

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Men seldom follow good advice unless they pay for it.

Many other persons have noticed that shortage of small bills of which Secretary Shaw speaks.

It frequently causes trouble when the injunction, "destroy this letter," is neglected or forgotten.

Queen Alexandra draws the line at women who smoke coffin nails. But several other persons do that.

When a woman cannot dress on less than \$200,000 a year, it is a sign that she is blessed with a husband who has the money.

"God sends a good wife to every man," declares Sir Thomas Lipton. Although a bachelor, Sir Thomas is still an optimist.

The Japanese are now accused of making maps of the Philippines. Uncle Sam may make a map from which Japan will be conspicuously absent.

Emperor William might not get so tired of his job if he had a man like Taft to take hold and run things for a day or two at a time now and then.

Pictures of the Shah of Persia in European attire make him look like a prosperous and commonplace man of business with a dinky skull cap on his head.

A New York monkey jumped on a live third rail a few days ago and was instantly killed. Sometimes a monkey exhibits a lack of intelligence that is almost human.

The Prussian government rises to a new height of dignity and power when it orders a lone actress to leave the country simply because the Kaiser does not fancy her.

Count Boni has expressed the desire to be good for the rest of his life, but as the Goulds are not showing a disposition to finance his schemes any longer, he may finally be good for nothing.

More than 200 persons met with accidents while climbing the Alps during the last year. The record doesn't show that they were all high school graduates who had accepted their class motto literally.

A Denver woman recently succeeded in raising \$2,000 for a hospital by selling kisses and smiles. She might now be able to get another good slice of money for some charity by writing a testimonial in favor of somebody's cure for chapped lips.

The Union Pacific has accumulated a surplus of more than \$100,000,000 during the past ten years, besides paying handsome dividends. This is another reason why Mr. Harriman can't understand why anybody should be in favor of government ownership of the railroads.

There is one satisfaction in being a farmer; it can not be said that he "wins" whatever fortune he gets; he earns every dollar of it, he does not take a cent of it from some other man. It comes to him first hand out of the soil and his money is the cleanest in all the world.

Baseball has become a business in which millions of dollars are invested and from which large profits are obtained. Its revenues and expenses are both on a great scale. It is growing bigger and more important every year in the financial and commercial sense. It is a national sport which has developed into a vast business enterprise. It pays to amuse the American people. Baseball magnates have learned how to make the most of the fact. Hence big salaries in the baseball world.

There is no doubt that the thoughtful child of to-day would have been the much-punished child of the past. At the same time the witty child does add to the gaiety of life, besides enforcing a higher standard of conversation among her reproving elders. It was a mistake, for instance, on the part of the reproving elder to tell one of these wits of the nursery that if she was so naughty she would not go to heaven. The little culprit seemed impressed for a brief moment and then she gave a resigned sigh. "Oh, well," she remarked, "I've been to two theaters and a party and a circus. I can't expect to go everywhere."

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has begun tree planting on quite an extensive scale along its Western lines. A contract has been let for a small acreage of breaking near Wolseley, on which it is the intention to experiment with tamarack for ties. A

piece of ground is also to be planted at Medicine Hat with jack pine and tamarack for the same purpose. Over 100 miles of trees are to be planted between Winnipeg and Calgary for snow-breaks and at several stations trees are to be planted around the station grounds, and prizes are to be offered the section foremen who make the best showing.

No Russian governor general could get life insurance in a well-regulated company. The rate of mortality among the governors general is too high. Occasionally, as with the governor of Moscow the other day, the bomb thrower's aim is bad, but as a general thing when the children of liberty go out after an exalted official the coroner (if there is such a functionary in Russia) is likely to have a job. That, in spite of these drawbacks, the czar experiences no difficulty in finding men to take the governorships is a circumstance which shows that the appetite for office is quite as acute in Russia as it is with us. It must be even keener, since we find it difficult to get men to go to Panama, while the supply of Russian officials is always equal to the demand.

