

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Admiral Dewey says he is not a politician. The public found that out some time ago.

A woman is seldom in a position to command until she has given her promise to obey.

It is easier to get a man to tell you how a thing should be done than it is to get a man to do it.

For the amount of outlay in nerve and enterprise this train-robbery business appears to be rather unprofitable.

Stogie manufacturers have formed a trust. Doubtless it will be a great success if it is as strong as their product.

It might surprise Uncle Sam to learn how many Cubans are ready to entertain a proposition for annexation to England.

Is it any wonder that some men learn to make money faster than others, considering the wives they have to support?

A Rochester contemporary has an article on "The Peril of Lynching." The peril is a real one. The victim nearly always gets hurt.

The Moore brothers and Gates must often wonder why some men are willing to work along and be satisfied with only \$700,000 a year apiece.

An exchange says Pierpont Morgan "combines all the American characteristics." Yes, and he combines about everything else American that is loose.

There does not seem to be any question about the Americanizing of the Philippines. The newspapers over there are already being sued for libel.

Perhaps the cure of what has been called Americanitis—the nervous exhaustion arising from overwork and overhaste—is to be found not in recreation, but in change of work and change of methods. Every worker should have some hobby or light employment to serve as a relief from the daily routine.

The German Crown Prince has reached the stage that all Crown Princes, however docile and sedate, reach sooner or later. A woman is the chief factor in the affair, and the young man, feeling that the demands of the heart should have first consideration, is prepared to renounce his rank and his claim to the throne.

Among the apothegms recently delivered by Mrs. Carrie Nation to the admiring populace was this pearl of thought: "I would just as soon kiss a spittoon as a man who smokes." As a spittoon is a non-resisting, inanimate object, no protest may be looked for from that quarter, but as men and brethren and not spittoons—Mrs. Nation having been carefully inspected—we may say that her decision is regarded in masculine circles with general cheerfulness.

Will Scale the Himalayas. An attempt to climb the highest Himalayas will be made this year by a party consisting of three Englishmen, two Austrians and a Swiss. They are accompanied by Swiss guides. They will begin with the Godwin Austen, 28,250 feet high, and Dapsang, 28,065 feet high. If they are successful they will then try Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, 29,000 feet high. The Himalaya record is held by Sir Martin Conway, who climbed the Pioneer peak, 21,000 feet high, ten years ago.

Not Worry, but Slumber. They were discussing suicides and the proneness of different peoples to depart in that way, when one of those engaged in the conversation turned to a colored man and asked: "Why is it that so few of your people take their own lives?"

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Hall concerning the efficacy of spanking as a deterrent when applied to wayward children under 10 years of age. To resort to this remedy for compelling obedience in children who have not yet learned to grasp the reason for parental mandates requires judgment and fine discrimination—qualities that are frequently lacking in parents—but no one can question its potency as a disciplinary measure. Dr. Hall has made a life study of children. He does not believe in juvenile anarchists. As the entire human family must be restrained by law and systems of social order, he believes that government is also essential in the home, and that children should be trained to respect authority. On this question he says: "Do not reason much with a child about matters of moral conduct. It is not worth while. A child under 10 years of age has not learned to reason. Insist on what you want done. I believe in Dr. Spunkster's tonic." On the question of spanking and the reasoning faculties of children under ten years there is room for wide diversity of opinion. But this was only incidental to Dr. Hall's more important observations regarding certain errors in the physical development of children. He declared that the cruel law that makes the child bend its muscles to getting accuracy in its finger muscles, as in writing, when the larger or basal muscles need attention, should be taken from the school room. The child wants freedom of action, not repression. "Cut off a tadpole's tail and it never has any legs," said Dr. Hall. The instinct of the child is to use its larger muscles first. Conduct, or muscle habit, is so closely related to the brain that any unnatural repression of the basal muscles tends to stunt the mental as well as the physical development of children. When a child is compelled to sit still there is also mental inertia, and its mind loses initiative and becomes stagnant.

Do our business men get more out of life than their forefathers got out of it a hundred years ago? In certain directions it is quite evident that they do. There are more ways of having fun, there are more things to do, it is far easier to go about. And yet it seems to be true, also, that people have less time, nowadays, and take less real solid comfort than did their grandfathers. It has been lately discovered that the individual of to-day is fifty times as able to supply his material wants as was the individual of one hundred years ago. That is to say, the productive power of the race has increased fifty fold. It would seem reasonable to suppose that under these conditions a man to-day would have far more leisure than ever man had before. But the truth is the man of to-day is dreadfully pressed for time; he is "driven to death," as he sometimes puts it, by his terrible social and business responsibilities. He rushes off from a hasty breakfast to board an express train, to be whirled to his telephone and typewriter and other devices for saving time. Everybody, nowadays, is out of politeness supposed to be over head and ears busy—busy in trade, busy in his profession, busy socially. We are continually hearing people say, "I have no time for anything." It is the fashion to be overwhelmed with engagements and pressed for time. If there is a death in the family, the clergyman is hurriedly summoned by telephone to perform the funeral services. Personal letters are dashed off on a typewriter, because this suggests rushing employment; and the result is that the growing generation of young men does not know how to write a letter with the proper forms of salutation and superscription. Now the moral of this tale is that while a moderate degree of "hustle" may be a good thing, it is possible to take an overdose and then it becomes a bad thing. If we are "terribly rushed," "driven to death," and it is not with us a huge joke, or an assumed affectation, and instead of being the masters of time, we are really the slaves of time, and things have got us under the saddle and are riding us, we would do well to go out some quiet night and sit under the stars, and ask ourselves what we are here for, and whether we are really getting the best out of life, and perhaps they will say to us, as they said to Emerson, "Why so hot, my little man?"

