

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The rolling stone sees its finish when it strikes the up grade.

Few college women marry. This is a serious reflection on the college man.

A chronic liar is less dangerous than the liar who has spasmodic attacks of veracity.

Manufacturers of the bullet-proof underwear are still hurrying agents to the Balkans.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries—and if he tries the chances are he will regret it later.

And now Mrs. Fish declares that Harry Lehr is "an ordinary person." Surely this is the most unkindest cut of all.

It seems that the United States did not have control of Cuba quite long enough to cure it of the earthquake habit.

If King Edward is looking for a real autocrat to pattern after he should by all means consider the Governor of Guam.

When the European concert tunes up it makes such a racket that innocent bystanders think it must be the beginning of the overture.

Placer mining machine has been invented that will make gold plentiful, and this will help us to stave off the trusts for a little while.

It is doubtful whether, in spite of all this war news, the average American will get his ideas of the little countries in Eastern Europe unwarped.

The Holstein cow has been vindicated by the scientists, hence we get back to the proposition that it all depends upon who owned the Holstein.

Harry Lehr says the lapel button-hole should be abolished. Harry is always deeply interested in some question of supreme importance to mankind.

The owner of Lou Dillon has refused an offer of \$40,000 for the trotter. Perhaps he is waiting for some Richard III. to come along and make a bid.

If the time ever comes when the novelists form a union, perhaps we shall have the Great Amalgamated American Novel with fifteen different kinds of dialect.

The Boston Post thinks it sees a codfish famine impending, and declares that such a famine is "awful to contemplate." If it is worse than the codfish smell it must be all of that.

Mr. Choate is now dean of the diplomatic corps in London. With an American dean of the diplomatic corps and a new American duchess added to the list every few days, how can they keep us down?

Ibsen says that he would come to this country to live if he were not too old; and the husbands of all the Ibsen clubs are thinking their stars that the Norwegian dramatist is not young nor beautiful.

According to a Berlin scientist it would be a great benefit to the nervous systems of girls if they were not permitted to begin piano practice under the age of 16. It would be a great benefit to the nerves of the neighbors if they did not begin it at all.

American colleges in Turkey, says Secretary Barton, of the American Board, are the best possible safeguards to the political existence of the empire. In that they teach Turkish subjects to be upright, self-respecting, law-abiding citizens, able to respond to the needs of the government for responsible service, both at home and abroad.

American merchants are not the only business men with enterprise. A Russian firm has recently sent an expedition into Mongolia to learn what the Mongolians will buy now and what they can be persuaded to purchase in the future. There are twenty men and fifty pack-horses in the party. The Russian military authorities have sent a topographer along with it, and the imperial geographical society is represented by a naturalist. Thus the commercial needs of the country will be studied along with the questions of its military control and the possibilities of developing its natural resources. This is an excellent example of the thoroughness with which Russia does the things which it undertakes.

No man could ask for a nobler monument than that which the late Frederick Law Olmsted has left. In the large sense he was the father of the profession of landscape architecture, and it is exceedingly fortunate for the country that this man, who was to fix the limits of the profession, was so great a man. A list of his important public works would occupy much space and is unnecessary. The man who created Central Park in New York, Prospect Park in Brooklyn and Franklin Park in Boston, laid out the grounds of the Capitol in Washington, the reservation at Niagara Falls, and the "White City" of the World's Fair in Chicago, in his actual work conferred a most important benefit on his generation; and in training others and showing the possibilities of his art, he did even more.

It cannot be denied that of late the soberest-minded men among us have been filled with a solicitude amounting to anxiety in noting the momentum of certain dangerous tendencies in American life. The trend toward mob law in various sections of the country; the revelations of public and private corruption, and especially of the buying and selling of legislation and franchises; the growth of the gambling mania among women as well

as men; the vulgar rush for social prominence; the wide-spread system of "graft" and blackmail which has grown up in all classes in the haste to be rich—these familiar phenomena are crowding upon our attention, straining our optimism and shaming our national pride at the very time when we are called upon to exult in the commercial greatness of the country and its peculiar qualifications for redeeming the beleaguered regions of the world.

What becomes of the brilliant men of the schools and colleges—the studious fellows who always stood at the heads of their classes and promised most masterful achievements when they should get a whack at life? As a rule we don't hear much about them afterwards. They seem to stop forth from their alma mater into obscurity. The ordinary fellows who just manage somehow to forge through high school or college with only one eye on the text books, and the other on life, we hear a good report of occasionally. Somehow they have forged to the front, following that one eye which was fixed on actual life.

