

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## PLAYING RELIGION.

ONE of the signs of the times is the report from Kansas City that a minister in that city is organizing a "children's church" in which all the members and officers except the pastor are to be children.



Child's play is an admirable thing, but there is danger at the present day of carrying it too far. The tendency is to extend the childish love of imitating adults so far that it becomes no longer play nor childish, but hinders the children prematurely into adult life. This practice is to be deprecated because it results in abolishing childhood. There is no healthy and successful adult life without a normal childhood.

There is something peculiarly naive about this children's church. It has been customary for many years to divide up every church into as many sexes and ages as possible and encourage each of these divisions to develop a separate religious life from all the rest. The result has been a hopelessly unimpaired religion in each of them, and in some cases the generation of ambitions, jealousies and strifes between them. The power is many of the sects to-day has passed into the hands of the young people's organizations.

It is not to be wondered at that this has led at last to a desire for a more complete separation and that the children, encouraged by their fanatical adult friends, are now seeking to organize children's churches. That is exactly what might have been expected from the class religion which has been encouraged for many years in the churches.

It should never be forgotten that the unit of society is the family and that society is never united unless most of its activities, pleasures and duties are taken up by the family relation. Anything which encourages the dissolution of the family invites social disorganization and corruption, whether it is done in churches or anywhere else.—Chicago Chronicle.

## RUSSELL BARR.



IT was his misfortune that he learned so thoroughly to save money that he had not left in him the power to hurry to spend it. That is one of the risks of forming early habits of thrift. If a young person begins early to spend money, as most of us do, he never forgets how to spend it. He may learn to save, but not so well with the simple life. He lives the life of a miser, and so it was with Charles Russell. He lived the life of a miser more than most other things, and would rather keep it than waste it for them. He did not care for good clothes nor for food. He wore indifferent clothes, and used his digestion so considerably that it lasted him many years. But he was willing enough to buy what he wanted. He lived on Fifth Avenue, which is not a cheap street; he had a house by the sea in the Catskills, and he had good horses. Moreover, he was twice married. Both his wives were excellent women, and he received, and probably merited, from both of them the kindest treatment. He did the thing he liked best to do, lived simply, soberly and long, and certainly got a great deal of enjoyment out of life, so that though it may seem a pity that he never learned to spend money to good purpose, he must be rated, even by moralists, as a pretty successful man.

Though folks laughed at the saving ways of Mr. Sage, and his impatient adherence to the simple life, there was very little jealousy or dislike of him because he was rich. No doubt that was because he never spent any money

## WHAT THE CLOWNS DID.

When the circus goes to Boston it pitches its tent in a field not far from the Children's Hospital. The children in their coats are within gunshot of the wonderful bands and the graceful poses of the acrobats and the magical cries of the clowns. This year one of the children wrote a letter to the manager of this circus, asking that a clown be sent to the hospital. He had never seen a clown.

The manager, a large-hearted, busy man, read it to the employees of the circus, and asked for volunteers. The natural thing happened—the thing one would expect who believes that all human folk are pretty much alike in being human. All the clowns volunteered, all the absurd complexity of clowns that keep the crowd at a three-ring circus in a roar asked the privilege of responding to the invitation from the Children's Hospital. The band volunteered, until it seemed that the manager would have to move the entire circus down into the street.

The managers of the hospital were informed; the balconies were hung with streamers and toy balloons. Children who could walk crowded against the railing; those who could not walk were wheeled out so that they could turn their little white faces toward the street. Expectation raised many a little heart that the doctors had tried in vain to stimulate.

First came a hundred bags of peanuts from the manager of the circus for those who could eat; those who could not eat were not envious. They were soon to feast their eyes. Motherly nurses, moving from cot to stretcher, told them that the circus was coming.

Presently there was the music of a band. Down the street came the clowns and the acrobats and the trained dogs.

And before them marched a squad of policemen, not to keep the clowns in order—the appointed business of a clown is to be out of order—but to keep out all well-dressed citizens out of the way, and to see that none got between the eyes in the balconies and the post-boys in the street.

The children were ready. At a sign from the nurses, those who had many lessons blew upon the horns. The clowns looked up and smiled. One clown, who had lived a hard life, drew his hand across his white paint and said, "God bless the little things! My leg got in the hospital in Lunson." And another clown heard him and said, "I'll bet you'd like to be in the hospital in Lunson?"

