

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Self-indulgence is the secret of indigence.

It is folly to boast of your frills before you have built your foundation.

Manchuria and Korea gone—and more broken China to be picked up before long.

There were only nineteen deaths due to football this season. The hurting record beats that all to pieces.

Mr. Carnegie says that he pities the son of a rich man. One is inclined to feel sometimes that Mr. Carnegie exaggerates the joys of poverty.

A Philadelphia horse put his foot into his mouth and it took a crowd of veterinarians to untangle him. Let this be a terrible warning to you.

One of the questions that agitates the man in the street is whether annexation of Panama would bring down the price of his next summer's hat.

A New York preacher became the father of triplets a few days ago. If he can go on preaching peace on earth now it will have to be admitted that he's a wonder.

"Killed, 3,554; wounded, 45,477." This is not the report of a great battle, but the report of the United States interstate commerce commission on the injuries inflicted by our railroads for the fiscal year ended June 30 last.

Appendicular surgery is passing into history. Nearly everybody who is called upon to have the malady has paid the bill and the rest of mankind get along very well with ordinary prudence in observance of the laws of digestion.

W. K. Vanderbilt thinks the salaries of preachers should be reduced. Mr. Vanderbilt seems to be rather ungrateful. A preacher did him quite a favor when he wanted to get married awhile ago and the laws of the Church of England almost thwarted him.

To fish is to prevaricate. The rule is invariable. If Isaac Walton presents an apparent exception it must be remembered that he was in reality but little of a fisherman despite the clamor of the fraternity which would push him forward as its chiefest exemplar.

A partially demented man in Maine has had his head completely cleared by a sounding thump on the skull. This case ought to be thoroughly investigated, for if such treatment is of universal applicability, then every city in the land should proceed at once to elect or have appointed an official knocker.

Seventeen thousand new words, or new meanings of old words, appear in the revised edition of a dictionary of the English language. These were selected from half a million words and definitions that had come into use since the dictionary was first printed, only ten years ago. The language, in spite of its antiquity, does not seem to be threatened with senile decay.

Events have not justified the prophecy of those who said a few years ago that bicycle riding was merely a fad, and would soon lose its popularity. It was the fad of a few, to be sure, but the bicycle has proved itself so useful that it has been adopted as a business vehicle in the city as well as in the country. Last year more than six hundred thousand bicycles were sold in the United States; and in France more than twice as many bicycles were ridden as in 1898.

Along with the expressions of alarm over the terribly high percentage of murders in America, increasing prominence is given to the danger coming from the promiscuous carrying of concealed weapons. It is asserted that we are becoming "a nation of gun carriers." The majority of cowardly ruffians have little temptation to engage in a quarrel if no weapon is within reach, while shallow headed fellows, who have received considerable of their education from "dime novels" and "nickel libraries," are not only persuaded that a weapon is necessary to their safety, but they are anxious for an excuse to "flash a gun." Peace officers should have authority to suppress the carrying of weapons by irresponsible parties, even if a legal precedent had to be established, such, for instance as would allow them to arrest at sight all suspicious characters in order to search for weapons. Where such were found, heavy sentences would do considerable to discourage the practice. It is better to take heroic measures rather than to have homicide statistics which are a national disgrace.

Of some 9,000 members of religious orders expelled from France, it is estimated that 6,100 have settled in England, 1,100 have gone to Canada and 1,800 have entered the United States. The number of men and women who have settled in England is about equal; of those who have gone to Canada the women are in the majority, while those who have settled in the United States are nearly all men. It is estimated that nearly \$22,000,000 has been taken into England by these religious, while the sum of \$10,000,000 has come to the United States and Canada.

A New York doctor gives a formula for a paste that dissolves the hair on a man's face and gives him a shave without a razor. Some fear is felt that it may take the face, too, but what does a man care for that who has tried to shave with an old razor that would draw tears from a face of stone?

Competent American girls are in demand in the Philippines. A business man who lately returned from Manila says that the supply of well-trained stenographers and typewriters is not

nearly equal to the demand, although wages are considerably higher than in the United States. Women of many nationalities are constantly arriving in Manila, but American girls are scarce. Englishwomen outnumber them four to one, and now hold the best positions, although nearly all the "want ads" end with, "American girl preferred."

