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## ATHLETISM.

It seems that a certain street orator, who has made it his mission to declaim against all churches and religious creeds, came pretty near being forcibly stopped the other evening by indignant listeners. He attacked, it is said, the work of Catholic sisters of mercy, when someone protested in forcible language, and the protest was sustained by the audience.

We hope street speakers of that type will take the hint and remember that they owe some courtesy to the men and women who courteously stop to listen to them. We do not believe in violence and hope the City streets will never be made the scenes of anything that looks like persecution. We believe in free speech for all, even for infidels, but we also believe that the privilege should not be abused, as it sometimes is by that class of reformers. We have heard zealous in the streets attack both living and dead with abuse and vilification, until forbearance seemed to be a virtue no longer. The streets of the City should not be used for such purposes, under the pretense that free speech must not be interfered with. The streets belong to the citizens and these have a right to demand that those who indulge in unseemly language be kept off the public thoroughfares.

Otherwise atheists should be given the same liberties as Salvation Army members, Josephites and Holy Jumpers. The atheism that is expressed in the incoherent arguments of mountebanks is not the greatest danger of our age. We have an atheism that proves its presence in the fearful lawlessness that is a feature of our time, and that has been illustrated in the recent riots in Illinois. What greater proof of the influence of godlessness than the lynchings that occur with awful frequency? What greater proof than the complaint of churches that the benches are empty, and the theological seminaries not frequented? And this is not all. Consider how people misuse one another as to motives. That means that they do not believe in the existence of virtue. They are infidels as to that. Those who so judge are destitute of it themselves and conclude that all others are morally destitute, too. And then again, consider the fact that rogues very often triumph. An unworthy person who succeeds through means that would bring him, if unsuccessful, to prison, is very often shown marks of the highest respect. Were it not for a brand of atheism secretly dwelling in the hearts of men, scoundrels would never be found in places of honor and responsibility. As a result of skepticism even good men sometimes consider half-measures, and compromises with the powers of evil, instead of standing firmly on the rock of faith, convinced that the purposes of the Almighty will finally be accomplished, without fail.

This class of atheism, though generally not so designated, is the real danger of our age. When faith really prevails, men and women will not only do good, but be good. They will no longer watch their neighbor lest they be cheated by him, but they will watch themselves that they do their neighbor no wrong. They will consider not only their acts, but the source from which acts spring and make the source pure. They will discard display and pretense, and offer character instead, genuine as gold. Such are the results of true faith. Let atheists talk, if they will conform to the rules of civilized society. They can only remind us of the great need of our age of that faith which is found in so few.

## FISH AND GAME.

The statement of State Game Commissioner Cronar, that "the matter of preserving the fish and game of the State has arrived at a stage when emphatic means must be taken to enforce the laws, or it will not be many years until the streams will be denuded of their fish and the mountain ravines of their game," is undoubtedly true. We have heard of the dynamiting of the fish streams, of which he speaks, and we agree with him that "our lawmakers should see to it that at the next session of the legislature a fish and game statute be placed upon the books that will guarantee, as far as the state is concerned, the preservation of the sporting grounds and waters of the commonwealth."

We are not so sure, however, that the appointment of additional wardens at higher pay, as suggested by Mr. Cronar, will be an adequate measure for the protection of the fish and game. As he points out, the wardens can not watch all the places, and the creation of additional offices may not be sufficient for the effective protection of deer, and the sage hens, while it might safeguard the trout.

What we think would be better for the present, would be to prohibit altogether the killing of wild game for the next few years, that the wild fowl and other native animals excepting, perhaps, the coyote, might be given a fair chance to avoid the impending extermination.

Only thus, we suspect, will a complete safeguard be found for the preservation of our remaining scanty game animals.

As for the fish, we concur in the suggestion for a fish hatchery at Springville and another at Fish Lake.

The out-door canyon life of the summer vacations, in which so many of the people find health and recreation, should not be rendered less interesting by the destruction of the native life of the mountains and streams.

## ATHLETICS IN SCHOOLS.

Rev. William Francis Shero, warden of Racine College, Racine, Wis., has recently expressed the opinion that there is a tendency to too much athletics throughout preparatory schools of the country. "If," he says, "I were going to name any danger which is confronting us I would specify this as almost the only one."

