WALKS IN RURAL ENGLAND

Historic Reminders Afforded in Every Quarter of the Old Sod.

SPLENDOR OF CASTLE AND MONASTIC RUIN

Graphic Sketches of Most Notable Villages and Landscapes, Once the Abiding Place of England's Blustrious Dead-Wakeman's Letter.

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LONDON, April 3. - | Correspondence of THE BEE. |-It is no wonder that the cockles of a Briton's heart, be he Irishman, Scotchman or Englishman, thrill with fadeless affection as he recalls, in any foreign land, the immediate environment of the home-spot that gave him birth. Were he but cotter's child, and knew in his youthtide hours only the fierce and nurtful panes of penury there is still untellable charm in the backward vista centering in the lowliest British home.

It is because rural England - and it is almost equally true of cural Scotland and Ireland in nearly every square acre is so endearing in its age, association and natural winsome ness, that those who possess it, or those who have left it and, for the absence, hold it more intensely close and precious, will justiy brook no belittlement; any more than you would let some smart stranger come into your home and socer at your sweetest and most cherished if simple, belongings beautified by effort, hallowed by time and use, even more tenderly loved for your own errors and shortcomings-without pitching both him and his airs inconlinently into the high-

It is such a beautiful country; such a well kept and delictous old garden; such a smiling land in sanshine and saug and comforts ble one in storm; and withal gives to the stranger within it such a sense of constant interest, coupled with close human companlonship end sympathies, that cynic and prig and incapable of interest in any land but his own though one be, he cannot now and then repress a kindling enthusiasm, be here and there pricked into secret admiration, in this place and that find tender and associative

n less than a three hours journey, on an

English day in May time, what innumerable scenes of interest, of stirring quality and of restfulness and repose flash upon you from your carriage window! Still more gratefully feastful are the things one will see and feet, as innumerable hamlets, steadings and halls are passed. Glorious old manor houses flash from parks and gemesne forests. That che roofs of village homes, yellow with lichen, are varied here and there by red tiling. Avenues of ac-cient clms, beech and limes give ten, king vistas above broad roads, tessalated with lights and shades, and as gray and smooth as some old cathedral floor. Cropped hedges with trim, tiny fields give place here and there to downs, rolling away in billowy hills of heather, spangled with the golden asphotel, or wide meatlows and tiny marshes where flames the yellow marigold, or where the forget-me-nots are so dense and blue that their surface seems like a breeze-rip-pled pool. Hawthern lanes are white above and beneath as banks of driven snow, Great masses of honoysuckle trail from copse and hedge; and in, around and above all this May time nature-heaven, thrushes and blackbirds, high above the rearing of

your train, flood all the day with song In the tremendous object lesson and his-toric reminder which each tiny bit of the toric reminder which each tiny bit of the face of England affords, there is a no more impressive study than that of English villages and their folk. These villages are the most delightful of all objects in every panoramic rural scene. Closer study reveals countless hidden beautics—for even age and decay here possess a mounful beauty and charm—to the artistic and vagrant mind. And their quaint, quiet folk, of whom I shall particularly speak in another article, though regarded as dumb and sodden by many, still regarded as dumb and sodden by many, still provide one of the most interesting sociologic studies to be found in any land.

villages differ in different shires, or in different parts of the same shire, they all leave the same typical picture in the memory, when considered as a part of the landscape. I never yet came to an English village, and I have visited hundreds on foot, that it had not the same general massing of picturesque effects as all others. This, too, whatever its relative topographical situation. It was just the same whether nestled in an Avon. Wharfe, Derwent, or Tamar vale; clumped upon a breezy southern down; half hidden in the shadows of a midland hill or peak; toppling along the edge of ragged chine or flowery burn, or wedged into the stony face of some dreary northern moor.

There it stood, ever a distinct and enarac teristic picture in itself. A rift of low, out lying cottages, tiny splashes of white and gray and red at either side, became lost toward the center in luxuriant shrubbery. Then a few gables, quaint and old. Then another mass of foliage, denser and of darker hue. Then a jumbled mass of higher gray and red roofs and outjuttings of more pretentious structures. And finally, the highest mass of foliage dominated by perhaps a battlemented roof, above which always rises a huge, square, centuries old tower that tells of the English parish church from Land's End to the misty Cheviot Hills.

