



QUALITY VS. EQUALITY.

By Rev. D. F. Fox, D. D.

Ours is pre-eminently an age of discontent. We are all protestants. Men note the glaring inequalities that obtain, then quote the Declaration of Independence to the effect that "All men are created equal, and are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." From this they proceed to argue that we are drifting away from the landmarks which the fathers have set up. They at least believed in the equality of man, we are told.

Now surely in the temple of justice all men stand on a level floor. Before the government all men are equal. Our fathers were taxed without representation. This they declared to be unjust, and "in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity," they ordained and established the Constitution of the United States, concerning which Mr. Gladstone said: "It is the greatest document that ever emanated from the brain of man." And he was right.

If, however, you lift the argument of the fathers out of its connection and



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try to prove thereby that all men are equal, you read into that great document a significance which they never intended should be given it, and you are trying to prove what never was true, is not true today, and never will be true. For men never were, are not now, and never will be equal; and it would not be a good thing if they were.

Traveling over this splendid land of ours, I note that mountains are not equal, lakes are not equal, rivers are not equal, and scientists are telling us that even microbes are not equal. Studying men, I note that they are not equal physically, mentally, morally, spiritually or financially. Here, for example, is a man who is a genius in the realm of poetry. He can take the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and the common human experiences of heartache and heartbreak, and weave them into a splendid song of hope. Would it be a good thing to take the torch of the poet, sliver it up and scatter it as glints of glittering mica, giving every man, woman and child just a little of it, so that all would be equal in the realm of poetry? What would be the result? No more Whittier's "Snow-Bound," no more Longfellow's "Swinging of the Crane," no more Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Or here is a man who is a genius in the realm of color. He can walk down a country road, see two peasants wearing wooden shoes, hoeing potatoes, and returning to his studio he lifts the whole scene up into the realm of the immortal, as the Angelus bells peal across the evening sky, the hoe handle rests on the shoulder, the hands are folded, and the head bowed in reverent devotion. Would it be a good thing for the world of beauty to have a leveling process in the realm of art? It would mean no more "Descent from the Cross," no more "Last Supper," no more "Madonnas," no more "Holy Night."

Or here is a man who is a multi-millionaire in the realm of melody. He can take the seven notes of the musical scale, weave them into a symphony that sweeps the cobwebs out of your brain, drenches and rinses your soul with purity, and helps you to climb on ladders of melody up into realms where you make resolutions that an

angel couldn't keep. Would it be a good thing to have an equitable division in the realm of music? It would mean no more "Overture to William Tell," no more "Pilgrims Chorus," none of those splendid devotional hymns and anthems, whereby you have been blessed and comforted. Such a leveling-up process in the world of music would leave us all hopelessly floundering in the entanglements of "rag-time" melody.

Is it not a good thing that men are not equal in the realm of art, and music, and poetry? These great hearts are our servants. They appear, Not to dwarf us by their questions, but to show

To what largeness we may grow.

If the money of our country were equally divided, every man, woman and child would receive about \$1,200. And there are those who believe that such a leveling-up process in the realm of money would bring in the millennium. On the contrary, if such a distribution were made today, I am convinced, knowing human nature to be what it is, that in three months we would again have successful merchants, farmers, artisans, and leaders in all of the professions, and within this same three months we would have another crop of the class who sleep in barns, haystacks and police stations, pleading for another leveling-up process so that all men would have an equal chance. As there are great leaders in other realms, so there are stars of the first magnitude in the realm of business.

Now, I preach no gospel of mere acquiescence. To check ambition, or to restrain aspiration is not the supreme virtue of life. Certainly that is not what is meant by Christian contentment. We are placed here to seek in the worst the best and the highest that God has for us. The trouble with all of us is, we think there is a favoritism. We recall those whom we consider fortunate. They shine in their renown. But we forget that the shining comes only after much of the grindstone. One would like to be Moses after he is through, but to be Moses on the road is different. David is usually king. But it was a hard climb. He paid dearly for the crown he wore. He tells us it left a red rim around his forehead and made his head ache.

Joan of Arc did much for France. She is forever enshrined in the hearts of her countrymen. But a blaze of glory that goes out at the stake is not much to be desired. There are penalties for being conspicuous. Abraham Lincoln is perhaps our foremost American. Is there any favoritism in the five-year burden and the assassin's bullet? One would like the fame of Columbus, not the stretch of lonesome faith and chains. Many a boy would like to be Joseph, wearing the coat of many colors, and many a man would like to be Joseph, the prime minister; but the pit, slavery, slander, and the prison are the connecting links.

