

Topics of the Times

"The woman who laments is lost." The woman who speculates merely loses.

There is many a hard frost ahead of those prematurely budding presidential booms for 1908.

About the most terrific combination that has developed up to date is an intoxicated chauffeur and an automobile.

Mr. Ware is a poet, but when he gets to talking about the pension office there is more truth than poetry in his observations.

There are so many ways of adulterating milk nowadays that you can't be sure of the genuineness even of the creme de la creme.

A Wisconsin dog, by stepping on the trigger of a gun, shot a boy. Keep the guns away from the dogs as well as from the children.

Alexieff has been promoted again. Perhaps the Czar is raising Alexieff up so that the bump will be good and hard when he hits the bottom.

The women of Finland are demanding suffrage. Doubtless they will be able to get the sympathy of the women of Iowa without much trouble.

Things go wrong in this world without any help, but the things that go right would be appreciated if it were not for the efforts they require.

The Russian brand of patriotism may be judged from the fact that about half the population would leave the country if they could get safely over the border.

Russell Sage's nephew has gone on the stage as a member of the chorus in one of the musical comedies. If he had been Russell's niece he might have begun as a prima donna.

At Farmington, Me., recently a girl 15 years old was married to a man who had ten children. He should be compelled to put a tag on her so that there may be no danger of a mix-up.

Walter Winans, in his new book on the revolver, has a chapter on "Shooting in self defense." The gist of his advice is to hit the other fellow before he hits you, which is quite a simple matter.

The King of Servia wants to borrow \$5,000,000 and is willing to give his kingdom as security. The trouble with the king's scheme is that no prudent person would wish to foreclose in case the interest were not paid.

The Boston Art Museum has recently acquired a love letter thirty-five hundred years old. It is written on a brick and is addressed to an Egyptian lady. In those days it was not always an insult to throw a brick at one's sweetheart, and there was no danger of carrying such a letter forgotten in one's pocket.

When two New Hampshire children, 5 and 7 years old, who got lost and spent the night in the woods with only the family cat for company, were asked the next morning if they were not afraid, the younger one replied, "Why, no! We had kitty with us." Many an older person, alone in the woods save for the companionship of a dog, has felt the same sense of security.

The woman who complained that before marriage her lover brought her flowers, while as husband he substitutes beets and celery, should have been grateful instead of fault-finding. The lover has only to look out for enough ice cream and flowers; the father supplies the rest. After marriage the case is different. More things are to be provided. With meat, flour and the necessities of life as high in price as they are at the present time the wife should be thankful if to a good supply of these the husband adds a few vegetables also. In this world even sentiment has to give place to the necessities of life.

The people of the United States have about two-fifths as much money in savings banks as have the people of all the rest of the world together. The totals, as just published by the government, are \$3,000,000,000 for this country and \$7,000,000,000 for all other countries which gather savings bank statistics. That shows that we are a wealthy people, but it does not show that we are a saving people. Indeed, a closer investigation shows quite the reverse. Take Germany, for instance. There more than one in four of the people of the nation, including men, women and children, have savings bank accounts. The average deposit is \$147.28 for each depositor. That shows the most widespread economy and heaping up of pennies. In this country, in contrast, less than one in ten of the people have savings bank accounts, but the average deposit is very much greater—\$418.80 for each depositor. That shows what we can do if we want to, but that we don't generally want to. Another way of approaching the figures emphasizes the point. There is actually more money in savings banks in Germany for each inhabitant of the country than there is here. The figure is \$30.98 in Germany

and \$37.58 in the United States. Our people have doubtless more ways for investment open outside the savings banks than have the Germans. But, again, they don't feel the pressure that forces the accumulation of funds for the rainy day. They always—except in the periods of bad times—expect that the incomes will keep coming in all right. As the pressure for livelihood gets greater we may expect our savings deposits to grow enormously, and especially so since our resources and average incomes here will permit vastly greater accumulations than in Germany, when our people at last set themselves to the effort.

