

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## Preachers' Small Salaries.

**A**MONG the permanent funds of the Methodist Church is one for the support of superannuated ministers. The question was recently raised in New York why Methodist preachers cannot save enough from their salaries to support them in old age. Figures have been given which are a sufficient answer.

There are 797 pastors in the three Metropolitan annual conferences in 1904-5, these being the conferences in New York City. These pastors may be divided into four classes. The members of the first class, numbering 225, receive \$1,500 per year or more, those in the second, numbering 184, \$1,000 to \$1,500; those in the third, numbering 211, \$600 to \$1,000; and those in the fourth, numbering 177, \$300 or less. The salaries paid the ablest and most eloquent Methodist preachers in the metropolis are no more than are received by many men in subordinate places in large business concerns. The salaries of many of their humbler brethren are less than half as large as the wages of a good mechanic.

Outside the cities, both in New York and in other States, salaries are smaller. "My college chum," a distinguished New York lawyer is quoted as saying, "was my equal in every respect, and in some respects my superior. After twenty-five years of successful ministerial work I discovered that his annual income when in his prime was the exact amount I paid for the care of my horse at the livery stable." In the rural districts the pay of a pastor is often much less than the keep of a city horse.

The smallness of the salaries of Methodist preachers is partly due to the fact that in every community this church draws to it many poor people, but it is more largely owing to the noble, time honored policy of Methodism of having "a church for every pastor and a pastor for every church." The flock may not number a dozen. It may be in a mining camp in Alaska. It may be in a city slum. However small, remote or inaccessible, it must and will have a shepherd. Wesley and Whitefield didn't believe in waiting for people to come in and get the gospel. They took it to them wherever they were, and their successors have been doing likewise ever since.

A man has to pinch and squeeze to rear and educate a family and dress as a preacher is expected to on \$1,500 a year, especially in a city. The fact that thousands of educated men gladly and laboriously serve their church for much less shows that the age is not so commercial as it is sometimes represented, and that religious heroism is not dead. The superannuated ministers of the Methodist Church accept their annuities without regarding them as aims, and well they may, for they have earned all they get.—Chicago Tribune.

## Why They Lost Their Jobs.

**T**HE Workers' Magazine has collected the stories of seventy-two working men who lost their jobs. The list has been tabulated and shows the following causes for discharge:

- Drinking, eleven.
- Carelessness, eight.
- Swell-headedness, seven.
- Gambling, five.
- Laziness, four.

Following these come many others, such as "business

closed down," two; "dull season," two; "fellow clerk stole," one; "sassed boss," one; "woman worked cheaper," one.

It will be noted in a large majority of the cases the fault was with the employes. Indeed, the remarkable part of this symposium is the exceeding frankness of the discharged men in admitting this fact. Of the entire seventy-two, but two or three make any claim that their employers were at fault.

Another fact is revealed: There is little record of inefficiency on the part of the workers aside from that induced by bad habits. Four admit they were lazy. Three of these were just out of high school and say they will take hold of the next job with firmer determination to succeed. They have learned that business is not a "snap."

Liquor drinking heads the list of causes. The idea that "the wheel of business must be lubricated" is not borne out by experience. Gambling goes along with drink. It is simply a short cut to business ruin.

Carelessness, which is second in the list, is inexcusable. This fault, together with that of swell-headedness, is peculiarly the fault of younger persons and is not without cure.

The deduction from the entire matter is this: These workers discharged themselves. They voluntarily put themselves out of business.—Cincinnati Post.

## Physical Culture.

**Y**OUNG ladies are now devoting to physical culture enough energy to run the machinery of the world. It is well on many accounts that they seek to build up their strength, and among these reasons is the fact that it requires a robust constitution to withstand high heels, tight stays, marshmallows and pickles. A woman needs a full measure of physical training to enable her to resist the numerous deteriorating tendencies of modern life. It would really seem that some young ladies fear old age so much that they take rash measures to keep from growing old. It may be they fancy it might reflect on their goodness not to die young. Young ladies who have not the time or means or physical capacity to work like field laborers in the gymnasium can often secure proper development of arm or chest by helping mother. Really, some good physical culture is to be obtained in this way, and there are some domestic arts the diligent practice of which tends not only to expand the chest, but also the heart and head.—Washington Star.

