



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Pulpit Sensationalism.

THE irrepressible Bishop Potter has again broken out and once more the pot of controversy is boiling in consequence. Not long ago he suggested the advisability of running a saloon "as Christ would run it," or something equally as absurd. Now he is preaching sensationalism from the pulpit. "If a man will come to church in case ministers wear red coats and not if they wear black ones, then wear red ones," he says.

Well, if the idea is to merely get men to church, and if sensationalism is to be the method adopted to attain the end, there really ought to be no trouble about it at all. A little vaudeville act might help some. The singing of the latest popular songs doubtless would draw packed houses for every service, provided the small boys would be allowed to whistle the chorus. A black-faced act would be popular with a class. It might be a good idea to set some of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems to music for the benefit of the sentimental portion of the congregation. Indeed, if sensationalism is to be the order of the day in the pulpit, there should be no trouble at all about getting the crowd. But there are still a few old-fashioned people who prefer the old-fashioned church service and the old-fashioned pulpit methods.

Bishop Potter is either very unfortunate in being placed in a false light before the world through the misapprehension of the press, or else he missed his calling. If all the press reports concerning his remarkable propositions are true, he should have been press agent for a circus, the advertising agent of a publishing house or the proprietor and bartender of a model saloon in the fashionable section of the city. For the sake of his calling it is to be hoped that he has been misrepresented. It is decidedly disgusting and uncomfortable for even those who make no pretensions of piety to read of a prominent churchman discussing model saloons "run as Christ would run them" and advocating sensationalism for the pulpit.—Terre Haute Star.

The Spanish Navy.

EVER since the close of the late war Spain has been talking of schemes for the building up of a new navy. Thus far little that is practical has come from them. Now it is suggested by the Spanish admiralty that a program entailing an expenditure of something more than \$67,000,000 be sanctioned by the Cortes, this amount to be spent during a period of years for the building of battleships and torpedo craft. No cruisers are to be included. It is thought that this amount would provide for eight battleships of 14,000 tons each, and leave \$12,000,000 for the construction of torpedo boats. Some of this work is to be given to Spanish yards, but the greater part of the battleships will be set up in shipyards of other countries. The complete disaster which overtook the Spanish cruisers in the war with the United States doubtless accounts for the proposal to limit new expenditures to battleships and torpedo boats. Possibly the Spanish Cortes may question the expediency of spending such an amount of money at this time in rebuilding the navy, which, even were all the ships suggested now afloat, would not be able to defend Spain from the greater naval powers of the world, and there is no reason for seeking protection from the smaller countries. The already heavily burdened taxpayers of Spain will not relish such an addition to the load which they must carry.—Boston Herald.

Pap-Sucking Favorites.

THE heads of families controlling some of the big life insurance companies very evidently regard mutual business as a private graft. Six Alexanders have been drawing \$239,000 a year in salaries from the Equitable. In the New York Life President McCall has five of his near relatives in high-paying positions. Vice Presidents Perkins and Buckner have each a couple. President McCurdy, of the Mutual Life of New York, has found big positions for two relatives, while most of the other good places are filled by members of a little knot of families in the board of trustees.

Perhaps the reason there are not more Hydes in evi-

dence is that there are no more Hydes available. There is in most cases little or no pretense that the half-hundred thousand dollars a year, more or less, paid to these favorites by many companies is really earned by them. They take it because they can. It is the money of the stockholders that is thus being privately absorbed.

Could it reasonably be assumed that these favorites perform their duties as well as they could be performed by others, the temptation is to create new offices so that there may be more jobs for followers. If a reigning life insurance family finds a nephew or a niece's husband in need of a job it is easy to lengthen the pay roll.

If there is any business that should be conducted by methods absolutely above suspicion it is that of life insurance, which carries interests that are sacred above all others. The merit system in the selection of officers and employees, if it would not eliminate all the evils that have developed in life insurance administration, would at least reduce expenses and at the same time limit the czar-like powers of the companies' heads.

Policy holders have a right to demand a fair deal in this matter. Unless they are deserving of the imposition put upon them, they will make their demand effective.—Indianapolis Sun.

Milwaukee's Bank Directors Pay the Penalty.

