TEA WITH MRS. LANGTRY AT SHERRY'S

The Concert for the Benefit of the Hospital Ship Maine Promises to Be a Great Social and Financial Success.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

So soon the poetess, and in harmony with it Mrs. Hugo de Bathe—better known, to be sure, as Lily Langtry—has labored so ardently, early and late, for several weeks to make a success of her tea concert at Sherry's next Tuesday afternoon, the receipts of which are to go to the fund of the hospital boat Maine, on board of which skilled surgeons will take care of wounded Boers and Englishmen alike.

"I do want to have me such a great success," the famous English beauty said when I saw her in her salon at the Hotel Savoy-Berg. The artless bodice and graceful Italy mantled the soft outline that solely supported her lithe figure. "The hospital ship Maine was at Durban a few days ago with hundreds of wounded soldiers on board, skilled attendants ministering to their needs. Her errand is one of mercy to Boer or English, to prisoner of all for consolation who may need succor.

"This is what I desire to impress upon those who are so good as to come forward with their financial assistance and with donations that amount to the same thing, for they will all be turned into money. There can be no feeling on the false ground of friendship or belief that the Maine is intended simply to help the wounded English. The mission is precisely the same as that of the Red Cross. Our requests for donations have met, without a single exception, with liberal and prompt responses, and professional men and women have volunteered their services, so that the programme for the platform performance will be exceptionally good.

Mrs. Langtry will recite Kipling's "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and if that in itself were not true enough, she will also give Mrs. Arthur Hunter's new poem, "The Women of Britain," which is now being recited in London, where, indeed, it has become the rage of fad. The verses were received by Mrs. Langtry two or three days ago having been forwarded to her by cable. I was told, to the committee of the South African Hospital Ship Fund. The verses are of remarkable merit and give Mrs. Langtry a splendid opportunity for displaying her dramatic talents. Mrs. Langtry consented to the publication of the verses in The Sunday Republic, and they are given herewith.

The large concert-room at Sherry's will be prettily decorated with palms and plants, and it will be in that newly created corner the platform will be on which the artists and artistes will appear. Those who have offered and had their services accepted and their selections are in this programme:

Mr. Dan Thomas.
"Are You Thinking of Me, Only?" ..... Stoll
Miss Genevieve de Vere Sullivan.
Mr. Leo Stern, violinist.
Recitation (a) Selected ..... Gabriel
Miss Margaret Lemon.
Master Karl Guthrie.
Miss Jane Chase, Contralto, op. 26 ..... Woolstein
Mr. Maurice Fischer.
"Nora Aleene Waltz" ..... Meacham
Miss Mary Irwin.
(a) Lullaby Nightcap ..... Herbert
(b) Alsatia, Not Passed Made Valuable White
Mr. Frederick Knorr, pianist.
Miss Elsie Van Den Hende, violoncello.
Miss Rose Cutler.
Mr. George Stonemann, Jr.
"Lady Bird, Fly" ..... Nugent
Mrs. Langtry.
"The Absent Minded Beggar" ..... Kipling
"The Women of Britain," Mrs. Arthur Hunter.
Sister Act.
"Indian Song, Parfumed" ..... Lehmann
Miss Anna May.
Mr. Eric Hope, violoncello.
Miss Alice Brooke.
"Big Bee" ..... Reginald De Koven
Mr. Neal O. Goodwin.
"Dutch Heaven" ..... Kepper
Miss Ida Fassett, soprano.
Mr. John Jolly, Nat. Acad. of the English Music Hall Stage, comedian, singer.
"Sweetness Phase" ..... Jolly Quartet
Mr. Melville Ellis.
Mr. Louis Kenyon.

It will be at the afternoon tea tables in the upper rooms that the Theosophs and the social leaders will meet, elbow to elbow, in acquaintance and in laughter, for, mind you, those who will bring the dainty cups and saucers of steaming brew will be the handsome society women who are known only to most of us now across the footlights. And all favorites, too. It was impossible to obtain an accurate list of the actresses yesterday who, like health, have consented to will on good appetite.

This scene will be but a few steps from what is to be known as the American bar, where, at your liking, you may have your favorite beverage served at a buffet or at one of the many small tables that will be arranged about the room. The Earl of Yarmouth has taken this feature in charge, and loyally will superintend the making of concoctions to one's liking. One may call for a good, old-fashioned Manhattan cocktail and get it, and it will be put together by some person, not of the theatrical profession, but well known in the fashionable salons of the city, for I was assured that several of the scions of the circles of the social elect have agreed to assist His Lordship the Earl of Yarmouth. But, alas! the names are withheld.

