

Topics of the Times

To proffer a small sum as a bribe is an insult.

Swapping horses is one kind of a stock exchange.

But why shouldn't Luna show a badly cracked head?

Somewhat one's plain duty is usually too plain to be attractive.

Most men would rather have half a loaf than no chance to loaf.

It will take more than gold-loving heards to make the golden age.

If a woman keeps her husband in hot water he may retaliate by soaking her.

Some men are stupider than they look and some look stupider than they are.

Kleptomania is a disease for which the victims are always taking something.

No girl cares to have a man admit that she is the only girl he ever loved platonically.

Inventor Tesla is making great promises again. But occasionally Tesla makes good.

It's easier for a woman to love a man than it is for her to agree with another woman.

Many a young man doesn't propose for the reason that he is afraid the girl will say "yes."

Colonel Bryan refuses to discuss at this time the prediction that he will be the candidate of the Democrats in 1908. Modesty forbids.

The women who want to do away with the typewriter girl have started a question that will be harder to decide than the canteen controversy.

Word comes from Constantinople that Turkey has arranged to borrow \$15,000,000 from a foreign financial group. The sultan must have a Mrs. Chadwick on his staff.

A Brooklyn judge has handed down an opinion that a man who dyes his hair may be considered weak-minded. Some people will insist that the Brooklyn jurist is too conservative.

Mariners assert that the gulf stream is flowing with an unusually swift current this year. Unless it is doing mischief, however, the case does not appear to be one that calls for an injunction.

A German court has decided that poker is a game of skill, not chance, and that a man who has played poker cannot be said to have gambled. The presumption is that the court had not only played poker itself, but had been fairly successful in accumulating the blue checks.

One of those interesting persons who are given to statistics has figured out that if all the inhabitants of the earth were divided into families of four there would be ample room for them in Texas, and every family would have a little farm consisting of more than half an acre. Nevada, however, could accommodate nearly half the inhabitants of the earth on the same liberal basis—if you can imagine anybody wanting to settle down in Nevada.

Vanderbilt horses now wear night-shirts made of fine linen. These protect their coats from the blankets worn at night. In Paris the lap dogs are provided with gum shoes to keep their feet dry and in New York the automobile shops sell sweaters for dogs, so that Prince or Carlo may be saved from catching pneumonia as he is whirled along in his owner's whizz car. The only fashionable luxury the "smart set" seem to deny its pets is divorce.

Wu Ting-fang was among those who were honored by the Dowager Empress of China on her recent birthday. The dowager, to show the high esteem in which she holds him, has granted him permission to ride on horseback in the Forbidden City, a privilege enjoyed by only a few. As Mr. Wu, when he was Chinese minister to this country, preferred to ride about Washington in an automobile, it is doubtful if he will often take advantage of his new privilege.

There has always been a lower percentage of divorces among men engaged in agricultural pursuits than in any other calling, not excepting the clergy. Soldiers, sailors and marines, on the other extreme, show the highest average of marriage infidelity. Next among the high averages comes the hostlers, the actors, agricultural laborers, bartenders, servants and waiters, musicians and teachers of music, photographers, paper-hangers, barbers, lumbermen, and so on, diminishing in ratio until the lowest average is reached, as before stated, among the farmers.

"The man without a country" has figured in romantic story, but it is the man with two countries who gives the American State Department much of its work, especially in conducting diplomatic relations with such governments as those of Russia and Turkey.

