



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Back to the Farm.

AN important change is quietly but irresistibly coming about in the industrial situation in this country. For years the tendency of ambitious young men has been from the farms to the cities, lured by the higher wages and greater opportunities. The steady migration has resulted in a decided effect both upon the city wages and upon the value of farm products. Wages are at a standstill; farm products are steadily rising in value. There is a labor congestion in the cities and a growing inability on the part of the farmers to meet the ever-increasing demands for their products.

The American Agriculturist has prepared a comparative table of farm values, acreage, production and selling prices of the staple crops for a series of years. The three years taken for special comparison are 1904, 1901 and 1896; 1901 is taken as an average year, 1896 as a low year and 1904 as the most prosperous year that American agriculture has ever known.

The total value at the farm of the staple crops was \$1,820,000,000 in 1896, \$2,532,000,000 in 1901, and \$3,278,000,000 in 1904. Thus the total value of the last season's crops is almost double that of the 1896 yield, an increase in value out of all proportion to the increase in production. Apples are the only crop which are less in quantity than in 1896, but hay, rye, wheat, corn and flaxseed were produced in almost the same amount. The only large increase in production is in cotton, where the crop is almost a half larger than in 1896. Potatoes and oats show increase, but not much. In no case except cotton and barley has the increase in production at all approximated the increase in population. The increase in farm values has come not from increased production, but from increased demand and consequent higher prices. The comparison of bushel farm values makes this more marked. Corn is selling for twice what it did in 1896, wheat for one-third more, potatoes for two-thirds more, hay for a third more.

The remarkable conclusion of this crop compilation is that in ten years there has been hardly any appreciable increase in the quantity of staple crops produced except in cotton. Even in such products of less total value as onions, hops and cranberries the quantity produced in the past year is almost exactly the same as the production of ten years ago. The meaning of all this is that laws above human control are bound to turn the tide of migration back from the cities to the farms.—Indianapolis Sun.

Churches and Theaters.

EVERY little while some preacher deploras what he believes to be the fact that the theaters are more successful in securing audiences than the church. Is it true? It may be doubted if in any given city more persons attend the theater than go to the churches. And all things considered it may be said that the churches succeed better than the theaters.

The theater has these advantages: It changes its actors and its performances frequently. It is always presenting something new. The church has the same message and the same man in the pulpit from Sunday to Sunday. And yet the churches are filled. In another important feature the theater has an advantage. It advertises thoroughly and successfully. A large percentage of its earnings go into modern advertising. Seldom does the church spend a dollar for advertising; or if it does spend a little money it is injudiciously spent.

And yet the church draws. There must be a reason. There is a reason. The church ministers to a great human need. It appeals to what is highest and best in life. A great vacuum requires to be filled. A great longing clamors to be satisfied. Men and women realize that they are threefold beings and that to cultivate body and mind alone is only two-thirds of culture. The man whose spiritual life is atrophied may not feel this, but the normal man does. This is the church's opportunity and the reason for its existence.

The church makes a mistake when it fails to advertise.

ROYAL RUBBER MERCHANT.

King of Belgium Owns Territory Rich in Product.

The King of Belgium to-day, according to the statement of M. Vandervelde, a socialist leader in the Belgian parliament, is the greatest rubber merchant in the world, says the Boston Transcript. The story of how the king gained that proud position is the story of how he made himself absolute master of 30,000,000 of people and 1,000,000 square miles of the richest territory in the world. Quite as marvelous in its way as Stanley's discovery of the great Kongo basin is the story of King Leopold's conquest of central Africa—more marvelous in some respects, since the king has accomplished this great enterprise by the mere strategy of a diplomat without ever setting foot upon the soil of Africa.

Stanley dreamed of founding a great international state in the center of Africa, but it never occurred to him to set up a kingdom of his own there, and make himself absolute monarch of the whole vast region to which his discoveries would seem to have made him, if any one, the natural heir. Stanley knew the wealth of the Kongo, and saw there a great future for the enterprise and trade of European nations, but it never occurred to him to treat that whole vast territory and its inhabitants as his personal property, converting the country into a plantation, and making the natives serfs.

