

# Topics of the Times

It is the czar taming the duma, in stead of the new duma taming the czar.

The ornithologist who thought he saw snow geese in New York is informed it was snow geese.

Now that King Oscar of Sweden is dead the world is learning how really great and good a man he was.

It appears that a balloon can travel in any direction it desires if it finds an accommodating wind blowing that way.

Before giving some one a piece of your mind it is always best to select a piece that you will not be ashamed of later.

An exchange remarks that "no pinch hurts like a money squeeze." The writer has evidently never been in the hands of the police.

An Eastern physician claims to have attended 300,000 lectures in his lifetime. The figures must include those delivered by his wife.

Naturally, when an English impostor showed up in Pittsburg it was the wife of a steel manufacturer who swallowed the hook with the bait.

The California gentleman who is trying the experiment of living on cactus leaves can later add to his fame by giving the nutritive qualities of old shoes a fair trial.

"Congress doesn't understand the money question," says Senator Bailey of Texas. Still, things wouldn't be so bad if the money question were the only one Congress didn't understand.

Among other prosperous conditions mentioned by Secretary Wilson, of the agricultural department, is that of overflowing schools. That isn't the average small boy's idea of good times.

Every once in a while Cuba thinks that she would be happier if she was managing her own affairs again, well knowing at the same time that she cannot manage them half as well as we can.

"This bank was talked to death," said the president of Kansas City's largest financial institution as he closed its doors. Next to a woman's reputation that of a bank suffers the most from talk.

Nearly ten thousand people visited the home of Longfellow last year. This does not necessarily indicate an interest on the part of the American people in poetry. A good many of the visitors may have thought when they started for his home that Longfellow was a race horse.

Ponce de Leon, even though he did not discover the spring of perpetual youth in Florida, will find his final resting place there, if the Florida legislature has its way. That body has taken steps to secure a removal of the remains of the adventurous explorer from the Church of San Jose, in San Juan, Porto Rico, to the United States. The governor of the State has asked the governor of Porto Rico to cooperate with the committee which is to go to San Juan after the coffin.

If we come down to the philosophy of the thing, we are confronted with the phenomenon that virtually all the people in the world are engaged in the eternal amusement of sloughing off their inherited and familiar language and learning to speak another. No spoken language, anywhere on earth, has ever been the same thing for a hundred years. Slang is sweet in all mouths, because it is new. By and by slang becomes idiom; people weary of it because it is traditional, and adopt new phrases. The English in this respect are quite as bad as we; you shall hear a "clinch" spoken of any day in Oxford or Cambridge or Belgravia.

Fastnet Rock, off the southwest coast of Ireland, is now marked by a powerful light in a new stone lighthouse recently completed. It takes the place of a cast-iron tower stationed on the summit of the rock, rising one hundred and seventy-three feet above mean low water. The storms beat upon the rock with such fury that the old tower was considered as unsafe. On one occasion a cup of coffee standing on a table in the top room was knocked to the floor when a heavy wave submerged the tower. The new lighthouse rests on the rock near the water level. For the first forty-eight feet it is a solid mass of granite built up of heavy stones dovetailed together. The upper courses are also held together by tongue and groove, so that it is impossible for the waves to dislodge any stone. The lightest block of granite used weighs nearly two tons. This beacon of safety for the mariners lies nearly five miles from land, and is kept by four men, who are relieved every two weeks. So lonely is the location that a plumber who was sent out to put the piping in the new tower begged piteously to be taken back to land after he had worked one day, and he had to be replaced by a less timid man.

"Fine words butter no parsnips," runs an old saying; but one may question whether it is as true as it is old. A well-modulated voice, speaking the

king's English with ease and accuracy, is a possession which lends a grace to the most humble. Ever since the tribute of poor, distracted Lear to his dead Cordelia, the voice "soft, gentle and low" has been esteemed "an excellent thing in woman," and to-day there is especial timeliness in a plea for the refined voice, not only in women of gentle breeding, but in those who, far and wide in this great land—behind counter and in kitchen and on the street—shriek and yell at a helpless, suffering public. There is often, if not always, some sort of an examination by which it is sought to test the fitness of girls who wish to be clerks or waitresses; but no one ever thinks to ask one question which ought to be asked: "Is it pleasant to hear you speak?" A certain girl who sells stockings in a big city store sets forth their merits in a voice so pleasing that her customers are sure to buy more than they need. But only a few steps from her counter, the ticket seller at a subway station keeps crying, "One dollar!" "Twenty-five cents!" "Fifty cents!" in a voice so nasal, harsh and penetrating that it offends every sensitive ear and affronts every patron of gentle spirit. For any public servant—whether man or woman—a gentle voice and a gracious manner are worth advancement. The tone and air which give unconscious pleasure are all too rare among hurrying Americans; but where they do exist they are a precious possession. A waitress in a railroad restaurant, being praised for her kindly attentiveness and refinement, replied, "I always think that there is one thing I can do like the finest lady in the land. I can speak like her!"

