

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## THE "POWERS" MUST NOT BE BULLIES.

EUROPE has to remember, in attempting to reconcile national ambitions with principles of international morality, that she not only has the Americans, but Asia, as interested spectators. Events in Japan, China, India, Persia, and Turkey have within five years put quite another aspect on European military and diplomatic policies as they affect the interests of Asiatic peoples. Europe's justice or injustice at this time toward Turkey, reborn and tingling with national ambition, will be watched with a scrutiny that Bismarck and Disraeli did not have to bear in mind. The power that stands for the justest treatment of Turkey will strengthen its moral and political reputation throughout all Asia. The power that is shown to be least concerned with natural Asiatic self-respect and with legitimate Asiatic national aspirations will suffer correspondingly.—Boston Herald.

## TAX THE CATS.

IT is really difficult to understand why the cats have escaped their share of public responsibility. Few thinkers will dispute the statement that such animals are entirely too numerous. The well-fed, well-groomed cat, that stays at home and attends to its knitting by the family hearth, is not a menace to the public welfare, but who will defend the sad-eyed tomcat with the tragic voice that sings wild dirges at dreary midnight's cheerless hour? And his name is legion.

One cat of that description is a greater nuisance than a dozen dogs. And it may also be said of the cat that it is a born thief and porch climber; and it is also a vehicle for disease germs, and many other things which are unpleasant. If cats were taxed, the useful ones would survive, and the masterless ones would have to die the death; and there are few who will argue that such a consumption is not devoutly to be wished for.—Emerson (Kan.) Gazette.

## STOP THE FOREST DESTRUCTION.

THE destruction of the American forests goes on despite the combined efforts of the nation and State to conserve this source of wealth.

Civilization, instead of being the handmaid, is the foe of the densely-wooded tracts. The ax of the woodsmen is bad enough in the felling of the trees; when fire is added it is infinitely worse.

When the untamed Indian roamed at will the forests were undisturbed. The floods which prove so costly to life and property in our day were unknown when the red man held sway. The trees held back the rain and rivers and creeks were never out of their banks, for the water passed over the ground gradually on its way to the sea.

But with civilization came dangers. The locomotive

was sent through the forest to haul out the hewn timber. The white man began to cut down the trees until it became a mania. And to accelerate this denuding the sparks from the locomotive, after a drought, set fire to the forests. Between these destructive agencies the trees disappeared by the millions and untold wealth was sacrificed. It is estimated that where one tree has served the uses of the human family a dozen were prostrated by fire.

All over the country forest fires are now raging. A good part of the heavily-timbered Adirondacks is being laid waste. Michigan has a harrowing story to tell of the ravages of the fiery monster inclosed in its forests. A dozen States report great losses by this visitation.

Now, the remedy is not hard to find to prevent these widespread disasters. Locomotives burning oil do not emit sparks, as the combustion is complete. Let the States which suffer from this scourge insist upon the railroad companies burning oil on the engines which run to, alongside of, or into the forests. This done, we will hear no more of the ravages of the fiery fiend in our woodland areas.—Utica Globe.

## MINISTERS MUST LIVE.

EN should enter the ministry for the good they can do. On this point will agree the whole body of Americans who wish well for their church. Those who are equal to the task of spiritual leadership will think rather of the souls they can save than the money they may hoard, the high ecclesiastic office they may attain, the splendid cathedral over which they may exercise dominion. It is the one calling, the ministry, which men cannot enter legitimately for material gain.

But this surely is not all. Nothing in this requires that a man gently bred, married to a woman likewise accused of disease germs, and many other things which are unpleasant. If cats were taxed, the useful ones would survive, and the masterless ones would have to die the death; and there are few who will argue that such a consumption is not devoutly to be wished for.—Emerson (Kan.) Gazette.

## FORESTRY A WORLD AFFAIR.

THE grave consequences of reckless tree felling are so widely and deplorably felt that the subject is likely to become a matter of international consultation and deliberation. The terrible devastating fires on the North American continent this year are recognized as a matter of deep concern elsewhere. A congress of the powers to devise means of combined action to prevent further denudation and to provide for the reforestation of waste lands might lead the way to most beneficial co-operative effort. To conserve the wood supply of the world, to regain to the higher land levels their natural and suitable water supply, and to restore arid and waste lands to conditions of use and fertility, are aims to which the statesmanship of the nations may be most wisely directed.—Washington (D. C.) Times.

