

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Ministry.

OF the 20,000 men and women who graduated from our universities and colleges last month only 1,500 aspire to preach the gospel. As there are some 74,000 engaged in preaching in the United States this contribution is insufficient to keep up the supply. Here and there are men and women who have never had a college or theological training who are discharging the duties of the pulpit, but they are few compared to those who have had these advantages, so that virtually the number of aspirants is a correct measure of the extent of the ministerial ambition.

The principal reasons why the number of candidates for the clergy is growing less relatively year by year are that congregations are getting more exacting, that the pay is small and the occupation the least attractive of the professions. This is the selfish point of view. Then, the conscientious student who may be religiously inclined and who sees great opportunities for doing good in the calling, sometimes is deterred because he cannot satisfy his conscience of the truth of some of the doctrines of Christianity. Soon or then preach something which he cannot believe in he turns his talents to another calling.

Another hindrance is that the religious unrest, so palpable in the world, is much more pronounced in the higher halls of learning. Here agnosticism, materialism, indifference, are at work sapping the early religious training and turning the mind in its formative stage against the pulpit. Much harm is wrought here by the scoffers and the unbelievers who are never so happy as when reviling Christianity and everything pertaining to its missionary advancement.

The world was never so generous in its support of Christian churches and charities as it is to-day and nowhere else is this extended with the generosity of that of the United States. Yet the disposition to preach is not keeping abreast of this sentiment. If it were, the candidates for the priesthood this year would number 4,000 or 5,000 instead of 1,500.—*Utica Globe.*

The Profit of Good Roads.

NOW that the country is measurably well supplied with railroads which haul the farmer's products to market at an average rate of a half a cent a ton per mile, it begins to be of prime importance that the average cost of hauling from the farm to the railway station, which is about twenty-five cents per ton per mile, should be reduced. The Department of Agriculture claims that this cost could be reduced two-thirds by the simple substitution of good macadamized roads for the ordinary dirt highways now in use.

Pennsylvania's new road law, which divides the cost of making permanent roads between the State, county and township, was inspired by a desire to begin the solution of this problem in a way that would prove least burdensome to the farmers themselves. So far, however, its provisions have not been taken advantage of as widely as was anticipated. It seems worth while to call attention to the fact that practically similar laws are already in operation, with excellent results, in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, California and elsewhere. In the State like New Jersey, where the law has been in operation longest, the benefits are marked.

It is the first step that costs, however, in road-making as in everything else. When a few experimental sections of really good highways have been provided as object lessons, it is to be hoped that Pennsylvania farmers will fall in line with those of other States, where permanent road laws have been longer in force.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Our Illiterate Citizens.

THERE is food for thought in the figures of the United States census report dealing with education. Thus we learn that in 1900 there were 2,326,000 men of the age of 21 or over who were unable to read or write. This great army of illiterates constituted 11 per cent of the voting strength of the nation—an electorate in itself sufficiently strong, if suitably distributed, to determine national principles and policies.

Of the total 277,423 were negroes and 1,254,000 whites, a percentage which when compared with that of thirty

years before shows up to the manifest disadvantage of the dominant race. Thus in 1870 the excess of illiterate negroes over illiterate whites was 90,000, while now, thirty years later, the latter outnumber the former by 277,000.

Nor can we justly retort that these illiterate whites are aliens dumped upon our shores through the agency of immigration. Of the total number of white illiterates only 568,000 are foreign born, while the native born number 968,000, or an excess of 118,000. Nor is this the worst of it. The report shows that the percentage of illiterates among the native born sons of American parents is nearly three times as great as among the native born sons of foreign parents. Evidently our foreign born citizens have a higher appreciation of the advantages of education than many of the native stock.

At no time in our history has the percentage of illiterates been as great as to-day. During the past sixty years the percentage of this class of citizens has increased from 8.15 to 6.80, despite our free school system and the earnest efforts to popularize education. The State having the largest number of illiterates is Georgia, as might be expected, with its great negro population and its large number of struggling whites. Pennsylvania is next, having 139,982 illiterates, as compared with 158,247 for Georgia. The percentage of illiterates among the native born voters of New Mexico is 25.—*Utica Globe.*

The Disappearance of the Male Teacher.

