

Topics of the Times

The man who is too meek to speak in meeting gets over it before election.

Money is a minor consideration with some men and a minus consideration with others.

Woman would take more interest in the elections if a trading stamp went with every vote.

Many a fool man expresses his willingness to die for a woman who would not even take in washing for him.

Mr. Rockefeller says that he milked the cows when he was only 8 years old; and he has been skimming off the cream ever since.

The London Times is reported to be adopting American ideas. The next thing we know John Bull will be talking through his nose.

A Philadelphia preacher says women's extravagance is the cause of bachelorhood. How about the extravagance of the bachelors?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a poem which closes with the words, "Whatever you do keep sweet." It would make a great label for the milk jar.

A writer in Forest and Stream tells us that a horse he knew of chewed tobacco. Total depravity, it seems, is not confined exclusively to the human race.

The merger is having almost as much difficulty coming down hill as it did climbing up, which reminds us that the way of the transgressor is hard, anyway.

A medical essayist asserts that the blues are a form of splanchnic neurasthenia, due to intraabdominal venous congestion. That would cause a don't worry club to dissolve.

The scoundrelly Tibetans are using modern rifles. Can it be possible that the British are mistaken and that they have been trying to gild refined gold in civilizing a civilized people?

Mexico is going to have a vice president. If the Vice President of the United States cuts a small figure, where will the Vice President of Mexico come in, with Diaz holding the other job?

Susan B. Anthony recently testified in a will case that married women know nothing about handling money. Miss Anthony evidently doesn't believe all these stories about women and the trousers pockets.

China has been sending some students over to this country to take lessons in the manufacture of steel. Apparently John Chinaman is too chick-like and bland to have any fear of the consequences of rearing a great steel trust "in his midst."

Granting that there is a greater mileage of railroad in this country, the proportionate travel is probably greater in England than here. What, then, is the explanation of the fewer fatal accidents, or, rather, the almost total lack of accidents in that country as compared with the frightful mortality on our American roads? The exact solution is probably not easy, but the most natural explanation that will come to mind is that the British roads are better managed and that they are held to a much stricter accountability by the authorities. Another reason also is the total absence of all grade crossings in England and the universal employment of the best of safety devices and signals, the block signal system being practically universal.

To-day Russia's 140,000,000 and more of people are comparatively secure and content under despotism. Why? Because, while they are illiterate, ignorant, degraded, as a rule they have enough to eat and drink. They are superstitious, it is true, but religious superstition is not sufficient to make millions of people submit to a government that engenders starvation through taxation. Russia's rulers have been shrewd; they have not tried to make their ignorant, illiterate people intelligent, but they have been careful so to govern that the people would not rebel yelling, "Bread or blood." Nobody becomes a nihilist in Russia save an educated man, who is a political enthusiast or is a member of the nobility who has become, through disappointed official ambition in the army or navy or civil service, a bitter, vindictive malcontent.

A college woman had occasion last summer to spend a few weeks in a factory town boarding house where lived three young women who from their childhood had been employed in the mills. These girls represented the more prosperous element of the community. One, who was fond of fine raiment and personal adornment, afterward asked Miss McCracken, who tells the story in the Outlook, for some information about Schumann, adding that she was learning to play a little of his music. Miss McCracken hastened to comply, and drew out the reason for the request. The mill operative "had always liked music. Well, last summer a lady boarded at our house who said she had always liked German, and wanted to study it. She wore real plain clothes because she was saving up money to

go to Germany to study. And it came into my head that I could save up money and take music lessons, so I am doing it; and I believe after all I like plain clothes best."

