

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## Activity in Church Building.

It is often asserted that the churches are losing their hold upon the people because the revelations of science, an increasing liberty of thought and act, and a destructive criticism have undermined their authority, but their growth is one of the most remarkable phenomena of the times. Attention is called to it now by various news items concerning church buildings. Not long ago we had descriptions of the great Roman Catholic Cathedral in London, a magnificent specimen of church architecture that might almost suggest a rivalry with some of the splendid medieval monuments to religion. The other day it was reported that the Methodists had paid \$1,650,000 for a site in the same city on which to erect a central headquarters that will be constructed on a grand scale.

In New York plans have been completed for the new Broadway Tabernacle which is to cost \$400,000, the new Episcopal Church of St. John the Divine has cost millions, and the fine Roman Catholic Cathedral which belongs to the same epoch, though it is somewhat older, is another very imposing and costly structure.

These are but a few instances out of many which indicate the continuing power and purpose of the churches to erect elaborate and imposing edifices. And the power is evidence of vitality, for the contributions to these immense building funds are more than ever voluntary. They can be explained only by a large measure of popular approval and by an intense popular desire for extraordinary manifestations of church loyalty.

But the cathedrals and other costly buildings tell only part of the story. It is said of the Methodists of this country that they erect a church every day in the year, and if the assertion is not strictly true it is a fair as well as a vivid way of suggesting their activity in building. And as other churches are active also and effective according to their membership we have each year new churches enough to cover the site of a good-sized town. Persons who proclaim the decline of the churches should pause a moment to reflect upon these interesting and significant facts.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## The Habit of Worrying.

There was once a man who kept account of his worries for a given length of time, and then reviewed the record to see how these anxieties looked in the light of subsequent developments. He said that out of all the worries in which he had indulged himself during several years only two had any substantial basis, and these were trivial. The experiment might be a good one for some other folk to try. There is no reason to suppose that worrying ever did a single human being one bit of good, and it has done an immense amount of harm. In the first place, there is the time spent in this uncomfortable occupation which should have been given to rest, recreation or actual work. Then there is the vitality lost by it, which is often more than would suffice to remove the cause of the worry, if properly applied. Third, and not by any means least, there is the discomfort caused by the recital of the anxious person's worries to other people.

Most of us have enough reason for irritation in our own affairs and in the real perplexities and griefs of our neighbors, without troubling our heads over something which would be uncomfortable if it were to happen, but which has not happened yet and may never come to pass.

The habit of worrying is one which can be easily developed, and almost as easily checked if taken in time. It is a good plan, when one is made aware of a possibility of evil, to consider first whether anything can be done to ward it off at the moment, and if so, to do it. If there is nothing to do but wait then it is the duty of any reasonable person to put that worry resolutely aside and think of the pleasantest or the most absorbing topic within reach.—Washington Times.

## Use Care When Picking a Husband.

EVERY mother having a daughter of marriageable or approaching marriageable age meditates now and then on the sort of man she would be willing to have her daughter marry, and young men who call at the house are instinctively classified as eligible or not eligible. No matter how firmly mothers may deny this impeachment, it is the truth.

It would be interesting, however, and, perhaps, astounding, to know what sort of a man most mothers would pick out to be their son-in-law. In this matter, strange to say, pride and vanity sometimes play a stronger part than love. Two things ought to weigh most in making this choice; first, the character, and second, the worldly prospects of the man. Unhappily many mothers—and many daughters, too—allow a man's wealth and social position to count for more than the man himself. Every day one sees fine girls given to dissolute, worthless fellows who appear to have inherited a fortune and a family name. A true mother would rather see her child the wife of a decent boot-black than bound to a drunkard and a rake whatever his wealth and lineage, for a girl married to a man whom she does not love will be unhappy, and what is the use of glory and splendor if one has not happiness?

The man who is most likely to be a good husband is a cleanly, positive man of the girl's own class. He need not be handsome or rich or too good. He ought to be human and to have had some experience with the world, for that quality makes a man liberal and charitable. It will be well if he is

thoughtful of little things, for the man who thinks of small courtesies and kindnesses is unselfish. Let him have enough to support a home without pinching and let him have prospects of improving his fortune. This is very important, for love and poverty do not always get on well together. A girl is a fool to sell herself for an establishment, but she is no less a fool to give herself away for nothing. Men and women love better on a full stomach and affection must be ardent indeed to make up for a lean pantry and a cold stove. Girls should use their heads in the game of love. The marriage of reason, fortunately, is not an institution in this country, but the marriage of unreason is only too common, as the divorce records prove.