One of the most successful of modern teachers writes, "For ages people have realized that the boy has a mind to educate. Only recently have we awakened to the fact that he has a body to develop and a character to form. A fine mind in a puny body is a deplorable combination. When it is allied to a weak or unprincipled character the situation is far worse; and no plan of education is complete which does not seek persistently and systematically to develop in every boy character and health as well as mental power." No one can dispute the truth of these words. But we have not yet learned all the conclusions they involve. They absolve the teacher from the final responsibility, and thrust it into the often reluctant hands of the father and mother. Health and character are immensely dependent on conditions in the home. The school may keep the child in the most desirable surroundings for six hours a day; but the other eighteen hours are passed under the shelter of the home. Sleeping and eating are far more determining factors in the life of the boy than studying. A boy overfed or a girl underfed can no more respond to the call of an inspiring teacher than an engine can move when its fire box is choked with cinders or empty of coal. Bad air in a sleeping room can vitiate the moral teaching of the schools. Tight clothing may strangle in a girl a talent for music or a love of poetry. So we arrive at another truth—that parents and teachers must work together if the children are to do well. The aid of modern science must serve in home as in school. So the wise homemaking and the affectionate companionship of the father and mother may supplant the information and the discipline which the teacher brings. Out of the combination comes the happy family.

**Short Names.**  
An English clergyman, Dr. Frederick Lee, had a prejudice against a long string of Christian names, and held that if such names were proposed the clergyman should alter them at baptism, whether the parents were willing or not. It was said of him that he christened all the boys Frederick after himself, and all the girls Mary after the Virgin. The author of "The Life of Walter Pater" gives Doctor Lee's method of christening as follows: "Name this child," he would say in his authoritative voice.  
"Archibald Cholmondeley Constantine Ferdinand," perhaps the mother would whisper.  
"Frederick," she would hear, to her amazement, and then would follow the usual formula of baptism.  
In the vestry, of course, there would be objection.  
"This child," Doctor Lee would reply, "will have to get his living in the world, and what do you want to handicap him with Archibald Campbell Cholmondeley and all the rest of them for? Anyhow, it's done now, and can't be altered."

**Not Good Twice.**  
Lincoln's stories grow better and better as he grew older. One of the best was told to a visitor, who congratulated him on the almost certain purpose on the part of the people to elect him for another term of four years.  
Mr. Lincoln replied that he had been told this frequently before, and that when it was first mentioned to him he was reminded of a farmer in Illinois, who determined to try his own hand at blasting.  
After successfully boring and filling in with powder, he failed in his effort to make the powder go off; and after discussing the cause with a looker-on, and failing to detect anything wrong in the powder, the farmer suddenly came to the conclusion that it would not go off because it had been shot before.  
Let the bride get as many pretty things as possible when she is married; as a rule, she never gets any after she is married.

## ARCTIC POLE HUNTER TO USE POLAR BEARS.



CAPT. AMUNDSEN.

Capt. Roald Amundsen, greatest of Arctic mariners, gained renown by sailing a sloop through the Northwest passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific Ocean and locating the magnetic North Pole while on his way.

In 1910, the captain says, he is going to undertake a trip to the geographical North Pole. Other explorers, he says, have failed because they have not given time enough to the task. He will devote six years to it.

The captain tells a picturesque story about using trained polar bears to pull the sledges when he goes to the pole. He says:

"I am having some polar bears trained by Carl Hagenbeck, the animal trainer. These bears, when properly trained, are as tractable as oxen and can pull sledges well. They are at home in the cold of the arctic and can be easily cared for and fed with seal meat. When near enough to the pole it is my intention to use these bears to make a dash. There will be six of them and they will haul three sledges."

## SENATOR TILLMAN AT HOME.

Noted Southerner Leads a Happy Life on His Farm.

