EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WHY THERE ARE FEWER MINISTERS.

THE Presbyterian general assembly reports a falling off of 33 per cent in the supply of educated ministers. In 1896 the theological seminaries in the synod of Illinois had 921 students, and in 1904 only 662 students, a smaller number than any year since 1886. It is not surprising that the framers of the report speak of the facts as perilous to the church's interests. But the facts themselves are far from surprising. The record is monotonously similar to that contained in the annual reports of other evangelical bodies. The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few.

Singularly, however, the Presbyterian board suggests that the proper way to bring a change for the better is to disabuse, in the minds of young men, the notion that the ministry is overcrowded. The reasons for the lack of theological students go far deeper. Commonly, the fault is laid to the growing commercialism of the age and a lack of consecration in purely spiritual endeavor. This is probably as far from the truth as the other notion that prospective students think the ministry overcrowded.

There never was a time, in the world's history, when there was more self-sacrificing devotion to humanitarian and ethical uplifting than the present. This is proved by the marvelous growth of settlement foundations, liberal societies and churches, and kindred movements. Not only large wealth, but individual human effort, is being increasingly laid on the altar of humanitarianism.

The falling off among the evangelical clergy is directly traceable to the assumption, rightly or wrongly, that these bodies do not give their future ministers full freedom from the charge of illiberality and narrowness. There is as much splendid consecration as ever, in the higher altruistic fields. If there is a falling off among the smaller calibered, who look upon the ministry as a profession, it is not a very serious matter. All evangelical churches represent, in greater or less degree, specific movements and upheavals in the religious world. When they become conservative and historic, there is a natural drop in enthusiasm. It is a natural fact in the exteriors of religious evolution.

The falling off in divinity students, to which the Presbyterian report alludes, is a mere passing phase that does not disturb the general uplift. If the world grows away from ancient creeds, there is always a recompense in more liberal forms of religious endeavor.—Chicago Journal.

HOW TO PUT AN END TO TRAIN ROBBERY.

THE growing frequency of train robberies is said to have determined the officials of a number of Western railways to arm their train employes—in other words, to put their trains on a war footing. The number of these holdups and the success of the robbers in getting away with their booty have aroused railway and express authorities to the necessity of adopting heroic measures for protection. The shotgun, loaded with slugs, in the hands of a husky trainman, is the first thing to suggest itself.

In the days of the frontier stage coach and pairle schooner every mail or express vehicle was guarded by armed men. As a result holdups were confined to cases where these precautions had been neglected. With the advent of the railway this kind of highwayism has flourished because the trains have not been protected. Such protection will now be given. As a rule train robberies are as successful when committed in a well-settled region as in a wilderness. The fact that a majority of train robberies are successful and that the robbers get away encourages others to engage in the desperate calling.

The plan of arming all trains carrying money and valuables may seem like a return to the days of the stage coach, but it is likely to accomplish the desired purpose. It would be cheaper to send an armed guard with each train than to picket the entire line of road. Railway managers are coming to the conclusion that the logical method is to arm the train crews and order them to shoot when attacked. The moral effect, it is believed, would be felt at once, and it is probable that train robbery would cease to be a profitable avocation.—Kansas City World.

DON'T BE A GOOD FELLOW.

IN his little talks to the people—as he might call them—John D. Rockefeller has said a good many interesting and valuable things; nothing ranking higher in both qualities than that in which he said, speaking to young men—"Don't be a good fellow." It is doubtful if more valuable advice to young men was ever packed into fewer words. It is of equal value to men at all times of life, but its additional value to young men is that at their stage of development the generous instincts outrun discretion. Like puppies they think everybody is kind and honest and they are ready to make friends on sight. The perversion of this fine impulse is to be a "good fellow." This is to give rein to virtue until it becomes an amiable weakness, and thence degenerates into a vice, the center of which is the grossest selfishness. Selfishness is the rich bed and muck heap in which most, if not all, forms of sin have their root. A peculiar danger of the sin of the "good fellow" is its unusual quality of self-deception. It lulls its victim into the belief that he is really very noble, broad, unprejudiced, democratic, generous; no stingy, old self-centered curmudgeon who denies himself, and perforce every one else, this, that, and another thing. And that is just it; there is the fatal assumption that undermines the whole foundation of character.—Indianapolis News.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.