The theory of Dr. J. D. Robertson, expressed before a Chicago medical society, to the effect that the bathing habit is injurious and as he said a "dirty habit," an opinion which made the other doctors gasp, but which they could not scientifically refute, reminds an observant man of many things that seem queer. He is reminded that our mountain and plains Indians, who never bathe except by accident, are rarely ill and, barring war or accident, live to good old age, displaying aggressive virility and force all their lives. On the other hand, the natives of the Pacific islands, who are half their time or more in the water, are weak, effeminate, disease inclined and short lived. He will recall, also, that in civilization the children who from any cause, either poverty or inclination, wallow in the dirt in city, town and country are generally vigorous, while the pampered children, rich or poor, who are scrubbed to shining are the reverse. Their vitality seems to shrivel up like the skin of a washerwoman's hands. He may recall, also, a curious New York experience. Some years ago the authorities, desiring to convince the slum dwellers of the hygienic value of bathing and cleanliness in general and the disease-breeding powers of filth, divided the city into districts, so adjusted as to contrast as sharply as possible the districts where overcrowding and dirt prevailed with those wherein the people bathed frequently and wore clean clothes. One district included the territory east of Broadway, south of Fourteenth street, where the population is denser than anywhere else in the country and quite as grimy. Another was the adjacent and less odorous but still fusty region west of Broadway, and then the districts ran back by degrees into the high, airy, cleanly residence regions above and to the west of Central Park. They then took a hygienic or disease census by district lines, perfectly confident that the showing would be of appalling prevalence of zymotic and probably other disease in the slum districts as compared with the others. When the returns were all in and tabulated the zealous workers for the soap and water habit were appalled indeed, but it was by the fact that the figures showed by far the lowest disease and death rate in the crowded district east of Broadway and south of Fourteenth, where they had expected the highest, and that the rate grew, through all the other divisions, until it rose to really alarming height in the breezy regions of up-town. The east side was never held up to itself as an object lesson. The reformers took the whole matter under advisement and pigeon-holed the census. After all, is not this matter of frequent or infrequent bathing like so many other human habits and tastes, a matter of the individual? "One man's meat is another man's poison," says the old saw, and any kind of crank would die if fed wholly on good common sense.

WIVES WANTED OUT WEST.

Thousands of Women Can Find Husbands in Western States.

A traveler in Arizona reports that the young men of the West are bachelors not from choice, but from necessity. Of the death of women in that section he says:

"Thousands of cattle are standing knee deep in alfalfa, the land is rich and the young men are thrifty and prosperous. But they can't get wives. There are not women enough to go around. Arizona wants several car loads of women just as soon as she can get them."

Census statistics support this view of the case, not only as to Arizona, but as to a number of other Western States and territories. Here are a few significant figures showing that not every Jack has his Jill:

	Male.	Female.
Arizona	57,027	37,120
Kansas	539,965	532,068
Washington	248,282	160,155

On the other hand, look at the reverse of the picture in certain States of the effete East:

	Male.	Female.
Maryland	455,285	565,430
Massachusetts	1,097,581	1,169,467
New Hampshire	168,483	169,410
New Jersey	739,224	741,274
New York	2,877,822	2,923,860
North Carolina	465,022	477,890
Virginia	679,440	685,061

It Is Time to Quit.

It is time to quit the grumbling, Time to take a hopeful view, Time to drop the foolish notion That the world is all askew; There are lots of blessings yet, That the world is looked to get, And the good Lord in his mercy's saving some of them for you.

It is time to quit the sighing, Time to look up with a smile, For the good old world's revolving In the same old steady style; Wicked people day by day Close their eyes and pass away, And there won't be any left here but the righteous, after awhile.

It is time to quit the fretting Over things that go wrong; Think of all the joys you're getting, Don't sit down disheartened, sad, Over small rebuffs you've had, Fortune tries our spirits often, Just to make them good and strong.

It is time to quit believing That there's nothing left to do For the ones who'd be achieving; Every day brings something new, Don't give up the hope to rise, Fair ahead the future lies, And to-morrow may be bringing just the needed chance for you.

It is time to quit the grieving For the good old happy days; It is time to quit believing Men are sunk in sinful ways; Still the morning may be bright, Still sweet dreams may come at night, Fate favors those for the cheerful, but our grumbling never pays. —Woman's Home Companion.

Don't marry a girl for the sake of beating her chaperon out of a job.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Nervous Prosperity is a Disease.

