

Topics of the Times

Occasionally, too, a ballplayer contracts a severe case of exaggerated ego.

For the sake of peace, let us concede that both General Funston and Colonel Frost swam the river.

The man who put dynamite in the stove to thaw is scarcely in a position to agree that Experience Teaches.

Late snapshots of Uncle Joe Cannon indicate that when he isn't a cigar in his mouth he wears his hat at an angle.

Anybody who thinks there is money saved by not advertising should hasten to consult the merchants of Butte, Mont.

"The healthiest man is simply a mass of microbes," says a medical scientist. Aren't you glad you're not the healthiest man?

Czar Nicholas isn't letting any anarchists go on the plea that they were having brainstorms when they threw the bombs.

The director of the Naples aquarium says that "fish hear and talk." We can't quite swallow that, till Grover Cleveland confirms it.

Marie Corelli doesn't believe in women's suffrage. This is likely to cause Hall Caine to write a book to cause suffragette as the lovely heroine.

A Columbus, Ohio, man has a dog that can tell the difference between good and counterfeit money. But who wants to trust that kind of a job to a dog?

For some reason or other the Ohio minister who has been sent to prison for having thirteen wives failed to plead insanity, although the evidence was undisputed.

Allentown Evans says "paranoid insanity" is marked by the victim's delusions in regard to his own importance. Then it's a wonder our asylums are not more crowded than they are.

A boy struck the Kaiser with a snowball and escaped punishment. The lad who took such a liberty with President Roosevelt would not get off so easy. The President can throw snowballs himself.

The Czar of Russia is said to spend much of his time in the library. This announcement is probably made to correct the impression that the Czar crawls under the bed every time he hears a noise outside the palace.

A French strong man is going about the country exhibiting his strength by lying down and letting a 4,000-pound automobile run over him. The fact that he can do this without sustaining any injury will fill out searching chauffeurs with disgust.

We have noticed that the man whose only comment as he reads the paper is a "kick" on the things he does not like is the same one who "kicks" on his friends; thinks the town he lives in is the dullest on earth; complains because it rains too much or does not rain enough; thinks the weather is too hot or too cold. It is no use to discuss anything in the world with a man of that kind. The only sensible thing to do is to give him time to think by letting him alone.

The railroads have the strongest possible motives for avoiding accidents. Shifts that result in dead passengers and wrecked machinery mean neither time nor money. How our railroad mortality is to be reduced is a question for our railroad experts to solve. And it must be solved. Not only in the case of the railroads but in a hundred other fields of our activities we Americans are disgustingly careless and wasteful of human life. It is not compatible with our claim to be a highly civilized people that we should put up with so much industrial killing as we do.

After a very earnest and protracted effort to get along without a day of rest the French people have found it necessary to consider the enactment of laws for the protection of Sunday. And this demand for a day of rest comes from the working people, the very people in whose behalf greater supposed freedom in regard to Sunday is asked in this country. There is really no religious question involved as far as the relation of the State to the subject is concerned. The question is social and political entirely. What we are to decide is whether we are to break down the distinction between Sunday as a day of rest and the other days as days of work. The French have done this and they have found that the result is bad. Sunday amusements mean Sunday work for many, and with Sunday amusements gradually come Sunday business, open shops, open theaters and all the rest of it.

Voluntary self-murder is not only a violation of the divine law, but is also a crime against society. We are social beings. We owe a duty to the community as well as to ourselves. We mutually depend on one another, like the members of our physical body. "For none of us liveth to himself; and no man dieth to himself." Human society may be compared to a grand army, every member of which has a special place and mission assigned to him by his sovereign commander. To abandon the post of duty entrusted to a sentinel is regarded by the military code as a most cowardly act, which is punished with extreme rigor. What less does the suicide do than to abandon the situation assigned to him in the warfare of life? And there is no vice more contagious than cowardly desertion. The same is true of suicide. When a few deeds of self-murder are widely circulated by the press, they

are not infrequently followed by numerous voluntary slughters. A suicidal wave rolls over the land.

