

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

THE PRISON CONGRESS.

Golden times the jailer was a dark-visaged executioner who clapped his victims into the dungeon and turned a ponderous key in the creaking lock. He was the official punisher of bad men, and it was his business to make the prisoners as unhappy as possible. With the change in the conception of punishment, by which remedy and prevention, not vengeance, inspire the treatment which society reserves for offenders, there came also a change in the manner of men who manage the prisons.

The Prison Congress, held in Chicago, would have surprised any casual visitor who had derived his ideas of jail and jailers from old novels. Here were met together hundreds of wardens, chaplains, prison superintendents, sociologists, physicians, but not only the practical administration of prisons, but the relation of prison discipline to our system of justice.

The Attorney General of the United States spoke from the point of view of a jurist. The head of the Volunteers of America described their method of helping discharged prisoners to get honest work. The lawmaker learned from the jailer what are the conditions of prison life, and how they affect the criminal; the jailer learned more about the story of his charges before and after they came under his care. The effect of such unification of ideas will improve the criminal code, its administration, and the entire relation between society and the criminal.

The necessity for improvement is shown by the declaration of the general secretary of the National Prison Association that "No county or State in the Union is satisfied with its methods of confining and caring for its prisoners." That improvement will come in directions urged by generosity, humanity, but not by sentimentality, the words of a student of prison work give reason to hope: "The wardens, the actual prison managers, are the finest lot of men you ever saw—great physique, earnest, intelligent—no nonsense, but big-hearted and kind."—Youth's Companion.

HOW TO REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING.

THE cost of living is high and going higher. But everybody can regulate the amount of money necessary to spend for sustenance. There is no reason why persons should find it more expensive to live, if they will only consider the question with care and fix the amount of food they ought to eat.

We do not advocate the method adopted by twelve hundred people of Kennebec County, Maine, who have pledged themselves to abstain for ten days from the use of meat, in the hope that thus they may be able to force down the price of beef. But there is no doubt that most persons eat two or three times as much food of all kinds as is necessary for them, and a reduction in diet would have a good effect, not only upon the bills one has to pay but also upon health.

If food is too high, then consume less of it. That is a simple rule for comfort, both of mind and body. The average man and woman eat so much more than is essen-

tial that seven-tenths of all diseases with which humanity is afflicted are due to this excess. The paunch to be seen on almost every man over 40, no matter how lean the rest of him may be, is evidence of overeating; and the fact that many women of the same age are much heavier than they should be proves their lack of self-restraint.

High prices will be beneficial to Americans if they will induce a study of the subject of eating, and the reduction in the amount of food consumed that will follow. We should be a much healthier, happier, stronger, more intellectual and longer-lived people if we should all resolve to eat hereafter, not to satisfy the demands of a pampered and spoiled appetite, but to answer the real needs of the body.

Also, we should be richer, for food is the greatest expense of most of us. If we can cut down our household bills, not only without injury to our health but actually to its benefit, we should be grateful to the cause which brought about the change, even though it be the greed of purveyors.—Indianapolis Sun.

RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY.

HERE is much said about the trouble which is experienced in securing the right kind of men as soldiers for the army. General Greeley has made the latest contribution. The complaints are now made in connection with the effort to increase the pay of the army.

As a matter of fact these complaints are not new. They are made in England as well as in this country, and the real basis of them is that both countries get their soldiers by voluntary enlistment and not by conscription.

The probability is that neither country could procure the kind of men desired by the army officers unless conscription should be resorted to. A few Englishmen have suggested the continental system for their army, but no political party would dare sustain the method, and in this country there is no one who has the hardihood to suggest conscription.

Moreover there is some doubt whether intelligence above a certain level is of any value to a man considered merely as a fighting animal. Especially must there not be a too highly developed, sensitive, and imaginative nature.

As to pay, the ordinary soldier is often a laborer in uniform, and his stipend, with free food, a larger allowance for clothes than he can spend, free lodging, and free medical attendance, is the best laborer's pay in the country.

When we come to the experts for the coast artillery, there is a different question raised.

To make men good artificers the government educates them to a point where they become more valuable as civilians than they are to the government, if we are to judge from the pay which the government gives them. But is the government really inclined to pay one of its \$27-a-month gunners the \$75 that a civilian employer is glad to pay? There are complications.—Harper's Weekly.