MERELY being prosperous makes many persons nervous. Women, having duties which, if not fewer, are less compulsory, than those of men, are peculiarly subject to this complaint. Their physical strength is less, their nervous systems are more complicated. Secretary Root regrets the decrease of country life on the ground that cities make a nervous race, different from the cool old stock which has been the basis of our civilization. Mr. Root thinks that nearness to the soil is a necessary condition of strong nerves. The American climate, in the Northern States, is exciting. Many who cannot sleep in the United States are less troubled with insomnia abroad. When cable cars, with gongs and crowds, railways overhead, packed streets, automobiles, telephones, telegrams, messenger boys, and the general machinery of haste are added, nervous tension becomes extreme. Sometimes it takes the form of a passion for late hours, and might be called Somnophobia. The Somnophobic is so keyed up that he shrinks from the relaxation of sleep, or any other quietness. The love of excitement is often as disintegrating as the love of drink. "Be not hurried away by excitement," says Epictetus, "but say, 'Semblance, wait for me a little. Let me see what you are and what you represent.' Many of our occupations would hardly stand the test of Epictetus. Emerson made the same point as Mr. Root, when he said that Nature's comment is, "Why so hot, little man?" As women are more responsible, just now, than men, for increasing nervousness, one of our problems is to make natural activities attractive to them—not work enough to exhaust them, but enough to keep them from being as restless as a fly under an exhausted receiver. Pleasures, diversions, are never sufficient to form a life. Responsibility is necessary to freedom. Thackeray, laughing at the strivings of Werther, had his heroine, at the end of the poem, go on cutting bread and butter. Candide, after examining all possible worlds, decided that the real thing was to cultivate a garden.—Collier's Weekly.

Physical Training in the Schools.

ABOUT the best thing that has yet been hit upon in connection with the public schools is the care that is being bestowed on the physical condition of the children. In the larger cities of the United States and to some extent in Canada children are being examined for physical defects, and appropriate measures are being taken to remedy these as far as possible. If nothing more was done than to promote the habit of deep breathing that would be a hygienic reform of the first importance. We doubt if anything could be done by public authority that would contribute more to the health and happiness of the community. Until human beings are placed in full possession of their physical faculties and in full enjoyment of their natural functions, they do not know how good a place the world is. With more of genuine good health in the world, more of something approaching physical perfection, there would be less craving for artificial enjoyments and probably less craving for wealth. If the school will, in addition to making the children practice deep breathing, cultivate their speaking voices and teach them to walk well, the effect in a few years will be marvelous.—Montreal Star.

The Law of Life.

LACK of work does turn men into tramps, but it does not keep them tramps. The man and the job cannot always keep apart unless the man so wishes. The proof is the fact that thousands of men have been tramps and are no longer. And these men did not owe their escape from trampdom to anything that anybody did for them. They owed it entirely to themselves.

Taking his life through, the average tramp is such because he wishes to be—because he falls into the delusion that it is easier to beg and steal than to work. One of those economic lulls known as hard times may have set him to tramping. But, when this lull was over he did not remain a tramp unless he wished to.

The individual human life, like the electric current,

seeks the line of least resistance. All men are prone to take the line in life on which they can travel with least effort. Man, like other animals, is naturally averse to exertion not compelled by immediate necessity. In other words, man is naturally lazy unless his foresight teaches him and his will impels him to be industrious.

The habitual tramp is such because he lacks the will to be otherwise. Sentimental philanthropists may be challenged to produce a single tramp who, if his story were truly known, could not be proved to have thrown away, because it required of him harder work than he was willing to do, opportunity after opportunity to escape from his condition.

Civilization does not produce the habitual tramp or sturdy beggar. He exists in civilization because it is too falsely humane to compel him to work or starve, as savagery does. And it is a perversion of philanthropy to hold that the tramp, or any other human being, is entitled to any place in civilization other than what his will to work can achieve. Work is the law of life.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Evolution of Industrial Methods.

WH believe that industry among human beings is destined to pass through three phases—the phases of competition, of organization, of emulation.

Civilization has spent thousands of years in the competitive system. Out of a hundred business men ninety-nine have failed—one hundred business enterprises have landed ninety-nine men with broken hearts, broken hopes, and one man with money in his pocket and a broken digestion.

Competition encouraged the merchant to sell adulterated goods, bogus goods, worthless goods. It encouraged him to pay his employees as little as he could in order to compete with others who hired employees, and to charge his customers as much as he could.

The competitive system is now dying a slow death. Already the system of organization has arrived, and the trusts represent this system.

