

Topics of the Times

Life's primrose path is paved with the long green.

Some men would rather go to jail than hustle for a living.

Successful guessers are applauded by the public as great prophets.

Before taking cooking lesson it's up to a woman to get her husband's life insured.

Some people are so dissatisfied that they are complaining of the eagle as the national bird.

"Nan" Patterson and Caleb Powers could both speak feelingly concerning "the law's delays."

A London scientist has discovered radium in wheat. Maybe John W. Gates put it there.

A married man longs for either some excitement to relieve the monotony or some monotony to relieve the excitement.

The real Kentucky colonel who insisted on being addressed as "mister" knew the short cut to a splendid isolation.

Perhaps by this time Dr. Osler regrets his decision to move to a country where there will be no pension substitute for chloroform.

"Few rich men," says Dr. Gladden, "escape being despised." And fewer still seem to be lying awake at night thinking of the despisers.

A former employe of Russell Sage has sued the multimillionaire for \$800. Does he think a mere court could extract money from "Uncle Russell?"

"Woman is man's equal," says a feminine magazine writer. Well, that depends on who the woman is and who the man is. She may be his superior.

From the way in which Mrs. Chadwick's attorneys keep up the appeal game we conclude that the money she got was about as good as any the banks had in stock.

Professor Felix Adler declares men and women should not marry for happiness, but for social end. A few more like that, professor, and the University of Chicago will try to hire you.

The orange crop in Italy, Spain and southern France is reported to be almost a complete failure. It is expected, however, that the cotton-seed olive oil yield will be as generous as ever.

Dr. Gladden declares Adam never could have been a millionaire. Still, he must admit that at one time Adam was the richest man in the world and controlled about everything in sight—excepting Eve.

A Pittsburg millionaire was arrested and locked up in a police station cell by mistake the other night. Whenever you hear of a millionaire being arrested and locked up you can put it down as a mistake.

Passing events, as well as history, remind us that since the days of the Forerunner the name of John has been conspicuous in the church. Less than two years ago the bicentenary of John Wesley's birth was commemorated. Bohemia is now erecting at Prague a costly monument to John Huss. In 1565, four centuries ago, John Knox was born.

Have you seen "The Girl and the Coachman," the latest 10, 20, 30 success? The most thrilling part comes when "Uncle Andy" advances to the center of the stage and declaims in deep thrilling tones: "He is not rich, but he is a sober, moral, well doing young man, and the family would much rather have such a husband for Nancy than a worthless duke!" Wow! Just listen to the gallery.

The health committee of Birmingham has recently been visiting Liverpool to investigate the Liverpool system of supplying "humanized" and sterilized milk to indigent mothers for the benefit of their young children. One of the brightest signs of the growing realization of human brotherhood is that the number of "humanized" officials interested in the prevention of infant mortality in large cities is increasing.

The immigration problem—for a serious problem it is—cannot find a solution satisfactory to most Americans until the standards of admission to this country are raised so as to encourage the entrance of those who are likeliest to the national type and until some method is found for distributing immigration over a wide territory, thus relieving the perilous congestion of

foreigners in our great urban centers. The United States still needs and welcomes immigration of the proper kind, but it fears the concentration of the wrong kind in the big cities.

A famous French general, when asked how it was that he had such an erect carriage, replied that it was because he bent over and touched the floor with his fingers thirty times every day. If he had acquired rigidity of the spine so that he could not do that he would have had with it weak abdominal muscles, which result in portal congestion. This portal congestion interferes with stomach digestion and with the action of the liver. The poison-destroying power of the liver is lessened, autointoxication results and arteriosclerosis and old age come on at a much earlier day. But by keeping the spine flexible and the abdominal muscles strong and taut the portal circulation is kept free and old age is held off.

Enough money is lost every year in rainbow investments—that is, investments induced by the brilliant promise of a prospectus that a pot of gold may be had if one accepts the advice it gives—to pay the interest on the national debt. Every one is familiar with the type of investment meant. The alleged property back of it may be a gold mine or a copper mine, an orange grove or a coffee plantation, a town lot or a mineral spring. All that is required is something on the alleged security of which to issue certificates of stock, par value ten dollars, which "as a special favor will be sold for a short time at five dollars to all those who receive the circular." The property is usually a long way from the part of the country where the stock is offered for sale, and the investors buy the stock without knowing anything about it. When they receive no dividends and begin to make the inquiries which they should have made originally, they discover what experienced investors knew from the first, that, at the best, the enterprise was wholly speculative, and at the worst was a swindling operation from the beginning. The recent collapse of a company of this kind is a case in point. The only safe course for small investors to follow is to avoid speculative investments, and to put their money in the banks near at home, or to buy real estate where they live and are familiar with the actual value of things.

