

Topics of the Times

The new battleship's dizzy speed is calculated to make the Virginia reel.

The world is indeed a stage, but the spectators are not charged admission fees.

Uncle Sam is about to shut down the lid on Bering Sea, but he can't seal it. No seals left.

When a young man informs a girl that she is the light of his life, he probably means a flashlight.

President Roosevelt can find a sure cure for race suicide in the Senator Clark million-dollar-baby plan.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives because fully one-half mind their own business.

An old bachelor says that matrimony is an excellent training school for women who are ambitious to enter the lecture field.

Dr. Dowle didn't allow his modesty to restrain him from naming three men to do the work heretofore performed by himself.

Yale's athletic reserve fund has grown to nearly \$100,000. Maybe this is proof of sport for sport's sake, but it looks like business.

An army girl in New York who married an octogenarian is now seeking a divorce. She probably thought that octogenarian meant eighty millions.

"A wife is a luxury," said a Chicago judge, but he didn't pretend to give an exhaustive definition. That would require several pages of the dictionary.

After reading Secretary Wilson's report, the farmer must be convinced that he is rich, even if he wears one gallus and his principal asset is a yellow dog.

"Will the coming man marry?" asks Dr. Madison C. Peters. It depends somewhat on the fancy of the woman to whose house he is coming. How often does he come?

There is plenty of heroism in the country, but the hero does not proclaim his merit from the house-tops. The hero-rewarding commission may have to employ detectives.

"Why," asks a foreign visitor, "are not your college students revolutionists?" Evidently this gentleman has not seen them going through some of their revolutions on the football field.

George Westinghouse, Jr., has entered his father's shops as an apprentice on the same terms as the other apprentices. Still, the other apprentices wouldn't be taking long chances in swapping futures with him.

Sir Horace Plunkett wants to make a study of the dietary of the American farming class. We will be interested in his remarks when he arises in the British Parliament full of hog, hominy and wisdom, and gives a result of his investigations.

It is a great thing, this glory and honor of nations. For it men go and shoot at perfect strangers without an introduction and are shot at by them. Those who are killed are heroes and get their names misspelled in a list. The more of these there are the greater the glory and honor redounding to the credit of the nation supplying them. The nation measures its glory and honor by the number of its citizens slain. So this honor and glory must be a fine and noble thing.

Some Western college professor has made a suggestion which seems to strike at the root of the football evil. It consists of two propositions—first, that membership on an intercollegiate football team be conditioned primarily on the candidate's being a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and that at the least indication of hoodlumism seen by his associates or coaches he be punished by immediate removal from the list of available players; and, secondly, that this motto be continuously forced upon the attention of all contestants in intercollegiate sports: "It is far better to lose fairly than to win unfairly."

Books and merchandise committed to the mails misdirected or underpaid find their way into the Dead Letter Office, and are sold by auction in Washington just before Christmas each year. Countless misunderstandings and heartburnings have been occasioned by the mistakes which the auctioneer's huge pile each year represents. Persons for whom the articles were intended wonder why they never heard from old friends, particularly those far

away from home, and those who sent these things feel hurt because the supposed recipients have never been polite enough to make acknowledgment. No one can look at the stacks of misdirected articles without realizing the desirability of a charitable judgment of those who, we think, have treated us shabbily. The Dead Letter Office collections constitute a touching appeal for leniency.

One is forced to wonder not that there is fighting, but that there is not so much fighting that the practice of hazing should become dangerous or impossible. Courage, physical and moral, is supposed to be one of the marks of the naval officer, but have the cadets not been establishing a system of cowardice in permitting themselves to be mauled by young brutes without making a fight for it? When a new boy enters an English public school he must inevitably fight. He is forced to fight by some youth who attempts to put an indignity upon him, and when the affront is given the battle is on. The English system seems to be the better one. It is possible to understand the code which impels a midshipman or other youth to fight to preserve his self-respect, but it is hard to understand the code or state of mind which coerces the future officers of the navy to submit tamely and submissively to brutal indignities.

