The Kansas City Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1854.

THE JOURNAL COMPANY, Publisher, NINTH AND GRAND AVE.

Subscription Rates: By carriers, per week, 10 cents; per month, 45 cents. By mail, daily and Sunday, one month, 40 cents; three months, $1.00; six months, $2.00; one year, $4.00. Daily only, six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. Sunday only, six months, 50 cents; one year, $1.00. Tri-Weekly Journal (Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday), six months, 75 cents; one year, $1.50. Weekly, 25 cents one year.

Advertising: For advertising rates write to the home office, or to J. E. Van Doren Special Agency, offices 905-906 Boyce building, Chicago, and 21-22 Tribune building, New York, agent for foreign advertising.

Entered at the postoffice at Kansas City, Missouri, for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE WEEKLY JOURNAL IS GUARANTEED TO EXCEED 68,000 COPIES EACH ISSUE.

FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 9, THE DAILY JOURNAL CIRCULATED 300,350 COPIES; DAILY AVERAGE, 42,907.

Weather Forecast for Sunday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Fair; colder Sunday; Monday, fair; northerly winds.

For Arkansas: Fair; colder Sunday; Monday, fair; southerly, shifting to westerly, winds.

For Iowa: Rain in eastern portion; fair and colder in western and central portions Sunday; Monday, fair; colder in eastern portion; southerly, shifting to westerly, winds.

For Missouri: Rain Sunday, with colder in western portion; Monday fair, with colder in eastern portion; southerly, shifting to westerly, winds.

For Kansas: Fair Sunday; colder in eastern portions; Monday, fair; northerly winds.

For Nebraska: Fair; colder Sunday; Monday, fair; northerly winds.

For Colorado: Generally fair Sunday and Monday; variable winds.

ELIMINATION OF THE IDLER.

In his new book, "The Map of Life, Conduct and Character," the Hon. William Edward Harpole Lecky, who has been a thoughtful reviewer of European morals and social tendencies for a number of years, devotes considerable space to the tendencies of the present time. His observations on the passing of the idler are especially interesting. He holds that idleness is regarded with less tolerance now than in times past, and that in the future it will be even more disreputable. He points out that at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign "the young men of England who were really busy affected idleness, and at the close of the reign young men who are really idle pretend to be busy."

What is true of England is true in a lesser degree in this country, the lesser degree being due to the fact that the idler was never so numerous in this country as in England. It is true that the class of Americans whose circumstances would permit lives of inactivity is constantly increasing in size, but it is also true that the percentage of those who lead aimless lives is constantly growing smaller. Even the sons of the very rich nearly all have objects in life other than the spending of their incomes or allowances. They engage in business or in the professions, and when they care for neither of these they often take up hobbies of more or less utility. The ranks of the volunteer army at present—as during the Spanish-American war—have a considerable percentage of men who stepped from luxurious ease into inevitable hardships to do something for their country and for themselves. Inheritance is still a boon, but it is no longer a monument. Acquisition and achievement may not be the primary aims of those who are most useful to humanity, but they are the goals toward which the great tide of endeavor is moving. The man's position and identity are fixed by "what he does," and not by "who he is." This is a thrifty age, and sloth is more despised than ever before in the history of the world.

Mr. Lecky points out that men and women become more and more objective and less and less introspective as the years roll by, and he holds that useful action will, in the future, have larger influence as the guiding principle of morals. He says:

"There will be at the same time a steadily increasing tendency to judge moral qualities and course of conduct, mainly by the degree in which they promote or diminish human happiness. Enthusiasm and self-sacrifice for some object which has no real bearing on the welfare of man will become rarer and will be less respected, and the condemnation which is passed on acts that are recognized as wrong will be much more proportioned than at present to the injury they inflict. Some things, such as excessive luxury of expenditure and the improvidence of bringing into the world children for whom no provision has been made, which can now scarcely be said to enter into the teaching of moralists, or at least of churches, may one day be looked upon as graver offenses than some that are in the criminal code."

The tendencies pointed out by Mr. Lecky are as apparent as they are encouraging. They point to a greater and broader morality, and to a better and stronger life.

NEBRASKA'S SENATORSHIP.

It seems evident that the new senator from Nebraska, to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Hayward, will be either ex-Senator Allen or Editor Gilbert M. Hitchcock, with chances in favor of the former. The use of Mr. Bryan's name in connection with this appointment is complimentary rather than sincere, for it is not likely, to begin with, that he would care to undertake the duties of senator along with the labors of a presidential candidate; and, in the second place, both of the aspirants for appointment are his personal friends whose assistance he needs in his greater ambition.