The discussion of possible remedies for the divorce evil by speakers before the National Congress of Mothers in Chicago calls public attention to the increase in number of divorces granted in many States during the last two or three decades. The statistics tell a story of marital disruption that seems almost incredible. As an instance of the growth of divorces one of the speakers cited the example of Ohio, where one divorce in every twenty-five marriages was the ratio in 1870 and one divorce in eight marriages the ratio in 1902. Other States might have been cited, however, as illustrative of the tendency to seek relief from marital responsibilities and incompatibilities in the courts. In 1867 Indiana had 1,066 divorces, the largest number for that year in any State. In 1900 the number had increased to 4,696, or one to every 5.7 marriages of the year. Michigan divorces increased from 449 in 1867 to 1,339 in 1886 and 2,418 in 1900. The ratio in that State is now one divorce to eleven marriages. Illinois granted 1,071 divorces in 1867 and 2,606 in 1886. Connecticut and Vermont appear to be the only States in which the divorce evil has been checked. The former State had fewer divorces in 1900 than in 1867. Changes in the statutes and in the administration of the various county courts largely account for improved conditions in these States. In the United States during the twenty years from 1867 to 1886 there were 328,716 divorces granted, representing an increase of 157 per cent, while the population increased little more than 9 per cent. In contrast to this picture it is interesting to contemplate the divorce statistics of Canada. In the latter country sixty-nine divorces were granted in the thirty-four years between 1867 and 1901.

Judge Adams, of the New Jersey Circuit Court, did not say broadly that the life of a boy when it comes to a question of awarding damages is twice as valuable as that of a girl. He was laying down the law as to a particular boy and a particular girl, and his reasoning appears to be sound. A jury had given a verdict of \$6,000 in favor of the father of a boy who was killed at a grade crossing accident near Newark a year ago. Another jury had returned a verdict of \$5,000 in favor of the father of a girl killed at the same time. Both the boy and the girl were pupils in the Newark High School. The judge held that the \$6,000 verdict was not excessive. The boy was a good scholar, healthy, of high promise, endowed with a peculiar aptitude for mechanical construction which would have made him useful in his father's business. The girl, said the judge, was in good health, was a promising young woman, and thought of becoming a school teacher. If she had lived and adopted that profession she, in all probability, could not have earned more than \$110 a month. Furthermore, while "a woman may become a bread winner, a man must be one." Had the girl lived she might have married instead of becoming a bread winner. Therefore, all things considered, the judge thought the potential earning power of the boy should be rated at about double that of the girl. Consequently, if the verdict for \$5,000 were reduced to \$3,000 he would let it stand. Presumably, if the boy had been dull, in feeble health, likely to be a burden rather than a support to his parents, or if the girl had been exceptionally gifted—had a wonderful voice, for instance—the judge would have thought \$6,000 too much in one case and \$5,000 too much in the other. The life of the New Jersey boy was no more sacred than that of the girl. The mental suffering of one parent was as great as that of the other. But the law does not take mental suffering into consideration. It considers only the compensation of the parent for a pecuniary loss. The extent of the loss must be governed by the age, condition, and capacities of the child.

Coaxing the Boy.
"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the school house?" asked the magistrate, addressing the determined-looking female parent of a small and dirty boy.
"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."
"How did you persuade him?" queried his worship.
"Well, first I gave him a good hiding," said the firm parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper, and took his clothes away, and told him he'd stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should thrash him again in the morning. And in less than an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily."

For Friends to Drop In.
"When the airships reach that stage of perfection where they will be generally used," remarked the observer of events and things, "a neighbor will only have to leave his scuttle open when he wants you to drop in."—Yonkers Statesman.

By Way of Compromise.
Lord Brokeleigh (pompously)—I've called, sir, to request your daughter's hand in marriage.
Mr. Roxley—That's out of the question, my man. However, I don't want to seem altogether uncharitable, so here's \$5 for you.—Philadelphia Press.

OUR EVER OPEN DOOR.

SHOULD NATIONAL HOSPITALITY BE LIMITED.

The Great Problem Which Continues to Perplex the Public and Our Statesmen—Many Immigrants Very Poor—Interesting Scenes.

The great problem which continues to agitate the public mind and to engage the attention of statesmen is the number and character of the foreigners who annually come through our ever open door.

The immigrant station at Ellis Island. Every week there are thousands of new arrivals seeking a home in the land of the free. Few of them come, like the pilgrims of old, for freedom to worship God. The chief motive in these days is a sordid one—the gathering in of American dollars, which they ignorantly imagine to be more abundant and more easily procured than is the fact. There is a sudden and rude dispelling of this illusion on reaching our shores, but in spite of their disappointments they find conditions of living here more easy than in the lands they left behind.

