

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

He who steals my purse steals trash on any day but pay day.

It is sweet to see that the Kaiser is wearing a glove on his mailed fist.

Swearing off is much like a lovers' quarrel—it is so much fun making up again.

The Monroe doctrine isn't going to hurt anybody who doesn't monkey with it.

The modern version is, peace on earth, good will to men and presents for the women and children.

Though the young husband may be willing to attend his wife's church, he insists on voting as heretofore.

Dr. Lorenz must have had his "ethics" all shot to smithereens by the advertising he has had in this country.

The Czar has pardoned 131 students who were exiled for having a high old time on his birthday. What a kind man!

Thomas B. Reed was truly a great man. He left a simple will, in which there was no provision for cutting anybody off.

A man has been placed under bonds to keep him from kicking his wife with his wooden leg. But perhaps he can learn to stand on the artificial member while the other one swings.

A policeman has been fined ten days' pay for borrowing an umbrella from a Chinaman. What a lot of lost days there would be if everyone who borrows umbrellas were to be treated in this fashion!

Lillie Devereux Blake says: "There is no reason why a woman should not support a husband if she thinks he is worthy." Let the men go on hopelessly now and learn to take proper care of the babies.

The Chicago bureau of charities declares that 400 wives in that city lost their husbands last year because the wives did not know how to cook. It should be explained in this connection that not all these husbands were killed. Some of them saved themselves by running away.

Some life insurance companies appear to entertain the fixed conviction that every policy holder who dies is a suicide who takes his own life in order to beat the company. If this attitude be maintained much longer it is likely seriously to interfere with the writing of life insurance policies.

Suggestion to the Postoffice Department, which is trying to find an improvement on the device now used by fast trains for catching and discharging mail-bags without stopping: Why not employ the pitchers and catchers of baseball games? It would not take them long to "get on to the curves" of the mail bags.

This thing of sending a friend a present of a box of candy or a bottle of wine containing two or three ounces of strychnine is becoming somewhat too fashionable. Whatever may be said in defense of the man who slays in the heat of quarrel, not a word can be offered to extenuate the crime of the poisoner. His is the deed of the true assassin—premeditated, treacherous and cruel. Hanging is an inadequate punishment for him.

J. Ogden Armour, whose little daughter was recently saved from a life of suffering by an operation, will express his gratitude in a form at once practical and beautiful. The little girl was treated for congenital dislocation of the hip by the German surgeon, Doctor Lorenz. Mr. Armour has now announced his intention of building and endowing, at an expense of three million dollars, an institution where the children of the poor can be treated for the same deformity without charge. "My daughter has practically been given back to me," he says, "and my wife and I are grateful. Other parents are joyless because their children are afflicted with the same trouble. I want to make them happy, too." Could there be a better expression of gratitude than this?

More than one literary man who prides himself upon his achievements will be forgotten before the world loses memory of George Alfred Henty, the English writer of boys' books, who died the other day. Mr. Henty did good service in his generation. As a soldier and as a war correspondent he had led an adventurous life all over the earth; he knew the countries of which he wrote, he had a fondness for facts, he honored the old-fashioned virtues of courage and integrity, and he put information and inspiration as well as "story" into his books. It is no small distinction to have provided instruction and ideals for the boys of the English race. Statesmen as well as authors might envy the man who was equal to that work.

In 1879 the corn crop record of this country reached the highest notch it had ever attained. As a result, the supply exceeded the demand, there was a congestion of corn, the price went tumbling and millions of bush-

els were used as the cheapest fuel that the farms of the West afforded. In 1902 the record of corn production was again broken. But there is no longer any ill effect to be feared. There is no congestion, no disastrous slump in price. There is market for it all. What American can not use Europe eagerly wants. World wide commerce has solved the problem and made a bountiful crop a real blessing to the farmers who formerly found it a burden. The peoples of other lands have been taught the virtue of maize and commercial relations have made them steady customers. More and more each year Europe and Asia and Africa and South America become dependent upon the great farms of the United States.