When one reads the story of a man who after pleading guilty to manslaughter is sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and of another who after pleading guilty to the theft of 50 cents is sentenced to three years' penal servitude, the first thought is that such a pair of sentences as that could only be possible in a barbarous land where injustice and malice masqueraded as justice and right. Yet just such sentences in just such cases were given in the criminal courts of London one day a couple of weeks ago. And what is more they exhibited a discriminating and intelligent administration of justice, far in advance of the courts of our forefathers, and in advance, indeed, of most of the courts of to-day. The murder in question was committed in a fit of passion by a man of excellent reputation, who had aimed rather to frighten than to injure the woman whose life he took. The judge felt that the crime had brought its own punishment, and that the criminal would be a better rather than a worse member of society in the future because of the awful lesson he had received. The theft was committed by an able-bodied man, who made his living by "short-changing" shopgirls. He had been a swindler and thief from his boyhood, and repeated sentences, including a previous one to three years' hard labor, had not caused him to reform. He was manifestly a beast of prey, and a permanent menace to society. He was put out of harm's way for as long a term as the law would permit. The modern world is learning that it has to deal with such a thing as professional crime, which must be punished in a manner different from other kinds of crime. Its knowledge is the result of a psychological development, an increased insight into human conduct. Future criminal codes are bound to show the effects, and it is perhaps not rash to say that, however flourishing crime as a trade is to-day, the time will come when society will no more tolerate it than it would cannibalism or the burning furnaces of Babel.

Woburn Abbey.
The Duchess of Bedford, who died in 1859, was rather weak-minded, and unhappily her education did little to disguise the defects which nature had imposed upon her. Her great dread was to have a visitor at Woburn abbey who would ask her hard questions about the foundation and history of the abbey. So if she had a servant in the party she always asked a man of higher rank to meet him, so that she might not be taken in to dinner by the servant. Once, as bad luck would have it, she got Lord Stanhope, the historian, who, though he had to take her in to dinner, was none the less a servant. As soon as he sat down to dinner he began the dreaded inquiries about the date of the abbey. The poor duchess, much frustrated, said: "I have a very poor head for these historical things, but I will tell you all I know. The founder was a crusader who, finding himself in great danger in battle, vowed that if he got home to Europe safe he would do anything the Pope would bid him. He got back safe and went to Rome, and the Pope told him to build a Cistercian abbey, and he built Woburn abbey. That's all I know."

Lord Stanhope said, "That is exactly what I wanted, for if you can tell me which Pope it was I can approximately fix the date."
"Oh," said the duchess, "I always understood it was the Pope of Rome!"—Manchester Guardian.

The Jaw-Breaker Families.
The appended personal paragraphs from a Minnesota country weekly may provoke the scorn or the wrath of narrow "Americans," but in the broader view they are reasons for rejoicing. They show that the aliens of a few years back are assimilating, being incorporated into the national life, becoming the kind of citizens it is worth while to notice in the papers.

L. Giubka is helping J. Droskowski put up hay.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Januszewski, of Perham, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Wojchowski last week.
August Jaszewski, John Kardash and Joe Lapos were at North Prairie Sunday.

Vincent and Clara Wotska visited with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Krottochnsky at Swan River Sunday.

How She Was Won.
Old Friend—So you have at last consented to marry some one. How did it happen? Miss Flippant—Well, every man that has ever proposed before has said, "Will you be my wife?" But Harold asked me if he might have the honor of being my husband.—Detroit Free Press.

Getting at the Cause.
"The great problem of the age appears to be how to prevent divorces."
"No problem at all if you go at it right."
"How would you go at it?"
"By stopping marriages, of course."—Illinois State Journal.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHITE BLOOD CELLS: THE HOLY'S DEFENSE.

Our white blood cells are a sanitary police force, ever on the alert to arrest disease-producing microbes. The practical mind concerns itself with the question of what may be done to strengthen the hands of these, our microscopic defenders, which, of course, are numbered by millions in each individual body. We all know that a high standard of the general health represents a condition which must be favorable to the vitality of our white blood cells. Again, in many cases, we can prevent, by sanitary care, the entrance of microbes to the body, and we can destroy them by means of disinfectants. These measures are, however, of limited extent. They represent rather extraneous aids than means calculated to increase the vigor of our defending army.

Nature helps us in part by causing the development in the stricken body of principles known as "antitoxins," which, resulting from the multiplication of germs themselves, ultimately cause their death. The white blood cells, in addition to their powers of destroying microbes by investing and surrounding them, appear, in their turn, to produce certain chemical principles to which the name "alexins" has been given. If we can increase this power on the part of the white blood cells of resisting germ attack it is obvious another and powerful weapon would be placed in our hands in the war against disease.

Suppose that to the blood of an animal some stimulating substance or other has been added. This is the stage of preparation. A few hours later let us imagine that inoculation with microbes of well known character is performed. In place of succumbing to a dose sufficient to produce serious results in an unprotected animal, it is found that it actually resists the inoculation of an amount of germs exceeding by forty or fifty times the amount capable of rendering it seriously affected. This alone is an important discovery, for it shows that the natural defense of the living body against disease attack is capable of being strengthened. If the further application of this principle be carried out, we may well find ourselves face to face with one of the most valuable researches of our day in respect of its power of routing the invaders of our frames that are responsible for so much pain, misery and risk of premature death.

