

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

How Many Meals a Day?

HAVE you ever taken time to reckon the multiplicity of the theories nowadays with regard to the number of meals that should fill out the day's fare and the hours at which they should be eaten? If you have done this the probability is that you emerged from the study in arithmetic convinced that it makes precious little difference what a man is doing as long as he is possessed of a sufficient amount of faith in the line he is following. For you can easily call to mind half a dozen of your acquaintances who say that their health has improved one hundred per cent since they cancelled their breakfasts and took to eating a rather hearty luncheon. And within sound of your voice are as many other persons who declare they never knew what perfect health meant till they cut out the mid-day meal altogether, allowing a satisfying breakfast and a not too late dinner to cover the amount of food consumed through the day. Then come to your mind the lusty exponents of the theory that five meals a day are none too many to keep the body in fuel, and another set who glow over the robust condition they have wooed and won through clinging to a regimen that allows but one square meal a day.

And if you feel to take a firm stand for or against any one article of food or drink and are looking for examples to help you to a decision, you can get quite as much confused in any attempt to decide who has the rights of the case with him. One will tell you he cannot drink coffee because it affects him in such and such a way, while another will tell you that he never could get through his day's work without its gently stimulating influence, and that he knows it benefits him because he always sleeps like a baby after drinking it late at night. Going through the list of things that men eat and drink you will find the same pros and cons apply, and it becomes fearfully bewildering before you get half through the list. So, if you care to search the records of food causes that medical journals have championed, say, for the last century, you will find that what was best in one decade was derided in the next. And then you know you aren't the only one who has been almost swamped by contradictory evidence in the case of the people vs. food. When, however, you get where you are convinced that some great occult moral principle underlies these differences which are after all only superficial, and then undertake to study this principle and its ramifications, you are bound to have your first real satisfaction from the problem, though you probably will not be able to get off the fence in your cogitations on this aspect of it.—Boston Transcript.

Better Rural Schools.

SHOULD not the country schools of an agricultural community aim to give their pupils such an education as will be most useful to them in farm life? Is there any good reason why they should as far as possible try to copy town schools? On the contrary, should they not aim to do a different work from the school whose pupils will spend their lives in the cities in business or professional pursuits?

The rural school problem is the most important which confronts educators to-day. The people of the farms are the bone and sinew of the republic, yet they are not afforded educational advantages which begin to compare with those of the town and city. While the cities have their up-to-date education methods, their manual training schools, and other things to fit the young for the various pursuits of city life, all of which have been evolved in recent years, the rural school of to-day is little in advance of those of a generation or two ago.

Agriculture itself has advanced more in the last half century than it did before in ten centuries, and the new rural school ought to teach the new things of agriculture, as far as possible. The plan which has been evolved for the consolidation of rural schools is excellent as far as it goes, but it is only one step in the proper direction. It will afford an opportunity to disseminate to the farmers in a practical manner some of the developments which agricultural sciences have brought out in recent years, and

DO FISH LIVE IN DEAD SEA?

There is an apparent disagreement among those who ought to know.

It has long been understood by the public generally that fish do not live in the Dead Sea, but it would seem that there is a difference of opinion among men of science as to the fact. Miss Mason writes in *Cosmos* an article on the subject which is condensed as follows:

The prevalent error, according to which the water of this interior sea is quiet and incapable of agitation, seems to have arisen from the name it has retained for centuries. This error should no longer exist, now that trustworthy travelers have told us of the huge waves that break on its shores during storms.

The retention of the primitive name (Dead Sea) is due to the fact, which is perfectly certain and well known, that a living creature—neither fish, crustacean nor mollusk—can live in its waters, with the exception of certain inferior organisms. This fact is attested by the death of the fish carried in by the Jordan, whose bodies serve as food for the birds that fly over the lake in violation of tradition.

Accordingly I was surprised the other day to read in a well-known journal of natural science the following note under the heading, "The Stacking of the American Salt Lakes with Fish":

"Up to the present the Dead Sea has been regarded as wanting in fish; the saltness of its waters has seemed to preclude the development of animal life. But fish have now been discovered in other salt lakes in the neighborhood of the streams that flow into it. So the United States fish commission has taken the necessary measures to introduce more than a million of shad fry into the Great Salt Lake of Utah. As the affluents reduce the density of the water to a great distance from their mouths, it is hoped that the fish will become easily acclimated and that they will go up the tributaries to spawn."

