

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## INCOMPETENCE IN THE NAVY.

**T**HE colliding and grounding in New York harbor of three of Uncle Sam's biggest fighting machines show our navy is not properly officered. From \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 of the people's money is invested in each of these boats. Extreme care should be exercised in their handling so that the period of usefulness be made the greatest possible. Yet in our own waters, beneath a fair sky and, with a high tide running, these warships had to be grounded to avoid sending one or more to the bottom and, while in this fix, another was rammed.

A sufficient excuse for this inefficiency will be hard to find. Our warships are neither pressed for time nor tide; they can stay at anchorage until fogs and tempestuous seas disappear and until there is water enough in shallow places to get out safely into the offing. Such flimsy pretext as not having a pilot on each vessel or that the water in the channel was at low tide will not answer. The truth is the boats were so close together and going so fast that the slightest interruption in speed was certain to result disastrously. These ships are fitted with every modern device to lessen speed in an emergency but the proximity was such that even these safeguards were unavailable. The Kentucky's sides were rammed so badly that it will require a month to repair the damage. The wonder is that she escaped going down. Only for a quick reversal of the engines in the Alabama the consequences would have been tragic.

The friends of an enlarged navy are cast down by the inexcusable blunder in New York bay. At a time when Congress was being importuned to vote large sums for new warships this collision takes place to throw cold water on their urging. The question at once presents itself: Is it worth while to authorize new ships when those in commission are in incompetent hands? Would it not be wise to spend money to make officers capable and trustworthy before making additions to our naval strength, only to have the new boats served by those unfitted for the task?—*Utica Globe.*

## WE ARE NOT "GOING TO THE DOGS."

**M**ANY have got an idea, from the sensational announcements of measures under way, that the people of this country are engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the great financial and industrial interests.

The people have been pictured as being strangled in the tentacles of hideous octopi until many seriously believe that to be their real condition. That there are wrongs in big business enterprises and in small, there can be no question. That wise remedies might better the condition of all is not to be doubted.

But that this country is going to the demdition how-ows unless things are promptly turned upside down and inside out is poppycock. The whole business structure rests and has always rested on the conviction that men will fulfill their obligations and deal fairly. This is the foundation of credit. Ninety-five per cent of the total business transactions of this country are carried on, not in cash, but in credit based on that conviction, showing how general it is and how firm.

Confidence, not suspicion, is and must be the prevail-

ing tone of the business world. The proceedings of the bankruptcy court show strikingly that the great majority of business failures are not tainted by dishonesty or dishonor.

We hear more about delinquencies of all sorts than we did when the facilities for gathering news were meager. And every little village and country cross-roads even has its self-appointed oracle, who may not know enough to earn a dollar and a half a day, but who imagines he clearly understands the most intricate mysteries of great business enterprises involving millions of capital and employing tens of thousands of men, and noisily preaches the doctrine that great success is great fraud.

But the broader minded optimist sees that justice, honor and honesty are the normal condition—that they rule as a matter of course in social and business relations. Millions of instances in which they are in evidence never appear under startling headlines of a newspaper. They are far too ordinary to constitute "news."

An honest man creates no sensation as he passes along the street attending to legitimate business, but the thief in custody attracts a crowd.—*Des Moines News.*

## EVIL OF TOO MANY CHURCHES.

**A**MERICA has too many churches. Towns which might be well administered spiritually by one clergyman or two have six, eight or ten. No one of the six or more congregations can pay for a good preacher. Few of them can pay all the cost of any preacher, however poor. Nor can any one of them pay for all the time of their spiritual leader. So only very young men are to be had, and the demands upon their time cover so wide a territory that preaching must be almost entirely disregarded. One of the clergymen observes tersely and justly: "No business could flourish by that method and few churches can."—*Washington Times.*

## THE TELEPHONE IN THE COUNTRY.

**A**N important phase of the rural invasion of the telephone has been its perceptible effect on the value of lands. It is on record that two or three years after the establishment of lines through the country districts the prices of lands begin to rise rapidly; immigrants come in with greater freedom; hamlets develop into towns; cross-roads develop into hamlets—and in the meantime quotations for wild and improved lands are steadily advancing. The thing is, of course, too new as yet to permit any broadcast prophecy in this direction, but the healthful trend is already apparent.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.