I sometimes think, wonderful and compact a storehouse of historic redes, of garnered art and of splendor in cathedral, castle, hall and monastic ruln, as old England tody is, that after all the sweetest part of one's w derings is experienced away from the beaten lines of travel among these gray old nests. ch the centuries have softened and beau-

which the centuries have softened and beautified even in their age and decay.

Come with me then, vagrantly, into a few of these levely old home spots of rural England. Not far to the north of damp and grimy Liverpool is pretty Ornskirk. It is half village and half town, for the spindles are humming here as almost everywhere in Lancantree and Yorkshire. Two huge, white roads leading from green fields, which were impassable mosses in olden times, rising to a gentle eminence intersect the place, and the verdure growth of 400 years almost and the verdure growth of 400 years almost hides from view the nestling, ancient homes

he quaint old shops, the sleepy, restful inns, and the historic church itself.

The old church looming above the red tiles of the cottage roofs is curiously surmounted by separate towers and steeple; the pile so gray, mellow and lyymassed as to involuntarily suggest a gigantic tree lopned off in its lower trunk, where the huge battle mented tower stops, out of whose edge where the steeple rises, has sprouted a sec ond slender tree. The tradition goes that two capricious maiden sisters, desirous of raising some sacred memorial, agreed upon erecting upon Ormskirk a tower and ste yet, disagreeing as to uniting and connecting their work, they finally expended all their wealth and energies upon both, each in-dependent of the other. The earliest of the renowned Derbys and Stanleys are buried here. Mossy, lichened, slumberous, grave, the entire place is a wondrous picture of ten-der repose and is but one of scores of win-some Lancashire villages, blending, low-lying and husbed, in the pleasant landscape between the thunderous towns of mills.

between the thunderous towns of mills.

What precious old bits of gray and sunshine and green are the half deserted villages of Cockermouth and Hawkshead up here in the English lake region, the former in Cumberland and the latter just inside Lancashire, where that county pushes its rugged arm up among the scars, feils and pikes of the English Alps! Cockermouth itself, where Wordsworth was born, is but one of the many quaint old Combrian vil-lages which seem as ancient and mossy as the rocks out of which they were bewn. It is a sweet, dim, dreamful and songful old spot, for the Derwent river sweeps ously by and the Cocker river, from which the village derives its name, is emptied into

the village derives its name, is emptied into the Derwent at the village side.

Wordsworth's father, John Wordsworth, was an attorney here and law agent to Sirames Lowther, afterwards the earl of Lonsdale. The house where the poet was orn is a long, two-story, hipped-roof structure, standing at a corner of Main street and a recessed alley, and must have been rearded as a stately affair in its time. A ser of nine windows in the second and eight at the first story face the street, which is shut off by a massive, stone wall, with wide shut off by a massive stone wall, with wide coping and monumental projections at regular intervals and at the corners. In the

area between the street wall and the house are several pertly trimmed shade trees, and the ample garden in the rear extends to the

the ample garden in the rear extends to the banks of the lovely Derwent.

Hawkshead lies midway between the queen of the English laces. Windermere, and Coniston water, near which may be found the home of John Rashin and nestes prettly beside the beautiful Esthwatte Water. It is by far the most antique village in the lake country. The old school house is standing just as Wordsworth left it. It is no more than a tiny stone dangeon, with wide, low windows, a single broad, low door and a whitewashed school room interior, where a tall man would be in danger of bumping the ceiling beams with his head.

The schoolboy, Wordsworth, cut his name into his desk, and the scarred old plank is accordingly prized as a precious relic. Every

into his dess, and the scarred on plank is accordingly prized as a precious relic. Every one will remember the good old dame, Anno Tyson, with whom Wordsworth lived, and who was so much a mother to him during his boyhood's days at Hawkshead. Her

ottage is still standing; and "The snow white church upon the hill," made famous in the "Preliate," stands as then in a near field. Around it the sheep and lambs are grazing. But the old life went out of Hawkshead with the handlooms; you will never find more than a score of worship ers at service within it; and the lacumbency is so reduced that the village rector himself rings the chime of bells which calls the dun d felk that remain to this all but deserted

Here again are types of villages, one in the north and another in the west, iding of Yorkshire; neither like the scores sunny hamlets in tender Yorkshire vales t standing grimly and stoutly against the addering moors, defaut of change and the tempests of centuries. Come with me over dreary Stanemoor's wilds, and look down there upon dead old Bowes.

there upon dead old Bowes.