THE rehabilitation of the blasted reputation of a woman, her recovery of even tolerance in respectable circles, is as difficult a task as was ever undertaken. Woman's inhumanity to woman has its most vigorous exploitation in this particular field. And there are few of the women who display abhorrence and contempt and vindictiveness toward sinners of their own sex who manifest any ill-feeling toward the male companions of those sinners. Virtuous mothers have, in many instances, been more than willing to marry their virtuous daughters to men who were notorious for the vice for which their associates of the opposite sex were scorned by those mothers as the vilest of moral lepers. We are not defending or apologizing for immorality, but would there not be just as much detestation of this sin with less of malevolence toward the sinner? And where is the justice of, or excuse for, the condemnation of only one of a pair of equally guilty sinners?—Washington Post.

PUBLIC FAULTFINDING.

THE ability to point out with disagreeable clearness social evils and public perils is not alone enough to entitle justly a man to any great amount of public esteem. Cassandras in breeches or petticoats are of no more real service to-day than in the heroic age, and the miracle about the lady herself was not so much that the Greeks paid no attention to her forebodings and warnings, but that some impatient hero who had work to do did not wring her dismal neck.

There has never been a time when our country has needed to have ideals of service made more fresh and attractive, or when the real work of the world, done by its sane, healthy and kind-hearted workers, needed greater recognition. It is the good rather than the bad in us which needs encouragement and exposure, and if it once finds work to do the bad in us will be far less noticeable or troublesome. It is a poor gardener who devotes too much time to the weeds at the expense of the vegetables and flowers. —Atlantic Monthly.

AS TO DYNAMITE DANGERS.

Explosive May Be Handled Recklessly by Experienced Man.

"The recent railway accident at Harrisburg has brought out a vast amount of irresponsible talk about handling dynamite," said a contractor who had purchased tons of that explosive for blasting purposes. "The majority of persons who talk about dynamite have only a vague idea of what it is. Dynamite is not the dangerous substance it is popularly supposed to be. It may be handled with absolute recklessness by an experienced man and will not detonate except under well-defined circumstances. A detonation is about 1,000 times quicker than an explosion. Dynamite detonates. It does not explode.

"Dynamite in its marketable form, in order to fit into drill holes, is shipped in sticks varying from half an inch or two inches in diameter and from three inches to one foot in length. In the early days of its manufacture, before its properties were fully understood, there were some unaccountable explosions that gave dynamite a bad name it has never recovered from. Time has made us wiser. There is no danger at all in children finding odds and ends of dynamite thrown away by careless workmen. A child would find a great deal of difficulty in exploding it. Every now and then we read of somebody receiving a supposed infernal machine containing dynamite, which is promptly immersed in water before it is opened. If it was really dynamite it would explode just as readily, under proper conditions, if it were in twenty feet of water.

"Dynamite is nitroglycerin held in an absorbent—wood pulp, coal dust or other material—that will hold the explosive tightly. It is a powder of a resinous nature, varying in color with the absorbent used. The strength is calculated by the amount of nitroglycerin absorbed by the carrier, varying all the way from 20 to 80 per cent.

"For commercial purposes stick dynamite is packed in twenty-five-pound or fifty-pound cases, with a liberal allowance of sawdust. It can be freighted or stored without danger, provided common intelligence and care be used. It is only when ignorant persons attempt to experiment with it that it becomes a powerful destroying agency. In some States its transportation by rail is governed by strict law. It should be so in every State. In New York and other cities its trans portation through the streets is regulated by the fire commissioner. The police have nothing to do with it."—Buffalo Courier.

A Natural Query.

A Boston citizen, while passing down Tremont street not long ago, was hit on the head by a brick which fell from a building in process of construction. One of the first things he did, after being taken home and put to bed was to send for a lawyer.

A few days later he received word to call, as his lawyer had settled the case. He called and received five crisp, new $100 bills.

"How much did you get?" he asked.

