

# TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

These Turkish atrocities are becoming nearly as deadly as football.

Nome's gold output will be small this year, but its graveyard keeps growing rapidly.

Peru can certainly report progress. It has seated a new President with no shouting.

It must be bargain day when the assessor calls, because fortunes are always marked down.

Mr. Peary will make another dash for the pole and then another dash for the box office receipts.

"What would the nation be without women?" fruitfully asks a magazine writer. That's easy, Stag nation.

A German missionary has been attacked by Chinese pirates. Another big chunk of territory for Wilhelm.

Land grabbers have shown a contemptuous disregard of "Keep off the grass" signs in the Indian Territory.

Buenos Ayres has come to the front with 900,000 inhabitants. It seems that there are others besides us after all.

It will never do to again speak of Vesuvius as "she" or "her" after learning that it has thrown rocks a distance of 900 feet.

In reply to "Please Answer," we would say that the Sublime Porte is so called because of its sublime nerve and sublime indifference.

President Roosevelt condemns the use of profanity. In the President's estimation no stronger swear word than "bully" is ever necessary.

All the powers have agreed upon it that the Sultan is to be reformed, but it is doubtful if they will succeed in convincing the Sultan that such is the case.

A London soapmaker is clamoring for the next chance at racing for the cup. The excellence of Sandy Hook as an advertising medium is being properly recognized.

A man slipped on a banana peel, fell under a train and lost a hand. If people generally realized the peril that lurks in the innocent-looking banana peel they would make their wills and carry accident insurance.

The chewing gum trust recently distributed \$900,000 in dividends. This sum represents 90,000,000 sticks of gum at the retail price of a cent a stick. How many million other sticks were sold to yield that profit is an interesting problem which the reader may try to solve if he chooses.

It is reported that a man who has spent many days and many nights with people as well as with books, and that he has lived in the hearts of persons of the twentieth century. For such a man, skilled in the knowledge of the human heart, consumed with love of the human race, and disciplined by study and meditation, there will always be an audience. In literature the man who thinks he can write because he has studied Ruskin's construction of sentences is rescued from immediate oblivion only by the observer's momentary laughter. In the church the man who thinks he can preach because he has studied Newman's figures of speech will have the same fate. The sermon writer needs an even deeper acquaintance with common things and with common people than the story writer. The story writer simply shows us things and people in their spiritual possibilities. A professor of common sense in a theological seminary could talk on this point every day and never talk too much.

Barbarous Punishment. It was sixty years ago that England abolished flogging at sea; it has long been abolished in our army and navy; and now the Czar of Russia has abolished the harshest remnants of the barbaric punishments of former times, namely, castigation with cudgels and cat-o-nine tails, chaining to the car and shaving the head, which were still inflicted for certain offenses on persons exiled to penal settlements or to the mines. Castigation with the cat-o-nine tails and even with cudgels not infrequently ended in death, and was one of the harshest forms of the death penalty, being death by torture. The abolition of the cudgel and of the "cat" does not, however, mean the abolition of corporal punishment altogether. The revised statute of June 15 prescribes chastisement with birch rods up to 100 blows. Barbaric punishment can be inflicted by birch rods, if not as severely as by "cat" or cudgel. The better way would be to abolish punishment by flagellation altogether.—Leslie's Weekly.

Kaiser Wilhelm's Modesty. At dinner one night when the Emperor was staying with Lord Londsdale, a guest talking to another across the table quoted a little known passage from Shakespeare, and that there should be no mistake as to its source, ended with the words, "as the divine William said." There happened to be a lull in the conversation at the time, and the remark was audible to every one, the Emperor included. Turning to his host, the Emperor said, with a puzzled expression: "Curiously, I do not remember that my sainted grandfather ever said that!"—M. A. P.

Sermons and Illumination. Tom—Wasn't it lonely out in the country? Jerry—Lonely? We had crickets and lightning-bugs in our bedroom every night.—Detroit Free Press.

