

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Ministers' Salaries.

**T**HE Rev. Charles H. Marsh, pastor of the Rockwell (Iowa) Baptist Church, whose salary is \$600 a year, recently refused an offer of \$3,000 from an Eastern baseball team which wanted him to sign for next year. The Philadelphia Ledger reports the resignation of a minister in that city because he was dissatisfied with his salary. The council of his church is greatly surprised at his action, and in commenting upon it said that it pays him \$300, the board of missions another \$300, while the city mission pays him \$50. Besides this, he has a Christmas present of \$20. The council contends that with the extra money he makes he gets \$700 a year, and that he ought to be able to live on that sum, seeing that he pays but \$16 a month for house rent.

There is an apparent difference between these two clergymen. The country one is content with his salary and refuses one five times as large. The city one is not content with his and goes where he can get a hundred or two more. The two incidents call attention to the slight estimate which is placed upon the average minister's service. The Ledger's statement that "as a matter of fact \$700 a year is considerably more than the average salary of regular ministers of the gospel of all denominations in this country" will occasion some surprise. This is less than most clerics get. It is less than policemen and firemen get. It is less than some scrubwomen get. If it were necessary to make "odorous comparisons," the wages of street cleaners and garbage wagon drivers are a little less.

When it is also taken in account that the flocks are in favor of shortening the shepherd's term of service; that ministers are coming to be looked upon as candidates for the superannuated list at 45 or 50; that they have, as a rule, large families to support; that they are always expected to look well and be on dress parade, so that they may not embarrass their better-to-do parishioners; that the butcher, and the baker, and the candlestick maker do not any more cut down prices for them; that railroad officials are crusty, even when asked for the ministerial half fare, and that the ministerial "sore throat" no longer secures an extended vacation, it is not difficult to understand why the Philadelphia clergyman embraced the first opportunity that offered itself to flee to a bigger salary. It is difficult to understand why the Rockwell clergyman deliberately refused a salary equivalent to that of five ordinary clergymen, unless he is content with laying up treasure where "neither moth nor rust doth consume, and which thieves do not break through nor steal."—Chicago Tribune.

## Life's Phantom Troubles.

**T**HE Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., pictures one of the characters in "The Only Woman" as having carved across his oaken mantel the words: "I am an old man now; I've had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened."

No doubt most of us when we near the end of life's journey could give expression to the same sentiment. In general our troubles have three proportions according to our point of view. They are all fearfully large in prospect, the worst of them is bearable in actual occurrence; and they shrink to a mere dot in retrospect.

The great bulk of our troubles are those of anticipation, and a general term for them is worry. Most of them never happen, and those that do have shrunk so that we scarcely can recognize them. The longer the perspective the greater the trouble; so we find our worries more numerous and more wearing before than after we have passed the meridian of our brief day.

As we move gently and we fancy a little more quickly, toward the sunset line, and glance now and then back over the long and often rugged and tortuous trail, we see little of our earlier worries but phantoms of the troubles that never happened, and these grow even more tenuous as we travel from them until they are but a luminous vapor through which we view a day that was much fuller of

sunshine than of cloud and a winding pathway so thickly flanked with honeysuckle and lavender that we cannot discern the occasional thistle and briar.

No matter at what time we take this backward view we may see that most of our troubles never happened. There is no specific like comparison for the cure of that dread malady, worry. No trouble is as great as our fretting makes it, and this ought to admonish us to let fretting alone.

The old man in the book is the counterpart of many an old man of flesh and blood, and also of many an aged woman. All of them have had lots of trouble, and most of it never happened. From the experience of those who have gone nearly the length of the journey the young man and the young woman might say: "I am young; I expect to have lots of trouble; but as most of it will never happen, I won't worry about any of it."—Chicago Post.

## The Dangerous Plutocrat.

**I**S there any real dang in the accumulation of great riches in the hands of one man? Can the multi-millionaire be regarded in any sense as "a new peril"? Probably not. In the first place, the man who has amassed large sums of money himself seldom or never squanders it. He knows its value too well; he must be a good business man to have become rich, and good business men do not play ducks and drakes with what they have hardily earned.