CHURCH MIGHT PROFITABLY ADOPT LODGE PLANS.

In my church work I have been where we have had our full share of poor members whom the deacons looked after faithfully according to their lights and traditions. But some there were who, it seemed to me, while not unduly sensitive, and evidently needy, utterly refused to receive aid from the church because it was regarded as a charity and not as a right. And this view the recipients of aid seemed to fall in with by degrees, and lost their self-respect. Instead of being helped and comforted, they were crushed.

A young couple who had been in our town several weeks, we heard, had fallen into trouble. The husband, an interesting young man of very good address, had been suddenly taken ill. When I visited his lodgings, which were commodious and with pleasant surroundings, I found two other young men present cheering up the couple. They had never seen the newcomers before, but this was rather hard to realize, for they seemed like members of one family. This was my first acquaintance with the workings of a lodge. The young men were lodge representatives. I learned from the patient subsequently how delightfully he had been nursed and entertained without cost, incurring

no sense of obligation except that arising from good fellowship and kindred aims. They paid their money for just such contingencies and were receiving but their own.

The more I thought of it the more my conviction was strengthened that the lodge's plan might be adopted in many respects by the church to its great advantage in every way, more especially to those who are continually in fear of an unprovided and gloomy future.

I wish that I could portray so as to suggest his general make-up, one of the most unaffected, cheerful and sturdy Christian men that I have ever encountered. He was a little Englishman, a journeyman tailor. It was a big day when he made a dollar and a half, and he had a pretty large family to support, but no other man gave as much for benevolent objects in proportion to his means. No one was more prompt than he at the weekly meetings. But he also steadily attended the meetings of his lodge, to the great distrust of some of the brethren, who had not the faintest idea of what the secret society was intended for.

This man is introduced that he may give his testimony, which, though brief, is to the point. When asked why he went to the lodge, he said that in case of sickness or distress his wants were provided for, and he was insured of that by his payment of his weekly dues and was under no obligation to any man.

"Does not the church offer as much?" I asked. "No," he replied promptly, "it would be considered as an aim on both sides and I could never consent to it."

KEEP WORDS IN THEIR PLACE.

"Adjectives you can do anything with" said Humpty Dumpty to Alice, and he went on to inform her that when he made a word do a lot of work he always paid it extra. Humpty Dumpty's mind and methods, however, were original, and it is certain that an ordinary mortal nowadays cannot do what he likes with an adjective, for, like children who have ceased to "keep their place" through the injudicious behavior of their elders, adjectives have become unruly and tyrannical, and even adverbs display a tendency to get flagrantly out of hand.

Persons of pronounced individuality tend, of course, to choose and employ unusual and distinctive adjectives, but the generality of people merely follow the fashion in their choice. In Peppy's day mighty and mightily had a vogue, in Fanny Burney's monstrous, prodigious, vastly, and a vast deal, while Jane Austen's "quizzes" and "agreeable rattles" used excessive shocking, excessive disagreeable, etc., where we now simply and solely employ awful and awfully. Nauseating, a word which one may find used of a bonnet or a petticoat in the eighteenth century, is now fortunately extinct in such a sense. Chaste, which some years since was employed of a cushion cover or of the pattern of a hearth rug, is relegated with unique to the description of doubtful articles in shop windows. Art has been cruelly turned into an adjective by upholsterers, and so thoroughly demoralized that we can no longer rely on it to express our meaning. Art muslin, art colors, and art carpets have had their blighting effect on the word, and some steps should, I think, be taken to prevent a further degradation of honest, reliable words, or who knows where it will stop? We may see in shop windows bonnets ticketed as moral, trimmings as virtuous, parasols as inspiring, and curtain materials as elevating in tone, and certain kinds of millinery may be described as being of the higher millinery! A society ought to be formed for keeping words in their place, and a fine inflicted on all those who persistently misuse them.

THE SIGNAL CODE.

RALTON HALL lies in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, a dozen miles or more from Deerfield, Mass. Shaded by elms and garlanded by woodbine, which clamber unrestrained over pillared portico and spreading gambrel roof, the stately old house presents an attractive picture. Meadows and tobacco fields for miles down the valley fill the foreground of the enchanting view which the quaint, many-paned windows command, while the blue beginnings of the Berkshire rise in the distance, to fringe with rugged sky line the broad, historic valley.