The 120 marriageable young women who drew homesteads on the Rosebud Indian reservation in South Dakota are in no haste to marry. They don't have to be. They know that a woman with 160 acres can marry any time, and they are resolved to wait until the right suitors come along. They have organized and announced to the 10,000 men from whom they have received proposals that the only way to get into their favor is to work into it. They are not to be won by soft words. Good clothes, white hands, a handsome face, parlor manners will not do. The girls invite their admirers to come out and show what they can do in the plowing, sowing and harvesting line. Suitors who prove by one or two seasons' work that they are not lazy and know how to tend horses, cultivate corn, and pitch to a thrashing machine will stand a chance of getting a bride and farm. These young women are wise in their day and generation. Their plan, adapted to varying circumstances, would be a good one for others to adopt. The city young woman can seldom put her young man through his business or professional paces to see whether he is desirable. The next best thing is to demand a look at his pay envelope, bank book, and receipted bills. They will show how much he is making, keeping, and spending, and give a more accurate idea of his ability to support a family than the theater tickets he buys or the carriage he hires. The young man also ought to be afforded better facilities for correctly judging of the practical accomplishments of his intended. When the rural wooer calls he not infrequently is allowed to sit by the kitchen fire and watch his sweetheart prepare the family dinner. He knows she can cook. All the average city man knows at marriage about the housekeeping accomplishments of his bride is what he has learned by seeing her handle the versatile chafing dish. It is no more than fair that before a man contracts to live by a woman's cookery he should be given a few samples of it. Of course, people ought not to marry other people because they are workers, money makers, or good cooks. They ought to marry for love. But working, money making and cooking play important parts in practical life, and in the long run, other things being equal, those who do them best will love and be loved most.

May Recover.

"Do you know that Grabcoyne was seriously injured by an explosion?"

"No. When did it happen?"

"Last night. Burglar blew open his safe and got about \$37."—Detroit Tribune.

The way some people have of being good is worse than their way of being bad.



THE USE OF RICHES.

By Rev. John Watson, D. D.

"Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped His feet with her hair. And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."—John 12:3.

It is always to be remembered that Jesus did not come into this world upon an industrial, but upon a religious mission. He was concerned not to secure bodily comfort for men's bodies and to establish a bread-and-butter paradise, but to secure salvation for their souls and to make them partakers of the riches of the kingdom of God. If He has been a reformer of society, and as the ages go on it will be seen more and more clearly that He has been such a reformer, it is because He has been a Saviour of the soul. And Christ's idea of how to arrange the great difference between man and man is so to possess men with the spirit of the Father that they will treat their fellow-men as brethren.

I will say a word of a law to which great importance should be attached, and which illustrates the grace of Jesus' teaching. It is the law of beauty, which was illustrated in that hour when a pious and devout woman, touched with the romance which ever clings round the person of Christ and the kingdom of heaven, took that precious ointment, and instead of distributing it in alms at the door, poured it forth on the person of our Lord; so that although a little later they struck Him, they put Him to shame, and they crucified Him. He died bearing the fragrance of that ointment upon His body. Waste? Ah, glorious waste, the fragrance of which has filled not that room alone, but the whole history. So that if a man, having discharged his duties to his home and to his workmen, shall hold in his hand a surplus, what magnificent and beautiful things he can do with it! He can purchase pictures and statuary, and lovely metal-work, and specimens of the binder's art, and place them where the poorest of the people can have a vision of beauty. He can erect some great building in his city, whereon shall be written in stone the thoughts of ages; and in that building can allow the poorest of the people to hear the greatest artists in the subtlest of all arts—I mean music—the great players and the great singers. They are to-day the monopoly of the rich; they might be given for the service of the poor. He can secure open spaces in the crowded districts of the city, by pulling down a few houses and making there a little circle of quietness, where working women can go in the afternoons with their children, away from the noise and danger of the streets. He can give great parks, as men are giving—where the people can go on Sunday, and where the young men can have their games; where public functions, can be held. Any man who gives an art gallery, or gymnasium, or music room, or an hospital, or a school, or a university, or a park, or a playground to his fellow citizens, has given that which it honors him to give and which they receive without dishonor. Riches may be a sordid thing, and used basely they are the corruption of character, and they are the nurse of revolution. Used Christianly they are servants of peace and righteousness, and establish the kingdom of God by laying the foundation safe and strong of innumerable homes, and brighten with the joy of beauty the inevitable greyness of innumerable lives, all to the good of human souls and the glory of Jesus Christ our Lord.