Most discussion of the relative intellectual power of the two sexes is based on prejudice, or at best on chance observation. It is of exceptional interest, therefore, to obtain the results of an elaborate statistical investigation bearing upon the subject. Such an investigation of the school work of boys and girls has been made by Dr. J. de Korosy, who has reported his results in a paper read at the recent meeting of the British association. Dr. De Korosy is director of municipal statistics in Budapest. To his office have come for twenty-seven years full reports of the progress of the school pupils of the city. The total number of cases he has analyzed is 808,350. They come in part from the elementary schools, which receive pupils of from 6 to 12 years, in part from the higher elementary schools (10 to 16 years), and in part from the grammar schools, though the records for the two higher kinds of schools do not run back for the full twenty-seven years. It appears that in the elementary schools out of 412,768 boys and 350,882 girls 69,422 boys and 54,591 girls failed to pass their yearly examinations and were compelled to repeat their work. His figures show 16.8 per cent of the boys and 15.8 per cent of the girls, giving the girls a distinct advantage. In the lower grade of these elementary schools the girls had but a trifling superiority over the boys, but the higher the grade considered the more favorably the girls appeared. In the fourth grade the percentage of those failing to pass were 12.2 for the boys and 9.2 for the girls. In the sixth grade, 4.7 for boys and 2.7 for girls. In the higher elementary schools the percentage of boys failing to pass was 0.2 and of girls 2.2. In the grammar schools the girls made a still more favorable showing. Another form of test was as to the percentage of honor marks, or "high standing," received by the two sexes. Here the girls were uniformly ahead. For instance, in the fourth grade elementary schools the girls did still better than the boys, and girls respectively 2.5, in arithmetic, 2.8 and 37.3; in geography, 29.2 and 36.9. In the higher elementary schools the girl did still better, and for one grade Dr. De Korosy showed their percentage of honors to be from three to four times as great as the percentage for the boys. It is not necessarily safe to argue from Hungary to America, nor even from children to adults, but such a showing is a claim to be taken into account by those who are in the habit of making the distinction of the male sex.

The Honduras National Lottery Company, better known under its original name of the Honduras State Lottery, has been forced out of business by the Federal government. Twenty of the officers and employees of the concern are under indictment. The death knell of this biggest lottery company in the world has been sounded by the government.

Bigger than the "Mississippi bubble," potent in State and national affairs, known in every civilized land, the Honduras company has made probably not less than \$25,000,000 for its owners during its existence of more than thirty years. With its operations have been associated some of the great men of Central America, and throughout its life the names of some of the proudest of the New Orleans creole families have been linked with it without effort or concealment. In the place of its birth, New Orleans, the lottery company was an institution. As a lawbreaker its place in the nation has been unique and its history of absorbing interest.

The forerunner of the old Louisiana State Lottery was that known as the Alabama lottery. This concern has been lost to the memory of the present generation, although it did an enormous business, especially in the South. In the days following the Civil War, the charter of the Louisiana company gave it a monopoly not only of the lottery business but of the "policy" business in New Orleans. This policy privilege was of enormous value, but in the end proved the undoing of the lottery company.

In formulating his original plan, the shrewd Dr. Dauphin had considered well the fact that the lottery company must depend for its ultimate success on a belief on the part of the public that the drawings of the company were, in fact, pure chance, and that all prizes would be paid without quibble to the holders of "lucky numbers." He knew that the concern could prosper only as the public had confidence in it. Dr. Dauphin hit on the plan of placing the drawings under the supervision of men whose very names would be a guarantee to the public that the lottery was as honestly conducted as was possible.