There would seem indeed to be only one dangerous form of multi-millionaire, and that is the man who uses his wealth for political objects. He can, or he can try to, smash a constitution. He can organize and he can bribe. He can make men rich or poor. But he cannot do so everywhere, and he is not a danger to a State possessing a sound legislature, and governed by sound men. He might be a danger, perhaps, to a ring-fence community such as South Africa contained before the war, but he could never be a danger in a community better organized. The best men—the men who alone could forward or thwart his political projects—would be neither allured nor frightened by his money.—London Spectator.

## Corn is King.

**C**ORN is king of American crops. Its yearly value is much greater than that of any other. It seems also more secure against rivalry than any other. Canada, Russia and other lands compete with us in wheat. Competitors in cotton are growing in many places at an ominous pace, but the United States has seemed to have pretty nearly a monopoly of corn growing. In this industry, however, a rival is also arising which may before long be developed into great proportions.

That rival is Argentina, a country which for more reasons than one might well be regarded as the United States of South America. It is only about twentieth as large as the United States, and has only one-fifth as great a population. But its soil is wondrously fertile and its climate genial, and it is growing in population and in the arts of civilization at a gratifying pace. Its production of cattle and sheep, of hides and wool, of linseed and various other things is well known to be great. It is to be remarked that it is also becoming a great producer of corn, for which crop its soil and climate seem to be particularly well suited. The last year's crop of corn is reported to have covered 4,300,000 acres and to have measured 130,000,000 bushels. That is, of course, very much less than our 94,000,000 acres and 2,523,000,000 bushels. Yet proportionately to the population of the country, it is a creditable showing. Moreover, it is to be observed that the Argentines get more than thirty bushels from an acre, and get a dollar of their currency, or 44 cents gold, a bushel for it, making a yield of \$13.20 an acre, while we, with our boasted higher civilization, are content with twenty-seven bushels to the acre, which, at 40 cents a bushel, means a yield of only \$10.80 an acre.—New York Tribune.

## Canning Peas for Market.

The industry of putting up canned goods is rapidly growing, and the processes by which the different crops are made ready for the market form an interesting sight. It is hardly possible to conceive the rapidity with which the work is carried on and the important part played by machinery. Take, for instance, the canning of peas, where the vines are cut in the field by a moving machine and loaded on the wagons the same as is done with hay. Arriving at the sheds of the factory as wanted, they are placed on an endless chain and carried overhead to the workmen, who tend the machine known as the "viner." In looks it resembles a large, old-fashioned revolving squirrel cage, in which are paddles, which beat the pods and allow the peas to fall out through the meshes of the cage, while the vines and pods are carried by the endless chain to the silo, some distance away. As some pieces of vines and pods pass through with the peas, they are run through a squirrel cage which, revolving, causes the peas to be separated from the other substances, when they pass out of it into trays.

Passing onward the peas are next poured into a machine resembling one of the old-time fanning mills seen in farmers' barns. Here they are further cleaned before passing through into the "grader," which is another cylinder in which there are several sections with different-sized meshes and the peas roll along until they come to the mesh, which permits them to fall through. All the while they are in this cage dropping water is washing them and carrying out the dirt that may be on them. Each size is now labeled and kept separate.

The "blancher," as it is called, is a trough of boiling water, through which the trays of peas are carried on the endless chain, requiring about ten minutes to pass twenty-five feet. As some of the skins of the peas, and possibly other dirt, may yet be clinging to the peas they move on to the second series of squirrel cages, where the revol-

ving motion again cleans them, while cold water is continually dropping into the cage and on them. Now they pass out on to a belt about three feet wide and slowly move along between rows of women, whose business it is to pick out any bad peas or any other foreign substance. Dropping from this table into trays they are carried by men to the filler. It is the machine which automatically fills the cans, which are dropped down through tubes from the storeroom above. When the can falls into position on the moving chain it is carried under the spout, which is then automatically opened, allowing the same quantity of peas to fill each can, at the rate of seventy to eighty cans a minute.