This, undoubtedly, is true. There is a disposition among the youth to regard athletics as something of chief importance—something far more important at all events than intellectual and moral training. The purpose of athletics in schools is to strengthen the body, to promote health and physical well-being and thereby make it possible to advance farther and accomplish more in the pursuit of knowledge. Athletics in the schools should be only a means to the attainment of higher ends. Physical exercise is necessary, since the mind needs an organism that is sound in every detail for the perfect accomplishment of its work. But, when athletics become a fad, or are practised merely for contests, they fail in their true purpose.

We believe some are inclined to look upon physical training as of almost paramount importance. This is a mistake. The Grecian states did not go down for want of rigid physical exercises of the youth. The decay of democratic institutions and the enervation of the race were due to other causes. History should teach us to avoid the pitfalls of wealth, the dangers of pride and of class distinctions. For no amount of bodily exercise can save a nation when the soul becomes tainted with the germs of moral corruption.

The subject is one that should be well considered. Every student should have an opportunity daily to take the needed exercise under the guidance of experienced teachers. Such exercises are of great value to the school, but the training of a few for the purpose of competing with others, from another school, is of no general value whatever. Athletics for advertising purposes should be discouraged.

## BOYS ON A RAMPAGE.

A recent Associated Press dispatch from Tacoma states the pathetic fact that the North Dakota troops en route to the summer encampment in Washington state, cleaned out diverse and sundry restaurants. Adjutant-General Poole of North Dakota characterizes the reports as "overdrawn," and calculated to place the gallant militiamen of North Dakota in an unjust light. It is a burning question at present, whether the state is responsible for damages to the pie and various other fixings which the ravenous soldiery devoured, or whether it is up to the United States war department to settle, and then settle the alleged offenders.

This pleasant, or, unpleasant, little episode, according to the geography of the observer, recalls with some vividness, a similar escapade at Wilmington, Del., at the time of the Yorktown, Va., centennial celebration, in which the gallant Ninth Massachusetts regiment posed in the heroic statueque. The Ninth regiment was sent to represent the Old Bay state, upon whose seal appears indelibly engraven, "God Bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," and was supposed to embody in its conduct all that profound ethical dignity and scholarly bearing that might be expected from any body of men fresh from the shadows of Harvard university, and the caves of the Concord School of Philosophy. But, the Ninth regiment is to Boston what the Sixty-ninth is to New York City, which carries the green banner, bearing the yellow harp of Erin go brach, at the fore, with "the flag of our Union," and bears undying resentment toward their orange ribboned fellow countrymen who "came over with Cromwell."

What induced Governor Long to send that particular regiment to represent the state, when regiments composed of "native sons," like the First and the Fifth, were immediately handy and willing to go, is one of those mysteries of statecraft whose solution no Boston politician has yet ventured to attempt. The regiment had not been on the road over two days, when disquieting reports reached the ears of Governor John D. Long. He was much pained, and would fain disbelieve them. When the regiment reached Wilmington, "its Irish" was ready for most any kind of a rumpus. The quartermaster had been altogether too saving in his bills of fare, in order to make an economical showing, and "the boys" were yearning for custard pie, with all the fixings thrown in. The result was that when the train stopped to change engines the entire aggregation of Milesian philosophers from "The Hub" made a break for the depot restaurant where they grabbed everything within reach, coffee, pies, steam roasters and all. The waiter girls shrieked for help and in turn grabbed onto the fast disappearing plates of eatables. But, bless you, while one girl was clinging frantically to a plate of mince pie and yelling "Police!" another brave soldier boy would charge both of his prehensile arms round her plump waist, and fill her open mouth with "sweet kisses" till she couldn't breathe, but alone scream. In not over five minutes, the long lunch counter was as bare of food as is a telephone pole of foliage, while the hilarious soldiery went out of the depot to the cars "loaded to the guards" with culinary mercies. This train pulled out. A full, a very full, account, with highly embellished trimmings, was wired the Boston papers. Governor Long was much pained a second time, and he wired Colonel Strachan his regrets. The Colonel wired back that the reports were the work of superimagination. If not intoxicated reporters, and claimed the reputation of the old Puritan state for sober, staid and regularly dignified had been amply upheld by the troops under his command.

