

Topics of the Times

After all, the wonder seems to be that there is anything left for the policy-holders to expect.

Mr. Rockefeller's mail continues to supply proof that his money is in the mind of many people.

Russia is finding that the end of the Russo-Japanese war meant only the beginning of the end.

A sea level canal possibly might be completed in time to be called the Theodore Roosevelt Jr. canal.

As between a battleship and a new bonnet there is some doubt as to which more quickly becomes obsolete.

Emperor Nicholas' manifestoes, like the platforms of some American political parties, are not meant to stand upon.

The fight is not against the principle of life insurance, but against the life insurance grafters who have no principle.

Kaiser William says he wants "only plous and gallant soldiers." The Kaiser never had a regiment of Rough Riders.

That writer who describes Sarah Bernhardt as the "greatest living dramatic artist" had better keep out of Richard Mansfield's way.

John L. Sullivan announces that he is about to retire from the stage. Coming so soon after the death of Henry Irving, this leaves the drama rather groggy.

The Japanese, the Chinese, and even the Turks, may be pardoned if, after reading our football returns for the season, they contemplate sending us a few missionaries.

Colleges that have failed to win distinction on the bloody football field will have to be content with merely furnishing opportunities for the acquirement of a good education.

One advantage of studying the "Origin of Life," as Professor Loeb is doing this, is that the job will last forever, passing along as good as new to an endless succession of professors.

Judging by the cable reports, if the Russians had been as active in fighting the Japanese as they are in slaughtering the Jews, the war in the Far East might have had a different termination.

Mrs. Astor invited only seventy-nine guests to the dinner which she gave in honor of Prince Louis. New York's "400" must during the past few years have been making rapid headway in the race suicide business.

Mr. Hyde admits that he does not know any other company that would pay him a salary of \$75,000 a year. He probably does not know of any other company in which he ever held \$7,000,000 worth of stock and securities.

Edna Wallace Hopper has during the past few weeks been sued for breach of promise, figured as the heiress of an \$8,000,000 estate and been operated on for appendicitis. Edna has evidently decided to make a stir or bust.

Privilege is the root of all evils in politics and business. It is one of the oldest sources of wrong in the world and has wrought more ruin than all the piked mobs of the unprivileged, who blinded by poverty, ignorance and injustice, have stormed the citadels of privilege and power. All experience shows that human nature is too frail to bear the strain of privilege. The sense of might overwhelms the sense of right.

One of the tests of a philosophical soul is the reasonableness with which it sloughs off old beliefs, and sees treasured doctrines die without losing faith in the whole scheme of things. A lady recently complained against attacks on her favorite patent medicines, her favorite financiers and her favorite character in history all in the same magazine. She humorously protested that she had been thrown into a state of universal skepticism. The wise person will not lose sleep or stop going to circuses simply because the "real mermaid" turns out to be made of shoe-leather. The person who makes up his mind too resolutely never to be fooled again will miss a great deal of intellectual serenity.

The friends of vigorous outdoor sport have long been pleading for the rescue of football from the blight of unfair play which causes nine-tenths of all the physical injuries and all the demoralization of the players. "Slug-

ging" is contrary to the rules, the hiring of outsiders to play in college and academy teams is forbidden, and various other things are condemned. Yet in spite of the rules, the conduct of many players and their trainers suggests that they deem it more important to win a game than to play fairly. The demoralization has progressed so far that college presidents have begun to protest against the practice of teaching the players how to violate the rules of the game without being found out. When matters have reached such a pass it is time to call a halt. College and academy sports should be conducted in a sportsmanlike manner. A victory won by fraud or trickery should be made so unpopular that the man or team winning it should be forced in very shame to refuse to accept the award. The only way to bring this about is for those who believe in fair play to insist upon it at all times. If every high-minded youth who finds his associates playing unfairly should refuse to take part until the unfairness is eliminated, the reform would soon be secured. There are already encouraging signs that the high-minded students are asserting themselves. Those in a large academy in New York have set an example by deciding to play no more games with other schools. They wish other schools to discontinue the game, and thus cut off the supply of material for the colleges, and thereby force them to amend the rules radically. The idea is a good one, and is to be heartily commended. It is imperative that the young men who are to lead the nation in the future should not have their moral standards broken down while in college by the practice of the theory that anything is fair to win. One's self-respect is always too high a price to pay for victory.