Presently the circus began in the street. The fat clown with a paunchful stomach was tackled by the little dog, Tebe, and rolled over and over in the dirt. The acrobats did wonderful balancing acts on the ends of their noses and their toes. The giant clown, who was nine feet high, but was created a sheet man with an artificial body, broke into two parts, and his legs went running up the street. A preposterous clown tried to sell a dog that was only stuffed. A mother clown washed a baby clown that was really a burly, big man, and when she scrubbed his ears out with a scrubbing brush, the children in the balcony laughed loudest, for they knew that trick.

So the performance went on, until it was all over, and the clowns went back to their work better for what they had done; and the children went back to their wards better for what they had seen.

## Few Exceptions.

"Most every man has a rival in his wife's affections," remarked the sage of Philosopherville. "If it ain't a poodle, it's a rubber plant."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mothers are wonderfully patient considering there is no prize up.

worth mentioning for his own pleasure. But the fact also emphasizes a point to which we called attention some time ago, that the rich men who are most criticized are those who give the most money away. No doubt it should be set down to the credit of Mr. Sage's discretion that he never tried to pamperize anybody or anything.—Harper's Weekly.

## NO BETTING WANTED IN BASE BALL.



THAT a member of the national baseball commission who is also the owner of a league baseball club has made wagers on the result of the game in the National League is one of the developments of the baseball season that are likely to bring the national game into disrepute.

One of the duties of the national commission is to pass on the eligibility of players whose services may be in dispute. In the case of the westerly making baseball "mograte," it so occurred that he was called upon to pass on a player who has been a leading factor in the success of one of the clubs that the "mograte" is betting against.

The player was awarded to another club, thus, it is claimed, working injury to the club that he had been playing with. The "mograte" angrily explains that his decision had nothing to do with his bets, but was based on indisputable evidence that the player had previously been awarded to another club. It is worthy of note that the "mograte" wagers were not made on the success of his own club, which might be exposed on the ground of enthusiasm.

With the point politics of baseball—which is usually laughable—the public is not greatly concerned. But inasmuch as the public is deeply interested, anything that tends to show that the national game is not a fair and open game, anything that suggests a possibility of favoritism, is sure to injure it.

Russell has never prospered as a betting-game and it never will. With the public itself the betting mania seldom goes further than a hat, a pair of gloves, or a box of cigars. When, therefore, an official of organized baseball and a club manager risks several thousand dollars in betting on the outcome of a league race, as in this case, baseball passes under a cloud.

Such a scandal simply means a return to the days before baseball was made clean—to the days when charges of "knout and gold" games placed it in disrepute throughout the country.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## LOWER RATES, MORE TRAFFIC.



HERE is, however, scarcely anything more certain than that, except perhaps at the start, the road will not lose by the reduction. As the Railroad Gazette has often stated affirmatively, it is most desirable that fares should be as low and simple as possible. Such action not only brings about an increase of travel, which is an every important case which has been brought to our notice, it also makes us for the traveler of the rail received; but, what is of the largest value to a railroad company, even though not reducible to dollars and cents, is that low and simple fares engender a spirit of confidence and good feeling toward the railroad company on the part of the traveler—which means, pretty generally, on the part of the communities through which the road runs, whose public opinion the railroad is in the last analysis so entirely dependent.—Railroad Gazette.

## JOHNNY KNEW HIM.

Little Johnny Styles has been brought up carefully. Mrs. Parvovitch Styles feels that she is responsible for the reformation of his conduct, and explains to her mother all that the order-calls for. She seemed him one day from a situation completely forgotten for her, with her near-sighted eyes, to analyze and sent him to the bath tub to be improved. While she awarded his return she described the affair in his father.

"It was perfectly terrible!" she said. "There were at least half a dozen boys all in a mess, fighting each other like wild animals. I couldn't be sure Johnny was there, but I know Archibald Gray was, for I saw his red suit. He was down on his back by the pool, and some other boy was clawing and pounding him. Why, Richard, you wouldn't believe a human being could be so brutal as that other boy was. When Johnny comes down perhaps he can tell us who it was, and we can have him arrested. I am so glad Johnny is not such a brute as that!"