It was in this way that Generals Beauregard and Early were brought into the scheme. The former lived in New Orleans and the latter in Virginia. Both were men of much popularity, especially in the South, where they were popular idols. Their distinguished services for the Confederacy in the Civil War placed them in positions in the public mind but little less than that which had been occupied by General Robert E. Lee. Financially both were in straitened circumstances. The Louisiana Lottery Company offered each one of them \$30,000 a year to act as commissioner for the company and to supervise the drawings. This was as far as the connection of either with the company went. Not more than two days' work each month was required of them, and for these two days they each received \$2,500.

Spectacular Drawings. In the early days of the lottery the public monthly drawings were held in the various New Orleans theaters, but later the company erected a building for administrative purposes in St. Charles street, and in this building, Generals Beauregard and Early were in complete charge of the drawings. The plan of the drawing was this: On 100,000 slips of paper an inch wide and six inches long were printed that many numbers. The numbers were in large type. Each of these 100,000 slips was rolled tightly with the number 1 on the inside, and the roll was inserted in a case consisting of a section of small rubber hose about an inch long. These 100,000 tubes were then dumped in a hollow wheel about five feet in diameter and two feet thick.

The wheel was made of two glass discs joined at the periphery with a thin wooden band as wide as the wheel. In this band was arranged a slide which could be opened and a hand inserted into the hollow wheel. On the stage near this "number wheel" stood a similarly constructed wheel one-third the size. In all the scheme called for the giving of 5,454 prizes at each drawing; and the smaller, or "prize wheel," contained that many of the small rubber tubes minus the number of "terminal" and "approximation" prizes. In each of these tubes was a slip of paper containing figures representing each prize.

Thus equipped, the commissioners were ready to begin the drawing. For

Passing of the Louisiana State Lottery



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clined to handle the tickets and lists, and the company was forced to distribute them by messenger. The profits of the Louisiana lottery during the years of its existence can be approximated from known figures. For instance, the largest month's business ever done by the company was the last month before the removal to Honduras, when \$2,400,000 was taken in by the lottery. It is probable that the profits from the lottery have not been less than \$25,000,000, all told. The plan of operation called for the distribution each month of 55 per cent of all money taken in for prizes. Agents' commissions averaged 20 per cent, administrative and miscellaneous expenses averaged 5 per cent, which left 20 per cent of net profit. The gross income of the company figured on this basis must, then, have been at least \$125,000,000 during its life.

Before the government began its fight on the Louisiana company a winning ticket was known to be as good as a certified check and express companies and many banks cashed them. It is not only likely, but almost certain, that had the Louisiana company not disbanded the State with policy it would have secured a twenty-five year extension of its charter. But the policy game forced it into a fight in which it was compelled to buy Congressmen and government officials. The secret pay roll of this company would be a most interesting and sensational document.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Death Blow to the Lottery. The issue was whether the charter of the company was to be renewed by the State of Louisiana. The scandal of this fight—the charges of bribery and other muck-throating—are still fresh in the minds of many. It was at this time that the company came into bad odor throughout the nation. When the smoke cleared away it was found that the "anti-lottery" party had won. The final of this fight compelled the Louisiana company to find a new base of operation. Experienced lottery men declare that Mexico would have been the logical location, for there lottery was looked upon as legitimate, and the government accepted from the lottery companies a tax on gross receipts. But Honduras, instead of Mexico, was chosen. This was fifteen years ago, since which time the concern has been known as the Honduras National Lottery.

A Last Opportunity. Towne had the worst luck with that old umbrella of mine last evening at the concert. I put it in the stand with the others.—Brownie. And when you went to get it it was gone, eh? Towne.—No, hang it! It was the only one left. I didn't get a shot at the others.—Philadelphia Press.

The Traveling Need. The Social Philosopher was reviewing the situation.

"We don't want overboard railroad employees," he said, "but we do need wreckless schedules."—Baltimore American.

Unpleasant truths always please a lot of people whom they do not concern.