Now, since the fish carried down by the Jordan are asphyxiated when they reach the Dead Sea, how can the fish of the other tributaries be acclimated in this furnace?

which are now only obtainable in the agricultural colleges. The rural school teacher to-day gets the same training that is given the city school teacher, and it is all designed for the city school teacher. The average country school teacher knows nothing practical about plant life, the chemistry of soils, and other things which the farmers of the future ought to know. The country teacher should be trained to teach these things and to instill in the hearts of the pupils a love for the things of the farm instead of those of the city. When this is done there will be less anxiety on the part of the country boy and girl to rush off to the town or city.

It will probably take years to evolve a rural school system along these lines, but it certainly should be done, and how to do it is the chief problem before educators to-day.—Topeka State Journal.

Danger Gives Amusement.

IT would seem as if no amusements wherein some element of danger does not enter are ever thoroughly enjoyed. We English folk may take our pleasures sadly in the bulk, but when they are of an outdoor nature there is no doubt whatever that they cannot be too exciting or too dangerous to please us. It is just because motoring is full of the possibilities of mishaps that it has become so enormously popular, especially with women, who are ever more ready to face death in pursuit of pleasure, despite the fact that they are always described as bundles of nerves. Alpine guides declare that women are quite as intrepid as men when dangerous peaks are to be climbed, and when every one "cycled" it was invariably the girls of the party who rode the fastest, risked the worst hills, and braved the thickest traffic. While the pluck of English women is to be admired on flood and field, it is always just as well to keep before them the fact that the lives of others are sometimes placed in jeopardy by this very intrepidity. Foolhardy expeditions, reckless driving and riding, carelessness on the river and a general disregard of danger signals and the advice of those who know, too often mean not only personal risk and accident, but danger, and maybe death, to others.—London World.

The Young Men of To-Day.

THE young men of today are too finicky—too much given to self-analysis, too self-pampering. Their shoes and neckties cost them more each year than did the entire wardrobe of their grandfathers. They feel a sense of degradation in small beginnings and piddling, and they wait for success ready made to come to them. There is not a young man in the country who would imitate Ben Franklin, and march through the streets munching a loaf of bread while looking for employment. He dares not, indeed, because society has become also finicky, and he would be arrested as a tramp. The young man of to-day wants capital. Trusts and combines and corporations distress him. He cannot be president of a bank or judge of a court the first week he is from school, and he feels like the famous Eli Pussley, that he has "no chance."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Make the Indian a Citizen.

NUMERICALLY the Indian is not decreasing, and politically he grows more and more of a burdensome question. He threatens to be a malignant growth in the economy of our internal development, absorbing good materials that ought to go to our healthier advance and turning them into abnormal relations for both red and white man. If the Indian can learn the way to boodle he can learn the way to honest independence. He is a creature with sound brains and sound members. Let him be given the fair chance to exploit his brains for himself and be removed from the relation of isolated and grown-up infancy to which he is now assigned. There would be no talk of scandals in our Indian department then.—Minneapolis Times.

the ruin of England; that is why London ain't never amounted to nothin'—everything at London. London is England; England is London. If London 's took, England 's took, says I, an' that hee been her rooin.

"Thee has been House o' Lords an' House o' Commons in the same town! It ain't fair, I tell ye; it's a hog trick. Why didn't they give some little place a chance instead o' buildin' up a blastin' monopoly like that? Same thing hee rooined New York, an' I don't propose to hev our town rooined at the start."

"Now, I say no man hev any right to live on the public. 'Live an' let live,' says I; an' if we let one man run this yer store, it's tantamount to makin' the others the slaves of a monopoly. Every man hev as much right as another to sell goods; an' there is only one fair way to do it, an' that is give all a chance; an' sense it falls to me to make a suggestion, I says, let Bill Jones that sell the tea; let like Yates hev the sugar; Smathers kin handle the salt; Deacon Bright seems naturaly adapted for the vinegar; an' the other claims kin be considered later. I'll take the postoffice myself down to my own farm. Now that's fair to all."

There was no flaw in the logic; it was most convincing. Those who would fight found themselves without a weapon, and Scatteration Flat became a model of decentralization.

Work? Oh, yes, it works. Things get badly mixed at times, and it takes a man all day to buy his week's groceries; but old Sims says it works.

Moral: The hen goes chickless that scatters its eggs.—Century.