If the visitor's fancy leads him to seek that which is low, but promises to be palatable, it can be had a sherry cobbler or a "mixture of love, a desperate smile, the regrettable pick me up," "the little sensation," "the Sapho toddy," "the Sherlock cocktail," "the Fifth avenue trip," the "Lipton green teaser," or one of a dozen other mixtures that will be first heard of at Mrs. Langtry's tea concert.

All the matinee idols have promised to officiate as ushers or stewards, and so the visitor will be guided by Faversham, Gillette, Harry Woodruff, Fred Cary, Wallace Eddinge, Worthing, "Jack" Mason, Philip Cunningham, Guy Standing, Arthur Boucicault, Al Hayman, and one of two score others I might mention.

Of the twelve private boxes Mrs. Astor, Mrs. George J. Gould and Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., have each taken one, and the remaining nine will be occupied by equally well known persons. A souvenir programme has been prepared by Alfred Chasseraye. The cover will have a sketch of Mrs. Langtry made from life, in which she is dressed in her Khaki nurse's uniform, the same worn by Mrs. Langtry in "Comrades in Khaki."

PATRONESSES OF MRS. LANGTRY'S CONCERT.

LADY PAUNCEFOTE,
MRS. ASTOR,
MRS. G. CAVENDISH BENTINCK,
LADY ARTHUR BUTLER,
MRS. CHARLES BUTTERS,
MRS. CHARLES CARROLL,
LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL,
MRS. PELHAM CLINTON,
COUNTESS CRAVEN,
LADY CUNARD,
MRS. J. S. CURTIS,
VISCOUNTESS DEERHURST,
HON. MRS. HERBERT EATON,
LADY GREY EGERTON,
COUNTESS OF ESSEX,
MRS. STUYVESANT FISH,
MRS. MORETON FREWEN,
MRS. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY,
MRS. OGDEN GOELET,
MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD,
MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT,
PRINCESS HATZFELDT,
HON. MRS. MICHAEL HERBERT,
LADY HESKETT,
MRS. HENRY HIGGINS,
MRS. DE LANCEY KANE,
MRS. J. E. KEENOCHAN,
HON. MRS. CHARLES LAWRENCE,
HON. MRS. DUDLEY LEIGH,
HON. MRS. ROLAND LEIGH,
MRS. FORBES LEITH,
MRS. JACK LESLIE,
MRS. WILLIAM LOW,
DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,
LILY DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,
MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN,
MRS. HIRAM MAXIM,
MRS. HERBERT ST. JOHN MILDMAY,
MRS. OGDEN MILLS,
LADY MOLESWORTH,
MRS. JORDAN L. MOTT,
MRS. SAMUEL NEWHOUSE,
LADY NORTHCOTE,
MRS. PADELFORD,
MRS. ARTHUR PAGET,
MRS. FREDERICK POST,
MRS. WHITELAW REID,
MRS. J. RITCHIE,
MRS. RONALDS,
MRS. SCARISBRICK,
MRS. FARIE SINGER,
COUNTESS STAFFORD,
MRS. P. C. VAN RENSSELAER,
HON. MRS. WILLIAM VERNON,
MME. VON ANDRE,
MRS. WHITNEY WARREN,
LADY WATERLOW,
MRS. ADAIR.

PARSONS AT SEA.

Sailors Decidedly Opposed to Carrying Clerical Passengers.

I have observed that merchant skippers, almost without exception, have a great dislike to having parsons aboard. Navy men, owing to their respect for the Queen's regulations, do not care to talk on the subject. The commanders of big liners are also rather shy about discussing the subject. I once wished one a pleasant voyage. "Pleasant voyage!" he retorted savagely. "That's likely, ain't it, when there's three parsons shipped, and one of them a Bishop!" Here his feelings became too much for him, and he called to the steward to refill the glasses. I was not surprised to hear that a cylinder blew off in the bay. Sitting in my club one night, a skipper came in. I shook him by the hand and hoped he had had a good voyage. "Voyage!" he replied, in heart-rending tones. "Don't call it that. I've never had such a dog's time in my life. Got two parsons aboard at Sydney and another at King George's Sound, and blame me if two missionaries did not join at Colombo! Never sailed a ship with five parsons before. I'll break an arm or a leg and get out ashore."

But to see the prejudice in all its glory one must talk to the masters of ocean tramps. I have known of one case in which a skipper feigned serious illness sooner than take command when he found that five missionaries were booked as passengers, and two of them ladies. As it happened, the ship had a particularly bad voyage, and the unlucky missionaries had more than one very near squeak for their lives.

