



EDITORIALS



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

AT a time when some pessimists fancy that the church is not holding its own as an influence in the world, and when they even enter into a discussion of the causes of the supposed decline, some facts recently ascertained concerning the conditions of the country churches are encouraging, although they are not surprising.

According to the religious statistics, which are compiled annually by the League for Social Service, the average gain made by each of the religious associations in the United States during 1904 was three members. With a single exception, all the Protestant churches showed a smaller number of accessions in 1904 than in 1894, the corresponding year of the previous decade.

More recently gathered statistics from one hundred and ten rural churches present quite a different picture. The churches were of all denominations; every State except six was represented, and forty of the churches gave figures which permit of comparisons.

During the ten years from 1894 to 1904 the average membership of these churches increased from one hundred and twenty-nine to one hundred and sixty-six, an average gain of forty-seven members; and during last year there was an average gain of ten members. These figures show most hopeful conditions. The cause of the gain of the country churches must in some degree be attributed to the rural ministers, especially to the younger ones. The level of ability and cultivation has risen proportionally more among the country clergy than among their city brethren; and where diversions are less enticing, intellectual ability is a magnet which attracts even those who are indifferent in religious matters.—Youth's Companion.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS.

THE world wide struggle for success has always been going on, but nowhere has it been so generally participated in or so hard fought as it is now in the United States. It is the biological struggle for existence carried into the highest sphere of life. The struggle for existence among animals is carried on chiefly with tooth and claw. The battle for success among civilized men is carried on mainly with cunning, skill and genius. There have been some changes in the conditions of the contest besides that of weapons which are worth noting.

The struggle for existence among animals in a state of nature necessarily is immediately destructive, however much in the long run it may promote evolution, while that among civilized men generally is and almost always might be wholly constructive. Under natural conditions the number of animals that can find in a given area enough nuts or fruit or grass to live on is strictly limited. The success of some, therefore, means the death of others. If the vanquished are not killed by the victors they must starve to death.

The same thing was true once among men, but science, the arts, division of labor have made it true among them no longer. Whether one man's success hurts other men depends now on the way he wins and uses it. If he wins it by treachery and robbery and use it for purposes of extortion, like some American "captains of industry," it is injurious to others. Its effects are strictly analogous to those of the destructive victory of the beast that preys. On the other hand, the success of the man who rises, and, having risen, holds his place by sheer force of character and ability, is a blessing not only to himself but to those

over whom he triumphs and every one else. A man cannot honestly get to and keep at the top of a great business without introducing into it economics or improved methods which benefit his customers and the public. He cannot honestly get to and keep at the top of his profession, whether it be that of lawyer, physician, engineer, or statesman, without rendering services that redound to the advantage of the community.

The public does not think things out fast, but usually in the end it gets around to the right conclusion. Under the influence of the classic English political economy, which came near teaching that everything economic that is right, there long existed a tendency to regard every man who achieved large material success as a kind of public benefactor. It has lately dawned on the popular consciousness that a man may amass wealth and give employment to thousands of people and still be only a public robber—a human beast that preys. It seems likely, therefore, that hereafter a healthier public sentiment regarding the struggle for success will exist. There will be, as there should be, a disposition to measure a man's genius and claims to public respect less by the results he achieves and more by the way he achieves them.—Chicago Tribune.

A SQUARE DEAL.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S square deal epigram and his fearless integrity in following it up with good works has increased his popularity immensely. Farmers are in sympathy with the President in his recommendations, almost to a man, regardless of their party affiliations, because they believe in honest legislation. Farmers represent the whole country better than any other class because their interests are more homogeneous. We have no big get-rich-quick schemes like promoters of big commercial enterprises and our wishes are identical with the great mass of consumers. It is not to our liking to have the postoffice run in the interest of the express companies, or laws continued that favor the adulteration of food products. It is not to our interest to have the present railroad rebate practice continued. The railway managers would also like to discontinue the practice if they felt they could trust each other. It is not to our interest to retaliate with Germany until we get our farm products shut entirely out of the market. But what are we doing to influence legislation? Are we writing to the Senators and Congressmen who are paid to represent us? Are they familiar with our views on these subjects? Hadn't we better take some of the responsibility home with us and deliberately think it over?—Farm, Field and Fireside.