The announcement of the death of Jessie Benton Fremont in California, with whose early fortunes both she and her husband, Gen. John C. Fremont, were closely identified, will hardly affect the present generation, which knows little about this once brilliant woman. Indeed, the interest in her life now is purely reminiscent; but her death will bring up many interesting memories to those whose recollections go back half a century and who will recall her as the handsome, dashing, high spirited wife of Lieut. Fremont and daughter of Senator Benton. She was the young lieutenant's support and inspiration in that famous exploration which made him known all over the country as "the Pathfinder." She was the wife of the first Republican candidate for the presidency, and had Fremont been elected she would have had a brilliant court at the White House, over which she would have presided in queenly style. She was honored at European courts, where her wit and beauty made her a social sensation. She was the belle of many cities, a general favorite in an unusually wide circle of distinguished acquaintances, and a born social leader, but the defeat of her husband's political ambitions and other misfortunes which overtook him deprived her of the opportunity to fill positions in which she would have shone. The society queen, once dethroned, is soon forgotten, and such was Mrs. Fremont's fate.

What is the use of being pessimistic? Did pessimism ever do you any good? Did it ever do your neighbor any good? What if the coal is low in the bins and the money slack in the pockets? Worrying about it will not fill either of them, but getting down to hard work this minute, keeping at work, and above all, working the right way, will. Every minute idly spent wondering and worrying and speculating as to what is going to happen is a minute worse than wasted. Hard luck is a phantom; laziness is a fact. Don't be lazy and you will not have hard luck. Life is a class in mathematics. Work according to the rule and stick to it, and you will solve the problem. When you are feeling glum, down in the mouth, discouraged and generally out of sorts, remember the gospel of good nature. Then put it in practice, stop thinking about yourself and your troubles. Do something for the other fellow. The result may surprise you. You thought, possibly, that he was a bear, but, even if he is, he knows the milk of human kindness when he tastes it. A smile is contagious. Perhaps you never thought of that. You knew that fear was catching, that discontent traveled like wildfire, that sickness begets sickness. We all acknowledge these things and we all know the deadly results. Why not change the thought? Why not recognize that confidence in the future, happiness and good health are also contagious? It was a wise philosopher who said, "Thoughts are things." It was a good philosopher who declared, "As a man thinketh, so is he." "Practice makes perfect" is a saying the truth of which is axiomatic. Sow optimism, practice good nature, and you will reap peace, joy and contentment. No one can make you unhappy if you refuse to be unhappy. Try it and see if it does not work.

**A Self-Contained Crowd.**  
James O'Neill, the actor, tells of meeting a man who was indeed a "host in himself." It was in the far West. Mr. O'Neill one day found himself at a small station, where he would have to wait several hours for another train. A New York paper prints the story:  
"Sort of dull place," the conductor said to him, as he descended. "Still, you'll have company; the ticket agent, the operator, the flagman, the storekeeper, the postmaster, and the agent of the accident insurance company are all inside."  
Mr. O'Neill entered the station and looked round. In the dim light he could distinguish only a red-haired man at a telegraph instrument.  
"Where are the others?" the actor asked.  
"Other what?" said the man.  
"Why, the ticket agent, the flagman, the postmaster and the rest?"  
The man grinned.  
"Where are they?" Mr. O'Neill repeated.  
The red-haired man grinned again. "I'm um; come in and join us," he answered.

**Warning to Young People.**  
Wiesbaden intends to warn young persons from plays that are not suited to them. The theater management has decided to advertise plays that they may see with white posters, while those they should keep away from are printed on red paper.

**A Business Proposition.**  
Pedestrian—You have my heartfelt sympathy.  
Beggar—Well, I'll discount for cash.  
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# EDITORIALS

## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### The Snobs of Washington.

**M**RS. ROOSEVELT'S effective rebuke to a part of Washington's official society for snubbing one of her guests, who had been a saleswoman before becoming the wife of an influential government official, is disquieting chiefly because it proves that there are almost as many snobs in the national capital as there are in New York, Chicago or Boston. It is generally conceded that the relation of the snobs to the population varies directly with the youth and size of the city. Of Washington we have long thought better things. Washington is an old city and a democratic one. It is at Washington that there assemble the men who have made themselves, whose mental superiority over their fellow-men has been recognized by their fellow-citizens in being sent to the nation's capital to represent them and to shape the nation's destinies. Most of those men have started the destiny-shaping by selling papers or splitting fence-rails. We have rather plumed ourselves with the idea that the prime qualifications of Washington society were mental capacity and a clean record. We have never permitted ourselves to think that a man who has sufficiently won the confidence of his community or district to be chosen a government servant would go to Washington to suffer humiliation because his wife had once been forced to earn an honorable living with her own hands. To an American it is not a pretty conceit. It might be embarrassing to those same ladies who have seen fit to appoint themselves arbiters of elegance if a general investigation of social qualifications were made. The husbands of a great many of these ladies have not always been so prominent. In fact, many of those marriages were contracted when the husbands had no such lofty ambitions, and the idea of securing a helpmate to decorate a Washington home was not seriously considered. That is quite right. It is the natural safeguard against fallacious aristocracy. But it is an essential consideration for those wives of Congressmen and Senators who feel themselves qualified to suggest etiquette and social distinctions to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.—Detroit Journal.