It is a curious and interesting study to watch these people landing at New York. There are amusing and pathetic scenes when they disembark. Sometimes they are met with shrieks of delight on the part of friends who have preceded them, and again they are absolutely friendless when they land, and their entire worldly possessions are worth but a few dollars, but they

are buoyed up by hopefulness and their wants are few. They are a peaceful people with the possible exception of the red-shirted and wild-eyed anarchist who comes over with his hand against every man better off than himself, and who does not think as he thinks.

The ever-harassing question is whether it is wise to continue this unrestricted influx of foreigners. Every session of Congress sees new ideas brought forward. The latest proposition was that of Congressman Robert Adams, Jr., of Pennsylvania, who placed a limit of 80,000 upon each nationality per year. Three times that many Italians came to our shores last year, and four times that number of Russians, Poles and Hungarians combined. The disposition of the majority in Congress seemed to be to leave the door wide open. The interesting statement is made that if the present immigration of Italians continues it will not be long before there will be more Italians in America than in Italy, for it is now true that for every boy born in the southern part of Italy two Italian men come to the United States. This is a fact as serious to Italy as to America, for there are hundreds of Italians leaving Italy for other countries

as well as for the United States. And those leaving are mostly the young and those in vigorous middle life, leaving behind them largely those of non-productive age.

An unexpectedly large number of Greeks have turned their faces toward our open door. More than 5,000 Greeks arrived in America in a single month last year, and this was a larger number of these people than ever came to America before in a single year, while the total number arriving in our country within a year was about 20,000.

Many Very Poor.

The poverty of some of these foreigners is something most appalling. Many of them land with less than \$10 in their pockets and with no relatives or friends to whom they can go, and most of them are illiterate, the Italians from the south of Italy being notably so. Statistics prove that of 135,000 Italians who landed in our country in the year 1902 76,000 above 14 years of age could not read or write and they do not, like the Poles, go into the country,

splendid groups of buildings on the continent. The principal building of the group is the Arts Building, whose corner stone was laid recently. It is in general appearance similar to the national Capitol at Washington, though on a smaller scale, and brings out all the classic beauties of the Greek style. It has several splendid colonnades and a superb dome, and will be of stone and steel, fireproof throughout. The expectation is that it will be ready for occupancy in the fall, and it will be one of the finest structures of its kind on the continent.

Will Represent Radium.
Le Radium is the title of a new periodical which is to be issued in Paris ere long. It will contain monthly records of the progress made in the utilization of the costly new substance.

"I am surprised that Gayboy didn't pay you. I thought the fellow had good points." "So have pins—yet they'll stick you!"—Judge.

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but they remain in the cities, where their morals are not likely to be improved. Their children go to the public schools, and it is surprising to note how alert the children of some foreigners are when it comes to the matter of education. They learn the language very quickly, and some of them can within a few months keep up with white American children of the same age in their studies. The children of the Russian Jews are very alert in this respect.

Thousands of these foreigners go to the coal mining districts and many of them find employment in the construction of railroads. But it is a fact that may not be generally known that about one-third of all the foreigners who come to America remain in the State of New York, and a very large number of them remain in New York City. A great many go to Boston, and one may almost any day see Italians and other foreigners at the South station awaiting the arrival of their relatives and friends who have landed in New York and are going from there to Boston. Excitement runs high when the train finally pulls into the station, and the gatekeepers have all they can do to keep back the crowds wildly eager to rush forward to meet their friends the moment they step from the train. It is not at all unusual to see bearded men rush into each other's arms and kiss each other again and again, while the women shriek with delight at first sight of the loved ones for whom they are looking.

Sometimes an incredibly large number of children follow in the wake of the father and mother, for the Italians take pride in the size of their families, and the father of a round dozen of black-eyed, swarthy-skinned boys and girls is proud of them, and all of them are made to become wage-earners at an early age so that they "pay their way" from early infancy. They go into mines and factories just as soon as

the child labor laws of our land will allow them to be thus employed, and it is pretty certain that some of them, as well as the children of Americans, are employed before they reach the age required by law, it being an easy matter in some States to evade the laws regulating child labor.

