

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

These Turkish atrocities are becoming nearly as deadly as football.

Nome's gold output will be small this year, but its graveyard keeps growing rapidly.

Peru can certainly report progress. It has seated a new President with no shooting.

It must be bargain day when the assessor calls, because fortunes are always made down.

Mr. Peary will make another dash for the pole and then another dash for the box office receipts.

"What would the nation be without women?" frantically asks a magazine writer. That's easy. Stag nation.

A German missionary has been attacked by Chinese pirates. Another big chunk of territory for Wilhelm.

Land grabbers have shown a contemptuous disregard of "Keep off the grass" signs in the Indian Territory.

Buenos Ayres has come to the front with 900,000 inhabitants. It seems that there are others besides us after all.

It will never do to again speak of Vesuvius as "she" or "her" after learning that it has thrown rocks a distance of 600 feet.

In reply to "Please Answer," we would say that the Sublime Porte is so called because of its sublime nerve and sublime indifference.

President Roosevelt condemns the use of profanity. In the President's estimation no stronger swear word than "bully" is ever necessary.

All the powers have agreed upon it that the Sultan is to be reformed, but it is doubtful if they will succeed in convincing the Sultan that such is the case.

A London soapmaker is clamoring for the next chance at racing for the cup. The excellence of Sandy Hook as an advertising medium is being properly recognized.

A man slipped on a banana peel, fell under a train and lost a hand. If people generally realized the peril that lurks in the innocent-looking banana peel they would make their wills and carry accident insurance.

The chewing gum trust recently distributed \$900,000 in dividends. This sum represents 90,000,000 sticks of gum at the retail price of a cent a stick. How many million other sticks were sold to yield that profit is an interesting problem which the reader may try to solve if he choose.

Taught to play ball, Latin-Americans would forego rebellion and bull-fights and expend their energies in three-base hits and home runs. Already it has pacified whole provinces in our oriental archipelago. Let us take a hint and send, not more teachers, soldiers and alleged statesmen to our colonies, but teams of professional ball players.

Examination of the pupils in the public schools of Boston has shown that nearly all the children enter school with normal eyes. In the higher grades one-fourth are found to be myopic, and in the colleges from 60 to 70 per cent are said to be thus affected. In other words, near-sightedness increases steadily from the primary school upward—a bald statement of fact which makes evident the necessity of every possible care.

The New York newspapers have discovered a young man, an employe for eight years of a street railway company, who, by his own admission, has worked sixteen hours a day, at an average wage of ten cents an hour, ever since he has been with the company. On the face of it, here is provocation for labor oratory; but before indignation rises to too high a pitch, let it be added that the young man was appointed general manager the other day. Perhaps his willingness to work long hours had something to do with his promotion.

The longest distance a man has ever thrown a baseball is a little more than 381 feet. The record for women was held, until recently, by a Vassar champion, who threw a ball 181 feet. There has now arisen in Tacoma, Wash., a young woman who beat that record by twenty-four feet. Anatomists have frequently explained that the formation of a woman's shoulder-blade prevents her from throwing straight and far; but the Tacoma record, 205 feet, is just about the distance from the deep outfield to the home plate. Evolution seems to be at work producing shoulder-blades that will enable the American girl to share the delights of the national game.

The human mind, since it began to think and believe, has thought of and believed in immortality. Mankind early divided into races widely separated in vastly different climes and conditions, but wherever the human mind is that thought and belief is also. Is it any wonder that when primitive man first learned that by standing upon his hind legs and wielding a stone with his forepaws he could beat off an enemy, he should invest the stone with reverent awe? Is it any wonder that when he found out that by striking two pieces of flint together he could start a fire to save him from the cold of the steadily-encroaching ice period, he should worship fire? Is it any wonder that when he discovered that grains sown upon the tumult of the dead sprouted and produced again he should conclude that the grateful ghost beneath thus repaid him an hundredfold the offerings he had made? Is it any wonder that the dog, the first friend to come to man and lend him warmth