HIS WIFE'S MONEY.

ONCE upon a time a man married a woman who had inherited \$500 from a grandfather. This was all she ever received, but the man never got credit for his efforts the rest of his life. He built a new store. "Did it with his wife's money," the neighbors said. The home was made over and enlarged. "His wife's money did it," was the only comment. The little measly \$500 she inherited was given the credit for everything he did during life, and when he died and his widow put up a monument with his life insurance, "Her money paid for that," was said again. But this is what her money really went for: During her engagement she bought herself a \$350 piano and a \$150 diamond ring, and in a few weeks lost the ring; there was always some regret that she didn't lose the piano.—Atchison Globe.



"What in the world is the matter with you, Henry?" queried Ma Jones, with a look of astonishment, as the genial head of the Jones Family suddenly threw down his paper, peeled off his coat, and started to roll up his sleeves. "Have you got 'em again, or is it just one of your regular attacks of everyday idiocy? What do you see this time? Do they wriggle like spaghetti or waltz like pink alligators? Shall I get you some cracked ice, or would you prefer a straight jacket? Shall I—"

"Silence, madame! Silence, woman!" thundered Pa, in a commanding tone. "What do you mean by such slander? How dare you make such a serious accusation? How dare you cast aspersions on the fair name of one who has been rallying around the reservoir ever since the first of the year? I want you to distinctly understand that lips that touch cough cure can never touch mine! I want you to distinctly understand that I am an ardent disciple of the water faith. I want you—"

"But, Henry," interposed Ma, not at all frightened at Pa's savage glare, "you are acting so funny! You are acting so much like a Jones! You look just like you did the night you thought you had cow horns and crawled around on all fours trying to hook little Fido! What agitates you, anyway? What are you going to do? What—"

"What am I going to do, Mrs. Jones? What am I going to do, sweetheart?" yelped Pa, in a loudsome voice, as he contemptuously glanced at the newspaper. "What do you suppose I am going to do? What would any eminent citizen do when he waxes wrath over the new-fangled recipes that the editorial geozers are now soaking in the cook page? What would any loyal-

hearted patriot do when he sees the good old customs of long ago distorted like a monkey face in a cheap side show? Do you think that I am going to sit here and read that stuff without emitting a protesting yelp? Do you imagine for one moment that I am going to stand for such modern concoctions as long as I can raise my hoof in a strenuous kick? Not on your life, lovey-dovey! Not on your life! I am going to show these yaps how to make fudge, I am—"

"Make fudge," exclaimed the harpooiful Ma, in scarpful accents. "What does an old quawk like you know about making fudge? Who ever accused you of being sweet enough to cook candy? I don't believe that you—"

"What are you talking about madam? What are you talking about?" interjected the barkful Pa, looking wild-eyed at his little Mary. "What are you trying to spout? I suppose you think that I don't know anything about fudge? I suppose you think that the only real candymakers on earth are the esteemed Smiths! But there is where you guess again, Mrs. Jones! There is where you guess again! I want to tell you right here that I know all about the candy game from the planting of the sugar cane to the heart pangs of the poor dude who has to buy it! I want you to get wise to the fact that I not only fried fudge in my boyhood days, but also served an apprenticeship in pasting taffy on the sticks. I want—"

"For mercy's sake forget it, you squeaky heathen!" interrupted Ma, petulantly. "Talk about something else! Chirp about your famous ancestors! Tell me what a wonder you are! Sing it over again to me! Shout the—"

"Don't get gay, Smithy! Don't get gay!" was the squally response of the exasperated Pa. "Don't try to act kitty like your dear mother! Just you follow me to the kitchen! Pick up your feet and hustle hence to the cookery! I will show you what I know about the fudge business! I will show you that when I

cackle words I have got the deeds to back them!"

