

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.
A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

Most writers who drop into poetry manage to drop clear through.

Eventually Professor Langley may bring the art of diving to a high state of perfection.

Herbert Spencer was one of the wisest men that ever lived, and he never married.

When we get to raising seals in Lake Superior fur coats will likely be cheaper. It looks like a fish story, however.

It beats the Dutch how many rumors there are constantly floating about concerning possible war with Germany.

Ladrones who recently looted the municipal treasury at Bozoboso, Luzon, left the place in a "Woody Woody" condition.

Sir Thomas Lipton is accused of falling to live up to his financial obligations. Still, that's a common failing for jolly good fellows.

Mr. Rockefeller has aided one of his boyhood friends. It is altogether likely that he will now hear from the rest of the people who used to go swimming with him.

The Historical and Genealogical Society says that many expensive American family trees are impostures. We have noticed that a man with an elaborate family tree usually smokes a cigarette.

The statisticians tell us that 80,000,000 people are living in prohibition territory in the United States now. This sounds very encouraging, until you see the statistics of the sale of liquor for the last year.

Four-year-old John Nicholas Brown, of Rhode Island, with \$7,000,000 of his own, ranks as the richest youngster in the country. He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth—it was a complete gold table service.

The truth about Waterloo has seemed to the impartial student about this: If Blucher had not arrived Wellington would have been licked, and if Wellington hadn't been there when Blucher arrived, Blucher would have been licked. But as they managed to get together it was up to Napoleon, and they made another map of Europe, and we have troubles enough now without digging up any old ones.

A noted American reached London when the English newspapers were charging American women with vulgarity because a large crowd of dress-makers and their assistants filled the streets about the church where an English duke recently married an American girl. The visitor was asked by a reporter what he had to say on the subject. "You have to be three thousand miles away before you can even suspect American women of vulgarity," was the quick response.

It is not often that a monument is erected in honor of the tactfulness of a hostess in a trying situation. One of the few such, if not the only one, is a boulder from the battlefield of Harlem Heights, removed to Park avenue in New York, to mark the site of the home of Mrs. Robert Murray, who entertained and so detained the British officers under General Howe while the American troops under General Putnam were escaping from the city. The monument, which bears an inscription on brass setting forth Mrs. Murray's achievement, was dedicated recently. What a difference there might have been in American history had Mrs. Murray been a less capable hostess!

Big headlines in the newspapers told of the killing of eight persons and the injury of more than a score of others in a recent wreck. The blame for the catastrophe was charged against a brakeman of a freight train who, it was alleged, had failed to flag the passenger train. The brakeman had been on continuous duty for twenty-two hours, according to his statement. If that was the case who will say that the brakeman was at fault and not the management of the railroad which had kept him at his post beyond the period of physical endurance? It is a criminal practice, almost inconceivable, that railroads will endanger the lives of hundreds of passengers by trusting their safety to employees whom they have worked to the point of exhaustion.

Patriotism, like charity, begins at home, provided it begin at all, and it does not lie in protestation, but in service. The man who neglects his political duties on election day is merely so much social lumber. He is of little value, even for ballast. Patriotism works from the center toward the periphery. It has its beginning in the home. If normal and healthy in its growth, it gradually embraces larger interests, the good name and general welfare of the community, the town, the city, the State and then the nation. Patriotism cannot be developed along any other lines and be natural and genuine. The political shirk may be moved out of his apathy by events accompanied by great public excitement, but he is like the man swept into a general maelstrom of contention by some strong revival, but who usually recovers in a few weeks or months, to be farther away from the instrumentalities of grace than he was before.