This has been the special mission of the royal rubber merchant of Belgium and he has accomplished it by the simplest possible of political devices. By the decree of 1885 he disposed of the natives of all the land except the little strips of tilled soil about the villages, making it in theory as it has since become in practice, a colony for natives to gather rubber or ivory in the forests and for the traders to buy

of them. As it was by playing off the powers one against another that the king obtained his first foothold in central Africa, so it has been by pitting the savage tribes of the interior against each other, arming one tribe and employing it as a policeman for the others, that he has been able with a handful of white men to subjugate the country, establish state slavery and enforce the rubber tax.

True, this has only been accomplished with terrible destruction of the native peoples and with a cynical disregard of every pledge that was made to the European powers at the time the Kongo government was first established. This is precisely the source of these complaints of traders and missionaries that come to us from the Kongo. It is the meaning of the international movement now on foot to compel fulfillment of these earlier pledges.

In international affairs it is not justice but "the accomplished fact"—not what should be but what is—to which we invariably bow. In the relations of the great powers we seem to have as yet little more than the mere play of natural forces. But sooner or later the civilized world must unite in setting a limit to the ruthless exploitation of native peoples that is now going on over the whole earth. Economical interests demand it, and nothing but international jealousies and the lack of an informed international opinion can prevent it. Why should the powers not make a beginning here in what at inception was called "an international colony," the Kongo Free State?

LAWS OF HEREDITY.

"Three Generations to Make a Gentleman," Is Fact, Not Fancy.

Prof. Karl Pearson, F. R. S., who has taken a leading part in founding the doctrine of evolution on a statistical basis, explained to a deeply inter-

ested audience at the Royal Institution some of the results which have been arrived at. Two of these are of special importance, says the London Telegraph. It is shown by examination of large numbers of persons that mental and moral as well as physical qualities are inherited, and to the same extent. Taking school children and examining them minutely with respect to curliness and color of the hair, length, breadth and height of the head, color of the eyes, the cephalic index, and health, on the one hand; and, on the other, testing them for intelligence, vivacity, conscientiousness, popularity, temper, self-consciousness, shyness and handwriting, the degree of inheritance in the two categories came numerically as close as 521 to 522. Secondly, it is proved that two or three generations will suffice to create a new stock. Statistics of large numbers show that there is more than is often supposed in the saying, "It takes three generations to make a gentleman," and in the expression, "Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation." Pedigree in humanity, as in the lower animals, is a vital factor. Thus a family or a nation will certainly progress or degenerate as the issue of heredity. It needs but to repress the numbers of the better and higher and to multiply the numbers of the lower and less fit for two or three generations to make national degeneration terribly real. Prof. Pearson's tabular results showed the universality of the laws of inheritance, not only in animals like horses and dogs, but in lowly insects, and even in plants.

Idleness the Object of Crime.

THERE is a well-founded theory among criminologists that there was never an habitual criminal or a persistent law-breaker who did not have a deep-rooted and positive antipathy for any and every kind of work. They have reversed the old notion that idleness is the main cause of a criminal state of mind and they will advance many strong arguments to prove that there is something potential for evil innate in the individual who has a constitutional ambition to loaf.

It has been shown in carefully made statistics of crime and criminals that if all of the men and women who devote a year to the dishonest acquisition of money had spent the same period working at such honest pursuits as they might be fitted for, they would have acquired an aggregate sum nearly double the total of their peculations.

This seems to argue that "easy times" rather than "easy money" was the ultimate purpose in view.

Nor is the vice of idleness confined wholly to the dishonest. A little reflection will convince one that in many other instances indolence is the end rather than the means of sin, and that many men and women commit their worst and most frequent transgressions for the deliberate purpose of experiencing the sodden joys of doing nothing.

The mental and physical torpor which follows the use of cocaine, morphine, opium and other drugs is classed by many physiologists as the very ecstasy of indolence, and in this sense it is apparent that indolence is the object and not the means of transgression.

The glutton feeds himself into a state of semi-torpor which he has come to regard as delightful; the drunkard does the same; nor is it necessary to enumerate the dozens of other vices practiced for the seeming purpose of achieving idleness.—Chicago Journal.