There lies the sinuous shell of the ancient village—a winding, coubled, grass-grown street of half a mile in length, flanked by runned houses, half of whose thatched ratofs have fallen in. Far to the east the eye catches a gimpse of the classic domain of Rokeby. To the north, the delis and fells where flows the river Tees. To the south the glen of Greta, where that river tumbles and sugs. That nuge, lone, stone structure. first at Bowes from the Greta bridg y, weird and ghostly under huge syca res, was formerly another Dotheboy Richard Cobden once owned it and

Then the Unicorn inn, with its nercs of atbuildings, empty and moss-grown. Op-Crown. Then, facing westward, a little Norman church. Near it, the ruins of a Norman castle. Behint these ruins, the ancient Roman station of Savatrae, where are remains of baths and an aqueduct. Then, roofed and unroofed hevels on either to the westward, where you will see still standing just as Dickens described a veritable Dotheboys hall in his "Nicholas Nickleby," "a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoin-

The other is Haworth. Seen at a distance it seems a half-defined line of ragged gray, cut in another line of gray above which is the lofty, dreary Haworth moor. There is but a single street; closes sometimes extend for a house length to the right and left. The yard-wide pavements are series of stone stairs and platforms. Beneath the latter are shadowy shors and living rooms. All stand open. But few inhabitants are to be seen. Up, up, up, for a balf mile you plod, and at list reach a tiny open space. The houses are set around open space. The houses are set around closely. Quaint shops and ancient iras crowd it at all sorts of curious angles. This is the head of the village, topographically, in habitations and in aristocracy.

Not for its attractiveness, but because it seems an outlet to somewhere, you pass into a little court behind the Black Bull inn. It is a maze of angles and wynds. Suddenly another open space confronts you. Here are an old, oblong, two-storied stone house, with an old, oblong, two-storied stone house, with a few yards of grass plot at its side; a little stone church, attached to, rather than blended with, a grim Norman tower; a graveyard cluttered with crumbling stone; the whole barely covering an acre of ground. These were Haworth parsonage, church and church yard, the earthly and final home of the Brontes, and their living eyes ever rested on Haworth moor, which rises immediately above the church-yard like a wall of rounded above the church-yard like a wall of rounded

Come to such as these in the summer time only. Then fleecy clouds straggle over and between the hills, as if shadowy hosts were marshaling, behind the horizon. Here and there splatches of color lie against old walls use fronts. The heather blushes fron the undulant green of the moors. And one can then easily imagine bits of Apulian pastoral scenery here in the shepherds and their flocks, like cameo reliefs on beds of dazzling emerald, with a perspective of bil-lowy lines and misty clouds, Over here in Northamptonshire, just at

the edge of the garden stire of Warwick, is ancient moss-grown Crick, sleeping under ancient moss-grown Crick, sleeping under its thatches beside Watling street, most famous of Roman roads. There are both rest and delight in old, old Crick; rest, because it is one of those English vil-lages which stands just as it always stood; where the roar of the workaday world's ac-tivities never comes; where the old parish church the gravoyard, the decayed manor houses the lugge stone decayed manor houses, the huge stone devecotes which house 500 families of doves, the thatched farm laborers cottages, the ivied and mossy walls, and the simple village folk, all invite to quite and repose.

Not ten inites away you suddenly come upon the daintiest and most flower-spangied village in England. It is a tiny collection of dependencies upon the manor of Ashby St. Ledgers; but there can nowhere else be found such flower-embowered homes. Just at the northern edge of this, the whole forming a striking background to the side broidery of one of the finest wide, high overarch-ings of ancient ash trees I have ever seen, first appears a huge wall, high, thick, ivy-hung and mossy. Surmounting this is a wonderfully picturesque old gatenouse with two stories of chambers and an attic—the veritable meeting room of the conspirators verificate meeting room of the conspirators in the noted Guy Fawkes—gunpowder plot of 1605—over a capacious archway, which formed the ancient sole entrance to the domain. Behind this are other venerable outbuildings, half a thousand years old and in perfect maze. To the right and higher shows a grim, square Norman tower and the mossy roof of the parish church. Behind and above all are the many massive gables of this mos splendidly fantastic manor house within the England mitiand shires. How glorious an historic romance could be wrought within Ashby St. Ledgers' grim and ghostly old