You know the moral-hunting man. He likes to preach and be preached at. How often do you hear him say, with conscious pride, "I never read a book unless it is instructive and elevating. I can't waste my time on high-flown fancies." He may be a worthy citizen, a model neighbor, a good husband, but he is not the kind of man you'd like to go fishing with. And just here is where that Hall of Fame jury made the mistake which has caused a protest on both sides of the Atlantic. In the rejection of Poe and the selection of Whittier for honors in this lofty institution it would seem that moral character rather than literary genius is the essential qualification for undying fame. Granted that a man is as bad as his worst feelings. Isn't he also as great as his greatest work? What is highest literature or truest art but the clearest expression of man at his best? The beauty which man creates must first dwell in his own soul. And true goodness and greatness will sometimes thrive all the better in soil that is not too sterile of the human element. When Raphael painted his master altar-piece it was not moral enthusiasm—it was not desire to teach purity and sanctity—that inspired him to the work. He did not try to give a faithful portrait of Mary, a daughter of the house of David. He saw the flower girl on the street; the radiance of her countenance so filled his soul that he could not rest until he had perpetuated her loveliness; and as we drink in the purity of expression, the wistfulness of the far-seeing eyes, the tenderness of the whole character of the Sistine Madonna, do we not perceive the benign soul of the artist in his perfect conception of womanhood and motherhood? The great artist reveals two people in one—the person he paints and himself. Another of the world's great masters, Robert Burns, failed in many things, but his songs go straight to the heart. They will live as long as men live and love. And the best of him lives in them. It was much the same with Poe. His life may have been a curse to himself, his family and his friends. Yet those rare flights of genius which make him the "tall pine" in American literature reveal his higher self in lightning flashes. A man's work is the thing.

Obliging Father.



"What's all that bunch of stuff?"
"Our little girl made herself sick yesterday, eating too much pudding, and I'm taking home a few of the remedies suggested by the child's two grandmothers."

When a girl uses the word "kid," in referring to a girl of her own age or a young man, she ought to be taken home and locked up.



ESSENCE OF REAL RELIGION.

By Rev. Henry F. Cope.

What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God? Micah vi:8.

There must be some good reason for the fact that many men feel chagrined if they are charged with being religious. Often these men possess the keenest sense of right and make the strongest insistence on reality. The truth is that they object to the unreality of that which they have learned to call religion; often their protests against spurious types of religion are but declarations of the true kind.

Every honest hearted man turns with loathing from the cant, meanness, and selfishness that wear the guise of piety. It has led the world to think that a religious man is the one who goes to church, uses certain phrases, and generally cuts the cloth of his life to the pattern prescribed by the clergy. Thus easily the good is made to serve the bad.

It is a blessing that there always have been men who repudiated that kind of piety. But to the true man religion is simply the effort to find the right life. He is most religious who lives best. Faiths must be judged by their fruits; a man's religion and his religiousness by his living. That is the best religion which best teaches men to live. If any book beside the bible can do more for us, if any faith beside Christianity can give the world a nobler life, let us find and follow it.

To the question, what is religion? the bible gives a surprisingly simple answer. Instead of minute rules it gives broad principles; it lifts aloft noble ideals and denounces baseness. It breathes of righteousness, that is, right thoughts, words, deeds, relations. It is the text book on the fine art of living. All other thoughts and teachings but serve this and have value only on account of their service.

