

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## Technicalities Should Not Defeat Justice.

**A** MAN was charged with swindling and was being tried in a Texas court. Most of the evidence against him had been introduced when it was found that the typewriter, in copying the indictment, had written the word "any" where the statutes prescribed the word "and." The attorney for the defense at once moved to quash the indictment. The court sustained the motion and the case was dismissed.

Was this justice? Did the court perform the function for which it was established? The accused may have been innocent of the charge, as he is supposed to be until proven guilty. That is a question of fact which could be determined only after all the evidence had been considered. But he may have been guilty. If so, what a travesty of justice! What a blow at the very foundations of the social structure! What mockery of sacred obligations!

No sincere, faithful citizen has any desire to attack the courts. They are the bulwark of his liberties and he believes in their integrity. It is right that he should so believe, and that he should strengthen them in every way. But this respect for the judiciary should not blind us to the fact that because of faulty legislation and complicated rules of procedure the claims of justice are frequently defeated and crime goes unpunished.

Every community has its cases where technicality conquers justice; where the greatest frauds are committed against the public through interminable quibbles over every possible point that may delay the action. The obligation of the courts to protect the rights of the accused is made a shield for protection to crime. The very purpose of the courts is often defeated through a senseless adherence to unreasoning rules, as was done in the Texas case, where the mistake of a single letter in a typewritten copy quashed the indictment. There is something wrong about a system which will permit of such a mockery of justice.—Chicago Journal.

## Why Assail the Lodge?

**T**HE National Christian Association at its annual meeting in Chicago renewed its protest against "the secret society" as the destroyer of the church and the enemy of God.

Of course it is futile to reason with men so convinced of their own righteousness as the members of this organization. But some of the objections that they voiced to the secret society and some of the reasons they gave for that institution's amazing prosperity are curious.

One worthy clergyman complained that lodge meetings often last until midnight. While careful to exculpate lodges from the charge of serving liquor at their meetings, he insisted that they fostered the drink habit because some would stop on the way home to drink.

Of course he forgot the historic nocturnal services of the church, often lasting till late hours, and sometimes beginning at midnight. And perhaps he does not know that some men stop on the way home from church or prayer meeting to drink.

The church is not to blame for this. But neither is the lodge. Both institutions counsel temperance. Neither sanctions intemperance. And lodge penalties against intemperance are, in most cases, more severe and direct than the penalties of the church.

Another clergyman thought that curiosity was the chief motive of men in joining lodges, and consoled himself with the thought that it was "soon satisfied by their false gossip," etc., etc., etc.

Now, the lodge and the church are neither rivals nor enemies, in spite of the efforts of some churchmen to make them so. Each is doing good work in its own way, and with no disrespect for the church it may be said that the lodge's way is the more effective.

For instance, one lodge in this city finds a volunteer to visit every day upon any member who is sick, to inquire into his comfort and his needs and provide for them immediately if necessary. Churches are doing this same kind of work, but how many of them are doing it every day of the year, for every member, rich or poor, noted or humble, without distinction, complaint, or parade—doing it just because the man is a man and brother?

This touch of fellowship that they give—this equality of simple manhood that they practice—this human interest, regardless of rank or wealth or social station, that their members show in each other, within the lodge room and

without—is what makes the secret societies strong.

Churchmen who reproach and revile the lodge because it is strong through doing the church's work are not helping the cause of religion.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Our Bill for European Travel.

**T**HE annual tide of American travel to Europe is now at its height. For the last month every steamer sailing from Atlantic ports has been crowded. All signs point to a record breaking exodus of American tourists this season. There are likely to be enough of them to repopulate Strasburg, or Venice, or Seville, should any one of those cities be left uninhabited. They could double the population of Toledo or Denver should they return and settle in either as a body.

In 1903, despite somewhat unfavorable business conditions at home, 118,096 cabin passengers left New York for Europe. Exact figures for 1904 are not available, but they were larger than in 1903, and will be still larger this year, after more than twelve months of genuine and widespread prosperity. On the basis of present returns it is deemed certain that the American tourists in Europe this year will number at least 150,000.

These travelers will pay, on the average, \$250 each for steamer passage, or \$37,500,000 altogether. Foreign exchange dealers, to whom tourist custom is an important item of business, estimate that each traveler will spend in Europe, on the average, three times the price of his round trip steamer ticket, or \$750 each, or \$112,500,000 altogether.