The mother who encourages her daughter to seek a good match instead of merely a good husband is unworthy of exercising the privileges of motherhood.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Is Success a True Test?

ONE of the greatest problems confronting the religious leaders of the twentieth century is the idolization of that magical word "success." American business and social life has become thoroughly permeated with the religion of the man who succeeds in landing certain prizes for which he has striven with every ounce of energy and intelligence he possesses. In fact, the man who succeeds, as the world calls it, does so nine times out of ten at the cost of many sentiments that he should cherish.

It is the undoubted privilege of religion and of the sincere believers in Christianity as it was founded by its Divine Leader to attempt to make some headway against the gross materialism that is sweeping over the breadth and length of the land. One of the most distressing signs of the times is the ever ready and apparently final "dollar gauge" that modern society appears to have adopted as its one criterion of a man and his worth. The query, Does it pay? is but too often the sole question demanded when some proposal is made. The fellow query, where it is an individual, follows patly, Does he make money?

Any sensible being understands that these questions have their legitimate and most important sphere, but they have overrun these properly narrowed bounds and crept into the very home and every social function of American society. A very slight study of the teachings of Christ will reveal clearly that such a condition is intrinsically opposed to a favored growth of true religion and forms the dominant obstacle to that religious revival so eagerly sought and so long delayed.—Baltimore Herald.

## Good Roads.

GOOD roads are among the evidences of high civilization or national necessity or an advance in prosperity. They are certainly a luxury. At a more primitive period of our own development, that told about the whole story of their place in public estimation. If a city or smaller community could afford them, well and good; their construction was justifiable, like the erection of statues and fountains. If it could not, why, it didn't lose much. We were a rugged people and jounes and jolts were accepted as a part of our discipline. We didn't need the roads for military purposes, as did the old Romans or as the Spaniards thought they did when they built the splendid highway from Ponce to San Juan in the island of Porto Rico, and we never dreamed that good roads were among the most powerful levers in industrial and commercial development.

There has at last been an awakening to the value of smooth and hard highways. A new conviction has dawned upon us. We are still stretching ourselves and struggling with it, but it has found lodgment and will in time work its way. Most of us are longing for the day when instead of enjoying a mile or two of improved highway, which only emphasizes the discomfort and wretchedness of the ten miles which we may strike later on, we can start out on a half day's or a day's ride over country roads that shall continue from start to finish as good as any of the samples.—Boston Transcript.

## What Can We Afford?

HOW many times in the course of a year we use the little sentence "I can't afford it," usually with a complaining note in voice or mind as we realize the difference between what we can pay for and what we desire. Yet people usually, if not always, afford what they want most. Even a millionaire can't buy everything on earth; he has to take his choice, like other men, but, like other men, he manages to afford what he wants most.

By what we can or cannot afford we usually mean what the utmost living we are able to make will or will not suffer us to buy. But here is another way to calculate. "The cost of a thing," said Thoreau, "is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it immediately, or in the long run." Stevenson says, "I have been accustomed to put it to myself, perhaps more clearly, that the price we have to pay for money is paid in liberty." Here is a new measure of what we can afford—not how many purchasable things we can manage to barter our life and liberty for, but what amount of life or liberty we can afford to exchange for any purchasable commodity; in a word, what kind of a living we can afford to earn. "Do you want a thousand-dollar income?" says Stevenson, "or a five thousand, or ten thousand? And can you afford the one you want?" What a revolution in the world of economics and finance were every one honestly to ask and answer himself that question!—Harper's Weekly.



W. S. STRATTON.

## COLORADO MINING KING DEAD.

Spent \$7,000,000 in Searching for Mother Lode at Cripple Creek.

Search for the world's greatest store of gold was cut short by the death at Colorado Springs of Winfield Scott Stratton, Colorado's bonanza king. Up to the time of his death Mr. Stratton was spending \$50,000 a month in sinking a shaft into the heart of Battle Mountain, in order to lay bare the mother lode of precious metal from which all the fabulously rich veins of Cripple Creek diverge. Had this work been successfully consummated, the son of a poverty-stricken boat-builder, himself for many years a carpenter, would have died unquestionably the richest man in the world. It would have been a fitting climax to a life that reads like a boy's story book of adventures.