Once a case was quoted to me as showing great presence of mind and seamanship on the part of the skipper. The ship had a couple of parsons on board, and, as the crew expected, the voyage was disastrous. The misfortunes culminated in the decks being swept, and three men washed overboard. One was a parson who ought to have been below. After this weather subsidiary abated, and the ship came safe to land. I remarked that the parson ought to have been under the hatches. "Ah!" replied the old sailor who told me, "Captain S. is a good man. He talked it over with the mates, and there seemed nothing else to be done. So they got him up on purpose. Better one man than a whole company, and the parson ought to have been prepared, while it wasn't in reason that the whole crew should be."

I have noticed that it is among the officers of boats trading to the West African coast that the prejudice against parsons passengers is strongest. I was on a ship down this coast, and one night when chatting with the skipper he said that his vessel had never had a serious mishap. This is how he accounted for it: "The ship is a beauty," he said, "and as soon as she was launched I foresaw the necessity of her getting a bad name among parsons and such like. As luck would have it, on her first voyage a missionary shipped. All the other passengers left at the Canaries. Of course, we had bad weather, and he had a bad voyage. I mentioned it to the chief officer, and he tipped a wink to the steward, who, I fancy, sent a word to the cook. When we put him ashore he was as thin as a herring, and he made a lot of complaints and threatened to write to the owners. All I said was that I hoped he would do his duty to the poor heathen as well as I had done mine to the owners. But he talked ashore, and he wrote to his society, and my ships have been avoided like the plague by parsons ever since, and that's how it is I have been so lucky."

On the return voyage, however, as it happened, not one port he had to take on board a lady missionary whose health had broken down. The weather was very nasty, indeed; still, the vessel arrived in the Thames without any serious disaster. Oddly enough, he was compelled to take out a couple of parsons the very next voyage; and the ship got ashore and became a total wreck—no lives, however, being lost. Skippers have told me that, danger apart, parsons are not desirable passengers; they interfere too much. One told me that the wife of one clerical gentleman insisted on holding little religious conversations with the stewards and the crew, and giving them tracts till they nearly had a mutiny. At length he found her trying to improve the moral condition of the steerman, when he threatened that if he caught her aloft of the funnel again he would put her in irons, after which she subsided. I have often had ludicrous stories of parsonic interference told me. One man gravely remonstrated with the skipper for working on Sundays, and wanted him to send all the men aft for a service. The skipper told him he was quite welcome to hold the service, and that the sailors who were not in their bunks or otherwise engaged might go. "Did they?" I asked. "I'd like to have seen them!" he replied grimly. "I kept them too thunderling busy. The parson waited an hour and a half, and as no one went grave he said, 'God never tried again.'"
—London Church Gazette.

UNIQUE INDIAN BIBLES.

They Reveal the Religious Beliefs of the Yaquis.

Two of the most peculiar volumes ever compiled in the name of religion have passed from their position of possession into the keeping of a San Francisco man, Mr. Luis Lodiza. They were taken from the dead body of a Yaqui Indian, an unordained priest, or "maestro," who was shot by Mexican regulars during the last insurrection of his tribe.

These curious books reveal the religious beliefs and ceremonies of the Yaquis. The maestro to whom they belonged was one of a band of Indian marauders that had been devastating the country as they passed through it and committing all kinds of atrocities while on their way to join the remainder of the tribe. The maestro had apparently forgotten his priestly calling, for he was fighting with the utmost ferocity when killed. After he fell the holy scriptures were found by a soldier next to his murder-loving heart.

The maestro was an artist of considerable imagination and a technique of his own, as his conception of Christ on the cross, St. John, St. Gregory and the Deity show. His idealization of the ascension, the victory of the cross over sin, and doomsday is pathetic in its crudity. A draped cloth over the cross to prevent the wrapping of the body of Jesus in myrtle and sepulcher, according to St. John xix, 40, proves that the maestro must have been a student. It is to be hoped that if he has reached heaven the archangels Michael, Gabriel and Raphael have forgiven him for his outlandish portraits of them.

Father Demasini of the Jesuit Church, to whom these books were submitted for inspection, says that such drawings were never authorized by the head of the church, and that, unless one knew the Latin mass by heart, it would be almost impossible to attempt a translation or interpretation of the book containing it. The mass seems to him to have been taken down while listening to the priest, the words are disconnected, syllables being joined to the wrong words and producing a curious jumble.

The Spanish book is a little better, but occasionally a word occurs which is known only to the understanding of the Yaquis. Both volumes are put together with infinite neatness and painstaking care; are written and printed with a pen, every stroke of which evidences a labor of love and reverence for the task. The frontispiece, in red and black ink, is "fearfully and wonderfully made." The cover of one is of gaudy red calico, bound with black and red cotton skirt braid.—San Francisco Examiner.

