

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Your credit may be good, but your money is better.

Nobody has as yet made a success of predicting the end of the world.

If a man knows all about you and is still your friend, he'll do it to.

When the south pole is discovered let somebody stay there and sit on it.

When a woman acquires a job lot of trinkets she begins to speak of her jewels.

The auto runs over you and you die. The aeroplane runs over you and you don't mind it a bit.

The proof that there is no coal trust is found when the temporarily embarrassed one tries to get a ton on tick.

The snag boats of the future will be employed to yank the dark and menacing clouds out of the aerial highways.

On her last trip over the Lusitania consumed \$16,000 worth of coal. How would you like to be the Lusitania's coal man?

"What is a kite?" asks the New Orleans States. If the editor of that paper doesn't know by this time he never will learn.

Perhaps neither Peary nor Cook would have discovered the north pole if they'd known there was going to be such a fuss about it.

Mars is only 35,000,000 miles distant from the earth now. It is a fact, however, that there are a good many wide, open leads between the two planets.

The idea that there is always room at the top may be all right, nevertheless it is fortunate that Cook and Peary didn't reach the north pole at the same time.

During "aviation week" at Rheims an aeroplane was fined twenty francs for reckless flying. He did not run into any one, nor did he smash into anything; he merely frightened the spectators.

Dr. Murphy says the man who discovers how to kill the cancer germ will be a greater man than the discoverer of the north pole. We might make a similar claim for the man who shall discover a hair restorer that will restore.

Yes, fellow citizens, your Uncle Sam sits on the North Pole, rests one foot on the Far East, the other on the Far West, and with his horny hands digs a ditch across the middle of the hemisphere, while his sons capture all the prizes of the air and earth. (Deafening applause.)

A law has recently gone into effect in New Jersey which compels all vehicles—not only automobiles, as is the custom everywhere, but all teams using the public highways at night—to carry two lights, one in front and one in the rear. Such a law, faithfully enforced, is a cheap and practical method of safeguarding highway traffic, not only from collisions, but also from the numerous accidents which result from bad places in roads and bridges.

Continued efforts are making by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis to discourage the practice of sending indigent consumptives from the East to the West and the Southwest. It has lately reported that more than seven thousand persons, hopelessly diseased, go from the East every year, only to die in one of the five States favored by consumptives. Tuberculosis can be cured or arrested in any part of the country, and the percentage of cures in the East is nearly as great as in the West.

The most cursory survey of the world's literature, dramatic or otherwise, will convince anyone that the profession of humorist or true comedian is one of the most exacting ever known. The jokesmith may get a momentary laugh from an audience that is willing to take the will for the deed. But the man who would set his name among those who have made permanent additions to the world's fun must have a list of specifications for a permit to make a road through a Pinchot reserve. He must have insight, sympathy, knowledge of character. He must have a sense for fact that is felt beneath his aliciest webs of fancy. He must have an ear for the right word that no correspondence school can confer. It is easier to be a wit than to be a humorist; easier to

laugh at people than to laugh with them, or make them laugh at themselves.

The rush of thousands of eager individuals to the Indian land openings in Montana shows to what an extent land hunger is besetting the people. It is a question if one out of a thousand among those that have registered in the hope of securing Indian reservation land has any intention of settling and honestly "farming it," even if he is lucky. The land hunger has become an obsession, fed by the lottery method the government sees fit to utilize in distributing those lands. It is the old story of "taking a chance," and the individual pays railroad fare and living expenses, which amount to no inconsiderable sum, in the hope of being one of the lucky ones in Uncle Sam's lottery. If a plot of ground is drawn, no doubt it will be scorned as something undesirable—for even the most productive western land is not enticing in its sagebrush form. It means hard work to bring a productive farm out of raw western land, and most of those who take part in such speculative rushes are not of the sort to carry the game through to its finish and to make actual ranchers of themselves.

Recently there died a man of wealth and prominence whose business was conducted in accordance with a policy of enlightened self-interest—that active endeavor toward personal advancement which takes into account in large measure the general good. He was a manufacturer of bicycles, and realizing that improved highways meant increased demand for the products of his factories, he became a pioneer in the movement for good roads. Realizing also that a more general appreciation of the many pleasures and benefits of outdoor life would mean more bicycle riding, he established a magazine devoted to such life. The two causes which he helped along in energetic and practical fashion need no defense. Both are generally accepted as important factors in the material advancement of the country and in the personal welfare of its people. When the bicycle declined in popularity this man engaged in the manufacture of automobiles, and continued his advocacy of good roads. That he prospered by his far-sightedness vindicated the wisdom of his course, even from the selfish point of view. Every man is justified in promoting his own welfare, in protecting his own interests and in acquiring a competence against the inevitable old age. It is his duty to do this, and happy the man, and happy the community in which he lives and labors, when he does it in such a way that those round him are benefited rather than injured. Not all can be great manufacturers and gain wealth by leadership in national movements, but every person can act on the sound theory that self-interest is best served, not by the narrow selfishness which sees only the present day and the immediate surroundings, but by the far-sightedness which includes the days to come, and the comprehensive planning which involves the common welfare and progress.