**I**T is very difficult to say what laws regulate proposals—why some girls attract attention only, while others attract "attentions." There are pretty and popular women to whom nobody proposes; there are plainer ones with whom every second man finds himself contemplating marriage.—*Lady's Realm.*

little Fido, Sis, Edythe and everybody else who has been contributing to the barkful chorus! But first I will do what no other doctor does! I will take a dose of my own medicine to show you that I have faith in its virtue! You will observe that I pour out a tablespoonful! You will also observe that I fearlessly put it in my mouth and—Wow! Holy smoke! Help, Mary! Help! Turn on the hose! Crack up a ton of ice! Yell for the fire department! Water! Water! More water! I am burning to death! I have taken something that tastes like tabasco! I have swallowed lava from Mount Vesuvius! Run for a doctor, dearest! Run for—"

"It's just good for you, you officious brute!" put in the unsympathetic Ma, with a triumphant gleam in her wifely eyes. I don't pity you one bit! You haven't got any more than was coming to you! I saw you dumping a pound of cayenne pepper in that cough cure instead of ginger, but I couldn't interfere with the mixture that your mother used to make!"

Pa Jones did not reply at the time. He was too busy sucking water out of the reservoir regardless of microbes. But at the end of two hours, when he felt physically cooler and mentally better, the good old family battle began in earnest, and continued until long after a real doctor had prescribed for Mother-in-Law Smith and the other coughful cases.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

## TOKIO'S DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

Many Little District Publications, Reminding One of Paris.

There are thirty daily newspapers in Tokio, some of them confined mainly to the particular district in which they are published, says the *Atchison Globe*. This is like Paris again—I insist that the Japanese are much like the French. When a newsboy appears with an extra he excites attention by tying a bell to his feet, and this clatters when he runs along.

Many of these extras are printed on one side of a sheet no larger than the *Globe* was when it originally appeared. I visited a newspaper office located on a prominent corner. The entrance, which was rather ornate, was cluttered up with ink barrels. There were four or five flat-bed three-revolution presses in the press-room. The *Globe's* press will print more papers in an hour than the presses I saw could print all day. The guide said the newspaper was a reliable one, but not particularly prominent. He then took me to see the office of the leading newspaper in Japan. In its pressroom it had a new Hoe press of the latest pattern and an old perfecting press in a room adjoining. The mailing room had a dirt floor and the pressroom was heated with a little coal stove, one of the kind you see in a \$1-a-week room at home.

Every editor and reporter has a rickshaw man, and a number of these were waiting in the lobby. In New York and Chicago the newspaper offices are among the great show places. I do not believe the Japanese know as much about the newspaper as they know about war.

I asked the guide if the Japanese newspapers use linotypes, but he didn't understand me, so you can have it any way you choose.

## Will Think a Match.

British thinkers, rebelling against the custom of awarding great prizes to college athletes and neglecting the thinkers, have proposed and are urging throughout the kingdom a "blue ribbon for brains," an interuniversity contest between the thinkers and students, for an award of merit.

The neglect of brains and the constant lauding of brawn in the press of Britain, as well as in university circles, has called forth the protest and the demand for recognition and reward of the brainy men of the great schools.

Just what form the thinking match for the championship is to assume is not stated. Those who are urging the contest plead that nine men from each of the great universities meet in the contests. Whether it will consist of looking wise, or in oratory, in written examinations in certain subjects, they do not state. The contest may take the form of the standing long think, or the running high think, or the two minute handicap think, or the long distance think.

At any rate, the proposition is to make the event the blue ribbon thinking match of all England and to show the thinkers that they are esteemed as high at least as are the athletes. Who will be the first champion thinker of Great Britain is a question of vital interest.

## All He Needed.

"Don't you play any of the popular airs?" asked the man who was attending to the details of a convention.

"No," answered the leader. "This is a political haul. We don't play anything but 'Hail to the Chief,' 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow.'"—*Washington Star.*

If the stationery a married woman uses is expensive, it is an indication she has an unmarried sister living with her, and that she cribbed it.