Although Senator "Ben" Tillman, of South Carolina, doesn't show any disposition to quit public life, he is not fond of Washington, and spends as little time in the capital as possible. Were it not for his lecture engagements, he would never leave his South Carolina plantation except to attend to his Senatorial duties. The Tillman place at Trenton, S. C., is a farm of more than 500 acres. The Senator raises cotton for the market and corn for his hogs and mules. Also he has 2,000 peach trees and several acres of grapes.

Every morning when at home the fire-eater of the Senate puts on comfortable, baggy clothes and rides over the plantation overseeing and directing. He keeps everything well in hand, and the prosperous look of the place shows that he knows his business.

He gives much personal attention to his flowers, which are surpassed probably by no private garden in the south. A lover of roses, he has more than 175 varieties, which he tends with the utmost care. Crimson ramblers and Marechal Niels riot around the big white house. Thousands of bulbs line the walks and drives. Lilies, violets, and all manner of potted plants fill a large hothouse. A grove of evergreens and shrubbery about the house is of the Senator's own cultivation. When, a year or two ago, a late frost laid low a lot of his plants he was almost inconsolable.

When the family is at home the Tillman place is the center of more or less entertainment. The young people have their friends and the neighbors drop in; so do the politicians, as a matter of course. To them all, he is "Uncle Ben," and all are welcome. One of the greatest favorites is "Aunt Kittle," the colored cook, who has endeared herself to the family by many years of exceptional service. Returning from a lecturing trip last summer, sick of hotel fare, the Senator made her promise, never to leave him while he lived or she could wield a waffle iron.  
In the Tillman stables is a beautiful team of Kentucky thoroughbreds which the Senator presented to his wife a few years ago. They are named Joe Blackburn and Joe Bailey, and the first time Mrs. Tillman rode behind them they ran away. "Aunt Kittle's" husband, "Joe," who has been with the family 35 years, is their custodian.  
From his labors among his flowers the Senator often rests on the broad piazza in the long vacation season. A fine library is at hand, and Tillman is passionately fond of the poets. Should he take to correspondence, it is likely to relate to the Clemson Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Calhoun's old home, Fort Hill, or to the Winthrop Normal and Industrial College for Women at Rock Hill, an institution which bids fair to lead all similar schools in the South. His agitation for industrial and technical education was responsible for the establishment of both these colleges. He regards them as his proudest achievements and maintains the deepest interest in their welfare.

Surrounded by his family, his friends, his flowers and his books, Farmer Tillman is far removed from the screaming, desecrating Senator Tillman.  
House-cleaning may be no worse than Christmas, but it comes twice a year.

## TO STOP DEVIL WORSHIP.

British Law Executes Indian Medicine Man in Wilds of Canada.

Word has been received here, says a Winnipeg dispatch to the New York Times, that a chief of the Fiddler Indians in the Keewatin district of the far North has been put to death by a party of the royal northwest mounted police, for the practice of We-te-go, or devil worship.

The fact of the frequent occurrence of this ceremony by this and one or two other tribes in Canada has long been known, and the government had decided to make an example of the perpetrators of the first case brought to notice.

This particular tragedy, which resulted in a full court being sent hundreds of miles into the lands of many happenings, occurred last fall on the shores of the Red Deer Lake, one of the wildest and most inaccessible districts in Northern Keewatin.

That fall the young and comely squaw of William Pa-je-quan was taken ill with fever, probably scarlet fever, and all the incantations of the medicine men availed nothing, and with the advance of the disease delirium set in. To the superstitions of the tribe this indicated that she was possessed of a devil, and the uncontrolled groups of the little squaw were her death warrant.

Upon the appearance of the delirium the medicine men informed the chief of the appearance of the We-te-go. This was judgment, and upon its utterance the 70-year-old chief began to prepare for execution of the sentence. Members of the tribe say that this was about the twentieth time he has executed capital punishment, upon members of his tribe possessed of the We-te-go, although in this case it was his daughter-in-law.

It is their belief that her only chance for reaching the happy hunting grounds lay in her death during a rational moment of her delirium. If she died delirious, it would mean her soul's damnation, and if she lived she would be a crazy cannibal, devouring her own children, and the devil, or We-te-go, would go into other members of the tribe.

As soon as the young matron lost her fever all the tribe assembled in the open. Foremost among the spectators was her husband, it being the mark of a coward for a relation to stay away from such an important rite. Later came the women bearing the sick woman from her tent. The girl well understood the dire preparations for the awful sacrifice, but her feeble struggles were silenced by a word and a blow.