**The Prosperity of the Farmer.**  
This year we shall raise three billion bushels of corn. It is hard to realize what that means, says a writer in Success Magazine. It is a harvest greater even than the bumper crop of 1906. These three billion bushels will be worth to the farmer over a billion and a half of dollars, or over three times as much as the corn was worth in 1896. Last year the value of all farm products in the United States was almost eight billions of dollars; this year it will be over eight billions. This is more than the entire wealth of America in 1850. In 1850 the farms of the United States were worth less than four billions; to-day they are worth twenty-eight billions. Every day the farms of the country are worth \$3,400,000 more than they were worth the day before.

It is a good thing for the people at large that the farmers are getting their share of the general increase in wealth. The eight billion dollars that they get each year amounts to only seven hundred dollars apiece when it is distributed over all the farmers and farm laborers in the country. But the per capita amount is growing and is bound to grow still more.

During the next twenty years we are going to see a great revolution in farming. Agriculture is to be more intelligent and more intense, new plants are to be introduced, a better use is to be made of the land, and an acre will produce twice as much as it now produces. The benefit of this new production should not be monopolized by railroads, elevator companies and harvester trusts. It should go to the farmers and to the people, and should show itself in better food, clothing and housing and in more widespread education for the great mass of us.

If a woman works a good deal, other women who do not work so hard say she works too much.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## TREATMENT, REAL AND IDEAL, OF ANIMALS.

By F. Howard Moore.



A large part of the energy of civilization has come out of the bodies of the great four-footed races. The horse, the ox, the mule, the elephant, the camel, the reindeer, the water buffalo, the yak, the dog, and the donkey—on the powerful and patient backs of these patient beings civilization has been borne for unknown hundreds of years.

Civilization is not an exclusively human thing. It is a joint product, the result of the combined labor and sacrifices of many races of mammals and birds. And no one of these races has the right to take more than its share of the blessings of civilization nor to shift upon others more than their portion of life's ills.

In the ideal state man treats the races of being affiliated with him not as objects of pillage, but as beings with rights and feelings and capabilities of happiness and misery like himself. He is kind to them and ever mindful of how he may gladden and enrich their necessarily meager lives.

He gets real pleasure by simply seeing them happy and realizing that he has in some measure contributed to that happiness. He provides them plenty to eat, comfortable homes, vacation days in which to rest, opportunities for pleasure and pastime, an education, and infirmaries for times of misfortune and decline.

## QUESTION OF YOUR POSITION'S VALUE.

By John A. Howland.



I was talking with a bright young fellow the other day who has been nursing a little soreness against his employer. He went into the establishment as almost a beginner in the business. He has worked hard and faithfully for two years or more, with only one small increase in his salary. Six months ago, feeling that if he had progressed as he felt he had done, he was worth more money, he asked for more. But he hasn't got the "raise." He wasn't refused it; simply his employer hasn't given it to him.

That one greatest reason why this young man wouldn't think of leaving his employer was that in his work he felt he was getting a broad, liberal education in his specialty. That house which, through a friend there, had offered 50 per cent increase in salary, was slow, conservative, practically making no advance. In his present place of employment aggressive methods and unquestioned money to put them through had made it a standing example of up-to-date progress.

Men in business have built up organizations where they are besieged with applications for positions. Ordinarily that man who is an organizer in the true sense isn't searching out high priced, developed talent in other quarters with which to back up his business machinery. He is developing it himself. For this reason, in many lines of work, he has a double appreciation of the man who appreciates his organization for what that organization is. If he has a man drawing \$10,000 salary who refuses to accept \$20,000 a year in a third class establishment—and time and again such cases develop—should the organizer volunteer to increase the employee's salary because of the refusal? The man is tried and proved through the refusal of that offer; he

## THE HAMLET BY THE SEA.

There is a little seaport town,  
Whence long ago a fleet of ships  
Sped, white and gay, beyond where  
dips  
The dim horizon down and down.

Old men sit on the pier and gaze,  
With pipe in mouth and dull sunrise,  
And whisper 'thwart their blue-eyed  
haze:  
'Say! don't you see the sails uprise?'

Mothers that maids were, also wait  
To greet the vessels' glad return,  
Yet vainly shall they watch and  
yearn:  
No tide brings ships, or tells their fate.