Nearly all nations claim as citizens, or subjects, persons born in their territory; nearly all nations also claim foreign-born children of their own citizens. There is thus an overlapping of interests, or a conflict of laws, which has given rise to prolonged discussion. Armenians, who are subjects of Turkey, come here in large numbers and are naturalized. On going back to Armenia they often get into trouble with the government, and naturally call for American protection. Before the liberation of Cuba, the Cubans who had acquired American citizenship were peculiarly active in embarrassing Spanish rule. Great Britain has a law that if its naturalized citizens go back to the country of their origin they are not entitled to the protection of British law after two years. Although the American policy has been somewhat conflicting, it is now recognized that the obligation which is due to a naturalized citizen who goes to the country of his birth from other parts of the world is not the same as if he had gone direct from the United States. On occasions, however, this government has stood vigorously for the policy that there are no degrees in the binding force of naturalization. Some countries are equally resolute in branding expatriation as a crime. Many interesting incidents involving these policies of nations have lately arisen, notably the refusal of Russia to recognize American passports when issued to Russian Jews naturalized in the United States.

Young man! You love your mother and you take occasion to show your love for her in ways that she well understands. But your father, my boy, you love him, too, in a different sort of way. But do you honor him? And do you show that you do? Deep down, below the crust, of course you honor your father. But not until you have a boy of your own will you know how much you hurt your father's heart when you doubt his advice or show by your manner that you think the "old man" is a kind of a back number. Just so certainly as you live there will come a day when you will remember your unfilial attitude toward your dad and be sorry for it. And then it will be too late. Father may be sleeping in his grave and you will have a life-long regret. The keenest remorse you will ever know will be the memory of your ill treatment or lack of respect for your father. When the thought of present days shall come to you, you will remember that you often showed your mother the affection you felt for her and denied it to your father, whom you also loved. Remember, son, that father's ways are not your mother's ways. Father has had to fight the world for your bread and butter and the world has taught him to conceal his feelings. He loves you just as much as mother does only he cannot show it. Under his vest he yearns for your filial smile. And when you do anything to be proud of nobody on earth is prouder of you than father. Of course, I know, you think father is not in every respect up-to-date, that he hasn't kept up with the profession and that sometimes he is unnecessarily firm and arbitrary. All that may be true. But the chances are father knows more about almost everything than you do. When you are, say, 30 years old, you will realize that fact. If you live a long time in this world, my boy, you will always be led to say that the safest and sanest adviser you ever had was your father. "Honor the man who looks like you."

He Got Them.
"Gentlemen," began the fakir as he arranged numerous bottles on a little table at a downtown street corner and prepared for business, "has anyone in this crowd got a toothache?" but no one advanced.

"Has anyone an earache or a headache?"
Not a man had anything to say.

"Very well, then; but are you troubled with insomnia? Are you low-spirited, and do you find yourself thinking of suicide?"

The appeal was like the other—in vain. The crowd elbowed each other, but no one advanced.

"Very well, gentlemen; very well. Now, is there anyone here who indulges in intoxicants and wishes to conceal the fact from the women folk? If so, I guarantee that one drop of this marvelous preparation placed on the tongue will instantly remove the odor of any—"

There was a mad rush from all directions, and for the next five minutes he gave change and passed out the bottles with both hands.

This Utilitarian Age.
It is told of an American millionaire who bought a castle on the Rhine that one cold day his daughter found him warming his hands at a fire which he had kindled in a suit of plate armor.

"Oh, papa, what have you been doing?" she cried.

"The feller that patented that stove," replied the lord of the castle, "must have been crazy, but I've made the old thing heat up at last."—Tit-Bits.

Don't Let the Years Count.
Age will never succeed in retaining a youthful appearance and mentality until people make up their minds not to let the years count—until they cease to make the body old by the constant suggestions of the mind.—Success Magazine.

In the Whirl.
"Boston has a new theater called the Hub."

"It ought to be the busy section."

"Why?"

"So much going round it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

What Japan is Teaching.