We have fallen under a universal witchcraft. A sense of the power and luxury in money beyond all the wonder tales has suddenly come to us. It has turned our fashionable society into a materialism which is no longer ashamed of its poverty of ideals. It is hard and unyielding of heart; it is skeptical of unworthy motives; its smartest selfish is for the strokes and ruses of the manipulator of finance. In times like

these it is good to remember Agassiz, who refused to lecture at \$500 a night because he was too busy to make money; Charles Sumner, who declined to lecture at a price because, he said, as senator, all his time belong to Massachusetts; Spurgeon, who refused to come to America to deliver fifty lectures at \$1,000 a night, saying that he could do better—he could stay in London and try to save fifty souls, and Emerson, who steadfastly declined to increase his income beyond \$1,200, because he wanted his time to think. Such stories of fine haughtiness did not seem quixotic to the young men in college thirty years ago. A generous idealism was abroad and it was unashamed.

"You wouldn't want to tell me the secret of your success, I suppose," said a young woman to a teacher whose influence and position had been secured by years of work. "I have no secret," she replied, "except that I have always been ready to pay the price for what you call success. Sometimes it has come high; it always demands 'cash down.'" Women, from the very fact that most of them live outside the business world, like to believe that there is some escape from the price named by life for many of their prizes. The bargain-counter attracts them, in society as in the department store. In point of fact, however, the principal of a great school who succeeds must pay the price of getting up at six o'clock in the morning instead of sleeping till eight; of laboring with a refractory girl instead of reading a novel; of plodding through examination papers instead of driving over pleasant country roads—in short, of giving up the little things that she likes as the price of her larger desire. So the mother who wishes her children to be loving and well-bred must pay the exacting due of patience by day and by night, of cheerful sympathy even in weariness and illness, and of unflinching devotion to the details of household life. The girl who resolves to become a pianist must pay the price of long days of drudgery, spent in compelling reluctant muscles to do the bidding of the will—and that without hope that the discipline may ever be relaxed. Lowell, in a charming piece of verse, after warning us that the "Earth gets its price for what Earth give us," assures his reader:

"'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Lowell to the contrary, however, this is not the plain, hard truth. Heaven itself descends only into the heart made ready for it by the stern expulsion of all that is common and unclear, and by the steady, painful search for whatsoever things are lovely and of good report.

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, in a recent address to students, admirably epitomized an important secret to success: "If you take my advice," he said, "you will never work for hire. If you work for hire, life will have little else for you but drudgery, and eight hours per day—ten hours per day at the most—is all that you can stand and keep your health. But if you work for the accomplishment of the thing you are employed to do, you can work sixteen or eighteen hours a day and life will be full of sunshine and song. God implanted in the human mind the desire to do things." In other words, real success lies not so much in what we can get out of our work as what we can put into it. If we love our work, we have taken a long stride not only toward happiness, but toward accomplishment that is worth while. The man who gets no more out of his work than mere support, though he may be enabled to live in most lavish style, is no more than an animal. The hog works only for a living, and that is all he gets or cares for. But man, with his emotions, sensibilities and aspirations, requires more. With man, work is not merely a means, but an end. He must work that he may live, but he also lives that he may work. It is a melancholy fact that millions of men are forced to devote nearly all their lives to sustaining life. It seems a slavery. Yet the drudgery is due, not to the incessant work, but to the dislike of it. While one man bitterly laments the cruelty of his fate, another working at his elbow finds his labors sweet. The difference lies within the men. The immortal things in this world have been wrought for the things themselves. With the most of us, satisfaction is found in the things or in the plaudits of the world. Usually, a large measure of the success which, in the popular conception, means wealth or public honors, follows as the result of devotion to the appointed duty. Certain it is that there is small hope for the success or happiness of the man who does not find work congenial and a pleasure in itself. This is true whether we are searching for new stars in the skies or are engaged in the humblest everyday duty. Aside from moral and correct living and the love of wife, family and kindred, there is nothing in which a rational man should have more real heart interest than in his work. It is a safe prediction that failure will follow him who works merely for his wage. He cannot expect progress or advancement. With zeal and aspiration wanting, he is doomed to lifelong drudgery.

Useless Phrase.
Bobby had returned from his first tea party, his round face wreathed in smiles. "I hope you were polite, Bobby," said his mother, "and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you."
"I remembered 'Yes, please,'" said Bobby, cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time it was passed."

In Nature's Kitchen.
A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the college dining tables at which sit a dozen students.
One day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and exclaimed, "How clever of the cook to crisp it that way! How does she do it?"