In fact, it may be set down that Americans visiting Europe chiefly for pleasure spend about \$1,000 each on the trip, which would give a total expenditure of \$150,000,000 this year.

This is an enormous sum. It is more money than is deposited in all the savings banks of Chicago, and about half the total deposits of the Chicago national banks. It would pay all the expenses of the city of New York for a year and leave a handsome surplus. It would move the nation's wheat crop from farm to market and probably the cotton crop as well. It would meet the national pension roll this year.

Doubtless there are reasons for regretting that many of those who travel to Europe this year do not rather spend their time and money in learning to know their own country and its people beyond the districts where they have their homes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Insects and Infection.

**T**O prevent infections reaching the human body through the medium of insects means that they shall be exterminated or else shut away from the body itself; also from food and water. Scientific sanitary investigation has proved that to get rid of flies and mosquitoes the breeding places of these insects must be destroyed. Flies breed in stable manure piles, barnyards and wherever there are masses of filth. Mosquitoes breed in marshes and swamps, old rain barrels, eaves-troughs and wherever there is stagnant water impregnated with decaying organic matter.

The sanitary lesson for the homemaker to learn is to avoid the marshes and drain them before building and keep free from all pools of stagnant water, great or small, on the premises, and keep the stables and barn yards free from fermenting masses of decaying or organic matter.

To keep these insect pests out of the house, it should, if possible, be so planned that the prevailing winds will not blow from the stables, barn yard or any marshes in the vicinity toward it, and then in summer use wire screens on every door and window as well as inclose the porches around the house. Italian physicians, experimenting in the Pontine marshes to discover the cause of Roman fever, found the peasants living side by side in ordinary canvas and in tight screen-protected tents, contracted this disease in the unprotected tents, where mosquitoes had free access, and escaped infection in the screen-protected, where they were excluded. A nicely screened, shaded, cool back porch is a sanitary blessing to the over-tired farmer's wife. There she can prepare a great part of her food and have a comfortable couch to rest on, free from insect and annoyance. The children can play there and thus keep out of the kitchen heat and at the same time avoid noxious insect infection. The screens are within reach of every American householder.—The House Keeper.



They say in London that when Ellen Terry acted "Alice sit by the Fire," on the opening night when the audience was clamoring for the playwright, J. M. Barrie, he was found away back in his box, sobbing like a child, so full his heart.

Notwithstanding the animadversions of Mr. Bernard Shaw—or possibly because of them—the sale of Shakespeare's works continues to surprise and delight publishers. No less than seventeen different editions of one sort or another have either just been completed or are in course of issue in England alone.

The Bookman recently called attention to the fact that our "young" writers are "spinning along merrily toward middle age." Richard Harding Davis, of whom we still expect great things when he is grown up, is in his forty-first or forty-second year. Booth Tarkington, still esteemed as having possibilities, is 37; Thomas Dixon is 41; George Barr McCutcheon, 39; Winston Churchill, 35; Stewart Edward White, 32, and Jack London, whose pictures make him look like an undergraduate, is 30. As a matter of fact, these are well-established writers, and the new crop is here. Robert Herrick, Harry Leon Wilson, Rex E. Beach and others of equal achievement are with us, and the fact that they have "arrived" rather puts the Bookman's "young" authors into the ranks of the old ones.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, who died at her summer home at Tannersville, N. Y., recently, had been editor of St. Nicholas since its founding in 1873. For three years previous to this date she had been associated with Harriet Beecher Stowe in the conduct of *Hearth and Home*. Mrs. Dodge named the new magazine destined to become so flourishing under her editorial care, importing the title from Holland. Notwithstanding her onerous duties, Mrs. Dodge found time to write and publish many books, the most popular of which is "Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates." The outline of this story came to Mrs. Dodge's mind while reading Motley's "History of the Dutch Republic." In writing it she ransacked libraries and sought far and wide for information, having each chapter revised by two Dutch friends. The little book has had a great success, having been translated into French, German, Russian and Dutch, so that tens of thousands of children have had the pleasure of reading it. "Donald and Dorothy" is said to have been Mrs. Dodge's favorite among her books. "I am almost sorry to confess that my literary career has been without a struggle," Mrs. Dodge once said. Everything she wrote, and she began to write in her twenties, was cordially received. She wrote little poems to celebrate family anniversaries when but 8 years old. Her father was Prof. James J. Mapes, noted as chemist, inventor, civil engineer and author; her husband, William Dodge, was a lawyer, who lived only a few years and left her with two sons to provide for. One of these sons survives. Though Mrs. Dodge remained the nominal editor of St. Nicholas, she retired from actual control four years ago, though still contributing to its pages. She was 67 years of age.