Winfield Scott Stratton was born at Jeffersonville, Ind., on July 22, 1848, being the only son of Myron Stratton, a boat builder of that town. Hard work at his father's craft occupied the boy's early youth, but his own roving disposition and the lurid tales of returning miners from California soon made him leave his home and drift rapidly out into the golden West, as thousands of other young men were doing at that time. Unlike most other young men, however, Stratton let mines and mining strictly alone until he had earned by steady application to his work at a carpenter's bench a small capital of \$3,000.

The latter portion of this sum was amassed at Colorado Springs, where in 1873 the young laboring man made his first venture into the mining world. He put all of his little fortune into the Yretaba mine in the Cunningham Gulch, and never received one cent of it back again. The experience gave him the mining fever, however, and a fierce determination to get back from the bowels of the earth the money that he had seen swallowed up there.

It was the turning point in Stratton's career. He now felt an irresistible desire to prospect for gold. Carpentering he pursued long enough each year to secure money for an outfit, and the rest of the time was spent in investigating every mining settlement in Colorado. For almost twenty years Winfield Stratton sternly pursued this profitless life of treasure-seeking, and at last he "struck it rich." The Fourth of July, 1891, gave the tireless prospector his independence.

Independence gave the former carpenter ample means to attempt the execution of his life dream and to strike into the heart of the mountain for the mother lode of the radiating gold veins of Cripple Creek. It was his often declared intention never to stop work on his shaft till he had reached his goal, and he was absolutely convinced that such a goal existed. "I have spent," said Mr. Stratton last year, "\$7,000,000 on this plan already. I intend to go down into the interior of the earth till I find the limitless deposits of gold that I know to be there or until human ingenuity and modern machinery fail me. I set no other limits to my quest."

Reported Him Literally. Fault was found with the way in which the shorthand writers reported the speeches in a legislative body. They retaliated by giving the speech of one of the members exactly as he made it, with the following result: "The reporters—ought not to be the ones to judge what is important—not to say what should be left out—but the member can only judge of what is important. As I—as my speeches—as the reports—as what I say is reported sometimes, no one—nobody can understand from the reports—what it is what I mean. So—it strikes me—it has struck me certain matters—things that appear of importance—are sometimes left out—omitted. The reporters—the papers—points are reported—I mean—to make a brief statement—what the paper thinks of interest—is reported."—Cleveland Leader.

It must make an actress in a struggling company feel wretched because she can't wear her good clothes off the stage.

When some people feel particularly vicious they fill their pockets full of rice and go to a wedding.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

### A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Peace is the penalty of silence and inaction.

Some men become sadder without becoming any wiser.

Song for the new harvester trust: 'Bringing in the Sheaves.'

There is not a present-day pessimist that is any real improvement on Jeremiah.

There is no bore quite like the one who does his dying through a set of statistics.

The more dollars some people put into their clothes, the less sense they put into their heads.

The average reign of English monarchs has been twenty-three years; of Russian only sixteen.

The Indian is rapidly becoming civilized. At a recent Choctaw election a ballot box was stolen.

The Massachusetts Red Men want the codfish as their totem. What will the aristocracy have to say about it?

The United States will not annex Hayti. This country doesn't have to go hunting for trouble at the present time.

Emma Goldman has not committed suicide. Emma never did believe much in making the world brighter and better.

"It is better," says a penitentiary warden, "to give a discharged convict a job than a Bible." Anything wrong with giving him both?

An Eastern paper is trying to find out what is the happiest time of life. How about the time when the children have been put to bed for the night?

We have read a good deal of poetry about the wooing of the goddess Sleep, and suppose that when a man snores that means that he has won her.

A Paris physician has discovered a new remedy for boils. What's the use? Look Billings years ago simply said transfer them to some other fellow.

The dressmakers have decided that ready-made corsets are bad form. If the big corset factories have to close it will be a terrible blow to some of the magazines.

A Kentucky undertaker became insane after conducting thirty-six funerals in thirty-one days. He is probably one of those men who cannot stand prosperity.

Some of the 4,000-year-old manuscripts found recently in the Egyptian pyramids and taken to the University of California will probably appear this season in the form of light opera.