Industrial conditions and conditions of business and traffic in every section of the country seem to indicate that demand and supply are not pulling evenly on the yoke. Everywhere there were bountiful crops and everywhere there was a scarcity of men to handle them. There is great building activity served by contractors who are constantly floundering because of their inability to get material. In every line, on time. Clamoring at the door of the hardware merchant for relief, builders have been met by the plea of "busy, so busy; we will serve you as soon as we can." Calling hotly upon the millmen for the flooring, the siding, the doors, or the shingles that were to have been delivered a week or more ago, the same answer has been shortly returned and the receiver of the telephone hung up with a bang. Urging the plasterer, the painter, the plumber, the brick mason, to come to time, as his tardiness is working vexation, delay and expense, the response is the same. Business in one line is not able to handle business in another and auxiliary line. Fruits have rotted by tons in the orchards because pickers were not to be had. "It is impossible to get help," is the cry, beginning in the kitchen and pulsing through every line where capable, cheerful workers are in demand. What is the matter? Is this nation, this community, like a great family that has outgrown its quarters without developing the ability to take care of itself in individual lines? Is prosperity to be served—is it being served—by energetic, willing, eager men, ready and anxious to do each his part, or are men in the role of great hulking, unwilling boys hanging on to its skirts and impeding as far as possible its movements? Why is it that it is so difficult and even impossible to get prompt and intelligent service in all lines of industry? Why is it that a man who two years ago took care of the lawn about the house for 20 cents for each hour employed, and proved a cheerful laborer in his vocation, now has to be run after and coaxed and cajoled into doing the same work for 30 cents? He does not need money less now than he did then, but the more rather, since, as he aggrievedly observes, "everything is so high," and the advance in his wage is not questioned. Why is he less willing to work now than he was then? Is it because he, in common with the others who form the great rank and file of labor, fails to recognize his opportunity? And this is not all. Business in unprecedented volume clamors at the door of railroad offices, and is met with the words "no cars;" householders call upon fuel companies for needed supplies and "no coal" is the answer; builders clamor at the mills only to hear the words "no lumber." And so all along the line. Is it possible that the desires of the American people have outgrown their ability to meet them? Or is our system of supply and demand cranky and out of gear, its operative forces hindering where they should help each other?

Reflections of a Bachelor.

It is almost better to be married than never to have been engaged.

If a girl has the toothache she'll try to account for it in some romantic way.

A nice thing about being conceited is the more people think you are a fool the more you think they don't.

There is nothing that makes a really good woman so triumphantly virtuous as to go out to dinner and have something wrong with her hostess' cooking.—New York Press.

Good Match.

"Gentlemen," shouted the defeated candidate, "I may have lost this time, but I have a white conscience."

"Then you should be glad," piped a tough citizen in the first row.

"Glad of what?"

"That you have a liver to match your conscience."—Chicago News.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WE NEED INTELLECTUAL ATHLETES.

By Prof. Woodrow Wilson.



I rejoice to see manual training recognized as part of the liberal education. No one can doubt that it has played a large part in placing this country in its present position. And America cannot afford to overemphasize any one feature of its education. It cannot attain its industrial supremacy unless its lads are taught skill in handicraft as well as in letters. Americans must not have the narrowness, the provincialism, of being able to do only one thing. They must be able to turn their hands to anything that comes into their natural workshops.

There is a lot of nonsensical talk about education. People too often ask of some branch of education: "Is it practical? Can it be used in business?" All education is practical. You want your boys to go into the gymnasium to build up their muscles, but you don't ask them if they intend to do the double trapeze with their business partners in their offices. What we need are schools where there is a complete system and no muscle of body or mind is laid idle at the expense of another.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE FUTURE.

By Andrew Carnegie.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Wherever our tongue is spoken it is rapidly vanishing. It was displaced for another test—what a man owned, and the millionaire was ennobled, for the rule of those that stood upon birth, the first test, has always been that enormous wealth should be drawn into their ranks. This alliance of birth and wealth is being displaced in

These questions are always before us: "Is man retrograding or advancing? Is he becoming purer, nobler. Is he devoting more and more of his time and means for the benefit of his fellows and thinking less and less of himself? Is the idea of brotherhood increasing—the knowledge that we are all members of one great family, only playing with somewhat different toys?"