STARTLING CHARGE OF A CHICAGO MINISTER.



REV. F. E. HOPKINS.

"Fifty per cent of the women who dine at the 'respectable' restaurants of our large cities drink booze." This is the startling statement of Rev. F. E. Hopkins, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Chicago, whose utterances on feminine intemperance aroused the city. The assertion is based on an investigation which Hopkins has carried on for fifteen years.

In the midst of a series of sermons which aroused his fellow ministers and temperance workers to take sides in the controversy Hopkins left his church work a day, and with several witnesses made a tour of the fashionable eating places. Sixteen were visited. Between the hours of noon and midnight he saw 463 women and girls enter these places. Of this number 269 or 59 per cent were seen drinking hard drinks. Cider was not counted. At one place the preacher found a trustee of his church.

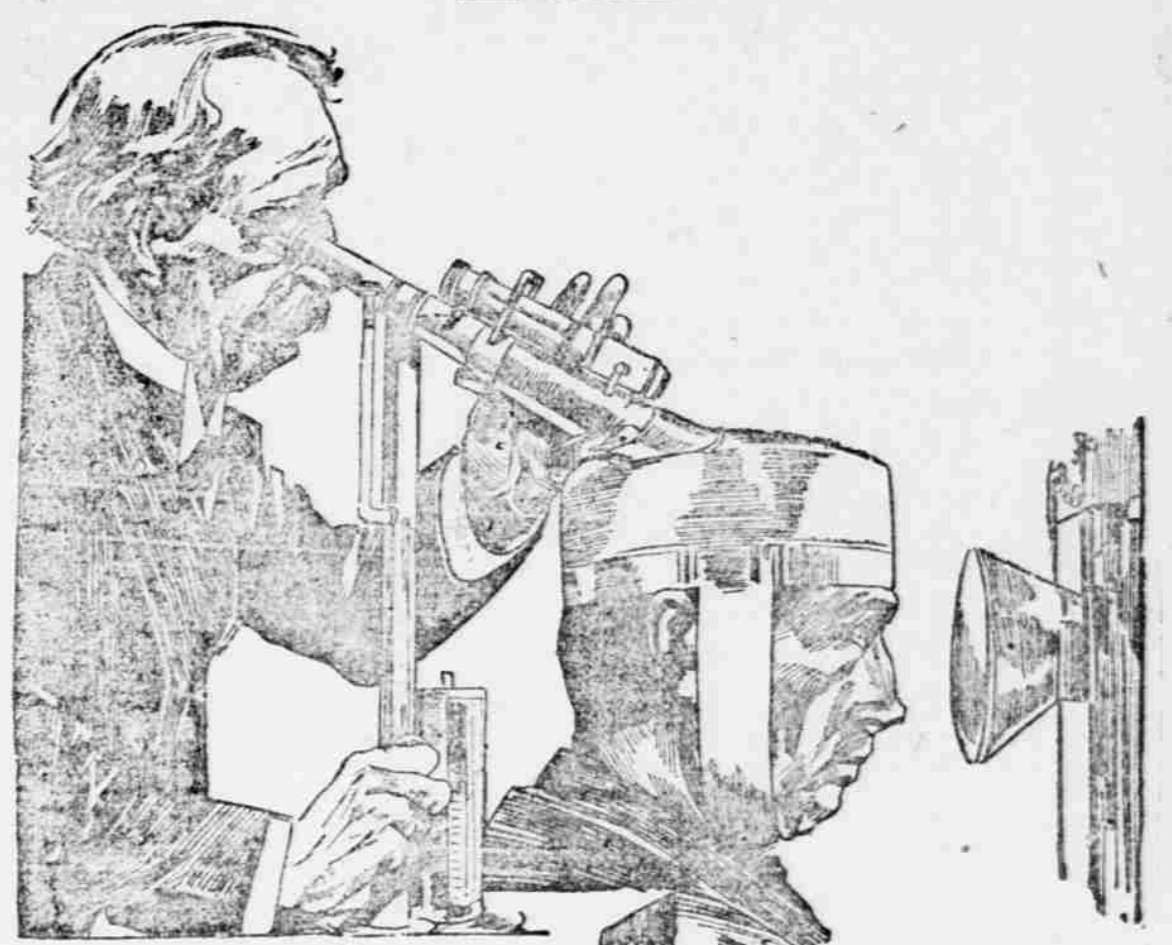
"More men than women were found drinking the less harmful beer," said the Rev. Hopkins, in speaking of the investigation. "Nearly all the women and girls were drinking booze. That sounds slangy, but you can't give it too hard a name.

