

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## THE FOREIGN MISSION.

**T**HOSE opposed to foreign missions are many within and without the church. They feel the labor and money expended in the alien field could be used to much better advantage at home. It is pointed out that the great cities of Christianity need evangelizing more than do the far away heathen who, even if converted, can never constitute more than a tithe of the community where he dwells.

Look at China and India. In the last century they have increased their population 200,000,000 while the converts won to Christianity during this time were less than 5,000,000. In the dwindling races far removed from civilization Christianity has made appreciable progress in spots, but on the whole there is not much to glorify upon.

Yet the mission to the benighted will continue. As long as men and women are willing to leave home, settle among the semi-civilized and the barbaric, put up with anything but pleasing surroundings, and teach the gospel, there will be found a sympathetic spirit at their back which will manifest itself in something more than encouraging words in sustaining those at the seat of unbelief and, oftentimes, danger. This purpose in dollars and cents amount in a twelvemonth to nearly \$25,000,000. Not a large sum, one will say, for 500,000,000 Christians. No, but it is growing at a rate deemed impossible not so long ago.

The money is not all paid out for strictly church purposes. The Presbyterians alone in Chinese cities treated free over 30,000 patients last year. So the Christian Church not only provides the most rational way of salvation, but supplements it with loving kindness so conformable to its teachings and its practices. If it does not make a convert it is doing the work of the Divine Master and proclaiming to humankind the loftiness of its mission—which is a good thing for even the believer and the doubter in the countries dominated by Christian influences.—*Utica Globe.*

## SOME DOCTORS AND THEIR PATIENTS.

**T**HE physicians of Fulton, N. Y., announce that they are going to publish the names of "deadbeats" in the local newspaper. The idea is to warn doctors against citizens who fail to pay their bills. It is a fair enough arrangement—assuming that the bills were just—and that the result was satisfactory.

We do not think, however, that an exactly fair arrangement could be arrived at without interviewing some of the citizens under the grass in the Fulton graveyards. Some doctors are treated badly by patients, and there is another side of the story. But as the other side is usually found in the cemetery, it naturally doesn't get a hearing. If the doctors must publish "deadbeats," let them also publish "dead patients."

There is no doubt that, to a considerable extent, the doctors of the country are swindled. Many men who would not fail to pay a grocer's bill or a butcher's bill feel for some reason that it is not much of a crime to cheat a doctor out of his time and study and the money that is due him. The labor of the doctor in dissecting your trouble is just as worthy of pay as the labor of the butcher dissecting a calf or an ox. The doctor gives you part of his knowledge, as the butcher gives you part of the meat—each is entitled to pay.

We are inclined to think, however, that good would re-

sult if citizens would also unite and pay a little closer attention to doctors and the results of their work. As it is now, good doctors suffer for the sins of the bad ones. Just why it is that a man with a license to cure should be permitted to spend his life killing, misunderstanding, diagnosing stupidly and promoting prosperity of undertakers, we cannot understand.

There are men practicing medicine that wouldn't have a customer in the world if they were practicing law. They lose every case that requires skill. But their patients don't know that. If the doctors were unable to take credit for cures effected by Nature, and were made to rely on their own work, their reputations would shrink about 90 per cent the first month.

It ought to be somebody's business to investigate every death that a doctor has to his credit. Whenever a doctor's patient dies the matter ought to be investigated. If he has shown ignorance, stupidity, indifference or neglect, the public ought to know it. We wonder whether the doctors of Fulton, N. Y., who propose, as it is said, to print a list of the diseases of their non-paying patients, would like to see published a list of the actual troubles of patients as compared with the troubles diagnosed by the doctors?