## The Foolish Treating Habit.

**A**BILL to make treating criminal is progressing through the Pennsylvania Legislature. Any one who buys for another a drink of intoxicating liquor will be guilty of a misdemeanor.

There are many men who would stop with a drink or two if it were not for the treating habit. They stand with their friends against the bar for a round of drinks and each man has taken several times as many drinks as he would have preferred to take. There is no more reason for this custom than for a custom of treating to shoes or hats or overcoats, which would be much more sensible.

In Germany and France there is no such custom, and in England the custom only slightly exists among equals. The abolition of treating would do away with what might be called involuntary drinking.—New York World.

## EUROPE'S BIGGEST THEATER.

New Coliseum in London Seats 3,000; Covers One and a Quarter Acres.

London's recently completed Coliseum has the largest theater and largest stage in Europe, says a London special to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Luxurious seating has been provided for 3,000 persons. The stage mechanism is the last word of ingenuity. It consists of revolving tables on which the scenery will be changed as if by the wand of Prospero, and it is said that by their means the race for the Derby can be represented from start to finish. Yet the London Coliseum illustrates the smallness of many modern things compared with those of the ancient world.

The Roman Colosseum seated 87,000 people. Whereas the London Coliseum covers an acre and a quarter, Rome's amphitheater extended over five acres. Without a doubt great things will be done at the London place of amusement, but the slaying of 5,000 wild beasts in the arena—one of the little items of Titus' inauguration—will certainly be no part of the proceedings.

It is more just to compare the new Coliseum with the Colosseum which was erected just 80 years ago on the edge of Regent's Park by Decimus Burton. This fine building, which Samuel Rogers, by the way, insisted was "finer than anything among the remains of architectural art in Italy," an opinion in which he probably stood

alone, was built to accommodate Mr. Hornor's famous panorama of London.

Mr. Hornor worked on his panorama in a shed erected on the top of St. Paul's at the time of the renewal of the ball and cross. The original ball was rolled down Ludgate Hill amid the plaudits of the multitude, and both ball and cross were placed in the Colosseum among other "concomitant appendages" to the panorama. These included some surprisingly modern institutions. There was an elevator to take spectators up to the platform, from which they were to look down, with an extraordinary illusion of height, upon the pictured London.

In the forties the building was enlarged and given another entrance in Albany street, where the name "Colosseum Terrace" still survives. The panorama of London was succeeded in 1848 by one of Paris, and this by a panorama of Lake Thun, in Switzerland. Then the original panorama was restored. From time to time side-shows were added: "A Gothic Aviary," "Stalactite Caverns," "The Hall of Mirrors," and what not. By 1855 the Colosseum had exhausted itself, or the London public, and was put up for auction—in vain. The remainder of its career was checkered and dismal; in 1870, or thereabouts, it was demolished.

## Oddities of the Human Body.

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right eye is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest interval of sound can be distinguished better with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In 54 cases of 100 the left leg is shorter than the right.—Indianapolis News.

The mightiness of the pen is due to the ink.

# OLD Favorites

## The Good Time Coming.

There's a good time coming, boys,  
A good time coming;  
We may not live to see the day,  
But earth shall glisten in the ray;  
Of the good time coming,  
Cannon balls may aid the truth,  
But thought's a weapon stronger;  
We'll win our battle by its aid—  
Wait a little longer.

## There's a good time coming, boys.

A good time coming;  
The pen shall supersede the sword,  
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,  
In the good time coming,  
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,  
And be acknowledged stronger;  
The proper impulse has been given—  
Wait a little longer.

## There's a good time coming, boys.

A good time coming;  
War in all men's eyes shall be  
A monster of iniquity  
In the good time coming,  
Nations shall not quarrel then,  
To prove which is the stronger;  
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—  
Wait a little longer.