## FRIEND OF RICH AND POOR.

Noted New York Divine, Who Has Resigned.

The resignation of Rev. William S. Rainsford as pastor of St. George's Episcopal Church in New York takes from the ministerial life of the metropolis one of its most brilliant clergymen and one who became widely famous through his pulpit utterances and the unique methods he employed in advancing the cause of Christianity. Dr. Rainsford's resignation came in the form of a letter from the eminent divine in Cairo, Egypt, and was addressed to J. Pierpont Morgan, senior warden of the church. It was read to the congregation Sunday, and in it the pastor explained that he was reluctantly compelled to relinquish his duties as head of the flock because of continued ill-health.

Dr. Rainsford was born in Dublin, Ireland, and is only in his fifty-fifth year. He was graduated from St. John's College, University of Cambridge, England, in 1873, and two years later became a priest. His first post was as curate in Norwich, England. Subsequently he made a tour of the United States and Canada, devoting his time to evangelistic work. In 1878 he became assistant rector of the Cathedral of St. James in Toronto, where he remained until 1883, when he was called to the pastorate of St. George's Episcopal Church in New York City.

When he accepted charge of St. George's he found that in the onward march of wealth up Fifth avenue he had a large and wealthy parochial list, but few worshipers. He perceived



REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD.

instantly the good that could be done to the thousands of poor on the east side. He determined to throw open his church to them and yet keep his wealthy parishioners. He built a parish house with clubrooms for boys and girls, with a gymnasium. He organized educational classes for the young men and women. He drew into an enlightening circle uneducated men and women and inspired them to a better life. He established a trade school for the boys and founded a seaside cottage for the weak and suffering. In all his work he kept the wealthy interested and many prominent society women assisted in the educational classes. His work grew greater every year. He strove to make its scope still greater; but finally the strain was too great and he had to yield. More than a year ago he broke down from the labor that devolved upon him.

Dr. Rainsford became a mighty power for good in the metropolis. He attacked shams and hypocrites with unrelenting hand and his utterances were widely quoted. His liberal views on the temperance question caused a great deal of comment and some criticism. In Cooper Union some years ago he declared that the present methods of dealing with drunkards were sometimes misdirected and always inadequate. "There are enough sins in the world without making it a sin to drink," said Dr. Rainsford. "Some men want beer, and it's no more a sin for a man to drink beer than it is for a man to drink coffee."

He was often referred to as an example of muscular Christianity. He possessed an attractive personality. More than 6 feet 2 inches tall and athletic, he appealed to the eye as to the heart. He won the hearts of many persons who never thought of going to church. He can box with superior skill, is a crack shot, and the wildest game of Canada and the Rockies has fallen before him. He is an enthusiastic fisherman, too.

In Dr. Rainsford's congregation some of the wealthiest and most prominent men in New York were leaders. Among his closest friends and helpers was J. Pierpont Morgan. R. Fulton Cutting and ex-Mayor Seth Low are also members of the church. This, however, did not keep Dr. Rainsford from frequently scoring society and the wealthy.

## Points of View.

"Now, let us talk this thing of street paving over in the abstract," said the political orator.

"How can we?" replied the contractor. "From my point of view it is entirely a concrete subject."—*Baltimore American.*

There is one thing about a fascinating: It never fascinates.



"What is the cause of all this barking, madame? What is the cause of all this barking?" exclaimed Pa Jones, as he impetuously rushed in to the happy home and threw his hat and coat on the hall rack instead of the usual spot on the west end of the piano. "One might think that this house was a kloodie pound! One might think that you were giving an imitation of a canine chorus in the good old dog days! Have you all taken cold at the same time? Did you find a job lot of influenza on a bargain counter, and buy the whole business? I heard you whooping it up a mile down the street! I heard you above the din of the trolleys! There is no mistaking the sweet contralto sneeze of your dear mother! There is no mistaking—"