We know only half the story of those whom we consider fortunate. Discontent comes from seeing only the surface. When we climb up to where we have full vision we find no occasion for envy anywhere. Remember, nothing so sweetens our lot in life as the effort to sweeten the lot of some one else, and nothing so reconciles a man to his own burden as when he helps to carry the burden of another.

Short Meter Sermons.

Revenge gives birth to remorse.

Little frets call for large virtues.

The best work of all is work for all.

No man keeps up his reputation by talking about it.

His strength is but weakness who forgets the weak.

Idle words are by no means idle after they are uttered.

Fear more the foes in your heart than those in the open.

No man is ordained of God until he is ready to serve men.

It is easy to sneer at the goodness you cannot acquire.

The smoothest path is always on the other side of the road.

To get even with the wrongdoer you must drop to his level.

People who easily boil over do little toward washing the world.

Many a sermon is void of the water of life for lack of condensation.

It's the man whose weights are short who wants to hold the scale of justice.

It's easy to get weight of words in a sermon if you leave out the heaven of wisdom.

That prayer rises highest that comes from those who bend lowest in service for others.

The man who never looks ahead with patience always evens up by looking back with a good deal of pain.

ELECTRIC POWER IN AFRICA.

Plan to Transmit Current 745 Miles Is Not Approved.

It is gratifying to note that the technical press has sounded a note of warning against the preposterous proposal to generate hydraulic electric power at the Victoria falls of the Zambesi river and transmit it over a distance of 745 miles for use in the gold mines of Johannesburg, says the Scientific American. But, although the proposal to deliver this power at a figure that would be at once economical to the consumer and profitable to the company has been ridiculed by the technical press, the lay public is liable to be misled by the scheme, which on the face of it would seem to hold out flattering prospects of success.

At the present time the most important transmission of energy for commercial purposes is that from Niagara to Buffalo, where the distance covered does not exceed twenty miles. The longest transmission, according to present information, is that which is in successful operation in California, over a distance of about 220 miles, so that the proposed transmission line in South Africa will be 340 per cent longer than anything that has yet been contemplated.

According to Prof. William E. Ayton, who not long ago made a severe criticism of the scheme in the London Times, the Johannesburg mining district consumes about 150,000 horse power at an average cost of \$100 a horse power a year. Niagara sends 4,000-horse power to Buffalo, where it is sold at about \$125 a horse power a year, and Buffalo, as we have noted, is distant from Niagara only twenty miles.

Furthermore, in the neighborhood of Johannesburg are abundant supplies of coal, of which an excellent quality can be delivered on the Rand for from \$2.60 to \$2 a ton. Even if the Victoria Falls plant were to be built and a great transmission line constructed it is not likely that the important mining industries in Johannesburg would be willing to trust the operation of their costly plants to the integrity of a few copper cables extending for over 700 miles through the wilds of a savage country.

MONK STOWAWAY ON SHIP.

Smuggled Himself on the Kjeld and Lived Long on Bananas.

When the steamship Kjeld, coming this way with 20,000 bunches of bananas and 150 bags of coconuts, was two days out from port Antonio, the date being Oct. 19, the first mate discovered a strange creature in the forward hold. It was a—no, hold on, it wasn't a big tarantula with hair on its legs and it wasn't a green snake the same as all banana ships have aboard—it was a little brown monkey with a wise little old face that looked as if it had worn out several bodies, and a long prehensile tail with a crook in the end like an interrogation mark upside down, says the New York World.

The monk had had a plenty to eat—the piles of empty banana skins upon the deck of the hold proved that—but he was thirsty for a fact. The mate called the watch to capture the little stowaway, but the monkey had another idea about that.

He skipped from banana bunch to banana bunch as briskly as a water bug on a mill pond. Just when the men had about given up hope of catching their slimy passenger Long Jim, a 16-year-old mess boy, came along the alley on his way to the galley with a bucket of water on his shoulder.

With one jump the monk was on Long Jim's head, taking a drink out of the bucket. He was still soaking in it when the first mate grabbed him by the scruff of the neck.