DESIRE FOR BIGNESS.

By Dr. A. B. Stephens.

The lust for big things has led many men and nations far out into the desert to perish, forgetting tenderness and looking only to the accomplishment of the ambition for greatness. In our life, military and civic, we are cursed with an overwhelming desire for bigness. May God call us back from our following after this mirage that has led so many men and nations far out into the desert to perish, simply of their own lust for big things. It is still true that the victories of peace are greater than the victories of war.

In the bitter competitions and deadly strife by which society is beset we have come to emphasize power, might and magnitude, forgetting that the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Have men come to believe that God is always on the side of the largest navies and strongest armies? Do we, like Napoleon, see as important only cavalry, infantry and artillery?

The true disciple of Christ will learn from his Master, who found in a cup of cold water a ministry, tender and sweet, to human thirst. Sad is that heart to which want and suffering make no appeal, and sadder is that life that gives out none of itself in tenderness for the benefit of its kind.

The church to fulfill her true mission to men must not allow herself to be led into the riotous assembly that thunders in the theater at Ephesus, but must rather go to the upper room in Jerusalem, where she may for a time be alone with her Lord to gain power for her ministry of tenderness.

HOME AND WOMAN'S DUTY.

By Bishop Samuel Fallows.

President Roosevelt has called the attention of the country to the supreme importance of motherhood. He is but following in the footsteps of Napoleon, who, when asked what is the great need of France, answered, "Mothers."

Whatever is most excellent in the nation must begin at the fireside. Woman is the queen of the home. She rules there by divine right. She is the anointed priestess to keep the sacred fire of love to God and love to man ever burning on the home altar. That throne she can never abdicate to another. That holy office she can never forsake.

The home is the impetum in imperio of the State. It is the center and source of its human beginning and authority. In it is infolded the church in which the eternal father first speaks to the child through the mother's heart and lips. But woman's sphere is not confined to the home. Multitudes of the gentle sex are not permitted to ascend the royal throne of motherhood

For them the gates of opportunity were opened in the nineteenth century so numerously and so widely that Victor Hugo might well call it "the woman's century."

It took the world thousands of years to learn that woman had a soul. It required 2,000 years more before it could learn that she had a mind, and this knowledge is among the supreme gifts the century just closed gave to mankind.

It is a serious question whether it has been an advantage to society or not to have several millions of women enter into the industrial ranks, as they have done within the last thirty years. It has important bearings in many directions, and especially upon marriage and the home. But we must believe that, all things considered, it is for the best.

It is not the number of children in a home that is of paramount importance, but the quality. Reason and not recklessness must rule in settling the question. Parenthood must be largely determined by ability to take care of offspring, to say nothing of the health and well-being of the mother.

Former President Cleveland has criticized women's clubs as being inimical to the home. But I believe on the contrary that these clubs, whether for purely social, literary or philanthropic purposes or for extending the rights of woman so persistently and insolently denied her through all the ages, are not a menace but a blessing to the community.

From a somewhat careful examination of the constituency of these clubs I find that a large number of the members are women, who have done their duty faithfully at the fireside and whose children are the crown jewels of their homes. Other members are younger women who are devoting their energies to the betterment of society and are not losing their attractiveness and domesticity by their relationship to such organization.

WHINING PIETY WINS NO ONE.