Doctors, of course, should not be unjustly harassed. Very often suits for malpractice are simply persecution or blackmail. It should be recognized that medicine is the most difficult of all professions. Diagnosis cannot be infallible. But some record should be kept of the doings of the men licensed to exploit the sufferings of humanity. The doctors should arrange, for their own sakes, to weed out those that prove themselves incompetent.—*Chicago American.*

## AN INSIDE WATERWAY.

**W**HILE the West is talking about improved waterways, the East is getting down to practical steps. Work will be begun this spring on a \$6,000,000 canal to connect New York and Boston by an inside and much shortened water route. This canal will be practically a continuation of the Erie canal, for the improvement of which the State of New York has appropriated \$100,000,000, and the digging has begun. It is estimated that the construction of the canal across Cape Cod will take two and one-half years. Engineers figure that the saving will be 142 miles over the outside route, with a great mitigation of danger from storms and fogs. Passengers leaving New York by the water route at 5 p. m. will arrive at Boston the next morning at 8 o'clock.

Forty thousand vessels a year pass around Cape Cod, and in twenty-five years following 1875 165 vessels were lost there, at a cost of nearly 100 lives and \$1,900,000. A revenue of \$1,862,000 a year is expected from the new canal, derived from 6,000 steamship and 24,000 sailing vessel trips, at 8 cents a ton. The route along the Monument river will not require heavy excavation. It was proposed as the line for a waterway by the general court of Massachusetts as long ago as 1697, and the project was revived several times, but not effectively. A company has now taken it up, and its financial backing has led to the announcement that work will be started soon and pushed steadily. It will give an uninterrupted waterway from the great lakes to Boston, and also from the Gulf of Mexico to New England, when the gulf and lakes are connected by a deep channel.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

ment? It is bad enough to have a silk skirt ruined by coffee without listening to your idiotic chatter! It is bad enough—"

"Ah, I see, Mrs. Jones! I see!" was the hasty interjection of Pa, as he cast a keen eye at Ma. "I am getting wise! I can catch a glimpse of the lighthouse through the fog! It is another flim-flam game! It is another bunco touch! You want a new dress, but haven't got the nerve to come back at me so soon! You want to spread yourself again, but you are afraid that I will howl a halt! Your subterfuge won't work, angel wife! Your subterfuge won't work! You can't stack the cards on your Uncle Henry! So you may just as well mop up your tears at once! You may just as well sop up your sobs without further notice! I positively refuse—"

"Who asked you for a new dress, you officious old crook?" shouted the indignant Ma, angrily. "You are too new! You are too previous! You had better wait—"

"You did, lovey-dovey! You did!" was the tantalizing rejoinder of Pa. "You didn't ask me in so many words, but you took a shower bath under the coffee pot, which amounts to substantially the same thing! What did you do with the skirt? Where did you throw it before you started to sigh? Can't you wring it out? Can't you at least save the coffee? Can't you hide the spots like other women do who haven't such generous husbands? Why don't you let out the tucks and turn the skirt upside down? Why don't you make a constellation of tenebriose wheels and paste one over each splash? Why don't you make a hedge-row of ruffles and hide the coffee plantation behind it? Why don't you put some adhesive plaster on your breaking heart and get busy? Let me see that garment! Let a master modiste take a look! I will bet four cents to a skyscraper that—"

"There it is, you noble old wonder!" cried the unhappy Ma, producing the

don't want to pony up the price of a new one, and an outfit for your dear mother to match."

With this Pa hustled for the kitchen where he poured a few quarts of gasoline into a wash basin, and started to scrub like a mop lady polishing a bunch of marble steps.

"Why don't you come closer, madame? Why don't you come closer?" said the splashful Pa. "What are you backing away for? I want to observe how easily this thing is done! I want you to observe—"

"Stop, you simple sinner! Stop!" shrieked Ma, hastily taking a few more backward steps. "Stop, look and listen! Do you want to be an angel? Do you want to go bumping through the skies? Take that cigar out of your mouth! Take—"

Alas! Ma's warning came too late. Gasoline and lighted cigars do not harmonize like sweet love and June hammocks, and an instant later Pa found himself wedged between the kitchen sink and the contemptuous glare of his little Mary.