THE case of the thieving bank president, Bigelow, of Milwaukee, who robbed the First National Bank of that city of nearly \$1,500,000, is particularly interesting because it shows how little protection bank depositors may have in even a bank of the highest standing.

It seems that Bigelow, with the knowledge and connivance of only one subordinate officer of the bank, the assistant cashier, was able to abstract a sum of money equal to the bank's total capital, and to escape detection until it was too late to recover any part of the amount.

What kind of system is it that permits such a state of affairs to exist? What kind of directors are they who, charged with the care of thousands of other people's money, consent to such a system and shift their solemn responsibility on to the honesty of the bank's executive officers?

The average man of large affairs who is a member of the boards of a number of corporations too often does not faithfully and carefully discharge the duties he has undertaken to his fellow-shareholders. Chauncey M. Depew, for example, is said to be a director in several hundred companies. It is obviously impossible for him to exercise any intelligent supervision over their affairs. And yet the supervision of the directors of a corporation is the only protection of investors in its shares and of depositors in it, if it be a bank.

The directors of the Milwaukee First National have honorably come to the rescue of the institution by pledging sufficient sums individually to make up the defalcation. But that is paying dear for the luxury they have indulged in of neglecting their plain duty to establish a system that would prevent the possibility of loss.—Chicago Journal.

Immigration.

IS the United States on the boom? Look at the immigration figures. In February fifty-odd thousand foreigners landed at the port of New York, and in March over 100,000. Thus in one month more people were added to our population than the State of Nevada contains; more than may be found in any one of many of our thriving young cities. All the seeking to better their condition, and all are here for that purpose. Some of them are doubtless undesirable people, but the great majority will prove good material for the making of American citizens. As a nation we are on the boom. Our reputation as the land of opportunity keeps up, and in all the countries of Europe the poorer classes are stirred by the story. We ourselves at times seem to undervalue our inheritance. What appears to the German, the Italian, the Russian and the Irishman as something rich beyond compare, and induces him to pull up his native stakes and travel thousands of miles to get in touch with, is to us a matter of the everyday, and we quarrel with it and about it, and talk about the downward road to perdition. If the foreigner may learn from us, we may in this thing learn from him.—Washington Star.

FOOLED AGAIN.

The head of the house had partaken of the soup in silence, with the air of one who is unwilling to diminish his standing as an epicure by indiscriminate praise. But when the platter for the meat course came in, he spoke, says the New York Tribune.

"Beef again!" he said, tragically.

"Do you know, my dear," dropping into a plaintive tone, "there are times when beef begins to pall on me?"

"We had lamb yesterday," said his wife, "and on Monday, you know, we had a roast loin of pork."

"Oh, I know! That's just it. Beef, mutton and pork, pork, mutton and beef! One monotonous round, and all taste alike. I sometimes think that the eatable animals were originally one, and were only gradually differentiating by locality."

"You don't care for chicken."

"Oh, I get tired of chicken, that's all," with the patient tone of several martyrs. "What I would like is a little change—a little variety."

"We had a rabbit stew last week. I thought you enjoyed that. If you like, I'll have it again to-morrow."

"My dear," said the head of the house, almost dropping the carving-knife in his agitation, "I don't see why you imagine because I happen to eat something with a tolerable relish I am stand it for seven days in the week! Let the rabbit rest for a while, beef!"

"The last time we had duck you said you never wanted to see another."

"The marketman sold you a black duck for a widgeon," in a pained voice.

"But you didn't know that till you got the bill."

"I knew it was overdone," with dignity. Then, as he inserted the point of the carving-knife in a convoluted seam, he murmured again, "Beef?"

"If I had known you wouldn't care for it I might have had some fish."

"You can't get any fish that has the right flavor after it has been packed and kept on ice."

"The marketman telephoned that he had some fine bear steak. I almost wish I'd got that."

"I like it extremely, but, as you must have heard me say, Mary cannot—simply cannot—cook it."

"It's a pity that some new animal can't be invented for you," said the long-suffering housewife, rebelling at last. "I was reading the other day that they ate iguanas in South America, and that the Digger Indians considered ants' eggs a great delicacy."

