

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Western cyclone was almost as fatal as the Paris-Madrid motor race, and not any swifter.

Each Kaw Indian, under a recent act of Congress, gets 405 acres of land. Why weren't we born two Indians?

This is the season when the members of the Audubon societies are saying that a bird in the bush is worth two in the hat.

A brilliant conversationalist is one who intentionally says good things as if by accident, and accidentally says good things as if by intention.

The man who invented pie must go forgotten and unremembered, while if any one discovers a new disease or an expensive microbe he gets his picture in the papers and a street named for him.

Ten killed in one automobile race in France, four killed by motor-cars in England, and several serious if not fatal automobile accidents in the United States is the record of the modern Juggernaut for one Sunday.

A negro valet has succeeded in posing successfully as a United States vice consul. And his color did not hinder a number of white folk from doing him reverence. The color line is responsible for much that is highly diverting.

News comes from Washington that the Declaration of Independence is fading out—not the principles of the Declaration, but the ink—and hereafter it is to be kept in the dark. Unfading ink is a difficult thing to make. If Jefferson had used a typewriter for writing, the ink would have faded out long ago.

A monument to the culinary art is to be erected in the heart of the market district of Paris. It will bear a portrait in bas-relief of Vatel, the famous cook of Louis XIV., who committed suicide because the fish for a royal dinner did not arrive in time. Around the base will be figures of butchers, fowling, poultrymen and others. A most appropriate inscription for the monument would be that suggested for the tomb of the English cook: "Peace to his ashes."

Divers recently raised from the Mediterranean, off Sicily, about thirty old guns which, they say, belonged to the Dutch and Spanish ships sunk by the French in 1676. At any rate, nine of the guns are adorned with the ancient insignia of the Netherlands. There is greater treasure in the sea than out-of-date guns, and when submarine navigation has become safer, one may expect exploring expeditions in the great deep which will yield results as rich as any that crown the efforts of explorers on land.

Mr. Putnam, the publisher, has been telling the English writers that if they will do first-class work they may be always sure of appreciation in America, but that "English second and third rates are now beaten on the home field by native competitors." This is undoubtedly true. When it comes down to second and third, even fourth and fifth, rates, America leads the world and laughs and scoffs at competition. So far as literature is concerned, we make no pretensions, but in the matter of selling book covers with a fairly good measure of sixty or seventy thousand words in the way of contents we are without rivals.

One hardly knows whether to pity the czar or to smile at his attempts to learn the real feelings and wants of the Russian people. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times says the czar was much impressed by the accuracy of the weather predictions in one of the St. Petersburg papers; therefore he sent for the editor and asked him to learn and report upon the condition of the people. The incident may or may not be true. That it could be credited at all is significant of the extent to which autocracy has destroyed freedom of speech and of the press. Presidents of the United States do not have to consult the Weather Bureau to learn whether or not their party is likely to be snowed under.

Men in public life, and those who hope to enter it, could hardly find a better political creed than that which the venerable and beloved Senator Hoar of Massachusetts lately announced as his. It is this: "First, I believe that the great things that have been gained in these countless ages in which men have been dwelling on this planet—and I think we have gained great things—have been accomplished by a very slow growth indeed. So let us have the patience of God. Second, I believe that things are tending toward what is good and not toward what is bad. Third, I believe implicitly that the desires of the American people are for justice and righteousness, however much they may be misled at times. The permanent things are the stars and the sun, not the clouds or the dust."