NO one will deny that many of the best school teachers in the country are women. There are parts of the delicate and highly important task of training the young which can best be done by tactful and gentle women. But it is also the serious opinion of experts that growing boys should very largely be under the care of men. There is a certain inspiration of manly leadership which a boy greatly needs, and which he can only get from a manly man. The influence of a thoroughly robust school teacher upon his class of boys cannot be calculated. He puts before them constantly a model of manliness, and high honor, and attractive industry, and clean courage, which leaves its stamp upon their forming minds through all the rest of their lives.

The generation of boys which must always go to school to women, and to no one else, will lose something very valuable out of their school-day training. They may get as much arithmetic and grammar and history and the rest of it from the women as from the men, but they can no more get the quality of manliness from women than they can get the quality of refinement from men. Our schools should be "manned" with men as well as women, and if we have permitted the financial attractions of the profession to fall so far behind the increasing attractions of competitive callings as to allow all the young men to be drawn away from this profession, we have been guilty of a serious betrayal of trust to the generation which is now growing up. Our fathers did not so misuse us.—*Montreal Star.*

Wireless Telegraphy in War.

THE question of the value of wireless telegraphy in war has already been considered. Now it is supplemented by that of its legality. The Russian Government has practically served notice that it regards it as illegal. At any rate, the use of such a device at the seat of war will be treated as a breach of neutrality. Correspondents telegraphing without wires will be shot as spies, and vessels equipped with wireless telegraphic apparatus venturing near the scene of war will, if caught, be confiscated as contraband of war. So far as correspondents accompanying the Russian army are concerned, we may unhesitatingly concede the Russian the right of censorship. That is a matter of course. A belligerent power has the undoubted right to decide whether it will permit correspondents to accompany its army at all and if it does let them do so it can, of course, prescribe what matter they may send through the lines, and how. Similarly, it may exercise a censorship over news vessels entering its territorial waters, or the waters implicated in the sphere of belligerent action. But a general outlawing of wireless telegraphy in that part of the world would be a much more extreme matter.—*New York Tribune.*

dinner that Indian had fashioned another helve. We compared it with a manufactured helve. It was as well shaped, as smooth, as nicely balanced. In fact, as we laid the new and the old side by side, we could not have selected, from any evidence of the workmanship, which had been made by machine and which by hand.

Tawabinsay then burned out the wood from the ax, tempered the steel, set the new helve, and wedged it neatly with ironwood wedges. The whole affair, including the cutting of the timber, consumed perhaps half an hour.

To travel with a Woods Indian is a constant source of delight on this account. The Indian rarely needs to hunt for the materials he requires. He knows exactly where they grow, and he turns as directly to them as a clerk would turn to his shelves. No problem of the living of physical life is too obscure to have escaped his varied experience. You may travel with Indians for years, and learn every summer something new and delightful about how to take care of yourself.

COSSACKS ARE A BUGABOO.

Facts the Japanese Learned Before Opening Hostilities.

The care taken by the Japanese to make sure that they were right before going ahead is shown by the fact that, previous to the war with Russia, they took the greatest pains to ascertain the actual value as a fighting force of the much vaunted Cossack cavalry, says the army and navy register. The conclusion was, to use the language of the Japanese official from whom we obtain this information, that they were "a mere bugaboo." It was found that the custom of the Russian government was to furnish each Cossack in Manchuria with a fixed sum for the purchase of a horse. One-half of this sum he put into his pocket and purchased the best horse he could with

the remainder. The money given for the purchase of fodder was treated in the same way and the horse left to pick up a living as best he could.

The result was shown in a serious deterioration in the efficiency of the Cossacks. Similar dishonesty was prevalent in the other departments of Russian army administration, an illustration of which is found in the story of the Russian officers found guilty of selling powder to the Chinese and putting sand in its place.

The Japanese even assert that the number of troops under the command of Kouroupatkin was misrepresented, so that money might be made by drawing supplies for fictitious warriors. To make full allowance for contingencies the Japanese estimated the number of Russians they would encounter on the Yalu as 40,000 in all and sent 60,000 troops against them. It was found in the end that the Russians had only 20,000 men to oppose the crossing of the river.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Some Amusement Schemes.