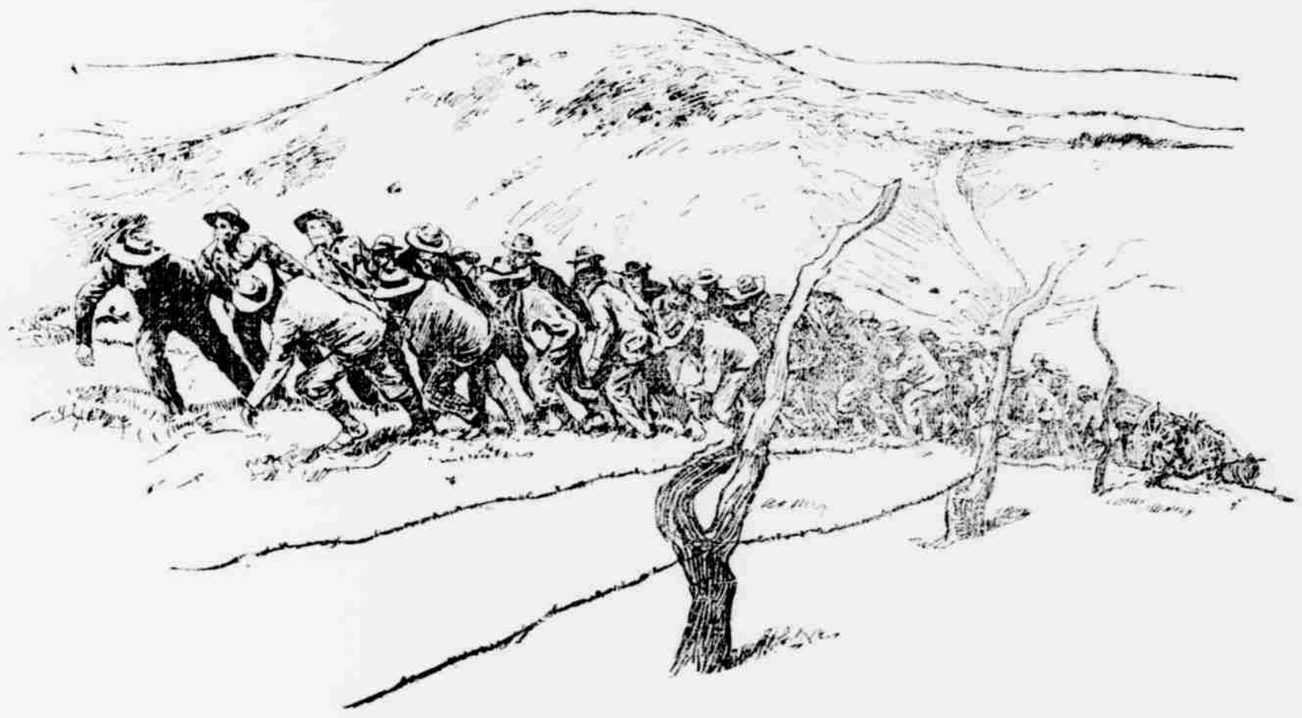
"Tea" School.

The oddest school in the United States is now in daily session at Pinehurst, Summerville, S. C., says the New York Journal. Uncle Sam's paternal and financial part in the institution makes it of interest to the nation.

It is situated in the heart of the tea lands about Summerville, and its odd feature is the curriculum. Under the supervision of a competent teacher thirty South Carolina pickaninnies are taught the three old-fashioned R's—"readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic"—and tea picking. And the last is not the least important study.

The rapid development of tea raising in the South has received additional impetus from the announced intention of Sir Thomas Lipton to invest $50,000 in tea culture in South Carolina. Sir Thomas is familiar with the soil and climatic conditions of the State, having at one time worked as a laborer on a tea plantation in Georgetown County.

The United States Department of Agriculture is taking a lively interest in the "tea school," and has given it financial aid.



HOW THE BOERS MOVE THEIR GUNS FROM POSITION TO POSITION.
—Sketched From a Photograph.

THE WOMEN OF BRITAIN.

BY

ETHL M. DE FONBLANQUE.

(MRS. ARTHUR HARTER.)

A word for the women of Britain,
Who bid their beloved goodby,
The husbands, the brothers, the sons who go forth
To fight and to conquer, or die.
A word for the women of Britain
Who part with the friend they love best,
And, fighting their fears, smile an through their tears
When he, too, goes on with the rest.

'Tis hard for the women of Britain
Who stay when their warriors go,
The men who set forth pre-eager and proud
To measure their might with the foe
For the men there's the passion of peril
That lightens the hardship they bear,
For what can't they stand with a comrade at hand,
The death or the honor to share?

For them there's the strain of the battle,
And the joy of the chase at its height,
The cry of the clan, the shout of the man,
And the fury and throb of the fight,
In the clamor and clash of encounter
There is valor and glory—or death!
With the thought of the woman who loves them
To hallow their last dying breath.

