

Topics of the Times

Several other things besides college football need reforming.

It begins to look as though before long Dr. Cook can't belong to anything except church.

"Cost of living" may be borne patiently. It is what it costs merely to exist that hurts.

Halley's comet has thus far been overlooked as a cause of high prices. Why this oversight?

The digits of 1910 add up 11. This indicates that the price of ice will advance next spring.

When times change men and women should change with them. Living in 'the past is a lonesome life.

A century hence it may be possible to pick up a newspaper without finding therein some reference to Rockefeller.

Perhaps that mathematical boy wonder can help some by reducing 999,999,999 causes for high prices to 57 understandable varieties.

Dr. Cook's own Arctic club has bounced him. It appears to be a repetition of the old story of the serpent's tooth and the thankless child.

New York playwright became crazy after finishing a vaudeville sketch. His case was remarkable chiefly because the insanity developed after.

One of the New York managers says there are too many theaters in this country, but the one-night-stand player will stick to the theory that the theaters are too far apart.

But before Congress can do much about the cost of living most of the Congressmen will have to deliver some impassioned addresses to be read by the folks back home.

Mr. Morse says he is the victim of "the most brutal sentence ever pronounced against a citizen of a civilized country." Mr. Morse, therefore, is a martyr. Kindly heave a sigh for him.

France is far from being the childless country that some writers picture it. The recent census shows no fewer than thirty-five thousand families in that country which rejoice in ten or more children each, and over one and one-fourth million families having at least five children each.

Both Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Fargo will have new gowns at once. The stock shares of the Wells-Fargo company recently rose from 519 to 560 in the market, following the distribution of a dividend which showed a profit of 300 per cent on \$16,000,000 of capital—some of which is actually invested.

The composite character of the American people to-day could hardly be shown in a more striking way than by the fact that a leaflet in ten different languages has just been authorized by a clothing-makers' union, in order to inform its members of present conditions in the trade and the advantages of organization.

Not even the strenuous attainments of "advanced" and "emancipated" womanhood can smother the blessed instincts of sympathy and pity in the feminine heart. When an athletic Chicago girl caught a burglar in her home the other night, she first overpowered him single-handed, and then, listening to his pitiful plea that he was driven to crime by hunger, gave him a square meal and set him free.

Cleveland school children bid fair to become the champion spellers of the country. They are required to learn only two new words a day, or ten words a week. At the end of every eight weeks they are tested in a spelling bee, and almost every child spells all the words correctly. This system is based on the truth enunciated in the chorus of the song, "Every little bit added to what you've got makes a little bit more."

If Swinburne used a rhyming dictionary and thereby became a great poet, as has been recently alleged, it is a pity that many of the embryo poets of the present day could not be supplied with the same brand of rhyming dictionary. For, whatever the reason may be, there is at the present day a dearth of genuine poetry. There is much rhyming, much bright doggerel, and occasionally ambitious attempts at blank verse, but the results of the latter are usually dreary. Few modern poets, but Walt Whitman, appear to have possessed strength enough to make unrhymed metrical lines a vehicle of expression. The age needs a great poet. In the past 50 years the leading nations have developed virtually a new civilization, a new morality, new standards, a new sociology. What a great field lies before a poet with genius enough to be to this age what Homer was to the ancient world; what Virgil was to the Latins; what Dante was to the medieval thought; what Shakespeare was to the Elizabethans, and what Tennyson was to the Victorian age. The poets of the past, with their wonderful psychic powers, anticipated modern

development along many lines; but there are ideas evolved from modern inventions and discoveries, from economic and political development, and from sociological changes, that they never could have thought of, and that are groaning to be delivered in adequate poetic expression. There is also a morality higher and finer than anything conceived of in the past, inasmuch as it embraces the whole human brotherhood. There were beautiful theories of liberty in ancient and medieval times, but the body politic rested upon a system of slavery that gave only the favored few leisure for intellectual development. The universality of human rights is a conception whose full poetic meaning could be embodied in immortal verse only by a man of the age that has seen it actually wrought into human institutions.

Leopold II, who died recently at the age of 74 years, was the second king of the Belgians. Belgium became independent in 1831, when it separated itself from the Netherlands and elected the prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Leopold's father, as its first king. Since that time the kingdom has grown and prospered. With one-quarter the area of the state of New York, it contains about the same population. There is an average of one person for every inhabitable acre in the whole country. The growing density of population early attracted the attention of Leopold, and he began to look abroad for an opportunity for colonial expansion. After Stanley had failed to interest Gladstone, and through him England, in the development of the Congo basin, Leopold sent for the great explorer and gave him \$250,000 toward the expenses of his expedition of commercial investigation in the Congo region. The Congo Free State was formed as a result of the report which Stanley made, and Leopold became its protector and practical owner. In 1905 he turned over to Belgium his rights in the state, and it is hereafter to be governed by the Belgian parliament. Great abuses marked Leopold's administration of the Congo State, and his reign will be notorious for them; but the fact remains that he was the only European monarch willing to assume responsibility for the attempt to civilize that part of Africa. At home the king was a constitutional ruler in the most democratic kingdom in Europe. He was active in co-operation with Belgian capitalists, in developing the foreign and domestic trade of the country, and was long regarded as a type of the modern man of affairs in public life. In his private life the dead king seemed to be devoid of moral sense, and outraged all the decencies. He is succeeded by his nephew, Albert, who is loved by the Belgians because he possesses those moral qualities which his uncle lacked.

