

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

The man who loves babies is never unpopular.

The weather bureau never predicts a reign of terror.

Gabriel d'Annunzio is the only living poet—who owes \$80,000.

We never heard of cannibals complaining about the high cost of living.

That wife with a priming and love-story reading husband should be entitled to do the family voting.

If you fail to run your business and allow it to get the upper hand it is likely to run you into the ditch.

As for Ballinger and Glavis, the public is likely impatiently exclaim, "A plague of both your houses," pretty soon.

"At this time of the year green is the unrivaled color," says the Boston Herald. Particularly if it is long green.

Statistics prove that it is better to take care of the boys before they go to prison than to keep detectives on their trail after they come out.

The public official who takes precedent by the tail and throws it over the back fence, as if it were a dead cat, is sure to attract attention.

"No photographer who is an artist," says a London newspaper, "will flatter a patron." But he will not harden himself to such a course with a patroness.

Some Eastern New York farmers are selling their cows and replacing them with Angora goats. It might be asked if this is a case of butting in or butting 'em out.

Announcement comes from fashion sources that "women's hats are larger." Of course this is a matter on which man has no vote, and what he may say or think does not count. But really is it necessary?

What Emperor William and Colonel Roosevelt said to each other was probably even more to the point and of greater importance than what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina.

The Minnesota convict poet is soon to have a volume of his poems published, and it is taken for granted that he will presently appear on the Chautauqua platform. These things naturally follow such an experience as his has been.

If you have a bad memory, says one of the "good thing" pages, safeguard it by jotting down in a notebook a little memorandum of the promises you make, just as a small reminder. Um! Very good. Believe, at the same time, somebody could make quite a bit of money by marketing a handy forgetter.

A club composed of married women of Trenton, N. J., after a careful investigation has decided that wedded bliss cannot be insured without children. It is to be taken for granted that the members of the club are not ladies who insist on living at fashionable family hotels and keeping pet poodles.

It was remarked not long ago that mankind is all at sea concerning what it is best to eat. It is now proper to observe that it is equally uncertain when to eat it. From the frugalists, who think one meal a day is enough, to those tireless feeders who stoke the human machine with breakfast, luncheon, afternoon tea, dinner and supper, the variety is endless. Not only that, but when, is dinner? In the consulship of Plancius townfolk were distinguished from countryfolk by taking their principal meal at 1 o'clock, instead of at 12. Nor has the robust dinner of the fathers yielded to the ineffectual luncheon, on the farms or in the smaller towns of the country. Outside the suburban radius the 12 o'clock whistle summons to something worth having. But in the cities the 6 o'clock dinner, fashionable not so very long ago, is already obsolete. Seven o'clock is tolerable; eight de rigueur; those who advocate high living and little or no thinking are even agitating for 9. There is hardly an hour of the day that has not at some time been the dinner-hour. The ancient Romans dined in the forenoon, and the simple lives of the middle ages—who, as modern diet radicals will be interested to learn, originated the no-breakfast idea—had their principal meal at 10 o'clock. The Romans of the Augustan age dined at 2 or 3; Horace and Maecenas, more luxurious, waited till sunset. The Elizabethans stood for the noon dinner; the eighteenth century beaux and belles put off the event till 5. The subject is inviting, but too large for brief discussion. Another Teufelsdröckh is needed to wrestle with it. Shall not food have its philosophy as well as its clothes?

"Race suicide spells race improvement. The finest physical types are found in the smallest families. Reduction in the size of families goes hand in hand with improved physical development." The redoubtable colonel who took occasion to renew his preachment of the advisability of large

families in his lecture at the Sorbonne, will naturally hold the above quoted language to be treason. But it is the utterance of a professor of anthropology at Columbia University, one Franz Boas, who has devoted much time and patience to the study of the New York immigrant population. The fact that he has measured 30,000 heads of immigrants shows the minuteness of his observations. This professor says the first generation of immigrants usually have large families, but in the second generation the size of the families is about the same as in the native stock. And a marked improvement is noted in the quality of the children. If there is only one child in a family it is apt to be taller and better developed in every way. Up to five children the tendency of the height is apt to be above the average of the race, but after the fifth child the tendency is for the stature to become abnormally low. If Professor Boas' observations are sufficiently accurate to be of value they cannot fail to have considerable influence upon the race suicide discussion. It may be said that our ancestors in the early days of the republic raised large families and produced a good stock. But the conditions then were vastly different. There was range enough for the whole brood to develop and expand. It was not the heart-breaking task to feed, clothe and educate a large family that it is under modern complex conditions. The parents usually enjoy a freer existence with more out-door occupation and recreation. There was not the same nervous strain. The children did not require so many things nor so much attention. In fact, nature seems to exhibit her usual good sense by interposing to reduce the size of families as the mode of living becomes more difficult and complex.