Chinese Crews on Board. Over 1,500 British vessels flying in eastern waters are manned by Chinese crews.

and companionship and devotion, and the cow, the next animal to be domesticated and to give her milk, should have been held sacred? The history of civilization is a development of worship. By superstitions—if you care to call them that—man has been lighted on his way to progress. Yet we know no more about immortality to-day than the first cave man did in the beginning. The Indian still hopes for a land rich in game, the Turk for a celestial barren, the Christian and the Jew for gates of gold and streets of Jasper, the Asiatic for reincarnations on earth. The scoffer, noting these contradictions, pretends they are all but misty superstitions. Maybe they are. Perhaps they are only shadows of the truth. But the truth itself—the firm belief in immortality—has been through countless cycles of generations inbred in the human mind; it is the very core of all civilization, the nucleus of all development, the force of all progress, and it can no more be cast out of a single mind than can the difference between a human brain and that of a monkey. The proof? The world is full of it. The whole history of the development of man is proof of what the belief has done for him. The whole vast landscape that lies to-day between mankind and apes is proof.

If chairs of common sense will bring young ministers into contact with common things and common people, let us have chairs of common sense in all the theological seminaries in the country. We are all tired of the ministers who know so little of common things and of common people that they have to preach about Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions, or about Shakespeare's heroines, or about Huxley's mistakes. Archaeology, metaphysics, poetry and science can all be made interesting and illuminating to a congregation, but only by a man who knows how and where to apply them to the lives of his auditors. Therefore the minister must know the lives of his auditors. What are the books that people read nowadays? They are not usually the books written by recluses. They are not usually the books written by men who have received a purely literary and academic training, and who have lived purely literary and academic lives. They are the books written by men like Mark Twain, Bret Harte, George Ade, Stephen Phillips, Lincoln J. Steffens, Jack London, Rudyard Kipling, and many others, great and small, who have actually seen the things they are writing about. This is an age for the man who knows the world about him and not for the man who draws his spiritual sustenance from written records. What is true of books is true of sermons. We have no time for the minister who reads all the week and Sunday morning disgorges himself of his reading. What we want is a sermon permeated, it is true, with superior learning, but nevertheless constructed out of the daily facts of daily existence. This does not mean that a good minister must preach about women's hats or about the latest murder. The title of his sermon may be "The Stigmata of St. Francis." As he discusses the stigmata of St. Francis, however, one will perceive in his illustrations and in his applications that he has spent many days and many nights with people as well as with books, and that he has lived in the hearts of persons of the twentieth century. For such a man, skilled in the knowledge of the human heart, consumed with love of the human race, and disciplined by study and meditation, there will always be an audience. In literature the man who thinks he can write because he has studied Ruskin's construction of sentences is rescued from immediate oblivion only by the observer's momentary laughter. In the church the man who thinks he can preach because he has studied Newman's figures of speech will have the same fate. The sermon writer needs an even deeper acquaintance with common things and with common people than the story writer. The story writer simply shows us things and people in their spiritual possibilities. A professor of common sense in a theological seminary could talk on this point every day and never talk too much.

Sturdy American Figure. Thomas Ewing, Our First Secretary of the Interior.

Certain events in the Indian office have directed attention to that department and have caused comparisons to be made between the present head thereof and the first secretary, Thomas Ewing. In sterling integrity they were alike; in the experiences of their lives wholly unlike. Ewing is one of those interesting figures of American history whose many...

During the Civil War Ewing gave, through the press and by correspondence and personal interviews, his counsel and influence to the support of the national authorities. While he devoted much of his time to political subjects, the law was his favorite study and pursuit. He early won and maintained throughout his life unquestionable supremacy at the Ohio bar, and ranked in the Supreme Court of the United States among the foremost lawyers of the nation.

In 1829, just after his father's death, General William T. Sherman, then a boy of 9, was adopted by Mr. Ewing, who afterward appointed him to the United States Academy, and in 1850, Sherman married Ellen, the daughter of his benefactor.