"I told you so, you crazy freak! I told you so!" cried the irate Ma, as she viewed the wreck. "I told you that you would make a yap of yourself! You have not only burned up that skirt, but—"

"So you did, ducky dear! So you did!" replied Pa, wiping the taste of gasoline from his mouth. "You told me all right, but you didn't tell me soon enough! You are just like all the rest of the Smiths! You are always a day behind the fair!"

It was late that night when the final words of the usual Jones argument were spoken, and early the next morning Ma put on her happiest complexion and airily flitted hence to the dry goods store.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

## A MIRACLE OF NATURE.

**The Wonderful Growth of the Antlers of the Wapiti.**

Wapiti antler growth is one of the miracles of nature that we never cease to consider a miracle. About the end of winter—that is in mid-March—the antlers of the year before break off flush with their base an inch or more above the skull. Usually they are found close together, showing that they fell nearly at the same time.

At first the place of each antler is a broad raw spot. In a few days it shows a thick rounded pad or blood gorged skin. This swells rapidly, and in a fortnight the great bulbous fuzzy horn beginning has shot up to a height of several inches. At exactly the right time, place and in just the right direction a bump comes forth to be the foundation of the brow tine. In a few more days the bezel is projected by the invisible architect. In a month the structure is nearly a foot high and all enveloped in a turgid mass of feverish, throbbing blood vessels—the scaffolding and workmen of this surprising structure. Night and day the work is pushed with astounding speed, and in four months this skyscraper is finished, a wonderful structure indeed, for a score of nature's forces have toiled, a myriad of invisible workmen have done their part, and an edifice that, according to ordinary rules, should have taken a lifetime is here rushed through in a summer and all in absolute silence.

August sees the building done, but it is still clustered with scaffolding. The supplies of blood at the base are reduced and finally discontinued. The antler is no longer in vital touch with the animal. It begins to die. The sensitiveness leaves each part, the velvet covering soon dies, cracks and peels, and the stag assists the process of clearing off the skin by scraping his horns on the brushwood. September sees him fully armed in his spears of dead bone, strong in body, glorying in his weapons and his strength and ready to battle with all comers.—*Ernest Thompson Seton in Scribner's.*

## The Ideal Clothing.

In Montana, along the line of the Great Northern Railroad, a pelting rain was falling one November day. Inside the section house the rusty soft coal stove, setting in its box of sawdust, was red with heat. Two section hands came, dripping like the proverbial rats, and proceeded to stand as close to the stove as they well could without being scorched. Shortly, clouds of steam ascended from their soaked clothing and the small room soon resembled a vapor bath.

"I tell you, Mike," said one as he squeezed the water from the hem of his trousers. "Overalls is the things to wear, fer no matter how wet they are, they are so soon dry."

"Naw, Jawn, mackinaws is the byes," replied the other as he looked down with satisfaction at his plaid suit of thick woolen. "Mackinaws is the only clothes, fer when ye are wet and cold they kape ye so warrum and dry."—*Lippincott's.*

## Harmonious.

The Caller—Your art gallery is a treat. This picture especially is delightful; the values are so well balanced.

Mr. Porkham—That's right. Frame \$200, picture same price.—*Puck.*

Nearly every man has a fool idea he wastes a lot of time on.



## Speak Gently.

Speak gently! it is better far To rule by love than fear. Speak gently—let not harsh words mar The good we might do here!

Speak gently—love doth whisper low The vows that true hearts bind; And gently Friendship's accents flow, Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child! Its love be sure to gain; Teach it in accents soft and mild— It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they Will have enough to bear; Pass through this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one, Grieve not the careworn heart; The sands of life are nearly run, Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor; Let no harsh tone be heard; They have enough they must endure, Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring—know They may have toiled in vain; Perchance unkindness made them so; Without an unkind word.

