

Lots of men would rather hold a political job than make a living.

If you would be light-hearted, quit looking on the dark side of everything.

Poor Mrs. Sage! The "burden of riches" in her case will be found to be severe.

People could always dodge an automobile successfully if the tax assessor was the chauffeur.

The French grocer whose bride ran away with the best man at the wedding found sand in his sugar.

Nothing makes a man feel more important than his ability to answer the questions of a small boy.

Parisians are getting wise to the poison in the local food supply. It is no longer a case of Paris green.

There is no telling but that the King and the Kaiser put a bug in each other's ear during their kissing bee.

The Worcester Telegram has adopted the reformed spelling. This will necessitate a new Worcester's dictionary.

A scientist has discovered over 23,000 germs on a \$10 bill, yet there are rash people who are willing to take the risk.

A twelve-story apartment is to be built for New York bachelors. Won't somebody please do something for the grass widowers?

Mrs. Link is suing for divorce on the ground of desertion, and the court can now prepare to hear a few things about the missing Link.

At the age of 17 a Kentucky girl has been married three times and twice divorced. If she started after the record, her chance looks good.

Mexican residents of Arizona are in favor of joint Statehood, which partly accounts for the circumstance that American residents are not.

The whooping cough germ has been found. It took science a long while to locate a microbe which has never ceased to call vociferous attention to its whereabouts.

Another sign that the cause of universal peace is making progress may be found in the fact that several thousand additional men have been put to work at the Krupp gun works.

A man who has a mania for pinching women has been arrested in New York. Why keep the poor fellow in jail? It would doubtless be safe to put him in a strait-jacket and set him free.

China is to have a constitution, but the Empress Dowager recommends that it be adopted gradually. The Emperor himself probably thinks a constitution is some kind of an arrangement for fastening up the queue.

The German Emperor is quoted as saying that any youth of twenty without knowledge or education could go to any newspaper office in the world, and, taking a position on its staff, write articles which would create sensations. The same youth would probably create a sensation as an emperor.

There were fewer commercial failures in the United States in July of this year than in any month of July in fourteen years—only 738 in the whole country. Business casualties are at their minimum. Great sinners some of our money makers have been, but the public conscience is sound and the Lord seems to be with us yet. On with the harvest and the dance, with shouting and the sound of trumpets!

From Lake Winnipeg southeasterly to the ocean by water is among the possibilities of the future. A route for a canal to connect the lake with Lake Huron has already been surveyed, and the owner of an extensive system of western roads says that the canal will soon be dug. What a magnificent trip for a man in a motor boat that would make, to say nothing of a cargo of wheat to the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the heart of the Canadian Northwest!

It is a maxim of some sea captains that it is better for sailors not to know how to swim. They will take fewer chances if they know that they will be helpless in the water. The authorities of Amherst college have a different belief as to the desirability of knowing how to swim. They have made swimming one of the compulsory studies at Amherst. This college was the first to establish compulsory gymnasium work, and all other colleges in this country now require that. Will swimming also become the rule in the colleges? The theory that men will avoid danger of drowning if they do not know how to swim does not seem to be supported by the facts. Only a small proportion of 300 deaths from drowning the past summer were due to foolishness of swimmers. Waders and bathers getting beyond their depth, people who rocked the boat or were caught in storms, fishermen who fell in, all together make up a long roll of persons who might have saved their lives by a knowledge of swimming. The advantages of swimming as an exercise are well known. The sport in moderation is one of the best of all methods of securing a symmetrical development of the whole body with the loss of superfluous adipose tissue. The attraction of the water is so strongly felt by most people that it is one of the arguments advanced by certain scientists for the belief that the original home of all forms of life, including the human race, was in the sea. When a man is revelling in the sensation of being rocked by the waves he is satisfying an instinct inherited from ancestors who a few million years ago lived in warm, shallow seas. However,

It is not necessary to go back so far as that. There are reasons enough for liking the water in summer time without seeking an explanation in atavistic tendencies.