DYNASTIC NAMES OF ROYALTY.

Why the Late King Selected Edward Rather Than That of Albert.

Most royal families have a given name they employ as a sort of distinctive dynastic hall mark, the Boston Evening Transcript says. George and Frederick are distinctively Hanoverian, as Edward is distinctively English. The late king selected Edward rather than Albert from motives at once filial and politic. He desired that his father should stand alone in his glory as Albert in English history, and Edward was associated with old and stately traditions of the Plantagenets and Tudors. Similarly the French Bourbons usually have a Louis or a Charles among their string of names, and the Bonapartes never forget Napoleon at the baptismal font.

The most striking instance of reverence for a dynastic name is found in the princely family of Reuss in Germany. There are two principalities of Reuss, respectively representing the elder and the younger lines. Every reigning prince must bear the name of Henry. Henry XXIV, reigns over one principality and Henry XIV. over the other. All the heads of the houses for 900 years have been Henrys and in a grand family council early in the eighteenth century it was decreed that the figures should not exceed 100, after which a new series should begin with Henry I. As both branches cling to Henry, a working arrangement was patched up by which the younger line begin a new group numbering with each century.

The first Henry born in the twentieth century who shall mount the tiny throne must revert to Henry I, and similarly his descendant senior among the Henrys of the twenty-first century is reordained to be I, too. Rather confusing is the system to the reader, but if the people of the principalities like it no one else need be concerned.

A New Kind of Fish.

A Washington architect and engineer, whose specialty is the reconstruction and remodeling of country places, was retained for such service by a Northern man who had acquired an estate in western Virginia.

On this place there was a fish pond that the owner had decided to clear out. Upon being drained it was found by the Washington specialist that there was at the bottom a spring of colored mineral water. Immediately he advised his employer that he had found a chalybeate.

"Chalybeate!" repeated the owner. "Good! Put it in the basket with the other fish. As I've never seen a chalybeate, I'll be over directly and have a look."—Chicago Tribune.

Did She Remember?

"Do you remember that first night I kissed you?"
"No."
"Oh, you coquette! I stole that sweet kiss!"
"So I wanted you to think."—Cleveland Leader.

How Erin and Scotia See Things.

We don't suppose a Scotchman and an Irishman will ever be able to peacefully settle an argument, because the madder a Scotchman gets the slower he talks, and the slower he talks the hotter the Irishman feels.—Puck.

She a Was There.

A woman of whose death a witness at Clerkenwell County Court said he had been informed came forward. His Honor—Then you are not dead? The Woman—No; I am here.—London Telegraph.

A Real One.

Tommy—Tell us a fairy tale. Guest—Once a man who had a baby that didn't cry and a dog that didn't bite went to live in a suburb without mosquitoes.—Harper's Bazar.

"There is one thing," every married woman's expression seems to say, "that I know all about, and that is patience."

ANY ONE CAN DO IT.

How to Lay Up Treasures Where Moth and Rust Corrupt.

An old confidential clerk in a banking house has just died, leaving an estate of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000, all saved out of his wages and acquired by investment. Far from being a difficult feat, this is rather easy. Any bright boy who fancies such a career can repeat it.

Suppose an office boy of 16 has in two years saved by pinching self-denial \$100. He can loan at legal interest on good personal security or invest it to yield 5 per cent. In the former case, if the yield is kept reinvested, it will grow to \$3,200 by the time he is 75; in the latter case to \$2,100.

But the boy keeps on saving. His wages are raised from time to time, and as his second, third and succeeding \$100 come more quickly, each in turn is set on its way to grow into thousands. At 35 he has a salary of perhaps \$2,500 a year and saved \$1,800 of it or more. The savings of that single year, kept invested at legal interest, will grow to \$20,000 in forty years. But already he has many other dollars at work for him, or rather for his unloving heirs. As his salary grows he saves and invests more and still more. Probably he will see frequent chances of profitable usury. But he will never take a risk. He is a faithful and trustworthy though not brilliant employee. He does not become dissipated or gluttonous, and so has no use for doctors. His employers appreciate him and he coins their appreciation into more living, growing gold.

Of course he never marries. He spends nothing on enjoyment or self-culture or travel. In the end he dies a lonely death, and from the famous will case that follows the lawyers profit mightily.

There are probably a few boys in New York to-day who will do this very thing. The New York World says. It is in them to do it. But is it worth while?

QUELLING A MUTINY.

Fresh interest attaches to anecdotes of Gen. Lew Wallace through the recent placing of a statue of the famous soldier and author in the Capitol at Washington. That General Wallace was no less successful with his personal influence than with his pen and sword is shown by the following, taken from his "Autobiography." The general had been sent to Columbus, O., to take charge of a camp of paroled prisoners, feed them, pay them, organize them, and send them to Minnesota to quell an Indian outbreak. The camp was reported to be in a disgraceful and rebellious condition.