So saying Pa swiftly sailed from the room, consorted by Ma and little Fido and in a few minutes another characteristic Jones stunt was in full swing.

"Don't sit around like a substitute, madam! Don't sit around like a substitute!" commanded the strenuous Pa, as he turned more steam on the stove. "Drop that infernal dog and get me some chocolate! If you haven't got me some chocolate get me some chocolate chips or coal tar! Norah, trot out the frying pan! Where do you keep the frying pan? You can never find anything in this house! You can never find anything here but the Smiths! Where is the sugar, Mrs. Jones? Don't you have sugar? Do you sweeten the coffee with that dull pickle smile of yours? Norah, fetch me the butter. That's the stuff—Holy smoke! I didn't ask you to haul out enough to grease a life-size locomotive! I am making fudge! I am not starting an oil refinery! Where is all the milk, Mrs. Jones? Where is all the milk? If you can't flag a milk train occasionally, I'll sell Fido and buy a brindle cow! If you—"

"Shut up, you simple heathen! Shut up!" shouted Ma, with considerable spirit. "You make me mad! You make me peevish! If you will run away and play I will buy you some candy! If you—What are you doing, you crazy crook? That's not the way to make fudge! You are only wasting the materials that you are putting in it! You don't stew candy the same as you would fry Easter eggs! You have got enough butter in that pan to keep a ham sandwich foundry working for six months! You have—"

"Who is doing this, sweetheart? Who is doing this?" broke in Pa, with a dartsful glance at Ma. "Who is the superintendent of this fudge factory? This isn't any of your modern recipes. This isn't any of your cooking school styles with a hemstitched apron and rubber gloves on the side! This is the real thing! This is the way my good

old mother used to make it! This is the—Ah, see how it bubbles, Mrs. Jones! See how it boils! Now then, Norah, chuck me a pan! Chuck me a pan quick! Get out of the way, Smithy! Back off and give me a chance to pour this out! Doesn't that look all to the good? Doesn't that make you jealous? Just wait until it gets cool and hardens—Yum-yum! I can almost taste it now! And to think that you spitefully insisted that I didn't know how to make fudge! Don't you wish you hadn't said it, dovey, dear? Don't you wish you hadn't said it?"

With this Pa put the candy out to cool, but when he went to take a look a few minutes later it hadn't fudged. It was the same an hour later! It was the same two hours later, and it was safe betting that it would be the same forever.

"I told you so, you sweet old hero! I told you so!" cried the delighted Ma, with a scornful smile at the disappointed Pa. "I told you that you weren't so many! I told you that you were making a mess of it! If you want to eat that fudge you will have to suck it through a straw!"

It was then that the battle began in earnest and early the next morning all the natives for blocks around were asking each other if they had heard a fearful rumbling the night before that sounded like an earthquake.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

WHAT WATER IS CAPABLE OF.

Six-Inch Stream Generates 12,000-Horse Power at Butte Creek, Cal.

Imagine a perpendicular column of water more than one-third of a mile high, twenty-six inches in diameter at the top and twenty-four inches in diameter at the bottom. Those remarkable conditions are complied with, as far as power goes, in the Mill Creek plant, which operates under a head of 1,969 feet, says the Philadelphia Ledger. This little column of water, which, if liberated, would be just about enough to make a small trout stream, gives a capacity of 5,200 horse power, or enough power to run a good-sized ocean-going vessel.

As the water strikes the buckets of the waterwheel it has a pressure of 850 pounds to the square inch. What this pressure implies is evidenced by the fact that the average locomotive carries steam at a pressure of 190 or 200 pounds to the square inch. Were this stream, as it issues from the nozzle, turned upon a hillside, the earth would fade away before it like snow before a jet of steam. Huge bowlders, big as city offices, would tumble into ravines with as little effort as a clover burr is carried before the hydrant stream on a front lawn. Brick walls would crackle like paper and the hugest skyscrapers crumble before a stream like that of the Mill Creek plant. It takes a powerful waterwheel to withstand the tremendous pressure.

