

Topics of the Times

Football, for lack of a better name to describe it, is still designated as a sport.

Doctors will doubtless agree with that London scientist who asserts that disease is a blessing.

Too many men allow their religion to hang in the closet through the week with their Sunday clothes.

Some of the watchdogs of our national banking system seem to have lost the faculty of finding and following the scent.

Just to show what heroes they are, some of the life insurance experts announce that they carry policies in their own companies.

It is expected, meanwhile, that the forests will remain in their place until the courts have decided whether or not they are to be preserved.

In Japan Admiral Togo is fondly referred to as a lobster. The admiral is a small man physically and can't fight much except when he is on his ship.

It is asserted, on the other hand, that big hats for women are not going out of fashion. The report that they were, doubtless, was started by some designing masculine person.

"Three saved by chewing gum" is the head over a news item. It seems that the three used chewing gum to plug a hole in their canoe. Then they were saved by not chewing it, after all.

Russia's bad way never could be more forcefully illustrated than by the lamentable fact that the stroke of one man's pen could open the dungeons where political prisoners have been left for years to wither and die.

Professor Wiley proposes to test the effects of cold storage food on the human system. It is to be hoped that he will try the cold storage egg himself, so that he may speak from personal experience instead of merely observing its effect on some hired man.

About half a century ago England took notice of one fleet only, the French. Now things have changed. Japan has revealed her naval power; Italy has a fairly good navy; Wilhelm II. rules over Germany and has announced that the country's future welfare must be sought for on the seas; the United States wish to have no rivals on the ocean and Russia is beginning to rebuild her fleet.

This continent is no longer the scene of the most striking innovations; America is an old story. Africa is the new world. The French are stretching a telegraph wire from the Mediterranean across the Sahara to Timbuktu. The wire has already reached the Tuat oases. It will pass thence to the Ahagar Mountains, where live the Tuareg bandits, and so into a country which a few years ago was extremely dangerous to an avowed Christian.

No matter how profound and learned a lawyer may be, he seems to be incapable of drawing his own will so that it will not be set aside. This was the fate of Samuel J. Tilden's will, and now we are informed that the will of Chief Justice Edward M. Paxson of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, bequeathing \$3,000,000 for the establishment of a farm school for boys, is void for such an obvious defect as the absence of subscribing witnesses. Sometimes it looks as if people who know how to make money never know anything else.

There are men who have never been detected in wrongdoing whose performances are nevertheless so hostile to the public welfare or so acceptable to self-seekers that their honesty is impugned and their patriotism discounted. Any prosecuting officer will testify that there is nothing in the whole catalogue of crimes so difficult to trace as political corruption, nothing so difficult to fix as bribery. The public should not wait for proofs. The vote should not wait for evidence. It is not only essential that public men have their dishonesty unproved, but that they be men of such proved honesty and absolute integrity that no breath of suspicion has ever tainted their reputations.

A friend of the editor asks this question: "Why do Americans as a rule go after the dollar harder than Europeans?" Plainly, because dollars will buy more in this country than in Europe. Dollars will buy some things there, but here they will buy everything that is worth buying. In Europe it makes no difference how much money a man has, nor how decent his character, neither he nor his family can amount to anything in particular.

He must be born to the manner. Else the door of opportunity is closed. In this country, if he is the right sort of a man, he can buy freedom from fear and worry, recognition, independence. He can aspire to be and become all that any other American can aspire to become. And that is why our critics across the waters fail to understand us. Years ago they called us a nation of shopkeepers. They can see us only as dollar chasers. But the fact is we want money because of the things it will buy. We do not hoard it. We are royal spenders. Of course there are some among us who believe that money will buy anything—contentment, happiness, or even character. They learn differently. But surely it is not altogether an unworthy motive that we should desire money that we may minister to the wellbeing of those whom we are fond of. It is not a sordid desire, this one of wanting money to educate our children and give them a chance in life better than our chance. And that is why Fritz and Patrick and Nels and Antonio and Moses, when they come to us over sea, join with us in the dollar chase. It is only when we begin to long for dollars we cannot use that we become money mad. The American wants dollars for what they will buy and he buys what he wants.