But the coming appointment is really less interesting than the election next year of two senators, one for four years and the other for six. The Nebraska legislature is, at present, Republican, in spite of the plurality recently given the fusion candidates on the state ticket. The state is so districted that it is reasonable to hope the legislature may remain Republican unless there be still greater fusion gains between now and the elections of next year. Mr. Bryan will have a double reason for making another big effort in Nebraska. He will need the state in his presidential business, and being defeated, he will need a fusion legislature to secure an election for the long term in the United States senate. The senate is reasonably sure to be his landing place, especially as there will be two vacancies to fill and there will be a disposition on the part of his state to give him all the consolation possible for suffering two successive defeats on the presidential ticket. He will make another house to house canvass and will probably win the next legislature as well as the state's electoral vote. If he does, he will make for himself a good berth for the rainy day following his profitable career as a paid-in-advance demagogue.

FOR GOVERNOR OF CUBA.

If it is true, as recently reported from Washington, that General Leonard Wood has been selected by the president as the first governor of Cuba, the appointment will be generally recognized as an eminently fitting one. That it is true is entirely probable. When General Wood declined to assume charge of a street railway in Washington at a handsome salary because he believed he could be of service to his country in a military capacity, the president, it is understood, promised him higher honors, if less pay, and now the opportunity to redeem the promise has arrived. While the governor of Cuba will be a military official, his duties will be chiefly civil, and this will be better, under the circumstances, than the appointment of a purely civil governor.

General Wood is popular with the Cubans, and he will undoubtedly be more satisfactory to them as the head of affairs than any other that could have been chosen. They recognize in him a man of good purpose and high ability, and they have confidence that he will exert himself to build up their prosperity and promote their welfare in every practical way.

The people of the United States will be glad to see Cuba placed in such good hands, and they will also be pleased that a competent and courageous official is to be given opportunity to further distinguish himself.

THE PASSING OF THE MUGWUMP.

In the matter of gathering and preserving vital statistics the state of Massachusetts leads all others. The report for the last year has just been issued, and from it we gather some interesting facts. First and foremost it may be noted that there has been a great falling off in marriages, the present rate being sixteen per thousand, against an ante-civil war record of twenty-two per thousand. The death rate is seventeen to the thousand, a marked decrease, though, as has been remarked by a reviewer, it is not to be inferred that the decrease in marriages has improved the public health. The babies of Massachusetts are born at the rate of twenty-seven to the thousand, which is higher than the rate ten years ago, but it is the foreign born population that is keeping up the growth and not the natives. The foreign born population is less than the native, but it supplies much the greater proportion of the babies. Commenting on this fact, Mr. Lindsay, a well known Boston journalist, speaks as follows:

"The infertility of mugwumps is notorious. Altogether, the future of the state of the Puritans is in the hands of the Irish, the French Canadians and the Italians. The Massachusetts citizen of 1950 will know of the Puritans only by the narration of historians. The mugwumps will have dwindled away, or will survive in a few degenerates of abnormally large crania and spindling bodies. They will do ineffectual thinking, raise the voice of protest when anyone has a patriotic inspiration, and die, finally, of sheer inability to breathe commonplace air. Keltic and Latin blood is the sole hope of the old Bay state, and the governors of the future will not be Wolcotts and Cranes, but Collinses, Murphies, Jean Baptistes and Giovannis. To this complexion has come at last the stern Puritan, partaking overmuchly of pie and rejecting most of the comforts of this life. He despised this world and the world shows a preference for a more juicy and humane stock."

Without denying or affirming Mr. Lindsay's prophecies and forebodings, it is to be said additionally that the mugwump has about reached the end of his political career. Boston was the head center of the anti-expansion propaganda. From Massachusetts came the literature of the flag-furling fraternity. The whole tribe of mugwump joined at the polls with Democracy in order to "reprove" the national administration. It was a repetition of the campaign of 1892 when the same kind of union was made to "reprove" President Harrison. In that year mugwumpery was strong enough to elect a Democratic governor, and it pulled Harrison's majority down to 26,000. But even then its influence was waning, and since then it has lost more and more until no longer is it a controlling factor in Massachusetts politics. In 1896, for a wonder, Massachusetts mugwumps found themselves on the side of a popular measure. It is a wonder, for the foundation principle of mugwumpery is to oppose (as superior beings might be expected to do) every policy or principle accepted by the common herd. The result was that with the help of the gold Democrats the mugwumps were able to swell President McKinley's majority to 173,000. Never before had Massachusetts given such a Republican majority. With calm assurance the credit for this victory was taken by the mugwump leaders. "We are the power," they said, "and he who wins must walk by our rule." And that's what they said in the campaign just closed. If McKinley would not shape himself to mugwump policy he must feel the sting of mugwump vengeance. If McKinley would not haul down the flag from where it had been placed by the nation's heroes, McKinley himself must come down. And what was the result? With a majority of something more than 65,000 the people of Massachusetts indorsed the president. Never but twice since the days of the war has Massachusetts given the Republican ticket such a majority as it received in 1899. In 1872 President Grant had 74,000 majority. In 1876 Hayes had 41,000 majority. In 1880 Garfield had 53,000 majority. In 1884 Blaine had 24,000 majority. In 1888 Harrison had 22,000 majority. In 1892 Harrison had 26,000 majority. In 1896 McKinley had 173,000 majority. And, in the election of last month, with the whole strength of the mugwumps cast against him and the gold standard Democrats returned to their own party, McKinley brings forth the largest vote of confidence that has ever been extended to an administration since the election of Grant in 1872.