## PLYMOUTH ROCK'S CRACK.

Its Origin Involves a Unique and Ridiculous Bit of History.

Plymouth has been called the cradle of New England. It is on the coast, thirty-eight miles south of Boston, and is a thriving and prosperous New England town, with good schools and churches, and town hall, and shops of all kinds, and comfortable homes.

On the flat strip of land that runs for miles up and down the shore of the bay, the diminutive white houses of the fishermen are crowded close together. In the center of the same flat land-strip, flanked on both sides by the fishermen's homes, is a large, open square forty yards from the water front. Here stands Plymouth Rock, the first sight of which gives one a mental shock, for, no doubt, fancy has pictured an immense boulder rising grandly out of the sea; but, instead, the visitor sees only an oblong, irregularly shaped gray sandstone rock twelve feet in length and five feet in width at the widest point and two at the narrowest. Across one part runs a large crack which has been filled with cement, and which gives to Plymouth Rock a highly artificial appearance. The origin of this crack is a bit of unique history, and bears evidence to the early differences that at times divided the inhabitants into two factions.

For a long time there waged spirited and bitter wrangling between the opposing parties, and it even settled down upon the much-cherished Ply-

mouth Rock, which one party declared ought to be removed to a more worthy position in the town square, and the other wranglers protested it should not be moved an inch from its position, even though they had to guard it with their pikes and guns.

Finally, the stronger faction drew up their forces around Plymouth Rock, and in attempting to move it up the hill split it asunder, which seemed a bad omen for those who had attempted such a thing, until an ardent Whig leader flourished his sword, and by an eloquent appeal to the other zealous Whigs convinced them that they should not swerve from their plan of carrying the rock to a place in the town square.

"The portion that first fell to the ground belongs to us," he cried; "and that we will transport with all care and diligence to its proper home."

Twenty yoke of oxen drew the Whig section of Plymouth Rock up the hill, amid the shouts of the throng that pushed forward around the liberty pole which was to mark the new site. The ceremony of dedicating the rock in its new position was very impressive, and the people stood with bared heads, and in reverent tones chanted their high-pitched psalms in token of thanksgiving.

In the town square this part of Plymouth Rock remained for more than half a century, when a committee of the council resolved to move it back to its original position, and join it, as best they could, to the other half. Accordingly in 1831 on the morning of the Fourth of July, the Plymouth Rock had been reunited in all seriousness to its long-stranded portion, and the union made complete by a mixture of cement and mortar.

To-day four granite columns support a canopy of granite that offers Plymouth Rock an indifferent protection against the rain and the sun, and serves to keep back, in some measure, the thousands of sightseers that come to Plymouth with only one object in view, namely, to press up around the iron bars, and to gaze through them at the revered rock, on which they see the single inscription, cut in the middle of its face in long, plain figures, "1620."

The rock is surrounded by a high iron railing composed of alternate boat hooks and harpoons, and inscribed with the illustrious names of the forty men who drew up the Pilgrims' compact on board the Mayflower that November day as they sighted the coast that henceforth was to be their home.

## THE DEMANDS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Steadfast Effort Is at the Base of Every Noble Relation.

Life, after all, is compact not of things, not yet of activities, tasks and pleasures, but, above all else, of the intricate relations in which we stand to other men; many and various, major and minor as these may be, there yet remains not only an aspect of conduct suitable to each, but a definite choice as to the plane of exaltation upon which relationship shall be held. Exaltation is a level many fear, and, like all heights, it has its dangers; the vision may easily swim and the thoughts grow heady, but when we contemplate the sordidness and commonplaces which paint in dull drab the recurrent days of average life, we grow to feel that even a fall from a dizzy height may be better than the weary dragging of the feet across a dusty plain.