## LONDON AS A POSTMAN.

### He Was Carrying Letters When His First Story Was Accepted.

WHEN all the belated dispatches herald the progress of Jack London, novelist, about the uncharted seas in his yacht Shark have been collected there will be ample material for another autobiography or a magazine contract from the pen of the author of "The Call of the Wild." Yet there are a few items concerning London's youth with the author and his friends have overlooked in the past.

For instance, it has never been told that when London had his first piece of fiction accepted he was a postman. Just about the time that his check arrived from a well-known short-story magazine of the newsstand type, published in Boston, London's name was posted in the postoffice at Oakland, Cal., in the list of those who had successfully passed the civil service examination for the position of carrier.

His rank was higher than that of any of the other ten or a dozen successful applicants. London carried the mail pouch for a short time only, and then suddenly began to find himself famous because of the vogue of his first Alaskan stories and he gave up his job with the postoffice.

When London came back from his cruise on a sealing schooner to enter the Oakland high school he was a shock-haired, unkempt youth about 21, who always wore a blue sweater and who rode to school on a dilapidated bicycle. Because of his age he appealed to the other students there as a man full grown, who was hardly to be approached on the footing of comrade.

The machine has no joint place, no pressure gauge, no suction or regulating valve. It will work in water reaching even 113 degrees Fahrenheit and saves 98 per cent cooling water and 70 per cent of motive power as compared with any other freezing machine known.

The Germans have also a new freezing device especially adapted to household and field hospital use. It is very simple and could be manufactured for about \$1. It consists merely of a double-wall tin vessel with a capacity of five gallons. The hollow space between the two walls is about an inch high.

By the gradual admission of carbolic acid into this hollow space through an opening at the bottom and from there to the vessel proper through a cross-arm tube it is claimed that water may be converted into ice in the space of sixty seconds, and that meats, fruits and beverages may be chilled or frozen in a few seconds. This reduction of temperature is caused by the rapid expansion of the carbolic acid, which is admitted from an ordinary carbolic acid reservoir.

## The Treasury Vaults.

The first question the average voter to the United States treasury building asks is: "Couldn't burglars tunnel under the vaults and rob the government?" Well, that is not likely. An armed guard sits beside the vaults. Every twenty minutes he is required to ring an alarm just to show that he is awake. An armed patrol makes the rounds hourly. Secret service men in plain clothes, with concealed weapons, keep watch and ward outside and inside the building. As to tunneling, the officials hold that if a man by any possibility should manage to bore underneath a vault the heavy metal would crush him to a jelly, thus administrator a lasting gold curse. Even if the tunnel burglar should get away with his life he could not get away with much gold. Ten thousand dollars in double eagles weighs thirty-eight pounds. Forty million dollars in gold certificates of the \$10,000 denomination weighs eleven and a half pounds. Even burglars prefer the gold certificates to the real thing.—Buffalo Times.

It consists of a long lazy tong prodded with means for grasping cans, boxes or other packages. Naturally the tongs are held open by a spring between the handles, but by pressing the latter the tongs are forced against the article to be moved.

The firmer the grip on the handle, the more tightly will the article be held by the tongs. The tongs extend from both sections of the holder, one being longer than the other to accommodate packages of different sizes.

Aid to the Carpenter.

To be proficient in his trade, every carpenter, in addition to his regular knowledge, must also be a good blower.

A good pair of lungs is essential in order that the sawdust following in the wake of a saw can be blown off the board at regular intervals. A Kansas carpenter came to the conclusion that this necessary blowing could be done automatically, saving considerable time and strength. He accordingly devised the attachment for saws shown in the accompanying illustration. It is attached to the saw close to the handle. When the saw has finished the down stroke the end of the blower—in the form of a piston—comes in contact with the board that is being sawed. Air is generated and blown on to the board, dispelling the sawdust ly-

pease. "Why don't you applaud like everybody else does?" asked Mrs. Oodles, as the lecturer made this point.

"I paid for my ticket when I came in here, didn't I?" asked Old Oodles in return. "I don't owe her nothing, do I?"—Somerville Journal.

Did anyone ever know a man to apologize to his wife?