The movement is so well timed that its place is taken by an empty can while it moves under the pipe through which the hot liquid is automatically measured and poured into it. The can now swings on its course, going through a heater or wiper, where it is cleaned and any surplus on top brushed off. Two boys now place caps on the cans as they move along past them to the soldering machine, with which it combines the "nicher," which prepares it for taking the solder. After they come out of there they are branded with the quality of grade while on the way to the "dotter," who solders the little hole in the center of each cap. The inspector then takes his turn and if the cans are all right they are soon at the end of their first journey, as they pass on to a table, whence they are removed and put into large steel crates, preparatory to a second journey of some 150 to 200 feet underground on an endless chain to reach the building where the "cookers" are. Coming out of the "cookers" the crates now go on to a slowly moving chain, which takes about half an hour to pass through the channel of cold water 150 feet long to the storeroom, where they are cool enough to handle. Later in the season, when the labeling is done, machinery again takes a prominent place.—New York Tribune.

**Too Tempting.**  
Miss Arabella Paxton had long since said good-bye to her youth, but nobody had accused her of doing it with resignation.

**No Deception About It.**  
She—Why should the average woman lead people to believe she's younger than she really is?  
He—She doesn't. She merely tries to.—Philadelphia Ledger.

by one goddess—commerce. Little does it seem to her that only the breadth of a pier should separate orient from occident, the cool northland from the tropics. She has marshaled her forces from the limits of her wide spread empire, hastened them along converging ways and then permitted her glad servant, man, to give them bidding place. And in New York the glad servant has no alternative save to berth them where he may, for ships are many and berths are few, and commerce brooks no waiting. From ten to twelve vessels arrive in port day in, day out, through the year. In one recent month 261 deep-sea craft with tight-stowed holds came to their piers along South and West streets and the flags they flew were American, British, German, Norwegian, French, Danish, Italian, Dutch, Cuban, Belgian, Spanish, Austrian and Portuguese. They brought the people and the merchandise of twice a hundred ports and some, the China ships, had come through 160 days of sea to deliver up their chests and bales—Harper's Magazine.

**Hot Springs "Blowed Out."**  
The Cimarron salt fields in Indian Territory boast of a large hot spring, which forms a pool about 20 by 60 feet. A story of this spring is told by cattle men who camp near by. One night last summer a thunderstorm was taking over the plain, when a bolt of lightning descended. Instantly a great volume of flame shot up a thousand feet into the sky from the spring, and continued to blaze for twenty minutes. The cowboy claims that the hot springs "blowed out," and that the location changed several rods.

It takes a very smart lot of men to pold a town which pretty twenty-year-old girls will be satisfied with.

## BUYING A HAT FOR JIMMIE.

Jimmie, on the drop seat of the brougham, leaned forward and asked his aunt where they were going. She named a big department store and his face lighted up. "They have ice cream soda in the basement," said he.

"Oh, I'm sure it can't be good!" "No-o-o-o." Jimmie always agrees with a lady. "It isn't so bad, though. When we bought the kitchen coal-hod Courtney treated me. We had chocolate and strawberry mixed—oh, fine! Don't you think I might treat him to-day? I could carry a glass out to the carriage without spilling a drop." He suddenly thrust his head out of the carriage. "Courtney, what kind—"

His aunt dragged him inside. "Some other time," she said.

"What can I do?" he asked, after a gloomy pause.

"We're going to buy a hat, dear." "I don't want any old hat."

"A nice new hat." This feebly jocular correction fell flat. Jimmie grasped the hat on his head with both painfully gloved hands and dragged it down to his ears. "It's just got comfortable!" he moaned. "She"—he meant no disrespect to his mother—"wants to send this one to the Indians or the Florida children, I s'pose."

