

Topics of the Times

Summer girls believe in making hay while the moon shines.

Chickens that come home to roost have more sense than some people.

One touch of nature interests all men in a get-rich-quick proposition.

A girl would rather go hungry than miss an opportunity to have her fortune told.

Englishmen object to the telephone. Maybe they haven't the right sort of hello girls.

The currency would have no difficulty in persuading advertisers of its circulation.

An absent-minded woman is one who forgets herself and buys things when she goes shopping.

It may be a sign of greatness to be a crank, but to be able to turn a crank is proof of power.

Every time an old bachelor hears a baby cry he takes a fresh grip on his resolution to remain single.

The reported drawing of the color line at Yale is no part of its regularly prescribed art course, however.

An enthusiastic Washington aeronaut declares the "air ship will not down." We were under the impression that was all it would do.

Some people's ancestors were very fortunate in being in a position to come over in the Mayflower. There were no restrictive immigration laws then.

Lord Kitchener has made up his mind never to marry. In other words, he wishes American girls to understand that he doesn't need the money.

Edward Atkinson wants to know what we are to do to get cheaper fuel. One way is to save up the campaign literature and the kindling wood from the party platform.

An astronomer at the Lick Observatory has found 100 double stars. But there are many other gentlemen, not astronomers, who are prepared to prove that this isn't the record, by several.

When we read that the wife of a bishop was robbed of \$50,000 worth of jewels we are forcibly reminded that the simple life of the early Christians has been placed on the shelf with some of the older orthodox doctrines.

The minister who felt it was his bounden Christian duty to speak to the ladies of his congregation in a most confidential, heart-to-heart manner concerning their petty faults and foibles, has now had it made clear to him that he had better be listening for a call to some other pulpit. "Never be critical upon the ladies" was the maxim of an Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a gentleman should look at the faults of a pretty woman is—with his eyes shut."

Three thrines in Europe want boys. And if the wants aren't supplied there will be three downcast queen mothers and as many irate king fathers. It is a bit curious, the persistency girls have shown in forcing their society on the royal households of Russia and Italy, though it does accord with the general misunderstanding of the contrariness that is in human nature. Not that little girls aren't the nicest things in the world—everyone knows they are—but for dynastic purposes Italy, Russia and Holland would like boys, please.

In his recently published reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington the late Rev. G. R. Gleig recalls that that famous commander was at all times strenuously opposed to new inventions. He scorned, for example, such novelties as the Minie rifle, and good old "Brown Bess," the clumsy musket of Waterloo, was his ideal. It was with the greatest reluctance that he allowed flint and steel to give place to the percussion cap. This only an extreme instance of a feeling not uncommon among military men, nor is it unnatural. Most of the inventions that have revolutionized warfare have been due to civilians. Have they benefited the world? It is at least hard to show that they have tended to make war impossible, as was so generally held a few years ago.

The day of boarding gold pieces in old stockings has passed. Even the remotest regions of the modern world have learned that money must pass from hand to hand if it is to do good—even if it is to increase its own value. But it is not yet so clear to women that other possessions must be passed on—not treasured in garret and storeroom. Somewhere in the world there is a "best place" for everything—from a worn-out shoe to a discarded magazine, from last winter's cloak to grandmother's feather bed. Little indeed of this debris of ordinary life ought to find its dismal resting place under the eaves of the old house. The slum, the hospital, the lonely farmhouse, with its flock of children, the Southern mountains, with their new zeal for learning, the Salvation Army, the city mission—these are the claimants for the "cast-offs" which, left to them-

selves, would but harbor moths and breed disorder in the home. The girl who has had from a wise mother a course in "giving away" is the better housekeeper for her instruction, and more than that, she is the more sympathetic and generous neighbor and the more noble soul.

