

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Self-made pedestals are a good deal more numerous than self-made men.

The sooner a man recognizes defeat the earlier it is possible for him to get a new start.

We can never hope to conquer Canada now. She has determined to keep cigarettes out of her borders.

The Vanderbilt-Neelson wedding cost the mother of the bride \$6,000. All things considered, it was cheap at that.

The pessimist thinks the world is worse than it really is, and the optimist thinks it is better, and both are wrong.

The Atlanta bank clerk who fished \$94,000 drew a salary of \$80 per month. Yet he was what may be termed a high-priced man.

If the accounts are true Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt will have to take along a dummy annex when she desires to wear all her diamonds at once.

Whenever there isn't anything else exciting going on somebody flourishes a revolver in St. Petersburg and another plot to kill the czar is discovered.

The dressmakers have declared that the comfortable shirt-waist must go, and now it remains to be seen whether or not modern women has independence enough to wear what she pleases.

The number of leaves on a large sixty-foot high oak tree has been counted and found to exceed 6,000,000, declares an exchange. Which goes to show that some people have time for almost anything.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered an investigation of the case of an army officer who ran his sword through a common soldier because the latter's salute was unsatisfactory. It is feared by the officer's friends that if he is found guilty he may be told not to do it again.

It's a trifle late in the history of American progress to attempt to throttle the American press. The freedom of speech and the liberty of the press were two of the things our forefathers fought for and it might just as well be understood now that their descendants won't surrender their inheritance without a struggle.

A Kansas court has decided that if a railroad company has good modern appliances and careful and competent engineers and firemen damages cannot be collected when a locomotive sparks burn a planting mill, a lumber yard, a Methodist church and several minor buildings. This is quite important to both railroads and owners of buildings.

The "shot heard round the world" was only a little louder than the drumbeats that echoed with it. The Massachusetts Legislature has been asked to give to the Lexington Historical Society the drum which woke young America on April 19, 1775, that it may be kept with other relics of the battle. It is now in the office of the State Adjutant-General.

Whoever thinks nature-study a fad of modern times should read ancient history. Nearly three hundred and fifty years before Christ Alexander the Great placed at the disposal of his tutor, Aristotle, the services of one thousand men throughout Asia and Greece, with instructions to collect and report details concerning the life-conditions and habits of fishes, birds, beasts and insects. To this magnificent equipment of assistants Alexander added fifteen thousand dollars in gold for books and laboratory supplies. While praising the modern millionaires who give so generously to biological research, let us not think that interest in natural phenomena began with them.

"Keep your friendships in repair" is the advice a New York clergyman offers to young men who find themselves "loot and lonesome" in a great city. In his native town the youth is an individual; he is under observation; people notice his good deeds, and their wholesome scrutiny frequently restrains him from foolish actions; but in the city no one seems to see him, and his loss of individuality disheartens him and leaves him open to temptation. "Make your way to some social settlement, some night-school, some church," the wise preacher advises such stragglers; "surround yourself with a little group of friends who will applaud your success and encourage you after failure."

Great teachers often imitate nature's way of silence. He is not a foolish man who said to his son, "There are the letters of the English alphabet. Go into that corner and learn them." Maria Mitchell, an unusually successful teacher, would draw a complicated diagram on the blackboard and say, "Tomorrow tell me what that means." It may have been unintelligible to the class at the moment, but the next day most of the students had discovered its application. Such a class-room is a rehearsal for after life. The class-room where the teacher does all the thinking and the pupils none prepares one for nothing more practical than being entertained, or, more likely, bored, for life. Apparatus, elucidation, opportunity—these are the crutches of the lame and the coaches of the lazy. "Newton rolled up the cover of a book; he put a small glass at one end and a large brain at the other—it was enough!" The coward on the field of battle brags his sword and flings it from him because it is not a Damascus blade. The king's son—the man with the masterful mind—pursued and weaponless, snatches up the broken sword and wins the day.