It is plain enough that mugwumpery has lost its cunning. Since the crushing defeat of last November we have heard little from the flag-furlers in Massachusetts except that Edward Atkinson has suspended the publication of his Tagal propaganda. They seem to be dumfounded and silenced at the revelation of their want of power. And while in this mode they may read and comprehend the vital statistics presented at the head of this article—the story of decadence come upon a once great people.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The world do move. The governor of Arkansas has come out in favor of national expansion.

In addition to an air of official dignity, Governor Bradley wears a large sized chip on his shoulder.

Colonel Mose Wetmore's idea of suppressing the tobacco trust is to unload on it early and often.

Of course, our fine Indian summer does not show off to such good advantage when the weather is unfavorable.

To further complicate matters, it has developed in the testimony that Mr. Roberts recently became the father of twins.

Hon. Billy Mason has already introduced fifty bills in the senate, several of which are said to be fairly sensible measures.

Watered trust stocks, which we hear so much about, harm only the capitalists who buy them. The people need not worry over it.

Mr. Bryan might do a little profitable hedging now by sending a telegram of congratulation to the Kentucky election board.

It cannot even be urged in behalf of Mr. Roberts that association with congressmen for a few years would tend to elevate his morals.

"If a man is injured in a football game is it an accident?" asks the Chicago Tribune. No. But if he isn't injured it is a miracle.

Even the most partisan Republican must admit that Mr. Bryan possesses the requisite duck hunting qualifications for the presidency.

The wholesale grocers are not going to wait for the United States supreme court. They propose to get direct action on some of the trusts.

It is believed that Mr. Fred White, Democratic candidate for governor of Iowa at the recent election, has had about all the self-conceit taken out of him.

A Topeka man has invented a flying machine that is just as good as any ever constructed. It answers every requirement, except, of course, that it won't fly.

After mature deliberation, the Kentucky election board reluctantly decided to award the office to the man who was elected. This takes the dynamite out of the situation.

It is announced that General Weaver will take the stump for Bryan next year, but it is not stated whether he has been engaged by the Democratic or Republican managers.

Republicans in the house have no objection to the opposition abusing their financial measure after it is passed, but they are not going to delay passage to listen to the racket.

The doctors are puzzled over the case of a New Jersey girl who persistently refuses to talk. Have they thought to ask her what she thinks of that stuck-up Miss Brown over the way?

In presenting her claim for the Republican national convention, St. Louis will be able to cite a very strong precedent in her favor. An excellent piece of work was done at that town in the summer of '96.

It is the imperative duty of the police to suppress crime and disorder, no matter by whom or under what circumstances committed. The Kansas City police commissioners should paste this in their hats.

The modern guns, which were going to make war too destructive to engage in, kill a few dozen or a few hundred in a day's hard fighting. The old musket and Enfield rifle of the '60s mowed down thousands in an hour.

By appointing Hon. William M. Allen as Mr. Hayward's successor, the governor of Nebraska would at one stroke honor the ablest Popocrat in the state and inflict on the senate one of the greatest nuisances it ever had.

KANSAS TOPICS.

Seems to Have Been a Failure, There.

Thirty-six divorce cases were given a hearing at the recent term of district court in Girard.

A Magnificent Bluffer.

"What a poker game that man would play!" comments the Iola Register after reading about the bluff with which Lieutenant Monroe took in 800 Filipinos.

Classified.

The Capital has fixed the status of all Kansas newspaper men who do not agree with it. They are divided between "little goober editors," "lickspittles" and "smart Alecs."

Should Be Consistent.

"Since having his vermiform appendix removed Amel Hjorth is rapidly improving," says an Ottawa paper. Well, if it is removed, why doesn't the Ottawa paper leave it out of Mr. Horth's name?

A Comma-cal Catastrophe.

By a misplaced comma a paper in Greeley county raised a dickens of a row. It said: "Two young men from Leoti went with their girls to Tribune to attend the teachers' institute, and as soon as they left, the girls got drunk." The comma belonged after the girls.