There is a common belief that the man whose wife is out of town has a hilarious time, details of which are not to be even hinted at in print. Moralists have exploited this belief. Humorists have thrived on it. The public has been forced to accept it out of respect for its venerable age. The only man who suspects that there is nothing in it is the man whose wife is out of town. To him it is all a joke without humor, a sermon without a point. When the wife goes the husband may at first experience an exhilarating sense of freedom. He will be one of "the boys" again, he thinks. He will return to the old haunts and the old friends. He will know again for a little while the delicious thrill of bohemian irresponsibility, that must be the sweeter because of the burden of restraints he so long has borne. Yes,

for once, he will do just as he pleases. But he soon finds that somehow the old haunts are changed. The old friends are mostly missing and the rest are not the same. He tells them his wife is out of town and that he is in for a week's good time. They slap him on the back, wish him great success and—turn away. The sympathy of interest, that is the soul of friendship among men, is gone. The names are the same, the faces are the same, but all else is different. He finds himself a Rip Van Winkle come back among strangers and among old scenes and old sounds that have become strangely new. Lonesomely he wanders from one to another and finds them the same in their difference. He goes home and finds the house dark and desolate. He puts himself at ease with his feet defiantly on the furniture and imagines he is a free man. But the paper or book he takes up is intolerably dull. At last, in despair, he goes to bed. Next night he tries it all over again. There is nothing else he can do. He knows no places but the old ones. He can at least look on the old "boy" he encounters now and then stops to ask him if his wife is still gone and he is having a good time, and then—passes on. The more he of his old friends he sees the more he feels alone. So he goes home and to bed earlier than before. This night he dreams that the bonds he had so gladly cast aside were precious strings of jewels. He wakes to a realization that the whole world has not changed, but that he has. He sees that the sympathies, the interests and the impulses that were his when he was one of "the boys" can no more be recalled by him now than can the years that divide them from him. He finds it dull business—this being free from the sympathies, the customs, the attentions, the companionship that have become so important a part of his life. When at last she comes home again he is at the station an hour ahead of the train. And yet, the world persists in accepting it as settled that this man has had the "time of his life."

Let Reason Prevail.

CROSS the country strikes are in prospect or under way; and mingled with the reports is the announcement that the employers have united to resist the desired advance in pay and what they are pleased to term the unreasonable demands of unionized workers.

This clashing of interests is most unfortunate. Its prolongation means the postponement of the erection of numerous buildings and the abandonment altogether of many more. Perhaps 1,000,000 men are idle because of the strikes in the building trades, and this entails a loss of \$3,000,000 a day in wages to the toilers, much of which can never be regained even with the resumption of work.

These disturbances are the inevitable accompaniment of prosperity, the only regrettable feature of an otherwise most satisfactory condition. As business increases the cost of living goes up, and then the wage earner, desiring to participate in the improvement, asks an equitable share of the returns of capital. Sometimes this is fully met; but only partly so; in instances ignored completely. Out of the dissatisfaction come strikes and occasionally lockouts. This in turn breeds hatred between the employer and employee where before amicable relations existed. From every point of view the situation is deplorable.

Employers are organizing to an extent never before known. The workmen are powerful and confident of carrying to a successful issue anything they wage battle for. With both sides well equipped and determined a desperate struggle is ahead and can only be avoided by treating the questions leading up to it with calmness, with fairness, with the idea uppermost that exact justice must be done to both parties. With this spirit dominating capitalist and workman a way out of the difficulty can be found honorable alike to each. Let reason prevail and the strikes and lockouts will be a thing of the past.—Utica Globe.

The Successful Man.

THE real successful man must combine in himself good stock, physical health, education, mental penetration and concentration, persistency, energy, enthusiasm, cheerfulness of disposition and politeness of demeanor.

Moral qualities are indispensable to true success. They are important in securing merely earthly advancement. There is a tendency in virtue to temporal prosperity.

Not all good people prosper, but the rule is that virtue has an earthly reward. The healthiest, wealthiest and wisest nations of the earth are the ones where the standard of morals is the highest.

Benevolence is an element of success. There is a law of benevolence which seems to run through all human endeavor.

The man who tills the farm that his fellows may have food and raiment, who builds a house where a home is enshrined and a family raised, who founds a business where just wages are paid, who makes at any trade a needed article, who contributes to the natural welfare of men, is a real benefactor.

There is no learned profession which does not express a benevolent spirit. Generosity pays; there is a giving which gets, a throwing away of seed on the ground which comes back in an increased harvest.