General Wallace asked the provost marshal what the situation at Camp Chase was.

"There are five or six thousand men there, the exact number nobody knows. I've not been lately to the camp. My life insurance policy expired several months ago!"

"Don you mean it is dangerous?" asked Wallace.

"The people of the town are scared, and the governor is asking for more troops."

"Against the camp?"

"Against the herd there."

"Why do you say herd?"

"Because they are beasts there."

Wallace was advised to go with an escort, but he dressed himself carefully in every particular, mounted his horse and rode out to Camp Chase.

"The appearance of the shacks shocked me," he writes. "They were painted rusty black, the windows were stuffed with old caps and hats, and greasy blankets served for doors. No man ever had a more sullen audience. I managed to say that President Lincoln had heard of their sorrowful state and had sent me to pay, clothe, and put them in a new camp. The line broke and resolved itself into a multitude which rolled round and wailed me in. Such a sight I never imagined. The men were long-haired and whiskered, their faces were the color of green cheese, they had no coats or shoes, and many were wrapped in dirty blankets in lieu of shirts. They shook their clenched hands at me and clamored furiously."

"We've heard all this before!" they shouted. "You're a liar! Get out!"

"I tried to look cool, and at last there was a lull."

"You say that you've heard it before!" I cried. "I'm a new man, and I demand that you hear me. If I fail, then mob me."

"What do you want of us, anyway?" muttered the men.

"I want you to wash your faces and cut your hair, and be the gentlemen you were when you enlisted. I want to take you out of this hole and put you in fresh tents. I want to put money in your pockets."

"What's that? Ha, boys! That's new. The other fellows didn't say that."

"I saw my advantage and followed it up: told them to organize, send in pay rolls, come to the state house, and I would see that every man was paid off to the last cent. I asked them if they understood."

"Yes! yes!" they shouted.

"Then open a way for me civilly!"

General Wallace rode out of that dangerous camp safely, and in control of the men.

One Good Result.

"High prices are causing Jinx to economize, aren't they?"
"Indeed they are; he doesn't even tell such extravagant stories as he used to."—Houston Post



Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

GIANT WARSHIPS.



N A paper presented to the Institution of Naval Architects in London a new reason was given for building even larger battleships than the Dreadnought. Rear Admiral Bacon holds that a big vessel is less likely to be sunk by a torpedo than a small one—that is, that there is a better prospect of keeping the former afloat than the latter after a blow below the water line. Until it is known that other naval experts maintain the same opinion it will not be carried into general practice, but if Admiral Bacon is right, the principal objection to the construction of Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts is pretty well disposed of.

One of the advantages of the new type of warship is that it facilitates concentration of fire on the enemy. It is believed that better execution can be secured, for instance, by placing twenty guns on only two ships than by distributing them among five. Advocates of the Dreadnought assert also that it promotes economy. So far as we are aware, no one has questioned the soundness of these conclusions. Admiral Bacon's suggestion that in a certain sense size is a guarantee of immunity is comparatively novel and deserves careful consideration. Perhaps the case for big war vessels is really even stronger than has been supposed.—New York Tribune.

THE GREAT THING EDWARD DID.



HE life work of Edward VII. is not likely to be invalidated by his death. The peace which his influence secured in Europe promises to be lasting. For not only was the King's achievement a debt piece of work, but, as it took into account the strongest and most permanent forces at work upon the continent, it is assured of some permanency itself.

The capstone of the whole structure was the reconciliation with the Kaiser. That such reconciliation was a fact is evinced by the Kaiser's words concerning his uncle: "We learned to understand each other later in life, but we did understand each other, and a friendly understanding it was."

To that understanding with his nephew, Edward moved through many and successive endeavors. He had to guard on the one hand against German aggression, and on the other to prove that he did not contemplate aggression himself. That he finally succeeded in his double mission bears witness to his extraordinary skill, but also to his complete sincerity.

His efforts did render aggression impossible to Germany by knitting the larger part of Europe, including besides his own country, France, Russia, Italy probably and Turkey possibly, in a league of defense against the Teutonic powers. Thereafter he was able to show the Kaiser that he did not mean hostility to Germany, and to indicate that Germany at any moment might herself join the alliance, provided she agreed to the pacific terms.

Surely Edward's performance was a most extraordinary one.

THE MAKING OF JOHNSON.

How a shiftless negro can be made into a trained, useful man is fully shown in the following letter from the Boston Transcript. Some four years ago, says the writer, he was going through the dairy of the Hampton Institute, and saw a tall, awkward looking negro washing milk cans. His name was Johnson, and he came from Alabama, where he had worked with his father on a farm. "Did your father own his place?" was asked. "No," was the reply, "he didn't own anything, but—" brightening up, "he made the first payment on a home since I came here to school." The boy's influence had told. Ambition had come to that black laborer down in Alabama because his son had sent in a report of a new and broader outlook for his people.