Just then Johnny entered the room, sweet and fresh from his bath and newly clad in his latest finery. His mother turned to him.

"Johnny," she cried, "tell us who it was that was pounding Archibald."

Johnny looked up in delight. "Aw, now, ma," he said, "did you see that? I was afraid you come too late, say, didn't I do 'im fine? That was me pounding 'im. He said I was a sissy, so I punched him, and all the other fellows called into each other for fun. We wouldn't a quit only we thought you was the police."

When you run yourself down and your listeners say nothing it is a sign they agree with you. If they stand up for you it is a sign they are being polite.

## OLD Favorites

### Casey's Table d'Hote.

Oh, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the skies wuz fair 'nd blue,  
When the money flowed like linker, 'nd  
The folks wuz brave 'nd true!  
When the nights wuz crisp 'nd balmy, 'nd  
The camp wuz all a-fire,  
With the joints all throwed wide open  
'nd no sherrif to demure!  
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain  
In the Rockies fur away—  
There's no such place nor times like them  
as I kin find today!

What though the camp 'uz busied? I  
seem to see it still!  
A-lyin', like I loved it, on that fix 'nd  
worry hill;  
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin'  
in my throat!

When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd  
of Casey's table date!

Well, yes; it's true I struck it rich, but  
that don't out a show  
When one is old 'nd feeble 'nd it's nigh  
his time to go;  
The money that he's got in hands or  
carries to home;

Don't flume with a fellow who has lived  
a life on West;  
'Tis old days life to get around, away  
from folks 'nd noise,  
'Nd think about the sights we seen and  
things we done when boys;  
The which is why I love to see 'nd think  
of them old days.

When all us Western folks get the Col-  
orado cross—  
And that is why I love to sit around all  
day 'nd stonr  
On thoughts of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd  
of Casey's table date.

This Casey wuz an Irishman—y'd know  
it by his name  
And by the fact he wuz apparently  
to the same.  
'Tud lived in many places 'nd had done a  
thousand things,  
From the noble art of nothin' to the work  
of deathin' blazes.  
But, somehow, luck'd enough out; an  
'd-iffinit' with the rest.

He drifted for a fortune to the undevel-  
oped West,  
And he came to Red Hoss Mountain when  
the little camp wuz new.  
When the money flowed like linker, 'nd  
the folks wuz brave 'nd true;  
And, havin' been a stowaway on a Meers-  
sippi boat,  
He opened up a camp 'nd he run a table  
date.

There wuz half a dozen tables altogether  
in the place,  
And the first you had to pay upon your  
vitche wuz a case;  
The heathin' houses in the camp proved to  
'wuz a shame  
To produce a relay, which this Casey  
wuz the same!

They said a case wuz necessary to tax for  
any body,  
But Casey traded strictly to his life, 'nd  
let 'em squint;  
And presently the heathin' houses all be-  
gan to burn.  
While Casey kept on makin' roads 'nd  
layin' in the dirt;  
And once a year he'd travel from Denver  
City wuz  
A piece back to his paper, pullin' Casey's  
table date.

A table date is different from oysters  
after care;  
In one case you eat all these by in latter  
why part?  
And Casey's table date began in French  
—as all begin—  
And Casey's table date with the same, which  
it to say, with 'm;

That in love or any other kind of regard,  
'Nd, 'nd, 'nd, 'nd,  
The some the you can get in high-toned  
restaurants down west,  
'Nd squintin' up wuz rather a piece with  
coffee down west,  
Or, somehow, drinkin' Ireland in a comb-  
'nd kind of way.  
That let a sort of pleasant holdin' in a  
feller's throat,  
'Nd made him laugh after many of  
Casey's table date.

The very recollection of them potholes  
'nd then pira  
Brings a yearnin' to my heart, 'nd the  
water to my eyes;  
'Nd seems like 'cookin' nowadays ain't  
what it used to be  
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that  
year of '85;  
But, maybe, it is better, 'nd, maybe, I'm  
to blame—  
I'd like to be a-lyin' in the mountains  
just the same—  
I'd like to live that life again when sides  
wuz fair 'nd blue,  
When things wuz run wide open 'nd men  
wuz brave 'nd true;  
When brawny arms the bony ribs of Red  
Hoss Mountain smote  
For wherewithal to pay the price of  
Casey's table date.