Dr. Gunsaulus once said that he knew of ten \$10,000 churches looking for pastors, and 10,000 \$1,000 pastors looking for churches. A recent list of vacant pulpits in New York proves his first statement.

Before the invention of railways, people who traveled from Boston to Philadelphia went either by boat or by stagecoach. Nowadays all the pleasure of a coaching trip between the two cities can be enjoyed with a few of its inconveniences by traveling on the trolley cars. Many parties have taken the trip this season, and more will take it next, or it has been discovered that it is a delightful way to see the country.

The American people will never lay a lespolling hand on any man's money, whether the savings of the wage-earner or the investments of the capitalist. Private property is sacred in their eyes. But public power belongs to them, who are the constitutional sovereigns of the country, and they will not long suffer to be welded by private and irresponsible persons. Broad as the land is, there is not room enough in it for two overlords, and in the end the people alone will rule.

The Public Health Department of the city of London has issued a circular asking for co-operation "in preventing so far as possible the growing habit of spitting in the streets and other places of public resort." The best authorities agree that the spread of consumption through infection by the sputum of tuberculous persons is a menace of great gravity. If considerations of propriety do not constrain individuals to avoid indiscriminate expectoration, the knowledge that tuberculosis may be traced to such a cause may deter them. The anti-spitting crusade is among the important reform movements of the world.

So long as this loose public morality continues there will be exposures like that in St. Louis. The only thing which will eradicate the evil is a growth in civic virtue, a greater sense of public and personal honesty. There can be no question that in many cities the chief object of not a few candidates is the hope of participation in the spoils. They have been brought up in a school of practical politics which has taught insistently that public office is a private snip. They do not consider it any more dishonest to rob the taxpayers or to join in a hold-up combine than the average man might to beat a railroad. In fact, in the one case as in the other there is

apparently often a disposition to self-conceit over having been so sharp.

The Honolulu Star remarks that the "Hawaiian penny" has made a landing on Hawaiian shores. The stores have not yet introduced it. The postoffice work is mainly responsible for the circulation. The pennies are issued chiefly by the money order department, or by the registry division, and after a short circuit come back again to the stamp window. The Star says that pocket-books which a year ago were never shamed by carrying any meaner metal than gold or silver often contain now the copper cent of commerce, "little known and less valued this side of the Rockies, but dear to the heart of every New England housewife." Already, it is said to relate, pennies are put in the collection boxes, and are "only shamed by an open plate."

You don't have to approve of John W. Gates to find good things in his character. He is a gambler, one of the most persistent and strenuous in the country, and he has no delicate sense of honor that would keep him from ruining one man or a hundred in a business deal. He doesn't believe in sentiment in connection with the gathering of dollars, and he drives hard bargains. That is one side of John W. Gates' character. There is another, which reveals his love for his boy, John W. Gates says that real flesh and blood men make chums of their sons, and that the great happiness of his life is found in the fact that his boy is his best friend. Happy is the man who can truthfully say that. There are two ways of bringing up boys. The one always keeps a gulf between father and son. The parent forgets that there was a time when he, too, was care-free; when laughter came at command and the days were not long enough to contain all the pleasure that offered. He forgets that orders hurt and that kindly counsel is better than harshness. He forgets that a boy's world is not a man's world, and so a man and a boy drift farther apart. They are almost strangers. They don't understand each other, and doubt and distrust help to harden the life of a boy who often wonders why "father" isn't as good to him as "mother." It is the man's fault. There is not one boy in a hundred who cannot be won by kindness. You spend weeks learning the moods and feelings of a \$200 colt, and are too busy to look into the heart of a boy who is worth more than all the horseflesh in the world. Then there is the John W. Gates kind of man, the chum of a boy. He goes swimming with the lad. They hunt together. You can find them at the minstrel show in front seats, and laughing together. The "old man" gets out in the road and plays catch till his bones protest, because it pleases his chum. They take long rides and walks together and the boy finds new interest in life and loves his father deeply. Does it pay? Don't forget that it is the only way to live. It means daily happiness. It means the knitting together of families. It increases love for youth and respect for old age. The boys who have been their fathers' chums are also his champions to the day of his death, and the memory of the man who was good to them is their guiding star through life. John W. Gates is right. Happy is the man who is his boy's best friend.