Not a great many of this large number of foreigners coming to our shores come for the purpose of begging or living in idleness. They are too eager for the American dollar for that. They will work if they can find work to do, and in their eagerness to secure employment they will work for a less sum than the American laborer demands. This continued immigration adds to the complications and perplexities of our labor problems, and it would seem as if the time must soon come when our open door must be partly closed and greater limitations put upon our hospitality as a nation.

A TEMPLE OF ART.
The Arts Building of the New Ottawa Canada, University.
Last year the old Ottawa University, situated at the Dominion's capital, was burned to the ground. It was decided to rebuild, and the reconstructed university will be one of the most

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THE TOKEN.

He had won some costly badges
On the blood-stained battlefield,
From the hearts he'd taught to love him;
From the hearts he'd taught to yield;
But the one he loved the best,
That he wore next to his breast,
Was a little withered flower—
A poor, bedraggled flower,
In a golden locket pressed,
And his tired lips they kissed it,
As they kissed none of the rest.

So the prize we learn to value
You will find no mark of fame,
'Tis a little, simple token.
Hardly worthy of the name,
But to us 'tis always bright—
It is always pure and white,
And the white withered flower—
The poor, bedraggled flower,
We may dream of it at night,
And it tells us when to falter
As it tells us when to fight.

We may kiss it, but in secret,
For 'tis sacred from the world;
And, with downcast eyes we clasp it
In the angry battle hurled.
But it drives away all fear
As we feel it nestling near,
Though a little withered flower—
The poor, bedraggled flower,
Scarcely worth a brave man's tear,
Yet the hard won prizes fall us,
While this simple one brings cheer.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

CERTAINLY there was nothing in the appearance of Major Glendinning to indicate that he was a blighted being. Round of figure, red-faced, and always smiling, he was a familiar figure on the streets of Frankfurt.

Those of the older inhabitants who remembered might have spoken of the time when the major's figure was not round—when he was a slender, dashing officer of a Lost Cause.

He had been a very gay young gallant then, and he was a very gay old gallant now. It was the major's motto that every woman between 16 and 60 appreciated attention, and he was not very strict in drawing the line at either the maximum or minimum ages.

With a comfortable and well-nourished inheritance, supplemented by the income of a considerable law practice, the major ranked as one of the richest men in Frankfurt, and even now, when he was drawing near 60, he was esteemed a very desirable match.

"But the major will never marry," said old Mrs. Bartlett, who was a



"FOR ME!" SHE EXCLAIMED.

walking newspaper and town history combined, "you mark my words. I have known him for forty years, and I do not believe he ever had any serious intention of marrying. Just before the war he was very devoted to Spicer Belle West, but she married John Edmunds, and now there's the major, paying attention to her daughter!"

"Maybe you are right, Mrs. Bartlett," said her neighbor, Mrs. Hardin, "but really it does look like the major is serious now. Of course, it looks ridiculous to see an old man like him paying attention to a young girl like Spicer Belle Edmunds, but he has a lot of money and that counts a whole lot these days."

Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Hardin were not the only persons interested in the question of the major's intentions. Miss Spicer Belle Edmunds, 20 and vastly pretty, was somewhat interested herself.

At the very time of the conversation between the two old ladies Miss Edmunds was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, preparatory to joining the major, who was waiting for her in the parlor, and she was wondering how the major was going to take the news of her engagement to young Jack Frear.

The situation was complicated by the fact that Frear was a protege of the major's, indebted to him for many favors in the past, and entirely dependent upon the major for continuance in the minor political office which gave him salary enough to be enabled to marry.

Jack and Spicer Belle talked over the question of breaking the news to the major, but it was a case of "belle the cat," and neither quite liked the idea of being the one to perform the operation.

But Jack had chivalrously offered to do it, and Spicer Belle did not know but what he had already done so.

Finally, she nerved herself for the ordeal and descended slowly. At the foot of the stairs she met the major, his round, red face almost hid behind a great bunch of American beauties which he was extending toward her.