Cultivated and prosperous people often complain that the working servants of cities are ignorant, job-seeking and incompetent. Yet seldom does the man of cultivation and means go to work for his community in the humbler offices where there is much labor and little honor or political influence. But there are exceptions. A young novelist is mayor of Toledo. A millionaire has been appointed superintendent of streets in Cincinnati—his wealth was acquired before he entered the office. A late fire commissioner of Syracuse was a millionaire and college graduate; he built a model engine-house at his own expense and improved the department by his own example. Years ago an indignant citizen of Boston complained to the mayor that the street sweepers were an ungentlemanly crew. "I know it," replied the mayor. "I've tried to get our first families to wield the brooms, but they won't do it."

Most English-speaking persons think that the best place for a Chinese is in China. He no sooner migrates to a country inhabited by users of English than they begin to tell him how unwelcome he is. The history of Chinese immigration in the United States is familiar. Laborers were needed on the Pacific coast, and the Chinese came, or were brought, in large numbers to supply the demand. Then the white men began to protest against the competition of the Asiatics, and after a time Chinese laborers were forbidden to enter the country. The situation in the gold-mining region of South Africa to-day is similar to that in California when the Chinese began to flock there. The mine owners have not been able to get white or black labor enough to work their mines to their full capacity. A year ago the importation of Chinese coolies began, and now there are forty-five thousand of them in the district. They were admitted against the protest of the British colonies in the southern Pacific, and in spite of the objections of public men in Great Britain. Already the question of discontinuing the policy has become a party issue in England. The Liberals declare that the condition of the Chinese is practically one of slavery. Moreover, they assert that the Chinese have made life unsafe in the mining district; that men are afraid to leave their families alone, and that it has become necessary to barricade the doors and windows of the houses at night, and to sleep with firearms within reach. All this is denied by the adherents of the government, who maintain that the situation is exaggerated or wholly misrepresented, and that the introduction of Chinese labor has made South Africa prosperous. A most serious phase of the situation is that the three or four hundred million Chinese at home are beginning to take note of the treatment of the Chinese away from home, and are resorting to retaliatory measures against foreigners in China.

Self-Defense.

Saleslady—I am resigning my position. I'm going to marry Mr. Kashi-collar of the necktie counter.

Manager—Why not keep on working, anyhow?

Saleslady—Gee! You don't know Bobby. If I don't quit my job he'll quit his.—Cleveland Leader.

Not If He Is Good.

Little Freddy (after listening to the usual matrimonial quarrel between his father and mother)—Mamma, if a little boy is very, very good all the time when he is little, does he have to get married when he's grown up?—Fam-ille-Journal.

It might be well for parents to remember that spoiled children come home to roost.

PUTS SAIL ON HIS SLEIGH.

Young Farmer Extricates Himself From Predicament by Ingenuity.

A remarkable adventure befell a Tolley, N. D., man. While the Tolley Topics did not have a reporter on the spot, it secured and printed the story, but without those side lights and highlights that the incident seems to demand.

Michael Pattison, a young farmer near Tolley, was driving home in his sleigh across the prairie. The wind had beaten down the snow, the warm wave had melted the top layers and the cold nights had frozen them until there was a crust on the snow that would bear a man's weight. The horse, remembering the barn, was making rapid time for home when the sleigh went into a thank-you-ma'am and remained there. The horse and shafts went on home.

Pattison stood in the road, stamped his feet and cursed the luck. A fierce wind was blowing in the direction of home and he had about made up his mind that it would be fairly easy to walk the ten miles when an idea struck him. It was a life saver.

Pattison pulled the sleigh out of the rut and dragged it out on the prairie. The wind was so fierce that the sleigh would almost skid along of itself. But Pattison, with two slats and some wire, rigged up the lap robe as a sail, gave the craft a running start, jumped in and was at once slipping across the prairie like an iceboat. The only trouble was that there was no certain way to guide the craft. But Pattison hung one leg out behind and did some little steering with it. Fortunately the wind was in exactly the right quarter or he would have to do some lying about how Pattison "tacked."

Facts compel us to admit, however, that the wind was right. The craft quickly overtook the astonished horse, who had now reduced himself to a trot, and soon left him hull down in the distance. In fact, the sleigh and occupant arrived home twenty minutes ahead of the brute and in snubbing up banged into the barn so hard that it frightened the cow.