And you, O cherished brother, a-sleepin'  
way out West,  
With Red Hoss Mountain huggin' you  
close to his locin' breast—  
Oh, do you dream in your last sleep of  
how we used to do,  
Of how we worked our little claims to-  
gether, me 'nd you?  
Why, when I saw you last a smile wuz  
restin' on your face,  
Like you wuz glad to sleep forever in  
that lonely place;  
And so you wuz, 'nd I'd be, too, if I wuz  
sleepin' so.

But, bein' how a brother's love ain't for  
the world to know,  
Whenever I've this heartache 'nd this  
chokin' in my throat,  
I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's table  
date.  
—Eugene Field.

## MOTOR WAGONS.

Their growing use for Agriculture  
and Other Purposes in England.

In many rural districts the agricultural communities are looking to the motor wagon as a panacea for their troubles, and there is no doubt, where railway facilities are few or rates high, that the motor wagon will enable them to get their produce to market with the least delay and at a low cost, says Cassier's magazine.

One of the many projects under consideration is that in Essex. In this case arrangements are being made to supply London with agricultural produce by means of an organization which is to collect the various goods at centers situated in Chelmsford, Braintree, Dunmow, Epping, Gargy, Witham and many other towns. These collecting centers are to be furnished with slaughter houses, chilling rooms, creameries and grading and selection departments to deal with the produce brought to them from the surrounding country by motor or otherwise, and thence it will be forwarded to London by motor wagon. A wholesale system of collection is being met with success in Bethelton.

Another promising outlook for the industry is the rumor that railway owners are contemplating a system of direct deliveries of coal from all points to consumers by steam lorry. It is remarkable that such a system has not been more extensively used. Both are within easy reach of industrial centers, as, for example, in Lancashire. The mode of procedure at present is for the railway owners to load trucks on the railway, have them loaded from trucks to wagons or trucks by rail, unloaded to carts and omnibuses, delivered to the consumers' premises, or for four days being unloaded in this manner, when by employing steam wagons as many times would probably be accomplished and the cost reduced to a minimum.

The present solution of the traffic problem in London and provincial cities is a pretty bad one, but in the case of motor roads will be in accordance with modern conditions, and it has been predicted that in London in ten years' time not a horse will be employed for transport work. Whether this is too ambitious a work or not cannot be determined. It is only the fact that the supply of horses will soon cease to be available for the purpose of self-propelled vehicles. This is a serious matter which will be addressed to the Motor Vehicle and Vehicle Owners' Association, designed to discuss whether they would support a scheme for transporting heavy motor cars to service in the country in lieu of work in the same manner in which horses have always been employed.

## Jeakins Followed Directions.

William Allen Jenkins, the Kansas editor, tells in Harper's Weekly a tale of two tales of a young reporter. His son had a long drive from Lawrence to the first printing office in a newspaper town. "I had in the past five years your story is about. Give the substance of it," said the manager with a look of the frame, and concluding with these words: "This is a goodly story of a young man's career."

The first man gives attention to his lesson, the result of which was that he finished in the ordinary manner from which most men follow.

"Jeakins finished, a reporter, signed, and fell in line with possibility, and continued his work hard."

"It had been a week or more since Jenkins, who was nobody, his feet slipped from under him and he fell, sprang out of his ankles."

"When seen by a reporter he said, 'I was waiting about your street, when in some way my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the side with sprain of my ankle.'"

"Mr. Frank Fuller said, 'I was walking behind Mr. Jenkins on Vine street, when I saw him slip and fall to the sidewalk. When I reached him he said he told me that he had sprained one of his ankles.'"

"Dr. Thomas Rich, who attended Mr. Jenkins, said, 'Mr. Jenkins had a badly sprained ankle, due to a fall in Vine street. He will be laid up for some time.'"

"Mr. Jenkins could not attend last night's meeting of the carpenters' union. The president, in convening the meeting, expressed regret that Mr. Jenkins could not attend, as he had slipped and fallen in Vine street, spraining one of his ankles."

**Energetic Monarch.**  
The King of Italy is one of the most energetic of monarchs; he was taught by his tutor never to be idle for a moment, and was always punished if caught doing nothing.

How good things sound when women talk about how they should be cooked and served!