But what for the women of Britain?
Ah! they need our pity the most!
In their desolate home they are waiting for news
Of the dear one who dies at his post.
For theirs is the wearied mind,
Long visits of pain day and night,
Sick at heart and alone, they pray as they's throw
For the men whom they love in the fight.

And this is the word for the women
Whose loved ones are far, far away,
That the work to be done for those who remain
None else can accomplish but they.
And this is the work of the women
Brave women of generous soul,
To take each her share of the struggle they bear,
And lighten the grief of the world.

The gentle are heeding the simple
Love and sympathy heal all pride
And hearts find relief in the union of grief,
When the men fight and die side by side.
All the women of Britain are equal,
For the men share alike in the fray,
And the rich and the poor are just sisters
In the hearts of the nation today.

A HALF-CENTURY KEEPSAKE.

Clipping From a Newspaper of January 1, 1850.

Two sweet-faced old sisters—one a bedridden invalid for seven years—keep house together in a cozy little ground-floor flat at No. 136 West Sixty-third street, where they have a veritable museum of interesting mementoes of the past. They are Miss Anna R. Cornwall and Miss Sar Cornwall, daughters of Henry Cornwall, professor of chemistry at Princeton University.

Not the least treasured of Miss Anna's possessions is a quaint old needlework window was never used, but treasured as a keepsake. From its folds as she lay on her bed of sickness last night she drew this newspaper clipping from a New Year's number of a New York newspaper, which, when she first put it away in that place as a girl of 12, she determined should be kept there if possible until the present holiday season, when she would again read it and with the realization of passing time compare the feelings it would now evoke with the hopes it then raised in her childish bosom:

"EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY.

"Blessed be the young eyes that shall see its future through of fifty years! Blessed be the ears that shall hear the clock strike the century hour of Nineteen Hundred! Blessed be those who shall ascend that Pisgah's top of fifty years and look over the pathway of humanity to this hour, and contemplate its great progress points and the events of happy augury and impulse which shall divide the distance, like illuminated milestones along the road! And blessed be the eyes that shall look forward from that sublime standpoint, and see what God has prepared for human vision within the horizon of that distant city day.

"And many eyes now fixed upon these lines will see it at day, and contemplate its past and future, and some of the gray-headed men and women of that epoch may remember these words in connection with this anniversary. For there are thousands of young minds on both sides of the Atlantic who have learned to sympathize with the spirit of the philanthropic movements of the present day.

"The man who had borne the brunt and burden of these movements may be permitted by Jesus even little way into the Canaan of the next half century; but, one by one, they will disappear, and the ark of the cause be transferred to the shoulders of those now in the morning of life. Children of to-day! Fathers of the first men of 1900! God and humanity expect that you will do your duty, and be true to your high trust and vocation."

Miss Anna is cheerful in spite of her affliction, but after she had read it over she said that when she was a girl she had been thought very progressive, but after all she was not sure that progress had accomplished all it promised, and that the old ways did not bring more happiness. "But," she said, "there is nothing original in that. It was the way that nearly all feel, and I suppose that the children of 1900 will be saying the same thing when they have seen the end of the half-century."

The Misses Cornwall are the daughters of the late Reverend Doctor Nathaniel Ellsworth Cornwall, who was for nineteen years rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Southport, in the town of Fairfield, Conn., and there it was that the clipping was filed away. The needlework was a present to Miss Anna from her paternal grandfather on her tenth birthday. Miss Sara is a poetess, and her story volume, "Roses and Myrtle," is now in its third edition. They lived in the stage-coach days in Connecticut and have always been great newspaper readers.

Mute Congress.

The deaf mute press is at present full of references to the coming World's Congress, to be held in Paris early in August, 1900. In addition to the gathering of deaf mutes there will be a convention of teachers, whose special work is the education of this class of the community beyond reach of the ordinary appliances of the educational art.

Papers of vital interest to the "silent world" will be presented by deaf mutes of different nationalities. They will be bound for distribution and future reference. They will mark the great strides that have been made in education since the parent school was started in Paris in 1778, to which Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet went in 1816, and from which he brought to America as his assistant Professor Laurent Clerc, a highly educated deaf mute.

Several American deaf mutes will prepare papers for this congress. Among them the Reverend Angelo W. Mann will present "The Religious Life of the Deaf"; the Reverend J. M. Koehler, "The Social Condition of the Adult Deaf."

WHAT WOULD THE MASTER DO IF HE EDITED A DAILY NEWSPAPER?

The Question Seriously Considered by a Clergyman and Journalist.