Fertile and peaceful as is now the scene, many are the tales of the Indian, King Philip and his warriors, who once roamed up and down its entire length. And upon a neighboring hill of trap rock, which rises abruptly from the plain and is called by courtesy a mountain, is the famous overhanging rock known as King Philip's seat.

It was early one bright June morning when all the hillside thickets were abloom with mountain laurel and the fields a-hum with farm laborers, that a slender girl in black riding habit cantered gaily down the drive from Ralton Hall, chirping, singing to her mare from sheer excess of blithe spirits.

"Now, Dolly, off for King Philip's seat!" she caroled. "Tis a steep road, to be sure, but you'll take me up, Dolly, won't you? Now, then, hoop-la! and away!"

Half way down the path, however, she quickly reined in, her careless expression giving place to one of kindly interest and even sympathetic concern. "Why, Hal!" she exclaimed, stretching forth her hand, "you here? Are you strong enough yet? I'm so glad, of course, if you are, but I supposed the doctor's orders were that you remain—"

"Well, to tell the truth," was the reply, as she paused, "I've run away. The smell of the fresh earth was just too alluring. It's such ages, don't you know, since I've been over to the Hall. If you were going away, though—"

he added tentatively.
"Oh, I'm so sorry, Hal. If it were only for a ride, of course, I'd give it up this minute. But it's an engagement. Mr. Thorndike—" she stopped abruptly and a furious blush overspread her expressive face, while the color, which had mounted to the tem-

ples of her companion upon their meeting, now faded away and, was succeeded by a pallor equally intense. Conquering almost immediately her momentary confusion, she went on, calmly, "I promised Mr. Thorndike that I would show him the view from King Philip's seat this morning. He is probably waiting for me now at the cross-roads."

"I am glad you told me so frankly, Bess," was the quiet reply. "I'll—I'll come over again some other day, that is, if you'll save a day for me, when Mr. Thorndike isn't there," he could not help adding.

"Of course I will," said Bess, ignoring his last clause. For a moment there was a silence, while Hal looked into her eyes as if to read her inmost soul. At last he said: "Well, I'll wish you happiness when the time comes," adding sadly, "if it's got to be. I suppose I am not qualified to set myself up as a judge of him, so I'll say no word; only—well, a pleasant ride, Bess dear."

"Good-by, Hal," she replied, smiling kindly. But instead of chirruping at once to Dolly, she paused a moment and putting out her hand again impulsively, added: "You know, don't you, Hal, you will always be my old chum?"

"Yes, I suppose that's something," he said, grimly, "but now off with you! Good luck! Oh, I say, Bess, I'll watch for you on the 'seat' with my glass, shall I?"

"Yes, do. And I'll have my handkerchief," she called over her shoulder.

For a full minute he watched her yearningly. "Don't be an ass," he muttered to himself, squaring his shoulders. "The fellow's probably all right. You're sore yourself, that's all. Bess wouldn't mind your being poor. Only she's known you too long to care for you, except as a chum. You're a very lucky man to have had such a chum so many years. Here's luck, Bess, old girl!"

He drank an imaginary toast gravely, facing the direction she had taken. Then he slowly paced homeward, leaning heavily on his stick. Half an hour later he was sitting under the apple trees in his own yard, from time to time looking through a pair of field glasses toward the perpendicular red cliff, which culminates in the pinnacle already described.

Meanwhile, Bess galloped swiftly, but less merrily, toward the crossroads. Something now seemed amiss. Even the impact of her horse's hoofs upon the high road had a less assured sound. She wondered vaguely whether the wind had not become chill, and she remembered afterward looking up at the

cloudless sky to see if it had become overcast. Presently, however, Edgar Thorndike put his bay alongside Dolly, and the ride up the steep incline had begun.
The morning was exhilarating and the climb absorbing, yet Bess found it difficult to shake off the depression which possessed her. Conversation flagged, except for conventional comments by her companion upon the beauty of vistas glimpses of the valley which from time to time obtained. At length the summit was reached and the horse tethered among the saplings.
"I am never tired of this view," said Bess, after a moment of silence. "I used to come here as a child. But, please don't stand on that loose earth so near the edge."
Two days later Bess rode into Hal's apple orchard. Seeing him in his reclining chair on the lawn, she dismounted and walked toward him. For some reason, as she took his outstretched hand, noted his smile and heard his pleasant, "Well, Bess," she found it hard to speak. Finally she said softly: "Hal, I've come to tell you what you weren't able to hear the other day. I hardly know how to say it, though. You see, when Mr. Thorndike slipped down to that crevice, into which he could just get one foot and one hand, I thought, 'If Hal were only here!' You see my first thought was of you. Then I remembered that you said you would be watching us. At first that didn't help me any, but all of a sudden I recalled the day you taught me the signal code. It was so long ago that I was afraid I couldn't remember the letters, but I tried as hard as I shall ever try for anything in my life, for I realized at once what it would mean. One by one the necessary letters for 'help' and 'rope' came back to me; and though I couldn't be sure you'd see my handkerchief at all, somehow I just knew you would, Hal. Of course, I expected you to send help, not come yourself."
"And now comes the hardest part of what I have to tell you—the hardest and the dearest. Hal, when you were bending over the cliff to lower the rope I discovered something. I discovered that I cared more for your safety than for—than for anything else in the whole world, dear."—Indianapolis Sun.

