

Problem of the American Boy

By DR. JOHN M. FULTON,
Pastor Central Presbyterian Church, St. Paul, Minn.

ORGANIZED greed and avarice, and great wealth in the hands of a few, are making of workingmen a host of slaves, living in poverty and subsisting upon the bare necessities of life. The outlook for our boys of to-day is far from bright. They face a condition of things, where the ranks are already full, with competition so keen that the weakest have been driven from the lowest wage into poverty and degradation.

"Boys born into respectable families face a condition of affairs almost as appalling as those which surround the children entering into life, where the environs are less favorable," continued Dr. Fulton. "They face a coterie of associations and companionships liable to ruin the average boy before he is 12. They face a system of licensed and legalized temptation, which makes it easy to do wrong and hard to do right. Your boys and mine face this condition, with the screws constantly tightening and the pressure constantly increasing.

The majority of boys are born into ignorance, squalor and vice. There is a large class of population who just live, and to whom the rearing of two children means another boy for the penitentiary and another girl for the brothel. In Chicago alone, there are 10,000 boys without homes and as many again who live in dens. Each one of those little unfortunates forms a nucleus for a history of crime, and the worst of them will turn out to be thieves and criminals.

The church, the state, the parents, and the boy himself must solve the Boy Problem. Coming as he does, with inherited tendencies, which do not aid, but detract, and facing conditions that are uninviting, in fact, appalling, it is no easy task for the boy to grow to honorable manhood.

The state, the church and the parents must be his helpmates. With all the injustice that is winked at, and the temptations and snares that are legalized, nevertheless the state is still the friend of the American boy, lifting one hand to protect him and extending the other to lead him. The state says to him:

"You are my ward. If parents are cruel to you, I will take you from their guardianship. If society is unjust to you, I will protect you. Your boyhood years shall have the opportunities of education. In this land you shall have the opportunity to rise from the very bottom to the top and no code of caste or blood of nobility shall hold you forever in one social strata."

Then the church assists the boy. It holds out to him as an example the life of Christ. It teaches him morality and religion. One word here for the good old New England "Blue Laws." It is rather popular in these days to boast of our liberalism and to decry the "Blue Laws" of our early American history. Every historian admits that those laws were the iron put into the blood of our American greatness. It is sad that we have seen fit to disregard those laws, casting them aside our boasted liberalism.

In solving his own problem, a boy must cultivate self-reliance and self-help, honesty and industry, sincerity and self-improvement, and companionships of high and lofty characters. He should go out into the world with the best education obtainable, so he will be prepared to battle with the obstacles placed in his tracks.

One thing is certain, although handicapped greatly, the American has a better chance than any other boy the world over. Wherever stars and stripes float over a boy's head, he has an opportunity to try metal and win his spurs and write his name as high as he can climb. It is a difficult task, but it is also possible. It is much harder than it was a generation ago. For a boy to make a success of life to-day means that he must contend with great obstacles, not placed in the path of his forefathers.

WHY WE DON'T GO TO CHURCH

By REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.



The great underlying cause of the falling off in church attendance of recent years is the fact that so many churches enter into a sort of competition with other attractions of the Sabbath.

The church of to-day degrades itself to the people instead of lifting the people to itself. I fear that in its efforts to popularize itself the church forgets the sphere to which it belongs. When it tries to secularize itself to please every passing fad of the hour, when it stoops to little sideshows and concerts that are beneath its dignity, the modern church forgets its lofty mission. Instead of using those resources, human and divine, which are their rightful province, the churches of the day derelictize themselves and all with whom they come in contact by allowing themselves to be drawn into a struggle with secular organizations for the attention and the patronage of the multitude. These things make the judicious grieve, and keep the man who thinks outside the portals of God's house.

PEOPLE LIKE SECULAR TRUTH, AND PEOPLE LIKE RELIGIOUS TRUTH, BUT THEY DON'T LIKE A HODGE-PODGE OF THE TWO. Man has his religious sensibilities and his secular sensibilities, but there is a hard and fast line between them, and you cannot appeal to him by a weak compromise between things material and things spiritual.

What Is Shakespeare?

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD

WHAT is Shakespeare?

We are all the time hearing people who say that it is all very fine, but it is not Shakespeare.

I do not see how a great investiture of his plays, where it is applicable, should not be Shakespeare as well as the tallow dips or the "floats" of our forefathers.

WE MUST PROGRESS. "Richard III." will never be played in the "good old" way again. The outrageously humpbacked and distorted Richard has gone forever. It was tradition to add to his hump; it was originally to add to his limp; it was genius to make him knock-kneed and howl. They kept looking back, but not for enough, namely, to real history and contemporaneous views of him. Whatever else I have failed to do I have knocked that "palmy" caricature sky high.

I have thought of a national theater, dreamed of it, and worked for it for years. If the public stands by me a few years more, a few years, so that I can see a future secure of comfort for those few years, it would be my pride and pleasure to serve such a theater, acting times and teaching others whatever I know of acting and theatrical life—the limit of my years.



