

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.



## OLD FAVORITES

"Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now."  
 Father, dear father, come home with me now.  
 The clock in the steeple strikes one; You said you were coming right home from the shop  
 As soon as your day's work was done. Our life has gone out, our house is all dark,  
 And mother's been watching since tea. With poor little Bennie so sick in her arms,  
 And no one to help her but me.

Chorus:  
 Come home, come home, come home, Please, father, dear father, come home! Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the night winds repeat as they roam.

), who could resist that most plaintive of prayers—  
 "Please, father, dear father, come home!"

Father, dear father, come home with me now.  
 The clock in the steeple strikes two; The night has grown colder and Bennie is worse.  
 And he has been calling for you; Indeed, he is worse; Ma says he will die. Perhaps, before morning she'll say: And this is the message she sent me to bring—  
 "Come quickly, or he will be gone."

Father, dear father, come home with me now.  
 The clock in the steeple strikes three; The night is so lonely, the hours are so long.  
 For poor weeping mother and me. For, we are alone; poor Bennie is dead And gone with the angels of light; And these were the very last words that he said:  
 "I want to kiss father good-night."

The Campbells Are Comin'.  
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho, o-ho. The Campbells are comin', o-ho, o-ho. The Campbells are comin' To Bonnie Lochleven,  
 The Campbells are comin', o-ho, o-ho.  
 Upon the Lamonds I lay, I lay.  
 Upon the Lamonds I lay, I lay. I looked down to Bonnie Lochleven And saw three bonnie pipers play.  
 Great Argyle goes before, before; He makes the cannons and guns to roar;  
 We sound o' trumpet, pipe and drum. The Campbells are comin', o-ho, o-ho.  
 The Campbells they are a' in arms, Their loyal faith and truth to show; We banners rattlin' in the wind, The Campbells are comin', o-ho, o-ho.

they are nothing more than wastes of the military department.  
 "In the final consideration of the status of these people with the view to determine what shall be done with them," said General Grant, "I recommend that the government purchase or secure in the Indian Territory a tract of land sufficient and suitable for the support of these so-called Seminole negroes, and that they be located thereon, with full permanent title and some immediate help to start them as farmers."  
 General Lee, the present commander of the Department of Texas, has just made a special report to the war department regarding these Indians in which he indorses the recommendations of General McKibben and Grant that suitable provision be made for them. General Lee speaks of the Indians as "deserving people," and says that "they have rendered most faithful and efficient service as scouts and merit generous treatment." He concurs in the recommendation that they may be given a home in the Indian Territory. "If this should be impracticable," says he, "it is suggested that they be permitted to remain on the Fort Clark military reservation as now; and in the event of the abandonment of the reservation a suitable portion of the same be allotted to them for homes. In recognition of their past excellent services and their present usefulness along the border as required, it is recommended that their enlistment and re-enlistment as scout be continued without reduction."

## NO HOME OR COUNTRY.

The Seminole Negro Indians Are in a Queer Predicament.  
 According to reports received at the war department, the so-called Seminole Negro Indians, sequestered on Fort Clark military reservation in Texas, have neither country, home nor citizenship. The peculiar situation of these mongrel people has been under consideration at the war department for many years, with a view to more clearly defining their legal and political status, but so far nothing has been done for their relief. There are about 150 of these Indians. They all reside at Fort Clark, by permission of the war department, and are under the control of the post commander. They are reputed to be peaceable and honest, live in huts and houses, cultivate some ground, raise a little stock and support themselves by their own labor. Twenty of them are listed scouts, eight at Fort Clark and twelve at Fort Ringgold, Texas, and as such, it is reported, render excellent service. Their history in brief appears as follows:  
 They were originally with the Seminole Indians in Florida. About 1849 their ancestors emigrated to Mexico. Corporal Tibbits, a survivor of these movements, the oldest man among them, and who claims to have been born in the Indian Territory, says: "We remained in Mexico until 1870, then crossed into the United States at Eagle Pass, Tex., (old Fort Duncan). A number of us then enlisted as scouts. About forty of these scouts, with their families, came to Fort Clark in 1870." He claims that some kind of "a treaty paper," which was accidentally burned, promised them homes back in the Indian nation (Indian Territory).  
 It seems that by a ruling of the interior department they are not beneficiaries in any respect under the Seminole treaty of 1856.  
 General McKibben, in his annual report for 1900, said, regarding these people:  
 "Having forfeited their rights to residence and citizenship in Mexico, and being neither citizens of the United States nor recognized by the Seminoles as part of their people, some action should be taken whereby the status of these people may be defined. It is respectfully recommended that the attention of Congress be called to these people."