In the arithmetic of life, subtraction is often addition and division is multiplication. He who most faithfully serves his customers, clients, patients, scholars, pupils, employees, employer, will, as a rule, have the largest temporal success.

He only is fit for mastery in any calling who serves best. The leader of a nation can have no royalty like that of serving the humblest subjects of his realm.—New York American.

Where Theory Fails.

THE Collegiate Alumnae Association having "discovered" how a family of four persons can live on \$3.78 cents a day for food, we are once more brought to the oft-discussed question of how little money a human being can exist upon.

The boasted discovery, however, is not a discovery after all, for there are in Chicago to-day a great many thousands of families who discovered it for themselves long before the Collegiate Association thought of it. There are countless families that discovered, from sheer force of necessity, that a family can live on much less than ten cents a day, per capita.

As an unpleasant reflection that in this land of plenty so many persons should be compelled to exist on a body-starving, soul-starving scale of life, but that such should

be to whom he was engaged. The couple became involved in a dispute over a trivial matter, and the young woman declared her engagement off. Mr. Fisher left the house, and after wandering about the streets for some time, left Baltimore for New York. He at once wrote to his former fiancée, apologizing for his rude conduct and begging her forgiveness, but she was bent upon punishing him and did not reply to his letter. Fisher then left New York and went to Albany, from which place he wrote again to the young woman, saying that he would not burden her again with his petitions, and that he intended to commit suicide. The young woman then replied to his letter and asked his forgiveness, but the letter was returned with the stamp upon it, "Not found," and nothing has been heard from the young man since that day.—New York Tribune.

Wakes by Electricity.

There is in Mobile a gentleman who in the past has been in the habit of oversleeping in the morning hours, and as his business requires that he come down street early it is essential that he should awaken at a certain hour. Time after time he came late to his appointments, in spite of alarm clocks and other appliances to get his eyes opened at the proper time. One morning last week he came into the office on time to the minute, the others in the office expressed great surprise at this unusual event and asked the whyfore of it. He thus explained:

"I determined that this business of sleeping when I should be awake had to stop, so I called in an electrician and he fixed me up a few things. I have it so arranged that at the hour set a light flashes in my eyes. If this is not successful and I do not get up and throw the switch a mosquito bar and the frame falls on me. If I still slumber and sleep a gong like the one used on the patrol wagon goes off. Should I fail to notice all of these things there is over my bed a bucket filled with water, having a small nozzle attached, and a racket releases a stop so that a stream of water is squirted into my face. When I sleep through all these it will be time to order my coffin."—Mobile Register.

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EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

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be the fact is a natural consequence of the invasion of the great cities by people ill-prepared to earn a living in the city. A poor man, with a family and without any special business or trade, is more apt to find himself reduced to the 10-cents-a-day table than otherwise.

There should be some means of helping these thousands of ill-advised, incompetent, enslaved men to a more independent livelihood. The first thing that suggests itself is farming. There are obstacles in the way, of course. Most of the city poor are ignorant of agriculture, and contemptuous of it. The city has fascinations for them, even greater than its hardships. Education, both in the spirit and method of cultivating the land, is the prime requisite. How to bring about this education is the problem that has troubled many minds interested in enticing the crowded poor into the country.

But other forms of education are more easily available. Every boy should be embarked upon some definite plan of life. If he is not to be a farmer, he should be taught a trade or business that will be tolerably sure to command more than a 10-cents-a-day fare in the future life, and not left to grow up a general fountabait. The time may come when the public scheme of education may embrace some such policy. Until then, the fathers of the land are largely responsible for their sons' futures.—Chicago Journal.

American Railroad Rates.

ONE by one the old Ulterior complaints against the Transvaal administration are being vindicated. The latest is that concerning railroad rates. It was said that the excessively high rates charged by the state railroads under the Kruger monopoly were a grave handicap to nearly all industry and were absolutely prohibitive to many enterprises. These railroads are now under British administration. It is interesting to observe what action has been taken toward remedying the grievance of high rates.