"The cause of drinking among women and girls in all our large cities is the mad and foolish pursuit of fashion. The drinking habit is steadily growing. Unless something radical is done to stop it at once future generations will suffer."

Most Light-Hearted Street.

From the Avenue des Champs-Elysees to the Boulevard des Capuchins in Paris is but a step, but there the tune is even merrier, says the Bohemian. It is a place of noises, glare, and the perfume of women, the rattle of the street of costly shops, by night the promenade in chief of his most satanic majesty. It is at its best—or worst—in February, during Mi-Careme, when the air is thick with confetti and the denizens of the boulevards are beside themselves.

No use then to sit at one of the little tables on the sidewalk, thinking to enjoy the swiftly changing panorama of the festival. In a moment you would find that a bock or porridge of confetti, your hat jammed over your ears, the



MACHINE WHICH LAYS BARE INNERMOST THOUGHTS.

Starting revelations have been made of the secret tests applied to Harry Orchard, the self-confessed multi-murderer and chief witness at the trial of William D. Haywood at Boise, Idaho, by Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard. The disclosures are contained in an article by Prof. Munsterberg in McClure's Magazine.

The Harvard professor of psychology probed to the very recesses of the convict's brain, and used for his startling researches perhaps the most remarkable scientific instrument ever devised—the chronoscope.

The use of this instrument on an actual criminal in connection with a murder trial marks an epoch in legal history, the final developments of which may substitute this mute, inexorable revealer of the inside of a man's or a woman's brain for judge, jury, district attorney and police inquisitor alike.

Imagine the use to which the perfected chronoscope will be put—indeed, can now be put. Suppose the suspect arrested in some mysterious murder, like the Tavshanjan crime. No police "third degree," but an absolutely certain decision, by the application of the chronoscope, will declare whether or not the man is guilty.

The chronoscope is affixed. Two little metal bits are placed, one in the mouth of the inquisitor, the other in that of the suspect. A dial, divided into the thousandth part of a second, is in electric contact with the bits, and then a single word is spoken by the inquisitor.

The prisoner is told to speak, in reply, the first word that comes to his mind in response. The time this takes is recorded on the dial. If the prisoner refuses to speak it is a confession of guilt. If he replies his guilt or innocence can be surely proven. For other words follow, and the time of the answering ideas is taken. Then when

the inquisitor, taking the suspect unaware, pronounces "trunk," there comes the crucial test.

If guilty the suspect will seek to put the inquisitor off the track and may answer "strap," "leather," "railroad" or something else of a similar nature. But in his brain the word "trunk" has suggested the idea of the dead body within it. He must think of two things instead of one. That takes time, and the inexorable dial with its indicator will show what has occurred.

In Prof. Munsterberg's article in McClure's he tells of applying the chronoscope in the case of Harry Orchard in his cell in the jail at Boise. Prof. Munsterberg called out in succession fifty words. Orchard lent himself to the researches and replied with the first answering word that came to his mind.

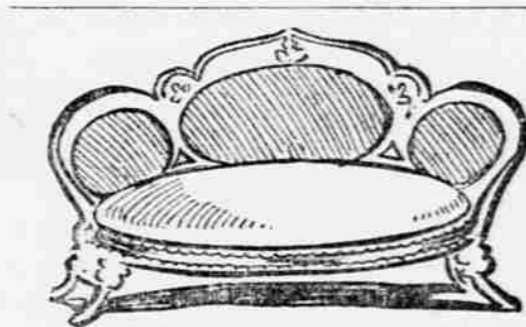
The first word spoken by Prof. Munsterberg was "river." Orchard answered "water." Then "ox," and the answer was "yoke," then "mountain," and he said "hill," then "tobacco," and the reply was "pipe."

