

Topics of the Times

The trouble is that some automobiles carry too many "tanks."

That overworked geography class is now at work on Scandinavia.

Opportunity has an exasperating way of calling on a man when he's out.

An automobile is extremely dangerous when charged with gasoline and booze.

"Bright young men are needed in the country," says Secretary Wilson. In the country only, Mr. Secretary?

The object is to avoid contact between the wheels in the chauffeur's head and those of the automobile.

A New York department store has added a hospital department, having profited by observations taken on bargain days.

President Elliot of Harvard advises young men to associate with their superiors. But how can college young men do that?

If Grover Cleveland was hired to sit on the Equitable safety valve few people will expect the old thing to blow off any more steam.

Railway travel at the rate of a mile in half a minute is exciting, but many of us do not carry sufficiently large life insurance policies to risk it.

The Czar's \$6,000,000 investment in the United States does not look so very big when one considers the wealth he has deposited in the Straits of Korea.

Some things about the insurance companies are coming out that the gentlemanly agents forgot to mention to you when they were soliciting your business.

If King Oscar doesn't like such a short title he might fill a whole line on the hotel register by writing this way: "Oscar, King of Sweden and ex-King of Sweden and Norway."

An English paper is authority for the statement that Duchess Consuelo of Marlborough has among her pets at Blenheim a number of snakes which she takes pleasure in twining around her neck. Well, it's her neck.

It is absurd to say Paul Morton knows nothing about the insurance business. Any man who has lived to be as old as Mr. Morton and has not been positively discourteous to the agents must know a whole lot about the insurance business.

Since Theodore Roosevelt became President 72,000 government employees have been put in the classified service—that is, their successors must be appointed under the competitive examination system. Now practically the only large group of government appointees still outside of the classified service is that made up of the fourth-class postmasters.

In the midst of the pomp and splendor of the royal wedding at Berlin there must have been some disquieting reflections among the guests upon the outlook for what Mark Twain has called "the king business." Many of the princelings at the wedding have no love for Nicholas of Russia, yet they cannot understand that the downfall of the Muscovite autocracy would spell a menace to every throne in Europe. Once familiarize people with the idea of dethroning kings, and no monarchy is safe.

Farmers' daughters are educated in many parts of Germany in traveling schools, which go from village to village to give girls over sixteen years of age practical lessons in housekeeping, cooking, the selection of food, care of poultry and cattle, the cultivation of vegetables, and butter and cheesemaking. The results have been so satisfactory that it is now proposed to add instruction in nursing, cooking for the sick, mending and sewing. The teachers, who are graduates of the schools of housework, and have passed government examinations, carry with them an outfit of a cooking stove and the various utensils for cooking and ironing. The classes are held in the schoolhouses, the term lasts six weeks, and the cost of tuition is put so low as practically to exclude no one.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded

as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment around the lamp and fireside of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Physicians in New York say that the average New Yorker is killing himself by his pursuit of the strenuous life. That life, as explained by the doctors in this instance, is the mad chase after wealth which the New Yorker makes his main object in life. The great increase in deaths due to diseases of the heart and Bright's disease, as shown in the mortality statistics of New York, is the principal foundation for the doctors' reports. From 1868 to 1904 the increase in deaths from Bright's disease was 16.47 per 10,000 population. In a recent week 125 people died of heart disease, while the number for the corresponding week of the year previous was only 56. The fact is established that the stomach and the heart are extensively affected by the bolting of food and by worrying. The New York business man bolts his food, and he worries, so the doctors assert that he dies earlier than was the custom forty or fifty years ago. In the face of these figures the cry that the life strenuous is shortening the lives of business men would seem to be amply substantiated. Figures don't lie. But occasionally they do give out woefully wrong impressions. The recorded increase of deaths due to Bright's disease in this instance means little. The medical records of fifty years ago were kept in a manner not to be compared with that of the present day. They were far from complete. Possibly 50 per cent of the deaths were properly diagnosed, and in diagnosing heart troubles the medical profession of that time was notoriously incompetent. Many men undoubtedly died of heart disease whose deaths were ascribed to some other cause. Had the mortality statistics of fifty years ago been kept with the same care that obtains to-day there is great probability that the death rate in the diseases mentioned would not be shown to have increased. Everything tends to make this probable. The business man of the present day, while he possibly works harder when he works, does not work so many hours, nor so many days each year, as did his predecessors. Telegraph, cable and rapid mail service permit him to know the exact condition of his business affairs at all times. Fifty years ago a merchant was frequently under a constant strain for weeks and months at a time, merely awaiting an important letter, or news from a shipment of goods. Now one day will bring the business man what he wishes to know from any corner of the earth. Besides, the business men of to-day drink less than did those who have gone before. So if the New York business man dies earlier than did his fathers, the reason is yet to be found. The plea that modern life kills early will hardly hold.