"Two thousand dollars," answered the lawyer.

"Two thousand, and you give me $500? Say, who got hit by that brick, you or me?"

Most men have the same experiences. The only difference is that some men talk and some don't.

Grave of a Humble Dog.

It is not only the aristocratic dog or the pampered pet of luxury which, dying these days, has a tombstone raised to its memory, says the Philadelphia Record. On the steep bank overlooking Pennypack creek, within the bounds of the house of correction grounds, is the grave of "Joe," a dog which was known and loved by all the inmates of that institution.

Joe was no dog of high degree; in fact, he was what is known as a board-yard dog, and he was so long a resident of the place where he died that no one remembers how he came there. There is a tradition, however, that he first appeared there many years ago, draggled and worn, as though he had wandered far in search of his master, and, finding that master there, he camped on the spot. However this may be, Joe was the prisoners' friend. Whatever had been the shortcomings or evil doings of the people he found there, he never assumed any attitude of criticism or dissent toward them, and his sunny presence was given impartially to the cheering of many a lonely hour. Joe died of old age at the house of correction in 1901, and the little grave he was buried in is still kept green and blooming by the inmates, with flowers which they get from the walks or greenhouses. The little wooden headstone bears the inscription, also the work of one of the inmates: "In Memory of Our Dog, Joe. Died Jan. 24, 1901."

Rush to Chicagoff.

A big gold stampede, in which are included ministers, merchants, women and Chinese, is on at Sitka. All are rushing to Chicagoff Island, near Cape Edwards, where rich discoveries are said to have been made.

SOCIETY BELLE A SQUAW.

Daughter of Wealthy New-Yorker Is Wife of an Indian.

A daughter of one of New York's wealthiest and most widely known hotel men, wearing moccasins on her feet and a party-colored shawl over her shoulders and carrying a papoose strapped to her back—this is one of the curious spectacles that will be pointed out to the thousands of landseekers from all parts of the country who will go to Lander, Wyo., when the government opens the Shoshone Indian reservation to settlement next spring.

It doubtless is perfectly safe to say that there are few white women in the world who are more in love of man would give up New York for an Indian reservation 150 miles from a railroad, civilization for barbarism, wealth for poverty, silks and satins for the coarse apparel of a squaw, but that is precisely what Grace Wetherbee did. She did it, moreover, not for love of a white man of her own race, but for love of an Indian who is now her husband and the father of her child.

It is a strange tale, that of this daughter of a wealthy and widely known New Yorker and her red-skinned husband.

Grace Wetherbee's father was and still is one of the proprietors of the Manhattan hotel in New York City, which, until the Waldorf-Astoria was built, was the finest hotel in the metropolis.

Six years ago Miss Wetherbee came from New York out to Fort Washakie, eighteen miles east of Lander, to visit

IN HER NEW HOME.

the family of J. K. Moore, who was at that time post trader there.

At the home of Mr. Moore Miss Wetherbee met Sherman Coolidge, a full-blooded Arapahoe Indian, who was then and still is conducting a little Episcopal mission at the Shoshone reservation, a few miles from the fort.

It was a case of love at first sight, of that sort of love that laughs at locks and keys and defies the whole world.

Coolidge called frequently at the modest home of the post trader to see Miss Wetherbee and openly and boldly paid court to her. Nor did she discourage his suit, as most daughters of wealthy New York hotel men doubtless would have done. Contrariwise, she encouraged it, and when, not long after the couple first met, he asked her to become his wife, she promptly and unhesitatingly consented.

The engagement was a brief one. Arrangements were promptly made for the nuptials. The young Indian missionary and the daughter of the wealthy New Yorker presented themselves before Rev. Mr. Roberts, who was conducting a little mission at the Shoshone reservation, and requested him to make them husband and wife. He declined to perform the marriage ceremony. Nothing daunted, the lovers thereupon set out by stage for Casper, nearly 200 miles distant from the fort, resolved to have the knot tied there. When Mr. Roberts saw, however, that they were determined to carry out their purpose to become husband and wife he relented, called them back and performed the ceremony at his home.