The author of "He Has Risen" has been asked to write a newspaper as he thinks Jesus would do it, and a number of Brooklyn pastors, in common assembled, have approved the idea and wished prosperity to the enterprise.

Mr. Sheldon's guide is twice stipulated—first in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and, allowing some latitude for freedom of interpretation, it is perhaps possible to anticipate some of the man editor's issues.

The thought of Jesus editing a newspaper is not so novel as it appears at first sight. There were no newspapers in His day, but the preachers took the place to some extent of the modern newspaper. In Luke viii, 1, it is stated that Jesus "went through every city and village preaching and showing the glad tidings of the kingdom of God." He told the people the news as he understood it, one difficulty, however, which the modern editor who should attempt to shape his paper according to the example of Jesus would meet is that the times and conditions under which Jesus moved and acted were far simpler than ours, and, while human nature has not altered very materially since then, being actuated by the same passions and the same ambitions 1900 has taken on a complexity which could hardly have been conceived of three hundred years ago. Still, much can be gathered from the deeds and thoughts with which Jesus is credited in the Gospels.

In the first place Jesus would have need illustrations in His paper, for His sermons are all remarkable for their wealth of illustration, and if he could have published His "solid sermons" in a newspaper he would have illustrated his parable of the prodigal son, the lilies of the field and all that long line of teachings which are treasured by young and old alike for the power of their imagery. He did all that he could in His day, for he would draw the pictures, and his whole theme in his sermons on right living.

It is really surprising, when the Gospels are studied with an eye to ascertaining what subjects were touched upon by Jesus, to see how varied and modern are the matters of His discourses and the application of His parables. He recognized the value of publicity for preserving morality. If he were alive to-day none would be so ready to recognize the value of the great newspaper to the community in which it is published. We need not wait for the judgment day now to realize the dictum, "Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed from the housetops" (Luke, xii, 3).

Would Jesus have published a Sunday newspaper? If the expression of His opinion as found in the Gospels counts for an indication, we are tempted to believe that he would have done so. He did not hesitate to heal men on the Sabbath (John, vii, 23, saying: "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day" (Matt., xii, 12), and if He preached and healed on the Sabbath He would not have hesitated to publish his newspaper, his preaching and his healing in print, on the Sabbath. Mr. Sheldon will issue a Sunday edition of the paper in which he is to act as editor for a week, and to base the best scriptural authority therefor.

Not would Jesus edit and write his paper entirely alone, for even in his day he had a staff of assistants in the twelve apostles that would make quite an effective editorial and reportorial staff on his modern newspaper. He would then go to do his work among men and preach his doctrines, and the instructions given to them might serve as model to his followers of to-day. He selected his disciples from all walks of life, just as the wise editor chooses men assigned to the various departments of his paper.

Moral but Not Religious.

This paper, conducted by Jesus, would not be a religious paper, like the organs of the various religious denominations of our day. It would be permeated by the spirit of its editor in chief, and its editorial page especially would take high moral ground, but it would be a very interesting paper to read. It would have the news of all the world. It would put this news in the most telling shape—so simple a child could understand it, for it is possible that the paper edited by Jesus would be called sensational by some persons, because it would tell the truth—and nothing is so sensational as the truth. It would not make vice alluring by treating it tenderly, but every crime would be called by its true name in the news columns, and serve as a text for sharp, pointed editorials.

Jesus's paper would be an independent paper, sacrificing none of the convictions of the editor to policy or party, for he did not sacrifice any of his convictions to the majority around him when he spoke to men.

Jesus's paper would be very popular with the workingmen, and very few of the wealthy would care to peruse its editorials—for the advice given to the wealthy young man to sell his possessions and distribute his money to the poor would not be any better received by the gilded youth of today than it was by those of his time. Still, some of the wealthy might slyly buy a copy "just to see what he's got to say"—and then go about and denounce his doctrines as dangerous and anarchistic.

His paper would contain all the news of the police courts, for Jesus was very deeply interested in crime and criminals, discussing all the misdeeds covered by the Ten Commandments. He would have full reports of divorce proceedings, and would lead the attack on existing loose methods of granting divorces (Matt. v, 32). This paper would have a record of all cases of assault and battery, but according to the teachings of Jesus, for whom it was never ever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," the editorial comments on the occurrence would be different from most of those printed in our papers.

He would not give much space to church news, nor would he publish the lists of the patrons of charity balls and the like, for Jesus said: "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men." The church fairs might be mentioned, but hardly in a very commendatory way.

A very large amount of space would certainly be devoted to the advance of medical science, for most of the miracles related of Jesus have to do with his healing of the sick. Faith cure would certainly be handled discreetly and either warmly approved or strongly denounced.