Only mother! She won't care if we leave her alone; she doesn't mind. Only mother! You wanted a tennis racket and she gave you the money that she was saving for a calico gown. But she didn't need the gown; she said so. Only mother! She hasn't had anything new this summer. But it is different with her; she is old and you are young. Of course it is natural that you should want frills and ruffles; she doesn't care for them. Only mother! She wouldn't enjoy the picnic. Besides, she hasn't time to go; there is work to be done. She told you so. Why, bless her, she had "lots" rather stay at home and finish that wedding in the garden. Didn't she say so? Only mother! Her hat is out of style, but that isn't the reason why she didn't go to church Sunday. She laughs at style and does not care if her clothes are dingy and faded. Didn't she tell you so, just Saturday. Only mother! It isn't necessary to go down again. Mother won't mind the forgotten goodnight. You would feel hurt if you were forgotten, but mothers are different somehow. They don't care about little things. And so mother sits alone. Mother goes without the calico gown. Mother does not care for ruffles. Mother enjoys weeding more than picnics. Mother loves faded gowns and old-fashioned bonnets. Mother isn't sensitive; she does not care if she is forgotten. So, too often, mother has a corner in the family, a corner all her own, and one from which she seldom moves, but from which she scatters the blessings that are hers to give. Too often, mother is "different somehow," and husband and children believe it, accept it—until she is gone. In too many homes mother is a part of, and still not of, the family circle. Strange as it may seem, sons and daughters think that mother does not feel as they do, does not care as they care, is not hurt as they are hurt. But some day when their own hairs are gray and they have sons and daughters of their own and the memory of the sweet patient face of mother comes to them across the years, then will they know that mother was not different. Then will they know that, though her lips smiled, her heart bled. That though her tongue spoke lightly her soul was filled with dread. That though the thoughtless ones believed that she did not care her heart was seamed with scars and her pillow was wet with secret weeping. Oh, remember, that mother does care. That in her love she wishes others to forget her needs, she wishes others to go, to dress, to be gay. But she cares. Mother is not different, she feels, she suffers, she can weep, she can be gay.

Peanuts and Beans as Food.

The Department of Agriculture reports most interesting experiments made by Prof. Poffa of the University of California upon men engaged in hard manual labor most of the time and students working to support themselves while pursuing their studies. The professor says: "Nuts are the cheapest source of energy, peanuts ranging far ahead." The price, 3.6 cents per 1,000 calories of energy, is at less cost than any animal food or potatoes at 90 cents a bushel. Peanuts deserve special mention because the cheapest domestic nut containing the highest percentage of protein, with maximum fuel value and minimum refuse. Ten cents, for instance, will purchase more protein and energy when spent for flour or meal, but these are raw materials, requiring considerable preparation before they are eaten. This is not necessary with fruits and nuts. Ten cents' worth of peanuts will contain about four ounces of protein and 2,767 calories of energy. Although peanuts supply protein and energy for a smaller sum than bread, they are outranked by dried beans, which, at 5 cents a pound, will supply for 10 cents over 200 grams of protein and 3,040 calories of energy. If more peanuts and dried beans were used by the fruitarians the diet would be enriched and the cost decreased. Fifteen cents a day was the average cost, with fruit, nuts, beans and a limited quantity of cottage cheese and eggs.—Outlook.

Acute Vision of Birds.

Birds have a very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man. Consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees, showing great uneasiness in consequence, a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us similar pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds, apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground, can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.

Taking a Safe Method.

"He writes that I am a cad."
"Tell him you will pull his nose."
"I will—where's your telephone?"—Glasgow Times.

Old saying: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach.



EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Carrying Money.

A returned Alaskan miner went to sleep in a Pullman car in Pennsylvania the other night with \$12,000 in gold on his person. He may not have been wiser when he awoke next morning, but he was \$12,000 poorer. If he had put his money in a bank and carried only a letter of credit and a small sum of cash on the Pullman he would have had his fortune yet.

The mistake of carrying too much money is a common one. Even good business men sometimes make it. There is no sense in any man's carrying more than a very small amount of cash. Whether he lives in the country and is going to town, or lives in the city and is going downtown, a few dollars will be sufficient to meet any emergency which cannot be met by checking on the bank. A little money to pay for lunch, for possible telephone and telegraph messages, for street car fare, for a carriage in case of accident—everybody ought to carry enough for these purposes, and there usually is no good reason why anyone should carry more.

Even those who are traveling need less cash than many habitually carry. So perfect and so extensive has the modern banking system become that a man can go all over his own country and around the world on a few slips of paper that would be worthless to anybody else but a bold and skillful knave and would be very dangerous for him. The best and safest place for one's roll is in the bank. Banks fail once in a while; but the chances of losing money deposited in them are infinitely few compared with the chances of losing it from the person.—Kansas City Journal.

Women and Work.