Own Your Own Mind.
Have you ever considered the possibility of doing this? Remember that living in a rented mind, furnished with opinions bought on the installment plan, never offers any inducement with it for the future. Not only this, but you are not saving up anything. The advantages of owning your own mind will be apparent at a moment's thought. In the first place, you come to take a personal interest, which you do not feel when it is owned by some one else. Then again the natural increase in value redounds to your own profit. You have no one to dictate to you as to the inside furnishings and decorations. Besides, it makes you more particular with regard to what you put into it. If you live in a rented mind you don't care much. You will drive nails in the walls and get generally careless about it. But when you own your own mind you are constantly going about picking it up. You take real pride in it. Be it ever so humble, there is no place like a mind that you own yourself.—Life.

Cooking Your Goose.
The phrase, "I'll cook your goose for you," originated in this manner: Eric, king of Sweden, coming to a certain town, besieged it, but, having few soldiers, was obliged to desist. The inhabitants in derision hung out from the walls a goose on a pole. Later Eric returned with reinforcements and in reply to the challenge of the heralds observed that he had come "to cook their goose for them" and proceeded to storm the town and make it hot for the inhabitants.

A Sporting Chance.
"I'll teach you to play at pitch and toss!" shouted the enraged father. "I'll dog you for an hour, I will!" "Father," instantly said the incorrigible as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing."—Cassell's Journal.

Appropriate Tendancy.
"How does Jobbins expect to do this year?" "His business outlook is a grave one." "Why? Is he in trouble?" "No; he's an undertaker."—Baltimore American.

But a Sound One.
"Why did the Smyths go home so early?" "They gave a very bald excuse." "What was it?" "The baby."—Baltimore American.

The man who gives his business proper attention has but little time for side issues.

DISPUTED DA VINCI BUST.



Dr. Bode, who was responsible for the purchase of the "Leonardo da Vinci bust" that has aroused so much controversy, is the director of the Kaiser Friedrich museum, Berlin, and it was for that institution that the work was bought for \$40,000. Dr. Bode is as firmly convinced that the bust is, in very truth, the work of Leonardo as are certain others that it is the work of R. C. Lucas, the British sculptor, who flourished in the middle of the nineteenth century. Indeed, the more the doctor examines the bust the more certain he is that it is a genuine early sixteenth century work.

BASHFUL STANLEY.

His Response to a Speech of Eulogy at a Banquet.

William H. Rideing tells in McClure's Magazine of a dinner of the Papyrus Club in Boston at which Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, was the guest of honor.

"Whether he (Stanley) sat or stood, he sidged and answered in monosyllables—not because he was unamiable or unappreciative, but because he—this man of iron, God's instrument, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness—was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen.

"His embarrassment grew when after dinner the chairman eulogized him to the audience. He squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical ebullience of praise. 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who,' etc. The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and, with a gesture of deprecation, fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought.

"It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay. His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap, and with that on he faced the company as one who by the act had done all that could be expected of him and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn and that Livingstone had given him."

A Curious Experience.
Lombroso, the famous Italian criminologist, once had a curious experience. He was in a printing office correcting the proofs in his "Delinquent Man" with the chief reader when on reaching a page which dealt with a young man who, impelled by jealousy, had stabbed his fiancée, he made a surprising discovery. The proofreader was this man.

"Suddenly," Lombroso said in telling the story, "he threw himself at my feet, declaring that he would commit suicide if I published this story with his name. His face, before very gentle, was completely altered and almost terrifying, and I was really afraid that he would kill himself or me on the spot. I tore up the proofs and for several editions omitted his story."

At the Darktown Culture Club.
Chairman (including an address of introduction)—"An' now, ladies and gentlemen, I hab de honor of presentin' to dis audience de speaker of de evening—Prof. Johnning de Westville seminary—who will proceed to define de indefinable, depict de indecipherable and unscree the unscreeable.—Life.

A Frequent Insincerity.
"The man's own words prove him a trevaricator," said Mr. Quibbles. "In what way?" "He writes me an insulting letter and signs it 'Yours Respectfully.'"—Washington Star.