In the westeen and western midland shires of England are scores of ancient villages of restfulness and beauty, hidden coy from the globe-trotters' lorvuettes in the sunny hol-lows of the verdant hills. Old Broadway— "Bradweia" it once was, from the shepherds'
"cottes on the mounted welds down to the
most fruitful vales of Evesham"—is a lovely
type of them all. All its houses are picturesque. Indeed, here is one of the few ancient stone built villages of olden England, left precisely as its makers built it all the way from 300 to 500 years ago. On every side are high-pitched, gabled roofs, with wonderful stone and iron finials, multioned windows and bays, leaded casements con-taining the original glass, and huge, tail, stone chimney stacks—all weathered to most

Low stone walls in front inclose little old-world gardens with clipped and fancifully shaped yew trees. Its quaintest of histel-ries abound in bits of detul, old oak doors ries abound in bits of detail, old oak doors and hinges, old glass and casement fasten-ings and most curious chimney pieces, plas-ter ceilings and paneled rooms. Every house has flatheaded multiqued windows with massive wood interis instite and huge baulks of oak, roughly squared and moided over the ingles and fireplaces. In these saug old inns and in half the huge stone farmhouses roundabout, tradition will tell you. Charles I. or Elizabeth passed a night. How wise of them to do so if they had the

footing, time and will. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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send for circular. In Table Rock, Neb., the wife of the pres In Table Rock, Neb., the wife of the present republican postmaster, whose term has about expired, has appealed to the administration to let the office remain in the family because she is a stalwart democrat. Her case is not unlike one that attracted some attention in England recently. The occupant of a desirable postmastership there was about to be retired because of having reached the age limit, and his wife applied for and obtained the place. for and obtained the place.

RECASTING NEW ENGLAND

Mighty Changes Wrought Within the Las Forty Years.

IS IT DECADENCE OR DEVELOPMENT?

Transformation in Population, Politics, Industry, Education and Religion-Past and Present Conditions Compared -What of the Fature?

William DeWitt Hyde in April Forum. New England is being transformed in population, politics, industry, education, and religion. Ninety-eight per cent of the original population were of English extraction and remained so down to the beginning of the present century. Political life was intense, local, and almost socialistic in its minute regulation of private affairs by public authority. If a woman was a scold, if a man was a loafer, they were fined. If a dealer was convicted of "selling strong water at divers imes to such as were drunk with it, he knowing thereof," his strong water was delivered into the hands of the deacon for the benefit of the poor, and the man who "abused himself shamefully with drink" was compelled to stand in a public place with a sheet of paper on his back whereon the word "drankard" was written in great letters. With this searching severity in lealing with offenses within their own body there was combined the most sublime courage in opposing interference and encroach ment from without. Even in its infancy, the colony of Massachusetts Bay had the andacity to answer the demand of Charles I for its charter by making bullets a legal tenfor of the value of a farthing appear, that here might be plenty in case of need. Agriculture was the almost universal infustry. From this as a basis were developed gradually commerce and the arts. As

lonel T. W. Higginson has said: It is not yet fifty years since the people in our country villages lived by farming, the men making their own sleds, shingles, axlandles, seythes, brooms, oxbows, bread troughs and mortars, the women carding, spinning, braiding, binding and dyeing They sat around great fireplaces with hang-ing crane, firedogs, and spits turned by hand or by clockwork; they made their own talor by chickwork; they made their own tai-low candles, and used, even on festal occa-sions, wooden blocks or raw potatoes for candlesticks; they ate from pewter kept bright by the wild scouring rush (equise-tum); they doctored their own diseases by fifty different wild herbs, all gathered near home and all put up in bags for the winter or hung in dried bunches; they spun by hourglasses; they used dials or had noon marks at different points on the farm; in many cases they did not sit down to regular meals, but each took a bowl of milk and helped himself from a kettle of mashed potatoes or Indian pudding; soap was made at home, so were choese, pearl-ash, birch, vinegar, eider, beer, baskets, straw hats; each farm was a factory of odds and ends, a village store in itself, a laboratory of applied mechanics."