WHETHER the war in the East ends eventually in a triumph for Russia or Japan, it already has taught the world an important lesson. That lesson is that the capacity for civilization is not confined to the European, nor even to the Caucasian, races. It sounds barbarous to speak of success in war as a proof of civilization. A noted Japanese recently said that when his country contained the only great artists in the world it was classed among the barbarians, but now that it has shown its ability to fight it is recognized as civilized. That is fine sarcasm, yet it is an indisputable fact that a nation's civilization is proved, to a considerable extent, by its military power. The reason is that there are few higher tests of mental capacity than the ability to organize, to finance and to command successfully a great modern army. Mere physical courage is a quality in which the barbarian usually surpasses the civilized man. For this reason, the conflicts between civilization and barbarism would inevitably result in the triumph of barbarism, and the world would be kept always in a state of savagery, if it were not for the fact that the mental superiority of the civilized man enables him to direct his fighting forces with more skill and effectiveness.

Japan has proved its civilization, therefore, not by the fanatical courage of its soldiers, which at its best falls short of that of the Arab of the Soudan, but by the fact that these men show trained and disciplined mentality essential to make them act together as regiments, corps and armies, and still more by the fact that it has developed leaders competent to organize and to command them. Only men of superior mind could do this at all. The power and resources of Russia may yet defeat them in their attempt to conquer Manchuria, but they will have won their place among the civilized nations just the same.—Buffalo Express.

Why Biographies are Read.

PEOPLE run to read the lives of successful men in the hope of finding the key to their characters and careers, in order to search for the magic clue which has guided them to the goal which all strive so often fruitlessly to gain. As a rule this hope is vain. Great men either cannot or will not communicate their secrets to others. Sometimes they lack the power of expressing themselves; sometimes they are unconscious of their own method; sometimes they simply do not choose to make the world a present of their secret. Ask the successful commercial man how he has made his fortune, and generally he will answer, "Oh, by industry and perseverance." The statement is ludicrously and patently untrue. Thousands of industrious and persevering men pass the bank every day who are painfully unsuccessful. The ten thousandth man who has his pint of luck worth a ton of skill, or his knack of judgment; but he is not going to give himself away.—Saturday Review.

Back to the Farm.

THINGS on the farm are changing, and we already observe, if we watch the barometer of social life, that there is a tendency to get back to the country. Fifteen years ago, for instance, less than 50 per cent of the population were moving countryward; in 1900 the statistics show that 70 per cent were seeking homes in rural districts, and it is likely that the proportion now going away from the city reaches 75 per cent. At last, with Solomon, they are discovering that "all is vanity" in the cities; that friendships are difficult, that neighbors don't know the names of the other, that noise, dirt, confusion are there

A RESOURCEFUL PATRIOT.

Rufus Putnam was a man of much natural ability, although people in general are less familiar with his Revolutionary deeds than with those of his relative, Gen. Israel Putnam, or "Old Put," as he was called. Miss Rowena Buell, in her "Memoirs of Rufus Putnam," says that at the breaking out of the war he entered the service as lieutenant colonel in a regiment commanded by Col. David Brewer, and was stationed at Roxbury.

After the battle of Bunker Hill it was feared that the enemy would make incursions into the surrounding country, and the necessity of defensive works at points leading from Boston was apparent. Colonel Gridley, who laid out the work at Cambridge, could not be obtained, and the commanding officer, General Thomas, having heard that Putnam had already had some practical experience in erecting defenses, insisted upon his assuming the task.

"But, general," said the young officer, "I have never even read a word on the science of fortification!" General Thomas would take no excuse, and Putnam immediately commenced tracing out lines in front of Roxbury toward Boston, and various other places on the Roxbury side, particularly at Sewall's Point. When General Washington and General Lee first examined the situation of the troops and works on the Roxbury side of the river, they particularly approved of Putnam's work.

In January and February, 1776, General Washington was engaged in a plan for crossing the ice and attacking the British in Boston, or for drawing them away from the town by taking possession of Dorchester Neck. The latter plan was preferable but for one thing. The ground was frozen so deep that it was impossible to throw up breastworks in the usual way.

One day at dinner at headquarters General Washington requested Colonel Putnam to remain after the others left. In the interview which followed, the commander-in-chief asked the young officer if he could think or suggest any way in which the Neck or Heights could be fortified.