Lord Milner states that the reductions made will amount in gross to \$2,700,000 a year. That is a large sum to be saved to the industries of South Africa. It means a reduction of 40 per cent on freight rates on food and general supplies for workingmen, of 25 per cent on the great mass of miscellaneous freight, and of from 10 to 15 per cent on cement, iron and steel and other heavy goods. Some reductions in ocean freight rates have also been made by the steamship lines plying between England and the Cape. These changes will all go into effect on July 1.

It is authoritatively estimated that this reduction of rates on supplies for the mines will make possible the profitable operations of no fewer than one hundred low grade mines, with an output of \$90,000,000 a year. It will mean a proportionate increase of profits to mines now in operation. It will also mean a marked development of agricultural and other industries, tending to make the Transvaal a country of varied and symmetrical growth. At the same time the volume of traffic will be so increased that the railroads will actually be more profitable under the lower than they were under the higher rates. Such results will be a strong vindication of the new administration.—New York Tribune.

The Extinction of Tuberculosis.

WHEN the world went wild with enthusiasm over the supposed discovery of a method of extinguishing pulmonary tuberculosis by means of tuberculin injections, an unknown and now forgotten writer said that had Professor Koch succeeded in his aim it would have been the greatest curse imaginable to the human race. The reason given for this seemingly extravagant statement was that the moral and social origin of the disease would have been neglected, and the relation of moral and physical disease can never be safely ignored. Malum and morbus are often the same, at least so intimately connected that one cannot be eliminated from human life without the other. The most striking proof of this now comes out in the fact that Koch himself admits and even preaches that the great decrease in the death rate from tuberculosis has been and will still be due to sanitary and social betterment, but chiefly to the improvement in the condition of the workingmen's lives through government insurance, etc. In other words, what may be called the morals of infectious diseases are being recognized. The conditions that breed and scatter physical contagion are precisely those that degrade and moralize the soul and character. Rightness of physical living is necessary to righteousness, and vice versa. Koch, the author of tuberculin, forgot this truth; Koch, the sanitarian, now preaches it.—American Medicine.

Dragged Down by a Ship.

In the Edinburgh Medical Journal James A. Lawson gives an interesting description of his thrilling experience when he was dragged under water by a sinking ship. When he was far down in the swirling waters he felt further down, for the surface, but only went further down. This exertion was a serious waste of breath, and after what appeared to be ten or fifteen seconds the effort of inspiration could no longer be restrained, and pressure of the chest began to develop.

The most striking thing he remembered was the great pain in the chest, which increased at every effort of expiration and inspiration. It seemed as if he were in a vise, which was gradually being screwed up, until it felt as if the sternum and spinal column must break. The "gurgling" process became more frequent for about ten seconds, and hope was then extinguished.

The pressure after these gulps seemed unbearable, but gradually the pain seemed to ease up, as the carbonic acid was accumulating in the blood. At the same time the efforts at inspiration, with their accompanying gulps of water, occurred at longer and longer intervals. The writer's mental condition was then such that he appeared to be in a pleasant dream, but still had enough will power to think of friends at home, etc. Before finally losing consciousness the chest pain had completely disappeared, and sensation was actually pleasant. When consciousness returned he found himself on the surface of the water (probably from the action of the life belt), and finally managed to reach shore.

A Bridge of Coffins.

One of the most curious bridges ever built, perhaps unique in the history of the world, was that made by the British troops in China in 1890. They were marching on Pekin, but found their progress barred by a flooded river of considerable width and depth. A timber party was formed, but found nothing to cut down or borrow suitable for a bridge. At last a huge store of coffins was discovered in the village, and with these the Tommies built their bridge and crossed alive over the receptacles for the dead.

His Valuable Schooling.

"What interesting sermons you preach!" "Yes. The time I should have been in a theological seminary I spent in sowing my wild oats."

LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER AT 79.

Remarkable Record of Mrs. Nancy Rose, of Stony Point, N. Y.