The railway companies of the country are engaged in all kinds of amusement schemes, with the idea of attracting patronage, and the latest innovation of this character has taken place in Cleveland, where the manager of a street railway company has organized a baseball league. Each of the towns along the line has a nine, and a regular schedule has been arranged. The railway company has supplied the uniforms and offered other substantial assistance besides undertaking to carry the players free to and from the games. The company, however, does not participate in the profits of the team, but is repaid merely by the increased business resulting from the games.

If you go around exploiting a fool belief, people will notice it, and talk about it. People who have fool beliefs are not accorded as much charity as formerly.

THE GROCERYMAN.

"Cherries is ripe," said the groceryman, producing his order book and linking into the kitchen rocker with sigh of content. "Fresh picked from the tree, sound in wind and limb and free from vice. Want some?"

"Who told you you could sit down a that chair?" demanded the pretty cook.

"Nobody," replied the groceryman, but it looked easy. I was to be sure could do it if I tried. The hard work'll be to get up again. How's the girl this fine chilly summer mornin'?"

"What girl?"

"You, loveliness."

"See here," said the pretty cook, you're too fresh to keep. What are cherries worth?"

"Thirty-five a box."

"Keep 'em."

"They're worth that, but we've got 'em marked down to two boxes for a quarter. Full quart boxes; six of 'em would come near fillin' a gallon measure. Tradin' stamp with every box, say, Evelina, didn't I see you a Sunday afternoon in the park in a blue hat?"

"I went out in the country a Sunday afternoon."

"Well, I seen some girl in a blue hat. I was drivin' in my ortemable-ble an' I couldn't stop, but if it had be'n you an' I hadn't be'n in a hurry 'd 'a' give you an invite to take a ride. How many cherries do you want?"

"You can bring me a couple o' boxes if they're any good. If they ain't on'll have the pleasure o' takin' 'em back. Would you like a piller for your head?"

"Don't trouble," replied the groceryman. "It's kind o' you to offer, but I can't stay long anyway. I jest thought I'd run in an' see if there wasn't nothin' I could do for you, honey."

The pretty cook gave him a look of scorn and indignation.

"I say we've got in a lot of white clover honey. I know you don't need sweet'nin', but it might do for the family. Eighteen a box. No? Well, you say somethin', then. Laundry soap—Mother's Marvel—washes the most deliket fabrics 'thout crockin', shrinkin' or runnin' down at the heel. Eggs? Fancy pedigreed eggs—real shell—no celluloid imitations. Any mathees?"

"You may bring me two dosen eggs and a can o' bakin' powder, half a dozen lemons an' two pounds o' coffee."

"Goin' to make coffee cake?"

"Never you mind what I'm goin' to make. Oh, and I want butter. Two pounds o' butter an' a couple o' bunches o' sparrergress. I guess that's all. Was you in the park, honest, a Sunday afternoon?"

"Sure thing. An' there was a girl in a blue hat there, too. I wouldn't string you, Evelina."

"Don't you think you're smart?"

"I wouldn't be to blame if I did. Most everybody else does. So you think that will be about all, do you? Say, the nex' time you make a date with me an' don't keep it'll be because I've lost my memory, I tell you those."

"Well, I was there," said the pretty cook. "You wasn't, though."

"Come off."

"I was, honest."

"Well, I missed you, then. I stayed around for—"

There was the sound of a footstep beyond the inner kitchen door and the groceryman jumped hastily out of the chair and began to write in his order book. "Cherries, eggs, bakin' powder, lemons, coffee, butter an' sparrergress," he repeated in businesslike tones as the lady of the house entered. "That all? Thank you."—*Chicago Daily News.*

A FALL FROM THE STAGING.

"I had an experience once that nearly whitened my hair," said the artist. "Spill white paint on it?" asked the man in the big leather chair. "No; it was something worse than that. I was just starting out to earn my living with a brush, and was willing to paint almost anything, from a portrait to the sky piece in theater scenery. And then he went on to tell the story:

"One of the public buildings in the capital had a big dome, and on the ceiling of the dome was a great deal of elaborate painting that had become dingy, and needed retouching. I was pleased enough when I got the job of doing it.