A Hugo or an Ibsen could find an endless series of chapters in the thick murder mystery. And unraveling the tangled threads, they could find the cause of it in one man's fall from grace.

How? Via Dollars. Arthur Pennell was a defaulter to the extent of \$150,000 or \$200,000. This man who was the evil genius of a social circle handed investments for Eastern people who know his family and his wife's family. These Eastern friends sent him money which he squandered in luxurious living. Dollars! Dollars! Dollars! When will men learn there is something in the world besides money? The desire for money corrupted the life of this young man who came to the City of Buffalo fresh from Yale College with a reputation to be envied. He wanted money for what it would buy—ease, comfort, high-living. The desire bred in him a loose standard of morals producing greed, lust, embezzlement, murder, suicide. He changed the Golden Rule into a Rule of Gold. In the personal equation of his life he eliminated the soul of things. He forgot that the man who ceases striving to do right begins to do wrong. On one side of his scale he balanced spiritual consciousness; on the other Ease, Pleasure, Luxury. The scale tipped the wrong way. Dollars! Dollars! Dollars! When will men stop to ask themselves the question, "What shall I profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

In Bellevue Hospital, New York, a patient afflicted with hysteria, which took the form of laughter—incessant and for several hours in a row—worked more wonders than a whole college of chiropractors and the congregation of a Faith Cure Church. Ward afterward was infected by his mirth and was the better for it. Nineteen inmates of the alcoholic ward—a place inhabited by blue devils—rose from their cots and expressed a desire to get out into the air of sobriety. Their demons had been exorcised, and instead of enjoying a morning of the horrors they went forth suffering from strained ribs and dislocations of the jaws. We have not heard that any fractured bones or dislocated joints were mended by the laughter, but we do not doubt a course of William Kelly persevered in would work some strange healing of the hurts that seek Bellevue for relief. We are glad to note so marked a case of the therapeutic value of a laugh. Although it marks no new discovery, the medicinal value of the rickety eruption of laughing William Kelly was exhibited in such a public and general way that it must needs attract attention from our men of science. Soon we may expect to read of laughter sanatoriums, where all diseases are cured without the use of medicine or the employment of surgery, wet or dry, and to which a sick ward may flock at the usual prices of admission—board and lodging extra.

There can be no doubt about it that the mosquito is an undesirable immigrant. No objection will be made, therefore, to the measures now being taken by the surgeon-general of the marine hospital service to prevent him from landing on our shores. The mosquito is ignorant, vicious, illiterate, and filthy. He has no redeeming qualities. As a usual thing, vicious people have redeeming virtues and virtuous people have vexatious faults. The mosquito has a character which is a monotonous, unrelieved black. Jim Daly, the miner, according to his epitaph, "did some things that were mean," yet, according to the same epitaph, he also "did other things that were meaner." His character had lights and shades. Various birds which have been accused of injuring crops have been able to prove that they also destroyed noxious insects.

The man who is convicted of a corrupt political record always pays the rent for the poor widow in the next block. The man who gambles away his wife's property is always willing to lend a fever to some poor wretch who is down on his luck and hasn't any money to bet on the next day's races. So every kind of creature offers some kind of social service to be weighed in the balance against his personal offenses. The mosquito is the exception. He carries malaria and yellow fever. He stings. Even his extraordinarily large family, which might commend him to the presidential clemency, does not seem to most people to be an argument in his favor. There is a unanimous sentiment for his exclusion from this country. Even the liberty mongers of Boston will hardly venture to make quotations from Lincoln to prove that no man is good enough to hamper the movements of a free born, independent insect which may belong to an inferior race but is nevertheless possessed of indefeasible powers of self-government. Let the anti-mosquito immigration edict be enforced as strictly as possible.