Swimming is very good for a girl's figure if it is good to begin with.

What a woman likes about a yachting trip is the clothes she has to buy for it.

If a girl wasn't jealous of somebody it would be a sign she was the only person in the world.

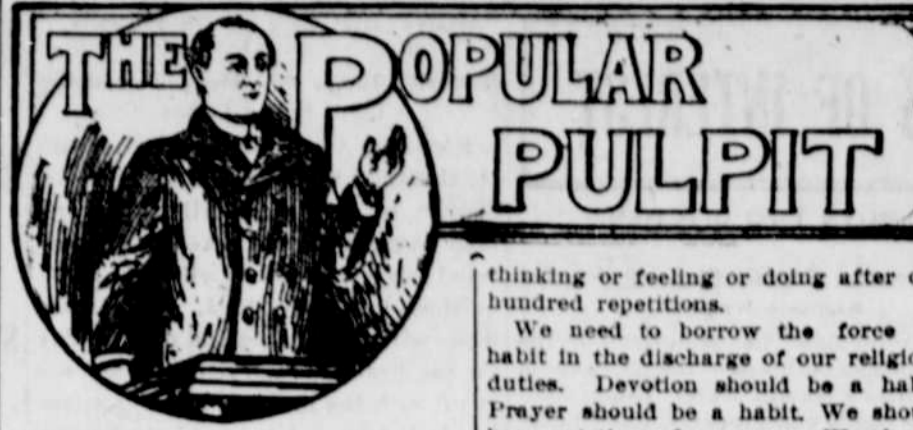
If a boy is real clever he can acquire a lot of knowledge at school useful to forget afterwards.

The way some women's summer clothes are made they would look dressed up if they fell off.

Sometimes it's just as well to go home early to make your wife suspicious about your health.

If a man had to work as hard to get his living as he does to get his fun he would become an anarchist.

He is Bound to Keep Busy. Lightning set the bell in a church steeple ringing recently and Brother Williams exclaimed: "My, my! It sho' has come ter pass dat de devil is ringin' folks ter meetin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.



THE PROPHETS OF ISRAEL.

By Rev. John B. Whitford.

Text: "Keep ye justice and practice righteousness." Isaiah lxvi.

Brilliance of literary power marked the age of the prophets, but morally it was dark and degenerate. Abnormal wealth and abject poverty, beauty and ashes, glory and shame, the robes of Dives and the rags of Lazarus alternately charmed and terrified the imagination. The simplicity of pastoral life was abandoned. Property once held in common passed into personal ownership. Socialism merged into individualism. Society reorganized around the individual. Greed coerced men beyond legitimate acquisition into respectable robbery. Money controlled the seats of law and justice.

Dark are the pictures of the age painted by the prophets. The sins, so deadly to virtue and so fatal to happiness, were common. Fraud, dishonesty and robbery prevailed in commercial life. The weights and measures were false. Ignoble traffickers tampered with the markets and cornered the necessities of life. Stocks as insubstantial as a mirage were floated and bubble companies formed. In vigorous language Isaiah denounces illicit trusts and combinations. "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

But notwithstanding the manifold corruptions of the age, reaching from palace to hovel, and permeating every sphere of labor and every avenue of trade, the people were religious. That they had made lies their refuge, and concealed themselves under falsehoods did not interfere with their devotions. Such astounding inconsistencies were inevitable. For moral standards had been falsified. Hypocrisy ruled the day. True merit and genuine worth were discounted. Fraud, sham and deception were rewarded.

The prophets were altogether different. They were progressive, expansive, upward gazing souls. Their minds were fluent and flexible. They were open-eyed and believed in the infinite intelligibility of things. They saw the red streaking of the dawn of Truth's illustrious day. In the symphony of progress they were the leading performers. They had visions of the Ideal Man, the Ideal Church and the Ideal State. Against arid formalism they vowed eternal war, and smote the huge ecclesiasticism of their times as with a mace. They asserted the supremacy of reason over tradition.