### How to Become Rich.

**A**N analysis of the large fortunes which on account of death have changed hands during the year shows that no fewer than 206 of these estates were valued at over \$100,000 each. Among them figure the \$2,900,000 of Earl Fitzwilliam; the \$2,800,000 of Mr. Vagliano, whose great lawsuit with the Bank of England remains one of the most famous of financial cases; and the \$2,000,000 of Mr. Sutton, of the well-known firm of carriers.

A further analysis of these two hundred odd fortunes discloses this instructive fact—that the great majority of them have been created during the life of their owners, and created not by speculation nor by any sudden chance of fortune, but by deliberate and unremitting hard work. It is clear that "Dogged does it" in the small and exclusive world of money just as in the ordinary world at large.

But still more instructive is this further fact which is revealed by our analysis—that these men, who have worked so hard and succeeded so signally, have also lived a long life. Of the great fortunes of the year—amounting to some \$28,000,000 in all—the average age of their owners at death is proved to have been seventy-three years, and no fewer than 25 per cent of them had passed the age of four-score. The moral is obvious. By dint of sheer industry, shrewdly applied, it is not only possible for a man to amass great wealth; but the activity and self-control which such an aim demands of the ablest of us react so favorably on the health of both body and mind that they also assure the happy gift of a long life.—London Daily Mail.

### Do Not Talk Too Much.

**B**UNTINESS of speech, directness of action, strict insistence on one's rights and disdain of diplomatic, roundabout methods of dealing with men and affairs are meritorious in a way, but the shortest road is not always the easiest and a little diplomacy will save much trouble in many cases. One can be diplomatic, too, without lying or doing anything that need worry the strictest conscience.

The first and hardest rule of diplomacy in large affairs and small, in public and private life, is Do not talk too much. Some instinct in the majority of people impels them to tell all they know, and, sometimes, a little more. Pit a talker against a man that can keep his own counsel in any affair of business or intrigue, and it is strange if the talker does not get the worst of the matter. He puts his oppo-

### HIS TEST OF THE ARTIST.

**Would-Be Purchaser Made Suggestions Concerning a Painting.**

There is perhaps a lesson of some sort for young artists in the story told by Frederick Kost, the landscape and marine painter, of the days when he was just starting. It was at a time when things were not prospering as he could have wished—when, in fact, the artist was pretty hard up—that a man wearing a great fur-lined overcoat knocked at the door of his studio. The stranger was evidently a Westerner, and a man of wealth.

"Mr. Kost," he said, "I have seen pictures of yours at different exhibitions, and I think I would like to own one."

Then he nodded approvingly at a landscape on the easel, and said: "That is exceedingly nice. But," he added after a pause, "might I make a suggestion?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Kost. "Go ahead."

"Well," said the would-be purchaser, "I think the sky might be changed with advantage," and he started in to explain the alteration which he thought would improve the painting.

Mr. Kost did not agree with him, but as he wished to sell the picture he said he would consider the matter. And the stranger went away, promising to call in a few days.

Mr. Kost went to work to change the sky, against his own judgment, to suit the stranger. He ended by changing the entire picture to suit the sky. In fact, from a landscape, it grew into a marine. The stranger never turned up, and the artist cursed his folly in having acted contrary to common sense to please an ignorant person, and so spoiled one of his best efforts, the result of several months of work.

About a year later a knock took Mr. Kost to his door again, and there stood the stranger with the fur-lined overcoat.

nent in possession of all he knows and gets nothing in exchange. The talker proceeds in the dark while the silent man finds his way made clear. The talker is forever making trouble for himself and others. He cannot keep a secret and he seldom can tell the exact truth.

But the habit of keeping one's counsel is sometimes carried to ridiculous extremes. There are men so reticent that they will not tell anything at all and will give an evasive reply if one asks them the time of day. Men of this class think themselves sly, whereas in reality they are mere fools. There is a time to speak as well as a time to hold one's peace.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### Courtesy in Business.

**C**OURTESY in business has been called the "oil on the wheels of worldly progress" and "an air cushion with apparently nothing in it, that yet eases the heavy joists of trade." But it is more than these. It is a positive virtue—the most democratic of all virtues—in that it recognizes all individualities and pays all just claims. By its consummate consideration it infringes upon no one's rights and lessens no one's advantage.

