

Topics of the Times

The Oregon whipping post for wife beaters will be better than the divorce court.

The Hartford Times says: "Go West, young man, and blow up with the country."

A Wisconsin man has been chosen to teach English to the King of Spain. Boston papers please copy.

John D. Rockefeller's agent says John will not give up his Cleveland home till he dies. Same old John.

The Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia. But there were giants in Philadelphia in those days.

Canadians claim the north pole as their property. There is no evidence to show that they can claim it by right of discovery.

"How to Keep Husbands," is the title of a magazine article by Lillian Russell. How long has Lillian kept any of hers?

Having ended their experiments with baking consumptives in Florida, the doctors will now try freezing them in the Arctic.

They say that Nan Patterson is going to write a book. Here is a case in which a Federal court injunction could be put to good use.

The private car trust resents the idea of the United States Government interfering with any branch of the highway robbery business.

Emperor William says he doesn't like the way the Japanese show up on parade, but he admits that he has no criticisms to offer concerning their fighting.

Spare rooms are going out of fashion. Flats and increasing property values are doing away with accommodations for friends who like to travel and save hotel bills.

Even if he shall escape the gentle desire of his nurses to boil him alive, it is extremely likely that the Czarevitch will accumulate a large and varied experience with hot water.

Should every lover of trees make a practice of planting one tree each year, the deforested areas would soon be replaced by other areas heavily wooded. Why do you not begin this year?

Banker Bigelow says he is "simply a fool, and that's all there is to it." Mr. Bigelow is right about being a fool, but that isn't all there is to it. The courts are likely to hold that there was at least a small element of criminality in his folly.

There has been a good deal of criticism of the Legislatures this year, but can anybody name a really wicked bill passed by any of the Legislatures? On the other hand it is easy to enumerate quite a string of measures which were enacted under the reform label.

From the esteemed New York Herald we learn that "the weather man does not manufacture and retail sunshine and storm. He merely gives warning." This reproof, which is given in all kindness, should be accepted in like spirit. We have all been unjust to the weather man.

Rev. Dr. John Punnett Peters, rector of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, has "discovered" that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, mentioned in Genesis, were not real people, but composite photographs of Israel. The world seems to be full of descendants of the learned gentleman who "discovered" that the moon was made of green cheese.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, head of Princeton University, in a recent address advised young men to interest themselves more in public affairs, on the ground of duty, if no other. Their education, he held, carries with it a responsibility which the public has a right to demand the young men shall share with others who have not been so fortunate in their mental training. The point is a good one, and young men all over the country are not slow in availing themselves of opportunities offered. The number of young men, not only lawyers, but those in business, who are taking an active part in politics is increasing.

Although the Senate of the United States contains to-day only about half as many men over the age of 70 as it did a year ago, the name of that body, derived from the Latin word meaning "an old man," is still measurably appropriate. Nine of its present members have passed the allotted three-score and ten. Of the sixteen a year ago who had reached that age five

have since died: Messrs. Quay, Hoar, Bate, Hawley and Platt. Gibson and Stewart have retired from the Senate, as indeed did Hawley a few weeks before his death. Those now over 70 include both Senators from Alabama and from New York, and one each from Maine, Vermont, Illinois, Iowa, and Colorado.

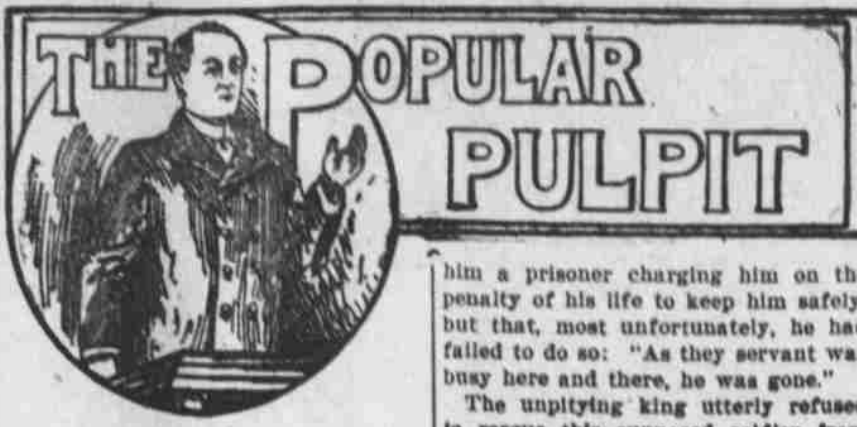
In this country we have been long familiar with the complaint that it is hard to get Americans to enlist in the navy or engage in the marine service. On top of this knowledge comes the news from Canada that it has been found practically impossible to garrison the fortifications at Halifax and Esquimaux with Canadian troops. It is probable that both in Canada and the United States the condition responsible for this reluctance of young men to enlist is the very condition of national prosperity which both countries are glad to record. The industrial and commercial opportunities in America to-day are so numerous and widespread that very much more generous inducements than are now held out to young men, apparently, must be offered to persuade them to abandon the civil for the military life.

