

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Of all the dearly bought liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race, none is guarded more jealously than the freedom of the press. It is largely because of this fact that so much comment was excited by the President's inquiry of Postmaster-General Cortelyou as to whether or not the law justified the exclusion from the mails of newspapers as being printing in full the testimony in a certain notorious murder trial.

The history of the untrammelled press is virtually the same in all civilized countries. Previous to the invention of printing, the right to censor everything published or intended for publication was claimed and practiced by the church; but after the Reformation this right was gradually assumed by the crown.

From that time to the present the growth of the freedom of the press has been almost synchronous with the growth of popular liberties and the ascendancy of the people. No conceivable combination of events is likely to cause the loss of what has been gained.

To-day in all civilized countries the press is virtually free. Even in Russia the censorship is so much less rigid than it was that the publication of political opinions, so long as they do not constitute an attack on the sovereign, is not interdicted.

So thoroughly is the freedom of the press taken for granted in the United States that it has become a question whether liberty has not degenerated into license. The printing of such revolting matter as that to which the President objected and the elaborate exposition of crime are familiar indictments of American newspapers.

In the absence of a government or State censorship of the press—and such a thing is inconceivable in America—it is the duty of every man to be his own censor; to refuse to read whatever experience and common sense tell him is pernicious, and to exclude from his family circle such papers as habitually offend good morals or good taste.—Youth's Companion.

NEXT TO GODLINESS.

WHY did you hire that offensive little end, Jones, and let Stafford go?" asked a department manager of an employer in a great metropolitan business establishment. "Stafford is doubly Jones' equal in ability." "Because," said the employer, and there was a world of wisdom in his words, "Jones looks the gentleman, even though he isn't. Stafford looks the tramp."

It was only a little lesson in cleanliness. Jones has a brain like a mess of scrambled eggs. Jones was weak.

Believed New Idea Would Introduce More Scientific Play.

Will the shape of the present billiard table be altered as the outcome of the farcical results which have followed the invention and perfection of the now famous "anchor" stroke?

This is a question which is being seriously discussed. The present table, it is contended, lends itself to freak billiards and no sooner is one stroke barred than some player invents another which serves the same purpose, reducing the game to an automatic exhibition of skill on the part of the player who succeeds in getting "going" first.

A more drastic reform than a mere "tinkering" with the rules is evidently needed and a suggestion has been made and has already found many supporters that the present two-square table should be changed for an elliptical-oval-table. Many advantages are claimed for the idea. Here are some of them:

1. A more advanced field for the exposition of the possibilities of modern skill.

2. The introduction of more scientific play.

3. A fresh attraction to the spectator who has tired of the time-worn strokes.

4. The impossibility of such strokes as the "anchor" and "spot."

5. Although the same length and width, the table can be placed in a much smaller space.

With such a table no stroke need be barred. The billiard spot at the top would be so placed that it would be practically impossible for the striker to perform the spot stroke and, of course, with the circular cushion the cradle carom would be wiped out entirely.

The series of angles which have become the veriest A, B, C to the expert player would be things of the past. New and wonderfully interesting varieties would be introduced with the peculiar effects which arise from a curved cushion.—London Express.

Not to Be Fooled.

A resident of Newton, Mass., who was noted for his great kindness to animals, viewed the first horse cars with dismay. "It's sheer cruelty, that's what it is," he insisted, and the plea of convenience or necessity had no influence upon him.

"I'd walk to Boston and back before I'd add a pound's weight to what those poor creatures have to drag," he declared, and no persuasion could induce him to ride in a street car dragged by overworked, tired horses.

When electricity was applied and the cars went smoothly along without the horses, his son said:

"Now, father, you can ride on the street cars without worrying about horses. You can go to Boston at your ease now."

"James," said the old man, "you always rush at conclusions; you don't study into things as I do. Don't I read in the papers about every car having to have so much 'horse' power? And don't I know well enough what that means?" and the old gentleman stebbed.

"It simply means, my son, that the poor horses are being worked just as hard and just as many hours, only we don't see 'em."

"Those power horses could tell tales. I reckon? No, I've no more use for street cars now than I ever had, and for the same reason."

The Healthy Limit.