Education was plain and practical. The village school gave the rudiments of education to all, and the academy and college fitted for professional life the chosen few. Every-thing centered in religion. The meeting house was the center of the town; the bible was the statute book of the community; the ninister was the censor of society; membership in the church was the condition of suffrage in the state. In visible form for balf a century, in its invisible spirit for a century and a half more, the biblical com-monwealth endured. Within the last halfcentury the change has come.

Canadian Immigration.

Today one quarter of the population is of foreign birth; another quarter of foreign parentage; only one-half (fifty-two per cent, parentage; only one-half (lifty-two per cent, by the last census) are natives of native parentage. The population varies in the different states. Maine still has three-quarters native of native parentage; New Hampshire and Vermont, each three-fifths; Connecticut, one-half; Massachusetts and Rhode island, only two-fifths. One Rhode Island, only two-fifths. One tenth of the total population are French-Canadians, who are coming at the rate of 40,000 a year, with traditions of marvelous prolifickness, stimulated by royal encouragement as long ago as the days of Louis XIV, and fostered by legislative grants to fathers of large families down'to the present day; fortified against rapid assimilation by the triple armor of language, customs and religious faith, and inspired by dreams of a New France when New England shall be no more. The intensity of local po-litical life which found expression in the town meeting is being smothered in the ward caucus, diffused over the state, and absorbed in the nation. Selectmen, aldermen and representatives of the state legislatures are fre quently chosen without the

est reference to their views on town, city or state affairs, but solely because they belong to the national party which happens to be in a majority in the locality. Poor land and rich water, emigration to and competition from the west, rapid readjustment due to tariff legislation, false pride and social ambition on the part of the natives have combined to make manufacturing the leading industry, and then to turn it over, together with domestic service and manual labor of all kinds, to foreigners. The natives in the towns and cities, as rule, are either living on interest and rent, or are tradesmen, commercial travelers clerks, bookkeepers, agents, teachers and

Education is ornamental rather than practical. It relies on classes in physical culture and dancing for the development of physical vigor, instead of on chores and outdoor sports as formerly. It fits boys and girls to get their living in orna-mental and commercial ways. It does not impress the dignity of manual labor and the identity of the useful and the honorable Manual training is good as far as it goes; but it is by no means an equivalent for the practice in actually doing things that needed to be done which the boy got on the old-fash-

Religion has not that grasp on the com-munity as a whole and on the concrete rela-tions of every day life that it had formerly. Instead of the one powerful Puritan church, practically identical with the community which it served and ruled, we have a multi-tude of rival sects, each intent not so much on building up the community out of itself as on building up itself out of the community. Saving souls for heaven rather than estab lishing the kingdom of heaven among men is too frequently the chief concern. Since the days of Jonathan Edwards, discussions about virtue have taken the place of declar-ations of duty. Disinterested benevolence has been cultivated more than effective beneficence. Willingness to be damned for the glory of God rather than readiness to be criticised and misunder in the service of men has been the test of religious character.

Not a Misfortune.

The turning-in upon self which followed the overthrow of the Puritan theorracy was not altogether a misfortune. This is always the resort of strong spirits when the outward world goes against them. It is what the Stoics did when the republics of the old world went down. It has deepened New England thought and life. When the New Englander grapples with the realities of the outer world in ear aest, as in the struggle for independence and in the conflict. independence and in the conflict for slavery he is irresistible. But it takes a great provocation to draw him out of his shell. At pres-ent he seems to have nothing particular on hand. Extreme subjectivity and individualism characterizes the religious thought and life of New England today. By this I mean not morely that he does his own thinking on religious subjects, which is the very essence of Puritanism and highly desirable, but that has come to think too much about him selk his private prospects, his chances of probation here and hereafter, and does not think enough about those objective social in-stitutions and relations on which the salva-tion or spiritual well-being of society as a whole and of each individual member here and now depends.