"I don't think I am hard to satisfy," said the head of the house, helping himself to a substantial piece of the meat before him. "Perhaps I had no right to hint that an occasional variety in my diet would be—What is this?"

"What is which?" asked his wife, as he chewed slowly and analytically.

"This—this meat."

"It's venison. The currant jelly is to the right of you."

"I suppose you think that is funny,"

said the head of the house, trying to look dignified.

How a Chinaman Smokes.

Of all the smokers the Chinaman goes to the greatest trouble and obtains the least result. "He carries," says an observer, "a little box almost twice the size of an ordinary silver cigarette case. This is half filled with water. In one end is a removable tin tube to serve as a pipe. At the other end is the pipestem. First of all he takes out the tube and blows through it to remove all blockage. Then he fumbles through his awkward clothes, searching for tobacco, and produces a bit of rag, in which it is wrapped. Carefully he extracts a wad of tobacco, puts away his rag and slowly plugs the tube, which holds perhaps the tenth part of an ordinary cigarette. But he never has any matches, so he has to borrow or hunt out a brown paper stem and light it. It glows for a long time and can be puffed into flame again. He gives a long draw, slowly enjoying it to its full extent for a minute or two, then back again through the old routine to find his tobacco, fill his pipe and get it lighted."

Dilatory.

It seems to be evident that the Sultan of Morocco will have to raise his bid of \$2 apiece for the heads of his enemies. The enemies are very slow about bringing in the heads and claiming the reward.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A big overcoat hanging in a hot closet in summer looks mighty uncomfortable.

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

Alfred Henry Lewis, author of the Wolfville stories and sundry novels, has become the editor of the new magazine called Human Life.

During the last twenty-eight years John Vance Cheney has published 300 poems in the leading magazines, and the best of these are to appear in book form next fall from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This volume should show his lyrical powers at their best.

The Macmillan Company, New York, will publish a new story by Nancy Huston Banks, entitled "The Little Hills." The title refers to the little hills in life we all find so hard to climb. If "The Little Hills" should prove as charming a tale as "Old-field," its predecessor, the public will have occasion to be grateful to Mrs. Banks.

The home of the Cosmopolitan has been removed from Irvington-on-the-Hudson to New York City. The Twentieth Century home remains at Irvington. It is understood that, though John Brisben Walker has resigned the editorship of the Cosmopolitan and is to be succeeded by Bailey Millard, he retains the conduct of the Twentieth Century Home, and will embark in the book publishing business in the large building he erected for the Cosmopolitan.

About a mile from the western edge of New Haven, on a hillside which commands an extensive view of the city and Long Island Sound, visitors are regularly shown Lagewood, the home of Donald G. Mitchell, the Ik Marvel of those much loved books of half a century ago, "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life." Though of a previous generation, and the friend, in his day, of literary men like Washington Irving, Mr. Mitchell is still on nearly every spring day to be seen at his home, hale and hearty, even under the burden of his 83 years.

Charles Henry Webb, better known to American readers under his pseudonym, "John Paul," died May 24 at his home in New York, in his 71st year. As a boy he went to sea, but later became a journalist. In 1864 he founded "The Californian," to which Bret Harte and Mark Twain contributed; he afterward edited and published Mark Twain's first book. As a writer he is best remembered by his happy parodies. He wrote a number of books and considerable verse for the magazines. Having also an inventive turn of mind, he devised an adding machine, a cartridge holder and several other contrivances of that kind.

Now that the last of Henry James' articles on New England has appeared in the North American Review it is interesting to listen to the comments of a puzzled public. The general verdict seems to be that unless the reader belongs to the exclusive class that can boast, like Hamilton Mabie's fabled lady, of being able to "read Henry James in the original," he will get but the vaguest impression of Mr. James' "Impressions." Yet out of the fog some thoughts shine clearly. We know that the "ancient analyst" found much to admire in American scenery, even though the American sky is "too frequently peeled of clouds." We know, too, that in this "empty sky" the "huge democratic broom" seemed forever being brandished, and that wherever he went he was much struck with the "overwhelming preponderance of the unmitigated business man." Equally forcible is his conviction that over the land the women appear to be of a markedly finer texture than the men.