"Do you think he is in condition?" "Condition? Why, condition doesn't express it. He is in fine funk!"—Chaparral.

vacillating, unstable. Stafford was clever, able, strong as an executive and keen of mentality. But Stafford had s'ee-edged finger nails. Jones' were carefully manicured. Stafford wore his hair like a maddened hedgehog. Jones' locks were barbered and always in part. Stafford's teeth resembled grave stones in an old churchyard. Jones didn't merely use a toothbrush, he used it. Stafford wore an extensive collection of table drippings on his vest. Jones used a napkin. Stafford's neckwear was edged with black. Jones spent 21 cents a week for collar laundry.

The employer knew that customers are forced to accept first impressions. The employer realized that the man with a front can win his way where beggars may not even look. The \$1 or more a week that Stafford might have expended on his personal appearance would have doubled his value in the eyes of the employer. But Stafford, in his egotism, told himself: "Abe Lincoln was a success, yet he didn't dress. Why should I?" Perhaps Abe Lincoln did not dress, but he was clean. Clothes may not make the man, but they go a long way toward making the successful man.—Des Moines News.

SPEED AND PUBLIC SAFETY.

IN commenting on the two railroad accidents that have recently stirred up sentiment in the State, the Indiana Railroad Commission reports that at least in one of these accidents the plain cause was the excessive speed maintained by the train. It reports further that the high speed of the fast trains is perilous to the safety of passengers, and it warns the railroads that the reckless demand of the public shall not be longer acceded to by the railroad companies.

It is obvious to any thinking person that if popular wishes are the only guidance for railroad managers speed will be constantly increased rather than diminished. Mankind is always in a rush and the germs of hurry and the delights of going fast have singular power and fascination. People were quick to take advantage of the early steam transportation which superseded the lumbering stage coach. They were enraptured when the express running forty miles an hour were introduced. And not content with what would have seemed an impossibility a few years before, they applauded the introduction of still faster trains that saved a few hours' journey between the great cities of the United States.

At the present time electrical experts are talking of travel that will reach a speed of 125 miles an hour, and the public is dazzled by the temptation of dashing along at a rate of speed twice as great as the flight of the swiftest bird.—Chicago Tribune.

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PASSING OF THE DEACON.

Title Said to Have Lost Some of Its Old-Time Reverence.

It is a pity, if true as reported, that the office of deacon has ceased to be regarded with favor by members of the Protestant churches in New England. Says the North American Review, Time was when the title conferred distinction and honor, and was sought with as great diligence as could be considered seemly by good and pious men. Once acquired, too, it wrought a marked, though unconscious, change in the demeanor of the possessor, who forthwith became graver and more chary of speech, except in saying grace at table and, in the really old days, at the beautifully simple home service known as "family prayers." But, as the spirit of irreverence gradually permeated unregenerated days, stories of unbecoming humor were spun about the deacon as a central figure, comic papers depicted him chiefly as indulging on the sly a liking for a horse race, and, all in all, the title tended to lose its former dignity and significance until now, as we are told, it is not only no longer sought, but rather generally avoided.

Although perhaps sometimes forgotten, it is a fact, scarcely surprising to those given to investigating the origins of customs, that widows are directly responsible for the earliest appointment of church officials of the class we have in mind. When the apostles realized the necessity of providing bodily sustenance for those who were in attendance on their ministrations they made the requisite arrangements; but apparently the distribution was unsystematical, and presently the Greeks were egged on by their widow folk to complain that the Hebrews were obtaining more than their fair share of the provender.

Whereupon the twelve took counsel and decided that, since it ill became them as spiritual teachers to serve the tables, the appointment of certain brethren of good repute to superintend the business was in every way desirable. Seven were chosen—Stephen, who subsequently was famed for his faith and good works; Philip, another admirable man; Prochorus; Nicanor, Timon, Parmenas and the proselyte Nicolas—and they were designated fittingly from the nature of their task as deacons—from the Greek diakonos or its Latin derivative diaconus, meaning attendant, or one who serves. That these first members of the order performed well their work is evidenced by the fact that the widows ceased to murmur and by their own rapid advancement in authority, until some were permitted to preach and even to do miraculous deeds.