She was laid at the feet of the chief and his nephew Jose, and while a dozen braves held the victim the chief and Jose strangled her with a silken cord. The execution was followed by a two-day festival.

## A Pushing Line.

A party of traveling men in a Chicago hotel were one day boasting of the business done by their respective firms, when one of the drummers said:

"No house in the country, I am proud to say, 'has more men and women pushing its line of goods than mine.'"  
"What do you sell?" he was asked.  
"Baby carriages!" shouted the drummer, as he fled from the room.—Success Magazine.

## An Idea of Personal Freedom.

"What do you think of these efforts to prohibit betting on the horse races?"  
"They're all wrong," answered the bookmaker. "When people make up their mind they're going to stand in line and give you money it's their affair and they shouldn't be interfered with."—Washington Star.

"Policeman—Here, you'll have to move on."  
Hob—Dat's all right. I'm gonna get me auto.—Chicago News.

## CRIME OF HUNTING.

This Is a Plea for the Old-Fashioned Sportsman.

No one who knows anything about the trade of making and selling books will misunderstand the motives of the nature writers who are protesting at every possible opportunity against the wicked practice of hunting game with a gun instead of a kodak, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. They know the power of printer's ink. They need advertising and they secure it. But the nature lovers, whose excitement over the crime of hunting is due to the efforts of the writers, are doomed to disappointment and are somewhat deserving of ridicule. They should know better than to take seriously the gentlemen who champion the cause of the coyote and the timber wolf for the vulgar purpose of raising seeds and who denounce the savagery of the sportsman because every line that is printed upon the subject of their views increases the probability of sales.

The project of preserving game to the end that amateur photographers and makers of books shall have an opportunity to study wild animals and birds will hardly appeal to any considerable number of law-makers.

Of course hunting as a form of recreation for human beings would not be indorsed by a congress of wild animals, but was pork packing as a legitimate industry, ever indorsed by a hog? Did a right-thinking hen ever look with favor upon the pastime of eating fried chicken in Maryland? Was a stier ever known to regard the raising of cat tle for the deliberate purpose of making boots of their hides, beef of their flesh and glue of their hoofs, as just and humane?

It is easy to exaggerate the cruelty of hunting and to picture the sportsman as a savage, satiating his thirst for gore by shedding the blood of the innocents. But, getting down to brass tacks, the deer, although somewhat appealing to the eye, is not a whit more innocent than a fat hog wallowing in a mud puddle and enjoying life with a zest never experienced by the timid, nervous beast of the forest, accustomed from infancy to start at the snapping of a twig and bound away at the sight of an enemy.

## THE SYSTEM DID NOT WORK.

Educational theories which survive may generally be considered to have some good in them. Nevertheless, ever the best of them sometimes fail to work quite satisfactorily. An instance is given by a school teacher, who relates her experiences in a late magazine. She was teaching a country school on the prairies of Nebraska. The pupils were mostly children or French-Canadians. In those days the idea of teaching the very little ones by means of pictures to represent the words was regarded as the best system, and primers teemed with columns of words in big print, and descriptive pictures opposite.

One day a little black-eyed French Canadian child, who was so thin and tiny he could almost be taken for a spider, came up to my desk to "say his lessons." His eyes shone, and he beamed all over with an "I've-got-it" expression. Incongruous as it may seem, little Frederic had a terrible bass voice.

He knew his letters, and as I pointed to the letters of a word he roared "I-n-k!" He looked at the picture of a bottle of ink opposite. "Bottle," he finally decided.  
I had to say it was ink.  
"V-a-t—tub."  
I explained that it was vat.  
"P-a-g—hog."  
I was obliged to say it was pig. Frederic was discouraged. How could he know it was pig when they always said hog at home?

The little voice trembled on the next word, "P-a-l-l." A long wait, then faintly, "Bucket."  
I knew the children all said bucket but I said this word was pail, and Frederic was almost in tears.  
The next word was horse, and opposite was a picture of a little colt and its mother. Frederic spelled "H-o-r-s-e," and I pointed to the picture. This time he hesitated not a second. "Colt!" he roared, triumphantly.  
I said, "No," very gently.  
"Ma-be," he hazarded, looking at the mother.

"No, deary, it spells horse," I had to say.  
Poor little fellow! I was as discouraged with him as he was. I said he might take the same words for the next lesson, and he returned to his seat crestfallen. In a few minutes my next class was interrupted by the heavy voice of the game little fellow:  
"Say, teacher, we got a horse a home, an' it ain't got no colt, an' we got a mare, an' she's got the nicest lit'le colt!"