Prof. L. H. Bailey, of the Agricultural College of Cornell University, has asked a hundred and fifty students who were bred on the farm and do not intend to return why they seek occupation elsewhere. He has also asked seventy town-bred students who intend to be farmers, and two hundred farm-bred students who intend to return, why they choose farm life. The investigation is not intended to show anything about the total migration from town to country and from country to town. The conclusion which can safely be drawn is that the argument in conviction, weight and nobility of ideals is with those who are going to be farmers. The replies of the students, some of which Prof. Bailey quotes in the Century Magazine, are marked by a fine sense of what is worth while in life—closeness to nature, independence and healthful physical labor. The alleged social advantages desired by young men seeking the city are seen, by these other young men who have tried them, to be perhaps less helpful in the development of character than the simple relations of the farmer with his few neighbors. Very few of the young men who plan to be farmers say much about making money, whereas 40 per cent of those who seek the city give the money consideration as a principal reason. Those who like the farm maintain that there is a competence for the good farmer, but they seek other things than large incomes. "I am impressed in these replies," says Prof. Bailey, "with the recurrence of such ideals as love of the work that one is doing, education, study, personal influence, happiness, service, home. With these young men their business is to be an affair of the heart. We hear much about the greed of money and power and the great dangers that threaten our runaway society; but I wonder whether in the end the countryman will not still have hold of at least one of the reins."

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Goodness.—Goodness does not mean exemption from the common ills of life. Every life has its burdens, every heart its own secret sorrows. We would not minimize the cares which are inevitable. They are not joyous, but grievous.—Rev. A. H. Goodenough, Methodist, Bristol, Conn.

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Church Begging.—Appealing for money for churches through fairs and bazaars is a poor business indeed. It is a waste of money and strength and puts the church in the position of a beggar on the street asking for alms with a cord about his neck.—Rev. C. L. Kloss, Congregationalist, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Ship of State.—Despite the corruption in politics, tyranny of trusts, monopolies and money powers, God is still at the helm of the ship of state. He guided the Pilgrim Fathers to America. He gave them the Bible as the Magna Charta of all individual and national greatness.—Rev. T. S. Leland, Methodist, Victor, Colo.

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Self Reliance.—The man or woman who is swayed simply by public opinion, who lives only for self interest at the expense of conscience and principle, dooms himself or herself to extinction. Even the world learns to respect at last the few who dare to be true in the face of overwhelming odds.—Rev. Donald Sage, Presbyterian, New York City.

Foreign Missions.—Christian civilization is most promoted by Christian interest in humanity as a whole. Some men have a contempt for foreign missions, but interest in foreign missions is actually promoting interest in humanity, which reacts. The foreign missionary movement is educational and patriotic.—Bishop J. H. Vincent, Methodist, Springfield, Mass.

Others.—There are other religious systems in the world than Christianity. Buddha conquered greater tyrannies, overcame more arrogant pride, broke down the iron walls of caste, made pitiful great sections of humanity, and is to-day revered by more souls than take upon themselves the name of Christ. Buddhism and Christianity hold no monopoly of moral wealth. Humility, love and self sacrifice, though so little understood, so grudgingly practiced, these have world-wide foundations; there are many world-conquering traditions.—Rev. J. L. Jones, Independent, Chicago, Ill.

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SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Pious Drollery.—The pious drollery and monotonous formality of the average church is enough to disgust the devil.—Rev. D. R. Broughton, Baptist, Atlanta, Ga.

Failure.—A man who is always anticipating failure and taking a gloomy view of the future not only works halfheartedly himself, but depresses his associates.—Rev. F. D. Talmage, Presbyterian, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Need of the World.—What the world needs is not more secular knowledge, nor more scientific skill, but a more thorough enlightenment concerning God and its relation to Him.—Rev. R. E. Williams, Evangelist, Butte, Mont.

The March of Civilization.—The world is not outgrowing Christ. Religious traditions may try to unchristianize the centuries, but He still asserts His divinity in the march of civilization.—Rev. F. C. Bremer, Methodist, Normal Park, Ill.