Well, the gallant Ninth went on to Yorktown, where, during the celebra-

tion it conducted itself with credit on the field of review. But while stopping over at Richmond on the way back, the whole outfit broke loose. According to the Richmond papers, and the accounts wired home, the boys of the Ninth regiment conducted themselves in anything but a Puritanical manner. They would stop street cars, unhitch the mules and after hitching them at the other end of the cars, sent the same off in the wrong direction, amid uproarious "hoogays" from the perpetrators of the "joke." Then the "Northern Mudsills" from Boston would tear down streamers of cloth from in front of dry goods stores, and decorate, perforce, innocent pedestrians. As a "fitting climax" to this "On to Richmond!" the husky Boston soldiery fell to hugging and kissing every good looking "nigger wench" their eyes lighted on, and even did the same for children coming from school. There is no telling what more the visiting invaders from the north might have done, had not the indignant citizens poked up the sleepy police into action, and the Colonel was quietly, but emphatically informed that if he did not get his men out of that town inside of two hours, there was no telling what would be done with them. Colonel Strachan lost no time in doing so, and the regiment was brought north.

Governor Long was deeply pained a third time at the reports from the Virginia capital; and notwithstanding the colonel's protestations that his command had been grossly maligned, came near disbanding the regiment. The experiences of the Ninth Massachusetts infantry at the Yorktown celebration, were for years a standing joke in New England military circles. It was a long time before the last was heard of the matter. The state of Massachusetts paid all the damages.

Pretty girls are partial to hats that cost a pretty sum.

A person cannot eat more hole-some food than friedcakes.

Castro is a man who thinks that he can whip his weight in wild cats.

Up in Minnesota they are doing their very best to force greatness upon Governor Johnson.

No more crimes are committed in the name of liberty than in the name of law and order.

Though not particularly concealed, chauffeurs tool their own horns far more than other people.

Will Mr. Bryan's "greatest trick mule in the world" bray in a mortar or be brayed in a mortar?

It begins to look as though the Netherlands were going to give Castro a Holland gin-up.

"People are seldom on time," says an exchange. Nonsense. Everybody is on time till eternity is entered.

A trip through the farming country shows that the horse rakes have driven the Maud Mullers from the hay field.

A person has to have a trust to go up in a balloon, but whether it is good or bad depends on how the trip ends.

The trouble with that man brought back to life by Brooklyn physicians was that he refused to stay brought back.

An Atlanta paper says that Mr. Kern's whiskers will grow upon the people. Will they grow upon the bald-heads?

Captain Hobson continues to see war with Japan ahead. But then the Captain quit the navy because his eyesight was impaired.

Japan is going to lay down two more battleships. This goes to show that she does not propose to lay down to any power.

It must be a most peculiar sensation to the corporations to have their campaign contributions returned. They must feel dazed.

The managers of the two great political parties are making appeals for funds. This goes to show that it is to be a poor but honest campaign.

"Love is the poetry of life and matrimony is the corn beef and cabbage," says the Chicago News. And sometimes the matrimony is sass and tart.

There should be a shorter form of notification and speech of acceptance. It might run something like this: To all whom it may concern: Know ye, etc.

If Captain Peter C. Hains was insane when he shot and killed William E. Annis, what was the mental condition of T. Jenkins Hadins who, with revolver in hand, held at bay those who wanted to interfere and save Annis?

General Daniel H. Rucker, father of Mrs. Phil Sheridan and who is ninety-six years old, and hale and hearty, has just had an experience that puts Mark Twain's in the shade. The insurance company in which he has carried a policy for years has written him that having reached the age of ninety-six, "you are supposed to have died and your policy will be settled just as though it had fallen due by reason of your demise." The shock produced by the news would have killed a younger and less robust man than the General.

## LITTLE DOING.

Chicago Post.

Many old-timers have commented on the fact that there have been few notable descenders this year from the two major parties following the nomination of presidential candidates and the adoption of platforms. It was not always thus, and one does not need to hark back beyond the memory of the present generation for two exceptional cases. When McKinley was nominated in 1896 on a gold platform, there was such a revolution of the party seemed to be threatened for a time. Then a few weeks later, when Bryan was nominated on a free silver platform, Democracy experienced the same internal turmoil. Senators and congressmen threw over a lifetime allegiance and

cast their fortunes with old-time foes. Newspapers, great and small, also refused to follow their old banners and disorganization was everywhere. Still in most cases time healed, or at least soothed, the wounds, and with few exceptions the seceders have returned to their first love. Maybe the utility of that rebellion had something to do with the apparent closing up of the ranks this year, for while the two big conventions witnessed contests of much bitterness and heard many dire threats made, everybody seems to have made the best of the situation, and there are a daisy announcements of "wholesale defections."

## PROVED.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Over their lunch the fishermen, at ease in the bobbing boat, talked about Peary.