To this day in the Methodist Episcopal Church, deacons are ordained by the bishop and may serve as traveling preachers, solemnize marriage and administer the rite of baptism. In the Congregational bodies, they seldom preach, but often read a sermon in the absence of the pastor, and invariably distribute the elements of the communion. They are also supposed to act as almoners after the fashion of Stephen and Philip, and in some States are empowered to hold as trustees the property of the church. In the very early days there were deaconesses also; but, as the widows generally selected apparently did not enjoy being classified as "of mature age," the practice fell into disuse, although the order is still maintained in Germany, and to a limited degree by various sects in this country.

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HUMOR OF LONDON CABBIERS.

Some of Their Remarks When the Tip Is Not forthcoming.

One of the strongest objections to the introduction of the taximeter in London was that the cabman would be deprived of any opportunity to display his choice selection of language and skill in humorous repartee.

Some of the hansom fraternity, of course, have no sense of humor, but the majority are decidedly facetious. Here are some examples of witty and sarcastic "cabbyisms."

"To appreciate them properly it must be understood that the fare has offered a single shilling in payment for a ride just within the two-mile limit.

"Are you quite sure you can spare this?" remarks the cabby with a bump of humor. "D'ye think you'll be able to rub along on the other nineteen till next Friday? It's goin' the pace, y'know."

"If you'll take my tin, guv'nor," runs another form of gentle reproach, "you'll go and see a huculist. You 'alied this bus by mistake. You wants a red or green or yellow bus—black ain't in your line at all."

"Thank yer, guv'nor," says another cabby, with apparent emotion; "thank yer kindly. Yer offer is well meant, but I couldn't go for to do it." Saying which he makes a pretense of handing the shilling back to the astonished fare.

"But I can't sell him, guv'nor, an' that's a fact. Yer 'andsome offer'd make me rich for life, but I tell yer, I can't sell 'im."

One cabby, who was an excellent actor, on receiving his shilling, burst into tears, and between loud sobs, jerked out: "I'm sorry yer force it on me, guv'nor, I am really. The hincome tax people'll be down on me now."

An excellent "cabbyism" was perpetrated in the suburbs one night. As the fare let himself into the house he was regaled somewhat as follows: "Go in quietly, sir, in case the old woman wakes up and 'ears me drivin' away. She might stop the rest of yer pocket money for this extravagance."—Tit-Bits.

Postal Tubes in Berlin.

The Berlin postal authorities are revolutionizing the conveyance of letters and parcels. The idea on which they are experimenting is to have an underground tube with a large enough circumference to admit a man in a stooping posture. These tubes are to connect the central postoffice with the principal stations and with the district offices. Two sets of rails are built in this tube or tunnel, one over the other, not side by side. The upper set of rails is supported on the sides of the tube thus practically dividing it in two. Small carriages, running on two wheels, are automatically driven by electricity along these rails. No locomotive is used, nor is there any attendant with the carriage. As many as six of these carriages can be run together for conveying letters and parcels from the central station to the various post-offices and thence to the various districts, or vice versa. By this means letters can be delivered in any part of the city in less than a fourth of the time formerly required. So far the scheme is not beyond the experimental stage, but it promises to be a success and to banish from the streets the mail van, with all its poetry and romance.

Something's Amiss.

No wedding bells for him? The news is no news. The muckers shouted it aloud And spend it slip and tuck.

"The Bride's Amiss," they cried. "What can the matter be? There's no excitement here, all. She's a Mrs. now, you see."—Harvard Lampoon.

Why Not?

If Adam was the first man, why wasn't Madam the first woman?—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Probably one reason a dog is such a faithful friend of man is that man has never succeeded in working a dog much.

Most people were baptized and vaccinated when they were very little.

QUEER STORIES

A college of foreign languages has been opened in Canton, China, the part from which most emigrants sail to distant parts of the globe.

New York City boasts the largest and finest public school building in the world. It is of fireproof construction throughout and cost \$2,000,000. It has accommodations for 4,000 pupils.

Many Elk lodges in the West have adopted President Roosevelt's elk's tooth emblem. Many Montana men have been collecting elk's teeth for years and holding them for a rise. One man at Billings, Mont., has thousands.