Before Election Out West.
"Our ticket is bound to win in Froze'n Dog." "All over but the shouting, eh?" "All over but the shooting," explained the native politely.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Wrong Party.
Bill—Congratulations on your marriage, old man. Will—Congratulations my wife, old boy; she got the best of men.—Harvard Lampoon.

A Braggart.
"Pa, what is a braggart?" "He's a man, my son, who is not afraid to express his real opinion of himself."—Boston Transcript.

Riches have wings, but poverty hobbles around on crutches.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

GRAFT SOCIAL LAW WORKS BY-PRODUCT.

By Dr. Frank Crane.



Certain chemical combinations of two substances produce a third. Hydrogen and oxygen joined together bring forth water. A certain metal brought into contact with a certain acid generates electricity. These are physical laws that no one thinks of disputing. There is no chance or hit and miss or probability about them. Also, that two and three should make any other thing than five is unthinkable. The cosmic spiritual laws are just as accurate as the physical laws. That sin brings sorrow is every whit as inevitable as that starch in digestion brings sugar. Now, there is a certain spiritual stuff called graft. It is a by-product of the social law works.

The only way to get rid of graft is to abolish the cause of graft. Take the copper out of the blue vitriol and the electricity will die away. Either make laws that represent the sentiment of the people, or elect officers that know nothing but to enforce the highly moral laws we now have.

We will do neither. Graft will grow right along. Occasionally when some peculiarly atrocious crime is committed, or when the graftsmen have a quarrel among themselves about the spoils, we will have an eruption. But the pus is in our system—all the worse when there is no eruption.

CHANGING OUR STYLE OF THINKING.

By Ada May Kreeker.



Our millinery modes come from Paris, but our fashions in thought flow chiefly from Prof. James. He is the philosophical Worth. He sets the intellectual styles. When he says pragmatism, other folks say it, too. They do not feel mentally clad until they are wearing some pragmatic idea. Everything is measured to the standards set by the pragmatists. Anything else is unfashionable and debars from polite society. In the days of military civilizations consciousness was military. Our language is still steeped with martial terms, reminiscent of our ancient bellicose habits. In the era of the chase we had a hunting consciousness, as our psychologists inform us. And in its memory we still use phrases like "the pursuit of truth." Nowadays we are developing a scientific vocabulary. When we wish to express our feelings about a thing the erudite portion of us speak of our "reaction" on it.

After science has run its course, and after pragmatism has been popularized, and after some yet unborn mode of thinking has developed, and established, and become obsolete, then who knows but that the old-fashioned Bible Christian, nowadays growing increas-

ingly antiquated, may find his little Puritan kerchiefs and small clothes coming into favor and setting the fashion?

LAW OF LOVE HIGHEST IN HUMAN LIFE.

By Count Leo Tolstoy.



In all the religious teachings of the ancient world—in Brahmanism, Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism, as well as in the teachings of Greek and Roman sages, alongside of the confirmation of the power of those who rule by force—another teaching was always expressed in various ways; the teaching that mutual love is the best means of uniting men, since it gives them the greatest blessedness. That thought has been variously expressed, and with various degrees of clearness, in the different Eastern teachings; but 1,900 years ago it was expressed with striking clearness and definiteness in Christianity. Christianity showed men not merely that love is a means of human intercourse which gives happiness, but also that love is the highest law of life.

All the people of the world, though they do not yet acknowledge the law of love in its full meaning, already feel the impossibility of continuing to live according to the old law of force, and seek a basis for their mutual intercourse more accordant with the spiritual growth of humanity. And there is only one such basis, and it was announced thousands of years ago by the world's best men.

MAKING COAL MINES SAFE.

By F. J. McGuire.



Coal mines should be made as safe, in my opinion, as our modern office buildings, by the use of steel construction and reinforced concrete. Had the St. Paul mine had an elevator shaft, or several of them, walled in with reinforced concrete walls and iron stairs leading from the lowest level to the surface of the earth and several elevators in each shaft, in addition to several smaller air shafts with reinforced concrete walls, having also iron stairs leading from the lowest level to the top, then undoubtedly all the men in the mine would have been saved. And had there been reinforced concrete pillars or posts of the same size as the wooden ones used—which would probably have cost but little more than wooden ones—there would have been small opportunity for a fire.

I am not a miner or an engineer, but it seems to me that with the proper number of air shafts and fans of sufficient power no black damp or gases could accumulate in sufficient quantity to do any injury. And with several stairways and elevators for use in case of emergency few men would lose their lives. I hope the laws compelling such construction of mines will be forthcoming.

The Canceled Debt

I was standing with my back to the fireplace, glancing at the headlines in the evening paper. Suddenly I laid it down, and looked across the room to where my wife sat at her writing table, addressing invitations to our forthcoming at-home.