"They erected a staging for me to work on—a frail-looking affair, which almost turned me sick when I arrived with my outfit and stood in the rotunda, looking up at the dome, a hundred and fifty feet above me.

"I shall be so dizzy I can't hold a brush," said I to the carpenter.

"Oh, that will be all right," said he. "We're going to spread a big canvas under the staging, for the rotunda is in use all the time, and you'd be spotting everybody below with paint unless we had something to protect them."

"I felt relieved when I heard that, and still more relieved when I had climbed up into the dome and found that the entire rotunda below was hidden by a taut cloth which the workmen had stretched across.

"I had been at work nearly two days when I began to get careless in stepping round the staging. I suppose the canvas below me gave me a feeling of comparative safety. About noon one day I took a step backward to look up at some drapery which I had just repainted. My foot touched only the air, and I fell into the canvas.

"There was a ripping and tearing of cloth as I settled down into the hollow. I lay there flat on my back, and looked round with an interest in the quality and strength of the canvas and the way in which it was fastened that you may be sure was sincere.

"There was no doubt about the fastness of the fastenings; they were of rope, tied round big knots in the cloth, and strong enough to hold a horse. But the canvas itself was frightfully thin, and was mildewed in spots. I turned over on my face and found myself staring through a rip down to the marble flooring of the rotunda, a hundred feet below.

"I was comfortable enough physically, but mentally! Every time I moved something would stretch and tear.

"Of course I yelled for help, and after a time I heard answering shouts below. The canvas was sagging down in the middle and straining and squeaking along the edges. I figured out that it would take the workmen at least two minutes to climb into the dome. By the time they got to me I thought I should be spread out below.

"I tried to move up the incline of cloth, scrambling along on my stomach, and pushing with my feet; but the attempt widened the rip in the canvas. Suddenly, as I pushed harder with my feet, one foot and nearly the whole leg shot through the canvas.

"I could hear the scream of women below. My finger-nails scratched and

clawed the rough surface, but of course made little impression. They simply kept me from slipping quite so fast. Then I heard the steps of men on the scaffolding. They let down a rope that curled near my fingers, but it was several seconds before I dared to let go my hold on the canvas for a sufficient time to grasp it.

"Finally I got both hands upon it, and they dragged me up the incline to the staging."

HAD THE NURSERY ALL RIGHT,

But 'Twas for the Propagation of Flowers, Not Babies.

The anxious mother rings up what she thinks is the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. She asks the central for the nursery, and is given Mr. Gottfried Gluber, the florist and tree dealer. The following conversation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nursery?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I am so worried about my little Rose."

"What seems to be der matter?"

"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing right, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I tell you vat you do. You dake der skissors and cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und—"

"What-a-ah?"

"I say, dake der skissors and cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der mornin'—"

"What-a-ah?"

"Turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der mornin', und den ple a lot of black dirt all around, und shprinkle mit Incegt powder all ofer der top—"

"Sir-r-r?"

"Shprinkle mit Incegt powder all ofer der top. You know usually id is noddings but pugs dot—"

"How dare you? What do you mean by such language?"

"Noddings but pugs dot chenerally causes der troubles; und den you vant to wash der rose mit a liquid preparation I haf for sale—"

"Who in the world are you, anyway?"

"Gottfried Gluber, der florist."

"O-o-oh!" (weakly). "Good-by."—*Buffalo Express.*

A Plausible Excuse.

Russell Sage was talking the other day about a dishonest but plausible broker.

"I have caught this man," he said, "in a dozen shady transactions, though he has been ready to excuse himself."

Mr. Sage smiled. Then he resumed: "He reminds me of a chap who broke a plate glass window one day. As soon as he had broken the window he hurried off as fast as he could go. But the shopkeeper had seen him. The shopkeeper came after him and grabbed him by the collar.

"'Aha, you broke my window, didn't you, eh?' he said.

"'Yes, and didn't you see me running home for the money to pay for it?' said the other."

A Good Scheme.

"How on earth did you ever get a messenger boy to deliver your note and bring back the answer so quick?"

