

Topics of the Times

Men have been arrested for merely taking things as they come.

The dressmakers declare the sylph-like figure must go. The pad is the fad.

Technicalities are what the lawyers fight over when the evidence is limited.

There is no patent on trouble, yet lots of men have been arrested for making it.

A young married couple could probably live on wind if the bride's pa would raise it for them.

Nikola Tesla talks of talking around the earth. Suppose that was one thing Nikola had already accomplished.

A woman's ideal photograph is one that represents her as looking at least ten years younger than she really is.

A Memphis man has been fined \$20 for snoring in church. Yet it is commonly supposed that salvation is free.

Men drink less in summer than in winter, according to observing statisticians, and yet summer is the season of larks and swallows.

When a man boasts that he is the descendant of some great man, he should not be criticised. Usually he has no other occasion for boasting.

The Czar boldly declares that he will fight to the bitter end. It must be admitted that he has had opportunities to cultivate a fine taste for bitterness.

All young married women should be able to make bread, says a writer on domestic economy. Most of them are, but their husbands are not always able to eat it.

If the Japanese Emperor shares the opinion of his commanders that their victories are due to his virtues, he must have a badly swelled head at present.

The United States could wallop any other power on earth, of course. At the same time, it is pleasant to reflect that we are on the most peaceable terms with Japan.

Nan Patterson has quit the stage, disgusted at the public's lack of enthusiasm. May we venture to hope now that Nan will go home and consent to settle down?

Some editors declare they are afraid there'll be a revival of "Florodora" with Nan Patterson in her old role. Why be afraid? You'd never hear of her if she were in the old role.

A Connecticut man who fathered a law providing for the regulation of the speed of automobiles has been arrested for running his machine too fast. He probably had no automobile when he got the law passed.

It is no use putting up a protest against the hoop skirt. If the dressmakers say so, it will come along again and crowd you off the sidewalk and assert itself generally. The hoop skirt is not a handsome thing, but it has to have room.

Human disaster almost invariably calls forth human courage and human sympathy. Recently fifty-one nurses at North Brother Island, New York, received diplomas, the gift of the German Empress, for their heroism in caring for the living and the dead from the excursion steamer General Slocum, last year. The head nurse, who directed the work, received a gold brooch and a letter from the German ambassador at Washington.

Virginians have long considered the possibility of bringing the ashes of Pocahontas from the church at Gravesend, England, to Jamestown. The accepted story is that she was buried in the rector's vault. It is evident from what one correspondent writes that it will be a more difficult task to find trace of the so-called Indian princess than it was to discover the remains of John Paul Jones, for the church has been burned twice since Pocahontas died, and the fires made such complete destruction that the location of the vaults is unknown.

That is sound advice which the Harvard crimson gives to the men on the various athletic squads, to keep up in their studies and be regular in their attendance at lectures. The captains of the crew, nine and track team of the university urge the men to do this not because they will get the benefit of study but because if a man goes on probation now because he is lax in his studies he loses his place on the team until his conditions are removed, and this will work serious injury to

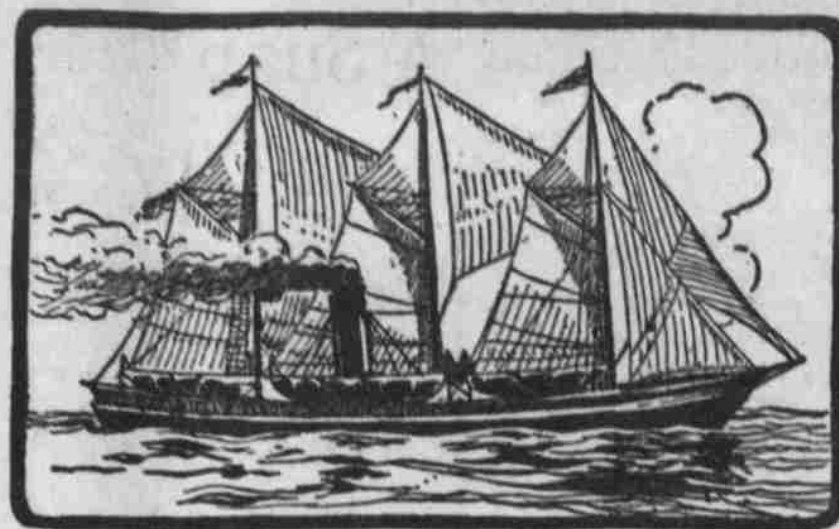
the team. This is not the highest ground on which an appeal for higher scholarship standing might be made, but it is of the sort which particularly appeals to the man whose main interest in college is in athletics. Doubtless the men will swallow this sugar-coated pill readily.