Neither Cart Nor Dog. "Every trade has its troubles" is a truism; nevertheless every tradesman thinks every other trade except his own is a "snap." So it was with Silas Green, farmer, who aspired to the ease, wealth and dignity of a liveryman, raps a story in the Detroit Free Press. Finally opportunity presented itself and Silas opened up a stable at Whitmore Lake, a summer resort of modest pretensions. All went well for a time; for Silas knew a "single rig" from a "double rig," and such distinctions met the modest requirements of the quiet residents. But one day trouble, in the guise of a smart city-young-man, presented itself. Silas was called upon to produce an unheard-of vehicle—unknown to Whitmore Lake. "I wish a dog cart, don't you know?" said the spruce young man. "Mister," said Silas, "there ain't a dog cart in the place, and if there was there ain't a dog in the hull country big enough to draw it. Lemme fix you out with a top buggy."

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How a Shrewd Jew Won a Sincere Friend

Here is a little story which never before has been told in print, but which is surely as well worth the telling as the histories of wars and crimes and sharp tricks in the money market with which our minds are filled nowadays, says a writer in the Congregationalist. A certain shrewd Hebrew merchant, whom we shall call Kejee, built, a few years ago, a huge department store in one of our large cities. It was planned to occupy a whole block. The corner lot, forty feet square, was owned by an old German watchmaker named Weber, who refused to sell it. "No, I will not give up my house," he said. "I bought it when property here was cheap, and I have lived and worked here for fifty-two years. I will not sell it."

The office was a small corner room in the second story, with an open fireplace around which were set some old Dutch tiles. A battered walnut desk was fitted into the wall and before it stood an old chair and a sheepskin cover. The old man's face grew red. "You are right," he said. "I don't work here. I have enough to live on without work. But I am an old man and want to live in this room. It is home to me. When my wife and I first came here we were poor. I worked in the shop below, but we lived here. Gretta fried the cakes and worst over that fire; the cradle stood in that corner. Little Jan was born here; his coffin was carried out of that door. Gretta is dead for many a long year. But when I sit here and look out of the window I think she is with me. For thirty years she and I looked out of that window and talked of the changes in the street below."

Kejee was silenced for the time, but began his arguments again the next day, doubling his offer. "The lot is worth that to me," he said, "as I own the block, but to nobody else. You are throwing away a large sum which would be a great help to your sons that you may indulge a bit of sentiment. Have you the right to do that?"

Weber was hard pushed. His boys were struggling with small means; this money would set them on their feet, would enable them to marry. What right had he to spoil their lives that he might sit and dream of old times? The next day he gave his consent and the sale was made.

The old man lived in the suburbs; he never came to that part of the town while the building was in progress. When it was finished and the huge department store was thrown open to the public Kejee one day asked him to come in. He led him through the great crowded salesrooms, piled one on top of another for nine stories, and then drew him into a narrow passage and flung open a door. "There is your little office, just as you left it," he said. "We have built around it, and beside it, and over it, but not a brick in it has been touched. There is your fire with the old tiles and your desk, and your chair was brought back to-day. It is your office, Mr. Weber, and if you will sit here as long as you live and think of them that are gone, and watch the changes in the street below, I shall feel there is a blessing on the big house because I have a friend in it."

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OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND. 8:30 p. m. All sailing dates subject to change For San Francisco—Sail every 5 days. 4:00 p. m. Daily Ex. Sunday 8:30 a. m. Saturday 10:00 p. m. Columbia River Steamers To Astoria and Way Landings. 4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday 6:45 a. m. Mon. and Fri. Willamette River Water permitting, Oregon City, Newberg, Salem, Independence, Corvallis and Way Landings. 4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday 7:00 a. m. Tues, Thurs and Sat. Willamette and Yamhill rivers, Oregon City, Dayton and Way Landings. 3:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri. Lv. Riparia 4:30 a. m. Daily except Monday. Snake River. Lv. Lewiston 7:00 a. m. Daily except Monday.

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NORTHERN PACIFIC PORTLAND. Depart. Arrive. Puget Sound Limited..... 7:25 A. M. 6:45 P. M. Kansas City & St. Louis Special..... 11:10 A. M. 11:10 P. M. North Coast Limited..... 9:30 P. M. 7:00 A. M. Tacoma-Seattle Night Express..... 11:45 P. M. 3:05 P. M. Take Puget Sound Limited or North Coast Limited for Gray's Harbor direct. Take Puget Sound Limited for Olympia direct. Take Puget Sound Limited for Tacoma direct. Take Puget Sound Limited for Seattle direct. Double daily train service on Gray's Harbor branch. Four trains daily between Portland and Tacoma and Seattle. A. D. CHARLTON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 255 Morrison St., Portland, Or.

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