There is close relation between belief and reasoning, but there could be no greater error than to suppose that reasoning is the only thing that can produce beliefs and that all of our beliefs are the result of reasoning. Most people would feel insulted if told that they believe anything whatever without reason, and yet the truth is that of all the beliefs that exist in any human mind not one in a thousand has been produced by reasoning and not one in a million by investigation, reflection and reasoning. The greater part of our most cherished convictions are inserted in us ready made, just as a cartridge is inserted in a gun or a box put into a wagon. This is easily proved by asking people why they believe certain things. In most cases it will be surprising to see how they are embarrassed by the question and what trifling and inconsequential replies they make. Sometimes they become impatient and indignant and intimate that what they believe is self-evident, or they say: "Any fool knows that." They drop the subject as soon as they can, but not until they have made it evident that they believe without reason and without ever attempting to reason. How, then, do we come to believe certain things? Evidently by mere imitation or by a sort of hypnotic suggestion. In childhood and youth we believe everything we hear. Whatever is constantly said in our homes or by our associates we install among our settled convictions and retain them long after we have forgotten when, where and from whom we first heard them. We are as passive in receiving these impressions as a colt is in getting used to harness. We would naturally suppose that convictions that were acquired so easily would be just as easily upset and abandoned, but it is just the reverse. The beliefs which we have acquired we know not how and which we are at a loss to defend are exactly those that are most inviolable. We would at least expect them to melt away before strong argument, but argument has no effect on them. Argument will often overthrow and reverse beliefs which were acquired by argument, but these beliefs which are foisted upon us hypnotically do not yield to reasoning. These traditional beliefs cannot be said to be an evil. The fact is our very life is founded on them and governed by them and we could not live without them. Life is too short for everything to be reasoned out. We must be set up in business with an immense stock of ready-made convictions or else we would be more helpless than the brute creation. They are valuable also for the very reason that they cannot be overthrown, for without this quality there would be absolutely no stability in human character. On the other hand, it is obviously absurd to reason that certain opinions and beliefs are well founded because they are widespread and of great antiquity. A belief may be perpetuated from generation to generation in an ever-widening circle for thousands of years and even become universal without ever having a particle of fact or logic for its basis. That we can never entirely free ourselves from involuntary beliefs is certain, and that we would perish if we were deprived of them is certain also, and yet our safety depends on keeping them in check by reasoning and investigation. We must be continually sloughing off our groundless beliefs or we shall be completely swamped by them. This is not an attractive picture of human nature, but it is a faithful likeness.

Papa's Viewpoint.
Her Father—What are your prospects, sir?
The Sultor (modestly)—I am fifth vice president of the Brazen Assurance Society.
Her Father—Well, you may come and see me again, if the jury acquits you!—Puck.

Very Forgetful.
Clergyman—I'd like to pay a fitting tribute to your husband's memory.
Widow—He didn't have any memory; he couldn't remember to mail a letter.

Social Problems.
Lumber Yard Lem—I hain't seen Weary Willie around lately.
Seven-League Saunders—No; he's disguised himself as a college professor an' livin' in one o' dem. He's goin' to write a magazine article on 'clair lives an' habits.'—Puck.

Popular Science.

Paper Shavings for Beds.
In several places in Prussia, experiments are being made with a somewhat novel material for soldiers' beds, namely, shavings of paper about three centimetres broad and several hundred metres long. These are stuffed into bags on which the soldiers lie. They are said to be more comfortable than straw and more springy. Straw beds, moreover, must be changed every six months. These new beds of paper shavings need changing only once in two or three years.

Farming by Night.
In order to demonstrate that, if necessary, agricultural operations can be carried out day and night continuously with gasoline motor, an interesting trial was recently carried out in England on a farm near Biggleswade. A field was illuminated by acetylene gas, and two 6-foot mowers were attached to an Ivel gasoline tractor. Under these conditions fifteen acres were cut in the short time of 3 hours 35 minutes.

New Active Volcano in Nevada.
A volcano throwing off molten lava has been discovered in Nevada. The volcano is in Rye Patch, Humboldt County. Although that section has been traversed for years the crater has just been found. The men were in search of cattle when they came on the stream of lava, and, tracing it to its source, found the volcano.

One of the largest and most famous trees in England is the Cowthorpe oak, thus named from the town wherein it stands. It is gradually decaying and disappearing, although it still puts forth green leaves every year. Like other giant trees in a state of decay, its trunk seems to be sinking into the ground. About 200 years ago it was 78 feet in girth at the ground level, and 80 feet high. Now it is but little more than 54 feet in girth at the ground, and only 37 feet high.