## THE LETTERS I HAVE NOT SENT.

I have written them, keen, and sarcastic, and long, With righteously wrathful intent, Not a stroke undeserved nor a censure too strong; And some, alas, some of them went!

I have written them, challenging, eager to fight, All hot with merited ire; And some of them chanced to be kept over night And mailed, the next day—in the fire.

Ab, blessed the letters that happily go On errands of kindness bent; But much of my peace and my fortune I owe To the letters I never have sent.

—Christian Endeavor World.

## In the Days of the Press Gang

In the bell-chamber of Keldon parish church Kit Cowley lay in hiding. A press gang, under Lieut. Fairbrother, had been scouring all that part of the country for nearly a week and the capture of a young fellow like Kit, who had just returned from his first experience of the sea, would have improved the quality of a rather lubberly lot of pressed men. But Kit had seen enough of the sea, though he was a stout enough fellow in his way. At any rate he had no liking for the press and at the first rumor of the press gang's appearance he had sought a hiding place. His aged father was the sexton of the church and knew every nook and cranny of it. There was no better hiding place. If only Kit could be smuggled into it without the suspicion of a few long-tongued busybodies being roused. So Kit shouldered his stick and his bundle, bade an affectionate good-bye to the old folks and trudged off in the direction of the nearest seaboard. But at dead of night he crept stealthily back to the old church, clambered in at a little vestry window carelessly unfastened and took up his residence for a time among the great bells in that chamber of the winds.

He had been there several days and no one had any suspicion of the fact. The old folks had little difficulty in bringing him something to eat and drink and they told him the news of the little town and the country side—dull, personal, commonplace gossip mostly for a man who had seen something of the world, and had run the gamut of storm and sword. The last incident which had excited the good people of Keldon was the mysterious disappearance of young Hawkesbury, the only child of Sir Godfrey Hawkesbury, the man of Hawkesbury Park. He was a rather small and delicate lad, about 13 or 14 years of age and chiefly remarkable for his wit.

"And now," he was said after a short pause, "let us have one last talk. You and Sir Godfrey they say are the last of the Hawkesburys. But I know another, and Hawkesbury Park, and all that goes with it will be his, when you and your father are gone. Sir Godfrey built his father years ago and to-night I will have my revenge. You will never leave here alive."

He stayed a moment to enjoy the anguish which was plainly visible on the young lad's face, which twitted hideously in his vain efforts to speak. Kit puffed his brain to know what he should do. Should he shout for help? The little town was wrapped in its slumbers and he could rouse it and obtain help, there was ample time for the highwayman to commit his foul deed and effect his escape. Should Kit attack him? He was unfortunately quite unarmed and a mere stripling by the side of this powerful man, in whose belt there were both pistol and dagger.

"I have planned my revenge a long time," the man resumed. "When you are gone Sir Godfrey will not last long, and then by every proof of law the estate will be mine. But it would not all if the murderer were discovered or even suspected. So I have brought you here. Suspicion may, perhaps, fall upon the old sexton, or upon one of the old bell ringers, or upon anyone—I care not whom. I wish, indeed, I could have made it fall more closely upon some victim. But it is enough—I have caught you, and got you here."

He laughed hideously, a mocking, maniacal laugh. There was no fear, no remorse, no hesitation in his manner. His hands itched for their work, and he sprang forward eagerly and gripped the young squire's throat in exultation. Kit Cowley felt the strength of a mad fury as he burst open the door of the window, and sprang into the bell chamber. At the first sound of the rising latch the highwayman released his grip and turned towards the intruder. His first expression was one of blind surprise, which gave place to one of derision. Joy when he had taken the measure of his antagonist and seen that he was unarmed.

Suddenly a shrill, piercing shriek, followed by loud cries for help, rang through the bell chamber. The dumb lad had suddenly regained his voice by a last gigantic effort in this moment of tense excitement.

Kit and the highwayman stood in the uppermost part of the tower below. There was a narrow stone platform round the outside of the bell chamber, and he was protected by a rather deep embattled parapet. Kit Cowley had several times broken the monotony of his close confinement by creeping out upon the platform and scanning the wide and beautiful prospect of a fertile landscape, while he breathed the cool crisp air of that lofty eave, which reminded him just then that the ringers would be in the loft that evening and for an hour or more the bell would be a veritable pandemonium of clang and clatter.