The foreigner, on the other hand, brings with him a religion more compact in organ-ization and more strongly intreached in authority than that which the Puritan

authority than that which the Puritan brought to these shores. But the Roman Catholic church, in some of its branches, is already feeling the influence of our free thought and free institutions. It is as unfair to speak of the American Catholic church as a whole today as it is to speak of American Protestantism as a whole. There is a Romanist

element in the Roman Catholic church which element in the Roman Catholic church which is the bigoted, implarable foe of everything free, everything progressive, everything American—I mucht almost say everything human and divines that does not emanate from the vatican. And there is a Catholic element in the Roman Catholic church which is as broad and tolerant and caudid and truth-loving an patriotle as any that can be found among Preschet energy or Unitaring or found among Presbyterians or Unitarians or Agnostics. I know no nobler statement of the political and intellectual attitude of the true Christian church than that made by Bishop Spaiding at the laying of the corner

villages the weak churches must be left to starve to death by the withdrawal of missionary aid from the feeblest in every town where there are more than are needed or can be sustained. The stronger of these churches in each town must be strengthened by the absorption of the weaker, by the improvement of the quality of the ministry which this consolidation will make possible, and by the direction of effort to the concrete problems of the

of effort to the concrete problems of the community in which it is placed. The church in each town must measure its success by its service, by reforms in local politics, by improvements is charity and sanita-

tion, by support of libraries and schools, b the sweetening of family life and the refine

ment of social intercourse, by the respect it inspires for honest toil and the standard of righteousness it maintains; not merely by

the number it draws into its fold and the contributions it sends to the denominational treasury. Yet all this must be done, not as

the Puritan tried to do it, by law, under constraint through the state, but by love

with freedom through society. In each town the first of the sect thats rises to this conception of its duty should have the right

of way. It thereby will prove its claim to be the worthy successor of the Paritars.

Gain or Loss?

Whether the transformation of new Eng

Whether the transformation of now England is regarded as a gain or a less depends upon the point of view. That the average inhabitant is better housed, butter clothed, better fed, better informed, is of course beyond dispute. That with the development of commerce there has been a corresponding development of the commercial virtues, all gladly recognize. Man cannot live without bread, and the more bread he has the better. Yet man cannot live by bread alone. With the material gain there has come, temporarily at least, a spiritual loss. The New Englander feeds less than formerly upon "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." His spiritual needs find less complete satisfaction tonay than formerly. The early New Englander dwelt in constant communion and intimate fellow-

crly. The early New Englander dwelt in constant communion and intimate fellowship with God. He saw all things sub-specie actemitatis. No doubt his apprehension of spiritual things was one-sided and narrow and his expression of them crude and intolerant. But he did see spiritual things and made others see and feel their reality. His daily duties, his household tell, his work of farm and store and slop, were all performed under the great Taskmaster's eye. Into the humblest home, into the homelest details.

humblest home, into the homeliest details there came the high sense that the infinite and eternal God was to be glorified by fidelity

or dishourred by neglect; and thereby the life of the New Englander was lifted out of

the pottiness of his material and temporal limitations and set in the large and noble frame of the Divine purpose and plan. Life

to him was worth living, because it was lived in fellowship with God. He believe and practiced the doctrine that "man":

chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him

The directness and intensity of this im

mediate communion with God was facilitated for him by the absence of physical science and historical criticism. The passage from

and historical criticism. The passage from the confines of his little practical world to

the throne of God in heaven was easy be cause the great intervening regions, which

to our minds are occupied by philosophy, science, history and criticism, presented to him the pure transparency of almost empty

space. That these clouds should have combetween our eyes and the purely transcen-dent God of the Puritans is neither our mis-

fortune nor our fault. It was a necessary concomitant of the development of human

atelligence. That the change should bring

and of theological certitude was also inevi table. That these losses should damped enthusiasm and diminish interest in life

entiusiasm and diminish interest in life might have been anticipated, even if one had not seen it written in the desolation and decay that have stricken the domestic and social life of so many once happy homes and hopeful villages. It is futile for us to lament these clouds, as though they were a screen devised by the ovil one to hide God from our eyes; it is useless to try to find the Paritan's transcenter.

less to try to find the Paritan's transcendent God once more behind them. They are too thick for unceasoning faith to penetrate. Our tast must be to find our God, not behind these clouds on the throne of some heaven re-

mote from earth in space and time, but to find Him in that beneficent order which science

increasingly reveals and through that be

nevolent purpose which history progressively unfolds. As with all sudden access of knowledge, the opening of New Eng-land to the influence of the great world without has brought with it for the

time a spiritual fall. When, however, the fruit of this new knowledge shall be fully

assimilated, when the complexity of our new

fully mastered, we may hope to see restored the old intensity of faith and enthusiasm of life which made great and glorious the souls of Pilgrim and Puritan; yet without that narrowness of mind and limitation of view which rendered many of their acts ignoble

and repulsive.