A gleam of hope illuminated his face. "I wish they might have the new one. I wouldn't mind having it fitted on me. Don't you think they'd be pleased?"

Jimmie's aunt ignored this awful appeal. "You know your mother wishes you to be speck and span when grandma comes Thursday."

"Oh, my grandma won't mind," confidently. "And I'd brush up great!"

"Perhaps boots would do? They'd be all right. New ones kick fine."

This easy sacrifice to the home goddess was promptly rejected, and Jimmie knew then that it was to be a hat.

"When I buy them myself they'll be old and big, and everything new will go into the barrel—and maybe there won't be any barrel," he threatened, darkly.

Jimmie helped his aunt to alight at Cut & Cash's store, and followed her to the hat counter, the sullen trend of his feet speaking volumes of disgust. The counter was surrounded by women, mostly mothers, but Jimmie's turn came at last.

"Well, lady," said the perspiring clerk, "what can I show you for your little boy?"

"She's not my mother," said Jimmie. "She's my aunt. She isn't even married. My father says—"

"Show me something in a white straw, please," Jimmie's aunt said, hastily. "Something suitable for a boy of nine."

"Nearly ten," corrected Jimmie. "My father says—"

"Something a little wider in the brim, and I prefer a navy-blue band," said Jimmie's aunt.

"My father—" began Jimmie. But his aunt promptly clapped a hat on his head, and his tune changed. "It don't feel good! It's too small! And I don't want an elastic under my chin; only small kids wear them. Oh, it hurts my head!"

When the clerk was on his knees opening boxes, trying to find another hat, Jimmie again became amiably sociable.

"The last time the New London man was there, he said—"

"Something similar to his old hat will be right," said Jimmie's aunt, in an agitated falsetto.

"The New London man said, 'A kiss is as good as a smile,'" continued Jimmie. "I was under the sofa, and I heard—"

"This will do. You need not look any further," said Jimmie's aunt, seizing a hat and placing it on Jimmie's head with a determined hand. The clerk rose, but not before he was master of his countenance, and began to turn over the slips in his book.

"You must be awfully rattled, aunty," said Jimmie. "This is my old hat."—Youth's Companion.

**The Canals of France.**  
Few who have not traveled in southern and central France know of her vast systems of canals and canalized rivers. Many persons spend months or years in Paris and know nothing of the great basins in that city from which canals radiate, binding all parts of France to the great heart of the capital. These canals run into rivers connecting those of the water sheds north, south and west.

Through many of these small streams—wide at home would call them creeks—you will see little towboats puffing, grunting and lifting up a heavy chain from the canalized river bed, winding it round a drum and thus towing long lines of barges with a most economic expenditure of power.

**Hot Springs "Blowed Out."**  
The Cimarron salt fields in Indian Territory boast of a large hot spring, which forms a pool about 20 by 60 feet. A story of this spring is told by cattle men who camp near by. One night last summer a thunderstorm was taking over the plain, when a bolt of lightning descended. Instantly a great volume of flame shot up a thousand feet into the sky from the spring, and continued to blaze for twenty minutes. The cowboy claims that the hot springs "blowed out," and that the location changed several rods.

It takes a very smart lot of men to pold a town which pretty twenty-year-old girls will be satisfied with.

Did you ever notice that some people have a homemade look?

## Science AND Invention

The "sixth sense," by which blind persons perceive certain objects, is attributed by Dr. Emilie Javel, who has been blind several years, to sensitiveness of the skin to obscure radiations that do not affect the eyes.

Attention has been called by E. Bohm to two new forms of incandescent lamps. In both, the lower half of the bulb is of fluted glass, which, acting as a row of lenses, concentrates the light downwards, and gives the special advantage of strong illumination directly beneath the lamp. One form has the ordinary filament with the upper half of the bulb of opal glass, while the other has a zigzag horizontal filament and a tip of clear glass.