It is crude and selfish, it takes for a few big organized pirates the enormous sums that used to be distributed among a great many little competitive pirates.

But organization, even under trust management, is a step in the right direction. The trust that is combining the nation's industries into a few companies paves the way certainly and surely for national ownership.

When one man, or half a dozen men, shall own all the railroads, there will be an interference by the people sooner or later. When one man, or a few men, shall own all the steel mills, all the coal mines and all the oil wells, all the street car lines—there will be interference by the people sooner or later.

When it is clearly proved that one man, or a few men, can run the business of the nation, that the much vaunted competition is not the life of trade but an indication of savagery, then the people will say to the one man, or the few men, "We, the people, will own the business of the people, and not you, an individual."—New York Journal.

Anglo-American Arbitration.

SOME of the United States newspapers suggest the desirability of an arbitration treaty between Britain and that country, similar to that recently made between Britain and France. Everything that looks in the direction of lessening the danger of war, and establishing the pacific plan of settling international disputes by fair argumentation before a competent and impartial tribunal, instead of by "the stern arbitrament of the sword," should have the support of all right-thinking men. The tendency shown among the nations to discuss such peaceful methods, and in some cases to adopt them, is a sign of the times for which we ought to be thankful. It is an evidence of the development of the Christian consciousness which, when it reaches its full development, will tolerate war no more. It may seem a far cry yet to the day when "the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law," but it is coming. By all means the two great English-speaking nations should show a good lead in this direction.—The Christian Guardian.

are, ascended a still higher peak which lay beyond, and at 10 a. m. in cloudless weather, Mrs. Workman scored her greatest record, and stood at 22,568 feet above sea level.

The heights of these mountains have been computed with the utmost scientific accuracy. On the day of the ascent hypsometric and mercurial barometer readings were taken on the summits themselves, and also by a government official at the lower station of Skardu.

The climbing of these Himalayan mountains was not accomplished by camping on grass or rocks to 19,000 feet, as in the Andes, but by continued difficult snow bivouacs, made at 16,000, 18,400 and 19,355 feet.

Two nights were passed at this latter immense altitude, where two-thirds of the eighteen coolies, who carried the high camp equipment, were prostrated by mountain sickness. Dr. and Mrs. Workman and guides, although they slept little and suffered somewhat from mountain lassitude, were not ill, and were able to carry out their fifteen hours' climb the next day with complete success.

These were the most notable climbs of the expedition in 1903, but besides these, three large glaciers have been explored and surveyed and four first ascents and traverses of snow passes from 18,000 to 19,000 feet in height accomplished. This season's work, added to that of 1902, when many peaks and the great Chogo Loongma glacier were first ascended, combine to make the two greatest high climbing expeditions yet carried out in the Himalayas. Several hundred magnificent photographs were taken during the summer.—Boston Herald.

One Woman Obeys.

He (after the wedding)—Um—my love, these bills are piling up at a fearful rate; but, of course, my angel, with your large income, you are willing and no doubt anxious to help me pay them? She—? Why, my dear, I haven't a cent.

"What—?" "On my second marriage all my money went to my late husband's relatives."

"Eh? What—why didn't you say so?" "You particularly requested me never to mention my late husband—in your presence."

Couldn't Fool Him.

"My ledger shows that I did a business of more than \$20,000 last year," said the grocer who was trying to sell out.

"Yes," rejoined the prospective purchaser, "but what does your pocket-book show?"

Another Hoarder Perhaps.

"So," said the guest at the wedding of Richman's daughter, "your house loses a daughter to-day."

"I don't know yet," replied the old man, "whether the house loses a daughter or merely gains a son-in-law."—Philadelphia Press.

Cold Comfort.

Mr. Sillimur (feeling his way)—Your charming daughter tells me that she is an excellent cook and housekeeper.

RUD A GLANCE

Nonnegotiable.

"Dis is a fine paper," said Meandering Mike; "it says dat de difficulty is not so much in perducin' value as in givin' it to de best market."

"What's dat to you?" said Plodding Pete.

"It describes my trouble precisely. I've got an appetite dat some o' dese rich folks would give a million dollars fur. An' what good is it?"—Washington Star.

An Awful Fate.

"Alas! the mystery of poor mamma's disappearance is now explained."

Very Appropriate.

Some kind friends were going to erect a column of marble over the deceased jokeshmit.

"Here is a fine piece," said the dealer.

"Why, that's a funny column," replied the friend, gazing at the peculiar carving.