Alas for the book-makers! Their wisdom was confounded by the worldly knowledge and experience of a tiny 5-year-old farmer boy!

## The Noose.

Teacher (expectantly)—Now, children, how many of your can tell me what a lasso is?  
Willie (hurriedly raising his hand)—Please, ma'am, it's a long rope with a running nose at the end.—Judge.

## Horrible.

"Have you a smoke nuisance in your town?"  
"In our town? It is usually on our front gallery! The young man who is calling on my daughter is a cigarette smoker."—Houston Post.



"Is the ship stripped to repel boarders?" "No, repel souvenir hunters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Binks—Does strong coffee keep you awake? Jinks—How do I know? I board.—Somerville Journal.

Nell—I think Maud has more color than her sister. Belle—Yes; about 50 cents' worth more.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you believe that the gold die young?" "I think they do, if all my wife tells me about her first husband's true."—Pick-Me-Up.

Cautious Customer (in drug store)—How much do you charge for a dime's worth of tooth powder? New Clerk—Twenty-five cents.—Chicago Daily News.

"The doctors have finally agreed upon the cause of Markley's illness." "Ah, they've held another consultation?" "No; post-mortem."—Philadelphia Press.

Lawyer—As your husband died intestate, you will, of course, get a third. Widow—Oh, I hope to get my fourth. He was my third, you know.—Town and Country.

"I thought you were married, and yet you're sewing on your own buttons." "I am married, but I keep my independence, let me tell you."—Magendorfer Blatter.

Scribbler—I understand the inmates of the Home for the Feeble-Minded are going to publish a magazine. Quibbler—Isn't the field rather overcrowded?—Philadelphia Record.

Wife (looking up from her book)—You know a great many things, John; now, what do you think should be done in case of drowning? Husband—Have a funeral, I should think.

Cynicus—I have been engaged to at least a dozen girls. Sillicus—Always been unlucky in love, eh? Cynicus—Oh, I don't know. I've never married any of them.—Philadelphia Record.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Simpson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in your basket. John—All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.

"George," murmured the young wife, "am I as dear to you now as I was before we married?" "I can't exactly tell," replied the husband, absent-mindedly. "I didn't keep any account of my expenses then."

Mr. Chippis (looking up from the paper)—The doctors have discovered another new disease. Mrs. Chippis—Well, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism.

Old Scotch farmer (having spent six pence on a race ticket for a pony and trap, value £50, and having won) is shown the prize. After gazing critically at it for some minutes: "But whaur's the whup?"

Chapleigh—I say, dwuggist, can you—aw—give me something to—aw—brighten me up, doncher know? Dwuggist—You're in the wrong place, young man. This is a drug store, not a night school.—Chicago Daily News.

"What pleased me most," said the man who had been abroad, "was the wonderful clock at Strasburg." "Oh, how I should like to see it!" replied the ignorant youth. "And did you see the watch on the Rhine, too?"  
District Visitor—What has brought you to the destitute condition? Applicant—It's my wife, mum. "Your wife! How is that?" "Well, you see, mum, I've got her three good situations, and I've blessed if she could keep one of them."  
"Yes," said old Roxley, "my daughter is to be married next month to Lord Brokeleigh." "Ah!" remarked the friend, "everything's settled, eh?" "Well, I guess not! You don't catch me paying in advance."—Philadelphia Press.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?" "Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full-grown angel with gray whiskers."—Philadelphia Press.

First Summer Girl—Who is that clean-shaven, handsome boy? Second Summer Girl—Oh, he's an actor. First Summer Girl—No; I mean the other one. Second Summer Girl—Oh, he hasn't any money, either.—Harper's Weekly.

Little Boy—Mamma, I wish you'd find out who it was hypnotized me, and punish 'em severely. Mamma—Whusat? Little Boy—While you was out I was pulled right into the pantry, an' forced to eat a hull lot of those cakes you said I musn't touch.

"How are you, Broom?" asked a bluff old sailor of a fop who was always annoyed unless he was addressed as Mr. Broom, and who responded "I'd have you to know, sir, that I've a handle to my name." "Oh, all right! How are you, Broom handle?"

A lady has a grumpy servant too little given to washing. Other hints having failed, the mistress said, in a tone of deep confidence, "I am told, Mary, that if you wash the face every day in hot, soapy water it will make you beautiful." "Will it, now?" answered Mary. "It's a wonder you haven't tried it yourself."