and companionship and devotion, and the cow, the next animal to be domesticated and to give her milk, should have been held sacred? The history of civilization is a development of worship. By superstitions—if you care to call them that—man has been lighted on his way to progress. Yet we know no more about immortality to-day than the first cave man did in the beginning. The Indian still hopes for a land rich in game, the Turk for a celestial harlem, the Christian and the Jew for gates of gold and streets of Jasper, the Asiatic for reincarnations on earth. The scoffer, noting these contradictions, pretends they are all but misty superstitions. Maybe they are. Perhaps they are only shadows of the truth. But the truth itself—the firm belief in immortality—has been through countless cycles of generations. Inbred in the human mind; it is the very core of all civilization, the nucleus of all development, the force of all progress, and it can no more be cast out of a single mind than can the difference between a human brain and that of a monkey. The proof? The world is full of it. The whole history of the development of man is proof of what the belief has done for him. The whole vast difference that lies to-day between mankind and apedon is proof.

If chairs of common sense will bring young ministers into contact with common things and common people, let us have chairs of common sense in all the theological seminaries in the country. We are all tired of the ministers who know so little of common things and of common people that they have to preach about Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, or about Shakespeare's heroes, or about Huxley's mistakes. Archaeology, metaphysics, poetry and science can all be made interesting and illuminating to a congregation, but only by a man who knows how and where to apply them to the lives of his auditors. Therefore the minister must know the lives of his auditors. What are the books that people read now-days? They are not usually the books written by recluses. They are not usually the books written by men who have received a purely literary and academic training, and who have lived purely literary and academic lives. They are the books written by men like Mark Twain, Bret Harte, George Ade, Stephen Phillips, Lincoln J. Steffens, Jack London, Rudyard Kipling, and many others, great and small, who have actually seen the things they are writing about. This is an age for the man who knows the world about him and not for the man who draws his spiritual sustenance from written records. What is true of books is true of sermons. We have no time for the minister who reads all the week and Sunday morning disgorges himself of his reading. What we want is a sermon permeated, it is true, with superior learning, but nevertheless constructed out of the daily facts of daily existence. This does not mean that a good minister must preach about women's hats or about the latest murder. The title of his sermon may be "The Stigmata of St. Francis." As he discusses the stigmata of St. Francis, however, one will perceive in his illustrations and in his applications that he has spent many days and many nights with people as well as with books, and that he has lived in the hearts of persons of the twentieth century. For such a man, skilled in the knowledge of the human heart, consumed with love of the human race, and disciplined by study and meditation, there will always be an audience. In literature the man who thinks he can write because he has studied Ruskin's construction of sentences is rescued from immediate oblivion only by the observer's momentary laughter. In the church the man who thinks he can preach because he has studied Newman's figures of speech will have the same fate. The sermon writer needs an even deeper acquaintance with common things and with common people than the story writer. The story writer simply shows us things and people. The sermon writer has to show us things and people in their spiritual possibilities. A professor of common sense in a theological seminary could talk on this point every day and never talk too much.

Fuel of the Future.

It was recently calculated that the visible coal supply—which is never visible till it is brought to the surface, hence the real meaning is, the calculated supply—would last the world for about a hundred years longer. But within a few weeks reports of remarkable discoveries of new beds have been brought from the Middle West, where anthracite is alleged to have been discovered; from the South, especially in Tennessee, about 70 miles from Knoxville, and in the Peace River region of Alabama, where it is claimed that 250,000,000 tons are "in sight." The supplies in China are also considerable and in Great Land and Grinnell Land can be reached more easily in future, there are deposits in those Arctic regions that may be worked at a profit.

And in spite of the activities of forest choppers and burners, farmers, and others who utilize the products of the soil, the world is still putting forth so considerable quantity of vegetation that the making of new coal may be going on, unconsciously to us, and not to be completed for centuries. Every bog is a possible peat bed, and peat is but unhardened coal. The great fern forests and marshes of calamity that we are burning now under our boilers and in grades no longer exist, but we have certain of their analogues, and no attempt has been made by scientific authorities to estimate the mass or value of potential fuel that is being stored in odd corners of the earth to-day.