It is often a form of self-suppression in action as well as an expression of universal and individual sympathy. It loosens the burdens of life, soothes anger, and often counteracts and does away with misunderstandings. Courtesy is the outward expression of the most essential sentiments of the inner, truer man. When these outward expressions cease the inner sentiments themselves are weakened and lose their delicacy and energy, and so we may say that the foundations of courtesy are based upon the universal needs of humanity itself.—New York Daily News.

### The Span of Life.

**I**T seems that we were all wrong about the harmful and life-shortening effect of American "hustle." Our national motto may be said to have been "A short life, but a strenuous one." We were willing, as a people, to have the span shortened a little if only we could have something worth while, something active and effective, going on all the time. But it seems, according to the latest bulletin of the Census Bureau, that the fast life is also the long one. Our "median age"—that is, the age which is such that half the population is under it and half over it—is more than seven years greater than it was a century ago, and increases from decade to decade. We are surpassing easy-going foreign countries in this respect; we are surpassing even the loose-jointed, indolent, beautifully relaxed, never-worrying African in our midst; for whereas the median age of our American whites is 23.4 years, that of the devil-may-care colored person is but 18.3. Lately much confusion has arisen in the minds of many Americans over the statement that by certain eminent neurologists that it is next to impossible for a man to "overwork," provided his bodily functions are kept in good order by temperate and wholesome living. Other physicians, to be sure, tell us that hurry and worry spell death. We had accepted the latter judgment, with the qualifying reflection that no matter what science tells us, it always seems to have "another think coming." This census bulletin which links the long life with the fast one appears to be the other "think."—Harper's Weekly.

### High Prices.

**I**T is significant that in some quarters there are beginning to be arguments made to show that high prices, being a sign of public prosperity, are good for the people. If this remark were so amended as to read that high prices are good for some of the people, it would be correct. They are undoubtedly good for a considerable portion of the people. Included in those are the people in active business who find themselves selling goods on a rising market, a rising market generally implying abundant sales and orders for goods to be made. Rich people who own property also find it increased in value. There are others, however, who are less fortunate. They are the men and women of fixed incomes, who are compelled to pay increased prices for what they purchase without addition to their money resources for purchasing. There is a much larger class in those whose fixed income comes from their labor. These are worse off, as they find the cost of what they eat and consume in the other necessities of life—as beef and coal and milk and butter, for instance—increased without a corresponding addition to their wages. There can be no equable increase in prices unless the prices paid for labor are a part of it.—Boston Herald.

Being asked in, he took a seat before the easel and nodded approvingly at a picture that happened to be there.

"I like that—like it very much," he said thoughtfully. Then, after a pause: "but may I make a suggestion?"

Mr. Kost was not so angry with the man as annoyed at the recollection of his own foolishness. He looked squarely at his visitor.

"Go to the devil with your suggestion," he replied.

"What's that?" exclaimed the stranger.

Mr. Kost repeated his invitation. For a moment the other colored. Then he smiled quietly. "Well, Mr. Kost," he replied, "I may take that trip some day; but not just yet. In the meantime, I think I will buy that picture of yours."

After a pause he continued, "I would have bought the painting you showed me last year, Mr. Kost, but when I buy a picture I want it to be one with which the artist is perfectly satisfied, which he considers a sample of his best work. When you consented to change the other picture, I concluded that you were not sure of it yourself. But I guess if you think enough of this one, to ask a man to go to the devil because he wished to make a suggestion concerning it, it is the stuff I want."

And the picture was sold accordingly.—New York Tribune.

### KEEPING OUT DISEASE.

**Work of Public Health Service in Preventing Spread of Epidemics.**

No government undertaking more distinctly reveals the compactness of the world to-day than that of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service which is under the control of the Treasury Department. So far as epidemic diseases are concerned, its finger is on the pulse of every nation; its bulletins each week report the number of deaths from the great contag-

ious and infectious maladies in every city of prominence under the sun.

Formerly a raging epidemic in a foreign country had little effect here, beyond bringing out expressions of sympathy, and in extreme cases, perhaps, some material aid. Now, when a missionary in Canton discovers a case of cholera, he reports it to Hongkong. The American consul there, under systematic instructions, cables the fact to Washington, and also passes the word along to his associates on the Asiatic coast. Washington promptly notifies by wire every quarantine officer on the Pacific coast of the United States, and informs Honolulu by the next steamer. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, even when the weapons are disinfectants and germicides.