It will be a curious and perhaps an amusing fact to many members of the present generation that Henry Ward Beecher regarded it as his duty to defend the morality of life-insurance. In that day a most respectable portion, indeed, almost a majority, of the public looked upon insurance as a sort of gambling. With a better understanding of the subject, that view has almost disappeared, and what was once regarded as a dubious act has come to be recognized as a personal duty. So rapidly has the business of life-insurance grown that the funds of the insurance companies are to-day the greatest aggregations of capital in the world. Two billions and a quarter of dollars represent the actual assets of the "old line" life-insurance companies of the United States, and the insurance in force which they represent is over ten billions. There are more than five million policy holders, each insured for an average of a little over two thousand dollars. In addition to this there are about fifteen million outstanding industrial policies, representing some two billion dollars insurance, and there are more than six million policy holders, with eight billion dollars of insurance, in fraternal orders. Altogether, therefore, more than half of the families in the United States are insured. More and more clearly it has been recognized that insurance is for the man of moderate means a safe and sensible form of saving; and as greater numbers of men of that class have become interested, measures for the better protection of policy holders have been passed by State legislatures. Companies which were doing an unsafe although attractive business have been for the most part eliminated, or turned toward safer channels; and the "mutual" plan has gained favor so rapidly that in theory, at least, there is now no more absolute democracy in the world than a great life-insurance company.

Louis A. Baumann, a 16-year-old water boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine, is one of the kind the world calls heroes. He risked his own life by plunging into a swollen stream to save that of a human being. Two times he was forced to go into the water before the rescue was effected, so he is a real hero. The Carnegie hero fund commission heard of it and awarded him a medal. "Me a medal?" said Baumann, when he was informed of the honor accorded him. "What do I want with a medal?" This young man's naive reception of the news that he had done something extraordinary in leaping to save a life at the possible cost of his own throws interesting light on the subjects of heroes and heroism. Apparently it was a mere incident to him. The man was in the water, drowning. The thing to do was to get him out. There was no reason for any fuss over it. This, the unconsciousness of having done anything that merits especial notice, is the keynote of the true hero. The man who risks his life to save another is not of the type that stops and considers. He acts. What prompts him to act can hardly be fathomed. The impulse which prompts men to risk their lives constitutes the mystery of heroism. The soldier in battle has the inspiration of patriotism, the love of great deeds and of duty, and the surge of combat to urge him on to what is certain death. The city fireman who rushes into a burning building has the inspiration of his fellows and the traditions of the department. The steamship captain who goes down with his boat knows that it is the proper thing to do. The isolated individual who promptly risks his life when the occasion demands has none of these sources of inspiration. He acts from some sudden spring of impulse within himself. The impulse says, "Do," and he does. Afterward it may come upon him that he has risked his life, but never when he is in the act of doing so. It is the helpless one who commands his full attention. The difference between the hero and the rest of men is that he does not pause to think. Between the warm impulse to do and the actual deed there is no time of cold reflection. The man who is not a hero pauses, reflects and is lost. The hero does not weigh his chances nor the heroics of the situation. Neither does he consider the likelihood that his deed may be widely known. A medal comes as a shock to him. Medals do not make heroes. Probably the hero himself does not know what makes him. In calling general attention to these unheroic heroes by the distribution of medals, the Carnegie commission is doing good work by giving the world the inspiration that all examples of heroic action hold.

The biggest job we know anything about is to "entertain" people. People who visit at our house must entertain themselves.

"WHITE PLAGUE" SUFFERERS GO TO THE POLAR SEAS FOR HEALTH.



THE HAVANA.

Thirty victims of tuberculosis went aboard the steamer Havanna, in charge of Dr. Frederick Sohon, of Washington, at Halifax, the other day, preparatory to a voyage for health quite without a parallel in medical records.

Demonstrations recently made have established beyond a doubt that the fresh-air-and-sunshine cure is almost infallible. But under ordinary conditions it is a slow and tedious operation, requiring more time than the average person has to spare in this strenuous age. Dr. Sohon believes that three months spent in the germproof regions of the North will rout the disease sufficiently for the victim to throw it off completely.

July, August and September above the Arctic circle will be three months



AN ISLAND STATION.

of never-ceasing sunshine—every hour in the twenty-four. Think of the curative properties stored in a continuous sun bath of fourteen weeks! For it is into such a polar day that the Havanna will sail with her crew and thirty candidates for the polar cure.