But possibly the fuel of the future will be water. That is, we shall not turn much of it, but we shall use it for heating purposes by converting the force of its fall into electric currents, as they are doing already at Niagara and on the upper Hudson. For our posterity the blazing hearth shall not burn; the family will collect about a steel plate, on cold nights, and do the cooking over a metal basket. Most of the wood will be obliterated by that time, and with them of course, the streams will go; hence we must look to see the power of the ocean converted to electricity. But it is a comfort to know that we have coal to burn for a few years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Farms and Farmers.

In a long and thoughtful editorial, the Chicago Tribune of recent date dwells upon one feature in our agricultural situation that is far from reassuring to the man trained to think along American lines. Statistics are marshalled to show convincingly that the percentage of farmers who own and operate their land has been steadily diminishing for years, tenant farming showing a corresponding increase. In 1880, 74.4 per cent of the farms were operated by their owners. In 1890 the percentage had fallen to 71.8, and by the census of 1900 is shown to have dropped to 63.7. Coincident with this decline has been a gradual but very perceptible growth in the average size of farms. It was 136.5 acres in 1890 and 148.6 acres in 1900. There can be no mistaking the trend. It is in the direction of larger holdings and an increase of the landlord class.

All this is to be expected by one who has studied the tendency of our people to flock into the towns and cities. The strength of this tendency is amply exhibited in census figures. Away back in 1790 only 3.4 per cent of the population lived in towns of 8,000 people or more. By 1890 this proportion had risen to 18.1 per cent. It was 22.8 per cent in 1880, and no less than 33.1 per cent in 1900. There is thus outlined what amounts to a revolution in the last twenty or thirty years. Our farmers, having secured a competence, retire to the cities, where they may enjoy advantages not to be had in rural communities. Their land is rented to tenants, and whatever of surplus income accrues is forthwith invested in increasing their holdings. Their children, bred to city life, cling to it, so that farming is more and more given over to the hands of those who have not the intelligence and energy that characterized the farmer of twenty years ago or more. It is not difficult to see in all this the operation of the same economic and social laws that have developed conditions in the Old

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Fuel of the Future.

World. They have been retarded by our institutions, no doubt, and in case we adhere to present ideals, their further action may not be destructive to personal liberty and national virility as in other countries, ancient and modern. At the same time, there are few who will not regret that the day of the small, independent American farmer is giving way to that of the landlord.—New York News.

Money in Fact and Fiction.

THESE are strange times in the accumulation of fortunes—stranger than any fiction could ever have made them. Think of it for a moment! Andrew Carnegie, a canny little Scotch boy, came to this unknown land a few decades ago barefooted, and last year offered to settle the Venezuelan imbroglio between Germany, England, France, and Italy and the South American republic by loaning Venezuela the entire sum of these international debts. And yet a fortune so huge as to permit of such offers is as nothing to the power of another man. Mr. Rockefeller, personally a quiet American citizen from Cleveland, a simple liver, with few habits of luxury, could easily buy half a dozen of the independent kingdoms of Europe; could without feeling it to any great extent in his pocketbook take up the debts of all the republics of Central and South America.

Again, in 1844, Alexander Dumas published a book called "The Count of Monte Cristo," the basis of which is the fabulous wealth of an individual. The Count finds a cave full of almost priceless jewels. He buys men's lives; he spends money everywhere; he comes to Paris with a notice from his Italian bankers giving him unlimited credit on a Paris bank. There is no limit on what he can draw from M. Danglers. It is entirely unprecedented. Nothing like it was ever known before. He draws five millions of francs, and ruins the banker, and still no complaint from his Roman house. He rights wrongs; he saves more lives; he punishes the guilty by the use of unlimited wealth. And then by and by he leaves Maximilian on the island of Monte Cristo with his bride and sails away. As Maximilian sees his ship disappear on the horizon, he finds Monte Cristo will leaving him his whole fortune. This fortune, Dumas suggests in two or three places, was one hundred million francs—\$20,000,000. It is the greatest private fortune the Frenchman could conceive of in 1844—it is considerably less than the income of John D. Rockefeller in 1908.—Harper's Weekly.