THE census returns of the United States show very clearly that women are pressing forward more and more into professions and positions formerly held by men, and this in our opinion is an excellent sign, although in some branches of labor there is an outcry against this usurpation of what is termed man's prerogative. What women more particularly require is a training from an early age which will enable them to take their own part in the battle of life when through the death of those on whom they were dependent, or through misfortune, it becomes incumbent on them to provide for themselves. This early training is a matter which does not appear to receive the attention and consideration that it ought, for how many women are there who can, for example, compute interest intelligently and accurately; how many are there who are even capable of managing their own affairs, or their own property, if they have any, with anything like business capacity? The education of woman is not complete unless she has as part of her equipment a knowledge of at least the rudiments of business. Women who are blessed with a fair share of worldly goods need this knowledge hardly less than those who have to make their own way in the world, and who have not the protection and guardianship of husband and father, for such women can never be sure that they may not at any moment be called up to earn their own livelihood.—How to Live.

The Church and the People.

THE pastor who asks why it is that the younger generation is losing its respect for the church, need not go far afield in search of an answer. It is because a majority of the churches do not meet the demands of people now on earth for an outlet to their physical and mental activities. The congregation to which the preacher propounded his query appears to realize this fact. It is erecting a house of worship which, when completed, will be furnished with a kitchen, dining room and gymnasium for the boys. It will supply the craving for social and physical enjoyments while ministering to the spiritual needs of its members.

But the church which hopes to hold the young must go even further than this. It must compete with the school,

the club, the social function, the outdoor diversion and the many other attractions which go to swell the sum total of the joy of living. It also must compete with every organization having for its purpose the amelioration of human ills and human wretchedness. And it must compete successfully or fail in its mission.

The church which lives and moves and does its work close to the world and its toiling, struggling, aspiring, inquiring, practical millions will be successful in retaining its hold upon the people. Mankind demands something more satisfying than sounding theories; something more nutritious than doctrinal husks. To retain its influence the church must be of the people, for the people and by the people. Summing up, the church must come down out of the clouds and abide with the people living here below.—Chicago Journal.

Blow for Phonetic Spelling.

THE cause of "spelling reform" has received a serious setback. The valorous and persistent champions of "phonetic" orthography have received a blow from which they may not recover.

When it came to a discussion of the proposition to make an appropriation of \$2,000 a year for five years for missionary work in phonetic spelling before the directors of the National Educational Association at St. Louis, the distressing fact was revealed that none of the educators could remember the dozen words which the association had decided in 1898 must be "reformed."

What progress can be made in spelling reform if the great educators themselves cannot remember the words to be reformed? At the meeting in 1898 the national association recommended twelve orthographical reforms as follows: Program, tho, thru, thoroly, altho, thoratire, decalog, pedagog, prolog, catalog and demagog. It now transpires that, notwithstanding the vigorous missionary work that has been done in behalf of these twelve "reforms" for six years past, the educators at St. Louis who were called upon to consider the question of extending the fight for spelling reform were forced to make the humiliating confession that they had not used the words and hence could not recall them.

Could anything be more thoroughly exasperating? Tho these pedagogs have continued the agitation of spelling reform thru six years they confess they have made no attempt to use the adopted words in private correspondence or in any other way. And so the great cause of phonetic spelling languishes.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Girl of Twenty-eight.

GOVERNOR WARFIELD, of Maryland, is evidently not an advocate of large families. In an address to the graduating class of the high school at Wilmington, Del., he said:

Don't do the foolish thing of getting married early in life. I have three daughters, and will not give my consent to any one to marry before she is 28.

The world has changed a good deal in the last forty years. We have "girls" of 30 now, whereas in the old days a woman became an old maid at 25. Seventeen years was then deemed an eminently marriageable age, and this proverb prevailed: "At 20 a woman gets a man better than herself for a husband; at four and twenty, one as good; at eight and twenty, one much worse." Nowadays the public experiences a certain shock when a girl of 18 marries.

The finest years of womanhood lie between the ages of 25 and 35. It is the privilege of every woman to decide whether she shall spend them in single blessedness or in duplicated bliss. Considering marriage merely as a refuge, or even as a business venture, it may be that she who deliberates up to the age of 28 is lost. Regarding it from the point of view of the individual woman's own preferences, she may quite properly wait longer if she pleases. It is with her a question of marriage with the man she wants or no marriage at all.—New York Mail.

ALL FOR HAROLD.

Mr. and Mrs. Fuddleston try not to spoil Harold, but they are willing to sacrifice their own pleasure at any time to give him a treat that he will "remember when he grows up." They planned a treat lately, but, as the story is told in the Brooklyn Eagle, the outing will never figure in Harold's reminiscences of his happy childhood.