Fortunately for him there was a means of mitigating the annoyance to some extent. The bell chamber was the uppermost part of the church tower and was in fact a somewhat smaller stouter part of the tower below. There was a narrow stone platform round the outside of the bell chamber, and he was protected by a rather deep embattled parapet. Kit Cowley had several times broken the monotony of his close confinement by creeping out upon the platform and scanning the wide and beautiful prospect of a fertile landscape, while he breathed the cool crisp air of that lofty eave, which reminded him just then that the ringers would be in the loft that evening and for an hour or more the bell would be a veritable pandemonium of clang and clatter.

It was not until he began to write little monologues in trumpet dialet for the school paper that London attained success. Some of the things he wrote for that school paper he could understand his name to-day, for he was far from being a genius or a "bug."

## First Silver Wedding.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of Hughes Capet. The servants, says Home Chat, belonging to him had grown gray in his service, a man and a woman, and what could he do as a reward. Calling the woman, he said: "Your service is great, greater than that of the man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a drowsy and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man, who has worked with you five and twenty years, is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

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## Paid in Advance.

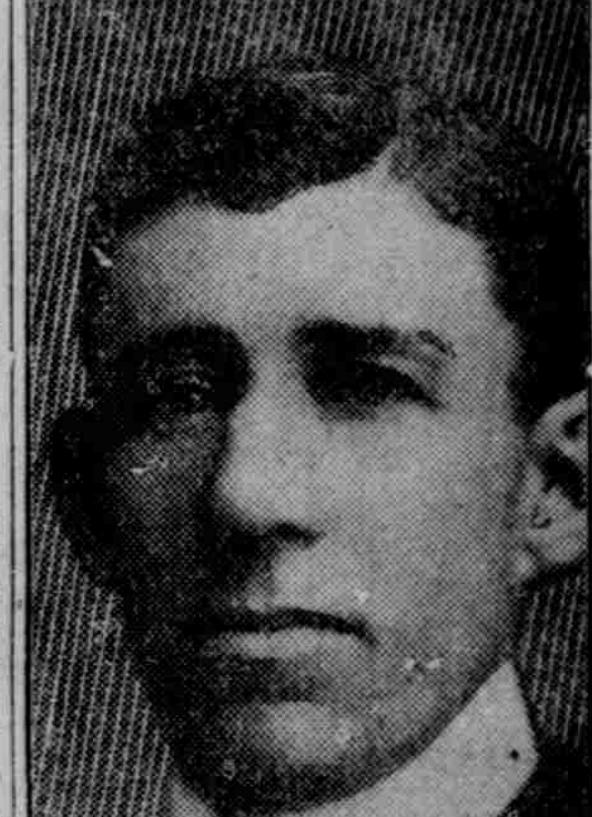
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## PE-RU-NA AS A LAST RESORT

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Mr. Wm. F. Vahlberg, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes:

"One bottle of Peruna which I have taken did more toward relieving me of anague than any of catarrh of the stomach, which is the country than for the treatment with the best physicians."

"I have given up hopes of relief, and only tried Peruna as a last resort."

"Peruna continues using it, as I feel satisfied it effect an entire and permanent cure."

"I now cheerfully recommend Peruna to who may read this."

"Peruna is usually used as a last resort. Doctors have tried and failed. Other remedies have been used. Sanitariums have been visited. Travel has been resorted to."

"At first Peruna is tried. Relief is found. This history is repeated over and over again, every day in the year. It is such results as this that gives Peruna its unique value."

"I am the famous Cub, the baseball champion of the world," said the native. "You've heard of the Cub, of course?"

"No, before. But that reminds me. You have heard of Mbilima. Gooch, haven't you?"

"No; who is he?"

"He's the champion boomerang thrower of the world. I supposed everybody knew that."—Chicago Tribune.

**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**

That is LAXATONE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25¢.

## Real War.

As the late Lord Wantage, V. C. K. C. B., was a soldier of experience and valor, his description of a battle, taken from his letters from the Crimea and incorporated into Lady Wantage's recently published biography, may be considered accurate.

**Reviving It Downward.**

Democratic newspapers are greatly concerned lest the promised revision of the tariff by the Republicans shall not be sufficiently downward.

Such will command little sympathy from the people of the United States, who have not forgotten the bitter experiences following the "downward" revision aimed at the tariff by Democratic Congresses.