"It was an unsolved problem when I left Washington," Colonel Putnam wrote in his journal of the period. "And now mark these singular circumstances, which I call providence. I left headquarters with another gen-

tleman, and in our way came by General Heath's. I had no thought of calling till I came by his door, and then I said:

"Let us call on General Heath." "My companion agreed. I had no other motive than to pay my respects to the general, but while there I cast my eyes on a book on the table, lettered on the back 'Muller's Field Engineer.' I immediately requested the loan of the book.

"Impossible," was the general's reply. "I never lend my books."

"I repeated my request, and was again refused. 'But, general,' said I, 'you must recollect that you were one who, at Roxbury, in a measure compelled me to undertake a business which at that time I had never read a word about.' After some more excuses on his part and close pressing on mine, I obtained a loan of the book.

"The next morning, as soon as an opportunity offered, I took my book from the chest, and looking over the contents, I found the word 'Chandeliers' (portable parapets).

"What is that? I thought. 'It is something I never heard of before,' but no sooner did I turn to the page where it was described, with its use, than I was ready to report a plan for making a lodgment on Dorchester Neck. The report was approved, and a lodgment was made on the night of the 4th of March. Such were the circumstances which led to the discovery of a plan which obliged the enemy to leave Boston."

Soon after, Colonel Putnam was sent by Washington to New York to lay out and superintend as chief engineer the works which were erected during the campaign in New York and Long Island and their dependencies at Fort Lee, Fort Washington and King's Bridge.

SORROW AND SUSPICION.
Much Harm Done by Thoughtless Criticism of Those in Bereavement.

"Thank you!" said the shabby little woman, tremulously, as she received back her old bonnet with a knot of black ribbon replacing its antique red flower. "It's real kind of you, Miss Aylwin; real kind! I suppose I'd ought to have thought of it myself, but I didn't; that's all. There wasn't any room in my mind for clothes, somehow. Sister Ellen and I never cared much for outward marks of mourning, anyway. Ellen used to say she'd plenty of pity for folks that were bearing grief, but they weren't always the same folks that were wearing it. But I don't feel like flaunting

gay colors, the Lord knows; and I don't want to show any disrespect—" she choked, and then added, "I suppose folks have been saying I'm heartless, but I just forgot. I've been missing Ellen so!"

Yet there had indeed been some reckless tongues to call heartless her piteous forgetfulness. Tongues of the same kind dropped gall in the sympathy they expressed for another bereaved woman.

"Poor thing! I'm sorry for her. But did you know she attended the sewing circle three days after the funeral? Of course she must have been fond of her daughter—but it was certainly strange."

It was strange, as it is strange that a man mortally hurt sometimes keeps on with his task of the moment, mechanically, till he drops. Under the shock of a great wound of the spirit, the poor mother, half-stunned, had gone on, unthinking and unfeeling, with her round of life in its usual order, of which the weekly sewing circle was a part.

The grief of the mourner, when it is accepted as genuine, draws genuine sympathy from all but a scant few of the worst of us. But there are many, neither best, nor worst, nor even bad, who allow themselves to suspect a grief not borne as they would bear it.

If a person observes prescribed etiquette minutely in dress and demeanor, there are those to whisper "affectation" or "exaggeration;" if one seeks, earlier than strict convention decrees, the needed relief of company or music, there are others to breathe of unseemly haste to forget; if one of that impulsive but often most loving nature which is all ups and downs and sudden transitions is seen for a moment chatting and laughing after recent afflictions, some accusing voice will murmur "shallow" or "frivolous."

It is the fact that despite the rules and conventions which hedge the period of mourning, people remain as different in sorrow as we freely admit them to be in joy. No truly sweet and helpful sympathy will be soured or withdrawn because of such differences. That is a poor kind of pity whose soul-mate is suspicion.—Youth's Companion.