## SPECTACLE LORE

Medical Profession Once Considered Science of Optics Beneath It.  
 In a paper recently read before the Academy of St. Louis, Dr. C. Barck gives some information regarding spectacles which will not be without interest. It is impossible to decide if the Chinese invented glasses before Europeans. But we do know that the ancient people of Nineveh were acquainted with their use. For Sir Henry Layard discovered a convex lens of rock crystal in the course of his researches. The Egyptians and Greeks do not appear to have used spectacles. We always used to think that New was shortighted and used glasses, says the Westminster Gazette, but Dr. Barck questions the translation usually given of the passage in Pinyin upon which the belief was based. He there fore holds that the Roman glasses were unknown.  
 There is no mention of glasses during the first 1,200 years A. D. It was at the end of the thirteenth century that spectacles were invented by two Italians, Arnauti and Spina, either together or independently. But the Encyclopedic Britannica tells us that the inventor was "probably Robert Bacon." The same authority informs us that convex glasses were followed "shortly afterward by concave," whereas Dr. Barck shows that it was two centuries before concave glasses made their appearance. Cylindrical lenses for the correction of astigmatism were invented by Airy, the astronomer royal, in 1827. He took a personal interest in the matter, for he suffered from astigmatism himself. Bifocals were invented and first used by Benjamin Franklin.  
 For a long time the selection of the lenses for individual cases was left to the traveling peddler or the shopkeeper who sold them. Physicians considered it beneath their dignity to attend to such a minor matter. It is only within the last fifty or sixty years that a change has come in this respect. Doctors are now all agreed because they consider that the optician is straying beyond his province. But in the first place the change was due to the labors of Helmholtz and Donders. It was owing to their efforts that for the first time lenses were adapted according to mathematical and optical principles. The invention of the ophthalmoscope, of the ophthalmometer and of remedies by which the accommodation can be paralyzed gave the whole a scientific basis and broke down the prejudices of the medical profession.

Results of Inoculating Fields.  
 The same bacteria that increase the harvest of beans or clover or alfalfa tenfold enable the plants to have many times more nitrogen in the soil than they would have done if uninoculated; in other words, they make the soil many times more fertile, so that the crop of cotton or wheat or corn or potatoes planted next year is many times larger. Thus the rotting crop the year following inoculation derives an equal benefit from the inoculation. For instance, a crop of crimson clover, not inoculated, added to one acre of land 4.3 pounds of nitrogen; a crop of crimson clover, inoculated, added to one acre of precisely similar land 148.5 pounds of nitrogen, an increase of 334 times; a crop of inoculated hairy vetch added to one acre fifteen times more nitrogen than a crop of uninoculated hairy vetch.—Century.

Skeptical.  
 St. Peter—So you want to come in here? What are your grounds for admission?  
 Gasman—That I never read a meter wrong in my life.

St. Peter (to attendant)—Place this man in the detention camp for a few days. The case may be all right; but I'm suspicious. It's almost too good to be true.

From ARCHER to GOLF.  
 Once Cupid, the frowless lad,  
 With a quiver and arrows would call.  
 But he now takes a man for a quiver,  
 And uses his heart for a ball.  
 —Washington Star.

Do the best you can, and you will be surprised how well you do.

**Electricity on the farm.**  
 FARMERS throughout the country, especially those living near rivers and streams, will be delighted with the information that, in their nearness to such streams, there is now found the opportunity of making farm life more pleasant and comfortable. In fact, all of the comfort and conveniences that are at the hand of the dweller in the city are now at the hand of the farmer. Recent reports from the Department of Agriculture call attention to the fact that every small stream is a natural dynamo for the generation of the subtle fluid. By means of small mill dams thrown across the stream and the erection of little electrical plants, that are very low in cost, it is now possible for the farmer to have his barns, stables and houses lighted as brilliantly at night as the "white light district" in any city. More than this, the current can easily be applied to certain classes of vegetables that need to be rushed for marketing, thus increasing the income of the farmer. The great wave of invention with which our country is blessed blesses with its beneficial tide all classes of people, none of whom are more deserving of blessing than the one from whom all our support comes. A new era is dawning for the farmer, a brighter day is coming, the eventuation of which will be a stronger and a better manhood in America. With farms made attractive by the advent of good literature, good light with which to read, and good methods for cultivation of the land, the people of America will never more and more to the country, thus keeping the fountain head of our national life strong and unpolluted.—Pittsburg Press.