Have you ever stopped to think what subject furnishes the most fruitful topic of conversation these days? It is money! In libraries, in parlors, in street cars, on railroads, in the street—everywhere the sound of "dollars" is heard. "What is it worth?" "How much did it cost?" "How much did you get for it?" "What kind of an investment would that be?" "How are the stocks to-day?" "Who won in that last real estate deal?" Always money, money, money! Do you announce the death of a friend, the query, "How much money did he leave?" is the first thing to greet your ears. Sorrow for the dead, and sympathy for the living, are both secondary to the importance of whether he "died rich." Do you speak of a marriage, the first question is, "Did she do well?" Always money, money, money! Is a child born into the world, "Was it born with a silver or gold spoon in its mouth?" is the first thing asked. And, according to the answer, predictions for its future are either rose or gray. Always money, money, money! Men have died for it, lied for it, become criminals for it—everything but remained honest for it. And yet these shining words of the Holy Writ have not been blotted from the book which men love to proclaim their guide and solace: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold."

Dean McClintock of Chicago university says the value of play is not well understood, and that it is "nature's best method of education." Play is undoubtedly nature's best restorer. Next to sleep it is an essential. We all know the truth of the adage that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. And in this country we have a lot of dull boys, both young and old, not so much because they do not know how to play as how to work. The average American business man takes his task too seriously. In the desire to get rich he forgets how to live. There is too much friction and too much waste of vital forces. Many of our business men do things in a slapdash sort of way. They jump without pause for breathing from one thing to another. They work at a high tension and worry at a high tension. They waste nervous energy. Their minds are in a ferment. They are feverish. There is a get-there-ell glare in their eyes. They ejaculate. They gesticulate. They all but foam at the mouth. Luncheon is no let up. They gulp their victuals as if they were in competition. Play? The proposition would be thought a crazy one. There is no time to play in business hours and when business is over there are too many other demands. If these men only knew it, they could do better work and more of it by lowering the tension. A little relaxation would help amazingly. And a play spell at home after business hours would renew and vitalize the worn nerve strings. However, it is easy to advise. The fever of high strung endeavor is in the American blood. Warnings against useless expenditure of effort go largely unheeded.

Vermont's Only Remaining Forest.
Preparations are under way to develop the most extensive tract of virgin timber in Vermont. The lands contain over 5,000,000,000 feet of spruce and other valuable soft wood heretofore untouched because of its remoteness from the railroad. To reach the vast wilderness in the southern part of the State the West River Railroad Company, which has just been organized, will build a branch from the Central Vermont and an army of axemen will enter the woods next fall. It is estimated that it will take twenty-five years to cut all this timber. This will be the end of Vermont's virgin forests, but there are thousands of acres lumbered many years ago which may soon be recut.

It's hard for a lecturer to get the people out and hard to entertain them after he does get them out.



THE FLOOD.

By Rev. A. Meldrum.

Text: "And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." Genesis 7:1.

In the 6th, 7th and 8th chapters of Genesis, we have the best account of the greatest flood this world has ever seen. I say the best account, for we are not entirely dependent upon the divine record concerning this awful inundation. For, be it remembered, that the peoples of the earth, whether populating the plateaux of Persia, the mountains of India, the prairies of America, or the islands of the sea, have had handed down to them, by the past generations, the tradition of the Great Flood. Tablets, excavated from the debris of dead cities, corroborate the Mosaic account. The fossilized mollusks and brachiopods, found upon the mountains, tell us that once their tall tops were submerged in water, and that they undoubtedly owe their colossal grandeur to an aqueous origin. Hence the famous Scottish, geological genius was forced to exclaim, "The evidence is in the rocks."

The building of the Ark must have furnished a vast amount of jokes for the jester, talk for the tattler, and questions for the curious. Imagine for a moment, if you please, an immense timber yard on a great plain. Beams piled here, and boards there, kettles of boiling, smoking pitch stand ready for use, while the constant clang of busy hammers announces the work begun. And Noah, Shem, Ham and Japheth are laying the keel, and building the bulwarks of the biggest boat of the ancient world. It is not surprising that those faithless antediluvians should look on in amazement first, then indifference, then ridicule and disgust. Year after year they came, and steadily the ark grew in bulk and beauty. More and more enthusiastic did the preacher plead with the people, emphasizing repentance, with every blow that fell upon the timbers. But, like many a sermon of the present day, the message was unheeded, and Noah closed his one hundred and twenty years' mission without a single convert.