"I took his dime novel away from him and held it as security."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Science and Invention

The distinct compounds from coal tar have increased from 454 in 1894 to 696, not less than three hundred of the present products being dyes.

The sound-deadening arrangements tried on the Berlin elevated railway include felt under and at the sides of the rails, wood-filled car wheels, steel and wood ties resting on sand and cork-lined floor planks. Low rails on deep wooden stringers proved the most effective.

A new camera of great importance, photographing for the first time the interior or back of the eye, is the production of Dr. Walter Thorne, of Berlin. A telescope-like focusing glass gives accurate focus under the mild illumination of a kerosene lamp, and a flashlight ignited by an electric spark impresses the image upon the plate. The pictures show the variations of the eye in health and disease, making it possible now to follow the progress of disease step by step.

With the special purpose of securing more accurate records at automobile races than can be obtained with a stop-watch, the Mors Company in Paris has constructed an electric apparatus, which is said to give excellent results. Two small boxes, electrically connected by wire, are placed one at the starting and the other at the finishing point. At the start the wheels of the racers touching a wire stretched across the track cause a needle to form a dot on a band of paper driven at uniform speed by a chronometer. At the finish the wheels, in a similar manner, cause another dot to be made on the same paper. By measuring the distance between the dots the time elapsed is ascertained.

About a dozen years ago, M. Richter showed that the mysterious fires in benzine-cleaning establishments are due to electricity, which produces sparks as pieces of wool are drawn from the combustible fluid on cool or dry days, and he found that the sparks could be prevented by adding magnesium oleate—even as little as 0.02 per cent—to the benzine. The reason of this remarkable effect of the oleate has not been understood. It has now been investigated by G. Just at Karlsruhe, and he finds that the conductivity of the benzine is very slightly increased, this change being sufficient to prevent the accumulation of dangerous electric charges. In pure benzine an electrode kept its charge for minutes, while in the diluted oleate solution it refused to take any charge.

An interesting instance of the manner in which insects sometimes assist the growth of plants without any intention to do so, and while attending strictly to their own business, is furnished by the history of a climbing plant which grows in the Philippines, and which has recently been described by Professor J. W. Harsberger of the University of Pennsylvania. At an early stage in its career the plant, which, like other plants, begins to grow at the ground, severs its connection with the soil, and thenceforward lives with its roots attached to dead bamboo canes. It develops, in addition to other leaves, certain pitcher-shaped leaves, into the cups of which it sends a second set of roots. A species of small black ant frequents the pitchers, and incidentally carries into them minute fragments of decaying wood and leaf mold, from which the roots just mentioned derive a constant supply of food for the support of the plant.

SPORTS IN GERMANY.

Wrestling and "Heavy Athletics" Are Most in Favor There.

Wrestling is one of the most popular forms of athletic exercises in Germany, and it seems as if the heavy and muscular build of the Germans peculiarly adapts them for this kind of sport. The general public interprets the word "athlete" as meaning a wrestler, weight lifter or "strong man." When the English style of athletics was introduced into Germany it was termed "light athletics;" wrestling is termed as "heavy athletics." In every town there are many clubs indulging in "heavy athletics," and numerous public contests are arranged, in connection with which challenges to "all comers" are issued. Here one can often witness a pitched battle between science and brute power—see an "all comer" of stupendous build, probably a butcher, brewer or furniture remover, laid flat on both shoulder blades in the most approved style by a little wiry fellow as slippery as an eel. On the occasion of the world's championships held in Berlin, an open arena, roofed only in the center, where the wrestling took place, was erected, with tiers of seats for the public all round. As luck would have it the weather proved boisterous and the public shy of the fair; the championships ended dismally, and the impresario, unable to pay the men's retainers, very discreetly decided to "leave town."—*C. B. Fry's Magazine.*

Wasn't Sure Which.

A Scottish minister, taking his walk early in the morning, found one of his parishioners recumbent in a ditch. "Where have you been the night, Andrew?" asked the minister. "Weel, I dinna rightly ken," answered the prostrate one, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whichever it was, it was a most extraordinary success."

If you are attracted by gaudy colors, you are as bad as an Indian, or a bull.