The Point of View.—All things about us, all phenomena, even capital and labor, and its contentions can be considered from the sacramental point of view and spiritual lessons drawn from them.—Rev. T. F. Seymour, Episcopalian, Peoria, Ill.

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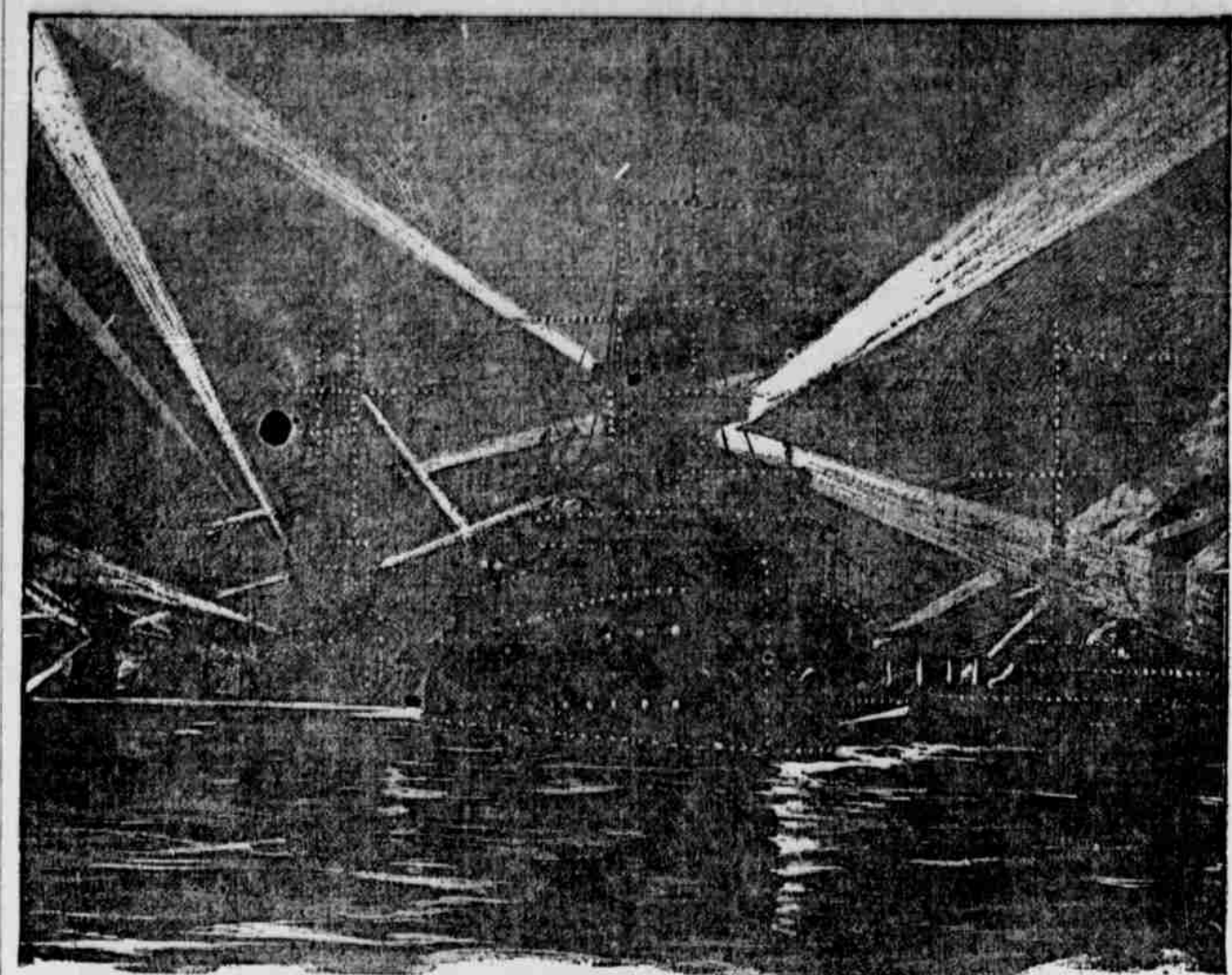
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GORGEOUS NIGHT SCENE AT THE OYSTER BAY NAVAL REVIEW.