In Goldfield the other day a deputy sheriff's pistol was jerked out of his pocket by the restiveness of the horse he was riding and fell in the road. The horse stepped on it and so discharged a cartridge, the bullet from which killed a girl who was passing on the sidewalk. It cut her jugular vein.

Wasps prey on flies—a fact which is well known in Italy. On any summer or early autumn day in the Tuscan country parts, when the luncheon table is blackened by flies, one may see a wasp sail in at the open window, select a fly, roll it over, curl it up and carry it out into the sunshine and soon return for another.

Is tobacco in the form of cigars and cigarettes an effective germ killer? Smallpox was prevalent in Canton, China, during the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Patricia, and the visitors say they were compelled to smoke cigarettes incessantly as a preventive of the disease. The Duke never ventured out without a cigar.

The Japanese spaniel, or sleeve-dog of Japan, is one of the long-coated varieties which are much admired. They have been hard to acclimatize, and many discouragements have been met with in their introduction. They have large heads, with big, dark eyes, set wide apart and very full. Their little tails curl up over their backs like feather dusters. One pound is the true sleeve dog weight.

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MANY OLD ARMY OFFICERS.

Hard Service Would Appear to Be Conducive to Longevity.

One reads occasionally in the newspapers of citizens who have nearly completed the century mark in years, but that there are several retired army officers who are approaching that age few persons are aware of.

Army life on the plains seventy years ago was apparently not detrimental to the health of Brigadier General Daniel H. Rucker. A week from to-morrow he will be 95 years old. Chaplain Dudley Chase, 91 years old, comes next in age.

But Chaplain Chase was over 50 years old when he entered the regular army in 1863. There are forty others who are 80 years or over. One is 80, eight are 81, ten are 82, seven are 83, four are 84, six are 85, one is 86 and another is 87.

Lieutenant Colonel Frank Bridgman is the officer who is third in point of age on the retired list, being 87, and he is followed by Brigadier General John F. Head, now 86. Then comes Brigadier General John E. Sumners, Horatio G. Gibson, Colonel Jacob E. Burbank and Captain David Willis, each being 85. Brigadier General Orlando B. Wilcox and Peter J. Osterhaus and Colonel Henry L. Chapman and Major Joseph L. Tidball are 84. Brigadier General Henry B. Carrington, Marcus D. L. Simpson, Rufus Saxton, Elizabeth L. Bailly, Edwin Bentley, David Schooley and Daniel Kendig, 83; Brigadier General David L. Magruder, Richard C. Drum, Nathan A. M. Dudley, Colonel Benjamin C. Card, Leslie Smith, John Green, Majors Charles C. Churchill, George H. McLoughlin, Eugene A. Bancroft and Captain Thomas B. Briggs, 82.

Brigadier General William B. Rochester, Alfred L. Hough, Samuel B. Holabird, Benjamin H. Grierson, John Moore, Colonel James Oakes, Captain Andrew W. Cherbonnier and Chaplain Stephen G. Dodd are 81. Brigadier General James Van Hoast and Henry R. Mizner and Major Jacob W. Keller are now 80 years of age.

Eleven States are represented in the above list of officers, five being native sons of this State, three of Connecticut, three of New Jersey, five of Massachusetts, one of Virginia, three of Maryland, one of Michigan, ten of Pennsylvania, one of Indiana, two of Rhode Island and one of Louisiana. Ireland and Prussia are represented by two each and Germany by one.—New York Evening Post.

Monument to Shelley.

A colossal monument to Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, is shortly to be erected near San Terenzo, Italy, where he passed the last days of his life. The entire design is to be about forty-five feet high, and it is to be attached to a cliff facing the Casa Magna, in which he and later Byron lived, says the New York Sun.

The work is being executed by the Italian sculptor Fontana. The keynote is taken from Shelley's tragedy "Prometheus Unbound." It displays the figure of the Titan writing on the rock with the lightning bolt, like Jupiter, he grasps in his hand, this inscription: "To Shelley from the World Unbound."