The Time for Economy.
"See here, Edgar," said the groom's mother, "don't you think you two had better economize a little?"
"No, mother," replied the groom; "it isn't time yet."
"It isn't time yet?"
"No; we've still got some of our savings. In about three months we'll be broke and have to economize."—Philadelphia Press.

A bonnet with a Presidential bee in it is apt to be an expensive piece of millinery.
Heroic measures are often misfits.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Whiled Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tiresome Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

The boys were landing their colonels, each man claiming that the Colonel of the regiment in which he served was the best Colonel in the service. Finally, a tall, lank, grizzled veteran with a clear, keen eye said: "I served in the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania nearly four years. General Thomas Osborne of the Thirty-ninth Illinois was in our brigade and had been a fine regimental commander. But our own well-bearded Colonel Howell was the best officer that ever commanded a regiment."

"Colonel Howell was known by the rebels everywhere by his long white beard and by his custom of riding in front. On horseback or on foot his call was 'Come on, boys,' and I can pay no higher tribute to him than to say that under his cool-headed supervision we never lost a kinsack in any battle. This means that the regiment never was in a panic, that the Colonel always planned well. Colonel Howell fell mortally wounded in the charge on the rebel works at Deep Bottom on the James River, in 1864, where we drove Longstreet's corps back. Some of the rebel prisoners asked after 'old white beard.'"

"That's all right," said Sergeant Grimshaw, "but there were times when the best Colonel that ever lived could not prevent nervousness on the part of his men. For example, in February, 1863, company B, Fifty-second Ohio, was on picket duty south of Nashville, covering the ground between the Granny White pike and the Franklin pike. There had been continuous rain for several hours, and the ravines were full of water.

"Late in the afternoon some rebel cavalry in citizens' dress had tried to get through the lines on the Granny White pike, and falling there had crossed to the Franklin pike, and falling there had disappeared to reappear at dark on the Granny White pike. My trick came at midnight, and I was stationed midway between the two pikes. About the time I went on duty danger rockets were thrown up in the city. As the rockets went up again and again we associated the display with the men supposed to be rebel cavalry in front and all were very alert.

"Lieutenant Jenkins, in charge of the guard, became very nervous and went over to the reserve on the Franklin pike to urge greater precautions. He started back with the relief for my post, but lost his bearings, fell into a creek, and against his own orders as to quietness, had to call at the top of his voice to find where I was located. We were all more wrought up to that night with prowling enemies all about us than we ever were in battle."

"Of course," said Dan R. Anderson, "the most trying duty for a soldier was standing picket on a stormy night with a skulking enemy in front. Foraging required nerve of another sort, but it required also readiness and resourcefulness. While we were at McMinnville, Tenn., Joe Cahill (I have heard he lives in Chicago) and myself were out foraging and came upon a field of sweet potatoes and melons on a hillside some distance from the road. I suggested that we go over and dig some of the potatoes on shares, and we were soon at work.

"We had dug about half a bushel as the sweet potatoes as you ever saw, when a rifle bullet struck the ground between us. We saw where the smoke came from, and we saw also a horse not far away. Believing the bushwhacker would run to the house we decided to get there before him. As we turned the corner of the house at a full run we came face to face with the bushwhacker, gun in hand. Caught in the act, he was greatly disturbed, while we were in great good humor. As he had had the privilege of shooting at us, we took the privilege of confiscating certain things found in and about his house.

"We took half a bushel of onions, two matas, some butter in a crock (it would have been better for us to have had it in a bottle), half a dozen young chickens, and, loading up the old man with his own goods, started for camp. About half way to camp the bushwhacker threw his white man's burden on the ground and bolted. As Joe was carrying the gun, with half a dozen chickens strung on it, over his shoulder, I dropped my load and gave chase.

"I caught him, brought him back to the burden, persuaded him to take it up, and we reached camp without any further trouble. There we turned the bushwhacker over to General Nelson, who, well pleased at the capture, asked no questions as to why we were outside the lines.

