

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## WHY THERE ARE FEWER MINISTERS.

**T**HE 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 602 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 exterior 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.

**T**HE growing frequency of train robberies is said to have determined the officials of a number of Western railways to arm their train employees—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 parlor 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.

**I**N 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.

**T**HE 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.

**T**HE 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. Cassandra is 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.



Even the most constant readers of newspapers scarcely realize the revolution being brought about by the increasing employment of women in all industries. Within a short time, the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City found places for 4,000 girls and young women in offices, about one-third of whom replaced male clerks.

The New York Life Insurance Company, which a few years ago employed only men in its New York office, has replaced one-half of the men with women.

Managers claim that women are smarter and more trustworthy than men. It also appears that women employed are content with considerable less wages than men employees.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, of New York, employs 1,700 women in its offices and 800 men. The same thing is largely true in business offices all over the United States.

In factories, a similar change has been brought about. In many industries, men are only employed as fore-

men. Women work for lower wages and they are better adapted for light industry.

Is this process of substitution a good or bad thing for the workers themselves and for the country? If men, who generally require higher pay, because, as a rule, they have to bring up a family, are crowded out of work by women, who take lower wages, because so long as they work they remain unmarried, and because in many instances they receive free from their parents some part of their cost of living, the result would be anything but good.

It may be wondered if this is not a leading cause of so-called race suicide. The male portion of the population is less able to marry, because not earning enough to maintain a family, while women with comfortable and adequate earnings of their own have less desire to accept marriage.

In the city of Dundee, Scotland, the substitution of female for male labor has reached a climax. Dundee makes cheap goods for export, in competition with Chinese and Japanese labor. Only

the lowest wages are paid and practically only women are employed. As a result, the men of Dundee are being reduced to the position of parasites. A great many cases are found in which men who should be workers subsist upon the wages of their wives.

It may be that there is compensation for the apparent evil of this change in the greater independence given women by their wider employment, and that they, by reason of this independence, exercise more careful choice when they do marry and are able to exact a higher standard of morals and behavior in men.

Whatever we may think about it, it is certain that the employment of women increases at a tremendous rate. In this, as in other tendencies of our civilization, no reversal is to be looked for. The revolution must be accepted and mankind must find some way to benefit by the change.

But look at the number of advertisements in the papers by men who want situations and ask yourself what can be done with the superfluous male.—Indianapolis Sun.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY.

When you hear of good in people—tell it;  
When you hear a tale of evil—quell it.  
Let the goodness have the light,  
Put the evil out of sight,  
Make the world we live in bright,  
Like the heaven above.  
You must have a work to do—pursue it,  
If a failure, try again—renew it,  
Failure spurs us to success,  
Failures come, but come to bless,  
Fitting us for righteousness  
In the heaven above.  
—John Sterling.

## ONE FIFTEENTH.

**L**OOK here, Grace, when am I to see that famous chum of yours?"  
"Famous? O, she isn't that, Fred! She's just sweet and lovely and dear and—"  
"Well, well; I'm not particular. That's enough for me. Where is she, anyhow?"  
Fred Liddon was calling on his favorite cousin, Grace Sherwin, who was a member of the senior class. Her room was that of a typical college girl. The walls were adorned with knick-knacks of all sorts, including both Harvard and Yale banners.

"I don't see what you want that blue thing up there for," continued Liddon (Harvard, '90), sauntering idly about the room and pausing before a silk flag, with a large Y on a blue ground. "I know, it's for Arthur Stapleton—a Yale man!"  
Grace laughed. "Celia put that up. I didn't. He was rather attentive to her at their last senior prom."  
"What does she look like?"  
"O, her picture's there on my desk. You can see for yourself."  
Fred glanced over the half dozen pretty faces that adorned the girl's desk. Suddenly he paused and abruptly picked up one of the photographs.  
"This must be Miss Colburn. Well, she is a darling, that's a fact."  
"You wouldn't dare tell her that to her face!"  
"Wouldn't I? Just tell me where and when I can meet her."  
Grace glanced up at the photograph he held in his hand. She opened her lips to say something hastily—then closed them tightly again and turned away to stifle a laugh.

"She—she'll be at the reception next Wednesday evening. I'm sorry she's out-to-day. Won't you come, Fred?"  
"Indeed I will. What a bewitching face the girl has! A sort of dreamy, poetical look about the eyes—hair tossed up anyway—but it's that little lock that hangs down on her forehead that—confound that Yale man!"  
Fred had recently begun the practice of law, and he had a hard point to study up that "next Wednesday evening," but he was on hand at the college reception, notwithstanding. As he left the dressing room and stood for a moment in the hall, immaculate

in his evening suit, he heard a merry peal of girlish laughter from an adjoining room. Immediately afterward a door opened and his cousin peeped out.