A new alloy for bearings, subjected to heavy loads, such as those of railway axles, is described by G. A. Clatter as consisting of sixty-four parts of copper, five of tin, thirty of lead and one of nickel. The metal casts well and is easily worked. Its large proportion of lead greatly reduces wear, and when used as a bearing for a journal 3 1/2 inches in diameter by 3 1/2 long, run at 325 revolutions per minute and loaded to one thousand pounds per square inch, the loss in weight was but a fifth of a grain in one hundred thousand revolutions. Under the same conditions, the wear of gun metal of varying proportions of copper and tin was from 2 1/2 to 4 grains.

A new form of the "fac simile telegraph," by which a message, written at the transmitting end, is reproduced at the receiving end, has been invented in Germany under the name of the "telechirograph." The message is written upon a sheet of paper with lead held in a pencil having flexible connections with two rheostats. As it moves over the paper, shaping the letters, the pencil shifts sliding contacts which vary the electrical resistance. At the receiving end two electro-magnets, influenced by the changing currents transmitted, govern the movements of a small mirror which, by the aid of a beam of light, concentrated to a point by lenses, reproduces the writing on a sheet of sensitized paper, the point of light following exactly the movements of the point of the pencil at the other end of the line.

The interest in the strange property possessed conspicuously by such substances as uranium, thorium and radium, of giving off spontaneously radiations that penetrate solid bodies and affect photographic plates, is kept at a high pitch by frequent new observations and discoveries. Prof. E. Rutherford, of McGill University, has enumerated three distinct types of radiation emanating from the substances in question. The first he calls alpha rays, which consist of flights of material particles, carrying a positive electric charge, and having a very high velocity; the second are the beta rays, apparently the same as the cathode rays of ordinary vacuum tubes, but traveling faster; and the third, the gamma rays, which are very similar to X-rays. In addition, some of the substances, as thorium, give off a fourth emanation, which appears to be matter in the gaseous state, and can be carried along by air streams. Thorium, from which all the radio-active constituent has been removed, will, in a few weeks, yield as much as before.

## THE HEBREW TYPE.

**Predictions that Its Distinguishing Marks Will Ultimately Disappear.**  
The persistence of the Hebrew type of features is a matter of common remark and sometimes wonder. But it is not strange that a race that keeps its stock so pure should retain its typical forms. However, all Jews are not always distinguishable as such by their features. Any one who attends the services of the Jewish synagogues in great European centers, as at Berlin or Amsterdam, will frequently see faces that, out of the synagogue would not readily be taken for those of the chosen people.

There is a great change going on here in the United States, in which the Jewish face is disappearing, and in a few generations will be undistinguishable from that of the Gentile, according to Dr. Maurice Fishberg, well-known New York anthropologist, quoted in Harper's Weekly: "Some of his conclusions," says the Weekly, "are certainly remarkable. For instance, his examination of over 3,000 Jews in New York City has convinced him that there is no foundation for the notion that every Jew possesses a long, hooked nose. . . . He does not deny that Jewish immigrants are easily pointed out, but he insists that they cannot be identified through any peculiarity of facial structure. A foreign look is popularly mistaken for a Jewish look.

"Then, again, the Jewish immigrants have what may appropriately be described as the Ghetto face. The Ghetto face, or rather the Ghetto eye, expresses a ceaseless fear or anxiety, or at least suspicion, of everything around it. The same eye is observed among other peoples that have been subjected to age-long persecution, as for example, the Christian Armenians in Turkey, the Kopts, or native Christians in Egypt. The Jews who have lived for several generations outside of the Ghetto do not exhibit this facial phenomenon. There is no reason why the Ghetto eye should not tend to quickly disappear among the descendants of Jewish immigrants in the United States. It is true as Dr. Fishberg says, that there is as much

physiognomical difference between the Russian immigrants on the East Side of Manhattan Borough and the American Hebrew who is conspicuous in commercial, professional, and public life, as there is between the Irishman and the German. Yet, beyond a doubt, the ancestors of the advanced Hebrew of to-day bore a striking physical resemblance to the Russian Jews who are newcomers to this country.