Noah loaded the ark according to the commandment of God, and then he, and his wife, and his three sons, and their wives went in and God closed the door of the ark.

God has declared that He will again destroy this world, and the wicked that dwell therein. "But, according to His promise, we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." Water will not be the element of destruction the next time, but fire. "The heavens that now are and the earth, by the same word have been stored up with fire, being reserved against the day of judgment and destruction of ungodly men." God has given the world a foretaste of its impending doom, by the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

As Noah warned the antediluvians to cease to do evil and learn to do well, so I call upon you, in the name of the Master, to quit your meanness and prepare to meet your God. O fellow sinners, be warned! Think not to say within yourselves, "We have no need of Jesus." For I declare unto you that no arm but Christ's can deliver you, no power but his can save you and no blood but his can redeem you. Turn your back upon sin and all its delusions. Flee from the wrath to come and take refuge in the arms of Jesus, and he will save you with an everlasting salvation.

A BUSY MAN'S BLUNDER.

By Rev. G. B. F. Nailock, D. D.

Text: "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone." I. Kings 20:40.

For the environment of this verse we must go back three thousand years. The words occur in the midst of the account of a parable acted by a distinguished prophet, probably Micah, who in a wounded, disconsolate plight greeted Ahab, king of Israel, as he was riding victoriously homeward from a day of bloody battle with the Syrians. Ahab had strangely, and most disobediently, at the close of the battle entered into a covenant of peace with Ben-Hadad, the enemies' leader, and let him go absolutely free.

It was therefore desirable to have Ahab, pronounce judgment against his own conduct. So the prophet took a plan to secure this. He ordered a man to smite and wound him. Then, in the guise of a soldier, he approached the king of Israel, telling him that in the midst of the battle one had brought

him a prisoner charging him on the penalty of his life to keep him safely, but that, most unfortunately, he had failed to do so: "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

The un pitying king utterly refused to rescue this supposed soldier from the consequences of such criminal carelessness, and immediately passed judgment upon him from the testimony of the man's own lips.

But the prophet, quickly dropping his disguise, turned upon Ahab and spoke, as Nathan once spoke to King David, saying, "Thou art the man!" "Thus saith the Lord, Because thou hast let go out of thy hand a man whom I appointed to utter destruction, therefore thy life shall be for his life, and thy people for his people. And the king of Israel went to his house heavy and displeased," and all that was said came true.

Now, there are a good many important lessons we might gather from the character and conduct of Ahab. The man was ordered to keep a prisoner. It became his very first duty to do so. But he preferred to follow out his own wishes, and so the prisoner got away.

We have, therefore, in this text three points: The first is of a great trust; the second of a sad confession of failure; and the third of the painful consequences.

The soul is an infinite trust. The man in the prophet's story had a trust, and he neglected it. The warning was, "If he be missing, thy life shall be for his life." I too have a trust. I have a work for my own soul to do, and work for other souls to do that is more important than any other work could be.

Many of us go along all our days on the banks of the great sea of Divine Love, and we are so busy thinking about other things, or doing other things, that at the end of the day's journey we do not know that we have been traveling by the side of the flashing waters. Many of us are so swallowed up in our occupations and desires, that all the trumpets of Sinai might be blown into our ears and we should hear them as though we heard them not, and, what is worse, that the pleading voice of that dear and Divine One who is ever saying to each of us, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," passes us by, and produces no effect, any more than the idle wind whistling through an archway does.

Dear fellow soul-trustee, you have the ear, you have the need, the sin, the weakness, the transiency, to which the gospel appeals. You have the faculties to which it addresses itself. Our divine Lord is speaking to every one of us. Let us each stop and ask ourselves this question: "Do I hear Him?" If not, is it because the clatter of the world's business, or the more refined sounds of some profession or study, have so taken up our attention that we have none to spare for that which requires and would repay it most. "As thy servant was busy here and there He was gone!"