## There's a good time coming, boys.

A good time coming;  
Hateful rivalries of creed  
Shall not make their martyrs bleed  
In the good time coming,  
Religion shall be shorn of pride,  
And flourish all the stronger;  
And Charity shall trim her lamp—  
Wait a little longer.

## There's a good time coming, boys.

A good time coming;  
The people shall be temperate,  
And shall love instead of hate,  
In the good time coming,  
They shall use, and not abuse,  
And make all virtue stronger—  
The reformation has begun—  
Wait a little longer.

## There's a good time coming, boys.

A good time coming;  
Let us aid it all we can,  
Every woman, every man,  
The good time coming,  
Smallest helps, if rightly given,  
Make the impulse stronger—  
'Twill be strong enough one day—  
Wait a little longer.  
—Charles Mackay.

## A MODERN JEREMIAH

Most Picturesque Peer in England Is the Earl of Wemyss.

One of the most remarkable men in the British House of Lords is the venerable Earl of Wemyss, who enjoys the distinction of being the only man who ever struck his sovereign. The incident occurred during a debate when the Earl was making a vehement harangue in favor of a militia ballot. The King—then the Prince of



Wales—chanced to be occupying a seat in front of him. Emphasizing one of his points with a magnificent gesture, the zealous peer brought his clenched fist down hard on the royal hat, bonneting his future ruler effectively. It was characteristic of the Earl that he did not allow the untoward incident to disturb the thread of his discourse, postponing his apologies to a more convenient season. But his royal highness displayed a great agility in getting out of range.

Though 86 years old last August, Lord Wemyss shows no signs of mental decrepitude. Tall, lean, willowy, burning with the fire of an unquenchable enthusiasm, gaunt and rugged in his oratory, his silvery locks flying wild about his ears, the keen features sharpened by time and periodical conflict, he would pass in the kilt for some war-seamed Scottish chieftain, hero of a score of tales of border fray. He is a prophet of woe—a modern Jeremiah whose voice is filled with lamentations. He believes conscientiously that England is following in the footsteps of Rome and hastening to the "demolition how-woos." Ever since he entered public life—and that was long before most of those now conspicuous in it were born—he has preached a doctrine of national pessimism.

He has the courage of his convictions at all times and is never bothered by considerations of consistency. He has proclaimed both communism and individualism. He once opposed the habitual inebriates bill in the House of Lords on the ground that every Englishman ought to be allowed to get drunk when it pleased him to do so.

In his own person he furnishes the best refutation of his jeremiads on national decadence. Though he long ago passed the age when most men are supposed to have something more than one foot in the grave, he is still sound in wind and limb; is a keen sportsman, hunts, fishes, drives his own motor car, makes speeches full of fire and vigor whenever the spirit moves him, writes books and beguiles what leisure he has left at his favorite hob-

by—Sculpture. When he was a lusty widower of 82 he married for the second time. He succeeded to his title and some 60,000 acres in Scotland in 1883. He had then been in the House of Commons for two and forty years. He helped Sir Robert Peel reform the corn laws, and for more than threescore years has been in the thick of every parliamentary fight.

## YANKEE DOODLE HESSIAN TUNE.

Old March Song of Germans Similar in Form and Rhythm.

Consul Schumann, stationed at Mainz, Germany, contributes an interesting item to the stock of knowledge after which the great American heart yearns with a consuming yearn, says the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. The knowledge concerns the origin of "Yankee Doodle"—so far as the inspiring music is concerned—and Consul Schumann sends to the Department of Commerce and Labor the following translation of an article from the Frankfurter Zeitung:

It is well known that the tune of "Yankee Doodle" was derived from a military march played by the Hessian troops in the War of the Revolution in America. In studying the dances of the Schwalm, Johann Leichter was struck by the similarity in form and rhythm of "Yankee Doodle" to the music of these dances. Last year, at the kirmess of the village of Wasenberg, when "Yankee Doodle" was played, the young men and girls swung into a true Schwalmer dance, as though the music had been composed for it. \* \* \* It therefore seems probable that the Hessian recruits from the Schwalm, who served in the pay of Great Britain during the Revolutionary War, and whose military band instruments consisted of bugles, fifes and drums only, carried over with them the tune known to them from childhood and played it as a march.