Admits His Guilt.

Bent Murdock writes to say that his was the first paper in Kansas to advocate the nomination of a United States senator by the state convention. It will be marked "exhibit A," as showing that when goaded by remorse some criminals are willing to confess.

Better That He Should.

"The miserable thing who edits the paper over on the corner took on a state of intoxication three years ago and keeps it still," says one of our Kansas exchanges in speaking of a loathed contemporary. And the thought intrudes itself that the man with this kind of a drunk aboard ought to keep it still.

An Heirless Estate.

After having been in the Topeka insane asylum for many years, August Gaelliche, of Lincoln county, is dead. He left a fine farm near Lincoln Center, and, though his guardain has sought for a long time, an heir of the dead man can not be found. A case similar to this once occurred in Ellis county. In 1877 Dr. James O'Brien, a physician and druggist of Hays City, died while being operated on for a bullet wound. He left an estate valued at $40,000, but an heir to it was never found. O'Brien had been a hospital steward in the army, and it was supposed that he enlisted under an assumed name. He was never known to speak of his family or antecedents and all that was ever learned was that he was born in Ireland.

The death of this Dr. O'Brien recalls another tragedy that was closely connected with it. In 1875 there came to Fort Hays a remarkably handsome and finely educated man by the name of Jack Wilber. He had been sergeant major of the Fifth cavalry and was discharged from the service soon after reaching Hays. Wilber took up his residence in the then wild Hays City and became one of the "men about town." He was the best dresser that ever lived in Western Kansas, and in his social circle all the females adored him. One night he and a barkeeper got into a six-shooter fight, and a stray bullet from the fusillade entered the knee of Dr. O'Brien, who was a bystander. The bullet always troubled the doctor, but the operation which caused his death did not take place until two years later. One night shortly after his fracas with the bartender, Wilber got drunk and playfully began to shoot at a lantern held in the hand of a railroad brakeman. He missed the lantern but succeeded in breaking the brakeman's arm, and for this he was sent to the penitentiary for two years. He served his term and was liberated and went at once to Kansas City. Putting up at a first-class hotel he shaved, bathed and dressed himself in a fine suit of broadcloth. Then, taking a big dose of morphine, he laid down on the bed and was stone dead on the following morning. He left a note for a certain girl in Hays City, but to this day no one knows its contents. After his death it was discovered that his name was not Wilber, but something French which we cannot remember now, and that his father was one of the wealthiest planters on the island of Martinique. He had been the black sheep of the family and had come away to the United States to hide something disgraceful.

Dr. Cooper Dead.

Dr. S. S. Cooper is dead at his home in Oskaloosa, at the age of 72. Dr. Cooper was a veteran of the Mexican war, and in the civil war he served as colonel of the Fourth Kansas militia. In 1867 he was a member of the Kansas senate, and later he served his people as county treasurer.

Helped to Capture John Brown.

A. F. Raffo, of Seneca, who wears the Victorian medal, gained at the battle of Sebastopol, was a lieutenant in the company of marines which captured John Brown, in 1859, at Harper's Ferry. And this reminds us that the late J. E. Wilson, brother of Assistant Secretary of State Hill P. Wilson, was also a member of this company of marines. Wilson stood next to the door of the arsenal when John Brown marched out between the lines and give himself over, a prisoner.

Died for the One He Loved.

Dr. Emory Buck was a well known physician who practiced south of Coffeyville, in the Indian Territory. Some weeks ago Dr. Buck's sweetheart fell ill with smallpox and the doctor at once went into quarantine with her. By careful nursing he brought the young woman through, but he himself caught the disease and last Monday died.

Has Shrunk 75 Per Cent.

Last Monday Congressman Ridgely, of Kansas, nominated J. C. Bell, of Colorado, as the Populist candidate for speaker of congress, and Mr. Bell got four votes. Three years ago the Populists had sixteen members in congress, and by comparison we may observe the inverse ratio at which the party has been growing powerful.

Wichita's Cycling Globe Trotters.

Something has been printed of the two Wichita lads, Charles Hatton and Charles Musselman, who rode to New York on their bicycles and then crossed over to Paris. Below is given an extract from a letter by these boys to the Wichita Eagle, in which they describe an adventure which reads like one of Oliver Optic's boy romances:

Last week we walked and talked down a busy street on our way to night classes in languages. Some gentleman briskly stepped past us, then halted and said: "Did I not hear you young gentlemen talking English?" We assured him he did, and thereupon he asked us several questions about our being in France and ended up by asking us if we were Christians. He then said: "I am going to a lecture to-night and I believe if you young men would go with me you would get better value than by going to the night class. Can you go? I will see that you get free admission." Well, we went with him, and the instant we entered the great hall we seemed welcomed by a thousand voices all yelling in French. The gentleman kept us at his side and found us seats near the front and requested that we remain there until after the lecture and he would find us. Then he left and entered a side door. We next found our new friend introduced to the enthusiastic audience as the lecturer of the evening. We inquired his name of a neighbor. It seemed he was the celebrated Henri Merle de Ambrigue, the potential minister of France. Well, such a lecture. No wonder cheer upon cheer shook the French cobwebs down from those massive arches and pillars. During the lecture he referred to America as one of the proudest countries of the earth whose people, following the footsteps of Christ, had set a pattern for all the world; whose every citizen, even the boys, are enthused with a zeal of being and doing something to better the world. Then he spoke of the two Americans before him, and so on, a lecture that, catching what we could in our imperfect French, told us he was a man worth knowing.

When it was over he had us walk to his home and accept an invitation to to-morrow's dinner, and we attended. Then he took us over Paris in his automobile, made us each a present of a fine derby, and had another dinner arranged that we might meet a few friends of Mdlle. de Ambrigue. He placed his magnificent library at our command, a place where one can not reach out a hand and not touch books. Then his gallery of paintings is a rich feast. We will attend a supper with a lady from Massachusetts that we met at his home, on Champs Elysee. So altogether we think we are having an educational and interesting trip.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

Washington Memorial Celebration.

From the Washington Post.

The centennial of the death of the man whose memory is dearer than that of any other, not only to his countrymen, but to millions of patriots in other lands, will occur on Thursday next, the 14th inst. In this city, which, but for his influence, even had the independence of the colonies been secured, would never have existed; in this city, which is in itself a splendid monument to his memory, it is fitting that this anniversary should be celebrated with solemn dignity; that eloquent tributes should be paid to his character and to the priceless services he rendered to mankind. The Masonic bodies of the capitol, with representatives from every grand lodge in the United States, will assemble with the grand lodge of Virginia at Mount Vernon and at Alexandria. An oration by President McKinley will be one of the features of the celebration at the home of the Father of His Country and first president of the United States.

In this city the George Washington Memorial Association has made ample preparations for the observance of the day. The commemoration meeting will be held in the Lafayette Square opera house, at 8:15 p. m., and the exercises will be such as the greatness of the occasion calls for. Other organizations have arranged for meetings at the same time, and it is gratifying to believe that the day will witness in the nation's capital city, founded by George Washington, a proper manifestation of the reverent love of the nation for the hero, the statesman, the patriot and the gentleman whose great life, although ended a hundred years ago, is still a vital force in the world's affairs.

The Sanctity of a Church.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Persons in New York who look a long way around a corner to find something to grumble about are protesting because a church in the heart of the "Tenderloin" district, that was once famous as a revival tabernacle, is now given over to the seductive song of the soubrette. In other words, it is turned into a musical hall.

Not a mile away from this edifice, in a fashionable part of Madison avenue, a church building has for years been used as the up-town office of an express company. In enlarging and altering the building nothing was done to conceal the fact that it had been a church. In every growing city one may find churches whose congregations have deserted them as trade drove population elsewhere. But have they ceased to be churches? Charles Kingsley, in "Hypatia," tells of Augustine wanting a church in which to preach to his soldiers.

"There is a ruin which was last month a church," he was told.

"And is one still," replied the saint. "Man did not place there the spirit of God and man cannot expel it."

Not Altogether Disconsolate.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

"The Kansaslans who three years ago used their dinner horns to cry calamity," says the Louisville Courier-Journal, "are now using their sheep shears to clip coupons." It will be seen that Mr. Watterson still has cheerful moments, in spite of what happened to Goebel.

Healthy Thoughts.

George H. Hepworth in the New York Herald.

Let the unrighteous man forsake his thoughts.—Isaiah lv:7.

A naturalist will tell you that some plants grow from the inside and others from the outside. Those of the first class, the "inside growers," as they are called, add to themselves at the heart, or center, while those of the second class, the "outside-growers," increase by successive external additions.

It is the same with our human kind. Some of us seem to be wholly dependent for our happiness on our surroundings, on what is going on on the outside, while others are "inside growers" and are dependent on their own thoughts for their comfort and enjoyment.

The man who has the source of happiness in himself in better off than he who must needs rely on the charity of friends or circumstances, for his heart is the workshop in which happiness is made, and he always carries his workshop with him; while he who is dependent on his surroundings will sometimes find that they fail him. The poorest man on earth is he who is miserable when alone with his thoughts, and the richest man is he who asks nothing more than to be in the company of his own heart and mind. That kind of companionship never deserts him, is never unfaithful, and never brings a heartache or a regret.

They tell us that Christ was a man of sorrows, but it is hard to accept the statement. I am inclined to believe, on the contrary, that He had an enjoyment of which we cannot conceive and with which neither the pangs of Gethsemane nor the nails of the cross could interfere. While I dare not say that He was the happiest man that ever lived, He was certainly the man who less than any other relied on his surroundings. He lived in such a wondrous world of thought and faith and aspiration that God's actual presence overwhelmed and blotted out what to us would be simply unendurable. He was not unconscious of the disloyalty and suspicion by which He was encompassed, and was not perhaps wholly unaffected by them, but He had that within which disdained and even ignored suffering, and His belief that this childish world, which hated Him because He repudiated its religious and moral toys, would yet accept Him when it grew to manhood made Him physically indifferent to the crown of thorns and the derision of the mob.

In this matter, as in others, He is our example. When we learn that a thought is the only reality in the universe, that he who has thoughts has pretty nearly everything that human nature is capable of receiving, then we shall for the first time begin to live. We are children crawling on the floor at the present, pleased with the rattle of earthly ambition and tickled with the straw of worldly acquisition, but when we stand in the full stature of our manhood we shall teach our children that there is wholesome and unwholesome bodily food. Who catches the thought of God has discovered the secret of success. It is better to be close to the heart of the Almighty than close to a gold mine. The universe is full of health giving ideas, as the clouds are full of electricity, and if instead of being non-conductors, as we always have been, we can get our souls into harmony with the universe we shall become transformed and transfigured. Sorrow will be lessened, because we shall understand its meaning, and grim death, who has terrified us from the beginning, will be the messenger who opens the door of the higher life.

We are learning more every day, and our added knowledge so far from lessening our faith has given it a more eager intensity. Science doffs its hat to true religion, not the dogmatic religion which rocked our cradles and whose thunderbolts frightened sheep away, but the religion which allures us like distant music, which paints this life in colors so exquisite that we would fain stay here forever were it not that another world still more beautiful opens to our view.

The religion of the Christ is slowly coming into heart and home. He has been obscured by superstition and by creed. We have trembled and shrunk away where we should have rushed into the all-embracing arms of a Father. We have been taught to believe the incredible, and eternal Truth has been contemned and dispised and ignored. But the clouds are rolling away. We can see bits of the clear blue sky even now, and by and by the heavens will be bright with the sunshine of the New Testament properly interpreted and understood. We stand like some weary traveller on a hilltop trying to peer through the fog to catch a glimpse of the home at our journey's end. We know that it is somewhere, but exactly where we cannot tell. Our hands are outstretched as though to grasp the other life. God can't be far away; but where is He? We believe, but our sight is dimmed. The dear ones who have gone, the loved ones who must soon go—shall there be no reunion in a fairer clime? The heart cries out, "Yes!" but our knowledge is so imperfect that we greatly suffer.

That is our attitude just now, the attitude of a man who is on the eve of discovery. We have left the old behind, but have not yet fully appreciated the new. We are getting nearer to the Christ. We are listening to His words afresh, and larger truths, like white robed and welcome angels, are knocking at our doors. Now we see through a glass darkly, but after a few more steps have been taken, when a few more years have passed, we shall see face to face. The other world and this will become one, the outstretched hands of dear ones will be grasped, life will be heaven and heaven will be life.

The soul is hungry for this food, and God will soon give it to us with His own bounteous hand.

The Fleeing Filipino.

"Rose" Field in Chicago Post.

It would seem that there is nothing very astonishing or unusual in the fact that a little Filipino has run away from his new home in Kansas. Unquestionably the great moving impulse to run away is in his blood, and if he keeps on the jump he is merely yielding to a perfectly natural and normal mental condition. The trouble with our new brethren, the Filipinos, is that they are restless, nervous, eager for a change of scenery, which is one of the potential reasons why they have not quietly sat down in camp and waited to be killed. The little boy is not to be reproved because the nomadic instinct has asserted itself so strongly or because he got the impression that there are more congenial places of residence than Kansas. Very likely he is now headed for Chicago, to which all good Kansans eventually come, and will be perfectly content to linger at least for a time with us, wearing the honorable title, "formerly of Kansas." Other Filipinos have run away within the last year. Some of them are still running, and we learn from our special correspondent that if this thing keeps up the whole province of Luzon will become one vast race course, and that while the battle will be to the strong the race will be to the swift. Running, per se, is good exercise, and running away frequently has its advantages. Let us be patient with our new brothers; in time they will acquire a slower and more dignified gait.

He Waited and It Came.

From the Washington Post.