It's queer. But it's so. When two or three college mates get together, five, ten or fifteen years after graduation, and review the progress made by the various members of the class, they must confess surprise at the fantastic pranks played by the world upon the men whom alma mater blessed with her richest gifts, and then turned aside to swim or slink. The man who carried off the class medal for scholarship and for whom great things were predicted, has perhaps drifted along until he has sunk into a rut and shows signs that he will remain a hack on a small salary all his life. The superior man who looked it over the other fellows is eating the bread of humility and importuning his brilliant but more successful classmates to give him employment or money.

The pious man, who was forever preaching, it may be has proved to be the worst of the class, and has taken to wild ways. And it happens, too, sometimes—he is said to the eternal shame of fate—that the fellow who graduated out of the back door before his time was up, waves a cordial salute from the pleasant hilltop of success to the diplomat stummi who passes wearily along the dusty ways. It is very queer. But thus it runs. How vast and irreconcilable is the difference between college and life. The qualities that promise so brilliantly in school are not always the qualities that count most in the world. The "dig," who crammed constantly and made his poor brain an overstocked lumber yard, seldom is the man who rises in actual life. Something of a human quality is demanded by the world. Men prefer the man who has a little leisure and a little inclination for amusement. The boy who went about a little at college and made acquaintances, who rubbed up against the other fellows and found out the stuff of which they are made, who learned to bear himself well among men and acquire some degree of self-confidence and assurance, has a better asset with which to commence life than a little more scholarly knowledge of the use of the Greek particles would be. One of the most important aids to success is the knowledge of how to approach and manage men, how to win their confidence and hold their attention. These are things not included in any college curriculum. Some men—even men of brains—never can learn them.

**OUR AMERICAN ADAPTABILITY.**

**Admirable Poise of the Women Who Have Attained to High Position.**

Lady Curzon, the Vicereine of India, stands as a shining example of the facility and the adaptability of the American woman. Occupying a position which brings her in continual contact with royalty, she bears herself with as much dignity and distinction as if she had been born to the purple. No daughter of the reigning house of Great Britain could sustain herself in the place of Lady Curzon with more admirable poise than she exhibits in all of the great functions in which she is called to figure. Lady Curzon belongs to what would be called a new family, even in America. She has not behind her the generations of culture which many American women can point to. She was brought up in Chicago, a town that is conspicuously associated with the commercial idea. Her acquisitions were not aided by the influence of hereditary culture. Her achievements are the fruit of a keen and active mind and an agreeable personality under the spur and encouragement of liberal advantages. Her accommodation to the requirements and the opportunities of large riches shows the difference between the British and the American systems. In England it requires centuries to manufacture the sort of ladies and gentlemen who are often developed in this country in a single generation.—Kansas City Star.

**They Had to Wait.**

Mr. Thomas, of Hennis fame, is telling his friends about two green youths of his acquaintance, who, having hired a horse and trap for a day's outing, found themselves at the close of the expedition confronted with the bewildering problem of reharnessing the animal. The bit proved their chief difficulty, for the horse made no response whatever to their overtures.

**Celt and German in America.**

Seventy-five per cent of our foreign born population in 1900 was of Teutonic and Celtic stock—the very same that made the English. Of course, a still larger percentage of the native born are of these races and of their admixture. It is an error, then, to talk of the American people as a conglomeration of races. There is an American race, formed by fusion of the original races that made the English.

A wedding present from a married person is all right, but one from an unmarried person is the same as contracting a debt.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## Egotism an Efficient of Worldly Success.

**A**N egotist, as all students of wordbooks know, is one who puts himself forward constantly and talks too much about himself. Cardinal Wolsey is a celebrated example of the egotist, for it was he that said, "Kao et rex meus"—I and my King; for which sentence he has been punished by some one—was it Bacon or Addison?—as a good Latinist but a bad courtier. An egotist is one that appraises all things only in reference to his own interests; in other words, a selfish person. Egotism is opposed to modesty and self-effacement; egotism to altruism.

A thorough egotist is usually too worldly wise to be an egotist. He is aware that the egotist is mocked and derided, at least behind his back. Egotism is a weakness; egotism a source of strength. Egotism is exterior; egotism interior. One is an outward and visible sign; the other a habit of mind.