"Oh, Fred, I'm so glad you've come!" said she, closing the door behind her quickly. "I was afraid some horrid law case would keep you."

Fred looked her over approvingly. "You're stunning, dear, in that white dress," said he. "Yes, I ought to have stayed at home—I may lose my first case by coming out here. But you see I wanted to meet you—that is, of course—"

"How very polite!" laughed Grace, teasingly. "You never thought of your 'stunning' cousin, sir—confess it! but you wanted to make the acquaintance of Miss Celia Colburn, the 'darling'?"

"Oh, say, Grace, you didn't repeat that to her, did you?"  
"Of course I didn't! Poor fellow, don't blush so! I don't mind your wanting to see her—you can see me any time, you know."  
"Well," said Fred, fidgeting at his collar and cuffs, "is she here?"  
"She is right in that room. Just let



GRACE GLANCED UP.

me run in and prepare her for the honor, and then I'll take you in."  
"Oh, say—" began Fred again; but his saucy cousin had already whisked into the room, and from behind the closed door he caught a sound which was suspiciously like stifled laughter. He began to feel awkward and wish himself well out of it. Then he grew vexed, and that did him good. When Grace came for him a moment later he was his cool, imperturbable self once more.

"Allow me," said his cousin, throwing open the door, as he stepped forward, "to present you to—the original of the photograph!"  
Fred halted on the threshold in something very like dismay. There stood, in a semi-circle, no less than fourteen girls, in various stages of merriment, but each apparently striving to attain the conventional amount of demureness on the occasion of a formal presentation.

"What—what do you mean?" he stammered, gazing hopelessly at Grace. "It is a composite," she shrieked, in a perfect gale of laughter. "It's a photograph of our Phi Delta society.

Girls, attention! Once more, Mr. Liddon, let me present you—"

Fred with a mighty effort recovered himself and made a sweeping bow.  
"Happy to meet you!" he exclaimed, resolved to make the best of the joke. The fifteen courted as one girl. It was plain that they had practiced. Fred knew he would be the hero of a good college story through many classes to come.

"This likeness was an excellent one," he declared with a laugh. "I recognize the dreamy eye, the artistically careless hair, the—Grace, may I beg the honor of a special and individual introduction to—the fifteenth of your society, who stands on your extreme right, and who, unless I am mistaken, was the final fraction to be photographed in the composite picture?"

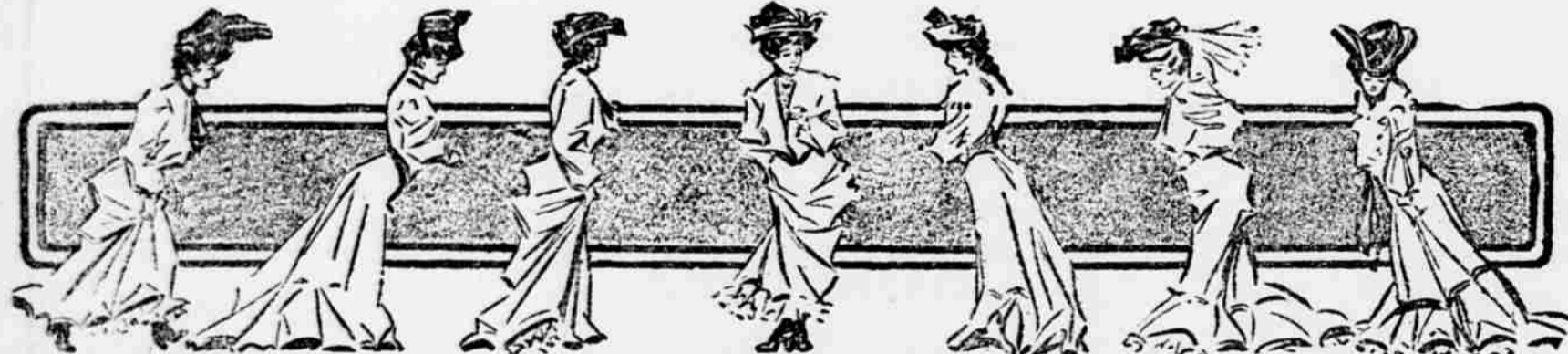
Grace clapped her hands. "You know her?" she exclaimed, as she performed the ceremony willingly enough. "You must have seen Celia before to-day."  
"No," laughed Fred, contentedly, as he led his blushing partner into the corridor. "It is a scientific fact that the last impression is the strongest, and the picture is far more like you, Miss Colburn, than any of your classmates. Besides, I recognize the stray lock of hair!"—Housekeeper.

