

## HER IDEAS OF STEAD.

KATE FIELD'S OPINIONS CONCERNING THE ENGLISH EDITOR.

The Central Music Hall Meeting Was Something of a Curiosity—Mr. Stead Took a Hand in All Affairs There, and Ran the Meeting to Suit His Own Ideas—His Is a Marked Individuality and His Work May Result in Good.

It is always interesting and sometimes instructive to face a strong individuality. This is an age of mechanical invention and mental change. There is no doubt about its inventive genius, but genius is always exceptional, towering above the masses as Himalaya towers above the plains. Genius needs no ruler but its own inspiration. The great average of humanity, however, are sheep in need of a bell-wether to pass to the promised land. When steeped in absolute ignorance these sheep are the prey of demagogues who play upon honest natures for selfish purposes.

After reaching the dangerous level of thinking they think men and women of conviction are more dangerous to the community than the absolute ignorant. Obsessed by facts presented for their adoption at the point of the bayonet, they say in deed or word, "Take our nostrum or we will ruin the Nation. The fate of Sodom and Gomorrah is near. Woe, woe, woe! There is but one road to salvation, and we are the signboard. Follow or be damned."

Did you ever read "Joshua Davidson," a novel by that clever woman Mrs. E. Lynn Linton? If not, please do. It will make you very miserable, but it will set you thinking and will convince you that there are various kinds of crucifixion, and that although nailing to a cross is not now fashionable, Christ would undoubtedly be persecuted to death did he walk the earth to-day.

## PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Joshua Davidson is a carpenter of this century who starts out in life determined to be a practical Christian. He loves his neighbors as himself; he fulfills the golden rule. He is misunderstood, maligned, despised, and is finally stoned to death. I've been thinking and reading about Mrs. Lynn Linton's hero ever since I became an editor, for I find him trying to get a hearing in this century, knocking at many a door only to be turned away as an unwelcome guest. His name is reason.

With unmitigated ignorance, led by demagogues on one side, and underdone thinkers led by fanatics on the other, Reason is well nigh crushed between the upper and nether millstone. Neither extreme has any use for that most uncommon sense innately called common. Believing that the world is improving because facts show it, having no specific for its regeneration, but feeling certain that continued agitation alone will drag us out of present sloughs, I spent last Sunday afternoon and evening in Chicago's great Music Hall, Mr. William F. Stead, a London editor, had issued a general invitation to the public, especially publicans and sinners, to meet him to discuss ways and means for driving the devil out of Chicago. Mr. Stead named the special sinners whose presence and the relation of whose experience he most desired. As the most degraded of both sexes have no desire to be made shows of, Mr. Stead must have known that his audience would consist for the most part of two classes—the curious and honest seekers for light in the direction of helping the poor.

## WHY SHE WENT.

Agreeing with the prayer-book that we are all miserable sinners, I went to Central Music Hall Sunday afternoon out of curiosity. Finding a seat in the first balcony I watched and listened, not having liked Mr. Stead's methods in certain attempted English reforms. His bounding of Parnell and Sir Charles Dilke and his whitewashing of the Prince of Wales, almost at one fell swoop, had prejudiced me against the man. I went to judge. There was a lack of generosity and justice in this editor's attacks that made his excuses for the half-appearance most offensive to a lover of fair-play. However, if Mr. Stead had found the way of driving the devil out of our big cities, I for one was ready to do my utmost to help to great a sin.

Mr. Stead has a strong individuality. There are no two ways about it. He is every inch himself. His talk, walk, manner, actions are all genuine. His voice is agreeable in tone, sufficiently powerful to be heard in large halls, his enunciation is distinct, and he gives the impression of earnestness. He is accused of aiming at sensationalism. Whether this criticism is just or false I do not know. This I do know—that sensation moves humanity, and until it is created there can be no progress in any direction. If sensationalism be Mr. Stead's way of attracting public attention to great evils, Mr. Stead is so far wise in his generation. I do know that this unique Englishman lacks tact, grace and many qualities needed in an ideal chairman, but I also know that he "got there" last Sunday.

Deeply interested in Mr. Stead's address in the afternoon because of his sympathy with our struggling masses, I went again to Central Music Hall Sunday night to learn what would be proposed to better their condition. So densely packed was the auditorium as to force me to seek refuge on the platform, where I otherwise should not have been. Thus it is that accident makes us actors in many an unexpected drama. At this second meeting Mr. Stead was his own chairman. He was not satisfied with the chairman of the afternoon, knew best what he wanted, and proposed to attain his purpose. We all like courage.

## STead HAS AUDACITY.

The very audacity of Mr. Stead commanded admiration. He did his own praying, delivered his own benediction, did his own thinking, quickly shut off speakers who rambled, and snubbed those who introduced dynamite, religion and politics. He rambled himself, was at times incoherent and intolerant, displayed weak spots in his armor, but he accomplished something before the night was over. A great audience sat eagerly from until 11, listening to the most part with approbation, to remarks from the chairman and various speakers. That audience did not go home until it was resolved with only three dissenting voices that the formation of a civic federation for public welfare was eminently feasible, and that a committee named then and there should meet to appoint a committee of twenty-one to begin work.

Call Mr. Stead what you please, he has planted good seed. It often needs a stranger within our gates to arouse us to a realization of facts. "I've lived so long in Washington and become so used to the vagaries of Congress," said a brilliant journalist to me not long ago, "as to be unable to picture much that is fantastic and wrong. Looking at the scene with fresh eyes you will find food for 'copy' that I should not dream of."