Probably the first condition of a noble relation is effort. No one has ever yet drifted into nobility. No one, sad as it may seem, has ever achieved a fine and lasting friendship, a complete marriage, a close and helpful bond of parent and child, without a conscious struggle. For a fine relation shoots out beyond the necessary and the obvious duties, decorates itself with works of supererogation. These are the tasks that a man in love instinctively performs. That is a state of divine enthusiasm where the set limits of duty seem a hopelessly meager expression of the surplus emotion. But being in love, like all enthusiasm, is of the spirit, and the wind of the spirit bloweth where it listeth, and cannot be counted upon to abide. The gift of such visitation of emotion is a chance and casual comes to poor mortality, though doubtless if this were paradise each human being would perennially be in some such fervent frame of mind toward every other being. But under earthly conditions it sets the nerves to irritated tingling, and by its very unwontedness sets the brain to inventing rhymes. To follow Eros for his loves and fishes is not feasible as a permanent pursuit, and the true task is to turn the spontaneous glow of feeling into a steady current of ready sympathy and acceptable service.—Harper's Weekly.

Failed to Convince Willie.

"You should be like the chickens, Willie; just see how early they wake up in the morning."

"Oh, well, I could wake up early, too, ma, if I stood up all night!"—Yokers Statesman.

Every woman wonders how in the world she ever keeps up.

## INSTINCT OR REASON?

A Western doctor who owns a thoroughbred mare sent to Mr. John Burroughs an anecdote which he quotes in an article in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. The naturalist protests vigorously against the frequent attempts of persons to attribute the reasoning faculty to animals in every interesting case, and in the incident in point he does not agree with the owner of the mare.

A drove of horses was pasturing in a forty-acre lot. The horses had paired off, as horses usually do under such circumstances. The doctor's thoroughbred mare had paired with another mare that was totally blind, and had been so since a colt.

Through the field ran a little creek which could not be well crossed by the horses except by a bridge at one end. One day when the farmer went to salt the animals they all came galloping over the bridge and up to the water except the blind one. She could not find the bridge, and remained on the other side, whinnying and stamping while the others were getting their salt a quarter of a mile away.

Presently the blooded mare left her salt, made her way through the herd,

and went at a flying gallop down across the bridge to the blind animal. Then she turned and came back, and the blind one followed.

The doctor is convinced that his mare deliberately went back to conduct its blind companion over the bridge and down to the salt-lick. But, writes Mr. Burroughs, the act may be more simply explained. How could the mare know that her companion was blind? What could any horse know about such a disability? The only thing implied in the incident is the attachment of one animal for another. The mare heard her mate calling, probably in tones of excitement or distress, and she flew back to her. Finding her all right, she turned toward the salt again, and was followed by her fellow.

## Kraut for Yellow Fever.

During the yellow fever epidemic at New Orleans in 1878 a German medical student braved the terrors of the plague to secure the advantage of experience, says the *Los Angeles Express*. Doctors were few and his services were gladly accepted. He had ideas and many were his experiments. Treating a Hollander at the hospital, Dr. Hans decided that his patient was about to die, so he prescribed as a last solace to the expiring man a huge plate of sauerkraut. He watched the

sick man devour the delicacy so dear to the palate of our friends across the sea. To Hans' unbounded amazement on his next inspection he found the Hollander sitting up in bed reading a newspaper, well on the road to recovery.

Jerking forth his notebook, he jotted down: "R. Sauerkraut will cure a Dutchman of yellow fever." Proceeding to another ward he found a Spaniard in a bad way. Procuring another plate of sauerkraut, he bade the patient eat it and live—but speedily the Spaniard died. Reaching for his notebook, Hans added to the prescription, "but will kill a Spaniard."

One of the three doctors who were prominent in treating hundreds of yellow fever patients at Jacksonville, Fla., during that city's last visitation of the scourge remarked afterwards, when asked for his favorite prescription: "Roll the patient in hot blankets. Sweat it out of him. If that fails take him out to the sand hills hospital and administer with the hammer one hard blow upon the temple. That is both effective and humane."

## Uncle Eben.

"You can't beat de lazy man," said Uncle Eben. "When de weather's bad he says he can't work, an' when it's fine he says it's a shame not to enjoy it."—Washington Star.