Some of Them Have a Hard Time in Tiding Over. In summer what becomes of the numbers of stage people who return to the metropolis penniless at the close of the season? How do they live? These questions were put to the manager of the theatrical agency in Broadway. "Indigent landlords, friends in the country, and parents in the city solve the summer problem for hosts of theatrical people," replied the agent. "An actor would sooner starve than be seen by his mates working at an other trade. About 75 per cent of those who remain here get trusted for their summer's board and lodging. They pay up, in most cases, in the course of the next season, sending from week to week to the landlords sufficient to cancel their summer's indebtedness."

"Of course," went on the agent, "they're not all improvident. See that little girl going out?" He pointed to a petite figure in the ceaseless stream of applicants. "Got plenty of money—enough to last her until the season opens and a bit to spare. They call her stingy on the road, because she won't spend her money. Look's is on her side now. Many of 'em come here without a rag to their backs for sum-

# EDITORIALS

### OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

#### Fuel of the Future.

IT was recently calculated that the visible coal supply—which is never visible till it is brought to the surface, hence the real meaning is, the calculated supply—would last the world for about a hundred years longer. But within a few weeks reports of remarkable discoveries of new beds have been brought from the Middle West, where anthracite is alleged to have been discovered; from the South, especially in Tennessee, about 70 miles from Knoxville, and in the Peace River region of Alabama, where it is claimed that 250,000,000 tons are "in sight." The supplies in China are also considerable and if Grant Land and Grinnell Land can be reached more easily in future, there are deposits in those Arctic regions that may be worked at a profit.

And in spite of the activities of forest choppers and burners, farmers, and others who utilize the products of the soil, the world is still putting forth so considerable a quantity of vegetation that the making of new coal may be going on, unconsciously to us, and not to be completed for centuries. Every bog is a possible peat bed, and peat is but unhardened coal. The great fern forests and marshes of calamus that we are burning now under our boilers and in grates no longer exist, but we have certain of their analogues, and no attempt has been made by scientific authorities to estimate the mass or value of potential fuel that is being stored in odd corners of the earth to-day.

But possibly the fuel of the future will be water. That is, we shall not turn much of it, but we shall use it for heating purposes by converting the force of its fall into electric currents, as they are doing already at Niagara and on the upper Hudson. For our posterity the blazing hearth shall not burn; the family will collect about a steel plate, on cold nights, and do the cooking over a metal basket. Most of the wood will be obliterated by that time, and with them of course, the streams will go; hence we must look to see the power of the ocean converted to electricity. But it is a comfort for thought that we have coal to burn for a few years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

#### Farms and Farmers.

IN a long and thoughtful editorial, the Chicago Tribune of recent date dwells upon one feature in our agricultural situation that is far from reassuring to the man trained to think along American lines. Statistics are marshalled to show convincingly that the percentage of farmers who own and operate their land has been steadily diminishing for years, tenant farming showing a corresponding increase. In 1880, 74.4 per cent of the farms were operated by their owners. In 1890 the percentage had fallen to 71.6, and by the census of 1900 is shown to have dropped to 63.7. Coincident with this decline has been a gradual but very perceptible growth in the average size of farms. It was 136.5 acres in 1880 and 146.6 acres in 1900. There can be no mistaking the trend. It is in the direction of larger holdings and an increase of the landlord class.

All this is to be expected by one who has studied the tendency of our people to flock into the towns and cities. The strength of this tendency is amply exhibited in census figures. Away back in 1790 only 3.4 per cent of the population lived in towns of 8,000 people or more. By 1860 this proportion had risen to 16.1 per cent. It was 22.6 per cent in 1880, and no less than 33.1 per cent in 1900. There is thus outlined what amounts to a revolution in the last twenty or thirty years. Our farmers, having secured a competence, retire to the cities, where they may enjoy advantages not to be had in rural communities. Their land is rented to tenants, and whatever of surplus income accrues is forthwith invested in increasing their holdings. Their children, bred to city life, cling to it, so that farming is more and more given over to the hands of those who have not the intelligence and energy that characterized the farmer of twenty years ago or more. It is not difficult to see in all this the operation of the same economic and social laws that have developed conditions in the Old

World. They have been retarded by our institutions, no doubt, and in case we adhere to present ideals, liberty and their action may not be destructive to personal liberty and national vitality as in other countries, ancient and modern. At the same time, there are few who will not regret that the day of the small, independent American farmer is giving way to that of the landlord.—New York News.