Vanity is the only intellectual enjoyment of some women.

FAMOUS SIOUX CHIEF.

PASSING OF RED CLOUD, TERROR OF THE PLAINS.

Notorious Old Ogalalla Indian Who Was the Leader in Many Massacres—He Is Now Stricken with the Infirmities of Age.

Once the recognized chief of a numerous tribe, now stricken with the infirmities of his 85 years, broken in health and spirit, scarcely able to see or hear, Red Cloud, the famous Ogalalla Sioux Indian, is dying in a tepee in the corner of the yard surrounding the little wooden house which the government built for him many years ago on the Pine Ridge agency near the Black Hills in South Dakota.
His mind, once so powerful, has become greatly enfeebled with the weight of his years. His speech, which once rang through the council house of his people in impassioned utterances, inciting to action that horde of dusky and bearded braves whose well planned attacks made many a soldier or hardy borderer tremble for the safety of himself and the helpless ones entrusted to his charge, is now but a hoarse, whisper scarcely conveying to an attentive ear the nature of his simple wants. His sight, once so keen that with piercing gaze he detected from afar those who were hot upon his trail, spurred to their utmost by the grim purpose to avenge some outrage, is now so clouded by the mists of time that he recognizes with difficulty those who attend at his bedside. His sense of hearing, once so quick to note the stealthy approach of his enemies when darkness hid their movements from his vision, is now dulled to all sounds except the call of the Great Spirit.
Gone is his strength! Those sneers of steel, which once so easily bore his powerful frame over rough mountain trails where even the hardy Indian pony could not pass and which gave to him the victory when engaged in deadly conflict with his foes, are now shrunken with age. No more can his once powerful arm deliver the fatal knife-thrust or sever the much-coveted scalp lock from the head of a quivering victim, no more can its important force send the tomahawk

crashing through the skull of a foe. With life's energies nearly spent the old chieftain must await the final struggle with a foe which knows not a conqueror's power.
True to his name the famous chief has been a red cloud of terror on the western horizon, whose tornado-like course has swept to destruction many a person and devastated many a hearth. Does he think of this now, as the end draws nigh? With the senility of age does his mind revert to the stirring scenes of his earlier life? Does a tottering memory now recall his many triumphs on the gory field or by the smouldering embers of some stricken home and give to his last thoughts a sense of pleasure? Or can it be that his departing soul, pausing upon the brink of that dread chasm which separates the known from the unknown, before taking flight, wavering between doubts and fears, view with remorse any action of the past wherein his hand was raised in Cain-like attitude?