Speak gently! He who gave His life To bend man's stubborn will, When elements were fierce with strife, Spoke to them: "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing Dropped in the heart's deep well; The good, the joy, which it may bring Eternity shall tell. —David Bates.

## HONEY AS A FOOD.

**It is Nourishing and Saves Work for the Digestive Organs.**

Honey, which is described as "one of nature's best foods," is the subject of a report by the Ontario department of agriculture. In this it is pointed out that it is only within the past few centuries that sugar has become known and only within the last generation that refined sugars have become so low in price that they may be commonly used in the poorest families. Formerly honey was the principal sweet, and it was highly valued 3,000 years before the first sugar refinery was built. "It would add greatly to the health of the present generation," it is declared, "if honey could be at least partially restored to its former place as a common article of diet."

Excessive use of sugar brings in its train a long list of ills. When sugar is taken into the stomach it cannot be assimilated until first changed by digestion into grape sugar. Only too often the overtaxed stomach fails properly to perform this digestion, and then come sour stomach and various phases of indigestion and dyspepsia. In the laboratory of the hive the honey has been fully prepared by the bees for prompt assimilation without taxing either stomach or the kidneys, so that in eating honey the digestive machinery is saved work and health is maintained.

Moreover, the same report says that "in many cases it will be a real economy to lessen the butter bill by letting honey in part take its place. One pound of honey will go as far as a pound of butter, and if both articles be of the same quality, the honey will cost the less. Honey is strongly recommended for children, while for persons of all ages a pleasant and wholesome drink is called 'German honey tea.' This is made by pouring a teacupful of hot water on from one to two teaspoonfuls of honey."

## He Hated Typewriters.

The late Associate Justice Gray of the Supreme Court was very eccentric. Among his prejudices was a deep and lasting aversion for a typewriter. That machine did not come into general use until Justice Gray was an old man, and he never became reconciled to it. It may be furlous if a lawyer fled with him a motion or other court paper typewritten. He invariably returned it with a brusque request that the matter be written in longhand. He had a stenographer at his disposal, but never utilized his services, as he wrote all his letters as well as his opinions. He notified the clerk of the Supreme Court not to send him any typewritten paper, no matter how important it might be. He never neglected an opportunity to denounce typewriters. The result of his hatred for these machines was that he did three times as much work as the other justices.

Women are such capable creatures that they have been known to play whist and take care of a baby crawling around on their lap at the same time.

When women are sorry for another woman, it is either because a man failed to marry her, or did marry her.



"What in the world is the matter with my little Mary?" exclaimed Pa Jones, with considerable concern, as he rushed into the happy home and found Ma in tears and Fido sympathetically sobbing. "What is the meaning of all this sadful sorrow? What is the cause of all this mournful emotion? Has your dear mother decided to look for a new boarding house? Has some one of your women friends issued invitations for a reception and left you out in the cold, cold world? Has Fido suffered another attack of neuralgia so that he can bark only on one side of his face? Why don't you—"

"Will you be good enough to take a sneak, Hen Jones?" was the petulant interruption of the tearful Ma. "Will you be sweet enough to leave me alone? I don't want to talk to you! I don't want to—"

"You don't really mean it, madame? You don't really mean it?" was the mean rejoinder of the brutal-hearted Pa. "I can't conceive that such a thing has actually come to pass! I can't believe that the millennium is so near! Ordinarily you want to talk to me all the time! Usually you don't even take time to catch your breath! Have your vocal chords become affected, or is your tongue tired? Have you got a spell of tonsillitis, or just a plain case of sore teeth? Does it hurt you when you try to warble? Does it—"

"For mercy's sake shut up, you crowing quawk!" cried the exasperated Ma. "Why don't you ramble off to your den and smoke yourself silly? Why don't you giggle in front of a glass and imagine you are looking at a monkey show? Don't you know that absence makes the heart grow fonder? Don't you know that distance lends enchant-