One case of yellow fever anywhere in Cuba is now regarded as of sufficient importance to be reported by cable. The mere rumor of an outbreak of the plague in an inaccessible corner of the Orient usually results in an order to the nearest consul to make an investigation. In severe epidemics our medical experts are often sent to the scene to study the bacteriological developments of the disease. Such an expert returning from Vera Cruz a few months ago, where he had been studying yellow fever, was stopped on the boundary line, curiously enough, by an inspecting officer of the same service.

Most of the dread diseases against which the quarantine is directed are importations. To keep them out on long coast lines, with the tide of immigration constantly pouring in, is a large one. Although no devices insure perfect protection, the number of cases which now get through the quarantine mesh is proportionately very small.—Youth's Companion.

After a man is 50, you can fool him by saying he is smart; but you can't fool him by saying he is pretty, or sweet.

### RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

**Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.**



**T**HE true light gets lost in the crooked life. Gems are but pebbles without the grinding. God withholds the flower to give us the fruit. The faithful worker does not fear the footsteps of the Master.

Civilization is not evangelization. Humility is the prelude to honor. Faith is the fire of all true genius. Mammon is the mother of misery. God's delays are not always denials. Boasting is only begging for praise. If I do my best He will do the rest. Men need soft hearts in hard times. The religion that is put on is easily put off.

Each man thinks his match as big as the other man's torch.

God's promises are His bonds for the execution of our prayers.

High pressure in society is apt to go with low pressure in piety.

That half the world are fools is only the opinion of the other half.

Our gains depend not on what we can get, but on what we can give.

The search for singularity oft involves the sacrifice of sincerity.

He who has no secret power with God will have no public power with man.

There is a good deal of difference between punishment and chastisement.

When the roots of life reach the river of God its fruits will be rich with His glory.

The plant of piety will not live by being stuck in the soil of prayer about once a week.

The religious market will be dull as long as we preach No. 1 Hard and practice screenings.

The life wholly spent in the closet is as useless as the life without the closet is powerless.

If you hide your sins in the cellar they will be sure to make themselves known in the parlor.

### MEN SHARE THE PROFITS.

**Vancouver Street Railway Company Is Run on the Co-operative Plan.**

An experiment in the co-operative line is being tried by the street railway company of Vancouver, thus far with excellent results to all interested. Manager Buntzen recently addressed a mass meeting of the workmen employed by the company, explaining the workings of the system. The company has voluntarily decided that the regular employees shall receive as their share of its profits one-third of the amount available for dividends after the ordinary shareholders have received 4 per cent. This means, as estimated, that at the end of the first year each employee will receive about \$50, at the end of the second year the share will be about \$50 and in five years it will be \$100. The men will receive the standard union wages. Manager Buntzen says that, in his opinion, the increased interest in the company's welfare on the part of the employees created by the new system will add so much to the company's success that the shareholders as well as the men will gain by the innovation.

The employees' proportion of the profits will be divided equally among them, all being considered as units in making the company's business a success. In addition to the voluntary concession, the company pays as high wages for every class of work as are paid by other local employers and, generally speaking, higher wages. The company also makes certain concessions in the way of uniforms, light and transportation that employers in other lines of business are not in a position to grant. It is customary to look for rocks in the way of all such industrial experiments. Men do not work for low wages nor under unfavorable conditions voluntarily, but because they are forced to do so by the conditions of the labor markets.

### Satisfied.

The angular passenger stuck her head out through the car window.

"Why," she asked the man on the station platform, "did you speak just now of that singular looking machine as 'she'?"

"Because, ma'am," replied the man on the platform, "it's a mail snatcher." And she took her head in again.—Chicago Tribune.

### Inventor of Safety Matches.

Karl Kieselwetter, the inventor of the Swedish safety match, died some time ago in Roumania, aged more than 90 years, in great poverty. He withdrew from the Jonkoping factories forty years ago with a great deal of money, but lost it all in railroad speculations.

### Commerce vs. Geography.

Little Bernard, being asked by his teacher what the southern boundary of the United States is, after hesitating a moment replied: "The southern boundary of the United States is cotton."

### Something to Attract.

"Do you see that girl in the green veil? Well, she turns more heads than any girl that passes this way."

"Why, she is not pretty."

"No, but she wears squeaky shoes."

The millennium will be at hand when people, instead of asking what a man is worth, can find out by looking at his tax receipts.