What a man was by birth used to be the ruling consideration and is so in some countries yet, but is constantly growing less important. Wherever our tongue is spoken it is rapidly vanishing. It was displaced for another test—what a man owned, and the millionaire was ennobled, for the rule of those that stood upon birth, the first test, has always been that enormous wealth should be drawn into their ranks. This alliance of birth and wealth is being displaced in

WHEN HE GOT HOME

The lately acquired suit case actually belonging to Parkin Jones was lying on its glossy, bright, yellow side, just as it had been dropped, with the more familiar scuffed family valise, between the dining table and the wall, in defiance of all rules of order. Parkin Jones' new derby hat reposed on the table-cloth. Parkin Jones himself was plained in the faded Morris chair with the comfortably broken springs by young Parkin and Lauretta, who were crumpling all shape out of his smart new suit. Baby Jones was gnawing at the extended tip of his patent-leather shoe, unregarded by his fond mother, who, flushed with the glow of the recklessly flaring gas log, sat at Jones' feet with one plump hand on an unoccupied part of his knee.

"You looked so grand coming along we hardly knew you," said Mrs. Jones, with a loving little pat on the burdened knee.

Jones smiled complacently. "Pretty swell guy, ain't I?" he said. "Ouch! How many new teeth has that infant accumulated since I've been gone? Quit it, you skeezicks! What makes him so fond of shoes, I wonder."

"It's the blacking," explained young Jones. "It's got sweet in it. I tasted it."

"I knowed you, papa," said Lauretta, burrowing into his shoulder with her curly head. "I knowed you duss ye moment I saw you."

"Did you, sweetness?" asked Jones, hugging her. "Well, tell me what's been happening, mother."

"There's three new puppies over at—" began the boy.

"Hush!" said his mother, raising a warning finger. "Let your father talk. My! nobody can get a word in edgewise. You've got to tell first, father. Tell us all about everything."

"Tell us!" begged the chorus.

"Can't you wait?" asked Jones.

"Aren't you going to give me time to get my breath?"

"No!" as she shouted reply.

"Very well, then," said Jones. "I started last Monday week, went away, away off to Pittsburg, and got safely back home five minutes ago. Now tell me about the puppies son."

"There's three of them—"

"Des as cute!" added Lauretta.

"Children!" said Mrs. Jones. "Wait now. We'll hear all about the puppies later on. I want to hear what your magnificent father has been doing with himself. I have my suspicions." Jones pinched her cheek.

"Tell me, dear, did everything go all right?"

"Smooth as velvet," replied Jones. "There wasn't any work to it—hardly. It was just as a pleasure jaunt—regular junket the whole time. Private car going down."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones.

"That's what I'm telling you. Why what did you think? Do you suppose that the great and only Burnerly was going to travel like ordinary mortals in just a common ordinary Pullman? Well, I guess not. I hardly think he would have requested Parkin Jones, esquire, to give him the pleasure of his company if he hadn't been prepared to do the thing in the style to which the Honorable Parkin Jones has been accustomed."

Jones chuckled at this joke, and Mrs. Jones joined in heartily. The children went into shouts of laughter, whereat Jones and Mrs. Jones laughed the more.

"Private car," resumed Jones; "pri-



"DID EVERYTHING GO ALL RIGHT?"

vate cook, private porter and Burnerly's own private vaillay."

"Was he nice to you?" asked Mrs. Jones, rather anxiously.

"The vaillay? Well, yes, considering his position. He unbended quite a little."

"Goose! I mean Mr. Burnerly."

"Treated me like a prince. I hadn't any idea he could be so nice. He's all right, for all that hang-you-don't-you-dare-to-presume way he's got. Once or twice he was almost jolly. Yes, it was 'anything you want, touch the button, and the meals we got on that trip! Whew! Game, fish, steaks three inches thick and—say! I never knew there were such steaks. And I ate right with his imperial nibs."

"I should think you did!" said Mrs. Jones, with a flash in her pretty dark eyes. "The idea!"

"I didn't know but he'd give me a handout on the rear platform," said Jones, jocularly. "And I met all manner of magnates."

"I'm so glad you got that suit," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"It did happen pretty well, didn't it? Made me feel good, too. Two hours to get ready wasn't much notice, eh?"

"I should think not. Then you think he liked—"

"I know he did. As I say, there wasn't much work to do, take it all round; but once or twice I had to bus-

our day by what a man knows, a fit successor in the march of progress, and an infinitely higher and juster standard than birth, rank or wealth.