The circus was in town, and Mrs. Fuddleston said they ought to take Harold; a child thought so much of such things, and he was old enough now to appreciate it.

Mr. Fuddleston agreed. "I will try to take him to-night," he said, resignedly.

"I shouldn't think of letting you go alone with him!" exclaimed Mrs. Fuddleston. "That is asking too much of you, dearest. I will go along to relieve you of some of the care. I shouldn't ask you to go at all, but it is hardly the thing for me to go without you."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Fuddleston, chivalrously. "But the little chap mustn't be deprived of the pleasure, even if it is rather of a bore to us."

In the afternoon Mrs. Fuddleston's two sisters dropped in, and Mrs. Fuddleston told them, with a sigh, that they were going to the circus that evening on Harold's account.

"Oh, my dear!" said Sister Jane. "Of course he will enjoy it, but he will be a dreadful care to you and Jack. I know you will have a headache to-morrow to pay for it. I think I shall just go along to relieve you. Now don't say a word, dear! I'd much rather do it than stay at home thinking of you wearing yourself out watching that boy alone."

"So should I," put in Sister Margaret, "and I am going, too. He will be so excited that it will be all the three of us can do to hold him down."

Mrs. Fuddleston looked at her with gratitude. "Well, then," she said, "come here for dinner and we'll get an early start. I should hate to have Harold miss a single thing."

At his office that day Mr. Fuddleston happened to speak to his two partners about the treat he was going to give to his little boy.

"My stars!" one of them exclaimed.

"I'd like to go along just to see the little chap enjoy it."

"So should I," said the other. "I'd rather be horsewhipped than go to the circus with grown folks, but it's a circus in itself to watch a boy at such a show."

So it came about that three men and three women sat down at Fuddleston's table that evening for an early dinner. When it was nearly time to go Mr. Fuddleston asked his wife if she had told Harold.

"No; I thought it would be best to give him a surprise," she answered.

Just then one of the partners looked out of the window. "Why, it's raining!" he said.

This was serious. Aunt Jane at once grew concerned over the risk of taking Harold out in the night air when it was raining.

"What do you think, my dear?" the fond father asked of his wife.

"Why, of course, if it is going to be a rainy evening it would never do to take him."

Then the other partner peered through the window and said it looked pretty bad; not a mere shower, he thought, but the beginning of a storm.

"I shouldn't take any risk, Julia," said the other sister.

"It's lucky you didn't tell Harold!" said the junior partner.

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Fuddleston.

"Upstairs with the nurse," answered Mrs. Fuddleston.

"Well," said Fuddleston, decidedly, "we won't take any chances. Besides, my ticket is for a box, which only seats six people."

So little Harold was left at home, and six adults, instead of two, sacrificed their entire evening that he might not run the risk of getting wet and catching a cold.

CITY MAN OUT-OF-DOORS.

Vacation Habit Means Improvement in Public Health and Happiness.

A general and killing absorption in the business of life was once the accepted theory of American activity. It is true that there is still tremendous stress shown by Americans in the pursuit not only of their business vocations but of their social avocations. Yet the business man's summer vaca-

tion is getting to be more and more an accepted institution. He manages to get longer periods of complete rest and recreation, and he contrives, moreover, to seize upon any number of half holidays and over-Sunday outings, especially in the warmer months. When he can control his time he gives greater portions of it than ever before to horseback exercise and to golf and kindred sports. The business man's family, instead of being satisfied, as of old, with a few weeks in a crowded hotel by the sea or in the mountains, spend the whole summer in the country, as boarders in hotel or farmhouse, or as dwellers in a country place of their own, modest or sumptuous in accordance with their means and taste.

The city man's modern discovery of the country and his increasing use of it in the summer months has been a subject of comment now these many years. There has been discussions of its effect upon the city people themselves, and upon the country people into whose communities they enter; of its effect upon manners and morals; of its economic bearings and its relation to the abandoned farm problem, and of the influence upon the nation of the great mingling of people from various parts of the country.

With all this search for recreation and health, what with Westerners going East and Easterners going West, with Northerners going South and Southerners going North, summer and winter; with all this search for the opportunity to fish and shoot, or to enjoy social pleasures; with all this interchange of national advantages (for any and every climate can be found in the United States), one may look for an improvement in the public health and happiness, as well as for a dissemination of a knowledge of our own people and of our own country which ought to be decidedly conducive to an intelligent patriotism.—Century.