At Butte Creek, Cal., a single jet of water six inches in diameter issues from the nozzle at the tremendous velocity of 20,000 feet a minute. It impinges on the buckets of what is said to be the most powerful single waterwheel ever built, causing the latter to travel at the rate of ninety-four miles an hour, making 400 revolutions a minute. This six-inch stream has a capacity of 12,000 horse power. The water for operating the plant is conveyed from Butte Creek through a ditch and discharged into a regulating reservoir which is 4,500 feet above the power house. Two steel pressure pipe lines, thirty inches in diameter, conduct the water to the power house.

Fishing for the Octopus.

Perhaps the most unusual method of fishing is the one employed by natives of Hawaii in capturing the octopus with a cowrie shell, says the Southern Workman. One of these shells is attached to a string and placed face downward against another shell or a pebble the same size. To the upper shell is fastened a hook for bait. The octopus is particular in regard to the color and decorations of the shell, refusing to rise unless this has small red spots breaking through a reddish-brown ground.

Arrived at his fishing ground, the fisher for octopus either looks for his victim with a water glass or he makes the surface clear by chewing up and spitting upon the water a mouthful of candlenut meat. Having located the octopus, he drops the shell into the water and swings it back and forth. The animal puts out one arm and seizes it. If the bait is attractive another arm is put about it and finally the shell is hugged close to his body. Then the fisherman draws up the octopus and stuns it by a blow between the eyes. He has to move quickly, for the octopus with his eight strong arms is said to be no mean antagonist.

Like Home.

Knecker—What do you think of Niagara Falls?
Bocker—Well, from the amount of water I should say there had been some mighty careless blasting going on.—New York Sun.

Did you ever know a man who didn't do a whole lot of unnecessary talk?



When Love Passed By.

I was busy with my plowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging!
Life's delights are few and grudging;
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opens to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am plowing,
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered through,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling!
For thy mold thou hast but mooling—
Follow me, where meadows fertile
Bloom unshown with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky;
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly."
But I answered: "I am sowing,
When my acres all are planted,
Gladly to thy—
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou plantedst at grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping,
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest,
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeding—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, oh, fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly.
Garnered woe is all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.
—Solomon Solis-Cohen.

HOW CHINESE REGARD AMERICA.

Look Upon This Country Merely as a Place to Get Wealth.

The Chinaman, unlike the European, regards America as only temporarily his home, preserves his national customs and peculiarities, and finally returns, carrying his savings with him, says William J. Bryan la Success. He is not attracted by our institutions and brings with him no love of American ideals. To him the United States is a field to be exploited, but nothing more. The European casts in his lot with us, mingles with the population, and, in a few generations, his identity is lost in our composite race. He has neither peculiarities of thought nor of dress to distinguish him from those among whom he labors, and his children are soon an indistinguishable part of the community. Not so with the Chinese. They are not only distinguished by their dress, language and habits, but they remain entirely separate and apart from those among whom they dwell. This difference is due not only to the wide dissimilarity in history, tradition and habit, but also to the absence of any permanent or patriotic interest in the land in which they sojourn.

It would require generations to bring our people down to a plane upon which they could compete with the Chinese, and this would involve a large impairment of the efficiency of their work. It is not just to the laboring men of the United States that they should be compelled to labor upon the basis of Chinese coolie labor or stand idle and allow their places to be filled by an alien race with no thought of permanent identification with our country. The American laborer not only produces the wealth of our nation in time of peace, but he is also its sure defender in time of war—who will say that his welfare and the welfare of his family shall be subordinated to the interests of those who abide with us for but a time, who, while with us, are exempt from draft or military burden, and who, on their return, drain our country of its currency? A foreign landlord system is almost universally recognized as a curse to a nation, because the rent money is sent out of the country. Chinese immigration on a large scale would give us the evil effects of foreign landlordism in addition to its other objectionable features.

Ask the average woman how old a contemporary is, and she will say: "Oh, I don't know. She's a good many years older than I."