

Topics of the Times

One tallow dip is worth a bushel of dead lamps.

A rough remedy is better than the most elaborate regrets.

Most of our time is spent in getting used to the things we didn't expect.

Man, unlike other objects of nature, decreases in size the closer you get to him.

"A bank cashier loses \$30,000 and flees." Can this be considered a double loss?

If genius and egotism always went together there would be a lot more genius.

Those who try to make the best of everything generally get the best of everything.

Other States may boast of their captains of industry, but Kentucky has her colonels.

By common consent the new battleship New Jersey will be assigned to the Mosquito fleet.

The world could worry along with a good deal less smartness in stock if only it might carry a heavier line of sympathy and a simple neighborliness.

Those Russian editors who are rejoicing in the liberties they now enjoy should try a few months of editing in America to get a grasp of what freedom of the press really means.

A Baltimore street car conductor who found \$2,000 in his car was given a reward of 25 cents when he returned the money to its owner. Hetty Green wasn't in Baltimore at the time, either.

Prof. Ross of the Nebraska University says every family should have four children. Parents who have already exceeded the limit may adopt their own plans for getting rid of the surplus.

A man with a turn for practical joking undertook to hold up a friend at a secluded spot under cover of darkness. It proved to be a huge joke, all right, but the undertaker is about the only man who is in position to appreciate the humor of the situation.

The latest achievement of the football friends of a newly married couple was to slip a pair of handcuffs on the groom's wrists at the beginning of the wedding journey. Some time a complete triumph is going to be achieved by cleverly poisoning both bride and groom at the wedding supper.

The greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in any country could not buy one year's harvest of the American corn and wheat. To buy one season's corn crop would take all the gold mined in this country in six years. In the last seven years all the gold mines have produced only enough to buy one year's yield of our six leading cereals.

It is a matter of common observation that at the passing of the great men of each generation there is a pessimistic feeling prevalent that "there were giants in those days." But the feeling has never had any warrant in the actual deficiencies of the oncoming generations. Orators have come and gone and statesmen have come and gone, and sometimes their immediate successors have not been discernible. But in time the men have emerged who have taken their places and who have improved upon the patterns they left.

Business is becoming more and more exacting, and all the time additional guards are being put up against indulgences that tap the responsibility, reliability and strength of men gathered for the care and conduct of business. The hum of machinery has broken the quiet of Sunday; there are many workers and there is much of distraction. The pity is, to be sure, that there is so much of foolishness, so much of weakness and so much of sin given the company of a day of rest—as to that matter, of any day. Only this we know, that the law has not saved Sunday; out of our experience we may well question whether it can.

There has existed, and still exists to some extent, a false sentiment that labor is degrading or belittling. The contrary is true. An ideal condition of society can come only when every member of it recognizes that he is bound to exercise whatever skill or strength or faculty he possesses to its full capacity, not selfishly or for the sake of gain merely, but for the benefit of all. And there should be no restriction on anyone, either legal or social or through association, in regard to his labor or its fruits. If by patient application or natural endowment a man possesses more skill than his fellow or if he chooses to be more industrious he is entitled to the full benefit of it.

The latest report of the Department of Labor and Commerce is interesting as showing the growth of manufacturing in the country and the increased domestic consumption of breadstuffs. For the first time in our history we are exporting more products from our factories than from our farms. While the shipments of our farm products have gained by 33 per cent in the last decade, the exports from our factories have mounted up to 146 per cent. The

change in our economic position has doubtless come to stay. Our improved machines and superior skill are beginning to tell.

London is perplexed over the unusually large number of unemployed found on her hands. Each year the question comes up in London how to care for the idle and the hungry, but this year the case is serious and will be met with more than ordinary difficulty. Meanwhile France is shown to be on the way to race suicide; that is, the number of births is decreasing, although the population a little more than holds its own because sanitary conditions prevail more than formerly, and the number of deaths among children is decidedly fewer. Desirable as a good number of births may be, it is far more important that those who are born should be well born and with an ability to secure a livelihood. In France there is not the extreme poverty found in England. Paris is not disturbed by the hordes of unemployed and needy that throng the streets of London. The French are by nature more economical, more skillful in getting a living and making both ends meet than are the English. They can make an attractive, palatable meal of what the Englishman would throw away. They understand the art of simple, inexpensive but wholesome living. Where this is the case it becomes a question whether the situation in England, so far as number of births go, is better than in France. It is true the world is wide and capable of sustaining a population not dreamed of today, but there is no immediate need of densely populating the earth, and there is great need that those who are born should be born with a capacity of earning a livelihood. So long as the life limit is being lengthened at the rate it has been in the last twenty years there need be little anxiety over race suicide. Even in France, the country held up as an example to avoid, there is progress rather than retrogression, while in England there is good cause for serious apprehension.

Some things are fixed. The multiplication table, for example, has not been revised since it was made, and no education reformer, however radical, proposes to amend it. But the geography of 1890 is not the geography taught in school nor that which is studied in the office to-day. There have been many changes in the political and physical divisions of the earth in the past fourteen years. It has been suggested in one city that the study of Manchuria be postponed till the present unsettled state there is cleared up. If one began to postpone study for such reasons, it would be difficult to decide where to stop, for overnight the latest and most accurate geographical knowledge may become out of date. That happened a year ago, when the republic of Panama was set up. Ten-year-old maps of Africa are out of date. The Dutch republics have become British colonies, and many other changes have taken place. Maps of the West Indies and of Asia, that are not yet old, need revision, as Cuba and Porto Rico have ceased to belong to Spain, and the Philippine Islands have become American. To come to the United States itself, Oklahoma did not appear on any map until 1890, and the maps made next year may show Arizona and New Mexico as one State instead of two territories. But the changes are not all political. The shape of Mont Pelee in Martinique has been affected by a volcanic eruption. The course of the Yazoo river has been shifted to give Vicksburg a water front to take the place of that which it lost when the Mississippi left the city two miles inland. Only a short time ago the Rio Grande left Brownsville, Tex., and returned to its old bed. But the Rio Grande changes its course so often that the United States and Mexico, finding it difficult to keep track of the shifting international boundary, have set up stones to mark the permanent border between the two countries. The map-makers cannot prevent their maps from getting out of date in this way, and they have to print new ones.

Kitten Aroused Dog's Jealousy.
A curious instance of a dog's intelligent jealousy is reported from Llanishen.

A happy family there consisted of a lady, a cat, a kitten and a Yorkshire terrier. All four were on excellent terms until the terrier took umbrage at attentions which its mistress bestowed upon the kitten.

The terrier straightway began to dig a hole in the garden, and finished its task to its satisfaction in three days.

Then the kitten disappeared. A search was made, and as the terrier was seen putting down the earth over the hole which it had refilled, the soil was removed, and the kitten was found to have been buried alive.

The dog was punished, but it took the kitten to the grave again, and the following day took it to a ditch and left it there.—London Daily Express.

The Yellow Peril.
Small Boy—Papa, what is "the yellow peril" they are talking about so much now?

Father—I don't know, my son, but it isn't the sensational newspapers, as one might have expected. They don't get enough war news to scream over, and what they do get is second-hand.—Detroit Free Press.

So Tiresome.
"Bragley says when he went abroad he was sick going and coming back, too."
"Huh! It might console him to know that he wasn't as sick as the people who have had to listen to him talk about his trip."—Philadelphia Press.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Fewer Men Teachers.

ATTENTION has been called to the fact that the report of the United States Commissioner of Education regarding common schools shows that there has been a marked diminution in the proportion of male teachers in those institutions. It is asserted that while the masculine instructors formed more than forty-two per cent of the whole in 1880, they now number only about twenty-six per cent. Roughly speaking, there are three female teachers for every male teacher in the common schools throughout the country.

It is not especially difficult to understand the probable causes for this change. One of them is undoubtedly the rapid industrial growth of the nation, making it far more profitable for young men of intelligence and ambition to seek fields of employment in which compensation was not only greater, but where there was a prospect that it would increase as the worker proved his worth and acquired more skill.

A question less easily answered is whether it is better for children of both sexes to be taught, as a rule, by women. Some of the British investigators who have visited this country within the past year, have expressed the opinion that there was some danger that American boys might become "feminized" by instruction of this sort. Home observers of the average male youngster are not likely to think that such a process has gone very far as yet whatever more or less direful possibilities the future may have in store.

In any event, there are no signs that the tendency of women to fill a growing proportion of teachers' positions has any present probability of reversal. Women are entering the gainful occupations in greater relative numbers each year. So far as teaching in the common schools is concerned, it looks as if they might eventually have pretty nearly the whole field to themselves.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Why Russia Occupied Manchuria.

BRITISH opinion on the whole seems to take the view that the Russian occupation of Manchuria, and of Port Arthur in particular, was an act of wanton aggression, principally the work of prancing pro-consuls and ambitious generals, whose proceedings have been reluctantly endorsed by a government too far removed from them to arrest the execution of their projects, and that now the same government would be only too glad to be quit of the whole entanglement. This, we believe to be a common notion in France, but it is deduced from inaccurate premises. The expansion of Russia in the direction of China has not been the handiwork of adventurous spirits, whose proceedings could have been easily disavowed if unsuccessful. It is, on the contrary, a deliberate and well-thought-out scheme of compensation for checks in Europe. It is recognized by Russian statesmen, if not openly avowed, that projects of development in the Near East are not likely to prove remunerative for some time to come, if ever, and that China offers a far more favorable field for their energy. If this be the case, it is easy to account for the immense efforts made and expense incurred in civilizing Manchuria, in building towns and railways, which the last few years have seen. The British people had indeed spent a great deal less in money and labor in the development of South Africa before the outbreak of war with Japan. Why should Russia, then, be any the more ready to retire from Manchuria, even if Kuropatkin be more decisively defeated than he has been at present, than the British were to give up the struggle after Colenso?—The Saturday Review.

A School for Brides.

IT is in Philadelphia that a school for brides is to be opened. The prospect isn't out, but the supposition is that the institution will fill a long-felt want in the lives of young women who simply couldn't wait to be married, and who had neglected most of the preparatory steps. There are some such. They look mighty sweet clad in white, smiling divinely and saying "I will" in a tremulous whisper, while a tear slips down a pink cheek. For a little while they board. It is unsatisfactory. There isn't much home to it, and it takes a lot of loving to cover the coffee spots on the tablecloth and make the soggy biscuits seem like angel's food. There is nothing that

PIG-FARMING FOR WOMEN.

Six years ago a daughter of Dr. W. Seward Webb began an experiment in stock-breeding on Shelburne Farms. Doctor Webb's countryseat on Lake Champlain. She was sure she had some business ability, and could make money if her father would give her a chance, says a writer in Country Life in America.

This her father agreed to do, and the young girl invested twenty dollars of her own money in a brood sow, and with her father's permission made arrangements with the shepherd to care for the sow and little pigs. As there was an abundance of skim milk, this was given to her without cost, but all the grain was charged for at market prices. From this single investment she cleared ninety dollars the first year, two hundred dollars the second, and three hundred dollars the third.

By this time the stock had so increased in number as to outgrow its quarters, and was proving so profitable that Doctor Webb thought it advisable to buy her out. So at the end of the fourth year he took over the stock at market prices, and gave her a check for seven hundred dollars, which represented the year's profits.

From this start the present pigery on Shelburne Farms has been developed. It is the most profitable department of the place. Two hundred or more pigs are sold yearly, averaging from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds in weight, and bringing one-half cent per pound more than the ruling market prices because of the superior conditions under which they are kept. The pigery is a model of its kind. The building is in keeping with the others on the place in exterior style, and the interior is finished with hard pine, cement floors and iron troughs with fixtures.

makes a newly married couple yearn for a home of their own like life in the average boarding house. And then they get home. There isn't much money. They realize that they spent more than they should on wedding fixings, and Charley discovers that he must give more attention to business and less to household matters if he is to continue to draw his weekly stipend.

The girl who doesn't know how to cook and dust and sweep, and make beds and run a home, is miles deep in a hole. She is going to realize it sixty-three times a day and have a little weep every time the awful fact comes home to her. She is going to read a cook book and feel more hopeless every time she goes over a recipe. She is going to lose some of her pretty looks and a good deal of her sweetness while experimenting in the kitchen over a hot stove, and unless she has the disposition of an angel, and her husband is ripe for a halo, the first quarrel will occur at mealtime with poorly cooked "grub" for its foundation.

There should be no necessity of a school for brides. There should be no marriages without the home education necessary to make them successful and happy. But things are not what they should be, in this world, and so let's hope that the Philadelphia experiment will prove a success and that a host of girls will be graduated into useful wives.—Cincinnati Post.

Dolls in Heaven?

LITTLE JESSIE RAYFIELD, of Kansas City, blind and still in babyhood, was dying. The mother stood by her bedside speaking cheerfully while the tears that ran down her face welled up from a broken heart. "Mamma, when I am gone," said the child, groping in her poor blind way to touch her mother's face, "I want you to bury my dolly with me. When I get to heaven then I can see her and, oh, mamma, next to you I love her so." The poor mother, almost fainting in her grief, promised the child. "I love my dolly, mamma, and though I hate to leave you I am glad to die, because I can see what my dolly looks like. She and I have been playmates a long time."

Treading softly, the mother took the doll and put it into the arms of the dying child. Fondling dolly with her weak arms, she spoke words of love and tenderness. And then—that "old, old fashion, death," touched the girl and she slept.

And afterwards as she lay in her little white coffin in her simple white dress, the doll, dressed in the same pure white, was laid upon her breast and her wasted arms folded over it. And those who came and looked upon the child could scarce see her for the rain of tears.

And look you: Who will say the child will be disappointed in her wish? Who would put his cruel fingers upon those sightless eyes to keep them forever from "seeing what dolly looks like?" They must be as kind where she is going as they are here. Can they refuse her pleadings for dolly?—Des Moines News.

How to Live.

IT is well to live many years if we can, provided we try at least to make the years useful. Each year means three hundred and sixty-five more days of possible effort; each day has its twenty-four hours in which a good thought or a noble ambition may be born. But we devote altogether too much time to this mere thought of long life and good health. We should adopt some definite plan of self-control and self-denial with the hope of living to be old.

But the plan thus adopted should become a matter of constant habit, working without any thought or effort on our part, as the heart works in its lifelong pumping. Once our physical plan of life is mapped out, our thoughts should be diverted from it. From that moment every particle of energy we possess should be devoted to the task of making ourselves useful. We should concentrate our lives upon some form or upon many forms of mental activity. We should compel ourselves to know the important work that is being done around us, as well as the great things that have been done in the past.

We should resolve to add something, no matter how little, to the good work that men have done. If we cannot create we can at least spread knowledge. If we cannot do the great things, we can talk about them intelligently, in a way that will stir up ambition in the minds of those that are younger and abler.—New York Journal.

TELEGRAPH MANAGER AT 14.

Julius Diel, whose Parents Are Expert Operators, Begins Young. Julius Diel, 14 years old, on Oct. 1 became manager of the Western Union telegraph office at Madison, N. J. This place requires an experienced operator, and one who is well versed in all the details of an office, but Julius is well qualified for it.

Born within sound of the telegraph, he says there never was a time when he did not know what the sounds of the instrument meant. He worked the telegraph key as soon as he was able to spell. His mother and father were both telegraph operators.

Last spring Julius' father disappeared, and Julius had to assist in earning a living for his mother and a little baby brother. He became a messenger at the Postal Telegraph Company's Morristown office. A few days ago he told W. H. Linder, manager of the Western Union office here, that he was going to apply for a place as operator. Mr. Linder knew that the place in Madison would become vacant, and wrote to the Western Union urging them to put Julius in there. At first the New York office thought it was a joke, and laughed about it over the wire, but when they found that the joke was absolutely serious, they were thunderstruck. The idea of putting a boy of 14 in as manager of an office did not appeal to them. They began telling Mr. Linder various things over the wire. Julius was there, and, hearing the conversation, concluded to take a hand in it himself and sat down at the key. In fifteen minutes he convinced the New York office of his ability.—Letter to New York Tribune.

Saying It Too Often.

"I don't see why you call him stupid. He says a clever thing quite often." "Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once."—Philadelphia Press.

HUNTING TIME.

They're comin' from the city to the country ruset brown, With their rifles and their shotguns to hunt the farmer down, The law is off the squirrel, an' now I'm tellin' you, Them city hunters 'pear to think it's off the farmer, too. Soon the landscape will be punctured with a lot of bullet holes, An' everybody will be dodgin' to save their precious souls.

For when them city fellers go cavortin' with a gun, An' plin' somebody full o' lead, they call it "havin' fun."

An' then somehow it seems to me they allers 'pear to fail To make a fair discrimination 'twixt a farmer and a quail. For anythin' that rustles, if it shows a tail or head, An' isn't plainly labelled, they'll pump it full o' lead.

An' when a charge o' double-B has taken off the crown, Of your old hat, they'll calmly swear they didn't know you're roon'. An' sometimes when you are absorbed in the field a-pullin' beans, You'll be mightily surprised with a bullet in your jeans. They'll come an' board with you, then some mornin' 'fore you're up, When they're out a-huntin' lions, they'll shoot the brindle pup.

Oh, it's strenuous times we're havin' in the country jes' 'bout now, An' if 'twasn't for new inventions we'd be hidin' in the mow. But don't you for a minnit think the farmer hain't progressed, An' traveled 'long in the procession with the spirit of the rest.

A country store these later days is fairly out o' date, Unless it keeps upon its shelves suits lined with armor plate.

An' now we're all a-waitin', really want to get a chance To demonstrate the quality of our anti-bullet pants.

So come along, you city duds, with your goggles an' your gun, We've got on our iron trousers, an' we're ready for the fun. Don't hesitate a second, but come out an' help us laugh, While you ponder on the diff'rence 'twixt a farmer and a calf. —Cleveland Leader.

NAB JAPANESE BIRD SLAYERS.

United States Authorities Arrest Seventy-Seven Plumage Hunters. The United States revenue cutter Thetis put in at Honolulu a while ago with seventy-seven prisoners, all Japanese plumage hunters, who had been captured on an American island while engaged in their illegal operations, says a writer in Field and Stream. These men were sent out as hunters by a Tokyo firm and their destination was Liliuokalani Island, known in many regions as a wonderful nesting place for plumage birds.

This island is in mid-Pacific not far from Midway Island. The fact that it belongs to the United States did not seem to deter these oriental plumage hunters. They had, besides the hunters, a corps of skimmers and taxidermists. They went to work last January and collected a great many thousands of skins. Late in the same month an ocean gale destroyed their schooner, drowned some of the men and left the rest marooned upon the island.

A second Japanese vessel brought about forty more hunters, who were left to join the others, the ship leaving word that she would presently return. She did not return. Meantime the war with Russia broke out, of which the plumage hunters heard nothing. In any case they were very hungry when finally discovered by the United States revenue steamer, rescued and imprisoned.

Captain Hamlet of the Thetis says they had wrought an appalling destruction. There were 335 cases of plumage collected, and in all likelihood more than 300,000 plumage birds had been destroyed. It would seem that the records of the orient rival those of Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and other parts of the United States, where the very acme of thoughtless destruction would seem to have been reached.

Vivisection Is a Science Not for Man.

There is a knowledge which is heavenly, a knowledge which is human, and a knowledge which is diabolic; there is a knowledge which is blessed and a knowledge which is accursed. The first is ennobling and elevating, and lifts man toward God. The second is debasing, degrading, and drags men toward the pit. The knowledge gained by rooting amid the groans and agonies of living creatures, whom their Maker and ours put into our power, to teach us mercy, as He gives mercy to us, is such an accursed knowledge that only demons could seek for it, and it can turn to no human good. "Science" so gained is not for men, but for devils.—Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson in Success.

Spots on the Fur of Animals.

Although we are told that the leopard can not change his spots, it is certain that the markings on the fur of some animals do change. Especially is this true where the animal has a distinctive winter coat. This change has been studied by Barrett Hamilton, a British naturalist, who is of opinion that whitening of the fur generally accompanies development of fatty tissue, which is a manifestation of insufficient oxidation, and hence of atrophy, which shows itself in a whitening of the hair. In some animals—man, for instance—this atrophy is manifested by baldness. That fat men are often bald is thus something more than a coincidence.—Success.

We must all have some one to blow our money on.