"The workman is worthy of his hire," is the guide which Jesus would set for his editorial writers and reporters, and doubtless the accounts of all labor movements would find space and editorial comment in his journal.

War News Would Be in It.

Many may doubt whether, at the present juncture, Jesus would give much space to war news, but such hesitation need not be long after reading: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword." And, although the reference of this verse is undoubtedly to the dissensions which are to arise upon the introduction of the reform which Jesus advocates, he would give no little attention to the consideration of the causes of war and the methods by which wars are prosecuted.

It is probable that Jesus's newspaper would devote just as much or more attention to private matters, for he frequently touches upon such questions as disputes within families—"I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

The editorial writers of this paper would have two notices placed prominently before their eyes. They would read "Practical Charity" and "Our Duty to the Children," and the instructions from the editor-in-chief would be: "Editorials at least once or twice a week on each one of these topics." Any one who recollects the incident of the loaves and fishes will easily understand how deep Jesus's interest was in providing for the bodily needs of the poor.

Every one of the gospels refers in some way to children, for the interest of Jesus in the little ones was deep. Jesus's paper would call down on the head of the man who offended one of these little ones that it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea. "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Here is sufficient proof of the large amount of space which would be devoted to the subject of child culture, including under the physical, mental and moral development of children. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would have a hearty advocate in this paper, and any one who failed in his duty to his child would have a earth cell to be put behind.

The sin of the world would be noticed in the paper, for Jesus found fault with the hypocrites of his day, who could "discern the face of the sky, but not the signs of the times." In this respect Jesus's paper might lead all the rest, recognizing, as it would, the solidarity of the world and the momentous importance of the "signs of the times."

Would Attack Monetary Abuses.

The application of that important incident in Jesus's career when he "cast out all them that bought and sold in the Temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and said unto them, 'It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves,'" may be either broadened or narrowed. Taken in its widest sense, it would indicate that this newspaper would attack every monetary abuse to be found in the churches of the day, whether it be the rental of pews or the control of the councils of some churches by men with more wealth than spiritual power. Even in its narrowest sense this incident points to a sharp criticism of the worst of these religious abuses.

It would be doing Jesus a great injustice to think that his paper would not contain very much more than moral considerations. He saw the importance of conforming to the laws of the land, when he insisted upon "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," meaning the taxes, and it is therefore clear that this paper would consider all questions of taxation and valuation, just as the best of our journals do.

He who related the parable of the talents would not neglect business interests in his paper, for if that parable meant anything, it meant that it was a man's duty to use his ability in a business way for the increasing of the capital which had been intrusted to him, whether that capital was money or brains. So it would be permissible to conclude that this newspaper would contain full market reports—even an account of the dealings on Wall street.

"MR. SHELDON'S PROPOSITION IS A BLASPHEMOUS ADVERTISING SCHEME."

BY E. W. HOWE.

Editor of the Atchison (Kas.) Globe.

I cannot understand why the Reverend Charles M. Sheldon does not attempt to reform the church and clergy, rather than the newspapers, which are doing very well. No intelligent man will question that the newspapers are improving, that they are growing in favor with the people, as well as in usefulness. But how about the clergy?

In the North American Review the Reverend Minot J. Savage, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, assails religion as violently as Tom Paine ever did. "The claim that they (the Old and New Testaments) are infallible," he says, "is absolutely without any basis whatever, except that of an utterly baseless ecclesiastical tradition. The books make no such claim on their own behalf. This claim is an affront to human reason. There is not one single feature of the orthodox plan of salvation that does not outrage the sense of justice of any intelligent and unbiased mind."

He refers to God's acts as brutal, and speaks with equal disrespect of Jesus. He declares that the orthodox plan of salvation is not only baseless, but "distinctly and definitely an immoral scheme from beginning to end."

The reader may wonder, as I do, why such a man should call himself "reverend" and be the pastor of a church, but there are hundreds of such. Ralph Waldo Emerson was one. In Kansas City, Mo., there is a man calling himself a doctor of divinity, who is pastor of All Souls' Church, and whose sermons are nothing more than "Bob" Ingersoll's infidel lectures rehashed.

Heresy is rampant among the clergy, and the church is going to pieces because of indifference. Last year the Governor of New Hampshire suggested a day of fasting and prayer, because the executive, in journeying from village to village, found churches closed, windows boarded up and the roofs fallen in. Religious optimists have come to look with apprehension upon the attitude of the people toward the Christian Church. A gentleman recently visited his native town in Ohio and found five or six churches being used for commercial purposes. In Bureau County, Illinois, it is said that fourteen churches have been deserted to wind and weather. These are not newspaper statements. I quote the Reverend Doctor Hills, who, unlike Savage, is not a Unitarian.