SHORT METER SERMONS.
Faith does not fatten on fog.
Modesty is the mark of might.
It is easy to call our impulses His inspiration.
Religion by compulsion results in repulsion.
Faith builds no fences between us and our fellows.
Men need new hearts more than stronger harness.
A petrified creed often goes with a putty conscience.
Envy another's cake only spoils our own cookies.
Men who intend to be good to-morrow always die to-day.
Life is all song when one lives in harmony with the infinite.
God waits for us somewhere on every pathway of pain.
The fragrance of a life depends on the fullness of its love.
The heart gains no rest through the gold cross carried on the breast.
The man who can be patient with his corbs has a good chance of glory.
The Sunday face that looks like ice will not wash out the sins of the week.
What most Christians need is not more assurance of faith, but more assets.
It's no use agonizing in prayer for the light when you keep the shutters locked.
The more haste men make for happiness the less intimate acquaintance they get with it.
Heaven has feasts for home coming wanderers but not so much as a hand-out for the tramp.
Many a man wastes enough perspiration praying for dimes to earn ten times as many dollars.

WORKING GIRL'S HOTEL.

One Established in London Where Rate Is 25 Cents a Day.

Lord Radstock, a wealthy relative of the duke of Manchester—the latter known principally as the husband of Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati—has opened in southwest London a hotel for working girls, says the Detroit Tribune.

This, in itself, isn't new. Other hotels for working girls have been established and have met with more or less success—and advertisement.

Lord Radstock, however, thinks he has solved the problem of how to live on 25 cents a day, and has planned his hotel to meet an extraordinary demand along that line.

At his hotel the charge for lodging is 85 cents a week—12 cents a night.

In addition, meals are provided at the minimum cost. A pot of tea, for instance, may be had for 2 cents; a three-course dinner, consisting of soup, steak, pudding and fruit pie, for 8 cents. Roast beef, or pork, two vegetables and plum pudding cost only 12 cents. Irish stew requires an expenditure of 4 cents, and all puddings only 2 cents.

A boarder may delve as deeply or as lightly into the bill of fare as she chooses. She may scale the menu and live fairly well, or may go the limit and luxuriate. She may keep her expenditure down to 25 cents a day, but, at any rate, cannot soar much above that figure.

The hotel has bright, well-furnished, sitting rooms, classrooms, a workroom for sewing and a laundry. The bedrooms are light, airy and comfortable and hot water and baths are free.

An immense marble-lined skating rink, on which many pleasure seekers can find room, is one of the features of the hotel. Swings and gymnastic apparatus will be put up in the near future.

Lord Radstock allows his girl boarders plenty of liberty. The rules are few and not irksome.

Lights are out at 10:30, but permission to stay out till later can be obtained from the matron. Visitors are permitted, but male guests are received only in the hall.

There is no age limit for the boarders.

For a long time Lord Radstock has been interested in such philanthropic work; he is now just entering his 71st year. His father was a vice-admiral in the English navy. His grandfather, the Rt.-Hon. William Waldegrave, was raised to the peerage in 1800.

FOUND A LONG-LOST DEED.

Chance Saved a Valuable Legacy to Kansas University.

An unrecorded deed was found in an obscure corner of an old desk in Lawrence, Kan., not long ago which insured to the University of Kansas a valuable legacy, says the Kansas City Star. After the death of the late Gov. Charles Robinson it was found that he had followed up a number of valuable gifts made to the university during his lifetime by bequeathing to the university his valuable farm a few miles north of Lawrence. His widow was to have the farm during her life and then it was to go to the State University.

A few months ago L. S. Steele, an abstractor in Lawrence, was commissioned to make an abstract of the farm. He found the title vested in a sister of Gov. Robinson by virtue of a deed made more than twenty-five years ago. The executors could not find any deed or other instrument transferring the property to Gov. Robinson. For a time it seemed as if the legacy would be lost. The woman in whom the title was vested had been dead for several years. The widow of the dead governor was sure that her husband had held the title of the farm at the time of his death. A thorough search was made.

Finally it occurred to one of the executors to compile a list of all of the agents Gov. Robinson had employed during his lifetime. All of these agents that could be found were seen and each of them searched everywhere for the deed. Finally one of them recalled an old desk that he had sold to a second-hand dealer a few years before. The desk was traced to a farmhouse almost adjoining the Robinson farm. The desk was reached, but the missing document was not discovered. The farmer who owned the desk was not satisfied with the search made by the lawyers who had visited him for that purpose. He took the desk apart and behind a broken panel found the missing deed.

The document was recorded the next day and the widow of the late Gov. Robinson is now sure of her home during her lifetime and the University of Kansas is again secure in its anticipation of a valuable legacy.

Musings.

The man who likes to wash dishes will never have to go very far to find a job.

Life is full of compensations. The homely girl can often make good bread.

There is a woman in Somerville who has almost convinced herself that she was born lucky, after all. She wiped out fifteen calls the other afternoon and didn't find anyone at home.—Somerville Journal.