Conscious egotism is rare. The perfect egotist is in most cases quite unsuspecting of his egotism. Not infrequently he thinks himself rather a model of unselfishness and philanthropy. Sometimes he is an extreme pietist in religion. Sometimes an extreme libertine in morals. He may be an ascetic in the desert, living on locusts and wild honey, and subordinating all the duties and interests of human fellowship to the thought of his own soul's welfare. He may be a politician waiting through slaughter to a throne. He may be a captain of industry, grinding the poor for superfluous profits. He may be a man about town, seeking pleasure at whatever cost to others. The egotist may be a woman of fashion, marrying some man for wealth and position. Egotism is found in all states and of diverse characters, in the satiric and the cheerful, in misanthropes and good fellows.

Egotism is a very efficient factor of worldly success. The egotist always looks out for himself. He has the wisdom of the serpent. Even when he makes a sacrifice it is done that he may serve himself better in the long run. And the egotist is usually cheerful, as well as successful. He never permits the troubles of others to worry him. He is the center of his universe.—San Francisco Bulletin.

**Dabbling in Stocks.**

**D**OES it pay to dabble in stocks? That is a question that a good many can answer. The manner of answering, however, depends on which side of the fence the man jumps off. Some are losers and some are winners. A man can't win all the time unless he is an extraordinary sharp eye man, and there are but few of these. The best of financiers in the country have their ups and downs, and you can count on your fingers the really successful speculators, i. e., men who are in the game all the time. When you see the men who put their money into stocks, in a speculative sense, you cannot but have a pity for them, and this especially so the case with the man who has had the speculative fever and who is over it. We have one in mind at the present time, and when he sees the merchant, the professional man or the mechanic placing his money in the hands of the mob down there in Wall street to eat up and gloat over, he says, "Poor fool!" He reasons this way. There is a greater inequality of the amounts won or lost, flaring winnings and losses the same, to begin with. This is clearly proven by the following: A buys 100 shares of stock, say at 70, carries it for thirty days and then sells it at 72. His gross profit is \$200. Take from this his commission of \$25 and the interest on the \$10,000 at a dollar a day, and he has a net profit of \$145. Taking the very same proposition, change the two point profit to a loss and see. His gross loss is \$200, which with the commission and interest would make a net loss of \$255. Here is a difference of \$110 against the loser on a proposition apparently the same. Admitting that he makes six turns always the same and breaks even; that is, makes three winnings and three losses, his account will stand as follows: Three losses at \$255, \$765; three winnings at \$145, \$435. Therefore, he is out of pocket \$330. Now in order to avoid losing at all, he must win sixteen

times at \$145, making a total of \$2,320, against losing nine times at \$225, making a total of \$2,025. No one can see that in the end he will be \$300 ahead. That is a good average, too.

Now, take in consideration the wear and tear of nerves, loss of sleep and the chance of losing your whole investment, and the conclusion is arrived at that a job of carrying bricks at \$2.50 a day is an easy thing in comparison.—Geneva Review.

**Rearing Skilled Workmen.**

**G**ERMANY leads the world in her industrial education. The supremacy in the several industries for which she is so famous is directly traceable to this educational development. The porcelain industries for which Germany is noted could hardly be carried on without an ample supply of artistically skilled workmen, and to assure the continuance of the supply of operatives the government conducts a porcelain factory at Meissen. Pupils and apprentices are taught drawing for two years. On the completion of this course they spend an additional term of two years on modeling and painting. Those who develop special skill are then sent to the fine art schools of Dresden, Berlin, and the other famous art centers to finish their education. If a pupil perseveres to the end through this long novitiate he is practically guaranteed lifelong service in the Government porcelain factory.

Another feature of German industrial education which might be adopted with advantage elsewhere is the practice of sending trade apprentices to some industrial school for a portion of each year. Those who are indentured for a four-year apprenticeship usually spend at least four months a year in one of these schools, which are conveniently located in the manufacturing districts.—Philadelphia Record.

**A Disgrace to Civilization.**

**W**ROUGHT to tell Russia, and the sooner we do it the better—that, so far as we are concerned, we are prepared to recognize Macedonia as within the sphere of Russian influence, provided that she will put an end to the horrors that are being enacted in that country. They are a disgrace to European civilization. It is always the same story wherever the Turk exercises rule over Christian races. The government is execrable. After being patiently borne for a certain time, the oppressed race seeks to defend itself. Then come savage brutalities on the part of the rulers, which are met by as savage brutalities on the part of the insurgents. Reforms are announced which are only to be granted when "order" is restored. Order, however, means a recurrence of oppression. At present the civil employes are not paid at all, and the soldiers sent there are paid very sparingly—if at all. The whole ruling race, therefore, has to live on the subject race. That trickery would the Sultan has long succeeded in converting the fairest districts in the world into a hell by playing one European country off against another. We are the only power on which he can still count in this devil's game. Our duty, therefore, is to make it absolutely clear to him that—come what may—he will get no aid from us.—London Truth.