GREATEST NAVAL PAGEANT. CHURCHMAN HIPPLE AND HIS DOWNFALL.

Best Part of America's Navy Reviewed by the President.

The most imposing naval pageant ever seen in American waters passed in review recently before President Roosevelt in Long Island sound. A combined fleet of sixty-one naval vessels, representing every type of ship in use in the navy except a hospital ship and a marine ship, greeted the President and a vast throng of sightseers on hundreds of yachts, excursion boats, launches and rowboats. There were forty-three fighting ships, ranging from the massive battleships, like the Rhode Island, of 16,000 tons, costing \$5,000,000, and from the powerful and fast armored cruiser, like the West Virginia, of 15,000 tons, costing \$5,800,000, down to the submarine Shark, of 120 tons, costing probably \$150,000. The combined cost of the ships, so far as construction was concerned, was probably more than \$125,000,000. There were 15,235 men on the fleet, including 800 officers, if each ship had its full complement, and most of them did. This means that there were enough men afloat on the warships to supply a city of 90,000 people with men. There were something like 1,100 guns on the combined fleet. Three-fourths of the fleet upon which the President gazed has been built since the war with Spain.

The President, on board the Mayflower, passed through and around the line of ships anchored in three lines, each 450 yards apart. Then the Mayflower anchored and the three admirals of the fleet and all the commanding officers called on him and had luncheon. Then the President visited the three flagships and troopship Yankee, just back from a year's arduous work in Dominican waters, where he made a speech to the marines. Then he returned to the Mayflower and spent the afternoon and the early part of the evening on board, remaining long enough to witness the electrical displays on the



REAR ADMIRAL EVANS.

ships and an exhibition of their searchlight work.

The fleet was called officially the United States Atlantic fleet, under command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans. The fleet was divided up into three squadrons, with Admiral Evans in command of the first, consisting of two divisions of eight battleships. Rear Admiral C. H. Davis was in command of the first division of the second squadron, consisting of four battleships, and Rear Admiral W. H. Brownson was in command of the second division of this squadron, consisting of four armored cruisers. The third squadron consisted of the monitors and armored cruisers under the command of Capt. C. W. Bartlett and Commander B. A. Fiske. There came two flotillas of torpedo boats, with two submarines, a troop ship, a water ship, a provision ship and three colliers.

A young New Yorker had made his first ascent in his new air-ship, under instruction from a professional aeronaut. After an hour's gyrations, his car came tumbling to the ground. When he was picked up and found to be not much hurt, the professional demanded to know what was wrong. "Why did you not throw over the sand and save yourself?" he asked. "I did—the whole ten pounds of it." "Well, then, why did you not sacrifice the sandwiches you were carrying?" "I did, Mr. Smith," sobbed the jared young balloonist. "I knew they were extra weight, so as soon as the car started down I ate every one of them."

If a girl of sixteen or seventeen isn't pretty and attractive, her mother should whip her.

CHURCHMAN HIPPLE AND HIS DOWNFALL.



If Frank K. Hipple, president of the Philadelphia Real Estate Trust company, had not been so conspicuous in church work his wrecking of that concern would have been no less serious a blow to one of the leading financial institutions of the city and would have caused no less distress. But had he not been so prominently identified with religious affairs he could scarcely have acquired such confidence as placed him in a position where it was possible for him to misinvest, by a system amounting to theft, \$7,000,000 deposited with the institution of which he was the head. The downfall of no other man in Philadelphia, save John Wanamaker, could have created such a sensation as the crash which followed the suicide of Mr. Hipple. So carefully were the circumstances of his death concealed by his family that it was not until after the exposure of his financial misdeeds that it became known how he died. He took laudanum and then lay down in his bathtub and turned on the water.