In Washington. The author of "Collections and Recollections" relates a personal experience of having said a "thing one would rather have left unsaid." Even after the lapse of twenty years, he adds, the recollection of the sensations of the moment turns him hot with chagrin. A remarkably pompous clergyman, a diocesan inspector of schools, once showed me a theme on a scriptural subject, written by a girl who was trying to pass from the rank of a pupil-teacher to the rank of schoolmistress. The theme was full of absurd mistakes, over which the inspector laughed uproariously.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he inquired, when I handed back the paper.

"Oh," said I, "in perfectly good faith, the mistakes are bad enough, but the writing is far worse. It really is a disgrace."

"The writing? What, my writing?" said the inspector. "I copied the theme out myself."

A Reason for Patronage. "People have strange reasons sometimes for patronizing particular grocery stores, steamboat lines and railway lines," said the vice president. "When I was a ticket agent, back in the '50s, I heard all sorts of them. One day an old lady came to the window and asked for a ticket up the line a short distance.

"I thought I'd take this road 'stead of the other,' she said, 'cause I felt like I had an interest in this road.'

"How's that?" I asked, thinking she might have a son connected with the road in some capacity. I knew a lot of clerks at various stations, and if this was a friend's mother I wished to help her if it were in my power. So I inquired, 'How's that?'

"Why," said she, 'my niece's little boy, John, before he got a job in the messenger service was office boy down here.'

All He Was Paid For. The leader of the band frowned as he brought the music to a standstill in the middle of a bar.

"Say, Pumpernickel," he demanded, in a loud whisper, "what do you mean by playing a lot of half notes where there should be whole?'

Pumpernickel took the horn off his neck.

"Veil," said he, "I make explanations by you. You remember dot you run down my vages to halluf, don't you?'

The leader stared in amazement. He had done so, but—

"Und so I gontinues to make der aodes out mid dis horn, halluf notes, until der vages vos restored unto whole vages. And it, yes?'

Sometimes a comedian can produce a great crisis.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Original View of an Old Tar. Few persons who take out life insurance postpone that action so long as did an old English sailor who recently applied for a policy. When he presented himself at the insurance office he was naturally asked his age. His reply was H. "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the agent of the company. "Why not?" demanded the applicant. "Why, you say you are 94 years of age." "What of that?" the old man retorted. "Look at the statistics and they will tell you that fewer men die at 94 than at any other age."

Had a Great Time. Parent—Did you have a nice time in the park? Boy—Yes. Parent—What did you do? Boy—Oh, lots of things. Run on the grass an' made faces at the plectoan, an' dodged the horses, an' throwed tones at the "Keep off the Grass" notices, an' everything!—Exchange.

If the average man could climb out of his grave and read his epitaph his egotism would experience a boom.

## EVOLUTION OF A CODFISH CAKE.

Reminiscences of the Grand Banks and Old Gloucester.

It is all interesting to the last degree to watch and see how the ingenious cod, which a few weeks ago swam happily in his native waters off the banks of Newfoundland, is transformed before your very eyes—some of him into codfish cakes (they call the little squares which are cut to fit the small boxes "cakes"), and the rest of him carefully preserved to make oil, glue and fish guano. Verily, as a witty summer boarder remarked, "Every part of the cod is used except the smell," says Leslie's Weekly.

Certainly, after a visit to Gloucester you have an increased respect for the fish cake. You realize the part it has played in the world's history; how it has brought about treaties between great nations—for American fishermen had to get from England the right to fish off the banks—how it has erected lighthouses and placed buoys all along the cruel shore. You realize, too, the tragedies it has caused, the widows and orphans it has made, the loving hearts it has broken—for the cruel wreck of Norman's Woe, where the wreck of the Hesperus occurred, lies in plain sight just at the entrance to the harbor; and you hear heartbreaking stories of boats that have gone down with all on board, in the very harbor itself, before the eyes of loving ones on shore. Truly, the romance of the codfish cake is no idle sound—after you have been to Gloucester. But all the same, after you have made the acquaintance of the cod in the processes of evolution, and with the recollection of its odor still in your memory, you are quite, quite sure that you will not want any codfish cakes for a very long time.

An Embarrassing Moment. The author of "Collections and Recollections" relates a personal experience of having said a "thing one would rather have left unsaid." Even after the lapse of twenty years, he adds, the recollection of the sensations of the moment turns him hot with chagrin.

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