## Extravagant Living.

WE have it on the authority of the Board of Trade that extravagant living is a marked feature of many of the bankrupt cases with which it deals. The number of failures recorded last year was higher than it had been since 1894, and in some of the larger cases excessive household expenditure obviously contributed to the bankrupt's ruin. It seems to be a common thing for a business man to live handsomely whether he is making a profit or a loss. The Inspector-general in bankruptcy mentions one case in which a debtor spent £2,000 a year, while he was losing £7,000 a year in his business. Another man for fourteen years spent £1,400 a year when he was only making £500 net profit. These cases are typical, it is believed, of many small bankruptcies, as well as of the larger failures. They may be sometimes explained by negligent bookkeeping, but they are, in the main, suggestive of the craving for luxury which is one of the worst features of our time. The standard of living among the rich has been raised to an excessive degree, and those who would like to be thought rich try to follow the lead set by the big financiers and mining magnates who are to our day what the Indian Nabobs were to the England of George III. People who live beyond their means are tempted to speculate, and the bankruptcy records show the inevitable result. A course of plain living and high thinking would be good for the morals of society, and good for legitimate trade.—London Chronicle.

## The Poor Man in Politics.

THE poor man is in the majority in this country, and the majority should rule. It is, however, a deplorable fact that the majority does not rule, that is the majority composed of the poor man. He may not be aware of the fact, but it is a fact nevertheless that for more than two generations he has been surrendering little by little his voice in government, and becoming more and more merely the means to the end employed by the rich man. In other words the poor man has now become merely a vote to be counted in the battle of ballots directed by the rich men of the country. The poor man in politics amounts to but a very little more than the ballot which he casts.

That the poor man should have so degenerated political

ly is something that cannot be easily understood. As a citizen he has every right that his more fortunate brother has, he has every privilege that the rich man has. In proportion to his possession of worldly goods he has even greater responsibility to himself and these dependent on him, for he has not only his political duties to be discharged according to the welfare of his country may direct, but the further duty of restraining those who would profit at the expense of the country, which means at the expense of himself. The poor man has both an offensive and defensive part to play in the politics of this country, and the ability with which he plays his part determines his status, not simply in politics but in citizenship. If his lot be hard his neglect of duty will make it still harder. If conditions surrounding him be discouraging, his performance of duty may alleviate them.

It is useless for the poor man to cry out against the rich man, for he can accomplish nothing in the protection and promotion of his own interests in this way. What he needs to do if he would improve his condition, if he would exercise all the rights and privileges of citizenship, is to assert those rights and maintain them by the constitutional means and methods which it is his duty to use. He may indulge in political theories, but such indulgence only postpones the time when he must, if he would rise, become something more than the ballot he casts, the man who is counted.—Portland Oregonian.

## Universal Languages.

NOW it is Boston that proposes a universal means of communication—an alphabet by which to indicate the pronunciation of words in the leading European languages. Boston University has begun the work of devising such an alphabet, and invites the opinion of the scientific world on the advisability of having a conference to adopt it.

No real language ever began operations full-grown as Minerva emerged from the head of Jupiter, according to Latin and Greek legend. Probably the only alphabet that was complete when it was first used was that devised nearly eight years ago by George Guess, the lame Cherokee Indian. A language grows; an alphabet grows. It is not made by scientific men, either. So it is not too bold to predict that the conference at Boston University will not amount to very much. It may turn out an excellent alphabet. But excellent alphabets have already been devised by persons who vainly would reform pronunciation or spelling. They have had only one fault—they were not alive, and the people who use alphabets would not have them.

Universal alphabets and languages almost without number have been devised. Each has had its day. Twenty-five years ago a German priest, Father Johann Schleyer, invented "Volapuk," which had a longer day than most artificial languages. Thousands of persons studied it. There were several hundred clubs devoted to the exploitation of the new tongue. Three or four conventions of "Volapuk-fidels," or speakers of Volapuk, were held. But no one speaks Volapuk now. The universal language flourishing just now is Esperanto. It is three or four years old. But even within a year another full-grown universal speech has been devised and offered to the world. If this goes on there will have to be a sort of clearing house for universal languages.

Only two languages ever filled the place which the modern artificial tongues are intended to fill. One of these was Latin, which for centuries served as the language of most of the world. Even yet a man who can speak Latin can make his way wherever there are even partly educated men. The other was French, which until twenty-eight years ago was the language of diplomacy and travel. In the times of the Crusades, between five and eight hundred years ago, the Lingua Franca served to make East and West understand one another. Its base was Italian, and to that were added French and Turkish and Arabic words. By it Crusader and Moslem could speak together, and Crusaders of the South with those of the North. It still exists, but with no pretensions to be called universal.—Chicago American.