GIRL AN ADEPT LASSO THROWER. One of the prettiest girls in the Oklahoma Territory is Miss Agnes Mulhall, 21, daughter of Zack Mulhall, general live stock agent of the Frisco, and leading cattle man. She and her sister Jessie lead the society of the town of Mulhall, which was named after their father. Both girls are typical products of the West, and can ride and throw the lasso to expert style. Miss Agnes is the recognized champion horsewoman of the Territory, and won first prizes at tournaments at Oklahoma City and Memphis, Tenn. Although her father has a palatial home at St. Louis, Mo., Miss Mulhall spends much of her time on the ranch.

A young man sometimes gets a plump refusal from a slender girl.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Vigor from the Farm. SECRETARY ROOT, who is a native of Clinton, Oneida County, N. Y., deplores the fondness of the Americans of rural communities for city life. He estimates that the urban population of the country is now 25,000,000. The movement to the cities goes on at an increasing ratio. "We are facing," says the Secretary of War, "a new set of conditions in the formation of national character. Life in the city tends to greater alertness of mind, to a sharpening of the faculties and greater nervous energy, but at the same time to a strained intensity and refinement of the nervous system which will make different races of us. If the strong, self-possessed, self-centered, dominant man is to continue his race he must continue in contact with the soil. No race of the city bred can perpetuate these qualities, for the nerves and sinews are strengthened and the moral integrity enlarged and deepened by contact with the soil, by the soothing and calming influence of nature." The city is always calling to the rural American of the old stock. It offers him golden opportunities, and he comes to make the most of them. Run through the list of the generals of Wall street, the leaders of the bar, the skillful physicians, the merchant princes, the big contractors, the engineers and architects who are most in demand, and you will find that a surprisingly large number of them came to New York from one suit of clothes, a change of linen and a rucksack trunk. Their capital is thrift, hope and an appetite for work. Their constitution was a bank which honored every draft upon it. They outworked, out-fought and out-lived the city man, and fall is not in their lexicon.—New York Evening Sun.

English Jury System. THE English jury system remains so far unmodified for two reasons—that it has worked well on the whole, and that public opinion is not easily roused in favor of innovations. But the requirement that all the twelve good and true men shall be unanimous does occasionally cause great inconvenience. We had a flagrant illustration in the Paschall case, where two successive juries disagreed. And in the London Sheriff's Court the other day, one obstinate man held out against the other eleven, and caused all the labor of the hearing to come to naught. In the opinion of the under sheriff, who summed up, there was no point of difficulty to be decided; but, whether there was difficulty or not, it is amazing that one individual, a twelfth of the whole body, should have the power of nullifying the unanimity of the rest. Of course, the jury is "the palladium of the Englishman's liberties," and as such has furnished many a flowing oratorical period. No one, however, proposes to tamper with the "palladium." The only change advocated is the substitution of a two-thirds majority for absolute unanimity. The Scotch have got on very well with a majority system, which applies in England already to coroner's inquests, and would not do any harm at Assizes as well.—Liverpool Mercury.

Problem of the Country Towns. EVERY year or two somebody of an impulsive turn of mind publicly discovers that the country towns are going to smash, whenever a number of particularly tough cases have been brought to light, through the courts or otherwise. These prophets of woe are of the same class as travelers who judge a city by its slums and back streets. The country town is no annex of reahus celestial. It has its toughs sometimes. Its degenerates occasionally, for a large share of no-account folks, like the city. Only a few of them, to be sure, but police supervision being necessarily limited, moral lapses sometimes become pronounced and offensive, yet much less so than would happen in the cities were the restraints equally lax. The big cities without a trained police force would be scarcely endurable, as places of residence. However, such comparisons do not disprove that room for country improvement exists, especially when much of the good old stock has been supplanted by people of inferior and neglected training. Whatever can be done by way of remedy must be done by the good citizens, and is a part of the personal responsibility of each. There are officers to be aroused to their duty, laws to be enforced, children to be kept in school, work to be furnished, religious and charitable measures to be employed. What many a town needs more than anything else is selectmen and constables who are willing and anxious to perform the plain duties of their office.—American Cultivator.