"But speaking of alertness on picket, there was a case of non-alertness in that McMinnville campaign that took the cake. General Nelson was in command, and as Bragg was making feints all along the line preparatory to his grand flanking movement, the orders for outposts were very strict. A detachment from the Thirty-fifth Indiana was on outpost duty on one of the main roads leading south from McMinnville. Scouting along this road, I came upon a soldier sitting upon some rails cleaning his musket. He had taken his gun apart and the pieces were scattered about him.
"He was very much in earnest and was doing a thorough job. I thought it was a queer place to clean a gun

and asked him how far it was to the picket line. He said: 'It is here. I am an outpost.' Just as he ejaculated 'the devil you are,' who should come dashing up but General Nelson and staff and the field officer of the day, Lieutenant Colonel Frank P. Cahill of the First Kentucky. I was asked some leading questions by Cahill, and was asked also how far it was to the outpost. I pointed to the man sitting on the rails, who, proud of distinguished company, was working ostentatiously putting his gun together.

"General Nelson urged his horse nearer to the outpost and asked, 'Do you know who I am?' The absorbed gun cleaner said he did not, and Nelson thundered, 'I am General Nelson, sir.' The soldier said, 'I didn't know that, General, and if you will wait until I put my gun together I will come to a sort of a salute.' Then came the storm. Nelson raged and swore and, ordering one of his bodyguard to tie the careless guard with his own gun strap, said: 'You will cause the death of more good men by your cursed stupidity than your neck is worth,' and the General rode away in his wrath, the very personification of the war spirit.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Child's Interesting Letter.

An old letter written in New York by a little girl of twelve on April 30, 1861, to her father, who was a high official in Washington, recalls a sad incident of the civil war.

"We went to Brooklyn to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach to the volunteers," she wrote. "It was dreadfully exciting! We first all sang a hymn. Everyone shouted as loud as they could—soldiers and all. So you may think we made a pretty big noise. I will write the first verse:

We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and useful time,
In an age, of ages telling,
To be living is a shame!
Hark, the waking of nations,
Guns and muskets to the fray,
Hark, what soundeth, is creation
Groaning for its latter day?

"There were some more verses just as wild. I sang just as loud as I could, and did not mind, because everyone was doing the same thing. It was grand. Afterward Mr. Beecher prayed for the country, and then we all sang 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee.' Then came the sermon. It was splendidly eloquent. He spoke of Virginia first—I wish I could describe it well. 'And Virginia,' he said, 'our proudest State of the Union, the first planted in the wilderness, out of which more great men have come than any other, is now letting herself be dragged along at South Carolina's tail. South Carolina, the only State who gave up to the British in the war of the revolution, and announced herself a subject of the King.'

"Then he went on about our flag and what it symbolizes. How whatever spot it waves over is America the world over, and under it an American was always safe, and how we ought to love, honor and fight for it. 'And now,' he said, 'fellow countrymen and soldiers, this flag of ours must go to Washington—not by the mean and circuitous route that has been adopted for the last week, but boldly and openly—straight through Baltimore—that is the only straight way to Washington—and you must take it.'

"People did not cheer, because they were in a church, but there was a sort of roar of assent that meant just as much. I wish I could give you a good idea of it all, but I can't. After the sermon was over Mr. Beecher came forward. I took up a collection this morning," he said, "for the soldiers of Brooklyn—it was \$2,000. I want to make it \$3,000 to-night." When the plates were brought back to him the elders counted the money while we sang a hymn.

"There is \$25 short of \$3,000," announced Mr. Beecher. "I will give it," said a rich-looking gentleman up in front. Then Mr. Beecher pronounced the benediction, and the congregation was just moving out when the organ began playing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' and then everyone stood still and sang it all through. I never heard so many people sing together before, and it was grand. There is a park opposite the hotel, and the soldiers are drilling there from morning until night. I wonder how we can get home? I wish we could march through Baltimore."

The Government Pauper.

It's glory and fame that follow
A fighting soldier's name,
But you can't fill up on glory,
And you can't exist on fame,
And I may be peculiar,
But I've said it oft before,
That the man who risks his life for us
Should have a darn sight more
Than thirteen dollars a month.

And maybe you don't remember,
Or memory fails to suit,
How, when the draft was on, you went
And furnished a substitute.
You home-making money,
And safe from bullets or swords,
He at the front with an offer
Of thirteen dollars a month.

You call him a government pauper,
With grunts and grumbles and frets;
And kick away like an old bay steer,
At the pension that he gets.
Right here I want to tell you,
And keep it under your hat,
You ought to get six months in jail
And twice a year at that—
Without thirteen dollars a month.

And you ought to live on hard tack,
—also get an elegant bill
Of that water the poor old fellow got
While down in Andersonville.
Then maybe when your year was up,
The lesson you are taught,
May show why we pension those
Old veterans who fought
For thirteen dollars a month.
—Hennepin (Ill.) Record.