#### Money in Fact and Fiction.

THESE are strange times in the accumulation of fortunes—strange times in which a man could ever have made them. Think of it for a moment! Andrew Carnegie, a canny little Scotch boy, came to this unknown land a few decades ago barefooted, and last year offered to settle the Venezuelan imbroglio between Germany, England, France, and Italy and the South American republic by loaning Venezuela the entire sum of these international debts. And yet a fortune so huge as to permit of such offers is as nothing to the power of another man. Mr. Rockefeller, personally a quiet American citizen from Cleveland, a simple liver, with few habits of luxury, could easily buy half a dozen of the independent kingdoms of Europe; could without feeling it to any great extent in his pocketbook take up the debts of all the republics of Central and South America.

Again, in 1844, Alexander Dumas published a book called "The Count of Monte Cristo," the basis of which is the fabulous wealth of an individual. The Count finds a cave full of almost priceless jewels. He buys men's lives; he spends money everywhere; he comes to Paris with a notice from his Italian bankers giving him unlimited credit on a Paris bank. There is no limit on what he can draw from M. Danglers. It is entirely unprecedented. Nothing like it was ever known before. He draws five millions of francs, and ruins the banker, and still no complaint from his Roman house. He rights wrongs; he saves more lives; he punishes the guilty by the use of unlimited wealth. And then by and by he leaves Maximilian on the island of Monte Cristo with his bride and sails away. As Maximilian sees his ship disappear on the horizon, he finds Monte Cristo's will leaving him his whole fortune. This fortune, Dumas suggests in two or three places, was one hundred million francs—\$20,000,000. It is the greatest private fortune the Frenchman could conceive of in 1844—it is considerably less than the income of John D. Rockefeller in 1903.—Harper's Weekly.

#### Hard Working Human Heart.

SOME one with an aptitude for statistics has been doing a little calculating on the subject of the human heart and its activities. The normal heart, it appears, beats about seventy-five times in a minute, so that an hour's record would be something like 4,320 beats. Supposing that a man lived to be 50, his heart would have beaten 1,802,100,000 times. If a son of this man, more robust than his father, should fill out the Scriptural allotment of three-score years and ten his heart beats would number 2,640,024,000. It is easy to understand, after such a computation, why this hard-working servant of the human body so frequently wears out.—Harper's Weekly.

#### Fresh Air and Sound Health.

THERE are many persons who seem afraid of the fresh air. A little rain, a little wind, a little fog, a little chill in the air will keep them within doors. Going out, they bundle up in clothes so thickly that one would think they were tender shrubs transplanted from some more genial clime. The healthy people, however, are not the health cranks, not the people who run to the doctor every time they feel an ache. They are the people who walk a great deal in the fresh air, who live in the open as much as they can, and who take a vacation in the country every year.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## THE AMERICAN GIANT IS THE AMERICAN SCHOOL CHILD

**The American Giant**  
IS THE AMERICAN SCHOOL CHILD - THIS BOY REPRESENTS 15,603,000 SCHOOL CHILDREN UNDER INSTRUCTION

**THE GERMAN STANDING ARMY IS COMPOSED OF 605,811 MEN**

**THE AMERICAN STANDING ARMY IS MADE UP OF 63,000 MEN**

**RELATIVE PROPORTION OF THE GERMAN ARMY OF THE U.S. IN COMPARISON - SON**

A STARTLING AND SIGNIFICANT COMPARISON. The American giant is the American school child. Under instruction in the public schools of the United States are 15,603,000 children. Of these 7,841,570 are boys and 7,761,430 girls. In Chicago, according to the census of 1902, there were 230,421 children in the schools, making an average yearly increase of 15,871. The increase this year is much greater, the estimates of attendance ranging from 254,000.