China is so well suited by natural conditions for the production of silk that even the most antiquated and unscientific methods cannot deprive her of the first rank in that industry. In Japan everything connected with the silk business is scientifically regulated. No silkworm is allowed to hatch unless the egg has passed a scientific inspection. The mulberry trees are cultivated on scientific principles. Similar methods are pursued in other countries where silk is produced. But in China these things are almost entirely disregarded, and yet China keeps near the head in production. Her undeveloped resources in this industry are so enormous that Mr. Anderson, our consul at Amoy, predicts that when China adopts modern methods she will give a new turn to the silk business of the world.

Qualified to Practice.
When the late Secretary Hay was crossing the Atlantic in 1865 on his way to Paris to serve as secretary of legation he told the following anecdote to one of his fellow travelers. On applying for admission to the bar of Illinois he was summoned to appear before a committee of prominent Chicago lawyers to be examined as to his qualifications.

He went to the place appointed and found the committee assembled; but for a long time they took no notice of the young candidate, but continued talking vigorously together on various subjects. At last one of the lawyers, turning to him, said:
"Mr. Hay, what would you do if a client should come to you with such a case as this?" and proceeded to describe very elaborately a complicated legal case.
"I should ask for a retaining fee of fifty dollars," promptly replied Mr. Hay, "and tell him to call to-morrow."
"Mr. Hay, you are admitted," said the gentleman, and with a hearty laugh from all present the proceedings closed.



Help! Help! I'm Falling
Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

SORES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisoned condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left this vital stream polluted and weak, or because the natural refuse matter of the body, which should pass off through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became entrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging old sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some of those afflicted with an old sore or ulcer know how useless it is to expect a cure from salves, powders, lotions and other external treatment. Through the use of these they have seen the place begin to heal and scab over, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be rid of the detestable thing, when a fresh supply of poison from the blood would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check by their stronger constitutions of early life, shows itself. It is well to be suspicious of any sore that does not heal readily, because the same germ that produces Cancer is back of every old sore and only needs to be left in the circulation to produce this fatal disease. There is only one way to cure these old sores and ulcers, and that is to get every particle of the poison out of the blood. For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge.

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Lawyers.

I have seen something of legal practice on both sides of the Atlantic, and my opinion is that our profession would gain immensely by combining the two branches pretty much as they are combined in the United States and Canada, says a writer in the London Saturday Review. It is obvious that the solicitors would profit by such an agreement. They would have the right of audience in all courts and the opportunity to qualify themselves for promotion to the bench.

In America the young lawyer goes into an office, where he makes his merit known by steady attention to business. There will always be two kinds of lawyers—those who stay in their offices, dealing directly with clients and attending to matters of routine, and those who advise on points of law and argue cases in court. These two orders of men are clearly distinguished in America, but they work together as partners to the great advantage of the client.

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

It appeared in a recent issue of a London Newspaper.

A HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT FOOL, with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable subject, thoroughly indolent and untrustworthy, is desirous of obtaining a remunerative post in any capacity. Address: I. F. 3, Macleise road, West Kensington.

The sublime candor of the above advertisement which appeared in a recent issue of the London Times has caused some amusement and attracted a great deal of attention among business men, says the London Express.

Many declared that "I. F." was a practical joker; others that he had a definite object in view when he made himself out to be a fool.

That this latter solution was the correct one an Express representative learned yesterday from "I. F." himself. His object, he said, was to attract the attention of employers by going out of the beaten track.

"I. F.," who is about 27 years old, is rather more alert and intelligent than the average man with an ordinary public school education, and his face is a particularly honest one.

"I thought if I said exactly the opposite to what most people in search of a billet insert in the newspapers," he said, "I might stand a good chance of hearing from employers tired of superlative virtues, and I have not been disappointed."

"I have this morning received two genuine offers and appointments for interviews from the heads of good firms and a large number of letters and post cards from practical jokers. It was inevitable, of course, that three or four of the writers should have advised me to apply at once to the war office, where I would be sure of a billet."

"I have been schoolmastering seven years, and although I have a small billet now, I wish to better myself."

Not Built For Two.

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to fame's savings, enabled them to go into the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and it became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk.

"The one desk will do for the two of us," he explained, the day it was set up. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk.

"That's all right," he said. "But where is my keyhole?"

Art Note.
Mrs. Syllie—My husband takes a deep interest in art.
Mrs. Older—You surprise me.
Mrs. Syllie—Well, it was a surprise to me. But I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good thing to study your hand before you draw.—Cleveland Leader.

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—Mrs. W. J. Snows, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Most Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.