

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 get cigarettes out of her borders.

The Vanderbilt-Nelson wedding cost the mother of the bride \$6,500. 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 flied \$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 spark burns a planing 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 "lost 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 strangers; "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 was 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 classroom is a rehearsal for after life. The classroom where the teacher does all the thinking and the pupils merely prepare 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 canes of the lazy. "Newton rolled up the cover of a book; he put a small glass at one end and a large brim at the other—it was enough!" The coward on the field of battle breaks 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 Burdick murder mystery. And raveling 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 handled 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 it 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 incurable—worked more wonders than a whole college of chiropractors or the congregation of a Faith Cure Church. Ward after ward 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 beds 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 distensions of the jaws. We have not heard that any fractured bones or dislocated joints were mended by a course of William Kelly's persevering 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 cathartic eruption of laughing William Kelly 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 world 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 vicious faults. The mosquito has a character which is a monotonous, unrelieved lack. 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 crime, a public 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 fiver 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.

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 in 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 young man 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., deprecates 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 rate. "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 a different race of us. If the capital 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 with one suit of clothes, a change of linen and a ramshackle trunk. Their capital is thrift, hope and an appetite for work. Their constitution was a bank which honored every draft upon it. They went out, 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 Pasenhall 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 realms celestial. It has its toughs sometimes, its degenerates occasionally, and its 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 people of inferior and neglected training. What ever 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, 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 \$29,035,000. Of the treasury notes of 1890, \$204,000 was outstanding in \$1,000 bills; \$48,735,500 in gold certificates, and \$156,000 in silver certificates, making the grand total \$73,515,500, which would seem to prove that there was 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 \$440,556,092. Then come \$5 bills, amounting to \$349,994,204, and \$20 bills, footing up \$336,531,596. 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. The thousand-dollar bill 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 Tabito 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 seventy-three pounds, though fat and plump. The pony is 7 years old and is 2 1/4 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 senior, it appears, got Lilliputian from an island off the coast of South America, between Guatemala and Samoa. 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-maned 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 parted with a handful of hair and flesh. 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 Filipino 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 productivity 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 (exclusive of local consumption) 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 1,200 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 bulletins treat of climatic conditions necessary for the best development of the cacao, which loves to

steam and sweeter in its own atmosphere, the locations best adapted to the growth of the plant, the soil, its drainage and preparation. The cacao, relatively to the size of the tree, may be planted closely, for it rejoices in a close, moisture-laden atmosphere, and thus permits a closer planting than would be admissible with any other orchard crop. The Poor Horse Rubbed. "I notice," said the observant lady to the cabby, as she handed him the strictly legal fare, "that your poor horse has got a large blister on the side of his neck. Do be careful with him, won't you?" "Yes, mum," the cabby replied; "he hurt himself turning around so often to see if any kind-hearted old party would give me an extra copper for an extra feed for him. It did happen once, and he was so surprised and pleased that he wept tears of joy, 'em all into one spot, and he ain't subsided yet."—London Tit-Bits.

An Engraver's Feast. An engraver of Odessa has engraved the entire Russian national hymn upon a grain of corn, and recently he presented the curiosity to the czar. His majesty has now forwarded to him through the Civil Governor of Odessa a gold watch and chain, with his thanks for carrying out such a laborious undertaking. The man who thinks his wife is blind to his faults is satisfied to another think.

destructive weapons of war are life-savers and peace-preservers; how the telephone will affect morals and elevate the standard of honor; how the arc light serves as good police; how the elevator is affecting social problems by placing one city on top of another; how the ocean cables, the telegraph and wireless telegraphy are creating new world-conditions which are producing a new world-life, and how the bicycle and the automobile, by securing for us better roads, will not only increase the wealth, but also improve the intellectual and moral life of the country, but the limits of this article forbid. If inventions are to be measured by their effects, by far the greatest in the history of the world was the invention of the steam engine. In 1709, the same year in which the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte were born, James Watt patented his steam engine, which was destined to exert more influence in shaping the world's future than either of these great captains put together. From the beginning, man has had to struggle with nature for his life. She scorched him; she frosted him; she starved him; she smote him with disease; she overworked and terrorized him; her winds buffeted him; her waters drowned him. Before her lightning, her floods, her cataraacts, her avalanches, her tempestuous seas, he was powerless. Against the measureless forces of nature he could oppose only his puny arm. On that arm he must rely to wrest from her his food, his garment, and shelter. Such was the unequal contest for long thousands of years. But to-day nature is man's servant; her mighty forces do his bidding, and run his errands.—Dr. Josiah B. Stoddard in Success.

A Human Candle. Candidate for Mayor—He has found something beside a candle that will answer "at old riddle." The longer it stands the shorter it grows. Friend—What is it? Candidate for Mayor—A candidate. The longer he stands for office the shorter he grows financially.—Baltimore American.

Japanese Calendars for America. One of the prettiest calendars of the year has been published in Japan. It is bound with quaint Oriental jingles in a small book which is illustrated by Japanese artists and printed on the delicate washi paper.

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AMERICANS OF PURE BLOOD STRAIN ARE FOUND IN THE APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS.

AMERICAN 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 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, which lies near the Kentucky mountains. The President of Bates 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, to 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 stills 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 renew 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.

One woman, relates Harper's Bazar, who lived in the most out-of-the-way place in all Texas for some ten years, and came back more charming than she went, explained it thus: "I never get either my dress or my mind get out of the ways of the log cabin. In their success one finds a hint of the possibility of catching up with the procession, and keeping up with it, too. What is their secret of progress, where other women fall out of the line of advance? One woman, relates Harper's Bazar, who lived in the most out-of-the-way place in all Texas for some ten years, and came back more charming than she went, explained it thus: "I never get either my dress or my mind get out of the ways of the log cabin. In their success one finds a hint of the possibility of catching up with the procession, and keeping up with it, too. What is their secret of progress, where other women fall out of the line of advance? 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