All this time Orchard did not know that the time taken for him to reply was being registered. The time averaged seven-tenths of a second. Then Prof. Munsterberg proceeded to put test words, such as "confession," "revolver," "religion," "jury," "death," "blood," "prayer" and "railroad." "Blood" suggested "knife" to Orchard and the other words similar significant replies, but there was no hesitation. The case was made exhaustive and the inference was that Orchard had reached the point where, by reason of much rehearsal, he believed his own confession.

Scientists believe the chronoscope, now only in the first stages of its perfection, will before long be evolved into something resembling a diver's helmet, which, fitted over the criminal's head, would become the microscope of the mind.

FADS OF THE PAST.

It has taken many years for horsehair covered furniture to pass into oblivion, for the reason that there was no wear-out to it, except in a boarding house. Most people, therefore, will remember last having seen horsehair furniture in a boarding house, whether it probably was relegated in the hope that it would be worn out. When such a phenomenon did occur, the fact was usually heralded by the protrusion of a



HORSEHAIR FURNITURE.

rusty spring and a mossy bunch of curled stuffing.

But the remainder of the cover would remain in such unyielding good repair that the owner would be loath to sacrifice the piece of furniture, which made it a white elephant, there being no way to repair it unless the whole cover was replaced.

Another thing that tended to longevity on the part of the almost immortal hair furniture was the difficulty of sitting on it. Its curves were steep and its surface slick, so it was much like trying to cling to a slate roof. You would slide first imperceptibly, and then with the speed of a roller coaster, till you hit the floor in a heap.

ADVANCED WOMEN OF BURMA.

Clever, Shrewd and Industrious, All of Which Their Husbands Are Not.

The Burmese woman is clever, witty, well informed, one of the shrewdest of business persons, usually an excellent housekeeper as well as a good merchant, says Charles E. Russell in Harper's. Her two errors seem to be, first, in marrying John Burman, who is generally lazy and unworthy of her; and second, in submitting to the medical foolery that the Burmese, for all their intelligence, still practice. I might add for a third, if one more be needed, the smoking of the Burmese cigarette, which tends to twist out of shape her handsome mouth. This cigarette, by the way, is a monstrous thing, often eighteen inches in length and an inch and a quarter in diameter.

The Burmese woman not only manages all the material interests of her household but she keeps the Buddhist faith intact. Without her influence it may be doubted if John Burman would

care very much. He is too indolent and too fond of his ease in smooth water. But the women are strict in their performance of religious duties; you can see them at all hours praying in the shrines where not often you see the men. If this theory about the women is correct, it is wonderful testimony to their strength of mind, for Buddhism in Burma is rock-ribbed and apparently unassailable; and then, in the last analysis, it must be to the women that we owe the beautiful pagodas, the excellent monasteries and the gemlike shrines that dot this pleasant country.

Indian Girls at Basket-Ball.

The finest basket-ball team in Indian Territory is at Sapulpa, and is composed of full-blood Indian girls who have been trained by the superintendent of the Euchebe Mission School, an experienced coach.

The Euchebe team has never been defeated, a writer in the Kansas City Star says. Match games have been played with the "crack" teams of Tulsa, Claremore, Bristow, Sapulpa, Okmulgee and Stroud, but the Indian girls have always won.

The Indian girls, who represent some of the best and purest blood of the Creeks and the Euchebe clan, are all scholars in the Euchebe school. They are excellent students.

The natural aptitude of the Indian for athletics crops out in their basket-ball play. Their strongest point is in "team" work, backed up by great swiftness of foot. In the Sapulpa match game these girls once made a goal from the toss-up without letting the opposing team touch the ball or allowing the ball to touch the floor.

The fame of the Euchebe team has spread to such an extent that already games have been scheduled for a Missouri-Kansas tour.

To Err Is Human.

Robert Browning once found himself at a dinner, at a great English house, sitting next to a lady who was connected with the highest aristocracy. She was very graciously inclined, and did her utmost to make conversation. "Are you not a poet?" she finally asked.

"Well," said Browning, "people are sometimes kind enough to say that I am."

"Oh, please don't mind my having mentioned it," the duchess hastened to say, with the kindest of smiles. "You know Byron and Tennyson and others were poets."

The only thing we can recommend is to endeavor to make an uninteresting life interesting as possible.