When the hero of this tale told it on the streets of Tolley the Tolleyans started a little and looked surprised. Some of them whistled softly and looked meditatively away at the horizon. Others doubted.—Minneapolis Journal.

MILLIONS OF LIVE STOCK.

Increase of Spanish Animals Imported into America.

The increase of horses, cattle and other domestic animals imported by the Spaniards to the new world was marvelous. The Gaceta de Mexico for October, 1728, reports that in the month around the city of Puebla alone there had been sold 10,000 mules at \$10 a head and 10,000 horses at 18, 20 and 24 reales (\$4.50 to \$6) each.

In 1742, when Admiral Vernon threatened the Mexican coast, one hacendado, Don Fernando de la Campa, Conde San Mateo de Valparaiso, offered 1,000 saddle horses for the defense of Vera Cruz and promised 50,000 more if needed! The figures of this increase astounded the most experienced travelers and some of the sharpest polemics in early American history were leveled by experts against European armchair historians who fancied that the horse, ox and other beasts had "deteriorated" in America. The world certainly had never before seen any such multiplication.

What it amounted to is indicated by the fact that vessels and whole fleets sailed for Spain laden exclusively with the hides of cattle—already in 1587 Acosta noted the exportation of 109,754 hides from San Domingo and Mexico alone in one lota. The prices to which these animals fell are even more significant if compared with prices that ruled at the time of the conquest. In 1780 good work oxen could be bought in the City of Mexico at \$10 the yoke and in Guadalupe for \$6. In Nueva Galicia a good horse could be had for \$2 and a mule for \$3, and it was not uncommon to buy a manada of twenty-four mares with their stallion for \$25. In Chili at the same time one could buy a good trotter for \$1.

After this it seems almost gratuitous to remark that many Mexican gentlemen owned 50,000 head of cattle and horses apiece and some far more, or to recall the fact that one Mexican cavalier, Juan Orduna, about 1650, had on his hacienda in one year a "crop" of 30,000 calves.

Moon Is Constant.

The old idea that changes are taking place on the moon carefully has been investigated by M. Pulseux, a French astronomer. Going over all records, from the earliest observations to the latest, he concludes that the reality of the supposed changes has not been proved, and that the varying sensitiveness of the retina to faint objects is sufficient to account for differences seen, while different conditions of exposure might explain all appearances in the photographs.

If you are the right sort of man the world will hear of you—after your demise.

HAD CATARRH THIRTY YEARS

Congressman Meekison Gives Praise to Pe-ru-na for His Recovery.



CONGRESSMAN MEEKISON PRAISES PE-RU-NA

Hon. David Meekison, Napoleon, Ohio, ex-member of congress, Fifty-fifth district, writes:

"I have used several bottles of Peruna and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."
DAVID MEEKISON.

ANOTHER SENSATIONAL CURE: Mr. Jacob L. Davis, Galena, Stone county, Mo., writes: "I have been in bad health for thirty-seven years, and after taking twelve bottles of your Peruna I am cured."—Jacob L. Davis.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Chinese Girls Stay at Home.

Chinese girls as a rule are not sent to school; the mother superintends their training in housework. As soon as the girls are old enough they are taught to cook, sew, make and mend clothes and indeed do all domestic work. But the enlightened Chinese sends his daughter to school when near a mission or some other school.

Plenty of Time.

They were discussing the canal. "I don't think," said one, "that Bigelow stayed down there long enough to learn anything about conditions." "Oh, I dunno," said another; "a man can get considerable bit up by fleas in less 'en twenty-four hours."

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES. Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAIN EXTINGUISHMENT is to cure in 3 to 14 days. 50c.

The Way of It.

The Missus—Mary Ann, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night.

The Maid—Sure, I dunno how it is, ma'am, unless yez were lookin' through the keyhole. —Cleveland Leader.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Imagination.

Sandy—Gritty George went up de road an' told all de ladies in de wayside cottages dat I once had a castle in France an' an automobile.

Dusty—Gee! Wid such a press agent as dat yer ought to git on de stage.

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who goes straight to work to cure

Hurts, Sprains, Bruises

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and saves time, money and gets out of misery quickly. It Acts Like Magic. Price, 25c. and 50c.

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