A year or two after this I was in the Grand Central Station in New York, and saw this same youth clutching his baggage and looking about him in a bewildered way. A man he had expected to meet, who would take him across the city, was not on hand.

"How did you happen to be in New York?" I asked.

He told me that he had been working through the summer with a dairy farmer in Connecticut, and was on his way to Hampton.

"Did you like the work?"

"Yes, and he wants me to come back next year."

Progress again. This boy was desired. Slow, unpolished, unpossessing, if you will, but desired where he had worked. Some progress was being made here toward the solution of the negro problem.

Last summer I saw him again. He was on the grounds at Hampton, wearing a uniform with stripes betokening official rank. His carriage was erect and soldierly. He was still slow and deliberate in speech and movement, but his eye was clear and he looked at you when he spoke. We shook hands cordially, and I asked him what he was doing now.

"I am in charge of the dairy," he said. The superintendent was away on his vacation. "We are milking thirty cows and making certified milk," milk that I learned later went to the sick babies at Norfolk.

"How does the inspector rate your milk?"

"We are getting 96 and 98 per cent," he said, and seemed rather dissatisfied. "I am trying to make it 100, but I haven't done it yet," he added, in his slow, dogged way.

He took me over the dairy. Every-

thing was scrupulously clean. The cattle looked fine. He knew every cow, her pedigree, her peculiarities, her capacity, just what she ate, and what ration was required to produce the best results.

"Can you analyze the feed?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

"And the milk. Can you test it yourself?"

"Yes, that is easy," he answered.

A number of boys were at work, and he directed them with a quiet word that met with an instant response. Here was intelligence and force. Some progress since this son of a negro laborer in Alabama had come to Hampton to get an education.

"Do you like your work?" I asked.

His eye kindled. "Yes," he said, as undemonstrative as ever.

You feel as if something worth while had been done here. From an ignorant negro boy had come a man. In the reports of the school he will be listed as one more farmer, but the essence of the work accomplished here eludes all classification. It is impossible to tell what Hampton Institute and schools like it all over the country are doing for the children of the backward races, but as one meets with its slow, black Johnsons, he feels what no figures can express.

Wit of the Youngsters

Bobby—Mamma, my stomach says it is dinner time. Mamma—What does the clock say? Bobby (after looking at the clock)—It says my stomach's five minutes fast.

Small Tommy—My pa's awful smart. Little Elsie—What does he do? Small Tommy—He's a mechanic and makes locomotives. Little Elsie—That's nothing. My pa's a commuter and makes two trains every day.

One day small Madge heard her mother say there wasn't a match in the house. "Never mind, mamma," said the little miss; "when I say my prayers to-night I'll ask God to send us a box."

"But why ask God for matches?" queried the surprised parent. "Cause," answered Madge, "Aunt Jennie says matches are made in Heaven."

Variation.

"Sir, I want to marry your daughter."

"Take her, my boy, and let me be happy!"—Cleveland Leader.

Talking politics is loafing; don't forget it, and call it patriotism.

nary diplomatic feat. The peculiar merit of the act lies in its beneficent aspect toward all Christendom.

Edward may not, perhaps, be entitled to be called a great man, but he did better than most great men. When the condition of Europe at the time of his accession in 1901 is compared with the European situation to-day, the immense value of his work can be estimated.

To-day a greater quiet rests upon Europe than has been witnessed since the treaty of Vienna.—Minneapolis Journal.

PROTECTING THE UNIFORM.



HE proposal of Representative Hobbs that a law shall be enacted forbidding a penalty any discrimination in public places against the uniforms of the military forces of the United States will command much public sympathy. Such discrimination has not infrequently been practiced in various places, generally under circumstances creditable to those guilty of it, causing resentment on the part not only of the men who were thus affronted but also of their superior officers and of most of the thinking citizens. If ill results have ever come from the admission of uniform-wearing men to public places it has been the fault of others. There is nothing intrinsically offensive in the appearance of the uniform. It does not unduly attract attention. It does not encourage the wearer to disorderly conduct, but, on the contrary, it restrains him. Of course, an officer's uniform will be welcomed in the very places from which the forms of enlisted men are barred, and the enlisted would be welcomed in civilian garb. The wearing of the uniform indicates that the man is ready to give his life for the sake of the country; but because of indication of his devotion he is to be treated as a cast. A man in civilian attire is often tolerated, if he is thoroughly offensive, so long as he is not violently violent; while the clean, sober, well-behaved in the uniform of the army or navy of the United States is rejected.—New York Tribune.

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