The real offenders against religion are not the newspapers. The reviews and magazines are the culprits. Considering that the clergy are always grumbling about the newspapers, the newspapers are singularly fair with the church and clergy. The newspapers do not like the church and the clergy, but they treat them with respect.

The Reverend Mr. Sheldon is, therefore, making war on a friendly power. If the Reverend Mr. Sheldon will attack the church and clergy and force them to compel the respect of the people, he may rest assured of the assistance of the press, for the press dare not oppose public sentiment. The press has become powerful and useful by following the best public sentiment.

A useless, vicious newspaper is abandoned by the people, and soon loses power to do harm, since a newspaper stands or falls on its merits. People do not support newspapers as a matter of duty, but when a useless, vicious clergyman is driven out of one community, he is not accepted in another? In towns where I have lived I have known many clergymen who were either wicked or who stirred up so much discord as to be worse than useless. I never knew one of these to be retired. They have received "calls" from other congregations. Why does not Mr. Sheldon attempt to reform this habit, instead of widely advertising himself by editing a secular paper six days? Is Mr. Sheldon better than the editors of the town in which he lives? I will state an incident which has been widely printed, but which has not been denied, and the reader may judge for himself.

Five years ago Mr. Sheldon purchased four bottles of beer, under false pretenses, of an old Topeka druggist. At that time the Kansas prohibitory law was held by many persons to be important. It is now a dead letter. Mr. Sheldon placed the beer on his pulpit the following Sunday, and preached a sensational sermon, and caused the arrest of the druggist, who was the father of four motherless little girls. The druggist was sent to jail. His pardon was secured through the efforts of Frank P. MacLennan, editor of the Topeka Journal, and J. K. Hudson, editor of the Topeka Capital. Both the editors named were strong advocates of the prohibitory law. Topeka people say that the old druggist, whose name was Holler, was an excellent citizen, and during the Civil War he was a soldier in the Union army.

Both the Topeka papers are excellent. They are sold now at $4 a year. When Mr. Sheldon takes hold of the Capital the price will be increased more than threefold.

The only excuse for a daily newspaper is the news. If the Reverend Mr. Sheldon does not print the news, his paper will be no more useful to Christianity than the excellent religious weeklies and monthlies already in existence. Indeed, it will not be so useful, because he cannot compete with the trained editors of the religious press.

The Reverend Mr. Sheldon's announcement that he will conduct the Topeka Capital a week as Jesus would conduct it is not only an advertising scheme, but it is blasphemous, as I heard a clergyman say the other day. If Christ were infinite, it is blasphemy for a finite man to say what he would do under the circumstances.

The Capital will do well during the week that the Reverend Mr. Sheldon edits it, for the word Christian attracts a certain class of people as the flame attracts the moth. Here is an incident that may be amusing, and which is vouched for by William Allen White, editor of the Gazette, at Emporia, Kas., and a writer of national reputation:

"A week ago the Gazette printed a clipping from the Atchison Globe, containing some burlesque advertisements that might appear in the Reverend Charles M. Sheldon's Christian Capital. One of them was this:

"WANTED—A CHRISTIAN MAN. WANTS MONEY TO INVEST. WILL GUARANTEE 25 PER CENT PER MONTH. NO CHANCE TO LOSE. AS EVERYTHING WILL BE MANAGED BY CHRISTIANS. ADDRESS BROTHER BOLTON, THIS OFFICE."

Today the Gazette received the following reply, addressed to "Brother Bolton, Gazette Office, Emporia:

"Emporia, Kas., Jan. 28, 1900. Dear Brother: I see your ad. in the Gazette. Please call at No. ... Commercial street any time except Saturday afternoon next, and oblige.

(Signed) "A SISTER."

"A reporter for the Gazette called at the house in question, which is between the Presbyterian Church and the Normal, on the east side of the street, and found there a woman who actually had $700 to lend to a good Christian, who must have a certificate from his pastor that he attends church and prayer meeting regularly. She asked no other security. She inherited her money."

Thousands of people of the class of "A Sister" will take the Topeka Capital during the week it is edited by the Reverend Mr. Sheldon, but the general result of the experiment will be a straw fire—something which burns very hot for a brief time, leaving an objectionable smut and smell.

The Richmond Locomotive Works has received an order from the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad for twenty-five consolidated locomotives, delivery to begin next August.

A room may be quickly freed from the smell of tobacco smoke by placing in it a pail of water containing a handful of hay, which will absorb all the odor of the tobacco.

McKINLEY: "NOW, I HOPE HE'LL RUN ALONG. HIS CAPERS IN MY FRONT YARD WITH THAT CANNON HAVE AFFECTED MY SECOND-TERM NERVOUSNESS TERRIBLY."