If Washington Were There.
Two praiseworthy women of Washington were seated in the gallery reserved for the families of Congressmen.

"What a grand body of men!" exclaimed the younger of the two enthusiastically.

"Do you think so?" asked the other demurely.

"Why, of course I do. See how alert and businesslike they are. I am sure if George Washington could come back to Congress he would be proud of such a dazzling spectacle."

"I fear, dear," remarked the elder of the two seriously, "that if George Washington were to come back and see Congress he would lose no time in delivering another farewell address."—Lippincott's.

\$100 Reward, \$300.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Dr. J. C. Carter's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHASE, CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Naming the Baby.

They were choosing a name for the new baby.

"I think Esmeralda is too sweet," said one of the infant's aunts.

"Alfreda is better and more uncommon," said another.

"How would Alvina do?" asked a third.

"Hardly," said the fond father. "You seem to be getting away from the idea that this is a baby and not a new kind of cigar."—London Graphic.

Mrs. Winslow's Sooth Syrup for Children soothing, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

Fitness of Things.

Meekers, who had eaten a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, with the usual evidences of the meal on his shirt front and waistcoat—for Meekers was a bit careless in his feeding—laid back in his chair with serene satisfaction.

"Well," he said, "I feel better. I'll go now and order that suit of clothes I have been intending for the last month or more to do to my wardrobe."

"If you will take my advice," suggested the feminine attendant of the breakfast table, surveying him with marked displeasure, "you'll get a pepper and salt suit."

"What for?"

"To go with all that egg."

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Unconscious Humor.

A class of little folk in an English elementary school were recently asked to define "a lady," with curious results.

The definition of Lizzie, aged 7, will strike a responsive chord in the heart of the busy woman and shows that Lizzie must be an observing person. "A lady is something like a man," says Lizzie, "but she's got long hair and she's got a different face and different clothes, and she's got a lot of work to do." Charlie, aged 6, is impressed by the difference between the sexes. "A lady" he finds to be "different from a man because a lady has different clothes from a man, a lady has different eyes from a man, a lady has a different body from a man, and a lady has different shoes from a man." Howard, aged 7, gets at the same facts from a different point of view. "A lady," he says, "has not got some trousers, but a man has got some trousers." A second Charlie, a year older than the first one, thinks that "a lady is a nice woman because she don't have torn clothes, and she has a woch with her, and she has a chane on the woch."

Two Acre Farms.

In Belgium a two-acre holding is sufficient to maintain a farmer and his family. The typical two-acre farm in that country contains a patch of wheat or rye and another of barley. Another fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all round on the sloping sides of the ditches, with a row of onions just outside, leaving bare walking room between them and the grain. The shade trees round the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce, and the farmer keeps pigs and chickens.

Corrected.

It was at a reunion of a gallant Irish regiment, and in due course a member rose to express his carefully rehearsed sentiment.

"Here's to th' old Fifty-ninth," he began, hotly, "th' last in th' field an' th' first to lave it!"

"Ye muddler!" shouted a compatriot, springing to his feet. "Here's to th' old Fifty-ninth, equal to none!"

PLEASANT SUMMER.

Right Food the Cause.

A Wis. woman says: "I was run down and weak, troubled with nervousness and headache for the last six years. The least excitement would make me nervous and cause severe headache.

"This summer I have been eating Grape-Nuts regularly and feel better than for the six years past.

"I am not troubled with headache and nervousness, and weigh more than I ever have before in my life. I gained 5 lbs. in one week."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Pat's Prize Effort.

An American visiting Dublin told some startling stories about the height of some of the New York buildings. An Irishman who was listening stood it as long as he could, and then queried:

"Ye haven't seen our newest hotel, have ye?"

The American thought not.

"Well," said the Irishman, "it's so tall that we had to put the two top stories on hinges."

"What for?" asked the American.

"So we could let 'em down till the moon went by," said Pat.—Pittsburg Press.

She Heard It.
There was a blast of dynamite not far away, and aged Mrs. Long turned toward the door with a smiling countenance.

"Come in!" she said.

"Do you know," she explained to her caller, "that is the first knock I've heard in twenty-five years."

The right that the poor never fail to exercise is the right of criticism.