PANAMA AND MOSQUITOES.

Great Importance of Speedy Action Toward Sanitation.

Now that it is practically decided that a canal, to divided the continents of North and South America, will be built, it may not be out of place to consider the probable effects of this undertaking from a sanitary point of view. In the first instance, it would seem certain that the building of an isthmian canal will be attended by great loss of life, unless measures are enforced to render the conditions in the regions through which the waterway must pass less inimical to health than is the case at present. The district bordering on the proposed Panama route is, perhaps, one of the most notoriously unhealthy in the world. This fact was conclusively proved by the mortality and sickness among the laborers on the portion of the Panama Canal built by the Leasweeps company. White men were unable to live for any length of time in the locality, and the mortality among the Chinese, and to a lesser extent among the negroes, was frightful.

Sir Patrick Manson, in a paper read before the Epidemiological Society of Great Britain, foreshadowed the possible danger of invasion by yellow fever of Asia as the consequence of the digging of the Panama Canal. He pointed out that shiploads of laborers would soon be plying between Panama and the seaports of Asia, and that unless extraordinary precautions were taken the inevitable result must be that the malarial would be conveyed and spread among the seething multitudes of the far east. In the Journal of Tropical Medicine, Dr. St. George Gray, Sierra Leone, returns to this subject and discusses the sanitary measures necessary to prevent the introduction of yellow fever into Asia from Panama. He is of the opinion that these may be divided into (a) measures to be adopted at the point of departure, i. e., at the Central American port, and (b) measures to be adopted at the port of arrival—the Asiatic port.

The writer takes it as absolutely proven that mosquitoes are the sole cause of yellow fever, and suggests that an international sanitary board should be appointed by the governments having interests in the far east, and that they should be especially qualified for the work. They should have powers to frame such quarantine or other regulations as may be deemed necessary and to enforce these regulations by means of penalties, which should be sufficiently heavy to insure their being carried out by the most careless and indifferent of captives. The sanitary board should make sure that no vessels which have not been thoroughly cleared of mosquitoes leave the isthmus for any Asiatic port. The final clearing of mosquitoes should take place at an anchorage to be selected for the purpose, at least 300 yards away from the nearest shore, and once the fumigation is completed the vessel should not approach the shore again, but passengers, mails and cargo from open lighters could be received aboard.—Medical Record.

BELL AND DRAGON.

—Why the Bell Is So Often Adopted as a Sign in London.

The English are a music-loving nation, and they love to hear music even when going about their daily occupations, and so it is that the spires and towers of her mighty cathedrals are rung full of glorious bells. So fond of bell-ringing is "Merrie England" that Handel once said the bell is her national instrument. It is not strange, therefore that we find this instrument frequently adopted as a public sign. From early in the seventeenth century Bell Inns were numerous in London. In Knightbridge street there was an old inn the walls of which were professed with a giant bell carved in lead relief; the keystone had the initials "M. T. A.," and the date 1668. This fine specimen is now in Guildhall. But a little step away, in Carter Lane, there was another Bell Inn, which has the proud distinction of being the hustler from which Fletcher "Shyney" wrote, in 1598, to his "loving good friend and countryman, Mr. William Shakespeare," the only letter addressed to the Bard of Avon now known to exist. The letter is preserved in Stratford, the home of the world's greatest poet. Not far away, again, there is a modern Bell Tavern, a place where it is said that Dickens loved to go when making notes for "David Copperfield."

One of the most ancient and reputable wholesale druggists in the city, while rebuilding on his old site, dug out of the foundations of the ancient house an old sign of "The Bell and Dragon." It had lain there for more than two hundred years, having been used on a prior building before the disasters of the Great Fire, and had fallen through into the general ruins. The peculiarity of the situation is that the firm had adopted "The Bell and Dragon" as their trade mark before the discovery of this fire-touched relic. This splendid old stone bas-relief is carefully preserved, and occupies a prominent place in the entrance of the Colborn branch of the firm.—St. Nicholas.

Prim Miss From the Back Bay.
Miss Wabash—Last Saturday was our birthday, wasn't it?
Miss Boston—Preposterous! How can you be so silly?
Miss Wabash—What's the matter with that?
Miss Boston—Last Saturday was the anniversary of my birth. I'm not an infant.—Philadelphia Press.

A small boy's idea of a volcano is to sustain with the cork pop.