"The plan," said Dr. Sohon, recently, in speaking of the expedition, "has been a dream of mine for many years, and, through the aid of a number of generous men, it will now be put into operation. It is the sequel to my own experience in the polar regions. I accompanied Commander Peary in 1897, and was, at the time, slightly affected by tuberculosis myself. I improved so rapidly, despite the hardships of the journey, and was so vastly benefited that I was struck with wonder at what the Arctic regions could do for persons so affected. That, to repeat, was during the 1897 expedition.

"Five years afterward, on accompanying the Peary relief expedition, I made an exhaustive study of the subject of the curative properties of the far north for consumption. In order to bring the reader to a better realization of this vast and vital scourge, it may be said that tubercle bacilli do not necessarily lead to hopeless extremes, but it is the resulting mixed infection with pyogenic organisms which occasions danger. The indications are to have an environment free from all sources of dangerous extra infection and to secure such other conditions as to encourage a restoration of vitality and vigor by which the disease is stifled, so to say.

"These conditions can be met in perfection in some of the Greenland fjords. The suggestion of their adaptability to this purpose has nothing strange or experimental for its foundation. It proposes something easily obtainable and better than we have at present—the

It Sounded Plausible.

"That horse dealer down to Cross-town is a queer lot," remarked old Jared Billings, as he sunned himself on the horse-block and watched his neighbor mend a picket fence.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the other, as he drove a nail home without hitting his thumb.

"What's the matter? Why, he's a sharper, he is; you've got to look alive or he'll cheat the very eyes out of you! I'll just tell you what he did to me last week.

"I had occasion to get a rig from him—just had to have it that very day to go to town on that court business—and that horse dealer, he said he didn't know me, and he'd lost a lot, letting things to strangers, and unless I'd leave the worth o' the rig with him then and there he wouldn't hear of my taking it.

"Well, it just so happened I had the money by me—wasn't much of a turn-out, by the way—and I put it up with him, and when I came back he handed over the price and I give up the rig.

highest development of all that has proved beneficial in the rational treatment of tuberculosis.

"Our present procedure, if thoroughly carried out, ought to cure a proportion of cases far beyond what are usually accepted as fair results. One person in four contracts tuberculosis, and one death in seven is from this cause alone—which would imply only 44 per cent of recoveries.

"Making due allowance for deficiencies in statistics, it would seem that only about one-third of all who contract tuberculosis recover. The great majority of cases happen under very unfavorable conditions and have a mortality much higher than the average. Therefore, to offset this, we must consider that there is a smaller class comprising slight attacks under favorable conditions that has nearly 100 per cent of recoveries.

"A summer spent in Omenak fjord or Ingfield gulf, where we purpose anchoring and biding a while, would serve to establish a cure, or insure its accomplishment afterward, in nearly all cases not hopelessly advanced. Three consumptives to my knowledge have gone to these places, and in each case the cure was immediate and effectual. Two of them were for three months in the Peary expedition, and the third, a well-advanced case, was for nine months aboard a whaler. Some Eskimos brought to this country soon contracted virulent tuberculosis, four of them quickly succumbing, one being still uncurd here, while the only one who returned to his native snows recovered. One hundred per cent of recoveries in four cases is, of course, not conclusive evidence, still it includes all known cases. So we are warranted in drawing the most promising conclusions.

"The climatic conditions in Greenland above the Arctic circle are ideal for this purpose. Even at our best consumption resorts in the United States the patients have good days and bad nights. They may not venture into the dew-drenched air, and ordinarily lose at night what is gained by day. The secret of the open-air treatment for this terrible disease is abundant sunlight and a dry, cold, bracing atmosphere. These three ingredients abound only in the very far north during the three months of sunshine. Almost to the northernmost boundary of Greenland, and some degrees above the Arctic circle, the summer temperature seldom falls below freezing, the mercury being generally above in July and August, when it ranges from 35 to 45 degrees. There is no increase of heat during the day and no cooling off at night, for nights there are none.

"The natives of northern Greenland do not have tuberculosis, though there have been opportunities for infection in the tribes. One reason for this—and it is to be pondered—is that catarrhal conditions do not occur, since bacteria are not native there.

"I have made exhaustive bacteriological searches in northern Greenland, and have never found a disease germ, for they absolutely cannot exist there, much less spread.

"The Havanna is, so far as possible, adapted admirably to such an expedition. It has been entirely renovated, fumigated, and furnished after the sanitary manner of a hospital ship, with many added comforts. In other words, the vessel differs in no wise from a model sanatorium except that it is movable. We will take a roving commission, so to say, stopping here or there as occasion may warrant, moving from gulf to gulf, from harbor to harbor, so as to have a sufficient change of scenery to provide against monotony. We expect to be back in Halifax early in October or possibly by Sept. 30."