Basis of His Esteem.
"It is proper to respect an office under the government," said the patriotic citizen, "even if you do not happen to approve of the man who holds it."
"Of course," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is to the office that the salary and perquisites are attached, not to the individual."—Washington Star.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



God often says, "Wait," but he never says, "Worry."

No trial comes without a triumph in it somewhere.

The hands are apt to think that they make the clock go.

Money can do everything except

the things we want it to do.

Men must enter into the eternal for the infinite has entered into them.

You may build your own fortune, but you will need God for the architect.

The love of money never yet lived in the same house with the love of man.

Men may differ on their theories of sun-spots, but they agree on the sunshine.

Keep your faith with God and you will not be so likely to lose your faith in man.

Some men are like matches; there is nothing in their heads until you strike them.

A man who will only be as honest as he has to be will be as dishonest as he can be.

As soon as the Christian forgets his Master he is likely to stub his toe on some mystery.

Some men think they are mighty engines because their saky boilers make much noise.

A man may be very tender in prayer and yet avail him nothing if he is cruel to his beasts.

When a man is commissioned by God he is not going to turn back on account of the commands of men.

A good man may stand on dangerous rocks like a lighthouse, but he must not sail among them or he will be a wreck.

VILLAGE CONSCIENCE.

Instructive, but Frequently a Breeder of Shaky Respectability.

A familiar figure appeared on the witness stand the other day in the breach-of-promise suit brought by a young woman against a married man, a veteran horse trader from a Pennsylvania town. The witness, a young woman from that town, testified that she saw the defendant taking dinner with the complainant in a Pittsburg restaurant, and, being convinced that he was "considerably out of place where he was," she "spoke right out." "How's your wife?" she asked him. She met the two together a year later, and again pointedly asked him, "How's your wife?"

Everyone will recognize this witness as the embodiment of the Village Conscience. She saw a married man old enough to know better taking dinner with a young woman in the city. Her duty, as she read it, was plain to her. The argument of a flighty generation that she was not her neighbor's keeper, that she was not called upon to "butt in," did not weigh with her. If the young woman did not know that her table companion was married, she must be told; if she did, why, then, both must be pointedly reminded of a fact they seemed to ignore; the "knocking at the gate," in the form of a censorious village opinion, must be heard under the battlements of that castle in Spain. "How's your wife?" asked the determined neighbor woman.

Such is the wont of the Village Conscience. It is an intrusive thing; it is sharp-tongued, it is a butter-in; but it often acts as a brace to a course of conduct that may need it. It keeps tabs on the ways of village people. It minds other people's business, particularly when other people are enjoying themselves. If it does not add to the joys of village life, if it sometimes narrows the village horizon, and in the form of idle gossip blights instead of blesses, nevertheless it makes for decorum, possibly for character. Incidentally, it is probably a minor explanation of the constant emigration from the small town to the great cities.—New York Mail.

A Slave of Prosperity.
Mrs. Porter had married late in life, and married a rich man, after years of prudent scrimping and much care. "How does Annabel look?" asked one of Mrs. Porter's old neighbors of another who had been visiting the bride of a year. "Does she appear satisfied?"

"Oh, yes, she's satisfied and happy, and all that," said the old friend, slowly, "but you know folks can't get wonted to things all of a sudden; and so there will come times now and again when Annabel looks as if the kettle was b'lin' over and she was tied hand and foot so she couldn't get to the stove. It's not for me to say how she feels."

Not at All Up to Date.

"She eloped with her father's coachman."

"How common."

"Indeed, yes; and they have the loveliest chauffeur, too."—Cleveland Leader.

A Clean Sweep.

"Didn't that burglar take your breath away?"

"No, he left that. It was about the only thing he didn't take."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You can see some pretty points about a girl of sixteen, and rejoice in them without any fear that she is made up.