Whining piety wins no one. Faith always goes forward. The worst sins have many aliases. Love counts its wealth by its losses. Shortening the face lengthens the life. It is easy to be resigned to another's woes. Weeping over your weeds only waters them. The best way to keep his day is to do his deeds. The Master is always with those who seek to minister. The church that does not look for the lost is lost itself. Only a soft man finds any pleasure in spreading himself. Salvation is more than a sense of satisfaction with ourselves. Angels may have wings, but that does not indicate that they will welcome a man milliner. Where there is no faith in the possibilities of man faith in the power of God does little good. If you know enough to help you will have too many contracts to waste any breath in criticism.

NEGRO EXCELS IN SCIENCE.

Trained by a Noted Educator and Does Valuable Work.

John W. Widgeon, scientist, is probably the most interesting negro in Baltimore. He holds a position at the Maryland Academy of Sciences directly under the eye of Dr. Philip H. Uhler, which gives him a place of distinction among his race. He has accomplished a wonderful amount of work of a scientific nature without any other training than that given him by Dr. Uhler, whose protegee he has been for many years, and he is engaged at present upon the arrangement of a collection of coral which he gathered last summer in and near Jamaica which is said to be the best in that part of the country.

Widgeon's life has been such an interesting one that at the suggestion of Dr. Uhler he has begun to write out the whole of it. He is the only negro in Maryland who has seriously attracted the attention of scientific men, and what he is doing now bids fair to make him even more widely known than before.

Widgeon was born of slave parents on the eastern shore of Virginia in 1850. After the Civil War he went to Baltimore and got a position in the establishment of Kuhn & Cummings, photographers, where he learned a great deal about photography. Then he went to work for Sharp & Dohme, where he remained for sixteen years. During his connection with this firm he learned a lot of chemistry, for he was employed in the laboratory ten years. Dr. Uhler gave him a position as a helper on one of his scientific corps after he left the drug firm and he showed such marked ability in this line of field work that it was not long before he was sent out on expeditions by himself to gather geological specimens for collections or for study in the laboratory. He has been engaged upon this sort of work for eighteen years, and in that time he has got together a valuable collection of fossils, rocks, minerals, Indian relics and birds and snakes, all of which are on exhibition at the Maryland Academy of Sciences.

The coral collection is excellent. Widgeon made two trips to Jamaica to get it. He did all the work himself. He stripped and dived for the specimens he wanted, not bothering with the paraphernalia of regulation scientists and divers.

Dr. Uhler says that he would not dispense with the services of his colored helper for those of a highly trained scientific man, because Widgeon, being a negro, can and is willing to do certain kinds of work which a white man would not do.

"His endurance and patience," continued Dr. Uhler, "are unlimited, it seems to me, and his Indian blood, of which he has considerable, his grandmother having been full-blooded, gives him the characteristic trait of wood and field craft. He is invaluable to me and the work he does is as complete and thorough as I could hardly get under other circumstances."

LITTLE BOY A HERO.

Rescued Drowning Tot and Reanimated Him in Scientific Manner.

With a record of having saved three lives Master J. G. Ford, a newsboy only 12 years of age, has all the modesty of a true hero.

Young Ford was in the vicinity of some abandoned clay pits, when he was attracted by the screaming of several other children. One of their number, James McGovern, aged 4 years, had fallen into the pit and was about to drown.

James' brother William, who is only two years older, was about to plunge into the pit when young Ford arrived. He held the baby's brother back with one hand, unloosed his paper strap with the other and, retaining a firm hold on one end of the strap, threw the buckle end to the little one in the water.

Fortunately enough, his aim was good; the little fellow grasped the strap and was drawn to the shore in a comatose state. In one hand he had a piece of a cigar box, which he had grasped in a frenzy and all efforts to make him relinquish his hold on it were unavailing.

Young Ford's efforts did not stop at this point. He realized that the little one's condition demanded immediate attention and recalling, as he stated to a reporter, one of his lessons in physiology, he proceeded to exert his efforts toward restoring natural respiration, doing so as nearly as he could remember from the instructions contained in his school book.

In this he was successful, and after reanimating the child by rolling him on the ground young Ford carried him to the home of his aunt, Mrs. J. Govern.

Master Ford is well known in the southern section of the city, says a New York Herald special from Boston, where he has a paper route. He has twice before made rescues from the same clay pits, one being his younger sister, Madeline, and the other Aubrey Stein, a playmate.

Asked to make a statement, the boy replied: "I guess I haven't anything to say. Most any kid would do what I did if they had been in my place."