"As regards intermarriages between Jews and Gentiles, there is no doubt that they must have frequently taken place in the past, so far at least as the marriage of Jewish men to Christian women is concerned. This is evident when we compare Spanish Jews with German Jews in respect to the color of the eyes and the hair."—Week's Progress.

## THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

**Why It Was Used as a Symbol by the Early Christian Church.**

The symbols upon early Christian monuments, of which so many have been discovered this last century, are curious and interesting. One of the most frequent is that of the fish. The figure of the fish is used, and also the Greek word for fish, says Dr. A. W. Patten, who has looked into the subject. Ramsay, in his excavations in Asia Minor, has found some very important inscriptions in which the fish signs are frequent.

But why was it that the early Christians used this sign? The reason will appear when we remember that they found in the letters of the Greek word for fish an acrostic on the name of the Savior. The word is "ichthys." Each letter of the word in the original Greek begins one of the words in the following phrase: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Savior."

So the word "ichthys" came to stand for a Christian, and it was used as a mark of Christianity. It was not only sculptured on burial monuments, but came to be used on various utensils. A great many terra cotta lamps have been found, especially at Spalato, on which is found the impress of the fish. Many of these "ichthys" lamps are found also at Rome. The word "fish" came to be used also to describe a Christian, and to call a man a fish was equivalent to calling him a Christian.

In one of the old Christian frescoes, indicating a baptism, a man is represented as pulling a fish out of the water. Ramsay tells us that it was customary in Asia Minor in the second century for the Christian to use this symbolic language. It was hardly safe, then, for them to speak openly of their faith in Christ. They were accustomed to wear rings with the fish sign as a signet, much as we wear symbolic badges to-day. One day two men met, neither aware of the faith of the other. One, without saying a word, traced with his stick the figure of a fish in the sand. The other quickly burst out in assertion of his Christian faith, for the fish symbol had declared the other's allegiance to Christ.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## COULDN'T BEAR TO BE IN DEBT.

**Queer Case of a Missouri Farmer Who Has Left Home to Be a Wanderer.**

A supersensitive conscience has exiled Farmer Tom Auspaugh and his little family from home. He owed a Mason (Mo.) lawyer \$750 on two notes, secured by mortgage on Auspaugh's farm and stock, which are worth more than \$2,000. Auspaugh gathered up his wife and family and deliberately abandoned his property. He left in the night. The children were twins, five years old.

There was a good team and wagon on the place, but the evacuating family went afoot through the forests and across swollen streams—it is hard to imagine how they did it. The next day the neighbors observed the closed doors and blinds, and heard the hungry cattle lowing, but fearing a tragedy they would not break in the doors. They searched wells and ponds. Then they sent here for the sheriff. He found a hundred villagers in the front yard.

A window was raised, and the officer climbed into the house. On the table was this note:

Mr. Matthews: I am very thankful that you have been so patient with us. I have been slow, I know, I promise you I will never sign a paper again in a hurry and not know what I am signing. I was so bothered, I don't care for the stuff, so I and my family are free. Yours respectfully,

T. O. AUSPAUGH.  
Matthews is the lawyer to whom Auspaugh is indebted. The interest is not due and Matthews was not pressing payment. He knew Auspaugh well, and regarded his obligation as perfectly good; but the farmer had brooded over his debt until he began to think he had committed a felony in signing the notes and was in danger of the penitentiary.

The family took nothing with them save the clothes on their backs and the pictures out of the album. The farm was well stocked with feed for the horses, cattle and hogs, and there was an abundance of groceries and vegetables in the house. It was simply a case of a man being driven crazy by debt.

**Possible Explanation.**  
Smythe—Strange that Langley's flying machine didn't fly. He patterned it after a fowl, too, but it shot right into the water.  
Bryne—Maybe it was a waterfowl he patterned it after.—Baltimore American.

You can scare seven men out of ten by hinting at a mysterious arrest shortly to be made.