**THE STORY OF A SQUIRREL.**  
 He Was a Jolly Little Mischief, This Disturber of Brown House.  
 He was small and plump, of a reddish-brown color, with a beautiful bushy tail curling over his back. Have you guessed that he was a squirrel? Then look up his name in the dictionary, and you will find out why he was called Chickaree.  
 He lived in the trees behind the Brown house, waiting for the butter-nuts to get ripe. A big butternut tree grew close by the fence. Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes had spied the nuts early in the summer, and he made up his mind to have them—every one. So, as soon as the ripe nuts began to fall with a thump to the ground, Chickaree was to be seen—as busy as a bee all day long, storing up food for next winter.  
 The two ladies who lived in the Brown house used to watch him from the windows, and were never tired of saying how cunning he was, and how glad they were to have him get the butternuts. He must have a snug little nest in some tree near by—he would carry off a nut and he would eat it so quickly. But, though they watched carefully, they never could discover where the nest was, and by and by they gave up watching and forgot all about him.  
 One morning, late in October, Miss Anne came to breakfast rather late and cross, saying to her sister: "Sally, I believe this house is full of rats! There was such a racket last night I hardly slept a wink!"  
 Miss Sally had slept soundly, and she laughed at the idea. "Rat? There had never been rats in that house. It was just 'Anne's nonsense!'"  
 Miss Anne still insisted, and was awakened almost every night by the noise. "The rats in the barn have moved into the house for the winter," she said. So the rat trap was brought from the barn, baited with cheese, and placed close to a hole in the under-pinning, which looked as if it might be a rat hole. There it stayed till the trap grew rusty and the cheese moldy, but no rat was caught.  
 One day Miss Sally brought home a bag of peanut candy—"peanut brittle," she called it; and to keep it cool overnight she put it in the workbox, where were kept the hammers and nails, the woodbox and garden tools. This shop opened into Miss Anne's studio, and had an outside door near the butternut tree.  
 The candy was forgotten until the next afternoon, when Miss Anne went to get a piece. All that she found was a heap of torn and sticky paper. Every scrap of peanut brittle was gone!  
 "Those rats!" she exclaimed. "But how did they get in here?"  
 The "how" was soon explained. Near the outside door they found a hole in the floor.  
 Miss Sally was indignant, and, putting a thick board over the hole, pounded in enough wire nails to keep out a regiment of rats.  
 As they stood in the open door a butternut dropped at their feet, and Miss Sally, in a flash, exclaimed: "Anne, do you think it could be that squirrel—the nuts in the candy, you know?"  
 But Miss Anne thought not. "The noises in the attic—that could not be a squirrel. There are wire screens in the windows—he could not possibly get in."  
 "Couldn't he? That same afternoon as Miss Anne crossed the yard, she saw the squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, spring from the fence to the low shed roof, then to the house roof, and suddenly vanish under the eaves. And, looking with all her eyes, she spied a small round hole.  
 The mystery was explained; this was the candy thief and the "rat" that danced jig in the garret night after night!—St. Nicholas.

of sands, crossed and recrossed by innumerable streams running in long, winding lines and beautiful curves, the color changing with the flight of the clouds and the journeying of the sun across the heavens.  
 I could sit there for hours, watching the light wander over the gray level, or waiting for the tide to come in and widen the Couesnon—the river that separates Normandy from Brittany—into an enormous bay, and never there a moment of monotony. Of the abbey, higher on the hill behind me, nothing was to be seen, except in the late afternoon, when it threw a gigantic shadow across the sands.  
 Mont St. Michel is isolated; detached; it stands alone; it is complete in itself. And it is comparatively small, with its whole life and architecture centering about the abbey. There is room for nothing else but the handful of houses clinging to the southern slope.  
 From the first gate up the one village street a few minutes' walk brings you to the abbey; you need be no longer on the way if you follow the walls; while in half an hour or so of plodding through wet sand and scrambling over rocks you can make the entire round of the mount.  
 If I left my high perch to wade up and down the endless steps or along the narrow paths on the hillside between abbey and village, it was to come at every turn upon some new arrangement, some fresh outlook, more picturesque than the last. And on stairs, or footpaths, or street, or walls, or sands, I could seldom forget the isolated position of Mont St. Michel, which is at once its charm and its distinction.—Century.