Hard Working Human Heart.

SOME one with an aptitude for statistics has been doing a little calculating on the subject of the human heart and its activities. The normal heart, it appears, beats about seventy-five times in a minute, so that an hour's record would be something like 4,320 beats. Supposing that a man lived to be 50, his heart would have beaten 1,892,100,000 times. If a son of this man, more robust than his father, should fill out the Scriptural allotment of three-score years and ten his heart beats would number 2,649,024,000. It is easy to understand, after such a computation, why this hard-working servant of the human body so frequently wears out.—Harper's Weekly.

Fresh Air and Sound Health.

HERE are many persons who seem afraid of the fresh air. A little rain, a little wind, a little fog, a little chill in the air will keep them within doors. Going out, they bundle up in clothes so thickly that one would think they were tender shreds transplanted from some more genial clime. The healthy people, however, are not the health cranks, and the people who run to the doctor every time they feel an ache. They are the people who walk a great deal in the fresh air, who live in the open as much as they can, and who take a vacation in the country every year.—San Francisco Bulletin.

STURDY AMERICAN FIGURE.

Thomas Ewing, Our First Secretary of the Interior. Certain events in the Indian office have directed attention to that department and have caused comparisons to be made between the present head thereof and the first secretary, Thomas Ewing. In sterling integrity they were alike; in the experiences of their lives wholly unlike. Ewing is one of those interesting figures of American history finds so many. Born near West Liberty, Ohio County, Va., Dec. 28, 1789, he was the son of a revolutionary father. It was in the region of Athens County, Ohio, then unsettled, that he was reared. His sister taught him to read, and in the evenings he studied the few books at his command. In his 20th year he left his home and worked in the Kanawha Salt establishments, pursuing his studies at night by the aid of the furnace fires. He remained there till he had earned enough money to clear from debt the farm his father had bought in 1792, and had qualified himself to enter the Ohio University at Athens, where, in 1815, he received the first degree of A. B. that was ever granted in that section. He then studied law in Lancaster, was admitted to the bar in 1816, and practiced with success for fifteen years. In 1831-37 he served as United States Senator from Ohio, having been chosen as a Whig. He supported the protective tariff system of Clay, and advocated a reduction in the rates of postage, a recharter of the United States Bank, and the revenue collection bill, known as the "force bill."

Senator Ewing opposed the removal of deposits from the United States Bank, and introduced a bill for the settlement of the Ohio boundary question, which was passed in 1836. During the same session he brought forward a bill for the reorganization of the general land office, which was passed and he also presented a memorial for the abolition of slavery. In July, 1838, the Secretary of the Treasury issued what was known as the "specie circular." This directed receivers in land office to accept payments only in gold, silver or treasury certificates, except from certain classes of persons for a limited time. Senator Ewing brought in a bill to annul this circular, and another to make it unlawful for the Secretary to make such a discrimination, but these were not carried. After the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of the law. Ewing became Secretary of the Treasury in 1841, under Harrison, and in 1849 accepted the newly created

portfolio of the interior, under Taylor, and organized that department. Among the measures recommended in his first report, Dec. 3, 1849, were the establishment of a mint near the California gold mines, and the construction of a railroad to the Pacific. When Thomas Corwin became Secretary of the Treasury in 1850, Ewing was appointed to succeed him in the Senate. During this term he opposed the fugitive slave law, Clay's compromise bill, reported a bill for the establishment of a branch mint in California, and advocated a reduction in postage, and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. He retired from public life in 1851 and again resumed his law practice in Lancaster. He was a delegate to the Peace Congress of 1861. During the Civil War Ewing gave, through the press and by correspondence and personal interviews, his counsel and influence to the support of the national authorities. While he devoted much of his time to political subjects, the law was his favorite study and pursuit. He early won and maintained throughout his life unquestionable supremacy at the Ohio bar, and ranked in the Supreme Court of the United States among the foremost lawyers of the nation. In 1829, just after his father's death, General William T. Sherman, then a boy of 9, was adopted by Mr. Ewing, who afterward appointed him to the United States Academy, and in 1850, Sherman married Ellen, the daughter of his benefactor.