Source of Rubber Supply. It is said that there are in Ceylon over 100,000 acres which have been planted in rubber and in the Malay peninsula about half as much more. It is estimated that Mexico has about 100,000 acres planted in rubber, making in all about 275,000 acres, which should produce before long about one-quarter of the world's probable consumption. The results from these plantations seem to have been so successful that the work might be enlarged, as this would not only render us less dependent upon the natural forests but would stimulate the Brazilian rubber-producing states to begin artificial cultivation there.

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"Here," he growled, "is where I give your attentions to my daughter a check."

"All right, old man," replied the youth, calmly. "Make the check for \$1,000 and it will be perfectly satisfactory to me."

Literary. "There was a vehicle waiting without," said the man who was telling the story.

"Pardon me," interrupted the funny listener, "there was a vehicle waiting without what?"

"Without horses," replied the other. "It was an automobile."—Woman's Home Companion.

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SONS SURVIVE FATHER'S FAME

Good Records of Twenty-one Offspring of Presidents.

Strictly speaking, only twenty-one Presidents' sons, concerning whom there are available records, have grown to manhood.

Six Presidents—Washington, Madison, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan (a bachelor) and McKinley—left no children. Two—Jefferson and Monroe—left daughters only. President Jackson had two sons, but both died before he was President, and so do not count.

The sons of thirteen Presidents—John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Benjamin Harrison—have lived to man's estate. The sons of Cleveland and Roosevelt are still boys.

Of the twenty-one Presidents' sons who have reached manhood nine have bulked large in the public eye on their own account, and all but one or two have been solid, substantial citizens.

The prominent ones are John Quincy Adams, President, diplomatist and representative; Charles Francis Adams, publicist and statesman; Robert Tyler, register of the Confederate treasury; Richard Taylor, who served with distinguished gallantry on the Confederate side of the Civil War; John Van Buren, prominent in State politics and just entering national politics when he died; Robert Todd Lincoln, cabinet minister, diplomatist and president of a world-famous corporation; Frederick Dent Grant, diplomatist and general in the army; Henry A. Garfield, lawyer, banker and professor of politics in a great university; and James R. Garfield, State Senator and United States Civil Service Commissioner of Commerce and Labor, now in the cabinet.

Besides the nine who have climbed so high, there is John Scott Harrison, who had the unique distinction of being the son of one President and the father of another. He was a man of force and a great influence in his own State, though he was not a prominent figure in a national sense. Counting him in, and he surely "made good," as the saying is, ten, or only one less than half of the Presidents' sons who have reached manhood, are entitled to be named on the roll of honor.

Practically all of the Presidents' sons who have grown to man's estate have been good citizens; their lives have been clean, wholesome and a credit alike to their parentage and their country, while ten of the twenty-one have won unusual distinction. It would be hard to find any other class of prominent Americans whose sons have done as well as those of the Presidents.—Ohio Magazine.

WAS TACTFUL AND POLITE

How Miss Weary Cautiously Got Rid of Tiresome Visitor.

"Oh, Mr. Boreley," said Miss Weary when the clock in the drawing room pointed to 9, "I wonder if I could get you to do me a great favor?"

"I am yours to command, Miss Weary," replied Boreley gallantly.

"You are very good, I'm sure. The favor is that you would post a letter for me as you go home."

"I shall do so with the greatest pleasure," said he as he settled himself comfortably back in his chair.

"I would not trouble you with it," she went on, "but it is rather important that it should be started toward its destination to-night, as I am extremely anxious for it to reach my friend without loss of time."

"You may depend on me, Miss Weary. I always remember letters which are given to me to post. I never was known to carry one about in an inside pocket for two or three weeks, as is the manner of my sex."

"I was sure I could trust you, Mr. Boreley, and you will pardon me for saying again that it is important that the letter leave here to-night." As she spoke she went to a little writing table at the end of the room and returned with the letter. "Here it is, Mr. Boreley," she said. "The last collection at the box on the next corner is made at 9:30 precisely."