It is surprising how young a man is when his folks decide that he is too old to be allowed to spend his money, and how old another man is when his family think he is still young enough to be earning it.

Red hair is not a bar to good looks. But no hair at all is.

FAULT-FINDER A PEST.

Writer Thinks He Should Head the List.

"Speaking of pests, I want to put the perpetual fault-finder at the top of the list," said the observant man in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Have you known him? Have you known the man who delighted in exposing what he conceived to be the ignorance of the other fellow, and who perpetually sought to embarrass him because of some weakness he imagined the other fellow possessed? Fault-finding is an easy task in this world of imperfections. Humanity is not perfect, nor is it perfectable, so long as men and women cling to the passions of clay. So the fault-finder has a broad and almost limitless field to play in. He may find fault at every hand."

"Now and then the faults may be the mere fragments of his fancy, because he is so prone to look for the bad thing in human nature. But he will find enough to humor his whim without drawing on his fancy for material. I have often thought of this peculiar trait, and have tried to find enough charity to keep from thinking unkindly of such men. Charity is a large thing. It covers a multitude of sins. But I have never been able to spread the mantle out far enough to cover the offenses of the fault-finder, and in consequence have been forced to forgive him without ample reason."

"Whether we forgive him or not doesn't make much difference. He is a pest just the same. It would be a mistake, too, to assume that he is the wearer of a dunce cap in every case. He is often quite a resourceful man, a man of more than ordinary mental attainment and of some force. Probably he finds fault with his fellows because he is a bit suspicious of his own powers. Some men do this. They are apparently afraid of being outclassed in some way. So they fall back on the old habit of fault-finding. They begin to pick out the little things of a vulnerable character in the other man's conduct and so imagine they bolster up their own standing. Often, as strange as it may seem, they succeed in doing this very thing. Fault-finding is often a good way of advancing one's own interest, though it cannot be commended. In speaking of fault-finding I do not mean to include legitimate criticism of men and events. I am talking about fault-finding, just plain old everyday fault-finding."

COMPLAINS OF CHEERING.

Applause Considered a Pest at the Average Ball Game.

Harvard has complained of the cheering indulged in by Princeton, and Yale has seconded her. There is no question but that at all college games there is entirely too much rooting, singing and cheering on both sides. The one idea seems to be to ridicule the opposition's pitcher or any other player who is momentarily doing the important work. But just why Princeton should be singled out as the object of attack by Harvard, herself a notorious offender, is hard to understand. It is very much the same as if two men had agreed to rob a bank, and one man having gotten the lion's share of the spoils, the less fortunate culprit becomes suddenly virtuous and turns State's evidence on his pal. In saying this we do not intend, of course, to reflect in any way on the character of either Harvard, Princeton or Yale. Their students are representative of all that is best in America youth, but the manner in which the former has started out to bring about a reform is not only silly, but wholly illogical. Cheering, as it is to-day at the average college baseball game, is a pest and undoubtedly needs modification. The best statement of the case that has yet appeared, in our opinion, was in a recent issue of the Yale News. It was as follows: "Baseball is largely a matter of nerves, and the continuous uproar of the present-day game is often sufficient to prevent the players, especially the pitcher, from doing themselves justice. It makes little difference in considering this matter, whether or not the supporters of our college makes more noise than those of another—the fact remains that Harvard, Yale or Princeton have all been guilty of this sort of cheering to a greater or less degree. In spite of this, it is acknowledged at all three universities that it is an unpleasant feature of the modern college game. It has now reached a stage where, in the interest of clean sport, definite steps should be taken to suppress it."—Sporting News.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

Father—What is Estelle going to wear when she graduates?

Mother—Oh, just a simple white gown.

"That's sensible. Women dress altogether too extravagantly, to my mind. I'd like to see a member of my family in something simple—for once! How much will Estelle's gown cost?"

"Oh, the dressmaker says she thinks she can get up something appropriate for about \$75."—Detroit Free Press.

New Kind of Band.

Pruntytown's newly organized brass band was about to perpetrate its first open-air concert, and the various members of the aggregation were comporting themselves after the fashion of village musicians.

"Here! here!" impatiently ejaculated their director, who was a one-time brass-bandster with the Greatest Show on Earth. "Quit gappin'! at them girls, will yeh? Wad da youse guys t'ink dis is, anyhow—a rubber-band?"

Fur Comes High.

The most expensive fur is that of the black fox of Kamchatka, the skin of which, when dressed, becomes a very attractive blue. A single skin is worth as much as \$1,000.