## Life in an Arab Home.

At last we were to be admitted to the home life of an Arab. Doffing our slippers, we were ushered through the low, dark doorway into a little court with a room on either side. The wife was seated on the ground in a most picturesque costume of dark colors, without a veil, preparing the evening meal. Hanging on the mud walls were various pans and cooking utensils, some of which were bronze, others terra-cotta. On the floor was a brass mortar and pestle used for pulverizing the coffee. Over the first was a large earthenware dish in which a flat cake was being cooked. Both husband and wife were so grateful to the great magician who had cured their son that all conventionalities were discarded and we all sat en famille and enjoyed our couscous, dates, figs, native bread and delicious coffee.

After dinner the whole party indulged in cigarettes and more coffee. The wife was really pretty and had more expression than most of the women of the desert, especially when she gazed at her son and heir with a mother love ennobling her dark but handsome features. Had it been a daughter, all would have been different, for they are an unwelcome increase in the family, neglected and ill treated until they are sold in marriage, a condition still worse unless they bear male children. The woman is the beast of burden, the drudge and the general utility slave as well as the banker for the lordly husband, who could not be degraded by such a thing as labor.—Scribner's.

If a woman pulls her husband's hair, yanks him around by the neck, and beats him every day before breakfast, there are still those among her kin who will say she is a "worm."



## AMERICAN GIRLS DO NOT KNOW HOW TO WALK.

"Paris is full of fine walkers," said a man who knows, "but in all London there are not more than three women who walk well. New York has none at all."  
"The reason American women don't walk well as a rule is that they are too dressed up to walk. Their heels are too high, their shoes too uncomfortable, their waists too tight, and their necks too pinched. Often the hat is too heavy for comfortable walking. The woman who has walked a dozen squares wants to sit down and rest. A French woman, dressed to kill, can walk all day. If I were a woman and had just two or three wishes to make, I would wish to be graceful, to walk well, to sit well, to stand well, and to be easy generally. There is no better gift for a woman. She becomes a pleasure to the eye. That is the result of the observation of a veteran."

"It is impossible for a woman to be awkward in her walk if she turns her toes out," said a gymnasium teacher to her class. "The act of swinging the feet out gives one a graceful gait."

A few walking rules as laid down to a class of women are these:

- "Have your shoes a little too narrow and a little too long. Don't wear tight short shoes. If your foot is wide and fat it will gradually become long and narrow by this course of treatment. Have your shoes narrow and long and either pointed or square in the toes as nature has shaped your feet.
- Set your feet down at right angles.
- Walk slowly. Skirts wind around your calves when you walk rapidly and you lose all semblance of grace. Walk in a leisurely manner, as though you were a princess, not a hurried, worried, overworked woman.
- Don't swing your shoulders.
- Don't swing your arms.

Don't twist yourself in sinuous motions. Don't contort. Don't try to wriggle when you walk.

Hold your chin up. This is the most important thing of all. Once upon a time there may have lived a woman who could duck her chin and still look pretty. She isn't alive now. You may think that you look lovely with your eyes cast appealingly up and your chin lowered, but you don't.

Don't walk nor look nor act like an old person. There are no old people these days. Toss your head, throw up your chin, take a long breath, and be young again.

Step forward in sprightly manner, as if you meant it and were sure of your footing. Plant your foot as if you were walking in your bare feet, touching the ground first with the ball of the foot, with the heel striking an instant later. This adds springiness and life to the walk. It helps, even if you are wearing high heels, which in themselves are ruinous to grace in walking.

The way to walk into a parlor is to move across the room slowly. Hold your head up and glide. Don't take long steps and don't make short cuts. See your path clear before you start. In these days the fashionable drawing room has little furniture. This is fortunate for the woman who walks through the room.

Learn how to be seated. Don't sit with your clothing wound around you. Don't sit with your knees crossed unless you are of the slender type with tiny feet. Don't sit on the ragged edge of things. Be seated squarely.

There are women who are called haughty. They hold their head so high. But you admire them just the same. There are women who are called stuck up, proud, exclusive, and names still more disagreeable. They get it by their erect, beautiful carriage. But all admit that it is elegant. Never mind a little criticism. Begin to hold yourself erect and to walk well. It will well repay you for the trouble which you had at first, trying to get used to it.

**Great Admirer of Byron.**  
An Englishman, Sir J. G. T. Sinclair, is so enthusiastic an admirer of Byron that he has built in London—in Fleet street—a Byron house in the poet's honor. There is a meditation of Byron over the door, surrounded by a wreath of laurels in statuary marble, and another inside, while several hundreds of lines of his poetry are engraved on marble tablets on the walls of the entrance lobby and staircase.

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

Instead of seeking the man the office is kept busy trying to pick him out from the crowd of applicants.