Mr. Boreley looked at his watch. "Why," he said, "I have barely time to get there before the pillar box is closed. Good night, Miss Weary."

"You are so good, Mr. Boreley, good night. Be assured that I appreciate your kindness. You will call again soon, I hope."

As Miss Weary went upstairs she said to herself:

"A girl nowadays has to be a regular schemer if she is to get any beauty sleep."—Casell's Journal.

Once in a while you see a girl who doesn't care if people know how old she is. She is usually 17.—Somerville Journal.

"Senator, a political job is pretty hard work, isn't it?" "Not very," replied Senator Badger, "but getting it is."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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"Do you know that I am soon to be engaged to Mr. Huber?" "Is that so? Has he spoken to your mother?" "No, but my mother has spoken to him."—Metropolitan.

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Grayce—My dreamer says I ought not to wear white with my skin. Mayne—Don't believe her, dear. White and yellow make quite a pretty combination.—Baltimore American.

"I never was so happy before," said the new benedict. "Marriage has made a different man of me." "I'm glad to hear it," said his rival, "for your wife's sake."—Philadelphia Press.

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Future Father-in-Law—I am sorry to inform you that my daughter will not receive her fortune until after my death. Future Son-in-Law—Well, and how old are you now?—Singlecismus.

If you have any room left in your tool box, be sure and fill it with money. You can, on an auto tour, get along without anything but money. If there is any doubt about this, throw the tools away.—Life.

A young man went up for an examination and was "plucked." He sent the following telegram to his anxious family: "Examination splendid. Professors enthusiastic. They demand an encore."—El Rio.

"Thank heaven, the multiplication table doesn't change! It is the only thing a mother knows that is the same as when she went to school, and which she can speak of without being corrected."—Arlington Globe.

"Some men insist that woman has no business brains, but there is a young woman who conducts a large business and it calls for head work all the time." "Who is she?" "My wife's milliner."—Cleveland Press.

Deacon—By the way, that man Brown you married a year ago, has he paid you your fee yet? Clergyman—No; the last time I remitted him of it he said I'd be fortunate if he didn't sue me for damages.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Seesig—Yes, I was my first ocean trip. Miss Romans—Ah! When you realized that you were on the great ocean of old ocean did you not feel like shouting in your exaltation?—Mr. Seesig—Well, I don't know about the exaltation, but I—er—could scarcely contain myself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The modern wife is beginning to astonish the modern husband. A man came home at 3 a. m. He took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the bedroom door. With a sigh he paused. Then he opened the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureau, fully dressed. "I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear," he said. "I haven't been," she said. "I just came in myself."—The New Voice.

Curious Story of a Dog. "I have a young retriever, gentle, well bred, handsome," says a writer. "Her kindly disposition has won her much popularity and she is loved by the family cat, the green Amazon parrot and the village children. A few days ago some poor little superstitious A. B. C. dog pup came to the door, but when the man went to get the little bodies to give them a decent burial, two had mysteriously vanished from the path in which they had found a watery grave."

"For a long time we searched in vain, puzzled at the unaccountable disappearance, until a servant volunteered the information that 'Maggie' had two little dogs in her bed. And here we found them, two little corpses, licked clean and dry and gently laid side by side on the straw. She had fished them out of the pail, carried them there, and, apparently done all she could to revive them. She has never had any puppies of her own, so this seems a curious instance of maternal instinct."

A Hardship. Favored Walter—I'm going to leave here when my week is up. Regular Guest—Eh! You get good pay, don't you? "Yes, 'bout the same's everywhere." "And tips besides?" "A good many."

"Then what's the matter?" "They don't allow no time for going out to meals. I have to eat here."—London Mail.

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Archibald Roosevelt, the President's son, who for a time was dangerously ill with diphtheria, is here pictured mounted on the white and black pony which now belongs to his smaller brother, Quentin.