Since their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge have lived happily together and a child has been born of their union—the papoose which the mother carries strapped to her back as squaws carry their infants.

Despite the fact that she is the daughter of a wealthy and cultivated New York man, despite the fact that she was reared amid the refinements of civilization and the luxuries of wealth, despite the fact that she was given all the educational and social advantages that money and the thoughtfulness of fond parents could supply, Mrs. Coolidge has fallen into many of the customs and become addicted to many of the habits of the red people among whom she has lived the last six years.—Chicago Chronicle.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

A belated commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charlotte Bronte occurred a short time ago, six months after the right date, in the rebuilt church at Haworth, the address being made by Ernest de Selincourt.

A book which Little, Brown & Co. publish deserves a paragraph because of the great age of its author, Mrs. Frances Alexander, who has translated from the Italian the 120 miracle stories and sacred legends which make up "Il Libro d' Oro," is in her ninety-third year. Mrs. Alexander's home is in Florence, Italy.

The Williamsons' first and most famous motor-car novel, "The Lightning Conductor," has gone into the twenty-second edition. Now it is to be dramatized for Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, who will take the leading parts. Harry B. Smith is to condense the varied scenes of the novel into three acts. Of course an automobile is destined to be as essential a part of stage outfits as a piano to the concert stage.

Charles H. Caffin, author of a number of books and essays on art, especially the art pictorial, is of English birth and parentage, and a graduate of Oxford. The Columbian exposition drew him to this country, and he was associated with the decoration department of that great fair. Since 1897 his home has been in New York city, where he is known as art critic, lecturer and writer. He is also the American editor of The Studio.

The heroine of Charles Clark Munn's new novel, the title of which has just been changed from "Chip" to "The Girl from Tim's Place," and the locality where the events of the story occur are not inventions, but are out of real life. "Tim's Place" is in the wilderness of northern Maine, where Mr. Munn, on a hunting trip, found a beautiful young girl employed by the owner, and very cruelly treated, being compelled to go barefooted and to wear men's cast-off clothing instead of the proper dress of her sex.

Herman Heaton, of Amherst, Mass., is an ardent admirer of Thackeray, as may be inferred from the fact that he has a "Thackeray corner" that is the envy of his friends and fellow collectors. Besides a number of fine portraits of the great novelist, he has about 125 volumes, some of which are bibliographic treasures. There is a copy of the famous "Flore et Zephyr," picked up some years ago for a dollar. The "Daly" copy sold for $850, which was not considered an exorbitant price. "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" was bought two years ago for $6.50. The copy is flawless, with the original paper covers. This edition has sold for $300. Another treasure of the corner is an autograph letter of Thackeray's which has never been published.

Mammoth Ants.

The truth-teller was in form. "Talking of ants," he said, "we've got 'em as big as crabs out West. I guess I've seen 'em fight with long thorns, which they used as lances, charging each other like savages."

"They do not compare to the ants I saw in the East," said an inoffensive individual near by. "The natives have trained them as beasts of burden. One of 'em could trail a ton for miles with ease. They worked willingly, but occasionally they turned on their attendants and killed them."

But this was drawing the long-bow a little too far.

"I say, old chap," said a shocked voice from the corner, "what sort of ants were they?"

"Elephants," said the quiet man.

Dear to His Heart.

"Will you have another helping?" asked the neighbor. "You seem very fond of our chicken."

"And why shouldn't I be," responded Suburbman, who had been invited to dinner, "when I can detect the flavor of our flowers in every morsel?"—Detroit Tribune.

What He Wants Most.

"I suppose you are one of the people who long for old-fashioned home cooking?"

"No," answered Mr. Cumrox, "I don't deceive myself. What I long for is the kind of stomach I used to have when I was young and lived at home."—Washington Star.

Disapproved.

Mamma—Why don't you play with Johnny Jones?

Tommy—He shoots craps for money.

Mamma—My dear child! And you don't think that's nice, do you?

Tommy—Naw; he always wins everything I got.—Cleveland Leader.

The Much-Unmarried Woman.

"What a pretty woman? Is she unmarried?"

"Oh, yes—three times."—Cleveland Leader.