**Love is the Mainspring.**

**P**OLITICAL economists have told us that self-interest is the mainspring of industry. It is not true. Love is the mainspring of industry. It is love for the home and the wife and the children that keeps all the busy wheels of industry revolving, that calls the factory hands early to the mill, that nerves the arm of the blacksmith working at his forge, that inspires the farmer at his plough and the merchant at his desk, that gives courage to the soldier and patience to the teacher.

Erskine was asked how he dared, as an unknown barrister, face a hostile court and insist on his right to be heard. "I felt my children," he replied, "tugging at my robe and saying, here is your chance, father, to get us bread." It is this vision of the children dependent on us that inspires us all in the battle of life.—Atlantic Monthly.

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# GOOD Short Stories

A statement was printed in the Topeka Capital that William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, wore a plug hat at the dinner given to President Roosevelt in Topeka. Soon after Mr. White returned to Emporia he sent this dispatch to the Capital: "Duty done that I wore plug hat. Mob forcing around office. Sheriff refuses protection. Wife consulting an attorney, seeking divorce. Printers threatening strike."

At a recent meeting of the London Authors' Club, Canon Teignmouth spoke of having met James Russell Lowell shortly after that gentleman had gone as minister to England. "That distinguished man was cogitating over his first public utterance in this country, and wondering to what length he should speak. He had thought of speaking for about forty minutes. He had asked a countryman of his what his view was, and had received this answer: 'Well, Mr. Lowell, my advice to you is that if you find, after you have been speaking two minutes you have not struck oil, you had better give up boring.'"

Early one morning recently, before inspecting some regiments on the manoeuvring ground, the present "Muller" of the German army, Count Haessler, went into the regimental canteen and asked for five cents' worth of bread and sausage, such as is supplied to the ordinary soldier. The man in charge thought he would do himself a good turn by handing the general an extra large piece of either luxury. Later in the morning, when he had been called, the general ordered the soldiers to produce the rations supplied by the canteen for five cents. Naturally, those shown were not of such satisfactory dimensions as had been sold to the chief. He said, quietly: "Take your ration back to the canteen and tell Herr M—that Count Haessler commands him to give each of you as large a portion as he had himself for the same money. My five cents is not worth more than yours."

A laughable account is given by the Kingman Leader-Courier of the troubles of a young married couple from Pratt County, Kan. They had gone to Kingman to be married, and intended to go East on a wedding trip. After they had entered the train, the husband alighted for something, and the train went off and left him. His bride had neither money nor tickets. She was frantic, but some of the passengers sought to console her. At the first station she got off. It was night, but she managed to find a farmer who agreed to carry her back to Kingman in his wagon. They arrived so late in the night that all the hotels and other places were closed, but the farmer managed to find refuge for the bride at the home of a family. In the meantime, the husband had learned that there would be no train out of Kingman the next day, which was Sunday. He wired to Hutchinson that he was coming by buggy, but his wife was not at Hutchinson to receive the telegram. He made a long drive to Hutchinson, but found no one there who knew anything about the lost bride. By Sunday, however, an exchange of telegrams was managed, and on Monday the husband came back to Kingman. "He was met at the depot by his grief-stricken wife," says the Leader-Courier. "Hand in hand they wended their way up town and partook of the first square meal since noon the Saturday before."

**DECLINE OF A BUSY CITY.**

**Nevada Town Once Prosperous and Progressive Now Silent Dying.**

"Virginia City, Nev., has just about reached the limit of going down hill," said George W. Sprague, clerk of the United States Court. "The authorities have abolished the street lights, discharged the solitary night watchman and reduced the fire department to two men. Listen to this," continued Mr. Sprague, as he picked up a Nevada newspaper and read: "The Virginia Enterprise says that owing to the shortness of funds in the Storey County treasury the commissioners have found it necessary to cut off all expenses possible. After the first of next month there will be no more street lights on the old Comstock. The fire department is to be reduced to two men and the one policeman now doing duty at night will be discharged with four aid Virginia; it seems a pity that a place once the liveliest in the world should go so completely to the dogs that there is nothing left worth stealing and the few people left there must either stay at home nights or carry lanterns."