Q. E. D.: The logic of the argument of the Frankfurter Zeitung is absolutely impregnable. All other theories of the origin of "Yankee Doodle" must give way to the Hessian origin of the tune to which, incontestably, the Hessians danced at Trenton, and the fact is not mitigated by the other fact that the dancing was in an effort to get out of the way of a gentleman named G. Washington, who had crossed the Delaware for the express purpose of treating the Hessians to a waltz.

Learned men there have been who have assigned the origin of the music of "Yankee Doodle" to the mountaineers of the Pyrenees; the Seminole Indians in Florida have been credited with originating it, while others have assigned its origin to the fens of Lincolnshire in merry England. But it's all over now! It was brought to the United States by the Hessians as a dancing tune, and history records the fact that the Hessians danced to it at Trenton in one time and two or three of the quickest motions possible. Ergo—as they would say at Chicago university—it is a Hessian tune.

## Trade with France Big.

There is probably no American industry better exploited abroad than that of agricultural implements and machinery. As a consequence there is an important foreign trade in these products.

Of the \$18,000,000 worth of farming implements exported from the United States in 1902 \$9,125,000 was sent to Europe. Of this \$2,000,000 was received in France. German and English machines are used, as are also those of French manufacture, but the American machines hold the field in France because they are greatly appreciated by the French farmer on account of their efficiency, their lightness and their reasonable cost. In a country which in 1901 had 35,500,000 acres of wheat and other cereals and 28,500,000 acres of grass and other forage under cultivation, whose grain crop was valued at \$575,000,000 and the other crops at \$581,000,000, there must be a favorable field for the sale of agricultural machinery.

Our consul at Havre, France, Mr. Thacker, who furnishes this information, advises the manufacturer who desires to open up a trade in France in these products to go himself or to send a capable representative. One speaking French would be better, he says, but it is not essential. He should first visit Paris and study carefully the situation in that city, and then go to the principal cities of the departments in which the agricultural centers are located.—Leslie's Weekly.

## Making Old Pen Like New.

"My pen is spoiled and I have no other," said the bookkeeper.

The machinist happened to be in the office and he took the pen and held it over the gas jet for 30 seconds.

"You can make an old pen as good as new," he said, "by holding it over a flame like this for half a minute and afterward dipping it in cold water."

He dipped the hot pen in cold water as he spoke and it sizzled slightly.

"Now try it," he said.

The bookkeeper tried the pen and exclaimed joyously:

"By George, it's as good as new again."—Chicago Chronicle.

## SAVED BY A BOY.

When the wife of one of the United States Senators was a baby of two years she was rescued from a great peril by the courage of her sister and her 9-year-old brother. Her father, Mr. Lee, lived in a farmhouse with his wife and five children, and one day the home was attacked by the Ute Indians. Lee shot three of the Indians in their first rush, says a writer in the New York Sun, and then he and his family prepared for a fight to the death. The cabin was log-built, and afforded absolute protection against bullets.

"The children will be brained or carried captive and your father and myself shot down if the Indians get into the house," said Mrs. Lee, handing a knife to her eldest daughter. "Don't let yourself or your sisters be taken alive."

A smell of smoke revealed the Indians' first move. They had thrown brush on the roof and fired the house. It ignited slowly, for everything was damp from recent rains, but the dwelling soon filled with suffocating smoke, and the baby was thrown into convulsions. While the mother was frantically trying to restore the little one, Mr. Lee attacked the burning roof. Emma, a girl of eleven, made a rush for the barn and returned in safety with a crowbar. With this implement the father was enabled to pry off some of the blazing logs, but the smoke continued to grow dense.

Lee was about to go for water when Emma sprang forward.

"Let me go!" she cried. "If you should be killed what would become of the rest?"

The child made several trips under cover of her father's gun, and the fire was put out.

Charles, a boy of nine, then announced his intention of making a break through the Indians and running to Beaver, four miles away, for help, but both parents refused to give their consent. Charles stood the inac-