They were lavish of the light, knowing well that all sanitary purification begins when rooms are flooded with oxygen and sunbeams. And so it was their function, not to repress life, not to clip it into mechanical shapes, but to give it room, to keep it plastic, green and fresh and growing, until it reached its attainable perfection. They cared nothing for the cult and ceremonial, the changing drapery of religion. But they did care for religion as a life, as an essence unmixed and pure. And so they became the leaders and instructors of the soul and uncovered peak after peak in the mountains of the Ideal.

CHARACTER AND HABIT.

By Rev. G. B. Fallock, D. D.

Text: "Learn to do well."—Isaiah 1:17.

Some one has well compared learning to do well with learning to swim. You wade in the water, but not very far, for fear you will drown. You try to swim, but sink. You try again, and do a little better. You swallow a good deal of water; it gets into your ears and eyes and nose, but you keep on splashing, and finally can swim. So must we, in the region of moral things, keep on doing well until we learn how, and it has become a habit. Habit is something we have—we have it. That is what the word means. But as we well know, it often becomes something which has us.

What is habit? It has been well defined as "the involuntary tendency to perform certain actions which is acquired by their frequent repetition." "Habit is second nature." Habit "is prevailing dispositions, feelings and actions which are right or wrong." Habit is "moral character." "Habit," says Horace Mann, "is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it." What we have thought or felt or done once, it is a little easier to think or feel or do the second time, much easier the tenth, incomparably easier the twentieth, and very difficult to keep from

thinking or feeling or doing after one hundred repetitions.

We need to borrow the force of habit in the discharge of our religious duties. Devotion should be a habit. Prayer should be a habit. We should have set times for prayer. We should read the scriptures with system, not reading fitfully, now and then, just as we happen to "feel like it." That is the surest way of getting into a state in which we will not feel like it at all. Our benevolence should be a habit. We should give, not at the impulse of feeling, but in the pursuance of a habit, conscientiously formed and persistently maintained.

It pays to have the habit of doing right, even though it saves the soul only once. How infinitely well it pays when that soul saved is the man's own. Joseph's soul was saved by the habit of doing right. Millions of souls have been saved in the same way. There is infinite danger in risking your soul to any other than a fixed habit of doing right, which is a fixed habit of fleeing to Christ in every time of stress and strain for his divine and all-powerful aid.

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

By Rev. E. W. Caswell.

Text: "And I say unto you, many shall come from the east and from the west and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven."—Matthew viii:11.

What a blessed boon is life! How much more blessed to know we shall live forever, and that we shall love and commune with loved ones and the holy of all ages in the life beyond! The desire to live and the longings of love are the strongest proofs of both immortality and heavenly recognition. Man is unconscious of mortality and the animal of immortality. Instinct leads each to their God-given destiny. Klondykers would not load a ship with gold to sink it in mid-ocean. Surely God is as wise as his children. He will bring the treasure ship Zion into the desired haven and land its precious freight on the eternal shore. An infidel once said: "If I could be sure of a hereafter and know that I should meet the loved ones gone before, I would crawl on my hands and knees from New York to San Francisco just to gain that certainty." On his knees before God, every infidel can attain that blessed consciousness of immortality and loving fellowship with the holy as light divine flashes through his being.

Would you live a life of entire holiness freed from every weight and sin? Would you look only unto Jesus? Then look often toward the unseen and realize that the arms of loved ones are around you, pulling you to the skies; that you are not only a pilgrim of earth, but an inhabitant of glory; and as you gaze, you will exclaim: "Let me be holy, for yonder company are robed in sapphire white." We gaze too much upon things near us, and the near view is often dark, dusty and doleful; oh, the beyond! How it lifts our drooping spirits up and makes of our earth a heaven! Lift up your eyes unto the heavenly hills whence cometh your help.

We are truly a race of travelers, having no continuing city. Strangers and sojourners as were all our fathers. Our days here are a shadow, a handbreadth; yonder shines one eternal day. "Death does not end all." It is only the beginning! Afflictions are but for a moment compared to the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Separations only mean that your beloved has gone home to gaze upon the "King in His beauty" and await your coming to the heavenly mansion. Death signifies that you have gone to the "building of God, the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

Christian believer, art thou weary with sorrow, heavy laden with separation, cast down with loneliness; gaze towards the faces that look back upon you. See! they beckon you homeward. Soon the white-winged messengers will come for your spirit and will whisper to your soul "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. In my Father's house are many mansions." Come ye blessed of my Father, Come up higher. That where I am there ye may be also.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

There is nothing divine in dullness.

Sulkiness is only selfishness turned sour.

Many great souls have been lost by little sins.

Blessed is the sorrow that cures of selfishness.

Gilding the wagon does not ease the springs.

The best place to pray for corn is between the rows.

The religion that lacks sunshine is all moonshine.



Ammonia vapor has proven a powerful disinfectant, a room filled with it being freed from cholera bacilli, pustule germs or diphtheria microbes in two hours.

An English health officer has issued the following circular, which is posted in butchers' shops: "With a view to preventing contamination by the handling of meat exposed for sale and of preventing the spread of infectious diseases thereby, I hereby request you to provide a suitable supply of forks with which intending purchasers may make examination of the meat in your shop."

A cubic foot of earth weighs about five and a half times as much as a cubic foot of water. A cubic mile of earth weighs 25,649,300,000 tons. The volume of the earth is 259,880,000,000 cubic miles. The weight of the world without its atmosphere is 6,666,250,000,000,000,000,000 tons. To add to this the weight of the atmosphere gives a grand total of 6,666,255,819,600,000,000,000 tons.

When that English submarine sunk the other day the occupants of the vessel were given a brief warning beforehand, according to one of the survivors, by the actions of a cage full of white mice. According to this authority every submarine has a number of white mice aboard because these little creatures are very susceptible to atmospheric changes and at once give warning of any escaping gas by squeaking.

Glass containing manganese is slowly turned violet by sunlight, and Sir William Crookes has found that radium produces in a few days a coloration as intense as that caused by the sun in years. F. Fischer, has now been studying the effects of ultra-violet rays and reports that the light of a mercury arc lamp in a quartz tube gave a slight color in fifteen minutes to four out of eight glasses, and an intense violet hue in twelve hours. The color proved to be due to manganese silicate.

The city of Hull, England, has 13 miles of wooden pavement, and is gradually substituting such pavement for the granite blocks hitherto used. It is as smooth as asphalt, but less slippery. After many experiments with woods from various parts of the world, the city authorities have settled upon the jarrah and karri woods from western Australia as the best for the purpose. They are of a dark mahogany color. The blocks are cut to the size of large bricks, and are carefully laid upon a foundation of cement seven inches thick. Some of these pavements, laid from seven to ten years ago, are not yet in need of repair.

The Brazilian government, convinced of the existence of immense supplies of underground water within its territories, proposes to organize a division of hydrology similar to that of the United States geological survey. Drilling outfits have already been purchased in this country. The colonial office of Bermuda has sought American expert advice in regard to obtaining a supply of water from underground sources in those islands, and there is a similar movement in Peru, where it is thought that water drawn from beneath the deserts may serve to irrigate the nearly rainless area along the coast. It is also pointed out that Arabia may be irrigated in this manner, as investigation has shown the existence of great underground water beds there, one of which is said to extend 800 miles across the peninsula from the Hedjaz northeasterly toward the Euphrates.

Views and Notions.

President Hadley, of Yale, and a young man whose appearance was that of a student once met, says the Searchlight, in Yellowstone Park, in the midst of the wonders of nature.

President Hadley turned to the young man for sympathetic comment.

"This is a wonderful scene, isn't it?" he said.

The young man smiled and nodded, and turned without speaking to gaze at the prospect spread before them.

"Do you think," asked President Hadley, confirmed in his idea that he was talking to an ardent student, "that this chasm was caused by some great upheaval of nature, or is it the result of erosion or glacial action? What are your views?"

"My views," said the stranger, quickly, opening a bag containing photographs, "are only two dollars a dozen, and dirt-cheap. Let me show you some."

Affronted Authority.

"So your wife does not approve of baseball?"

"No," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta can't stand it to see any mere man bossing people around the way the umpire does."—Washington Star.

A Famous Ancestor.

Lawyer—You say the mania for porch-climbing is in your blood?

Porch-Climber—Yes, sir, it's inherited; I'm a lineal descendant of Romeo.—Detroit Free Press.