CHARM OF MONT ST. MICHEL.  
 For One Traveler Isolation of Picturesque Spot Is Its Distinction.  
 My stay in Mont St. Michel extended long beyond the usual days' outing, but I never got over my first impression. From my balcony, and from the pretty arbor in the garden where I ate my first breakfast, I looked down upon a wonderful collection of old houses, all turrets and tumbled roofs, and then out upon an endless stretch

Leslie W. Quirk, author of "Baby Eton, Quarter Back," a story of college athletics, is a University of Wisconsin man and writes of sports from the Western standpoint.  
 Walter Pultizer's "A Cynic's Meditations," lately from the press of the Jodge Publishing Company, New York, is proving a very successful book. The author is a nephew of the editor of the New York World.

Dr. Guy Carlisle Lee of Johns Hopkins University pronounces Ernest Alfred Vitzelly's authoritative biography of Emile Zola, with which John Lane, New York, heads his fall list of announcements, to be "indispensable to the student of literature."  
 A Canadian edition of Florence Brooks Whitehouse's "The Effendi," first published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, has been brought out by the Jussoson Book Company, Toronto, and was so immediately popular as to be already nearly exhausted.

It is reported that Maudo Adams has been studying the Mennonites in Pennsylvania with a view to starting in a dramatization of the popular novel, "Tillie: a Mennonite Maid," and also that Richard Mansfield will stage a play based on Jack London's story, "The Sea-Wolf."

In the little north country village of Knutsford, Mrs. Gaskell found the genes of her "Cranford," and it figures also in other pages of hers. The place is to be made the subject of a book in Mr. Dent's series of "Temple Popographies," and it will, of course, be lavishly illustrated.  
 George Wharton James, whose "Inlanders of the Painted Desert Region" was published a year ago by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, is at work on a book on the Colorado desert, in the midst of which he and his artist have established a desert home near a constantly flowing hot spring.

Some of the literary critics have "mixed up" two Conrad. Joseph Conrad some years ago wrote a story called "Lord Jim" and the critics apparently thought "The Second Mrs. Jim," recently published, must be Lord Jim's second wife. But it is another Jim and another Mr. Conrad, to-wit, Stephen Conrad.

In the new "Life and Letters" of "Trelawny" Hawker a full account will be given of the visit which Tennyson paid to the Vicar of Morwenstow, in his Cornish home. It is said that they talked poetry and kindred matters for a whole day, that Hawker recorded all that the laureate said, and that this report of his has never before been printed. Much other new material will also be given in the book.

The custodians of the National Library at Brussels have recently discovered that systematic robberies of books have been going on under their very noses. Several hundred volumes, some of them of great rarity and all of them valuable, have been stolen from the library and sold to foreign booksellers. The police have gone upon the track of the culprits, but have not yet recovered any of the missing treasures.

The hero of W. E. Norris' last novel, "Nature's Comedian," was an actor. The hero of "Nigel's Vocation," which is now bringing out, is a young man who, having joined the Church of Rome and been admitted into a monastery as a novice, finds himself recalled to the world by the inheritance of a large estate. The schemes of many persons to supplant him and the complications which arise from his love affair form the substance of the story.

"The Confessions of Marguerite," the story of a country girl's struggles to earn a living in Chicago while hoping and planning to continue her art studies, was published anonymously last winter and excited a good deal of interest for its unusual qualities and treatment. Now it turns out to be the work of Opie Read, whose style may be distinguished in this pathetically realistic tale in the form of an almost brutal frankness, coupled with a tender perception of the qualities of a throbbing girlish heart. The book has been reissued in a new edition bearing Mr. Read's name on the title page. The trick of writing novels anonymously may yet become popular. "Brewster's Millions," whose authorship has just been admitted by George Barr McCutcheon, is another instance in point.

Neglected Education.  
 Oliver Herford was entertaining one man friend in his flat one evening, when a servant from the apartment below his brought a message to the effect that the gentleman in 314 was unable, by reason of the alleged noise made by Mr. Herford's party, to enjoy that peace and quiet he thought was due him.  
 "He says he can't read," remarked the servant.  
 "Present my compliments to the gentleman," said Herford, calmly, "and tell him that I could when I was 3 years old."—Harper's Weekly.

Too Much to Do.  
 "So Bates has given up autolog?"  
 "Yes; between running down pedestrians and running up repair bills the expense was too much for him." —Town and Country.

It is one sign that you are all right when you believe that others are.