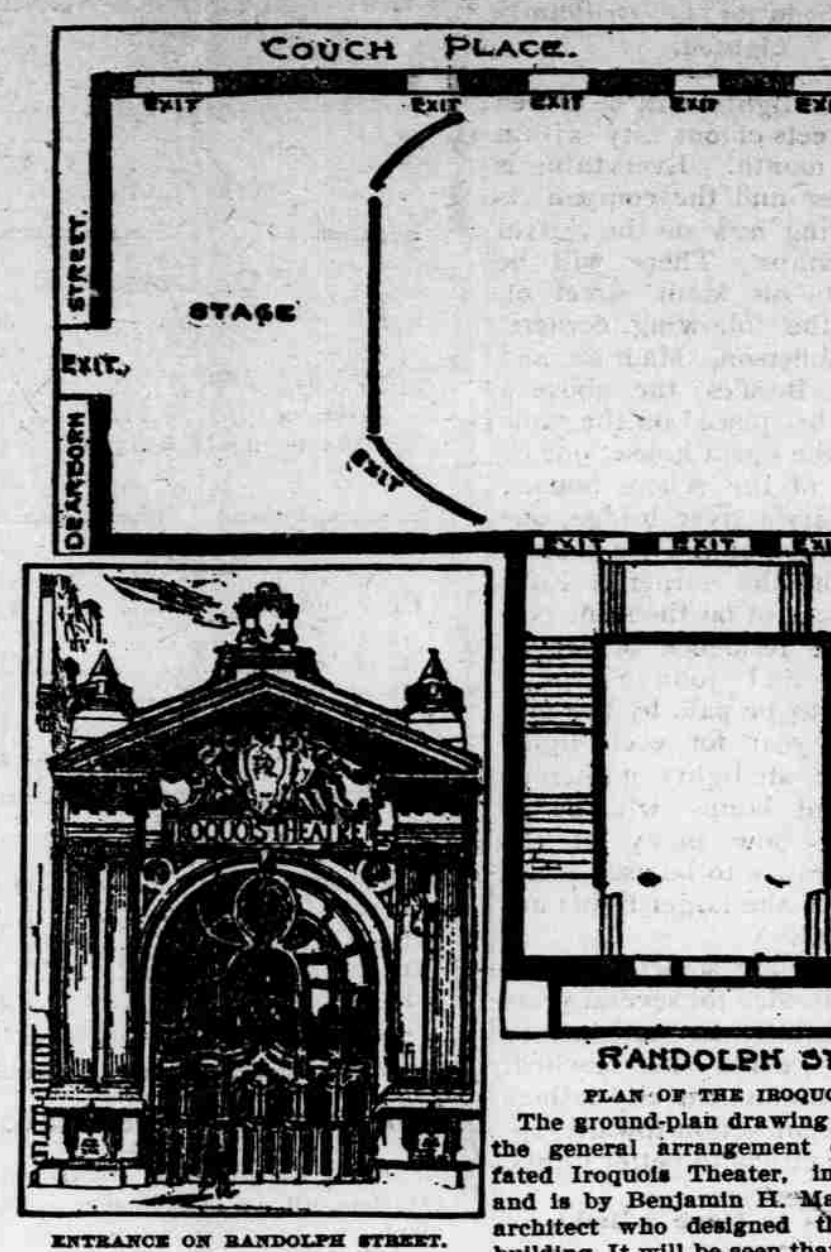


RED CLOUD.

It would be more in accordance with the traditions and teachings of his race to believe that he will go hence with a conscience free from all self-accusation for wrongdoing. No doubt he justifies all his acts of violence by the same process of reasoning that has served to pacify the minds of thousands who in all ages have ever deemed it just and proper to repel with armed force any whom they honestly considered as usurping invaders.
Bloody Deed Brought Fame.
As was the case with many before him, Red Cloud secured fame by the shedding of human blood. Prior to the Fetterman or Fort Phil Kearney massacre he was but little known. That dire tragedy, swift and terrible in its execution, brought him into sudden prominence; although for some time previous he had been winning for himself a name among the Ogalalla Sioux, to which tribe he belonged, for bravery and wise planning when on the war path. The massacre at Fort Phil Kearney was one of the principal events in a war which broke out between the Indians of the northwest and the government in 1863, and lasted almost continuously until 1868.

Red Cloud took an active part in this struggle, and although not a chief by hereditary law his prowess soon gained him that honor. One may easily believe this if credence is given to the statement of the old chief himself, who boasts that in his warrior days he "counted" some 90 times, and that any one of these deeds of valor against the enemy entitled him to some distinguishing badge of honor. His most notable encounter was an engagement with the Crows, in which he is said to have killed 14 of the enemy.
The discovery of gold in Montana, in the early '90s, created a demand for a new route across the northwestern plains, and it was in trying to open a trail across the hunting grounds of the Sioux in northwestern Wyoming that the government had its greatest trouble with the Indians. In the summer of 1866, Col. H. B. Carrington with a force of troops began building Fort Phil Kearney on the headwaters of Tongue river, near the Big Horn mountains, and on territory over which the Sioux claimed jurisdiction, no treaty having been made with them. The soldiers were continually harassed by the savages, but not until December 21, 1866, did the trouble culminate in one of the bloodiest massacres on record.
About 11 o'clock that day a force of some 90 men, who were two miles away preparing pine timbers with which to complete the fort, were attacked by a band of Indians. A look-out stationed on a hill near the fort gave the alarm and a relief party was at once started out in command of Brevet Lieut. Col. William J. Fetterman. The detachment numbered 84 men. Ignorant of the fact that 2,000 Indians were skulking in the ravines, waiting for a favorable moment in which to strike, Fetterman led his men over a ridge, thinking to cut off the retreat of the band which had attacked the party in the pine grove.
Anxious watchmen at the fort saw Fetterman's command disappear over the crest of the ridge and soon heard the firing. It became more rapid, and they grew fearful of results. Reinforcements were sent out after a little and the only story of the fight is the one which they read on the bloody field and sadly reported on their return to the fort, for not one of Fetterman's men was left to tell the awful tale. Clustered on a space less than 40 feet square were found the bodies of Capt. Brown, Col. Fetterman and 65 of the men. A more horrible sight could not be imagined. They were stripped naked, scalped, and so terribly gashed and mangled as to be almost unrecognizable. Years afterward the Sioux showed a rough knotty war club of burr oak, driven full of nails and spikes, which had been used to beat their brains out. It was still covered with brains and hair, glued to it in clotted blood.