"Well, now, what do you suppose that fellow called after me as I was putting off home? 'Hold on!' he hollered. 'You've forgot to pay for the hire.'

"'Hire?' I said. 'Hire? I'd like to know if I wasn't driving my own rig all the afternoon!'

"Did you ever hear the like o' that for graspingness? Yes, sir, I tell you, that horse dealer's a sharper!"

More Trouble.

Patience—What is that the choir is singing?

Patrice—Oh, that's called "The Battle Song."

"Gracious! Is the choir going to have another fight?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Would Do for an Excuse.

She—Is there any insanity in the Snobbs family?

He—No. It's too bad there isn't; it would give them a legitimate excuse for some of their actions.—Detroit Free Press.



Sax—Your new auto is sixteen horse power, isn't it? Fox—Um! Sixteen balky horse power.—Brooklyn Life.

Diner—I've been waiting half an hour for that chicken I ordered. Waiter—You have an uncommon amount of patience, sir.—Judge.

She—Is skin grafting a very late discovery? He—No, it is only a new branch of a very old art; all grafting is a skin profess.—Detroit Free Press.

Sometimes a man is despised for twenty or thirty years because he is so stingy, and then envied all the rest of his life because he is so rich.—Somerville Journal.

"You haven't been here long," remarked the ink-well. "No," replied the new blotter. "How do you like your work?" "Well, its certainly absorbing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Husband—You ought to know more than to order a pearl necklace when you know how I'm fixed! Wife—Why, John, do you think I want everybody to know how you're fixed?—Puck.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

Mistress (to applicant for cook's position)—Why did you leave your last place? Applicant—You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you.—Plick-Me-Up.

Miss Innit—You seemed bored at the theater last night, Mr. Knott. Don't you like Shakespeare? Mr. Wyse Knott—Oh, Shakespeare's all right. I s'pose, but I wish he'd turn out something new.—Ex.

"Albert, dear, while looking through some of your old clothes, I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it." "What was it, dear?" "Half a dozen checks that had never been written on."

Rastus (to druggist)—Look hyah, misteh. Yo' all sole me some stuff to make Easteh aigs yestuddy. Druggist—Well? Rastus—Well, I feed hit to dem hens, an' dey ain' lay no aigs—dey lay down en' die.

Mrs. Smith—Had your daughter a pleasant voyage? Mrs. Newrich—Yes, but they must have had an accident. She wrote she landed on Terra Firma, and I know the boat was bound for Liverpool.—New York Mail.

Growell (in cheap restaurant)—Here, waiter! Are these mutton or pork chops? Waiter—Can't you tell by the taste? Growell—No. Waiter—Then what difference does it make what they are?—Illustrated Bits.

Mamma—I thought there was an apple on the sideboard and I was going to give it to you, but I find it isn't there! Freddy—Well, will you give me something else, mummy, 'cos it wasn't a very good one?—Punch.

"One-half of the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business." "Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble." "What's that?" "Getting other people to mind theirs."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Gadabout—People are saying you called on Mrs. Verdigris the other day and got a setback. Mrs. Upjohn—What a wilful perversion of truth! I called on her, and got back a set of Dickens that I'd loaned her two years before.

Mrs. Nuwad—Here's the bread I started to make to-day. Isn't it too annoying? Mr. Nuwad—Why, it isn't baked at all. Mrs. Nuwad—I know it isn't; that's just it. I put plenty of baking powder in it, but it doesn't seem to have worked.

La Montt—Children are so much worse than they used to be. What do you attribute it to? La Moyné—Improved ideas in building. La Montt—What has that to do with it? La Moyné—Much. Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof.

A Process Reversed: "You regard campaign calculations as a distinct branch of mathematics?" "Yes," answered the erudite personage. "The method differs from all others. You start with the answer, and then work backward and evolve a problem to demonstrate it."

Cold Mine 3,000 Feet Deep.

The deepest gold mine in the world is said to be at Bendigo, Australia. It is called the New Chum mine, and its main shaft is sunk to a depth of three-quarters of a mile. The most difficult problem of working a mine of such depth is how to keep the tunnels and general workings cool enough for the miners to work. The temperature is usually about 108 degrees, and this is, of course, greatly enervating. To make it possible for the men to work at all a spray of cold water is let down from above and kept continually playing on their bodies. They are naked from the waist up.