For years Mr. Hipple had been a prominent figure in charitable, religious and financial circles. He was superintendent of the Sunday school of the Tenth Presbyterian church, as well as one of the trustees of Bryn Mawr Presbyterian church. He was also treasurer of church institutions, among them the Presbyterian General Assembly. In several financial institutions he was a director. Hipple had an abhorrence for tobacco and liquor. His Sundays were spent in church or in religious meditation. Sunday newspapers he would not read, nor would he ride in street cars, unless the necessity was most urgent. He could not be induced to discuss matters of a business nature on the Sabbath. His charities were large and every one who appealed to him was generously helped. Hipple acquitted himself well in all positions. He was deemed by all men as of unquestioned probity.

Since its organization, twenty-one years ago, he had been president of the Real Estate Trust company, and a director in the Franklin National bank. He was also treasurer of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church, treasurer of the sustenance committee of the Synod of Pennsylvania, treasurer of the Presbyterian hospital, and American treasurer of the western section of the Reformed church holding actively in the Tenth Presbyterian church. He was the counselor of the aged and the widows in their financial difficulties, the guardian of orphans and the trustee of estates. Owing to his connection therewith the Real Estate Trust company was made the depository of the Presbyterian church, from the general assembly down to the smallest organizations which found it convenient to make deposits there.

It is not suggested that Mr. Hipple maintained these associations for fraudulent purposes, or that his intentions were dishonest. But it is certain that after these affiliations had gained for him a great financial power his religious professions did not intervene between himself and the temptation to invest trust funds in wildcat speculation, nor to practice fraud to enable him to

carry out his schemes. Whether remorse, the belief that he could not repair his losses or the fear of discovery and disgrace led him to take his life will never be known, but it is a fact that there was no suspicion against him until after his death. From the officers of the Real Estate Trust company Hipple concealed his operations by a method of his own invention. He kept a list of real loans and a list of bogus loans. The real loans were never seen by the directors. The bogus loans were supposed to be good ones. To the auditor making examination of the company's loans Hipple would present a list of what appeared to be first-class loans in every respect and those the auditor would certify as correct. To the board of directors, who had an amazing amount of confidence in their president, Hipple would take the auditor's certificate that the loans were correct and the directors at their regular meetings would unsuspectingly and unhesitatingly pass them. In reality Hipple loaned the company's money to an amount corresponding exactly with the bogus list on collateral of doubtful value, not negotiable or readily convertible. Neither the auditor nor the directors ever saw Hipple's real list of wildcat loans. Hipple was 67 years old and up to the time of his terrible exposure his life was without blemish.

Rossetti's Ghost Picture. Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, was once visited by an East Indian prince, who said to him: "I wish to give you a commission to paint a portrait of my father." "Is your father in London?" asked Rossetti. "No, my father is dead," replied the Oriental. "Have you some photographs of him or any portrait?" "We have no portraits of him of any kind." "How can I paint a portrait of him, then?" asked the artist. "It is impossible. I could not think of attempting anything so absurd." "Why is it absurd?" demanded the prince, gravely. "You paint pictures of Mary Magdalene and Circé and John the Baptist, and yet you have never seen any of them. Why can you not paint my father?" The prince was so insistent that Rossetti yielded in sheer desperation. He painted an ideal head that was certainly Oriental and also regal in its bearing. The prince came in great state to view it. When the canvas was uncovered he looked at it steadily and then burst into tears. "How father has changed!" he cried. "Everybody's Magazine."

Between Friends. Askitt—Isn't that a new umbrella? Nott—No; it has been in my possession for nearly two years. Askitt—Don't you think it about time you returned it? A farmer is kicking on the opening of so much Indian land. "Gosh! We can't get enough rain on the land that is already opened," he said.



"Arabella," called the father from the head of the stairs, "is that young man gone?" "Yes, father. Completely."

Teacher—Why did the ancients believe the earth to be flat? Bright Boy—Cause they didn't have no school globes to prove it was round.

"I, sir," began Bragg, "am a self-made man." "Yes," replied Wise, "but why apologize now? That won't help matters."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Madison—How do you like your new neighbors? Mrs. Dyer—I don't know. I haven't tried to borrow anything yet.—Town and Country.

Diggs—I understand that Higgins is quite a clever financier. Biggs—Well, he isn't. Why, that man never beat anybody out of a cent in his life.