There is an old proverb which says that all things come to him who waits. Congressman Gill, of Ohio, who succeeds the late Lorenzo Danford, is a living example of its truth.

Mr. Gill is the largest manufacturer of lamp chimneys in the world, but this has nothing to do with the story. Away back in 1872, when Danford was running for congress, Gill was a delegate to the nominating convention, which, by the way, was his first experience in politics. It was a close contest, and Gill, by throwing the votes of his county to Danford, secured the latter's nomination. Danford served three terms and then practiced law for eighteen years. When he again sought a nomination, Gill happened to be a member of the convention, and, by a curious coincidence, was in position to give Danford the necessary essential votes. Danford came to congress and served two terms.

During his second term he sought Gill. "It's your turn now," he said. "I will decline the nomination, and you can be selected."

"But," said Gill, "have you any law practice now? And hadn't you better hold onto the $5,000 a year for another term?"

"I'll take my chances," replied Danford.

"I won't do it," said Gill, emphatically.

So Danford ran again and was re-elected. He died during the summer, Gill was named to fill the vacancy, and last Monday stood in Danford's place to take the oath.

Result of Trusting and Hoping.

From Judy.

The village blacksmith stood within the shade of the chestnut tree. His heart was heavy within him as he bewailed to the new parson his hard lot. "It is very different to what it was, sir," he said. "It's hard now to get a living, what with the rise in food, and, worse than all, the competition."

"You mean the young man who has recently opened a forge at the other end of the village?" queried the minister.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," answered the minister, preparing to take his departure, "you must go on trusting and hoping," and with these words of comfort he left.

A few days afterward, passing the same way, the minister stopped to inquire as to how things were going. This time the blacksmith met him with a cheerful visage. "Things are looking up," he explained, "I went on trusting and hoping, as you advised, sir, and it's all right now. The young man's dead!"

Over Again.

Same old congress
Here once more;
Windy members,
Talk galore;
Musty speeches,
Roll calls, too—
Same old congress,
Nothing new.

Bushel baskets
Full of bills—
All prescriptions
For our ills.
While we're thankful
For Depew—
Same old congress,
Nothing new.

—Washington Post.

Rebuking Kant.

From Pick-Me-Up.

He was in a great picture gallery, standing before a beautiful picture of the nude.

"Ah!" he cried mournfully, so that all around should hear his protest, "Oh, the sinfulness of it. Oh, that I should see such a thing here."

"Tell us where else you've seen it, guv'nor!" cried a rude young man standing by; and the good man said no more.

Few of Us Do, Anyway.

From the Chicago News.

"Suppose that Father Time were bald?" remarked the girl with the illustrated almanac; "how it would interfere with progress."

"In what way?"

"Why, we couldn't take Time by the forelock."

Midway Plaisance.

From Harper's Bazar.

O'Mulligan—"Phwat kind av a job have yez now, O'Hara?"

O'Hara—"Shure it's an alsy job I have now, Dinny. I stand on the corner wid wan sign hung on the front av me and wan sign hung on the back av me, and, begorra, betwane the two I git me livin'."

What He Said.

From the Washington Star.

"Did you say the Americans are upon us?" asked the Filipino officer.

"No," answered the chief. "I have just been making some studies in the United States slang. I don't think they can be induced to pay us a cent. What I said is that they are 'onto' us."

Never Feazed Him.

From Tit-Bits.

"If you were the only man in the world," she said, emphatically, "I wouldn't marry you."

"Oh, well," he replied, nonchalantly, "if I were the only man in the world, you wouldn't get me. I'd go in for a pretty girl."

Cutting a Friend.

From Harlem Life.

"What have you been doing?" inquired a friend.

"Just cutting an acquaintance," replied Colonel Bludd, of Kentucky, wiping his bowie on his sleeve.

When the "Birds" Get Gay.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
"Annie Rooney," "Comrades," and all that sort of thing.

—Harlem Life.

THE KING'S MESSENGER.

Send Thou, O Lord, to every place
Swift messengers before Thy face,
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

Send Thou whose eyes have seen the King;
Those in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come.

To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in,
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

—Exchange.

ONLY A CHILD.

"'Tis only a child!" the people said
As they passed the house of our baby dead.
A child they saw, and nothing more,
From the ribbon white upon the door.
Only a child!

"'Tis only a child!" I heard aloud
As the hearse went threading thro' the crowd
And no one thought to waft a prayer,
For only a child was passing there.
Only a child!

'Twas only a child the curious read,
On the marble shaft above his head.
"A little child of the briefest year
Among the dead lies buried here."
Only a child!

'Twas only a child! But more to me
Than all this world again can be,
Our future hope and present joy—
God's dearest gift—that angel boy.
Only a child!