Every man is religious in proportion as he seeks the right. Every act is holy, an act of worship, as it serves the good and the true. You can no more confine religion to a church than you can imprison knowledge in a schoolroom. It belongs on the street, in the home, the office, the shop, wherever men are seeking to do right and make life right. Many a man is religious who would resent the imputation of piety.

Right seeking and right doing in justice and mercy—these make the life of righteousness. There never has been and there never will be any real difference of opinion as to these virtues. He who is ashamed of them has no place amongst men; he who neither seeks them nor endeavors to realize them is not religious, no matter what his professions and protestations may be. And the man who seeks them with all his heart is religious whatever he or others may think.

The time will come when we shall brand as heretical and impious every mockery in forms and words and proscriptions that has so long paraded as the true and only expression of godliness. Then the test of a man's religion will be the measure in which his life makes for justice, mercy, and humility. Then, instead of asking, What does ecclesiastical etiquette require me to do? we shall inquire, What is right, noblest, best for a man in a world of men?

This makes the religious man, then, that he seeks the life that deals justly, that walks uprightly, that loves mercy, that does good and serves and blesses men, that seeks not high things for reward but seeks them in character. This makes the religious man whether he be in sympathy with existing religious institutions or not; these virtues have no substitutes, neither names, ceremonies, nor creeds can take their place.

But when once the life has entered on the passionate search for rightness, when once the love of justice, mercy, and humility has laid hold on us, there will be little time or energy to give to foolish problems of angels or history, there will be no care whether men think we are religious or not. We shall come to see that our desire in living is the desire of the Lord of all life, that our goal is a divine and glorious one, and nothing will turn us from it. Above all will be a sense of harmony with the Infinite, too deep for words, too sacred for expression.

By Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens.

So run that ye may obtain.—I. Corinthians ix:24.

We have been passing through the football season. Whatever some may

think of this particular game, thousands of the older and younger generation keenly care for fair athletics between colleges.

While what we call athletics have primarily to do with brawn and muscle, they are more than intercollegiate. They touch the question of success or failure in the world's arena, because their principles directly concern the struggle of life itself. It is not idle moralizing to say that athletics can meet us in more ways than many sport. No athlete is worthy a great football team who does not in self-abnegation sacrifice time, energy and the habit of easy living to the rigid discipline necessary for effective development.

No athlete can hope to win who does not strive at utmost for practical skill. Nor can he win—at least, he cannot in football—without fearlessness, endurance, perseverance, no matter what may come. All the intensity he can muster must be aimed at one end—the earning of a victory which he knows is to be hard fought.

But is not the mercantile world, with its difficulties and competitions, an ideal field for the application of these great principles of strenuous athletics—the principles of skill, pluck and persistence? Such young men as treat the duties of their clerkships or other positions easily and lightly while reading enthusiastically the news of athletic vigor by others, seem not always to comprehend the opportunity that confronts them for demonstrating their own manhood.

Too often they deceive themselves, while admiring "go" in others, into feeling a certain share in it, very much as Don Quixote felt in the exploits of ancient knights, oblivious to the acute contrast in their own characters.

Older men at times condemn false or rough play at football and then forthwith make false play in business because no umpire stands by to disqualify, as he should, their further relation to the game of life. An element of true athletics is needed in the average world, and when recognized it will ever be a stimulant to honest endeavor and honorable achievement.

What is thus pointed to as undeniably true of the mercantile world is just as true of the conflict every man has within himself which constitutes his game of existence. The internal struggle is usually in secret, so that even nearest friends know little of it. Perhaps mercifully they can never comprehend it to the full. Yet the man himself knows keenly enough how real is his own contest. He gets "tackled" at times and finds after a while that he is bruised and sore spent. But he will win, if he wins at all, exactly in accord with the laws of athletics. He must "down" the foe or get the worst of it. He must face and defeat temptation, bad habits, the evil of questionable surroundings and of doubtful or sinful tendency, else the game of his soul is against him, driving him yard-lines backward.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

God is not lauded by libeling men.
Bad news never spoils by keeping.
True blue seldom sees things blue.
The greatest art of life is that of living.

