

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

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

Better a deluded enthusiasm than a dead heart.

We do not enrich the present by ridiculing the past.

Man is strengthened by fear when he has will to overcome it.

What a jolly old world this would be if all men practiced what they preach!

"Wouldn't that jerk you" is understood to be the prevailing slang phrase over in Port Arthur.

A fashion paper says that only a pretty woman can wear a hat that flares. We don't know why.

Things might be much worse than they are. What if Port Arthur had one of those unpronounceable Russian names?

While the Dreyfus case remains unsettled France does not mean to be entirely overshadowed even if there is a big war in progress.

Lives of Mormon saints remind us. That when we have passed away Smiths will be on deck behind us.

Multiplying every day.

Columbia has formally decided not to invade the United States, so our army will have about fifteen minutes' more rest than if war had been declared.

The Russian wolfhounds and Japanese spaniels were observed to be on good terms at the New York dog show. The "dogs of war" have another story to tell.

The great skill in warfare shown by the army and navy of Japan will prepare the world for the news that Christianity is making rapid strides in that country.

It is mentioned as one of the praiseworthy traits of the Duke of Cambridge that he didn't forsake his wife. Has it come to pass that such a sacrifice is worthy of the world's special attention?

Great Britain until quite recently was always the world's largest holder of gold. To-day, however, your Uncle Sam's stock is twice as large as ours, and amounts to nearly \$1,000,000,000. Strange things do happen.

"Buffalo Bill" is suing for a divorce, alleging that his wife has been "cruel" to him. Shall we continue to pay out our good money to see a "hero" who professes his inability to take care of himself in a mixup of that sort?

Some American coast resorts has missed a great bargain. The French state barge, elaborately decorated, which had carried sovereigns and other dignitaries, has been sold for less than \$50. Built in the reign of Charles X. It was last used when President Lincoln went to London to meet the Emperor.

Now it meets the fate of other disused boats.

The writers of great hymns build monuments to themselves in human hearts, yet it is fitting that material structures and inscriptions should commemorate their service. An instance of grateful remembrance is the recent placing of a memorial tablet in the chancel of the parish church, Farnham, England, to the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages." He was a native of the town, but died in London when only 37 years old, in 1778.

The time was when to be without a roof to cover one's head was to be an object of commiseration or scorn, but in these days roof-trees are going out of fashion, and to be able to see stars from one's bed is to be on a fair way to health and wisdom. The custom of sleeping out of doors is adopted not alone by those afflicted with lung disease, but by the millions of people who are diseased as well as to an ailing body, and is particularly recommended to those suffering with any of the thousand and one nerve diseases. People build their homes with upper porches, where, as they say, "on fine nights we may sleep out of doors," and those who are porchless imitate the Arabs and may frequently be seen folding their tents and stealing away to back yard or vacant lots, where the "sweet restorer, sleep," is more easily wooed. Of course, it is not likely that the roof-tree will disappear altogether; people have submitted to the passing of the parlor and to the new prominence that has been given to the kitchen, but it is not to be expected that they will weekly allow a skyey roof to take the place of the artificial one provided by man.

When President Hadley of Yale said that the public life of this country needs a large body of young men of independent means, he was influenced. It is to be feared, by the interests of his own hundreds of young men of independent means. Theoretically, the young man of independent means is the young man who can best afford to devote himself to the public service. But, in practical fact, that is just the kind of young man which the public can least afford to have in charge of its affairs. The young man without means but with the right stuff in him sees little satisfaction for himself in the public service, even in the way of a bare living; manufacture, commerce, finance and the professions offer him far more glittering attractions. And, yet, this young man, fresh from toll, with the inspiration that comes of empty hand, and with sympathies undivided, is the one who through all history has held the pilot wheel of the ship of progress with the steadiest hand and stoutest heart. The man of independent means, be he young or old, is out of sympathy with the real emotions and the environment of the masses. He views the common lot only as one looks into a house

through a window. He knows the common life only as one who dwells in the hills knows the life of the valleys. The great movements of human progress have seldom originated with men of independent means. They have sprung from the heart of the common people. The great leaders of men have come up from the soil. What we need in public life, and in private life, too, is not the man "rich enough to resist temptation," but the man honest enough to despise it, the man too true in his sympathies to mistake public good and too quick in his intelligence to be misled. Wealth confers many blessings upon its possessor, but it never yet gave him brains or morality, though it often robs him of both and much else besides.

Niedermeier, Marx and Van Dine killed by the law is the end of the Chicago car barn bandits. They were boys. It is difficult to make the average boy think of the future. If he is wild, a street rover, a product of bad books and lax home regulations, he is pretty apt to sneer at anything that smacks of preaching. Every city has many—too many—bad boys. Perhaps few of them will ever shed human blood, but there is no doubt that they are traveling the same thoroughfare that these Chicago youths have traveled, and if they go far enough they will find the gallows casting a ghastly shadow across the road. What is to be done? The problem is as great as the problem of existence. There never was and there never will be a set of rules that will stop crime. But the fathers and mothers must know that the first responsibility is theirs. They cannot afford to neglect their children. The sequel to neglect is tears and sorrows. If home is not pleasant, there are streets. The boy who is driven there for his company finds it. He also finds cigarettes and whisky and profanity. He finds the society that makes Jesse James a saint and Deadwood Dick a martyr. He smashes windows and destroys property; he steals rides on the street cars. He is familiar with dark alleys and hiding places as a rat is with its hole; and as he grows tougher and tougher he glories in it. He isn't really happy until he makes converts. He wants other boys to be bad. His mother cries over him, and his father is too busy, or too careless, to get to the heart of things, and realize that his boy has gotten away from him. There are rules at home. Often they consist merely of "don'ts." "Don't make a noise," "don't touch the piano," "don't whistle," "don't mess up the room," "go to church or take a lesson," "don't join a ball club, because father never belonged to one," "don't visit the neighbors boys, and don't bring them home with you, because it is annoying," "don't play football, because it is too rough." There are other don'ts. Apply them with enough severity and you can make a sneak and a liar out of a promising boy. He isn't a man. He does not think like a man. His brain is in the process of development as well as his legs, and he needs room and a good bit of license and a great deal of tolerance and forgiving, if he is to grow up strong and clean and healthy, inside and out. God bless him, not once in a thousand times he is born bad. There isn't much in the idea that a child can inherit a black heart. Most of them can be molded, led, trained. Keep the boy busy with clean amusement and you have robbed the unclean of half its power. Listen to him; give ear to his troubles and his joys. Laugh with him and sympathize with him. The boy who has a good father for a chum will never be a bandit and he will never get very far from the teachings of his mother.

Viewed as a Pastime.

The man from Chicago looked with scorn at the Brambleville ticket agent as he handed out a dollar bill and pushed it through the opening.

"You've got a pretty lot of citizens to allow themselves to be charged at the rate of 5 cents a mile from here down to Bushy on a miserable little crawling one-horse branch road," he said, bitingly.

The ticket agent looked at him with a calmness which nothing could disturb.

"I'd like to call your attention to one fact before you go on usin' any more language," he said, mildly, "and that is that while it may be 5 cents a mile, it's only 35 cents an hour!"

Ancient Earth Formation.

Geologists have come to the conclusion that Australia and Tasmania were formerly united by a land bridge, and that it was on it that Tasmanian animals entered Victoria.

Whalebone Whales.

Their "Halecon" the Most Valuable Product Obtained from Whales.

Another group of whales has no teeth, but the mouth is provided with several hundred closely packed horny, flexible plates or slabs suspended from the roof of the mouth and hanging on each side like a curtain, so that when the mouth is opened as wide as possible their ends are received within the lower jaw. These plates, which in some whales are nine or ten feet long, have pointed, frayed extremities, and are lined with long, stiff hair. This peculiar substance is called baleen, or whalebone, although it is not bone, it is now the most valuable product which is yielded by these creatures; and to obtain it thousands of men brave dangers of the seas, of the Arctic ice, and of the chase, killing the whales by hurling harpoons and shooting explosive bullets into them from a small boat.

Among the various kinds of whalebone whales is the right whale, which reaches a length of 60 feet and yields 200 barrels of oil and 1,000 pounds of long, valuable baleen; the humpback whale, which is sometimes 75 feet long, but has short bones and little oil; the narwhal and sulphur-bottom whales, of large size but comparatively little value; and the bow-head, Greenland, or polar whale. The last is at home among the ice fields, and is now the most sought of all the whales on account of the excellent quality and large quantity of its baleen. The maximum length is 65 feet, and its bulk is immense; the huge head represents a third of the length, and the tail is 10 to 20 feet across. The largest bow-heads produce several thousand pounds of bone worth \$5 or \$6 a pound, and 4,000 or more gallons of oil worth 40 cents a gallon.

In feeding, the baleen whales drop the lower jaw and swim forward rapidly, and all kinds of small floating animals—fish, shrimp, winged mollusks—pass into the yawning mouth. When the lower jaw is closed, the plates of baleen are forced upward and backward, the water rushes through the sieve formed by the hairs, the food is left behind, and is swallowed by the aid of the tongue.

Some of the baleen whales are said to attain a length of more than a hundred feet, and there are authentic records of examples measuring between 90 and 100 feet. The largest species of whale, and therefore the largest of all living animals and the largest creature that ever existed, so far as we know, is the sulphur-bottom whale of the Pacific coast. One of these was 95 feet long and 39 feet in circumference.

EDITORIALS Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

The Russian Power.

THE Russian power appears to be a huge, portentous bubble, which the courageous Japanese have pricked. Russia has an enormous army, but where is it? How can it be gotten together? An army that cannot be concentrated is no fit object of terror. To be sure, we have had a few weeks of war, but that has been time enough to cripple and bottle the Russian fleet in the East, and the Baltic fleet and the Black Sea fleet dare not, or cannot, leave their stations, while one gumbont refuses to leave the port of Shanghai, and two larger ones have been hiding themselves in a French port of East Africa. The Japanese are masters of the China seas. And the Russian mightily land army of four million men, where has it vanished? A paltry hundred thousand men, or possibly a hundred and fifty thousand, are scattered along the Manchurian railway, or split up between Port Arthur and the Yalu River, unable anywhere to offer an equal front to the Japanese advance. Even the rumors that come from St. Petersburg are all of Russian losses, and most reasonable are, for it is impossible for Russia to hasten along its ill-built railway—three sleepers to a rail—the needed reinforcements, or even the food and stores for those who are spread along the front. Japan was "bluffing," they told the czar. It is Russia that has been bluffing the deluded world. However it may be in the West, it is sure that there is nothing to fear from her in Asia, either on the Manchurian or the Indian border, if any other Power will only pluck up courage to resist her. This the New Japan has dared to do, and the black bear is utterly demoralized before the swarm of yellow hornets. It looks as if Russia would have to put off for a century, which means forever, her ambition to have four capitals—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Constantinople and Peking.—New York Independent.

School Teachers' Salaries.

A SUMMARY of the salaries paid to the school teachers in the chief European countries appeared recently in several American newspapers. This report showed that the salaries of teachers in England range from an average of \$350 for men to \$250, or even as low as \$200, for women. The lowest annual salary paid to a full-fledged teacher in Belgium is \$192. In Denmark city teachers begin with \$230 and village teachers with \$182. The average for a country or village teacher in Prussia is \$218 per year, although Berlin teachers receive from \$315 to \$650; women are paid from \$140 to \$400. France has an irreducible minimum of \$220. Holland \$190, Portugal \$90 for the country and \$108 for the city, and Sweden and Norway \$130 for men and less than \$90 for women. The average salary in Switzerland is \$340 for men and \$275 for women. Greece divides its teachers into classes, those in the first receiving a maximum salary of \$36 per month, those in the second \$16, and those in the third \$13. Teachers' salaries in Spain range from \$100 per year in the villages to \$480 in Madrid.—Montreal Star.

Labor as Joy or Curse.

IT is worthy of note that all the great historical religions of the world—whether of the millions of Egypt toiling under the lash to build the pyramids at the wages of a couple of onions and a piece of dry bread a day, or of the millions of India working in the rice swamps amid swarms of pestiferous insects, or of the millions of the Semite race whose traditions have been gathered together in the story of Eden and of the fall in the Garden of Goshen—all have rested and grounded in the problem of the common doom of man that he must eat his bread in the sweat of his body and the sweat of his mind. None of these religions affects to treat the issue flippantly, rhetorically or with commonplace platitudes, but with awful seriousness. The enormous overweight of the burden of the work in comparison with the strength, spirits, interest and reward of the worker is what oppresses the minds of these teachers and prophets and brings them to the common ominous conviction that this must be the outcome of some

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primeval curse and of some stupendous moral catastrophe, redemption from which is the end and aim of all higher spiritual hope.

The American Husband.

A N American young man does not as a rule look forward to marriage nor prepare for it by saving any considerable portion of his ante-nuptial income. When he marries it is usually on short notice, and because he has fallen very desperately in love with some one and cannot find it in his heart to wait until cold caution declares the venture advisable. Even when an engagement is a long one he usually squanders so much on gifts and entertainments for his fiancee that there is only a very moderate amount to begin housekeeping on. Thus before his marriage the young American of the middle class begins to give evidence of what is to be his chief national characteristic as a husband—his unfeeling, unselfish and almost imprudent generosity.

The Evil of Worry.

DOUBTLESS there has been more or less worry since Adam hid in the bushes, but it is a curious physiological—indeed, it may be a psychological—fact that real worry, the worry that has a definite cause, is not so wearing as the imaginary worries that we persist in talking to bed with us. We cannot rest and are busy at the same time, and it is not hard to guess what will happen to the brain that insists on fretting and worrying when it should be enjoying the serenity of repose. There are doctors who can examine your eyes and tell you whether you have kidney disease, but how much better it would be if some specialist could arise who can locate worry and pluck it out, as it were, by the roots. It is a baleful source of poison at best, and at its worst, it is ruinous. Happy the man who is able to take the measure of his worries and troubles and value them for what they are! Happy, thrice happy, is the man who can present to their attacks the impenetrable armor of serenity! His years shall be long and full of charity. His head shall be in the sunshine, and there shall be no shadow about his feet. Old men will follow him, and little children shall be his companions.—Atlanta Constitution.

Neighbors Could Not Stand Her Monopoly of Ills of Existence.

"What is the reason Mrs. Lawson, with all her good points, is so unpopular?" asked the summer boarder of her aunt, Miss Euphemia Boggs. "I'm sure she is kind-hearted and generous, and capable and good-natured." "She's a monopolist, or thinks she is," snipped Miss Boggs, "and folks don't like it!" "A monopolist?" repeated her niece. "What do you mean, Aunt Phemy?" "I mean just what I say," said Miss Boggs, firmly. "She's a monopolist of diseases and accidents and happenings of every kind. Start in to tell her about an attack of rheumatism you've had, or a sprained wrist, or your cousin's diptheria, or a railroad disaster you've read about, or how your stove pipe fell apart, or what an unusual drought they've been having where your brother lives, and she'll sit on the edge of her chair looking as if she'd burst, till you stop for breath.

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A Dress Goods Counter Episode.

She was a tailor-made young lady of twenty years, who sat at the silk counter with a bit of taffeta in her dainty fingers.

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It had already grown quite dark and there was something wrong with the electrical apparatus in the hotel.

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He—Do you mean to say you haven't been in church at all during Lent?

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BOSTON BEANS IN LONDON.

One night persuade an Italian that a Digger Indian could learn to cook spaghetti, and one might convince a Chinaman that it does not need an oriental chef to prepare chop suey, but no one will ever make a Yankee believe that beans can be properly baked outside of New England, or at least by anybody but a New Englander. That conviction will probably strengthen when Easterners review a recent pitiable attempt to impart the secret of "Boston beans" to the people of the mother country.

The recipe for the delectable dish is found in the housewives' column of Pearson's Weekly, a London publication. "Boil half a pint of small haricot beans over night," it directs, "drain next morning. Cover with boiling water, and cook slowly for about two hours. To test if they are done, take up one or two on a spoon, blow on them, and if they are done the skins crack.

"Drain the beans when cooked," the recipe goes on blithely, "turn into a deep buttered dish, add a tablespoonful of finely chopped onion as well as salt, pepper and half a pint of tomato pulp. Cover closely and bake in a slow oven for four hours.

"About a quarter of an hour before serving, remove the lid and put in an ounce of butter. Herd in the pot in which the beans were cooked."

Haricot beans, soaked and parboiled to the vanishing point, but baked only four hours and without pork, at that! This is bad enough, but the loyal New Englander will most bitterly resent the insinuation that half a pint would suffice if "Boston beans" were really in question. Paul Bourget did not probe very deeply into the domestic institutions of this country, but even he learned better than that.

"At Marblehead," Bourget wrote in a series of random jottings printed in a Paris newspaper, "a curious eastern vessel called a beanspot, it and similar being used. An informant