It is not, however, that a man knows that is to be the final step; in the future the question is neither to be how a man was born, how great his wealth nor even what he knows, but how he serves his fellow men. Here is the true, the final, aristocracy which never can be displaced—not what he does for himself, but what he does for others.

MISGUIDED MOTHER-LOVE.

By Dorothy Dix.



We talk about the unselfishness of mother-love. In reality it is the most selfish thing on earth. No mother ever stops to consider other people's rights where her children are concerned. There is probably no mother alive who doesn't think that it is an actual treat to you to hear her baby squall with the colic, or her little Johnny shriek up and down the hall like a young Comanche. In making everything and everybody give way to their children women are not consciously trespassing on other people's rights. They are simply so besotted with affection that they cannot imagine any one not enjoying being trampled upon by their dear little Dickey.

Uncomfortable as this misguided mother-love makes the world for those of us who are forced to become unwilling and struggling victims to our friends' children, the chief curse descends upon the child himself. He has been taught to be greedy, overbearing, selfish, and that he occupies the center of the stage, and it takes many a hard knock from experience to teach him what a very insignificant pebble he is on the beach.

More than that, it is a hard saying, but worthy of all acceptance, that misguided mother-love is at the bottom of most of the failures. A woman's idea of love is softness and ease. Her conception of the law to prepare her children for the stern battle of life is to protect them from any hardships as long as she can, which is as sensible as it would be to train a prize fighter by having him loll around on silk cushions and eat chocolate creams. A mother washes and scrubs and cooks that her daughters may keep their hands soft and white, and she takes in boarders that her sons may play on football teams in colleges instead of doing some sort of honest work, and the net results are the trifling, useless women and the dissipated young men that cover the earth.

The old gentleman's a fiend for setting a pace, but when we got through he gave quite a successful imitation of a smile. "We cleaned that up in pretty good shape," he says. "Jones, how long have you been with us?" And when I told him he says, "Hah!" and looked thoughtful. Another time he said: "I don't seem to miss Ridgely at all."

"Really?"

"Honest. And when we met Gibbuns at Hookerburg, he introduced me as if I had been an old friend of his and began to talk business right away. Gibbuns raised his eyebrows and sort of looked at me and Burnerly said, 'You can talk before Mr. Jones.' You see I'm Burnerly's confidential man."

"You ought to have said, 'Yes, I'm paid well to be trusted—\$25 a week.'"

"I know that's what I should have said," said Jones, smiling. "But I have a foolish streak once in a while. I just kept my head closed. But I have what is known as a hunch."

"Papa," said Jones, junior, "those puppies—"

"Parkin!" said his mother.

"We stopped at the Gibbuns mansion palace in Clydale—automobiled out there, and if you had seen my room! Such a magnificence! Rugs so thick and soft it was like walking on I don't know what. Furniture! Gorgeous bathroom with silver faucets and pier glasses. Servants and flunkies and table cloths with lace edges and china that scared me to death. Man came up to know if he could help me dress. Oh, maybe I wasn't treated well! I saw Ridgely's wife. Style!"

"What did she wear?" asked Mrs. Jones, looking down at her own bargain silk waist.

"Don't ask me," replied Jones.

"Suppose some day we had all those things," mused Mrs. Jones. "If Mr. Burnerly has taken such a fancy to you he'll give you something better now, and then— What a beautiful time you must have had!"

"The darndest, most uncomfortable time I ever had in my life," said Jones. "Here, I want my old coat and slippers—my old slippers. Get off me, you scaramouches. Mother, what have you got the cloth laid for? You don't mean to say you are going to feed me! What's for supper?"

"I suppose after all the lovely things you've been—"

"What's for supper?" reiterated Jones, embracing her.

"It's—It's Irish stew," faltered Mrs. Jones.

Jones took his hat from the table, threw it in the air and dexterously caught it. "Hooray!" he cried, "I thought of it, but I hardly dared hope for it. Now I'll have a square meal at last. Children, leave my legs alone. Let's all go out to the kitchen and help mother. There's no place like home. Irish stew!"—Chicago Daily News.