Yet does the little port keep bright,  
Having an atmosphere of pride  
That such fair craft from it took flight,  
The cliff-o'er-topping waves to ride.

My heart, you are the little place  
Close by the sea; your hopes, the  
fleet  
That sailed forth to your buoyant  
beat,  
Homeward its course no more to trace.

Sometimes you fret, then grow content  
To dream of those enchanted things,  
Which to the gray, dream past have lent  
The spotless splendor of their wings!  
—Ainslie's.

## What Marcy Did

"Marcy!" repeated Miss Alcock, a trifle petulantly. "Randolph Marcy! I never heard one man speak so frequently of another as you do of Randolph Marcy! And I never laid eyes on him! I don't believe he actually exists!"

MacNish laughed. "Indeed he does!" he asserted. "He's my best friend—has been for years!"

"Then why have I never met him?" demanded Miss Alcock, severely. "Why haven't you ever brought him around? I've known you for perfect ages!"

There was indignation in her brown eyes, the righteous indignation of a

girl who feels she has been deliberately cheated.

## PLANE OF LIFE NOW INTERNATIONAL.

By Dr. Gustave Spiller.



We are living on an international plane. A large part of the population dwells in towns, and not only is travel to distant places rapid and frequent, but the movement of population from locality to locality and from country to country is a decided feature of the times. Through the utilization of steam and electricity villages and countries have been brought near to each other, the telegraphs for example, almost annihilating distance; hence the development of international commerce on an unprecedented scale, each place receiving the products of the farthest lands.

Simultaneously the democratic trend in politics became more and more noticeable. Accordingly to-day the total absence of constitutional government is a rarity, and not only have most men the vote, but women will soon have it, too. Even the orient, which was supposed to be unalterably absolutistic in government, has offered us recently the gratifying spectacle of one nation after another, Egypt, India, Japan, China, Persia, Turkey, demanding a constitution, and in many cases obtaining it.

Rapid transit and rapid news have, however, not only led to a close contact between the individuals of the several nations, but between the nations themselves. Hence village politics has gradually given way to national politics, and this to international politics, and men are consequently almost as sensitive to-day concerning what happens a thousand miles away as to what happens next door.

## PROBLEMS OF BETTER HEALTH EDUCATION.

By Dr. Thomas Grant Allen.



It is obvious that in education health is fundamental, that you cannot properly educate a child that hasn't good health and that to maintain this health the conditions in the schoolroom must be physically wholesome. What is not so obvious is that it is the duty of the school to so train the child that he will keep in good health in after life about as easily and as naturally as he reads. The school that has failed to train the child to get good health and keep it has failed in educating the child as truly as if he were unable to read good literature with intelligence and appreciation. A sound body is, therefore, both a prerequisite for a good education and a test by which the quality of the education can be measured.

The health problems of the public schools have reference not only to the health of the school children and their ability to maintain their health in after life, but also in a larger sense to the health of the entire community. These problems are: to keep the schools free from contagious disease; to secure the correction or removal of physical defects; to provide the children with the proper living conditions; so to train them in wholesome habits of right living as to protect and develop their health, and to fortify them against disease.

was that in spite of her prettiness she seemed to have common sense and to be willing to take the calm friendship he offered and not expect it to develop into sentimentality as many girls, he was annoyed to say, did. He liked her and he felt that she liked him and that was all there was to it.

Therefore he could not understand why he should have had a twinge of rebellion at the idea of Randolph Marcy, who was remarkably fascinating to girls with his gay laugh and graceful devotedness, as an acquaintance of Daisy Alcock's. MacNish prided himself on being far beyond the foolish stage where he thought a man's good looks counted. All sensible people, he felt, realized the charm of a rough-hewn face and a jaw that threatened achievements. MacNish had that kind of face and jaw.

He told himself that he had no use for a young woman who judged a man by his profile and could not look below the surface. Yet, though unacknowledged, he dimly realized that, running neck and neck with Randolph Marcy, he did not count for much with the average girl. Thus far he had never cared. Not being a marrying man, why should he mourn over the fact that he was not a social favorite.



WHEN MACNISH CAME TO.

Why—why, I don't know!" MacNish found himself stammering to Miss Alcock's last question when she had repeated it with some acerbity. "I didn't know you were so anxious to meet Marcy!"

"I'm not!" said Miss Alcock, distinctly. Nothing irritates a girl so much as to be told an unpleasant truth. "I've lived happily thus far without meeting Mr. Marcy and no doubt the remainder of my life won't be wrecked if his acquaintanceship doesn't come my way! Only, knowing you so well—and so long—it seems queer, when he's such a friend of yours! Why, it's just as though you didn't want me to meet him!"