PLAN OF THE IROQUOIS THEATER.



In the Iroquois hall exits either to the left or right, allowing freer movement in case of a panic. The architect declares that ordinarily the theater could be cleared of its inmates within five minutes without any rush or hurry. The exits to the fire escapes lead from the north side of the theater into the alley, called Couch court. There are fourteen of these exits. The largest number of door in one place was, odd as it may seem, in the southeastern corner of the first balcony, directly in front of the broad doorway from which the marble stairway leads down into the foyer. Heaped up in front of this doorway—the one place in the theater which would be picked out as a perfect point for the easy withdrawal of a large audience—were probably 200 dead. The trouble here lay first in the darkness, and second in the fact that three little steps downward lead from the balcony to the broad landing. Few recalled these steps. The result was that, while many stumbled and recovered, the later ones to leave pitched forward on their faces. The pressure of the frantic crowd behind obstructed the passageway.

HEALTH AND LONGER LIFE.

The Falling Birth Rate Is Offset by the Gain in Health.
While statistics of this country and of most of the countries of Europe report a falling off in the birth rate, there is a marked improvement in the health rate and in longevity. Beyond question, in spite of much that seems to militate against progress in this direction, other factors are at work which more than balance certain baneful influences of the times.
Athletics deserve no small credit for the new life in the community. Athletics may be short-lived, but their influence in the country has been to raise the standard of health and strength and to promote the temperance and self-control which tend to longer life. Much is due to medical discoveries and to a better knowledge of sanitary conditions. Although the germ theory of disease has been acted upon scarcely more than twenty years, the results are beyond calculation, both in saving life and warding off sickness.
Perhaps the best showing in the direction of health is the great decrease in infant mortality. It has been the

No empty cartridge shells were found around the bodies, and there were no signs of a struggle. Instead every bit of evidence seemed to show that after their ammunition became exhausted these men had started for the fort and been surrounded and struck down on the way. It was also evident that rather than endure torture, Fetterman and Brown had each used his last charge to end his own life.
The bodies of the others who made up Fetterman's command were found further on, and here the empty shells denoted that a last brave stand had been made and a strong effort on the part of the heroic remnant of the force to hold the savage foe at bay until their friends could escape to the fort. The bodies here were shockingly mutilated.
The Indians say that Red Cloud was not present at the Fetterman massacre. Be that as it may, he certainly got the credit of having planned it, a circumstance which he did not hesitate to fully make use of in gaining absolute control over his tribe. He continued fighting against the government until about 25 years ago, when he signed a peace treaty.
He then buried his tomahawk and has never since then broken his compact with the government. When he fought the whites he did so with terrible earnestness and ferocity. Descending like a whirlwind of death upon a settlement, he always left a gory path behind him; but when he signed the treaty of peace he did it in good faith, and for 23 years he has lived in amity with his white brethren.

disgrace of civilization that the number of deaths of children under 5 years of age was out of all proportion to the progress of the race. Last year this proportion was greatly reduced in Chicago, New York and London, not to mention cities of lesser size, and it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.
Aside from any human and humane sentiments, the enormous waste to a country where years are spent in rearing and caring for children only to have them die before making the slightest economic return is incalculable.
Anything, then, which tends to increase health and longevity is of vastly more importance than a large birth rate merely. The latter alone may mean the poverty and weakness of a country. The former is the real strength of a nation.—Los Angeles Times.