"Why doesn't he just lie about it—come back and say he's reached the north pole, and let it go at that? It would save a lot of money."

"Yes, it would save money, but Peary must bring back proof."

"How can he bring back proof?" "With his camera. It is like this. Only at the north pole would the shadow of a bullet, suspended from a string, describe in a day's time a perfect circle. Everywhere else the shadow would be elliptical. Well, Peary, if he ever gets to the pole, will hang up his bullet and photograph an arc of his circle—he won't photograph the whole thing, because at the north pole a full day is six months long. The arc, though, will tell the story to scientists. It will be the proof that no fake has been worked."

## JUST FOR FUN.

## An Insultation.

Mr. Quarles. Well, I see old Gold-man is dead and leaves more than three millions. Wouldn't you like to be his widow?

Mrs. Quarles (sweetly). No, dear; nothing could possibly delight me more than just to be yours.—EX.

## The Olympic Games.

Rufus. De white folks says dey orter play dem nigger games in Greece.

Rastus. Go' way nigger! How could dey keep from fallin' down if dey was runnin' in grease?—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

## Dance Alone!

"Can I have this dance?" asked the callow youth.

"Why, certainly," replied the haughty beauty; "I don't want it."—Columbus Dispatch.

## The Merry Wag.

"These electric light bills are driving me positively crazy," said the man who worries.

"It's not so bad as that," answered the merry wag. "It's probably a mere case of chandelium."—Washington Evening Star.

## Selling His Screeds.

"I think," said the struggling writer, "that the publishers might well take a hint from the politicians."

"In what respect?"

"Publicity for all contributions. How that would help!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Small Potatoes.

Prospector. What do you do with your small potatoes?

Farmer (thinking of the late primary). Well, we sell 'em for office.—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

## The Shortest Man.

Mrs. Stubbs. It states in this magazine, John, that the shortest men on earth are the Laplanders.

Mr. Stubbs. H'm! They couldn't be any shorter than an American man after his summer vacation.—Chicago Daily News.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The presidential campaign continues to occupy the attention of Harper's Weekly's brilliant staff of cartoonists. Continuing his series of articles on latter-day opportunities for workers, John Kimberly Mumford takes up the story of the Pennsylvania railroad, its history and development, and its treatment of its employees. Sydney Brooks, writing from London, tells the full story of the quarrel between the rival admirals which threatened to disrupt the British navy. Jack London continues his tale of the Snark's voyage to Honolulu, and tells how the crew lost their land-least Annie S. Peck describes her mountain-climbing exploits in the Andes, during the course of which she visited the source of the Amazon. How a young American sculptor horrified London by his statuary, and, after dividing his public into two camps, was in the end vindicated, is told in an interesting story. There is also an account of Public-Prosecutor Scovell of Camden county, New Jersey, and his unique work in reuniting separated husbands and wives. Talcott Lewis has a humorous story, the scene of which is laid in Turkey, and which describes the exploits of a famous Turkish joker. Robert Hichens' story, "A Spirit in Prison," comes to its crucial point of interest in this installment. Baxter Ware tells the story of the loan sharks who infest the cities of this country, and reveals the trickery by which they fasten their fangs upon the poor. There are two pages of jokes and humorous illustrations.—Harper & Bros., New York.

A striking feature of the August McClure—one that will be widely discussed—is an essay on "Prohibition and Social Psychology," by Prof. Hugo Munsterberg. The distinguished psychologist says: "Better America. In strong feature, from a rhetorical standpoint, is the reproduction of several of the best paintings of Alexander Borissoff, the Russian artist, who went to the frozen north and painted the most beautiful colors of the arctic region on the north. Richard C. Cabot, an eminent physician of Boston, analyzes one hundred "Christian Science cures," declaring that "Christian Science treatment does not cure organic diseases." The "Insensibilities of Carl Schurz" continue, with an intensely interesting account of two interviews, in 1877, and Ellen Terry, in her memoirs, tells of her last years with Henry Irving. In fiction there are a half dozen stories, everyone of which possesses exceptional merit: "A Story of Hate" by Gertrude Hall; "Patsy Moran, the Book and Its Covers," by A. S. Hoffman; "His Need of Me," by Simon; another Ezekiel story, by Lucy Percival Gibson; "The Porehanded Coluboung," by Margaret Wilson; "The Moving Finger Writes," by Marie Belloc Lowndes; "4-60 East Twelfth-third street, New York."

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