"Don't get overheated, you nice old yap!" interrupted Ma, savagely throwing her eagle eyes on the esteemed Henry. "There is no use having a rush of blood to the vacant room in your dome! It isn't my fault because we have all taken cold! It isn't my fault because you were so close-listed that you wouldn't get weather strips for the doors! But it will be my fault if we don't get cured, and that pretty quick! So you just sneak to the 'phone and call up the doctor! He wasn't in when I—"

"What's that, madame? What's that, Mrs. Jones?" was the shoutful interjection of Pa. "Please sing that again so that I can catch the tune! Kindly hum it again so that I will know when to come in on the dance act! Do you think that I am going to encourage a doctor in a game of graft like that? Do you imagine for one moment that I am going to pay a medical geezer at the rate of two dollars a head just to come here and tell you all to dress warm and keep

your feet dry? Not on your life, angel wife! Not on your life! I will be the doctor! I will be his squiffful nibs! I will—"

"Is that so, Mr. Jones?" rejoined Ma, in a palpitating tone. "Well, don't you think it! Don't you even dream it! You can take all the patent slush wash that you want to, from speckled hair dye down to painless corn ointment, but I want you to distinctly understand that you can't give me any of your coon song and banjo cough cure, even if a thousand testimonials do come with every dose! I am—"

"What's the matter with you, woman? What's the matter with you?" yelpfully responded Pa, with a pretzel look on his pained features. "Don't you suppose that I know how to make cough medicine? Don't you suppose I know the ingredients of a cure that would make a hospital look like the first aid to the injured? Who ever heard of calling in a doctor to tinker a cough when I was a boy? Who ever heard of going to bed with a cold and having bouquets and scented notes of sympathy sent you down on the farm? No one, madame! No one! You simply stay in the house long enough to take a little homemade syrup and then go out and monkey in the snow to keep down the fever! I have had more cold spells than you could find in a Beef Trust refrigerator, and all that my good old mother ever did was to saturate me with kerosene and feed me on molasses and vinegar, and—"

"I can easily believe it, you sweet crook!" broke in the taunting Ma, contemptuously. "You are full of kerosene yet, and—"

"Silence, woman! Silence, lovey-dovey!" thundered Pa, ragefully, glaring at his devoted Mary. "You have said enough! You have sprinkled on a little of the Smith extra! How dare you throw the harpoon into the time-honored methods of my good old mother? How dare you pose as an authority on therapeutics? What right have you—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, shut up, you squawkful quawk!" shouted Ma, with

evident annoyance. "You are worse than a chirpful singing society! Why don't you forget your grunch and 'phone for the doctor! Why don't—"

"I won't shut up, dear soul! I won't shut up!" returned Pa, explosively, as he started for the kitchen, followed by Ma. "I refuse to be muzzled! I refuse to permit the Smiths to run the roost! I am the main guy of this gang, and I am going to prove to you the efficacy of my good old mother's medicine. I am going to make you eat crow! I am going to stew up some of that syrup as a matter of vindication! Where do you keep your pans? Norah, get me the molasses! You may also trot out the vinegar! Now, then, Smithy, take a look and get wise to the ways of domestic remedies! You will notice that as these ingredients begin to sizzle I begin to stir! You will—Norah, bring me a hunk of butter and a lump of lard! That's right, now, get a hustle on you and fetch a dash of mustard, some ginger, and—"

"Aren't you a smart old hero?" interposed Ma, sarcastically, as she watched the mixful Henry. "Why don't you put in a little shoe polish and sand soap? Why don't you—"

"Who is doing this, madame? Who is doing this?" was the snarful rejoinder of Pa. "Who is conducting this laboratory? Who is so kindly exhausting his clerical knowledge to cure your dear mother's cold when she ought to be Oslerized? Why don't you take a sneak? Why don't you vanish like other ghosts? Why don't you attend to your own business, and be thankful that you have a guardian angel named Jones to look after you?"

So saying Pa resumed work on his syrup, and did not deign to notice the bunch of flattering compliments that Ma generously threw at him.

The cough cure was finally cooked to Pa's satisfaction, and after it had been properly cooled and bottled, the amateur chemist seized a tablespoon and smilingly turned to Ma.

"Call your mother, Mrs. Jones! Call your mother!" he effusively cried. "Call