Bringing Hobby to Terms.
"Yes," said young Mrs. Solo, "Henry and I had some words this morning, and I can't deny that he got the best of it."

"That will never do," returned the experienced neighbor. "You can't afford to start in married life that way."

"I know it," answered the young wife. "I've thought it all over, and when he comes home to-night I'm going to bring him to terms so quick that he'll hardly know what's happened."

"That's right, my dear. Show some spirit. What are you going to do?" "I'm going to bring up the subject again and then cry."—Tit-Bits.

Danger Ahead.
"Whew!" exclaimed the western editor, dropping the copy of his latest issue which he had been reading. "I think I'll skip town before Broncho Pete comes around."

"What's up?" demanded the foreman.
"I meant to call him a scarred veteran of the Indian campaigns, and the types have it 'scarred.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Other Things Didn't Matter.
Judge—Am I to understand, madam, that you want to withdraw your suit for divorce?
Woman—Yes, y'r honor.

"But you have charged that your husband neglected you, starved you and maltreated you most shamefully."
"If you please, sir, I have just found out that the young woman I saw him with last week was his sister."—N. Y. Weekly.

Very Hard to Please.
Mrs. Henpecker is one of those wives there is no pleasing. On the return of her husband from the city last week she treated him thusly:
"Oh, Adolphus," she exclaimed, "how short you have had your hair cut!"
"But, my dear Angelina," replied Mr. H., meekly, "I haven't had my hair cut at all."

"Then it is high time you had," returned Mrs. H., severely.—Tit-Bits.

He Can't Forget.
I'll never forget the funny tales My grandpa used to tell me; I laughed at them, for they were good—I chuckled, then, delightedly. I can't forget them now, because, Most any day, some good friend calls me and proceeds to tell, as new, Some of those old familiar tales.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

VERY VULGAR QUESTION.
Mr. De Style—Why have you cut Mrs. Highbump from your list of acquaintances?
Mrs. De Style—They have lost their money.

"Who says so?"
"No one; but I've learned that she is giving her daughters a thorough education. That shows that she wants them to be school-teachers."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Road to Ruin.
Flattes—Isn't it a terrible thing about poor old Softleigh becoming a bankrupt?
Flittes—What! you don't say so? Wall street, I suppose?

Flattes—Nothing of the kind; he couldn't say "no" to those girls that sell books for a dollar down and a dollar a month.—Town Topics.

Partly Qualified.
"I'd like to be a judge," said the chronic loafer as he dropped into his accustomed seat at the country grocery. "They ain't got nuthin ter do but set on the bench all day an' look wise."

"Well," said the grocer, "you could do the settin' on the bench, all right."—Chicago Daily News.

Good Roads Movement.
"Whit scorch down life's highway with me?"
I asked of the motor maid.
"If you've money to burn enough to make a cincher path all the way," she said.—Automobile Magazine.

TOO MUCH WATER IN SIGHT.
"When you look at these, remember your Great Father. You are his children. He bids you stop war and make peace with one another. In 1890 the Ojibwa Indians exhibited at Nebraska City those identical papers, borne for more than half a century in all their homeless wanderings, between flat pieces of bark and tied with buckskin thongs."

"Then gifts were distributed and chiefs' dresses. With more handshakings and booming of cannon, the hostilities sailed away that sultry afternoon 160 years ago. The chiefs stood still on the shore and wonderingly gazed at one another."
"These are the peacemakers."
A little further on we find this description of the first meeting of the Americans with the terrible Sioux:
"What river is this, Dorion?" Captain Lewis had thrown open his infantry uniform to catch the cooling gust down a silver rift in the shore.
"Pettie Riviere des Sioux. Go to Des Moines country. Pass to the Lake of the Spirit, full of islands. Lead to Dog Plain, Prairie du Chien, four days from Omaha country. Des Sioux—
"Dorion drew his forefinger across his throat and lapped into silence. They were his people, he would not traduce them. But his listeners understood—the Sioux were 'cut-throats,' and set their name among the tribes."
"The voyagers trembled. 'Bon Dieu! le Sioux sauvage, he keel de voyageur aint deir hair!'"
"The Sioux, the terrible Sioux, were dog Indians, ever on the move raiding back and forth, restless and unsleeping. Almost to Athabasca their travoises kicked up the summer dust, their dog trains dragged across the plains of Manitoba. On the Saskatchewan they pitched their leather tents and chased the buffalo; around Lake Winnipeg they scalped the Chippewas. At the Falls of St. Anthony they spread their fishing nets, and at Niagara Falls the old French Jesuits found them."
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change of government. They begged to be removed to their Great Father, the president, and asked for mediation between them and the Omahas."
"What is the cause of your war?"
"We have no horses," answered the childlike Ojibwa. "We borrow their horses. They steal us. We fear the Pawnees also. We very hungry, come to their village when they are hunting, take a little corn."
"The captains could scarcely repress a smile, nor yet a tear. Threats, reprisals, midnight burnings and slaughter, this was the reign immemorial in this land of anarchy. In vain the tribes might plant, never could they reap. "We poor Indian, was the universal lament.
"Every solemn, Lewis and Clark hung medals on the neck of each chief, and gave him a paper with greetings from Thomas Jefferson with the seals of Lewis and Clark impressed with red wax and attached with a blue ribbon.
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Not to Escap.
"What did Miss Antique do when she was finally successful in finding a man under her bed—send for a policeman?"
"No; she sent for a minister."—Judge.