"Nothing of the sort!" declared MacNish, hastily. Nothing irritates a man so much as to be told an unpleasant truth. "It is, too!" declared Miss Alcock. "You were just declaring of yourself

money was not included among them. He was making a career and he could tell you all about how marriage hampered, distracted, impeded and mangled a career, for he had listened to others talk and had added a few deductions himself.

Some time in the distant future when he had reached the stage where belboys flew agilely at his appearance and portly bankers doffed their hats hastily at sight of him, he might sensibly, carefully, sanely choose a wife and establish a home. He looked with pitying scorn upon his friends who surrendered to a mere temporary madness and attached a ball and chain to an ankle so early in life. This, however, did not prevent him from seeking the society of attractive girls as did other men. The only difference, MacNish told himself, was that he kept his head and regarded them with mere philosophic liking.

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and not a bit about my pleasure or amusement!"

MacNish sat up straight. It was a blow to be told that he was not all-sufficient for the moment, present, past or future. Also Daisy looked very stunning when she was angry. But he didn't enjoy her being angry. MacNish felt very much at sea.

"I thought you were different from most girls!" he told her. "I didn't realize that you were so intent on widening your circle of admirers!"

"You are perfectly horrid!" Miss Alcock flashed at him, with crimson cheeks. Then, to his unutterable horror, she burst into tears.

When MacNish came to he found himself seated beside Daisy Alcock with two arms, undeniably his, clasping her to him and a voice startlingly like his own begging her not to cry, interspersing his appeals with a string of words and phrases he had foolishly thought existed only in the love scenes of mushy novels.

Instead of feeling instantly he remained rooted to the spot, wondering why he hadn't been there before. A world of glittering stars and sunshine and little blue flowers and trilling birds suddenly had sprung to life all around him. He regarded the man he had been ten minutes before with deep dislike and disgust.

"Darling," MacNish said toward the end of the evening, "we'll have Randolph Marcy for best man!"

"I don't care," said Daisy Alcock with beautiful indifference. "A lamp-post would do just as well so long as I've got you!"—Chicago Daily News.

## TENORS WHILE YOU WAIT.

Industry That Has Thriven Since Jean De Reszke Gave It a Start.

The corner stone of opera is the tenor, and tenors are scarcer than four-leaf clovers. Comic operas are now written with baritone heroes for that reason, the Brooklyn Eagle says, but the great operas were written when the disappearance of the tenor had not been dreamed of, and tenors must be had to sing in them; else no opera.

Hence a tenor voice is a surer and often a larger source of income than a gold mine. Opera managers go up and down the world listening to cabmen, truck drivers, old old vendors and the singers of popular songs in the cheap resorts, in the hope of hearing a voice that can be developed into an operatic tenor. For heretofore tenors, like the poets, have been born and not made. The manager's best chance was to find such a voice before his rivals and pay for its education.

But Jean De Reszke changed all that. He sang for years as a not especially conspicuous baritone in Europe. He was a good enough artist, but nobody thought of calling him great. Then a Paris teacher, adding two or three notes to the top of his voice, in a few months transformed De Reszke from a singer at \$2,500 a month to one drawing \$2,500 a night.

Since his transformation the musical world has dreamed of raising baritones into tenors as the alchemists dreamed of transmuting lead to gold. And now a New York teacher has done the trick. Rudolf Berger, who has long been one of the baritones of the Berlin opera, was the subject of the experiment. On Tuesday night he reappeared in Berlin, after a year's study here, as a tenor and sang Lehengrin, with what the cable reports to be great success. The audience is said to have gone wild over the success of the singer and his teacher, and no wonder. If that could be done with other baritones the problem of an opera for every city would be solved. Probably it cannot, more than once or twice in a generation, but that will not prevent a lot of ambitious teachers from trying it. Presently we shall see advertisements, "Tenors made in the off season," as we now see the signs of the emergency tailors. It is a great idea—if it will work.

## He Knew the Classification.

The vigilant custom house officer was right on his job.

"Who is in your party?" he demanded of the fur-collared theatrical manager.

"The English pony ballet that I am bringing to New York," the manager responded.

"Admitted free as antiques," said the inspector, briskly, as he turned to the next arrival.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Fest of Burglars.

Bill—I see the rolling stock of the Russian railways suffers loss from the hands of thieves. Two years ago 19,000 passenger and freight cars disappeared and were never found again.

Jill—I don't see how a man can put a freight car under his arm and walk away with it without some one seeing it.—Yonkers Statesman.

## Expressive.

"Of all the quaint expressions I have heard recently," said the clubwoman, "none has struck me as more delightful than that of an English woman who told me that her daughter 'would never smooth out a room.'"—New York Times.