Jurist is Active at 90 Years.
Judge Charles Field of Athol, Mass., is the oldest member of the bar in New England, and the oldest judge in the United States who is at present exercising full judicial functions. Although 90 years old, Judge Field sits on his court bench almost every day, either at Athol or Gardner.

A Little Lesson in Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

The type of character that distinguished Zachary Taylor in his own times from his contemporaries was that of the oldest heroes of the revolution, Schuyler and Moultrie and Pinckney. He was content with the mere performance of his duty, asking no reward other than his ability to be of service.



Taylor's defense of the brave commander of Fort Harrison in the war of 1812 against an attack of the Miami is one of the most memorable incidents of the struggle.

Although himself almost disabled with fever and with a force of only fifteen competent men, he saved the fort by his amazing courage and pluck.

In the Black Hawk war of 1832 and in the Florida war of 1836 Taylor distinguished himself for his valor under the most trying circumstances.

When the Mexican war broke out it found him in command of the frontier. From Palo Alto to Resaca de la Palma, from Monterey to Buena Vista, Taylor was ever in the thick of the conflict.

Two years after the battle of Buena Vista the brave commander of the American forces was installed as President of the United States, the first President elected on a reputation purely military.

His death came so soon afterward that it is difficult to estimate what his administration would have been. It is not too much to say, however, that a man who had shown his patriotism as had Zachary Taylor upon the field of battle would not have failed in the executive department of the government.

ROPED A CALIFORNIA LION.

Novel Manner in Which a Seven-Foot Animal Was Killed by Cowboy.

A fight worthy of being recounted in any tale of thrilling adventure was enacted last week on the Morrow ranch, which lies on the Mount Hamilton range extending from the observatory south for many miles. During the last month E. F. Robinson, foreman of the ranch, had noticed that their young colts were decreasing in numbers with alarming rapidity. Almost every morning the mangled carcass of a colt would be found. Tracks around the slaughtered animals told the story of the mountain lion. A close watch was kept, but the depredations continued as before and the lion evaded all efforts to kill him or drive him away.

One morning Robinson, with a bunch of cowboys, was rounding up some stock in a remote section of the ranch when the dog with them started a large animal in a thicket. They tried to send the dog into the bushes, but he cowered away. Suddenly an immense California lion left the cover and ran up a large oak tree near by. There were no weapons in the crowd and Robinson was afraid to send one of the men to the wagon for a rifle lest they lose sight entirely of the animal.

Accordingly they formed a cordon around the tree and let out their rifles at the lion. The animal stood at bay and warded off the rawhides with his paws. The men had almost despaired of accomplishing anything when Selby Trimble, the crack rider of the Morrow ranch, volunteered to leave the circle and climb a nearby tree to endeavor to cast the rope in a different manner. He did this at the risk of his life. After repeated failures he succeeded when the lion's head was turned the opposite way. The other riatas fell quickly one after the other and the animal was hanged then and there.

The skin is in beautiful condition and measures over seven feet from tip to tip. It is at present at the Santa Clara tannery.—San Jose Daily Mercury.

Athletics and Consumption.

There must be no exercise as exercise for the consumption patient. If you are able to feel like it, amuse yourself, but don't take exercise to build your system up. I know. I, too, have heard those stories about men given up to die, who began work in a gymnasium, and by violent exercise entirely recovered their health. You mustn't believe all the physical culture people tell you, any more than all the patent medicine people tell you. They're both in the miracle business. When the lung tissue is attacked by tuberculosis it heals, if it heals at all, by this fibrous scar-material filling in the cavity. No new lung tissue is formed to replace what has been lost, and this scar material is useless for breathing. Suppose you had a deep cut in your hand and you kept working that hand violently, how long do you think it would take the cut to heal? When exercise is taken or you "expand the lungs," you have to work the lung tissue just as you work your hand, and if it is wounded there will be a much larger proportion of scar material useless for breathing when it does get well.—Everybody's Magazine.

In this age of fairness, a man who is being abused need only keep still.