terminus at Burnt bay by coasting steamer as far as Tilt Cove copper mine. A small steam tug carrying mails is sometimes available whereby to cross White bay and to proceed within easy reach of the attractive river. The little boat hugs the rugged coast line and often threads a pathway through an archipelago of interesting islands. Good caribou hunting can also be had on the neighboring plains and as the Newfoundland deer season opens July 15 a fishing party may never be without venison.

Some fifty miles from the city of St. John's is the noted Salmonier, which is the home of a small but gamy salmon. Around the banks of this stream stretches a fine country, where willow grouse may be shot in season and where an occasional snipe marsh is found embowered in a dark evergreen forest.

One of the best known as well as the largest river of the island is the Exploits, falling into an arm of the Great Notre Dame bay. It has a source in Red Indian lake and thence pursues its course through steep rock gorges and winds away through good caribou country and past some excellent timber lands to the sea.

## WHAT SOME POSTMEN DO.

Duties of Letter Carriers in the Rural Districts.

Strange demands, that are for the most part unknown to the general public, are quite commonly made upon postmen, this being especially the case in rural districts, says The Bits.

However widely education may have spread there are hundreds of postmen who, every working day of their lives, are asked to read aloud for the recipients the letters that these same postmen have delivered. A postman in the North Riding of Yorkshire assured the present writer that one really extensive and prosperous farmer on his round regularly paid him a penny each for reading aloud the letters delivered. And in hundreds of cases the woman recipient will appeal to the postman to do the reading, alleging that her eyesight is defective and that her spectacles are mislaid or broken.

The postman referred to above had, too, many records of strange questions put to him. One of the commonest of these is: "Are there any mourning stamps to go with black-edged paper and envelopes?" Another question of the same kind deals with "wedding stamps." It is quite common, in the case of country gentlemen writing to old servants, for the envelope to bear the direction: "Will Mr. —, the postman, kindly read the enclosed to the addressee, who is unable to read or write?" The writer has spoken to postmen, who, during long periods, have regularly earned tips by following such directions.

One of the commonest happenings as regards all postmen is for some man or woman generally a lodger, to intercept them and say, "Do not deliver any letters addressed to me except my own hand; my landlady regularly steals open my letters." Of course, all that the postman can do is to advise the person to get a reliable address or landlady. And the opinion is constantly being asked of the London postman as to whether envelopes, produced for his inspection, have not been tampered with.

## Billiards Made Easy.

The occasional player at billiards who at a particular time registers a big break and is correspondingly elated may be chastened in his joy when he learns that the feat has been aided by a fake. In the billiard table trade the table that is to be played on at so much a time by miscellaneous tyros is made so "easy in the pockets" that it will not only persuade the ineffectual that they are fast scorers, but will bring the games to a rapid conclusion. Were the ineffectual to play on match tables with regulation pockets their Diggleogue and Dawsonian strokes would not prove so easily profitable. The first question put by the maker who supplies "trade tables" when he gets the order is, "What class of players do you want the table for?" and he manipulates the board supplied, it is alleged, according to the answer.

## Birds Change Their Nature.

The fact that day birds become nocturnal at migration time, uttering notes used on no other occasion in the year, that they fly at a speed beyond their ordinary powers, and at heights beyond their ordinary haunts, leads Dr. Gatzke to believe that they possess in their powers of flight and soaring some principle not employed on any other occasion and hitherto not taken into account by naturalists.

## Literary Appreciation.

"Are you fond of poetry?" asked the young man with curly hair.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "poetry has done a great deal to make life easier. It gives people an opportunity to use quotations instead of being original and tiresome."—Washington Star.

## Long Live the Cook.

We respect a good poet; we revere a good cook.—Life.

The average political complexion is seldom more than whitewash deep.

When a man is his own worst enemy he is apt to love his enemies.

## QUEER STORIES

River Jordan water is now exported regularly for baptismal purposes.

A horse eats nine times its weight in food in a year, a sheep six times.

The experiment of tobacco growing in Ireland is now meeting with success.

It is estimated that the population of Europe doubles itself every 600 years.

Great Britain supplies many "Brussels" carpets and small foot rugs to Turkey.

Servant girls are becoming scarce in Berlin because of the greater popularity of factory labor.

The Kansas wheat farmers are organizing independent shipping arrangements with Liverpool.

A fast penman will write at the rate of thirty words a minute, which means that in an hour's steady writing he has drawn his pen along a space of three hundred yards.

The main wheel of a watch makes 1,400 revolutions in a year; the second or center wheel 8,700, the third wheel 70,000, the fourth wheel 25,000 and the fifth, or scape wheel, 4,731,800. The number of beats or vibrations is 141,912,000 in a year.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully seven hundred years old and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost Arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

In the famous cellars of a hotel at Bremen there are a few cases of holy wine which have been preserved for 250 years. If the cost of maintaining the cellar, payment of rent, interest upon the original value and other incidental charges are considered, a bottle of this choice wine has cost \$2,000,000, each glassful \$270,000 and a single drop could not be sold without loss under \$200.

The cargador or carrier of Mexico, is a remarkable individual. Nothing seems too bulky, nothing too heavy for him to carry, and it is quite wonderful how he manages not only to lift, but to balance his cumbersome loads. It is nothing for a man to carry a load weighing four hundred pounds, this being borne either on the top of the head or on the shoulders, and kept in place by a flat braid passing across the forehead.

The peninsula of India is famous for the excellence of its mica deposits. On account of its delicacy mica quickly suffers from the crushing effect of earth movements, and the superiority of the Indian deposits is ascribed to the geologically long and perfect quietness that the great peninsula has enjoyed. In the Nellore district crystals, or "books," of muscovite mica have been obtained, measuring ten feet across the basal planes. Usually they are much smaller, and even in India the stability of the earth has not been sufficiently continuous to prevent the destruction of large quantities of this delicate and valuable mineral.

## SETTING A LAWYER DOWN.

He Measured Wits With a Reporter and Was Bally Wrosted.

"Not long ago a prominent contributor to the columns of the Philadelphia newspapers was a witness in a trivial case in court and was being harried by a bumptious county lawyer, who asked:

"So you are a writer, are you? Well, sir, with what great paper or magazine are you connected?"

"With none," was the modest reply. "Then why do you call yourself a writer? What do you write—novels, scientific works, histories, or what?"

"I write anything and everything that occurs to me as likely to be worth reading or to sell, whether it is worth reading or not."

"Well, then, for whom or for what do you write? You say you are not connected with any paper or magazine."

"Yes, sir, I so stated. I am an unattached writer, for the general market."

"Just so. You write anything that occurs to you. Well, now, do you ever write up the proceedings of courts?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you state to the judge and jury what particular kind of court proceeding you would deem worthy of your pen?"

"Yes, I saw a young lawyer treating a respectable witness in a very rude and disrespectful manner and making an ass of himself generally. I should think that possibly worth writing up."

The court and jury smiled audibly. The judge took the witness in hand for a moment.

"How much do you think a scene like this, for instance, ought to bring if it were well written up?"

"It would depend upon the actors. If the lawyer were a person of any note or character possibly \$5 or \$10.00."

"What would you expect to receive should you write the facts of this particular instance?"

"About 75 cents, your honor."

Counsel for the defense had no more questions to ask.

## A Question of Ethics.

"I had a chance to ride four miles the other day," said Plodding Pete. "Why didn't you do it?" asked Meandering Mike.

"De man wanted me to hold de horse for him while he stopped at a couple of places, and I was afraid dat would be regarded as working."—Washington Star.