## THE POINT OF VIEW.

By the same token, Mr. Stead looked at Chicago as I have been looking at it, from the point of view of a stranger. He sees, as I have seen, defects which

can be remedied if there be applied to them the same enthusiasm, the same determination, the same intelligence, the same civic pride, that have made the White City the wonder of the world. On the day preceding these mass-meetings a foremost citizen of Chicago said to me: "Of what permanent use will our city be to us if we do not make our city correspondingly clean and free from the blot that taints great communities and that especially afflict us owing to our tremendous foreign population gathered from every quarter of the globe?" It did my soul good to hear these words from such a source. Here was the soil in which to work. Mr. Stead but repeated in his own way twenty-four hours later the very criticisms of one to whom Chicago owes much and who owes much to Chicago. Let the proposed civic federation take root in the western metropolis and I prophesy that its branches will extend throughout the republic to the glory of Christ and the redemption of humanity. There is nothing Utopian about it. If after professing Christianity for 1800 years earnest men and women of different trades and professions cannot unite on the broad platform of the golden rule and set to work cleaning out such an Augean stable as Hercules never conceived, the "heathen" left over from the parliament of religions can truthfully say that the pretended followers of Jesus have not yet learned the alphabet of their professed faith.

## CURSE OF OPIUM IN CHINA.

People Who Become Confirmed Smokers Live Ten Years on an Average.

"Seven-tenths of the people of China are opium smokers, and 5,000,000 of them die annually from its effects," said a Chinese missionary, recently, who has spent twenty-two years of his life in the Flowery Kingdom.

"This habit is rapidly growing," he went on. "It is confined to no class or sex, but men and women, officials and coolies, use it all alike. As soon as opium smoking becomes a confirmed habit with a Chinese coolie he knows that he has about ten years to live. That seems to be the average. I consider it easier to reform a sot in the gutter, one of your lowest types of drunkards, than an opium smoker. Place them behind iron bars if you like, after being imprisoned a short time they begin to beg and plead for opium. They rave like maniacs, and their sufferings are terrible to behold. They act like wild men."

"The opium vice is ruining China. The people know it and the government knows it, but they take no action. In twenty-two years it has increased 50 per cent. Fertile fields that were once used in the cultivation of rice are now growing the opium weed. The provinces in Northern China, where the terrible famine occurred a few years ago, and where thousands perished for want of food, had been for years given over to the production of opium instead of food grains. When food was short the people found they could not live on opium, so they starved to death."

"A parallel to the suffering during that famine is hardly equalled by any event in the history of the world. Human beings died in the streets of villages and on the roads. People turned cannibals. Some dug up roots and others were found on the roadside, where they had died biting the bark off the dead trees. The dead were not buried, for the living had all they could do to take care of themselves."

"Now, to-day rice is one-third higher in price than it was a score of years ago, because the crop has fallen off. Opium shops are everywhere. You may be traveling along with your other coolie when the first thing you know he will put you down and leave you sitting in the street while he goes in to take a smoke."—New York Herald.

## THE MAN WE MEANT TO MARRY.

A Being of Such Perfection as the World Has Never Yet Seen.

What a model of order he was, says a writer in Donahoe's. Never aimed at grand gestures or inter-grates or into corners, and never littered mantels and tables with scrap tobacco and gray ash. He never had to follow in his wake, picking up discarded garments, sorting shoes and tidying papers, with a view to answering "swifty things" weren't left where they were put? Under the most vexatious circumstances our ideal man was always the same wholesome, genial, generous fellow, keeping all his troubles to himself, sharing all his pleasures with us, and shielding us from all knowledge of the disagreeable side of life; the world might batter him to the very door, but he would not let it know it. He came in smiling and ready to sympathize with us if the jam wouldn't jam or the blue got streaked in the starch. With womanly inconsistency, while wishing for a slave, we also yearned for intermittent intervals of dominating lordly assertion, for moments when we recognized our will as secondary, and proudly though grudgingly submitted to a higher power. The ideal man always rewarded such submission by increased tenderness and deference of mien, leading us to think that we had cured what we didn't quite 5,000 years old.

## Bismarck's Home Life.

The rancor of Prince Bismarck's public utterances contrasts strangely with the sweetness of his home life, as it is portrayed for us in two of the November magazines. According to a lady writer in The Century, Friedrichshagen is positively bathed in an atmosphere of Christian resignation. "Fortunately for me," said the fallen Minister to his American visitor, "when I was very young I learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and truly to mean it when I said, 'Thy will be done.' And this I still say, and so nothing ever really troubles me." And so doubt it is the case that men often make the most noise over the least real of their trials and troubles.

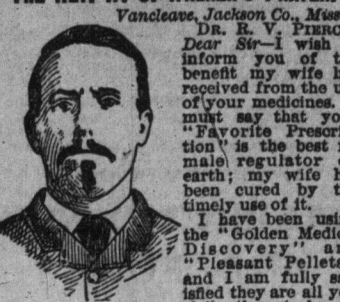
## An Interesting Insurance Case.

The case, Ruth Cartwright v. The Metropolitan Life of New York, which was decided by Mr. Justice Falconbridge yesterday at Osgoode Hall, is of some interest to foreign insurance companies.

It is what is called a quit-action, being brought for some \$2000 by reason of the Metropolitan Life of New York, which was decided by Mr. Justice Falconbridge yesterday at Osgoode Hall, is of some interest to foreign insurance companies.

Mr. Thomas Bell of Meares, Scott, Bell & Co., proprietors of the Vaughan Furniture Factory, writes: "For over one year I was not free one day from headache, dizziness, nervousness, I thought would give me relief, but did not derive any benefit. I then procured a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and began taking it. I soon found the headache leaving me, and I am now completely cured."

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Rev. W. J. Walker.

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