The statistics for 1903 show that the entire German army, with peace footing, is composed of 605,811 men, while the army of the United States in 1902, while on a peace footing, numbered only 63,000 men—the American.

#### ASSESSES THE HIGHEST PEAK.

Miss Peck Performs Remarkable feat in South America. Aided by oxygen carried in cans and other carefully selected helps to the modern mountain climber, a woman—Miss Annie S. Peck of Chicago—has attained the highest altitude ever reached by man. She has accomplished the feat of ascending Mount Sorata, in Bolivia, whose height is estimated from 21,000 to 25,000 feet, and is exceeded only by the unconquered peaks of the Himalayas.

Some scientists believe Sorata to be even higher than the Himalaya peaks, and it is possible that when the measurements made by Miss Peck's expedition are received man will be known to have reached the highest point in the world, and the honor of having accomplished this will be a woman's.

Miss Peck, who is well known as a mountain climber and is known socially in Chicago and other large cities of the country, was accompanied on the trip by President W. A. G. T. Tight of the University of New Mexico and three guides, one of whom is Antoine Maguinas, who guided Sir Martin Conway, the noted English explorer, when he attempted and failed to do what Miss Peck has accomplished.

The ascent of Mount Sorata crowns a remarkable career of mountain climbing by a woman who in a few years has ascended the highest peaks of Europe and America, including Mount Orizaba in Mexico, which is 18,900 feet high, and next to Mount McKinley, is the highest peak in North America, Mount McKinley being 20,900 feet. Miss Peck is a graduate of the University of Michigan and formerly was professor of Latin at Smith College.

FURNISHINGS OF A HOME. Essence of Elegance Lies in Simplicity and Good Taste. There is no idea more erroneous than that it requires a liberal expenditure of money to have a comfortable and artistic home. The very essence of elegance lies in simplicity. It is not art to make a parlor the duplicate of an exhibition room in a furniture store. That simply calls for an outlay of money without any exercise of taste. There is no tone to such a room—no air of repose, no comfort, no individuality. It speaks for what it is—an ex-

hibition. A room of that sort is just in the same way as down-bred woman who cannot grow down she is wearing. Furniture has a voice just as well as clothes. True art in furnishing lies in allowing a home to adapt itself under the tastes of those who live there. The development required and cultivation. No house worth the name can be complete at one time. Home of comfort unfolds itself as it speaks, and unfolds slowly. Improvement comes in this way, and no other way.

Everything about a home depends upon the way its possessors think. Beginning made without the things given to what we are buying things waste; it means buying things before long we are certain to get not what we wanted, and that we are sure to become tired. In haste means repeating of things. Where the income is limited, particularly must be exercised in the selection of choice.

We must let our home speak for itself. Like and dislike. The home should speak its owners' tastes, and not the tastes and ideas of the neighbors or friends. Complete a house rarely is in place to satisfy the owner's own tastes. Let the nature people or neighbors. Let the owner's own originality, and let the nature people or neighbors. Let the owner's own originality, and let the nature people or neighbors. Let the owner's own originality, and let the nature people or neighbors.

Rain and Disease Grow. In Chicago in May, as in other cities there had been no rain for three weeks. Six glass plates were exposed in the streets for one minute. The plates were then incubated, so that each particle of dust to which a germ clinging would soon be exposed with a colony of germs would be seen and counted. The result per plate was 1,500 colonies. The number of germs following nearly an inch of rain, and on the next day when the plates were exposed at the same height, were exposed at the same height, were exposed at the same height, were exposed at the same height.

Means of Transportation. The railroad car will carry as many as twenty times as many passengers as the great ocean steamer, and transport as much as 400,000,000 cars carry.

It is a good sign when a woman endorses husbands and wives love with each other.

No one ever fooled the people with false teeth.