The Rage for Risk.

WITH the increase of such popular amusements as are afforded by "loop-the-loop" contrivances, evolutions on parachutes, animal show exhibitions, and yet newer and more ingenious arrangements for catering to the "rage for risk," comes the demand from another section of the public, where more temperate and saner ideas prevail, that something should be done by legislation, if necessary, to limit these exhibitions of human daring within the bounds of something like a decent regard for safety. Possibly, if the only persons who engaged in these performances and risked their limbs and lives, either for the mere "fun of the thing" or for business purposes, were adults, or men or women of the professional class, no protective measures would be necessary; but since innocent children of tender age and giddy youth of both sexes are beguiled into these same dangerous sports, to be maimed for life or killed outright, it seems imperative that the law shall step in and draw the line beyond which these schemes for imperiling human life shall not go. There still exists, we are sorry to believe, a considerable fraction of people, even in this enlightened land, who are but little above the level of the Romans of ancient days in their taste for vulgar and brutal shows.—Leslie's Weekly.

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Melba Decorated by Edward.

King Edward has conferred upon Mme. Melba the decoration for science, art and music. She is the first woman upon whom it has been bestowed.

OLD FAVORITES

Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.

'Tis a year since last we met,
And we may not meet again;
I have struggled to forget,
But that struggle was in vain—
For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will;
In the midnight on the seas,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

At the first sweet dawn of light,
When I gaze upon the deep,
Her form still greets my sight,
While the stars their vigils keep.
When I close mine aching eyes,
Sweet dreams my senses fill;
And from sleep when I arise,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

I have sailed 'neath alien skies,
I have trod the desert path;
I have seen the storm arise
Like a giant in his wrath;
Every danger I have known
That a reckless life can fill;
Yet her presence is not flown,
Her bright smile haunts me still.

Why So Pale and Wan?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move;
This cannot take her.

If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her!
—Sir John Suckling.

VALUE OF PORCHES.

Month's Loafing on the Piazza Will Do Wonders for the Overworked.

There's an old doctor in New York who is famous for repairing people with a rather odd prescription. Overworked men and nerve-wrecked women, all out of sorts with life, come to him in an ever-lengthening line, and beg to be set aright. He looks them very closely in the eye for perhaps a minute, and then says, leisurely, with great, genial heartiness that in itself is almost a cure on the spot:

"Well—well—I wouldn't lie awake nights worrying very much about it, if I were you. You're all right, every bit, only you've gone a trifle 'stale' as the boys say in college athletics. What you need more than anything else is to do a little judicious loafing. Something in the way of a sun bath daily. In fact, the very best thing I can recommend for you is a piazza in the Berkshires. Just sit there for a month or two and watch the world go by. Read a little, dream a little and listen to the birds, but don't you dare do a single useful thing. And the longer you sit there the surer the cure."

A piazza in the Berkshires. The old doctor knew what he was talking about. Only, of course, it doesn't literally have to be in the Berkshires. A piazza anywhere will do, even yours or mine, and the bigger and sunnier and more enticing it is the better. And if, by any unpardonable oversight of fate, or the architect's, you haven't a piazza, build one at once, I beg of you. Build a new one, change the old one, make a fine one finer. But a piazza of some sort you must have, for that way joy lies.

It's rather a pity we don't make more of our piazzas. They beat us badly at this sort of thing over in southern Europe, along the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Even the poorest Italian and Spanish peasant there knows enough to have his little vine arbor, and to bask in it when the sun is high in the summer skies.

If we could only, here in strenuous America, do a little of the same sort. We're such awful grubs, with our noses forever in the dirt after the dollars. And the longer we bury ourselves in the commercial tombs of the slaving cities, the worse we get. Nerves come, and digestion goes, until presently we find ourselves disgruntled old parties, with our skulls always over-cast, and our bones always aching. And then, when it is too late, we sigh for a sight of the green things out in God's country. Which would never have happened, you know, if we'd only done a little judicious loafing on some piazza, as the years were slipping away.—Men and Women.