"For me!" she exclaimed, with a pretty little air of surprise that was not the less convincing because assumed.

"How good of you!" and buried her flower face within the fragrant mass of the flowers.

"Jack hasn't told him, after all,"

she whispered to herself. But she was undecided in a moment.

"My dear young lady, aren't you ashamed of yourself to have kept me out of your confidence?" said the major, shaking a ponderous forefinger in her direction.

"Then Jack has told you!"
"Of course he has. But why on earth did he make so much ado about telling me? Jack came into my office with a face as long as though he was going to be hung instead of married, and blurted out that you had promised to marry him in much the same manner as though he had lost a near and dear relative."

Spicer Belle was as much taken aback as it is possible for a self-possessed young lady to be, and could only look up with a little amazement and say:

"We thought—I thought—that is—O, major, and you are not angry at Jack, after all?"

"Angry! Why, my dear child, I nearly squeezed his hand off congratulating him. And you can't guess what I am going to give you two as a wedding present?"

"No, I can't."
"Well, Congressman Ralph has promised that I should have the appointment of the collector and the deputy collector for this district."

"And you are going to make Jack the deputy collector? Why, the salary will be twice what he is getting now. You are a dear!"

"No, I am not going to make Jack the deputy collector. His appointment as collector will be announced next week."

"And to think that Jack and I were afraid—Oh, major! I can't thank you enough!"

"You don't have to thank me, my dear little girl, except by being just as happy as ever you can. But tell us what Jack and you were afraid of—that I would think him too young to marry?"

"No—yes, that was it. You don't think he is too young, do you?"

"Of course I don't. Young men ought to marry just as soon as they can support a wife. Jack need have no fear about that, and then, you know, I have a little bit of money myself that will go to you when I am dead. But you can't deceive me as you are trying to do; tell me what it was you were really afraid of?"

"Don't ask me, major. I can't tell you. I— and here a great big blush spread all over her cheek."

In the light of this blush understanding seemed to come to the major. He gazed for an instant as though uncomprehending, and then he smiled, checking himself with an inborn fear of being ungallant.

"Of course, I understand, my child, so no one ever told you—Ah! it is possible that no one ever knew, not even she!"

"Knew what? Not even who?" asked Spicer Belle in a breath.

The major had turned, and was looking out of the window. The smile had gone from his face and he looked very sad for the moment.

As though impelled by a sudden resolution he turned again suddenly and faced her.

He took his watch out of his pocket, opened the back and extended it to the girl. She took it and saw, let into the back, an old-fashioned miniature. She gazed at it a moment and then lifted her eyes to the picture of a beautiful woman which hung on the wall.

"My mother!" she questioned. There were tears in her eyes and in her voice.

"Yes, your mother." The major's voice was harsh and dry, and all the color seemed gone from his face.

"And she never knew?"

"I cannot say as to that; I do not think she did. I was only a friend—she loved your father."

Closing the watch the girl came closer to the major and handed it to him. He replaced it in his pocket silently.

Then, without a word, the girl, reaching upon tiptoe, drew the major's head down and kissed him—with a kiss of which Jack could not have possibly been jealous.—Utica Globe.

Emigrate in Solid Mass.

There is in Norway a curious little reptile known as the scara—some of the same species are found in Hungary—that finds it necessary in the month of July or August to leave its old haunts for green fields and pastures new in other localities. It is a tiny, wormlike creature. When colonies of these reptiles set out on this journey they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter and form a huge, serpentine mass, often reaching a length of between 40 and 50 feet and several inches in thickness. As the scara is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to form a continuous line of the size above mentioned is incalculable.

Their pace is, of course, very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for the purpose. A celebrated French naturalist says that if the rear portion of this snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part the insects will keep moving around in that circle for hours, never seeming to realize that they are getting no farther on their journey. If the portions be broken in two the procession will unite in a short time. When the peasant meets one of these processions he will lay some obstacle in front of it. If it passes over it it is a good omen.

Every man makes a start in the race for the almighty dollar, but at the finish he is apt to find his name among those who "also ran."