In the conflict of ideas, in the struggles of

institutions for existence, the fittest will survive. If the native New Englander loses

his intense interest in local affairs because they are no longer so simple as they used to be; if he shirks hard work in farm and factory for soft places in offices and stores; if he seeks polish rather than power in education; if he loses the trictness of Puritan morality without

gaining the inspiration of altruistic ethics; if he wraps his religious aspirations in the napkin of individual salvation or hides them

within the confines of sectarian exclusive ness, then the descendants of the Purituus

and their institutions with them will perish

If, however, he takes up the problems of

If, however, he takes up the problems of town, city and state, not less but more easerly because they are memoers of a mighty nation; if he is willing to do his share of the rough, hard work; if he edu-cates himself for service rather than for show; if he puts the enthusiasm of human-ity behind his morality and sets the ideal of

ity behind his morality and sets the ideal of social service before his religion, then it will matter little whether the lineal descendants of the Puritans constitute a majority or a minority of the population. The institutions of the Puritan thus apprehended, invig-orated and sustained will survive by virtue of their intrinsic fitness, and will endure as a perpetual blessing to whatever races of men may hereafter dwell man these shorts.

nen may hereafter dwell upon these shores

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are used in the preparation of

stone of the Catholic University: Attitude of the Catholic Church.

The tendency of our age is opposed to "The tendency of our age is opposed to birotry, and as we lose faith in the justice and efficacy of persecution we perceive more clearly that true religion can neither be propagated nor defended by vio lence and intolerance by appeals to sectarian bitterness and national hatred. The special significance of our American Catholic history lies in the fact that our example proves that the church can thrive where it is neither protected nor persecuted, but is simply left to itself to manage its own affairs and todo its own age. Seek an own affairs and to do its own work. Such an experiment had never been made when we experiment had never been made when we became an independent people, and its success is of worldwide import, because this is the modern tendency and the position toward the church which all the nations will sooner or later assume, just as they all will be forced finally to accept popular rule. The great underlying principle of democracy, that men are brothers and have equal rights, and that God eighbs the sood with freedom. and that God clothes the soul with freedom, is a truth taught by Christ, is a truth pro-claimed by the church. To be catholic is to be drawn, not only to the love of wintever is good and beautiful, but also to the love of is good and beautiful, but also to the love of whatever is true; and to do the best work the Catholic church must fit herself to a constantly changing environment, to the character of every people and the wants of every age. We must recognize that though the truth of religion be unchangeable the mind of man is not so, and that the point of view varies from records to the order and from mind of man is not so, and that the point of view varies from people to people and from age to age. Science is the widening thought of man, working on the hypothesis of universal intelligibility toward universal intelligence, and teligion is the soul escaping from the labyrinth of matter to the light and love of the Infinite; and on the heights they meet and are at peace. Let us, then, teach ourselves to see things as they then, teach ourselves to see things as they are, without preoccupation or misgivings, lest what is should ever make it impossible is gain. The evils that spring from enlight-enment of mind will find their remeily in greater enlightenment. Men have ceased to greater enightenment. Men have ceased to care for the bliss there may be in ignorance, and those who dread knowledge, if such there still be, are as far away from the life of this century as the dead whose bones crumoled to dust a thousand years ago. Those who praise the bliss and worth of ignorance are sophists. Stupidity is more to be dreaded than malignity, for ignorance, and not malice is the most fruitful care of and not malice, is the most fruitful cause of human misery. Let knowledge grow, let truth prevail. Since God is God, the uni-verse is good, and the more we know of its laws the plainer will the right way become This is a long way in advance of the ideas of the relation of church to state and of the mind of man to the truth which the early Puritans entertained; and it would not be difficult to find Protestant bodies in New England today which fall fur short of this high sense of the sacredness of things secular and the divinceess of things human and the certain beneficence of the results of scientific research and critical inquiry. Were such Catholicism as this to supersede Puritanism

not be in all respects a loss.

As to population and the power which resides in the majority, the predominance of the descendants of the French and the Irish who have arrived since 1850 over the descend ants of the Pilgrins and Puritans who came previous to 1640 is a foregone conclusion This fact should warn us against all appeals to race prejudice and religious fanaticism. Not thus can we avert the influence of those who before the year 1900 will constitute the majority of New England's population.

in New England the transformation would

What Will be the Outcome?

Will the native or the foreign predom-nate? We must answer in detail. The perpetuity of American political institutions is well assured. That assurance lies not in the exclusive control of native Americans, but in the intelligent and hearty participation of foreigners in the administration of local government. Official responsibility and netive bright and eager learners in that school. This activity is not evidence of sinister ec-clesiastical schemes, but simply the expression of a racial instinct long repressed. The French have less disposition and capacity for political life, but they are eminently peaceable and law-alading.

Industrially, the foreigner will conquer. Manual labor tends to vigor and reproduction: easy ways of getting a living tend to de terioration and sterility. Hard work, steady pay, regular savings and large families are giving to the foreigner the industrial futur New England. It is easy to get cream from milk, not so easy to get milk from cream. You can make good storekeepers and insurance agents and milliners and typewriters out of the sons and daughters of th farmer and mechanic. You cannot make goot salesmen and good farmers' wives out of the sons and daughters of mechanics and bookkeepers. Faise industrial standards and social pride are fast robbing New Engand boys and girls of their industrial in-

The American ideal of free secular educa tion by the state is too deeply rooted in New England to be overthrown. The right of the family and church to determine the religious education of their children must be frankly admitted. Protestants must recognize re-spect, and perhaps emulate, the genuineness of the Catholie's concern for the religious training of his children. Notwithstanding the obvious hardship of double taxation, the Catholic must recognize and accept the im Catholic must recognize and accept the im-practicability of any form of state aid to ec-clesiastical instruction in a community of such a diversity of faiths as New England. Let the public and the parochial school struggle for existence freely and fairly side by side. If the graduates of the parochial schools prove equally intelligent and more devout, the Protestant clergy will have to establish parochial schools for their people. If the graduates of the public schools prove to be equally virtuous and better equipped for practical life, Catholic laymen will offer their priests the alternative of public school free or something equally valuable if they must pay for them.

Elements of Success.

The religious methods of both native and foreigner will have to be modified in order to endure. If the Romanist element in the Roman Catholic church predominates and undertakes to make the state subservient to the temporal interests of the church, ther the Roman hierarchy will fare no better than did the Puritan theocracy. Free discussion in the state and the scientific method in the school are absolutely fatal to ecclesiastical pretensions. If the Catholic element in the Pretensions. If the Cathone element in the Roman Catholic church predominates, and that church proves-its power to administer to the spiritual moods of plain men and women more helpfully than the aristocratic and speculative Protestant societies, it has and speculative Protestant societies, it has a large career of usefulness before it and will deserve the best wishes of all who have at heart the welfare of New England. The Protestant churches must rise above the spirit, if not the form, of sec-tarianism. These sects stand for the special emphasis of particular aspects of Christian faith and life; they have their justification in the circumstances which called them into being as protests against error or witnesses for neglected truths, and in their appeals to different temperaments, different degrees of mental culture and social refinement. The mischief of sectarianism lies not so much the different aspects of truth and life for which they stand as in the lack of responsi-bility for the welfare of society, which in different degrees, is common to them all. They seek first to get adherents and contri-They seek first to get adherents and contri-butions out of the community, rather than to put influence and inspiration into it. This instinct of self-preservation, as dis-tinct from the impulse to social service, is the inevitable result of the feebleness consequent upon the minute subdivision of the church. It is less manifest in cities, where separate churches would be a present upon the present of the church in the supersent of the church is the supersent of the su manifest in cities, where separate churches would be a necessity apart from sectarian divisions. In the country it is fatal to the largest usefulness. A church that is so small that it is compelled to think of itself first, to regard other churches as rivals with it for subsistence, and to depend on charity to keep itself alive, cannot be great in spirit nor powerful for good.

The modern Protestant church, like its Puritan predecessor, must assume responsibility for the well-being of the whole community in which it is placed. Competition

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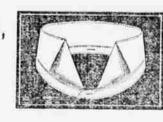
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