Thousand-Dollar Bills. THE recent finding of a thousand-dollar bill has brought out the inquiry, How many such bills are there in existence? As a number of correspondents have asked us this question, the answer may be of general interest to our readers. According to the tables prepared by the United States Treasury, there were outstanding on Jan. 31, 1908, United States notes of the value of \$1,000 each to the amount of \$26,035,000. Of the treasury notes of 1890, \$94,000 was outstanding in \$1,000 bills; \$25,000 was outstanding in national bank notes in silver bills; \$40,738,500 in gold certificates, and \$159,000 in silver certificates, making the grand total \$18,515,500, which would seem to prove that there were outstanding, according to the treasury estimates on Jan. 31 last, 73,515,500 \$1,000 bills. The greatest amount of our paper money is in \$10 bills, which foot up to \$40,559,992. Then come \$5 bills, amounting to \$34,004,204, with \$20 bills third, footing up \$336,531,506. These three classes make up practically two thirds of the paper money now outstanding. The fourth class is \$100 bills, the fifth \$100, the sixth \$1, the seventh \$1,000, the eighth \$50, the ninth \$2, and the tenth \$5,000. The great bulk of the ones and twos, and even the fives, are silver certificates. More than half of the tens are United States notes, while national bank notes and gold certificates make up the bulk of the twenties. Beyond the thousand-dollar limit there is practically nothing but gold certificates, the only other paper money, according to the treasury table, being three United States notes, two for \$5,000 each and one for \$10,000.—Boston Herald.

SMALLEST HORSE IN WORLD. Lilliputian Twenty-Two Inches High, Weighing Twenty-Three Pounds. What is undoubtedly the smallest horse in the world, says the Los Angeles correspondent of the Buffalo News, has just been brought to Tampico, Mexico, by Tablato Esposito and sold to A. J. Morrison, of Los Angeles, Cal., for a large price. This Tom Thumb of equines, which is appropriately named "Lilliputian," stands just high enough to reach to his owner's knees and weighs only twenty-three pounds, though fat and plump. The pony is 7 years old and is 2 1/2 inches—five and a half hands—tall. Lilliputian has a history that is almost as remarkable as his diminutive size. The Mexican who disposed of him claims he stole the animal and as he immediately disappeared there seems to be no reason for doubting the assertion. The wily scoundrel, it appears, got Lilliputian from an island off the coast of South America, between Guatemala and Samon. The natives there worship pretty little horses and keep them constantly guarded on a high cliff. Esposito took this and another dwarf—the two smallest he could find—and made away with them by lowering them from the cliff with a rope. He was hotly pursued. Before reaching Mexico the other horse, less hardy than Lilliputian, died. The tiny pony came near being eaten up the other day by a big black-necked lion that had been on exhibition in Los Angeles. The lion was in his cage and Lilliputian was browsing nearby on straw that had been scattered about. There was an opening in the cage where the keeper could put in a bucket of water. The lion reached his heavy paw through and caught Lilliputian by the tail. The little fellow gave a kick and a squeal and pelted with a handful of hair and fresh. Mick, Mr. Morrison's bulldog, went to the rescue and seized the lion by the under lip. In the mix-up Lilliputian escaped. He is intended for a family pet at Mr. Morrison's home in Los Angeles.

CACAO IN PHILIPPINES. New Source of Wealth Developed in the Islands. According to a bulletin of the Philippine Bureau of Agriculture on cacao culture the cacao grown in the archipelago is of such excellent quality that there is keen rivalry among buyers to procure it at an advance of fully 50 per cent over the price of the common export grades of the Java bean, notwithstanding the failure on the part of the Philippine to "process" it in any way. In parts of Mindanao and Negros, despite ill treatment or no treatment, the plant exhibits a luxuriance of growth and wealth of productiveness that demonstrates its entire fitness to be considered a valuable crop in those regions. The importance of cacao growing in