'Twas only a child! Yes, that was all—
A little child so tiny and small,
And yet, O Christ, thro' Him I see
The way and life that leads to Thee.
Only a child!

—Anonymous.

BROTHERHOOD.

And each shall care for other
And each to each shall bend,
To the poor a noble brother,
To the good an equal friend.

—Emerson.

OF CURRENT INTEREST.

New Point in Bankruptcy Law.

A new point in the national bankruptcy law—the first of its kind that has been raised—was before the United States district court at Pittsburg last week. Hamilton Bros., fruit packers, of North East, Pa., had been placed in involuntary bankruptcy and it was subsequently learned that the firm was not insolvent. The petition in bankruptcy was therefore dismissed, and an order made on the creditors to show cause why they should not pay damages, counsel fees and costs to the defendants. The counsel for Hamilton Bros. claims that the law provides for cases of this nature, although there is no precedent upon which to determine the amount of damages. It is averred that the unwarranted bankruptcy proceedings have greatly injured the firm, both in business and reputation.

"The Horseless Farmer."

William Johnson, a farmer, near Kokomo, Ind., has run a farm of six acres thirty years and never had a horse on the place. He is known throughout the section as "the horseless farmer." He raises corn, potatoes, celery, melons, and all kinds of vegetables, all the land being under cultivation. Johnson does all the work himself by hand. He has hand-plows, hand-cultivators, hand-planters, and hand-harvesters. Even the marketing is all done by hand. He trundles his crops to town in a wheelbarrow, making an average of three trips a day the year round. In the thirty years Johnson and his wheelbarrow have traveled 168,000 miles—nearly seven times around the world. When a boy he was kicked by a horse, and since then he has had nothing to do with horses.

Why They Pick Out the Officers.

Colonel Robertson, of the Gordon Highlanders, relates that in the course of a conversation which he had with General Joubert in 1881 he asked why the Boers so consistently picked off the officers in their encounters with the British. Joubert's answer was as follows: "You officers are all rich and are quite independent of your profession; you can come into your army and leave it when you please; but the privates are poor men and they cannot get away when they please, and they must fight when they are ordered to, and it is how they get their living. Besides, we have no quarrel with them, and we do not want to kill one of them if we can help it."

He Wasn't a Poor Inventor.

A New York writer disposes of the statement that the late Mr. Mergenthaler did not reap the rewards which he was fairly entitled to as the inventor of the linotype machine. Dying at the early age of 45, he had already received in cash, after his invention had become productive, more than $1,000,000. Shortly before his death he sold his remaining stock for between $300,000 and $400,000, and his heirs continue to receive his royalties at the same rate at which they were paid in his lifetime.

Chamberlain an Orchid Faddist.

Joseph Chamberlain, the British colonial minister, has long been famous for his orchids, his collection being one of the finest in the world. Some years ago he saw in Paris an exceedingly rare orchid, an exact duplicate of one he owned. He asked the price, and was told 20,000 francs. The Englishman at once gave a check for the amount, and then, throwing the flower on the floor, crushed the only rival of his own beautiful flower.

Bunched Greatness.

The little town of Selma, Ala., is the home of Senator Morgan and also of Senator Pettus and also of Governor Johnston, who aspires to succeed Morgan. Such a situation, as the Springfield Republican suggests, would never be tolerated in this part of the country. If nature has not distributed talent by locality with a fair degree of equality we insist upon an artificial distribution.

A Composite Madonna.

Mr. Joseph Gray Kitchell, of Indianapolis, has, "after many months' work," succeeded in making a composite photograph of all the greatest painting of Madonnas known to exist. The report says that "the face is marvelously beautiful—perhaps the highest type idealized by man," and that "as a scientific contribution to art the result is significant."

A Judge Who Fines Dog-Kickers.

Police Magistrate Crane, of New York, not long ago fined and severely lectured a man who was brought before him for kicking a homeless dog "just for fun." Now Harry J. Bascomb, of Providence, who has some valuable collies in the New York dog show, has presented Mr. Crane with one of them.

Not in the Funston Class.

A South African correspondent of the New York World says that some British troopers, trying to emulate Funston during the battle of Modder river, swam the stream under fire, but finding things too warm when they were nearly across, they were forced to retire and "joining hands, swam back."

Death From Seasickness.

Seasickness is given as the cause of death of Judge John R. Putnam of the appellate division of the New York supreme court, who died on a steamship just outside of Hong Kong. The judge was on his way to Manila to visit his son, a soldier in our army.

Horseback Sermons.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, is an enthusiastic horseman, and says he thinks out his best sermons while on horseback.

Latest Shape in Street Cars.

A new electric railway car now used in Brussels is of a triangular form in front, the purpose being to reduce the resistance of the air.