Remarkable Escapes.

One of the most remarkable escapes from drowning on record was that of a man whom a wave picked off from a vessel, washed into the sea off Lundy Island, near the Devonshire coast, England, and then returned to his ship. But it was not so remarkable a case as that which is suggested by an epitaph said still to exist in Jamaica: "Here lieth the body of Lewis Gaddy, Esq., who died on the 22d of September, 1737, aged 80. He was born at Montpellier, in France, which place he left for his religion and settled on this island, where in the great earthquake, 1672, he was swallowed up and, by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat and thus miraculously saved. He afterward lived in great reputation and died universally lamented."

Troquet.

She tied my bow tie
And I stooped down and kissed her;
'Twas done on the sly—
She tied my bow tie,
And I wished, with a sigh,
That she wasn't my sister!
She tied my bow tie,
And I stooped down and kissed her.
—Cyeland Leader.

HEIRESS WEARS RING IN HER NOSE.



Mrs. Powers Gouraud, formerly Miss Gladys Crocker, who is heiress to a \$3,000,000 estate, has a hobby for Egyptian costume, and has had taken a picture in which she is garbed in an ancient robe of the Orient, with a costly ring hanging from one side of her nose.

HIS PRIVILEGE.

No servant, however secure in the affections of his master, ever went farther than little Pagal, who, says Miss Cornelia Sorabji in "Sun-Babies," pulled the porch, or fan, in the "Presence's" chamber. One afternoon the mistress of the house came home earlier than usual, and there she found Pagal on the lowest of the steps leading into the master's room, taking a bath. He was gurgling and dancing in his single wet garment, pouring the water over his head, and trying to catch it in his mouth.

A ring of angry servants stood about him, scolding and threatening; but Pagal cared nothing for them. "Yes, yes," he said, "the water carrier will have to fill the tubs anew in the morning; but what of that?"

And he ran round and round in a ring, to dry himself. It was then that the mistress appeared, and the servants openly exulted.

"Now, at last," cried they, "will the Presences know what manner of fiend thou art!"

Pagal broke through the circle, to fetch his livery, which hung on a low-reaching branch of a mango-tree. It was an old union jack, which had probably been used, in its first estate, as a decoration for some street parade. Pagal draped it about him toga-wise, and then in a moment was back before his mistress and his accusers, standing in his usual manner, head bent, scratching the ground with his toes.

"Pagal," began the mistress, "what would the sahib say if he saw you? You were visible from the drive, and you so careful about the honor of your sahib's house! There was the well or pump at which you might have bathed, near the servants' quarters."

"It is true," he answered, meekly. "But where should my master's slave live and move except upon his doorstep? Yesterday I saw a little sparrow bathing in this same tub of water. And I—could I be of less value to my sahib than that little sparrow thing? Surely not!"

Then, after a pause, he added, with his most innocent air, "I take great care not to invade the Miss Sahib's part of the building. The Miss Sahib knows that."

He looked up with his sweetest, most beaming smile. He had put the "Miss Sahib" in her proper place.

A Pertinent Question.

The late Capt. Alfred Rice, the noted shad fisherman on the Delaware River, was no less remarkable for personal cleanliness than for his unequalled handling of the mile long seine.

Capt. Rice was not only clean and neat himself, he insisted upon cleanliness and neatness in his men. If a new man proved to be a sloven, he very soon mended his ways under the captain's frank criticisms, or else he sought another job.

There was a new man one shad season who always wore a dirty white shirt. In shad fishing it is best to wear a black jersey. If, however, a white shirt is chosen, there is no reason why it should not be a clean one. So, at least, Capt. Rice thought.

He stood his new man's dirty white shirts for a month. Then, calling the fisherman up to him, he said:

"Friend, who the deuce is that you always get to wear your shirts the first week for you?"—San Antonio Express.

Necessary Modification.

Knox—Why don't you cut that out? Tone your talk down a bit.

Kandor—Well, it's all right to call a spade a spade, isn't it?

Knox—Instead of calling it you might whisper it occasionally.—Philadelphia Press.

We don't care much for cauliflower; it is too tender.