"Di," I said, "I want to speak to you."

"One moment, Jack," she answered, without looking up. All her life Di had expected to be waited for.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Di," I said slowly, "but what I have to say is important."

"Has Charles given notice, after all?" She looked up quickly as she spoke, her pen held over the inkstand. Charles was my man.

"Charles will have no further opportunities of giving notice," I said. "The fact is, we've come to—the end."

"To the end?" Di repeated with a puzzled frown.

"Absolutely," I replied firmly.

"I don't understand," she exclaimed petulantly, blotting an envelope. "The end of what?"

"Our money."

"Can't we retrench?" she said absently.

"My dear girl," I said firmly, "it's not a question this time of giving fewer dinners, or even selling the motor. It's a question of selling everything."

"Jack!" she cried in dismay. I had her attention at last.

"I'm awfully sorry, Di," I said lamely.

"It's rather futile to be sorry, isn't it?" she remarked, with careless cruelty. "It's done now."

"Perhaps it is futile," I retorted. "But it seemed the correct thing to say."

"We haven't spent much time lately in—saying the correct thing," she said with a short laugh. It was not a pleasant laugh. Unfortunately, it was growing more frequent after five years of marriage.

"Look here, Di," I began hurriedly, "we've made a most infernal muddle—I'm sorry."

"Oh, don't apologize. I quite agree; it is a muddle."

I bit my lip. Her face wore an expression I hated to see. She was too young to be cynical.

"Di," I said quickly, "there oughtn't to be a muddle. It's only because we each go separate ways, and they happen to be rather expensive ways."

"No more expensive than other people's," she replied.

"Perhaps not; only other people may manage to pay for theirs; I can't," I said dryly.

"How long have you known this?" "I didn't know till this morning that things were hopeless."



I HAD HER ATTENTION AT LAST.

Since she asked for the truth, she should have it.

"I didn't tell you, Di," I said slowly, "because in the first place, I was a fool; and because, in the second place, I thought that in the midst of your bridge and dancing, and—am I flirting?"

I hated myself for saying it when I saw her wince. "I thought that you wouldn't understand."

Five years before, we had spoken exultingly together of the perfect understanding between us. Di was making aimless little lines with her pen.

"Well, we've had our day, like the dog," she said shortly. "What do you propose to do, now it's over?"

"I shall go abroad, anywhere—Canada, probably—and work," I said recklessly.

Di laughed. Perhaps it did sound ridiculous.

"My dear boy," she remarked slowly, "rather preposterous, isn't it? And out, and I think we can manage to keep Henriette."

"Oh, of course I couldn't possibly do without Henriette—here," she said slowly.

I looked up; something in the tone of her voice struck me. She could not mean—? But, no—that, of course, was impossible.

"I'm most awfully sorry. I wish you'd believe it, Di," I said again awkwardly; "it seems so much more stupid when we both know that if we had only pulled together, it needn't have happened."

"My dear Jack," she exclaimed in a hard voice, "for heaven's sake don't say you are sorry again. Everything in this world has to be paid for, even the mistakes, and they are apt to be expensive. It's one of the little sweets of life. Unfortunately, our account for mistakes has—"

"Run on for five years," I interrupted dryly, "and is not paid yet."

"We shall live through it, no doubt," she said shortly, "you in Canada—I in that riverside cottage—with Henriette. The arrangement is quite admirable," she added, with a slight movement of her head.

"I think it ought to work all right," I rejoined, with a forced cheerfulness. I knew it would not.

Di looked up. "You will, of course, be traveling for your health," she said satirically. "I shall be—hadn't it better be something of the same sort, say, a rest cure?"

"As you like, I'll leave it to you to put a good face on our movements," I said, looking across at her.

"Then it's all settled, Di," I said with a quick sigh. "We shall both be busy, I suppose. There'll be the sale to arrange about later on. Let me know any wishes you may have about it, won't you? I'm going to the club now."

She was still sorting her letters, and I wanted some sign that she cared, that she was sorry. "Di, can't you speak, can't you say something?"

She kept her back to me, and was perfectly silent.

I walked to the door, and then paused.

"Then there is nothing more to be said?" I asked, with my hand on the door knob.

"No," she said slowly—"no, there's nothing more to be said except—with a quick movement she switched off the electric light on the table, and turned to me with a little sob—"except—that I'm coming with you to Canada."

"Di!" I cried incredulously.

"Our five years' account was paid, after all.—M. A. P.

Literary Perils.

"A great deal that you see in print nowadays is dangerous and misleading," said the conservative citizen.

"Yes," answered the dyspeptic, "especially in cook books."—Washington Star.

One trouble with the men and children is that they are always saying to any one who comes in, "Are you going to stay to supper?"