He Needed All of Them.
A well-known authoress was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. "It is time now," he said, pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, health, wealth, of course, beauty, grace—"

"Yes," said his fair listener, sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."—Tit-Bits.

Excusable.
He lives on tinned and patent foods. He always wears a gloomy look. No wonder that he talks about The way his mother used to cook.—Washington Star.

Heartfelt Sympathy.
The Lady—If my poor mother had only been alive, I should have gone back to her long since.
The Brute—No one deploras your poor mother's untimely death more than I do, my dear.—Ally Sloper.

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Bad Habit.
In the public school at Durant, Miss, the teacher asked the definitions of words the children spelled. "Succeed" came to a little boy who was at a loss for its meaning.
"Think, Willie," the teacher said. "Do you not know anyone in school who succeeds?"
"Johnnie Gray sucks eggs," he answered. "I never saw him suckseeds."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Out of the Swim.
Mr. De Style—Why have you cut Mrs. Highbump from your list of acquaintances?
Mrs. De Style—They have lost their money.
"Who says so?"
"No one; but I've learned that she is giving her daughters a thorough education. That shows that she wants them to be school-teachers."—N. Y. Weekly.

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"The voyagers trembled. 'Bon Dieu! le Sioux sauvage, he keel de voyageur aint deir hair!'"
"The Sioux, the terrible Sioux, were dog Indians, ever on the move raiding back and forth, restless and unsleeping. Almost to Athabasca their travoises kicked up the summer dust, their dog trains dragged across the plains of Manitoba. On the Saskatchewan they pitched their leather tents and chased the buffalo; around Lake Winnipeg they scalped the Chippewas. At the Falls of St. Anthony they spread their fishing nets, and at Niagara Falls the old French Jesuits found them."
"Now they were stealing horses. For horses, down the Mississippi they murdered the Illinois. For horses, the Mandan on the upper Missouri heard and trembled. 'The Sioux! the Sioux! The Ponca paled in his mud hut on the Niobrara, the Omaha

What He Wants.
She axes lots of fancy dishes For the table. Yes. That she is skilled in this respect He's willing to confess. But when he sits him down to eat, Good food is what he wishes. And not the fancy flowers and things She painted on the dishes.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not to Escap.
"What did Miss Antique do when she was finally successful in finding a man under her bed—send for a policeman?"
"No; she sent for a minister."—Judge.

Heartfelt Sympathy.
The Lady—If my poor mother had only been alive, I should have gone back to her long since.
The Brute—No one deploras your poor mother's untimely death more than I do, my dear.—Ally Sloper.

Such Is Life.
This world is but a crowded car, In which shrewd men, perhaps, May find a seat, but most of us Must hang on the straps.—Chicago Daily News.

Bad Habit.
In the public school at Durant, Miss, the teacher asked the definitions of words the children spelled. "Succeed" came to a little boy who was at a loss for its meaning.
"Think, Willie," the teacher said. "Do you not know anyone in school who succeeds?"
"Johnnie Gray sucks eggs," he answered. "I never saw him suckseeds."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Out of the Swim.
Mr. De Style—Why have you cut Mrs. Highbump from your list of acquaintances?
Mrs. De Style—They have lost their money.
"Who says so?"
"No one; but I've learned that she is giving her daughters a thorough education. That shows that she wants them to be school-teachers."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Road to Ruin.
Flattes—Isn't it a terrible thing about poor old Softleigh becoming a bankrupt?
Flittes—What! you don't say so? Wall street, I suppose?
Flattes—Nothing of the kind; he couldn't say "no" to those girls that sell books for a dollar down and a dollar a month.—Town Topics.

Partly Qualified.
"I'd like to be a judge," said the chronic loafer as he dropped into his accustomed seat at the country grocery. "They ain't got nuthin ter do but set on the bench all day an' look wise."
"Well," said the grocer, "you could do the settin' on the bench, all right."—Chicago Daily News.

Good Roads Movement.
"Whit scorch down life's highway with me?"
I asked of the motor maid.
"If you've money to burn enough to make a cincher path all the way," she said.—Automobile Magazine.

TOO MUCH WATER IN SIGHT.
"When you look at these, remember your Great Father. You are his children. He bids you stop war and make peace with one another. In 1890 the Ojibwa Indians exhibited at Nebraska City those identical papers, borne for more than half a century in all their homeless wanderings, between flat pieces of bark and tied with buckskin thongs."
"Then gifts were distributed and chiefs' dresses. With more handshakings and booming of cannon, the hostilities sailed away that sultry afternoon 160 years ago. The chiefs stood still on the shore and wonderingly gazed at one another."
"These are the pe