STAGE PEOPLE IN SUMMER.

Some of Them Have a Hard Time in Tiding Over. In summer what becomes of the numbers of stage people who return to the metropolis penniless at the close of the season? How do they live? These questions were put to the manager of the theatrical agency in Broadway. "Indulgent landlords, friends in the country, and parents in the city solve the summer problem for hosts of theatrical people," replied the agent. "An actor would sooner starve than be seen by his mates working at an other trade. About 75 per cent of those who remain here get trusted for their summer's board and lodging. They pay up, in most cases, in the course of the next season, sending from week to week to the landlady sufficient to cancel their summer's indebtedness. "Of course," went on the agent, "they're not all improvident. See that little girl going out?" He pointed to a petite figure in the ceaseless stream of applicants. "Got plenty of money—enough to last her until the season opens—and a bit to spare. They call her stingy on the road, because she won't spend her money. Laugh is on her side now. Many of 'em come here without a rag to their backs for sum-

THE AMERICAN GIANT IS THE AMERICAN SCHOOL CHILD

The American Giant advertisement featuring a large illustration of a young boy in a suit and hat, holding a book. Text includes: 'THE GERMAN STANDING ARMY IS COMPOSED OF 605,011 MEN' and 'THE AMERICAN STANDING ARMY IS MADE UP OF 63,686 MEN'. It compares the size of the American school child to the German army.

A STARTLING AND SIGNIFICANT COMPARISON. The American giant is the American school child. Under instruction in the public schools of the United States are 15,603,451 children. Of these 7,841,570 are boys and 7,761,881 girls. In Chicago, according to the census of 1902, there were 220,421 children in the schools, making an average yearly increase of 15,871. The increase this year is much greater, the estimates of attendance ranging from 250,000 to 284,000. The statistics for 1903 show that the entire German army, while on a peace footing, is composed of 605,511 men, while the army of the United States in 1902, while on a peace footing, numbered only 63,686 men.—Chicago American.

ASSENDS THE HIGHEST PEAK

Miss Peck Performs Remarkable Feat in South America. Aided by oxygen carried in cans and other carefully selected helps to the modern mountain climber, a woman—Miss Annie S. Peck of Chicago—has attained the highest altitude ever reached by man. She has accomplished the feat of ascending Mount Sorata, in Bolivia, whose height is estimated from 21,000 to 25,000 feet, and is exceeded only by the unconquered peaks of the Himalayas. Some scientists believe Sorata to be even higher than the Himalaya peaks, and it is upon the summit of this mountain that the measurements made by Miss Peck's expedition are received man will be known to have reached the highest point in the world, and the honor of having accomplished this will be a woman's.

Wordsworth and His Neighbors. The worthiest of Wordsworth's village in the lake country of England had their own ideas of his value as a man and poet. When questioned after his death as to his personality, they readily admitted that he was kind to those who were in sickness or need. They could count on him on a pinch. But he did not hobnob with his neighbors. "He did not notice them much," said an old man, in answer to questions asked by the author of "Lake Country Sketches." "A Jim Crow and an auld blue cloak was his rig," continued the old man. "And as for his habits, he had none. Never knew him with a pot 'n' his hand or a pipe 'n' his mouth."

FURNISHINGS OF A HOME. Essence of Elegance Lies in Simplicity and Good Taste. There is no idea more erroneous than that it requires a liberal expenditure of money to have a comfortable and artistic home. The very essence of elegance lies in simplicity. It is not art to make a parlor the duplicate of an exhibition room in a furniture store. That simply calls for an outlay of money without any exercise of taste. There is no tone to such a room—no air of repose, no comfort, no individuality. It speaks for what it is—an ex-

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