The caretaker of a light-house for fifty years is the remarkable record of Mrs. Nancy Rose, one of the oldest light-house keepers in the government service, who is stationed on the Hudson river, of Stony Point, N. Y. Mrs. Rose first did the work for her husband, who was appointed in 1852.

Upon the death of Mr. Rose, in 1857, Mrs. Nancy Rose was appointed his successor, but in reality she was not continuing her work. She is now in the neighborhood of 79, but looks and acts like a woman younger by 15 years. Mrs. Rose is still active, which she must be to perform her duties; her eyes and hearing remain good, and she looks after the lights and the great fog bell with as much enthusiasm as she showed years ago.

It must not be supposed that living at Stony Point makes Mrs. Rose's life lonesome. She has a pretty little cottage and with her are a daughter and son, the latter being supervisor of the village of Stony Point.

To the north of the cottage, but a few steps away, on slightly higher ground, stands the larger light-house of the two, white and solid, on the hill top. An eighth of a mile away, rising from the edge of the water, is another tower, containing a red lantern light, and a fog bell. Every night must burn all night and every night, until the ice gets so thick that even the big river craft have to break through the eight-inch ice have to be up for the winter. That happens in January usually, sometimes in February, and once in a long time the season is so mild that Mrs. Rose's lights shine every night all winter long. And it is in the winter that the work is the hardest.

At midnight the lamps in the big light-house must be changed. If the weather be thick the keeper must go down to the lower tower at least once in three and three-quarter hours to wind the clock that every fifteen seconds rings the fog bell.

The Point in winter is swept with the cold winds which follow, unobstructed, the path of the river. The height of the upper tower exposes it to the full sweep of the gale. Then the walk down to the water front is icy and blocked with snow, and to descend is an unpleasant feat for a younger person in the dead of night, and is a deed almost heroic when accomplished by a woman whose years are almost 80.

And on occasional winter nights even more must be done. The winds carry sleet, and the heat within the light-houses causes frost to form on the windows and dim the lights. On many such nights Mrs. Rose goes out and braved the storm while she rubbed the glass with glycerine until the light shows clear again, and often, too, until her hands became numb with cold.

So much for the work at night. By day there are the lamps to be cleaned and filled, the wicks to be trimmed, and most of all the big, chimneylike, refracting lenses, which give the light its brilliancy, must be polished until they shine with the blue and white prismatic sparkle of the cut glass on a dinner table.

No fault could be found—nor has any ever been found—with the condition in which Mrs. Rose keeps the government property. Inspectors come unheralded and unexpected, but they never find her unprepared, because she takes pride in her charge. The lights receive all the care a woman can give them, and, at such sort of work, a woman can do her duty much more efficiently than a man.

Two of Them.

A man who had just finished a comfortable meal at a restaurant, and the evening suddenly rose up from under his chair, caught up his hat and umbrella, and rushed out of the building.

"Stop him!" exclaimed the proprietor. "That fellow went out without paying!"

"I'll stop him," said a determined-looking man, who rose up hastily from a table near where the other had sat. "He took my gold-headed umbrella! I'll stop him, and I'll bring him back in charge of a police officer, the scoundrel!"

Without a moment's pause he dashed out of the house in hot pursuit of the conscienceless villain. And the proprietor, a cold, hard, unsympathetic kind of man, has somehow begun to suspect that neither of them will ever come back.

Melt Away Before Civilization.

The disappearance of aboriginal peoples before our advancing civilization as seen in the islands of the Pacific is being repeated in various settlements of the far north. In twenty years the inhabitants of Labrador have decreased from 30,000 to 15,000. The natives of southwestern Greenland now number but 10,000, and they require assistance from the Danish government. The extermination of the seal, walrus and polar bear by whalers has reduced the Alaskan Eskimo from perhaps 3,000 to about 500. The Eskimo at Smiths Sound, who a dozen years ago numbered 300, are reported by Peary as being reduced to about 200.

Only a Pair of Bulls.

"Who lives in that big house on the corner, Dennis?" "The Widdy O'Malley, sor, who is dead."