"Aisy, don't you find married life more expensive than bachelorhood?" "Well, it may be more expensive than a rigidly single life, but it's cheaper than courtship."

Senior Partner—There's one thing to be said in favor of classical music. Junior Partner—What is that? Senior Partner—The office boy can't whistle it.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Flip—I have just been talking to a specialist, and he says my brain vitality has all gone to my long hair. Do you believe it? Flip—Well, er—I knew it had gone!—Detroit Free Press.

Medical Student—What did you operate on that man for? Eminent Surgeon—Five hundred dollars. Medical Student—I mean, what did he have? Eminent Surgeon—Five hundred dollars.—Puck.

At the Garage.—Boy—Mr. Smith is telephoning for his machine. Can you send it to him to-day? Head Man—Don't see how we can. Why, this machine is the only one around here fit to use.—Life.

"Is there any available substitute for rubber?" asked the instructor of the class. "Yes, sir," answered Miss De Murr. One of the fair coeds. "I think 'stare' or 'zap' is just as good."—Chicago Tribune.

Green—I cannot understand why De Short wants a divorce. His wife had nearly half a million when he married her. Brown—Yes, and she has every dollar of it yet. That's the trouble.—Chicago Daily News.

"Yes, I'm going to spend a few weeks at Kloseman's summer resort. My stomach is all out of order, and I need a rest." "Well, your stomach will get a good rest there, too. I know the place."—Chicago Tribune.

"I suppose that some of your battle scenes are very realistic?" said the sympathizer. "Yes," said the bum actor, "I have impersonated Napoleon at Waterloo several times when real shells were bursting all about me."—Kansas City Times.

"Mamma, what are twins?" asked little Bobby. "Oh, I know," chimed in Dorothy, with all the superiority of an elder sister. "Twins is two babies just the same age; three is triplets, four is quadruplets and five is quintuplets."—Harper's Weekly.

"You'll have to fix the poem over before I can buy it," said the editor. "There appears to be something the matter with its feet." "I would have you understand, sir," said the bard, with dignity, "that I am a poet and not a chiropodist."—Cleveland Leader.

"I would like a pound of your golf sausage," she said to the butcher. "Your golf sausage? Sorry, madam, but we don't handle it. We have blood sausage, liverwurst, ham sausage, and other kinds, but no golf sausage." "Oh, dear, I'm so sorry. My husband said he much preferred the kind made in links."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A little girl was out walking with her aunt one day. The aunt bowed to a man they were passing. "Who is he, Aunt Jennie?" asked the little girl. Mrs. Littlefield told her that he was Mr. Melrose, the village undertaker. "Oh, yes," replied the child quickly. "I remember him. He undertook my grandmother."—Harper's Bazar.

GROWTH OF TROUT. Age, Food and Temperature Seem to Have No Bearing on Size.

The salicinus fontinalis, which is currently but inaccurately called brook trout, was supposed for many years to be a small fish. Agassiz was largely instrumental in exploding this fallacy, says the St. Paul Dispatch. It is not an uncommon thing for an angler with ordinary luck to get a six or seven-pound trout of this variety. It is known that a trout may grow to weigh eleven or twelve pounds. There is, however, great difficulty in accounting for its variation in size.

In Northeastern Canada there are large streams and lakes in which only fingerlings have ever been found. In the immediate vicinity of such waters three and four-pound trout are quite common and seven and eight-pounders are not phenomenal. In all these waters crabs do not abound; there are no small fish of any kind except small trout. All the fish are pure fly feeders. At some places, it is true, frogs abound, but, taken as a whole, the difference in food supply is not an adequate explanation for the difference in growth.

There is no substantial difference in the waters as to temperature, size, origin and course. Climatic conditions are the same. The small trout taken from virgin lakes in which there are no fish have sometimes grown to a great size, and sometimes remained small and sometimes have not thriven. The anglers who hunt these waters have not yet found a satisfactory explanation of this peculiar condition of things. It is one of the mysteries which lends fascination to the art. "You never can tell what is going to happen when you go fishing."

When you try to be funny what an awful mess you make of it!