Shelley's heart, snatched from his funeral pyre by Trelawny, is buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, of which he wrote: "It might make one in love with death to think that it would make one in love with so sweet a place." But the character of the place and the surroundings made it undesirable to locate any great monument there. At Viareggio, where his body came ashore on July 18, 1822, and where it was buried in San Terenzo—where it was buried while Leigh Hunt poured wine and incense on it and Lord Byron read poetry there is already a Shelley monument, and besides the flat coast affords no opportunity for Fontana's design. The shore of the gulf of Spezia and the neighborhood of his last abiding place were therefore chosen for this greatest tribute to his memory.

Labor's Oldest Implement.

The hammer, besides being a tool of universal use, is probably the oldest representative of a mechanic's tool kit. It was originally a stone fastened to a handle with thongs, and was equally useful as weapon or tool.

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt 20 centuries before our era. They greatly resemble the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. Claw hammers were invented some time during the Middle Ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the 11th century represent carpenters with claw hammers.

Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jewelers, which weigh less than half an ounce, to the gigantic 50-ton hammer of shipbuilding establishments, some of which have a falling force of from 90 to 100 tons. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

Greenwich Royal Observatory.

In the year 1675 King Charles II. of England founded the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, in order that astronomical observations might be made for the assistance of sailors. The history of the observatory has been the history of chronology and of the practical side of astronomy. Its work and its standards have become absolutely international. The meridian of Greenwich now determines the longitude of the world.

Revised History.

John Smith was about to be saved by the dusky Indian; but "Walt" blessed through his amazed teeth. "Desist! Let us transfer this little scene to some other spot. This will be no sort of a place for an exhibition."—Yale Record.

Modest About His Due.

Clerk—Your bill isn't ready yet, str. Slophead—Oh, I beg you won't hurry on my account.—Harvard Lampoon.

Our Opportunities.

In every avenue of life great opportunities are constantly confronting us. Who are ready for them? Who will fill the positions? It is the prepared men, these who are equal to the places, who generally get them.—Success Magazine.

Old Favorites

Old Times, Old Friends, Old Love.

There are no days like the good old days. The days when we were youthful. When humankind were pure of mind. And speech and deeds were truthful. Before a love of sordid gold. Became man's ruling passion. And before each dame and maid became a slave to the tyrant Fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls— Against the world I'd stake 'em! As buxom and smart and clean of heart As the Lord know how to make 'em! They were rich in spirit and common sense.

And piety all supportin'; They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too. And they made such likely courtin'.

There are no boys like the good old boys— When we were boys together! When the grass was sweet to the brown, bare feet. That dimpled the laughing heather; When the pewee sang to the summer dawn.

Of the bee in the billow clover, Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will Echoed its night song over.

There is no love like the good old love— The love that mother gave us! We are old, old men, yet we pine again For that precious grace—God save us! So we dream and dream of the good old times.

And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder, As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams Of heaven away off yonder. —Eugene Field.

"When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."

When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God, All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of Nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. —Isaac Watts.

Fairy Tale of Finance.

Investment of Forty-four Cents Brought a Fortune.

None of the five organizers of the Wireless Telegraph Company of America was rich, and so they set about to find a man with capital. Fifth found the man. This man was Abraham White, a young man who had come to New York from Texas a few years before, and had risen to fame over night by clearing up \$100,000 on an investment of 44 cents. From the day he first set foot in New York, White's one ambition was to make a fortune. He had the money-making instinct. In his first years in New York he speculated in real estate.

When the Cleveland popular bond issue was made, in 1896, to replenish the Treasury gold reserve, White, who had lost in the panic years of 1893 and 1894 most of the money he had made in real estate, conceived the bold scheme of bidding for a big block of bonds, on the chance that they would sell at a premium as soon as the awards were made. The Government's call for bids did not ask for any money with the bids. White made several bids, amounting in all to \$7,000,000, and sent them on to Washington by registered mail. His total outlay was 44 cents. When the allotments were made, \$1,500,000 bonds were set down to Abraham White, New York. The bonds were immediately quoted at a premium in open market, and young White hurried around to find the money to pay the Government for his bonds. He went to Russell Sage, who was always ready to put his money into a sure thing, and had no trouble in getting the money lender to finance his bid. Sage paid the Government for the bonds, resold them in the market and turned over to White \$100,000 profit. Ever since then White has thought in millions, and has been a gambler for big stakes.—Frank Fayant, in Success Magazine.

Greater than the Nation.

There is a certain Congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment.

Representative and