ICE AT THE EQUATOR.

It is to be seen if one will risk the Ascent of Mountains.
It must be almost inconceivable, even to many people who have been to the equator, that within the sweltering barbarism of the tropics there are places where there is any quantity of ice and snow. Natural ice, moreover, and not the dirty apology for it which is manufactured, and regarded now as a necessity by the white people, who are gradually crowding into the languid warmth perennially filling the equatorial portions of the earth.
Right on the equator there are both ice and snow covering wide districts, where, as in an English January midnight, "the air bites shrewdly and it is very cold." The law that as we ascend the air gets cooler and cooler about a degree for every hundred feet holds good in the tropics as well as in temperate climates, and thus it is merely a question of the existence of sufficient high land anywhere to insure the presence of both frost and snow.
As a matter of fact, if we look at a spherical map of the earth, or a globe, the line where snow lies perpetually rises in a great curve, which begins at the sea level within the arctic circles and rises and rises over the equator to a height of between 18,000 and 14,000 feet. In the British Isles this line passes but a few hundred feet above the tops of the Scotch Mountains, and it strikes the Alps about 7,000 feet above the sea.
The Alps and the Caucasus, the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and the desolate arctic wastes are always covered with ice and snow above certain heights and above certain latitudes; but all in these extra tropical regions the snow and the ice shrink and expand as the seasons wax and wane, the snow of the arctic extending the winters over wide areas in the temperate regions, while from the high mountains the snow fields invade the deep forests and the cultivated areas in the valleys every time the winter sets in.—Pearsall's Magazine.

Painting on Cobwebs.
Through the New York postoffice, the other day, came a package of some size, which, on being opened by the customs officers in the presence of the person addressed, was found to contain a picture set in a frame and painted on a spider's web. It came from Norway, where, as was ascertained, this peculiar art of making pictures on cobwebs is understood by a few individuals who enjoy a monopoly of it. The webs employed, which are of a remarkably dense weave, occur only in a few localities devoid of access, and the supply of them is very limited.
Presumably the arachnid that spins them is a species of ground spider. There are plenty of ground spiders in this country, of course, and on any dewy morning early one may observe their webs spread here and there like tiny blankets on the grass. These webs are of different construction from ordinary "aerial" cobwebs, and densely woven, but one would not like to try to paint pictures on them.
Spider silk is the finest and most beautiful in the world, and exquisite fabrics have been spun from it. There was a handkerchief made of it a while ago in the museum of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, but it has disappeared. Unfortunately the material cannot be obtained in large quantities, because spiders, when kept together in numbers (as has been found by trial) eat each other up. So, pretty soon, instead of a colony of spiders, there is only one large, fat arachnid left.—New York Post.

Not the Gown, but—
Tess—I'm afraid this gown doesn't become my complexion at all.
Jess—Well, why don't you change it?
Tess—How can I? It's made up now and they won't exchange—
Jess—But you can wash it off and make up differently.—Philadelphia Press.

Giving It a New Reading.
Gregory Gigglesby—I don't know what the governor would say if I told him I was going to get married.
Polly Parquette—Why, let me see. Couldn't you persuade him that two can burn less money than one?—Puck.

QUEER STORIES.