SCIENCE VERSUS ROMANCE.

President of Love in Defiance of All the Pretty Theories.

The romantic novelists, to whom love is a great, a single and an only thing, are fond of the idea that for every human heart there is one other human heart belonging to a person of the opposite sex, which is its complete and soul-satisfying complement. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who added the matter of fact sense of the scientist to the wit and fancy of the essayist,

declared that if the truth were known the most soulful of all of us might find in the infinite hordes of his fellow creatures not only one but hundreds of thoroughly satisfactory mates.

Set down in the detachment of the printed page, the sentence has a shrewd and piquant cynicism. A little incident in a New Jersey court the other day invested it with the aura of heart comedy or the pall of soul tragedy, as one chooses to view it.

A woman had mourned her first husband sincerely, and for two years. At the end of that time she had married again and was living on the terms of the happiest affection. Then, out of a clear sky of felicity, husband number one appeared. He had been in the Klondike seeking his fortune. He had written and had sent money as often as he could; but the post had miscarried, and a false report of his death had betrayed his loving mate.

The magistrate before whom the three appeared asked the double wife which of the men she loved. "Why, I love them both!" she said with tears in her eyes; and throwing her arms about each in succession she kissed them both tenderly. Truly, the magistrate had need of more than the wisdom of Solomon, judging between the two women who claimed the same child.

Those of us who are single and thinking of a mate have cause for hope—and for fear. Those of us who are in double harness, whether happy or unhappy, have cause for fear, certainly, and hope, perhaps! It is human, it is beautiful to desire that love shall be single and eternal, surviving life and the grave. But implacable nature, in her businesslike zeal to keep the race alive and to drive it upward and onward, sometimes makes short work of soul ideas.

Tennyson was grappling with the question in the lyric tragedy of thought when he wrote of nature:

So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.

And the marriage ceremony, breathed full of the loftiest ideal of love, binds till death do us part.—Saturday Evening Post.

GAY ILLUMINATED DISHES

Novel Idea in Dinner Parties Comes from Switzerland.

The very latest idea in entertaining hails from Paris and smart Swiss towns, where the thing now is to entertain your guests, if not entirely in the dark, at any rate in darkness or semi-darkness all the time.

At a dinner party the hors d'oeuvres and soup are served as usual in a brilliantly lighted apartment, and then, to the consternation of people who are new to the idea, the light goes out. Then the door opens and the servants come in carrying brilliantly illuminated dishes containing the fish, and as each guest takes his or her position they help themselves to a light at the same time, and when every one is served the effect is fairy-like. Suppose the fish contains lobster in some form or other, the electric light shade is in the shape of the head of the lobster and sheds a delightful red glow over the table.

The most ingenuity, however, is shown when the ices are served. Generally a huge bird or beast, basket or cornucopia made of ice is wheeled into the room, blazing with lights and filled with ices. When each guest is served the light goes out and only those on the plates illuminate the room. When the strawberry ices are served the shades take either the form of the berry itself in crimson or the pure white blossom. These are given alternately to the guests and have the prettiest effect.

At a big Swiss hotel the ice is served in this way every evening. A favorite design is a Swiss chalet. This is wheeled in brilliantly illuminated. In each apartment are two lights and two ices, and when every one is helped the twinkling lights die away and the chalet disappears on its invisible wheeled chair.

Another popular way of serving the ice is the polar scene. Blocks of glass representing the icebergs and the electric light is swathed in cold-looking glue, while the snow is made of white ice cream. Sometimes a few white china animals are placed in niches in the glass to give greater effect.—London Mail.

Russians and Gambling.

The gambling propensities of the Russians are indicated in the fact that more than \$1,500,000 is spent in Russia for playing cards. The Tsaritsa Maria charitable institutions have a monopoly of the manufacture, and they make a large profit, as the production costs only about \$250,000.

Chinese Poems on United States.

Cheng Yow Tong, former secretary of the Chinese Commission to the St. Louis Fair, has published a volume of poems relating in the main to the United States.

What do you suppose a father thinks when his son picks up a man doll, a baseball bat, a tennis racket and a bag of golf sticks, and starts off to college?