**DEATH FORETOLD IN NEWS ITEM.**

**Strange Story of the Killing of a Florida Judge Twenty-four Years Ago.**

The following story is told to The Washington Post by J. B. Wall, of Tampa, Fla., who vouches for its accuracy: "In 1878, William B. Center was the county judge of Hernando county, Fla., of which county Brooksville was and is the county seat. Judge Center was a widower, of about forty years of age, who resided a short distance outside the corporate limits of the village, with four young children, and two maiden sisters, who kept house for him. He was a fairly good officer, but was a dissipated man, inclined to be quarrelsome when drinking, and had made a number of enemies by several of whom his life had been threatened more than once.

"Brooksville is fifty miles north of Tampa, and, as this was before the days of railroads in Southern Florida, our mail connections were limited to a semi-weekly mail service by hack. "One Tuesday morning, in the early spring of that year, a friend brought into my office a copy of the Savannah Morning News, published the Saturday preceding, which in its column of Florida news items, contained the following: "W. B. Center, county judge of Hernando county, was shot from his horse by an unknown assassin and instantly killed last Saturday morning, about 8 o'clock, while riding to his office, as was his usual custom, just where the road from Bay Post enters the town on the west."

"The occurrence made such an impression on my mind that, after the lapse of twenty-four years, I am able to give it almost verbatim. "Judge Center having been well known to me, I naturally spent much time in speculation as to which of his enemies had probably taken his life. The following Thursday, to my great surprise, Judge Center walked into my office, having stopped one day in Tampa on his return from a visit to the Manatee River section. Of course, I hunted up the paper and showed him the account of his taking off, and we indulged in some speculation as to the source of the news item, I suggesting to him that some enemy of his, who had determined to kill him, had taken a freak idea of inserting an account of it in advance, he taking the position that some smart Aleck, who had a taste for the sensational, had written it."

**Information Wanted.**

"Who was it?" asked Peckham, "who said: 'Give me liberty or give me death?'"

"Patrick Henry," replied his friend. "And what was the result?" queried Peckham. "Did they give him a divorce or did he die?"—Chicago News.

**Clever Invention.**

A certain novelty looks like a full sized egg, but it is a pencil, and when the lower edge is turned a piece of the black lead makes its appearance at the tip.

Women envy a man when they see the contented look on his face as he carelessly poses, with his hands in his pockets and whistles.

for Brooksville, reaching home that night, and the next morning, just one week after the publication of the account of his death, and two weeks after it purported to have occurred, where it was reported to have taken place, he was shot from his horse and instantly killed, and from that day to this his assassin has never been discovered.

"I wrote to the publisher of the News to ascertain the source of its information, and was told that the letter containing the item had been mislaid, or destroyed, and no record kept of the writer."

"It was the strangest coincidence, if a coincidence, that ever came within the scope of my observation."

**THINKS HE IS A THEORIST.**

**Strenuous Life is All Right When It is Conducive to Fame.**

"Roosevelt may talk all he likes about the strenuous life," said the young-looking middle-aged man, who has always gone in for athletic sports, "but I am rather inclined to the belief that Roosevelt is more of a theorist. Take my own case, for example. I am just exactly the same age as the president and I dare say I feel equally as young, for I have always taken good care of myself. Without ever having acquired great proficiency in any particular line of sport I have always managed to hold my own with ordinary runners, and the only part of this season when I was asked to make the club was in a baseball game I had no hesitation in accepting the invitation. "That is said in a broken English on my right hand that incapacitated me for several weeks."

"No more baseball for me! I said to myself. Tennis is about my size. So I switched to tennis, with the result that in jumping for a high ball at the net I came down and sprained my ankle, which laid me up for another week. Then I went down to the shore. One day in swimming out at sea I was seized with cramps and nearly drowned, and next day, while sailing, I was knocked overboard by the boom as the sail came about. Then I came home and took counsel with myself. Golf is about your size," I said to myself, and I started to play golf. The other day on the links I didn't hear a fellow yell 'Fore' and the consequence was I got a crack in the back of my cranium that nearly put me out of business for good. The doctor said after I came to that if I had been half an inch lower I would not be twanging a golf ball. So I have about concluded that the strenuous life is only to be courted by aid diseased men when it's justified in talk."—Philadelphia Record.

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"Patrick Henry," replied his friend. "And what was the result?" queried Peckham. "Did they give him a divorce or did he die?"—Chicago News.

**Clever Invention.**

A certain novelty looks like a full sized egg, but it is a pencil, and when the lower edge is turned a piece of the black lead makes its appearance at the tip.

Women envy a man when they see the contented look on his face as he carelessly poses, with his hands in his pockets and whistles.