The full dress liveries of the British royal footmen cost \$550 apiece.
The famous Maelstrom whirlpool is four geographical miles in diameter.
A plague of white ants is devouring the wooden houses in New Orleans.
The profit to the Government on pennies pays the entire expenses of the mint.
Sheep used as beasts of burden in North India carry twenty pounds weight apiece.
In nearly forty instances languages have been first reduced to writing by the British and Foreign Bible Society.
A waterspout spins with enormous speed. Its velocity at the sea level has been estimated at six miles a minute.
Eighteen observatories are at work on charting the stars. The finished map will contain thirteen million stars.
A man in Palmer, Mass., died recently of chronic poisoning from arsenic in the colors upon the wall paper of his sitting-room.
Blank verse was first introduced into English poetry by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in a translation of Virgil's "Aeneid," in 1547.
The number of stars visible to the naked eye is fewer than six thousand. The number of stars visible through the largest telescope is probably not fewer than one hundred million.
So many rabbits and quail are killed by house cats running loose in the woods that the New Jersey hunters want to have a law passed allowing cats found in the woods to be shot. The present law provides that any person allowing a dog to run wild shall pay a fine of \$20. Cats are said to be more destructive of game than dogs, foxes, minks or hawks.
A remnant of the Seivis tribe of Indians inhabits the Island of Tiburon, in the Gulf of California, and is ruled entirely by the women. Formally the tribe numbered about five thousand, but is now shrunken to a few hundred, living a life of almost complete isolation, and refusing to intermarry with any of the Indians of the mainland. The woman is master of the household, and a council of matrons is at the head of public affairs.
A boy who was killed in the Bronx recently by lightning had the likeness of a fern imprinted on his body by the shock. A similar incident is reported from Europe. During a shooting competition at Pont, in the Canton Vaud, the other day, the grand stand was struck by lightning and twenty-five persons received shocks, from which, however, they sustained but little physical injury. One most singular effect, however, remained. Every person who had felt the electric shock had photographically stamped upon the back, the face or the arms the reflection of the pine trees behind the firing line.
Value of Appreciation.
Many men and women underestimate the value of expression; they take too many things for granted; they assume that their affection, or their gratitude, or their sense of obligation, is understood without words. Such people are often surrounded by those who are craving some expression of affection, some word of approval, some kind of recognition. The best work is sometimes done with shut teeth and a fixed purpose, in dead silence, so far as the world is concerned, without a murmur of applause or a word of thanks; but this is not the way in which work ought to be done among intelligent men and women, and it is not the way in which, as a rule, the best work is evoked from the greatest number of people. The majority of men and women get the best out of themselves when they are in a congenial atmosphere. This is particularly true of those finer kinds of work which express individuality, quality and personal gift.—St. Louis Republic.

FOLLOWED DIRECTIONS.

A gentleman engaged a man to act in the capacity of coachman and gardener. One day he bought a bottle of horse liniment and told the man to apply it to a lame horse according to the directions on the bottle. About an hour afterwards he went to the stable and found the man industriously dipping a spike into the liniment and then rubbing it against the horse's leg.
"What are you doing that for?" he asked.
The man looked up with a smile of assurance.
"Because," said he, "twas what it said in the directions on the bottle; but it's slow work."
"You must have made a mistake," said the gentleman.
"I have not," answered the man, in an aggrieved tone. "It says here on the bottle, 'Apply with a large nail or tooth brush,' and, as I had no tooth brush, I thought I'd better use this spike."

Brains and Money.

Francis Bellamy, in a magazine article, declines to endorse the view that "while brains may be more important than money, the best way to convince the world that you have brains is to make money." This idea was enunciated some months ago by a distinguished lawyer, but Mr. Bellamy points out that there has always been a select few who put brains ahead of money. For instance, there was Agassiz, who refused to lecture at \$500 a night because he was too busy to make money. Charles Sumner declined to lecture at any price because, he said, as senator all his time belonged to Massachusetts. Spurgeon refused to come to America to deliver fifty lectures at \$1,000 a night, saying he could do better—he could stay in London and try to save fifty souls. Emerson steadfastly declined to increase his income beyond \$1,200 because he wanted his time to think.
Facts are stubborn things—unless they bump up against a shrewd lawyer.
The experience a man buys is seldom up to the sample submitted.

SORROWING FRIENDS SEARCHING THE CHICAGO MORGUES FOR LOVED ONES LOST IN THE IROQUOIS THEATER HORROR