"Well, didn't you say he was a jokeshmit?"

Proof at Hand.

"Mister," said the seedy hobo, addressing a prosperous-looking citizen, "would you kindly favor a worthy but unfortunate fellow-man with a few pennies?"

"What is your occupation?" asked the other, as he put his hand in his pocket.

"Sir," replied the victim of hard luck, as he held up a tattered coat-sleeve and smiled grimly, "I've been collecting rents for some time past."

The Old, Old Story.

"Have you ever sent any of your poems to the magazines?" asked the sentimental maid.

"Yes," answered the long-haired verse carpenter, "but merely as a guarantee of good faith and not necessarily for publication."

Ravages of Time.

"Remember, my boy," said the good old deacon, "that even the hairs of our heads are numbered."

"Well, uncle," rejoined the irreverent nephew, "in your case the count doesn't take up much of the enumerating angel's time."

One Man's Wisdom.

Smith—Gotrox was worth over a million when he died, but he didn't leave a will.

Jones—I wonder why?

Smith—Oh, I guess he wanted his heirs to get the benefit of his wealth instead of the lawyers.

CONSOLATION.



Widow Ketchum—My husband left me quite a good deal when he died. Mr. Oldbatch—Well, you ought to be used to that; you know he did the same thing when he was living.

Hard to Please.

"They're accusing you now," said the friend of the political boss, "of putting money into politics."

"Eh," snorted the boss. "There's no pleas'n' 'em at all. Before I made my pile they accused me of takin' money out o' politics."—Philadelphia Press.

Kept up.

"We can excel you in everything," boasted the American.

"I don't think you can," responded the Englishman.

"How about our get-rich-quick concerns? Have you any to equal them?"

"Sure! How about our noblemen that marry American girls?"

"Weigh of the Transgressor."

"I can especially recommend this tailor-made gown for service," said the genial manager of the ready-to-wear department.

"Sir," answered the young lady customer, with a look that was calculated to freeze the mercury in a thermometer, "I'm not going out to service."

Strange Fancy.

Patient—After taking that medicine I had some very mysterious dreams. Doctor—Well, I told you it would cause you to dream of the impossible. Patient—I guess you are right, doctor. I dreamed I was settling your bill.

Another War Rumor.

Priscilla—Lieutenant Huggins seems to be rather attentive to Miss Elderleigh of late. Melicent—Yes; and she is evidently skrimshanking around trying to precipitate an engagement.

Guess Work.

"Who can tell what a meter is?" asked the teacher of the juvenile class. "I can," promptly replied the urchin at the pedal extremity. "It's a thing what you chop meat with."

Another Hoarder Perhaps.

"So," said the guest at the wedding of Richman's daughter, "your house loses a daughter to-day."

"I don't know yet," replied the old man, "whether the house loses a daughter or merely gains a son-in-law."—Philadelphia Press.

The Main Thing.

Mr. Nervey—Miss Roxley, I adore you. Will you not be my wife? Miss Roxley (haughtily)—The idea of your proposing to a girl in my station you should know better.

Mr. Nervey—I do know better, but no richer.—Philadelphia Press.

Fully Described.

Ascum—My wife telephoned to me to go to Woodley's and get a tabaret. Lemme see, a tabaret's one of those wide low things like a table, only—

Outdate—Yes; it's a low thing with corners all over it that stands about shin high in the dark.—Philadelphia Press.

Envy.

Gritty George—Yes, little boy, I am always taking my meals among strangers.

Ostend—Oh, how lucky you are! Why, you can take two pieces of pie.

Another Matter.

Messenger—Your wife says you should come home at once, Mr. Easy-boy. De house has burned down.

"Oh, well, that's all right. It didn't belong to me."

"But the furniture was destroyed too."

"Um-um! Belonged to the installment house."

"And de coal in de cellar is burnin'."

"What! Get out of the way, I paid for that coal yesterday!"

Funny Creature.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed small Bobby after seeing a dachshund for the first time. "I saw such a funny dog this morning. He was two dogs long and only half a dog high."—Chicago News.

How to Please All.

Agitator—What this country needs is compulsory arbitration. Teacher—And compulsory education. Preacher—And compulsory religion. Old Maid—Yes, and compulsory love.

Between the Courses.

"The recent 'twenty-minute' revolution in Panama," said an American lady who has just returned from a visit to the isthmus, "reminds me of a revelation I witnessed there one morning while we were at breakfast.