the Philippines can hardly be over-estimated, as recent statistics place the world's demand for cacao (excluding the United States) at 200,000,000 pounds, valued at more than \$30,000,000 in gold. There is little danger of overproduction, and consequent low prices, for many years to come. So far as known, the areas where cacao prospers in the great equatorial zone are small, and the opening and development of suitable regions has altogether failed to keep pace with the demand. Cacao is cultivated nearly everywhere in the archipelago. It is known in several provinces in Luzon, in Mindanao, Jolo, Basilan, Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol and Masbate, and its presence can be reasonably predicated upon all the larger islands anywhere under an elevation of 1,000 or possibly 1,500 meters. In most cacao producing countries its cultivation has long since passed the experimental stage, and the practices that govern the management of a well ordered cacao plantation are as clearly defined as are those of an orange grove in Florida or a vineyard in California. In widely scattered localities the close observer will find in the Philippines many young trees that in vigor, color and general health leave nothing to be desired, and with due precaution and with close oversight there is no reason why growing cacao may not become one of the most profitable horticultural enterprises that can engage the attention of planters in the Philippines. The bulletin treats of climatic conditions necessary for the best development of the cacao, which loves to

eyes and headaches. MOST medical books for popular reading mislead. By confining himself to what he calls a "diagnostic clinic," Dr. George M. Gould has succeeded in his book called "Glasses and Eye Strain," in writing one of the most useful works on popular medicine that has recently appeared. Some four centuries of investigation in modern medicine were necessary before the faculty discovered the relation between the imperfect lens of the eye and nervous strain, which registers itself in large or small derangement of the entire system from a passing headache down to life-long derangement of digestion. It is not surprising that this relation is still little understood by most of the community. By taking four men—De Quincy, Carlyle, Huxley and Browning—and using them as examples of the neglect of this fact, Dr. Gould has made one of those convincing personal demonstrations which will lead any one who watches their own development or has to do with children to be prompt to understand that where there is interruption of normal function, in adolescence or during any work of any kind, mental or manual, one of the first questions which should be asked is whether the eyes do not need examination, not by some one who does nothing more than fit glasses, but by a competent physician who makes this field his specialty.

There are fretful children, juvenile delinquents, women who are unable to control their tempers, and men who find themselves unequal to the task of plying their craft, their calling or their profession, whose life would be changed and altered if this were once understood and acted upon.—Philadelphia Press.

AMERICANS OF PURE BLOOD STRAIN ARE FOUND IN THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS. MANY people understand in a vague way that the purest American strain of the United States is found in the Southern States. In some of these the proportion of foreign born is a minute fraction. Of course, in the Atlantic coast and gulf line States there is a large black mixture, but in the Appalachian Mountains the white Anglo-Saxons are found almost pure. This is an enormous region, stretching from Pennsylvania to Mississippi and making up the mountain hinterland of nine States that front on the ocean and on great navigable rivers. The President of Berea College, which lies near the Kentucky mountains, describes these people in a recent lecture in the North as "our contemporary ancestors." The phrase describes them like a picture. These mountaineers, the number of several millions, are living in the precise manner and amid almost forgotten conditions of colonial times. Industrially the women retain the art of the spinning wheel and hand loom; the men are clever in the use of the whip saw for getting out lumber and the hand mill for grinding corn. The mountain artless use the primitive methods of the last century and the mountain potteries, make open lamps in which grease is burned with a floating wick. Intellectually they have rather degenerated than developed from the Scotch-Irish ancestors of the eighteenth century, but they have retained strict, though narrow, religious ideas. What is to be the future history of these colonial Americans of pure blood, hardly changed for five generations, who thrive and multiply in lonely homes, only a day's journey from modern civilized life? They have physical vigor and latent intellectual power. The few individuals like Andrew Jackson and Lincoln who have risen out of the mass have left the strongest mark upon our national life and history. It is a common question, in playing with historic analogies, where the barbarians are to come from to renew decayed American civilization as the Teutonic tribes were that of Rome. Perhaps they will pour down, when the time is ripe for them, out of this mountain backbone of the continent.—Minneapolis Tribune.

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