"Indeed! When did she die?" "If she had lived till next Sunday she would have been dead a year."—Kansas City Star.

Squally Weather.

"I am afraid," said the commodore's small son, as he saw his mother preaching with a frown and a slipper, "that those clouds on ma's face indicate a squally breeze."

Thereupon he scuttled himself.—Smart Set.

VERMONT'S LAST "PAINTER."

Two Countrymen Track and Kill Him and Get \$12 State Bounty.

"They're people in Vermont as thought that the painters was all dead," said "Black Bear Joe" of Hen Mountain to a writer in the Boston Journal.

Joe is a writer in the Boston Journal as he sat on a barrel in the back shop of a Main street store in Burlington. "But they want. I heered one on 'em screed up that night this winter, an' I friz my blood up tighter'n a drum."

"I came down to the Montgomery Center way 'tother day, an' there I heerd tell on the biggest painter that I ever seen."

"Some folks call 'em painters an' some folks call 'em wildcats. But the real name, I heered tell when I was down to the sportsman's show, was a mountain lion. Them's the critters that they let the President shoot down in Arizona, an' they is scheduled to run up as far as Canada an' down across the northern end o' New York an' over into Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont."

"Bakersfield mountain is 'bout the last place you'd expect to find a real live painter. But they killed one there 'tother day."

"Some of the boys was out in the hills gunning an' digging spruce gum an' the like when they came upon the critter's tracks. They was big enough to be a tiger's steps an' one of the lads found where a fox had been caught and eaten. The snow was all tracked down and bloody like and the hide was torn up hide and skin it of careful like an' roll it up on the ground."

"None of the young fellows could make out what the tracks was. But of Toddy Sheldon, who is now going on to 71 years, an' I suppose has killed more than seventy bears, shook his head and said to the young uns, as he he: 'That's a painter, or my name ain't Theodore. I'm 70, but I'm blessed if I don't git out the old gun an' have a try at the \$12 that his hide'll bring in bounty.'"

"He an' William H. Jewett polished up their guns an' set out. They found where a deer had been pulled down an' her throat bitten by the painter, but the deer had evidently shook the brute off an' got away. After running a long distance it fell and died. Probably the painter was too full of his earlier dinner to follow an' so he never knew that the deer died."

"They got some of their dogs on the track of the painter, an' after a lively chase they found the trail leading down into Cold hollow. Now, Cold hollow is a valley that no one else ever had good luck hunting in. Call that the painter would 'a' had if they had gone there, but the name sorter gives all the Bakersfield mountain boys cold feet to hear, an' they have fought shy of it."

"The painter was lying along a big o' maple when they came up with their dogs in leash an' after letting out one or two of his bloody screeches he went into the trees and began running along an' jumping from limb to limb as a tree to tree. Every now and then he would stop an' sorter turn back to fight but the dogs troubled him. I callate a full-sized painter will tackle a man any time, specially at night."

"At last the dogs driv' him into a tree that stood all alone an' there he turned to his. Jewett fired at him, the ball going through the shoulder muscles. The great cat fell sprawling into the snow, but immediately ran up to other tree, where a bullet, fired from the rifle of Sheldon, reached his brain."

"Old as I am I'd give a year of the best end of my life ter have shot the last painter in Vermont, for I callate that's what it was. Ain't been none shot here for fifty years as I know on."

"When I was a boy they pulled down cattle an' children 'most every day. Sheldon an' Jewett took him to the town clerk of Montgomery Center an' collected \$12 bounty. Might just well close the account. Ain't no more coming in."

Back to the Farm.

After ten years as a St. Louis policeman Hugh McMahon told of life in a great city and has gone back to the country. Like Clarence the Cop, he has been "transferred again," but this time at his own wish.

He has gone back from the force to the farm; from politics to potatoes; from courts to carrots; from station to stable; from clubs to cloaks; from "plug-uglies" to plugs; from "pinches" to parsnips; from mud to meadows; from garbage to garden; from blood to blossoms.