Inside of a day the monk was tame. He developed a fondness for Long Jim that made everyone think of the Damon end of the famous Damon and Pythias sketch team of ancient times. When the Kjeld arrived and Long Jim prepared to reship for his home in Sweden he wept so bitterly at the thought of parting from his monkey friend that Capt. Helleson gave Jim the monk and they sailed together—the happiest monkey and the proudest Swede on the Atlantic Ocean.

Effect of Ether.

The effects of ether, or at least the illusions which those who have taken it suffer from, are varied. Upon coming out of ether the other day a prominent man confessed to being a murderer and told the details of his crime with harrowing exactness.

Fortunately the attending doctor had seen Sir Henry Irving in "The Bells," and recognized at once the duplication. Later inquiry showed that the patient had seen the play some years ago, but had forgotten it entirely his alter ego had not, however.

Kidd Question Answered.

What did the treasure of Captain Kidd amount to and where was it found. PIRATE.

The treasure, which was secured on Gardiner's Island, with that found with Kidd on the San Antonio, amounted to \$70,000.—Newark Advertiser.



Does What Other Stoves Fail to Do

In almost every house there is a room that the heat from the other stoves or furnace fails to reach. It may be a room on the "weather" side, or one having no heat connection. It may be a cold hallway. No matter in what part of the house—whether room or hallway—it can soon be made snug and cozy with a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

Unlike ordinary oil heaters the Perfection gives satisfaction always. First and foremost it is absolutely safe—you cannot turn the wick too high or too low. Gives intense heat without smoke or smell because equipped with smokeless device. Can be easily carried from room to room. As easy to operate as a lamp. Ornamental as well as useful. Made in two finishes—nickel and brass. Brass oil fount beautifully embossed. Holds 4 quarts of oil and burns 9 hours. There's real satisfaction in a Perfection Oil Heater. Every heater warranted. If not at your dealer's write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

The Rayo Lamp

makes the home bright. Is the safest and best lamp for all-around household use. Gives a clear, steady light. Fitted with latest improved burner. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Every lamp warranted. Suitable for library, dining room, parlor or bedroom. If not at your dealer's write to nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY



Many a True Word.

When, a few years ago, someone in an idle jest worded an advertisement for a housemaid saying that the advertiser would and could give "references" we all laughed and thought it too funny to be true. But it was prophetic. Recently in the newspaper of a suburban city an advertisement appeared for a cook and a housemaid, and the one in want of the servants added in a manner unmistakably meant to be persuasive "first change in ten years." But who among us feels like laughing now? Rather it is sobering in its effect upon us, since it but tells in one more way a story that is vexing and perplexing thousands of housekeepers in the State.—Boston Transcript.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Confirming the Popular Impression.

"Minnie," said the young man, whose heart was thumping violently, "do you know that everybody—er—says—says—that we—we are engaged?"

"I suppose, Harold," she answered, "everybody thinks that—that we ought to be by this time."

After that it wasn't long until everybody knew it.

In Ireland there are 211,000 widows, as compared with only 88,000 widowers.

His Own Manufacture.

Sir William Bailey "played this off," as he expressed it, at a dinner at which the late Cardinal Vaughan sat near to him. "Where did you get that bit of history from?" the cardinal asked. "I didn't get it from anywhere," Sir William answered. "I make history as I go on."—Manchester Guardian.

Worth Knowing.

That Alcock's Plasters are the highest result of medical science and skill and in ingredients and method have never been equaled. That they are the original and genuine porous plasters upon whose reputation imitators trade.

That they never fail to perform their remedial work quickly and effectively.

That for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Colds, Lung Trouble, Strains and all Local Pains they are invaluable.

That when you buy Alcock's Plasters you obtain the best plasters made.

You Have Seen Them.

First Flat Dweller—Those people over there are always kicking on the meals.

Second Ditto—Then why don't they move?

First Flat Dweller—They're the kind that would rather kick than eat.—Detroit Free Press.

Bunkoed.

Church—A man recently paid \$60,000 for a seat in the New York Stock Exchange.

Gotham—And did he get it?

"O, yes, he got it."

"That's all right, then. I'll bet I've paid more than that in my lifetime for seats in the street cars that I never got."

—Yonkers Statesman.

It is officially reported that the growing of cotton in West Africa has been very successful.

SKIN DISEASES HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the Winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble

because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

Stockman, Neb.

S. S. S.

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