Nothing worries worry worse than work.
Sow a small joy and reap a great happiness.

It takes more than diplomacy to defeat the devil.
He needs to wear wading boots who takes short cuts to success.

The value of a strong man's power depends on his patience with the weak.
Better is it to drive the gloom from one heart than to dower it with gold.

It is easy to waste enough strength dodging your duties to do them twice over.

Bearing the cross does not exempt one from bearing a share of the world's cares.

If some hearts should go to heaven there would be a hard frost there right off.

Some people never feel good unless they are making others feel the other way.

It is the man who fears to soil his hands who will worry least about his heart.

The man whose voice drowns the choir in church sings small on the street.

In a sad world the only saints who have a right to sleep are the ones in the graveyard.

God's workers never have to wait for a raise in salary before they will do their best.

The trouble with much preaching is that it is advertising truffles when the people need potatoes.

THE OLD-MONK-CURE



St. Jacobs Oil

has traveled round the world, and everywhere human

Aches and Pains

have welcomed it and blessed it for a cure.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Professional Jealousy.

"Mr. Dustin Stax says he isn't going to endow any more libraries."

"But I thought he was devoted to literature. He has written books himself."

"That's the trouble. The people let the dust lie on his books and stand in line to get 'Masie's Wooling' and 'When True Love Was in Bloom' and works of that character."—Washington Star.

Controlling Nature.

Everybody knows that of late years natural forces have been wonderfully subjected to man's need. We are dazzled by the spectacular achievements in steam and electricity, but are likely to forget the less noisy but no less marvelous conquest of animal and plant life. Horses are swifter, cattle heavier, cows give more milk and sheep have finer fleeces than in days gone by. In plants the transformation is even more marked. People now living can remember when the number of edible fruits and vegetables was far less than at present and even those that could be grown were vastly inferior to what we now have. For example, our parents knew nothing of the tomato, except as a curious ornament in the garden. Sweet corn was hardly better than the commonest field sorts. All oranges had seeds. Celery was little known and poor in quality. In the flower bed the magnificent pansy has replaced the insignificant heart's ease from which it was developed, and the sweet pea in all its dainty splendor traces its origin to the common garden vegetable.

This progress has been made in spite of the great tendency manifested in all plants and animals to go back to the original type. It is indeed a battle to keep strains pure and up to the standard they have already attained, let alone any improvement. The practical results are accomplished by men operating largely for love of the work, like Luther Burbank, in California, and Eckford in England, as well as by the great seed merchants, D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich., who are not only eternally vigilant to hold what ground has been gained, but have a corps of trained specialists, backed by ample means, to conduct new experiments. The results of their experiences can be found in their 1908 Seed Annual, which they will send free to all applicants.

Self-Supporting Park.

Following the example of many European cities, Los Angeles, Cal., will turn Griffith Park, with an area of 3,000 acres of brush land, into a commercial forest. Four experts, with a view to converting this practically waste piece of land into a productive forest, made a comprehensive planting place for the trees, which will not only pay for its cultivation and care through the sale of mature timber, but will prove a constant source of pleasure and recreation for the citizens of Los Angeles. Los Angeles is the first American city to adopt this plan, but it is predicted that other municipalities in this country will soon follow in its footsteps.

Value of Elephants.

An African elephant is of value only for its ivory, of which a full-grown animal yields from \$250 to \$300 worth. On the other hand, a working Indian elephant cannot be bought for less than \$2,500 to \$3,500.

Just the Man He Wanted.

"I sent for you, sir," said Mr. Phamley, "to fix a key in my daughter's piano."

"But," protested the artisan, "I'm not a piano tuner, I'm a locksmith."

"Exactly; I want you to fix the blooming thing so I can lock it up when I feel like it."—Philadelphia Press.

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his trouble.—Poor Richard.

One-half the world doesn't care how the other half dies.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION