

Topics of the Times

It is time to "down brakes" on the long train of railroad horrors.

Lots of men make money without advertising. They are employed in the mint.

A man who expects nothing but advice from his relatives is seldom disappointed.

More worry is caused by the money people have than by the money they haven't.

The "rule of the road" is to get out of the way of the automobile as quickly as you can.

If a man doesn't acquire the reformation germ when he is sick there isn't much hope for him.

Many a man who inquires after your health doesn't care a rap whether it is good, bad or indifferent.

Governor Warfield tells the girls they must not marry until they're 24 years old. Love knows no governor.

If the business interests of Manchuria were consulted they, too, doubtless would declare in favor of a short campaign.

When a young typewriter sues her employer for breach of promise it is a sign that she wants to do some dictating herself.

A Chicago couple lost \$450 to a Boston couple playing bridge. Is there still a conviction in the middle West that Boston is slow?

The timber in the Philippines is said to be inexhaustible. They have said the same of the forests of every country on earth. Chestnut!

When Dowle was in England they didn't treat him very well, and he is planning an appropriate revenge. Dowle proposes to go back.

King Edward says he takes no physical exercise. Evidently he is one of those people who would like to know what would be the use of occupying a throne if it were necessary to work.

Admiral What's-His-Name of the Vindostok squadron is no great shakes at tackling Japanese warships, but when there are any unarmed merchantmen around he's a veritable terror.

A Kansas City paper draws attention to the fact that Baby McKee is 17 years old. But that's nothing. The original Little Lord Fauntleroy expects before long to become a father-in-law.

Two Chinese editors have been sent to jail for advocating reform. The dowager empress wanted at first to have them beheaded, but decided, at last, that it would be more satisfactory to starve them. China seems to need a Lincoln Steffens.

Can you walk? Can you see? Can you hear? Can you talk? If these four senses are yours then you are blessed. Can you feel? Can you taste? This makes six blessings. Have you counted these before. Have you sufficient wisdom to earn your living? Are you properly clad in summer and warmly housed in winter? Then you are blessed.

While the Delaware and Hudson Railway was issuing an order that men over 35 years old shall not be received into the company's employ as workmen, the Democrats were presenting as a candidate for the Vice Presidency a man 81 years of age. The railway company is evidently not in sympathy with the views expressed by the late Governor Allen of Ohio: "It isn't how long a man has lived that counts; it's what's left of him."

While a woman was waiting to deposit five dollars in a New England savings bank she saw a man draw out nine hundred dollars. She had never before seen so much money at once, and concluded that the bank could not stand such a heavy drain on its resources. She told her friends about it, and the news spread that the bank was in danger. A "run" followed, and the depositors were not satisfied that the bank was sound until between ten and twenty thousand dollars had been withdrawn. The men who read this paragraph need not say that the thing would not have happened if it had not been for a silly woman. Full-grown men, with years of business experience, do just as silly things when they get frightened about losing their money.

An economic condition that compels a single child to toil for its daily bread is deplorable. Human sensibility is touched by the thought of children of tender years being consigned to industrial bondage in a land of plenty. If the sight of a few score children toiling in a factory arouses the humane impulse and evokes vigorous protest, what shall we say of an army of 1,750,175 juvenile toilers, all compelled to work for a living. This is the number of children now working for their daily bread in the United States, according to a special report of the census bureau. They form more than 6 per cent of the total number of workers in this country, the boys outnumbering the girls three to one. When it is remembered that children are largely employed in the more menial forms of unskilled labor it will be seen that they are much more apt to be exposed to unsanitary and unhealthy conditions than are the adults. They are also less able to enforce demands for more favorable conditions in the few instances where they are intelligent enough to see the necessity for them. They constitute a helpless and pitiful army of toilers, poorly paid, robbed of childhood and stunted in physical, mental and moral development—a reproach to our civilization. The figures showing women's invasion of the business world, while disheartening to those who are most familiar with the conditions that make breadwinners of them, may be contemplated with more patience. According to the report 55 per cent of all divorced women, 82 per cent of the widowed and 31 per cent of the "single women" are pursuing gainful occupations. That American married women are confining their energies to the management of homes is shown by the fact that only 6 per cent of them are in the gainful pursuits.

"I have applied for a position in a dozen newspaper offices and half that many stores," said the young man who was standing at the desk. "No one will listen to me. I can't get a hearing. I need work very badly. The best I have been able to get is: 'We have nothing for you; good-morning.' I'm discouraged." And here is what the man behind the desk said. It was not the essence of wisdom, just simple hard sense; a lesson learned by rubbing up against a busy world, that has little time for sentiment and none to waste on lazy folks: "You came in with your hat on, and you kept it on. You didn't even show the man at the desk the courtesy of throwing away the butt of the cigarette that you had been smoking. You asked for a place in the literary department, which proved that you had made no investigation of the office you desired to enter. When questioned you had the most hazy idea of the position you desired to fill, and you gave the impression that you were looking for a soft job—that you were born tired. You really asked for charity, for in no way did you show or attempt to show that you expected to earn any salary that might be paid you. Listen! There are no literary positions on the average newspaper. The man who thinks that somebody is paid a fine salary for reading the magazines and writing book notices is badly mistaken. There are few soft jobs in any profession. Everybody has to work and dig and sweat. As the years pass and competition grows keener there is less and less of an opportunity for the lazy man—the dreamer. If you want to work and grow and be somebody, tell the next man so. Tell him that you will gladly take a humble position, and that the hours and the salary are of small amount, when compared with the opportunity. Make him feel that you are in earnest by being in earnest. Take off your hat and cut out the cigarette. And if you don't get a place the first time, try again, and keep on trying. If the lazy microbe is implanted in you, you had better pick out your room at the poor house. You will not be a success, even in that institution; but you will be out of the way of busy people."

SCHOOLS FOR LACE-MAKERS.
Instructions in Trying Handiwork that Flourishes in Belgium.
These Belgian lace-makers, many of them, have been taught at the schools. I went to one lace-school in Brussels, where young girls were straining their eyes over a sheer piece of needle-lace—it is no wonder that in the last century lace-makers were blind at thirty—or making a coarser pattern with pillow and bobbin. The last named kind, as fully explained by the head of the establishment, is especially interesting. The woman sits in a low chair, holding on her lap a pillow, which is made of an oval-shaped board stuffed to make a cushion. On this pillow is a piece of stiff parchment, with holes pricked to mark the pattern. Through these holes pins are stuck into the cushion. Then the worker takes into her hands the threads, which are wound on bobbins—small pieces of wood about the size of a pencil—each thread having a separate bobbin, and by twisting and crossing these threads the ground of the lace is formed, the pattern itself being made by interweaving a thicker thread. Three girls in the school were making with the needle a piece of point de gaze, and in answer to a query I was told that it would take the three girls one month to make one yard two inches wide, and to make a complete garment it would take one woman a lifetime. In this connection it is interesting to know that often as many as half a dozen women work on one piece of lace—one makes the ground, another the figures separately, while a third adds the figures to the ground, and so on, each being an expert in her particular line. Though conditions are much improved since the time when women went blind at thirty, the art of lace-making is certainly harmful physically. The majority of the workers have stooped shoulders.—Woman's Home Companion.

Next Thing in Order.
"Yes, he thought anybody could manage a sailboat."
"Did he? What then?"
"They put him ashore."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If a man has been wronged, and refuses to talk about it, for full particulars wait till you see his mother.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

What Young Men Are Thinking About.

WHAT the young men of to-day are thinking about is indicated in an interesting manner by the statistics of this year's graduating class at Harvard. Law still leads the list of intended occupations, 117 of the young men having chosen it, but every year business claims a growing number of votaries, and this year 84 give themselves to it. Next comes teaching, with 75 disciples, though it is suggested that quite possibly some of these will follow this occupation only temporarily. Then comes civil engineering, with 32 aspirants. Banking claims 28; post-graduate courses, 24; medicine, 18; mining, 13; electrical engineering, 13; architecture, 12; railroad, 12; journalism, 11; the ministry, 8; cotton and woolen manufacturing, 8; chemistry, 4; real estate, 3; diplomatic service, 3; art, 1; musical composition, 1; illustrating newspapers, 1. There are 78 who are yet undecided as to their occupation. No doubt some of these belong to our rapidly growing leisure class and will never have an occupation. The notable feature of this classification seems to the Boston Herald to be the comparatively small number choosing the ministry and medicine. Time was when these two professions stood near the top. But now they are near the bottom. And it is also observable that art and musical composition are away below par, also. It seems to Americans "a great pity" that any healthy young man should deliberately sit down to write music. We doubt if, to most of us, it would be any different if we were positively assured that he would compose as well as Beethoven. We should shake our heads all the same and sigh, "He looks so strong, too. Our average ideal is a Casatt rather than a Beethoven. As for theology and medicine, both are painfully and heroically altruistic. And it is plain that what interests the vast majority of us is not so much in looking out for others as in looking out for ourselves. We are aiming in this direction as nations, and aiming in it as individuals. We are concerned only in pointing out the fact, leaving to others the responsibility of elucidating the moral.—Pittsburg Press.

The Lessons of Russia's Experience.

THE Japanese have appropriated European science, European methods, and European organization, and they have shown a skill and intelligence in the appropriation which is a marvel to all careful observers. It is to be doubted whether any European nation could have conducted its naval and military operations with as great skill and as great success as Japan has done in this war. * * * It is to be hoped that our people are carefully following the operations of the Japanese, and will take to heart the lessons that are being offered to them. In the Crimean War we blundered, if possible worse than we blundered the other day in South Africa; but we refused to take to heart the lessons of our blunders, bugging ourselves in the hope that somehow or other we should muddle through. France was equally unprepared in 1870. Unfortunately for her, she had a more formidable army to deal with than we had either in the Crimea or in South Africa, and she suffered accordingly. Now Russia is committing the blunders we have committed so often, and Russia is suffering in her turn. It is possible that the people of this country will refuse to take to heart all these lessons, and will go on in the bad old way until they come into conflict some day with an enemy who will not be dealt with so easily as the Russians in the Crimea or the Boers in the Transvaal? If we do not learn from the mistakes of the Russians, and the splendid efficiency of the Japanese, we shall some day suffer disaster.—The London Statist.

The Man with the Diploma.

THE young man steps down from the platform with his diploma in his hand, proud of his scholastic achievements, a little flushed by the applause of his classmates and friends and vibrant with the emotion caused by the presence of the one girl, or the possession of a note or a gift or a bouquet. The world looks inviting as a field of endeavor. Proportions are somewhat distorted, and the young man feels larger toward the rest of humanity than perhaps he ever has before or ever will again. Later will come disillusionment, a readjusted sense of

proportion, a sharp awakening to the fact that college-gained knowledge is not all that is needed in the fight. In the shops, in the stores, in the offices, everywhere that men are active in the process of making money, the question is always asked, "What can you do?" not, "What do you know?" Mere information dwindles when measured with experience. But the young man who has absorbed much information, if of the right sort, is certain the more quickly to gain experience. And the great test of his quality comes when he discovers that his book lore is not an end, but a means.

The college graduate who lacks adaptability, who does not know how to apply his academic acquirements to the concrete affairs of life, who fails to see that his Latin or his mathematics or his history or his scientific studies have served their best purposes—if he be not a specialist—when they have sharpened his wits, strengthened his memory, broadened his view, mellowed his judgment and trained his mind, is headed for failure. He may find a niche as a teacher, wherein he can exercise his acquired knowledge as an asset in the business of making a living. But the chances are few and the rewards of that calling not alluring. The voice of business calls to most of the young men who are just now stepping down with diplomas in their hands. In that direction lie the larger rewards, the surer success, with the fewer sacrifices.

The world has only pity for the graduate, who thinks he can open the oyster with his diploma, but it applauds the man who puts his certificate carefully away and then rolls up his sleeves to tackle the first job that comes to his hands, determined to do it better than it was ever done before.—Washington Star.

Panics.

PANIC, inspired by ungovernable fright, is an ever present element in a great disaster like that of the General Slocum. It is impossible to eliminate this source of calamity. Especially where large numbers of women and children are involved in panic witnessed in its most dismal consequences. Had the vessel had adequate provision for the safe removal of every soul inside of fifteen minutes, there would still doubtless have been an appalling loss of life, due to no other reason than that strange dehumanizing effect which the sudden appearance of an impending calamity exercises on the human mind. It is difficult to estimate how large a part of the casualties were due to the stampede and crush which tore away portions of the railing and deck, thus precipitating large numbers into the water without even the chance to try to obtain life preservers. It is safe to say that several hundred who might otherwise have lived perished as a direct result of the panic.

Had every person on board remained in the full possession of his senses the loss of life would have been far less. For the loss thus occasioned nobody can be held accountable. Nor against the repetition of such losses can the most stringent precaution of the future prevail. Wherever people congregate in large numbers they will place themselves liable to panic.

Given a crowd, especially of women and children, a sudden desperate fear, especially fire panic, and a panic is inevitable.—Chicago Tribune.

The Quiet Man.

EVEN this unquestioned domesticity may not be so comprehensive a virtue. To support some one besides himself in decency and honor is not all that a man should strive to do, though it is much. He should feel the obligation to bring gaiety into the lives of those whom he loves. It is possible for some men by sheer earning power to provide their families with opportunities for travel and amusement and adventure. But the earning power of the majority is limited in these matters; and all the more it is necessary then, for the man to bring variety and a cheerful activity and liveliness into his house. The fact that the routine of the day has been dull does not excuse him for being glum and silent at his evening meal. And too much of the quietness in the world is but the habit of a listless and brooding selfishness. It would be wanton to make these exposures and not offer a remedy. Here is a suggestion for the quiet man: "Learn to make a noise."—Atlantic Monthly.

Photographing Lightning.

Any boy or girl who has a camera and a good stock of patience may secure a photograph of lightning. The patience is needed in waiting for the lightning. When a thunder shower comes at night keep a sharp lookout for an opportunity to secure your picture. You cannot get a picture of lightning during every thunder shower. Clouds or a heavy downpour of rain often conceals the flash from view, and we have "sheet lightning." It is useless to photograph this, but you may by its light get an interesting picture of the landscape.

When the sharp "chain lightning" comes, select a window from which you can see it well, or, if it is not raining, go out of doors and set the camera on the tripod focused as for a distant view and pointed toward that quarter of the heavens in which the lightning is most frequent. The diaphragm should be set to the largest opening that is ever used, the slide drawn, and the lens uncovered as for a time exposure. Then follows a wait or one, two, five or even twenty minutes, until a bright flash comes within the field of view of the camera, when the lightning takes its own picture. Then cover the lens, push in the slide, and you are ready to try again on a fresh plate.—St. Nicholas.

Has a Level Head.

"That architect is making a big hit with his new scheme for suburban residence."
"What's the game?"
"To every man who gives him a contract for the building of a suburban residence he guarantees a constant supply of servant girls for ten years' time."—Philadelphia Press.

After a man has boarded a number of years, he begins to think a vegetable garden a more beautiful sight than a flower garden.

MRS. CLEVELAND IN PRINCETON.

She Makes Friends with Great Facility and is Very Popular.

It is said in Princeton that, if Mrs. Grover Cleveland had been a man, her equipment for a high place would have been as substantial as that of the ex-President. Besides the breadth of view, tact, and personal magnetism which have won her the respect and affection of all dwellers in the university town, she possesses a faculty which is an invaluable asset to a public man. She is celebrated in Princeton for her remarkable memory of names and faces.

At a recent afternoon assemblage at which she was one of the hostesses, a guest, who was a stranger in the town, was asked if she had ever met Mrs. Cleveland.

"Yes," she answered, "we chatted together for a moment once in New York, but it was seven or eight years ago. She's forgotten all about me, of course, and I shall have to be introduced again."

"Oh, no, you won't," replied her friend; "no one ever has to be introduced to Mrs. Cleveland twice."

The latter, after greeting the Princeton woman, turned to the visitor with a quick smile of recognition.

"Why, Mrs. —," she exclaimed, hesitating not an instant for the name, "I am very glad to see you! Busy New York women don't come to visit us very often. You must not forget to call on me."

Mrs. Cleveland had made another friend. Among her greatest admirers are the young men of the university.

"On my way to her house to ask her to be a patroness at an affair we were getting up," said a freshman, "I couldn't help thinking how she had been the first lady of the land, had met most of the brainiest men of the country, and all that sort of thing, and I was in something of a funk when I rang the doorbell. But after I had been talking with her for about fifteen seconds I felt as if I had known her for fifteen years."

A colony of millionaires has come into existence in Princeton within a recent period. A woman member of it who was striving for an inner place in the exclusive circle in which Mrs. Cleveland holds sway exclaimed to her one day:

"Princeton is a charming place, of course, Mrs. Cleveland, but it is so inconvenient to have to send away for any little thing. I have often noticed how prettily dressed your children are. Did you order their garments in New York or Philadelphia?"

"Why, in neither city," was the reply; "I get almost all of the children's things right around in Nassau street."

Princeton women are proud of Mrs. Cleveland. In the philanthropic, church, and social activities of the town she is the prime mover. The qualities of leadership which distinguish the ex-President seem to be possessed in no less degree by his accomplished wife—Success.

THREW HIS MONEY AWAY.

When Mr. Locke returned to Bushy after some years' residence in the West there was much speculation among his old friends and neighbors as to the extent of his present prosperity.

"Looks mighty well-to-do, same as if he wouldn't trade in anything less'n bottled bosses," said one man, "but you can't judge by looks, no always."
"No-o," said another old neighbor, "though they count, looks do, and no mistake. But something he did in Nashuy the other day come to me, first hand, from Bill Saunders, and I guess there's no doubt about Eary being well off in this world's goods."

"'Twas like this," said the old man, after a sufficient pause for his audience to close in. "He took Bill over there for the first day, paid all expenses, gave him a first-class dinner, bought him a couple of neckties and a throw for Bar'ann to put on her head evenings. And last off, he towed Bill into a drug-shop to give him some ice cream sody. 'We've got just time before we take the train,' he says to Bill. 'Well, sir, they drunk off the sody with one eye on the clock, and Eary he handed out a quarter to the clerk to pay for it. He put the quarter in the change machine, and then he jabbed an' jabbed to get the change out, and there was something wrong, so it wouldn't open."

"You wait a minute, sir, and I'll get the five cents next door," says the clerk; but Eary took his bag up, and jest waved it at the clerk, careless as if they'd been talking about a pea or a bean.

"'Keep it for good luck,' he says. 'We've got to catch a train.' And Bill Saunders says that he didn't any more heed him saying that there was another train in two hours than if he hadn't spoken! I guess there's no manner of doubt but what Eary's financially prosperous."—Youth's Companion.

Berry He Spoke.
Husband—That's a foolish habit you women have of carrying your pocket-books in your hands when on the street.

Wife—Why is that?

Husband—Because a thief could easily snatch them and get away.

Wife—Well, if the husbands of other women don't give them any more to put in their purses than you give me to put in mine the thief would starve to death.

Every young person looks at an old person as much as if to say: "What's the use of being so wrinkled and feeble? I know I never will be that."