

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Miscellaneous and News Notes.

There is room for the suspicion that France has become a scandal immune.

The Spanish war has given Uncle Sam the biggest butcher's bill he has had to pay since '65.

China may be a thousand years behind the times, but she can put up a fine example of the advanced woman.

While fame has been very busy writing down the names of heroes lately it has also had to find time to write lots of history.

After his Alaskan experiences Hamlin Garland probably will be contented to stick to "Main Traveled Roads" in the future.

The Japanese street railway have just placed an order for 250 cars with American firms. They know where the real article is to be had.

Spain now proposes to establish a national lottery. What's the use? She couldn't draw anything in a national lottery except a blank.

Miss Grace Perkins, of Bridgeport, Conn., was much humiliated over the notoriety given her in that murder case, but she was not cut up as badly as reported.

The Flowery Kingdom may establish a postal system, but that's about the only way, as at present constituted, it can make Chinese letters more easy of acquirement.

A Nashville man has obtained an injunction to prevent an obnoxious suit-or from calling on his daughter. We strongly suspect that in that deal the old man has something to boot.

The soldier's life is beset by constant danger. He escapes the enemies' bullets and the diseases of the camps, only to come home and be offered pie at the hands of inconsiderate lady friends.

There is a new religious sect in Oklahoma which holds that hell is a place of perpetual ice. If this theory is true, it's pretty certain that in the next world Weyler will have a chance to cut ice.

In trying to embalm in verse the death of that Matanzas mule a contemporary says that "Kaisans is the only word which rhymes with 'Matanzas.'" Nonsense! What's the matter with 'Arkansas'?

It is said that "in Antwerp the horseless carriage is known as the *Shoupaar-doussouders-pour-wepetroori-j-tug*." Americans who contemplate visiting Antwerp next season will do well to order their carriages now.

It is said that the sales of looking-glasses in the United States amount to about \$8,000,000 a year, and that the industry gives employment to more than 2,000 persons, not including, of course, those who use the mirrors.

The "montreering" movement is gaining strength throughout the country. The disciples of this innovation evidently hold with Ella Wheeler Wilcox that "laugh and the world laughs with you, but snile, if you must, alone."

A young woman committed suicide in New York the other day "because she had formed an ideal of what a husband should be and was unable to find the right man to fill the requirements." If she couldn't find an ideal husband, why didn't she try a real one?

A contemporary says of the victim of an accident that "as he lay groaning in his unconsciousness the rats creeping out of their holes, and emboldened by his silence, came closer until one dared to bite his hand." We infer from this that groaning in silence is not a good way to frighten rats.

The deplorable condition of the soldiers at the end of the war suggests one of two things. Either this peace-loving and inventive nation has let military science lag behind military science, or else those charged with the welfare of the soldiers have been less zealous and efficient in performing their duties than the soldiers were in theirs.

Porto Rico has been quite thickly populated and by a large population of the laboring classes. Men from the States will have to compete with them, already established and acclimated to the tropical climate. It is a competition that they cannot compete with and people of small means, at least, should make haste very slowly in embarking for Porto Rico.

The secret of the French army's hold on the government must be sought in the knowledge that it is as unprepared and as corrupt in the management of its departments as under the second empire in 1871. The republic must be an option as the empire ever was, or in other ways, or its ministers must not fear to be true to the principles of a government they profess to

porary on this side of the sea. Happily for us, the army ration question may now be discussed at leisure, and not under fire.

Lord Dufferin evidently understands what he is talking about when he says concerning an Anglo-American alliance: "If we considered the instability of human affairs and the complex forces which coexisted within the borders of multitudinous democracy, I do not say that these sinister prognostications might not prove correct, but, on the whole, believe the probabilities to be the other way." And we are glad that he does understand what he is talking about; otherwise no one would know.

Having failed to meet a popular response in its agitation for annexation to the United States, Jamaica has turned its attention to Canada and asks to be taken in with dominion and Canada; however, is inclined to think that she has already race problems enough on hand without still further complicating matters by the addition of West Indian difficulties. As Mr. Johnson, the Canadian statistician, has pointed out, however, there are certain advantages to be derived from the proposed union, aside from the fact that it would be gratifying to the people of the dominion to have a West Indian possession attached to it with an area of 18,107 square miles, a population of 1,415,780 souls, and aggregate exports and imports of nearly \$4,000,000 yearly. Canada's trade with the British West Indies is at present small, aggregating last year \$1,445,443. However, as Mr. Johnson points out, there is a market in British North America for \$90,000,000 pounds of sugar annually, of which only 25,500,000 pounds come from Jamaica. In the matter of tropical fruits, also, the dominion could furnish a valuable market and in addition to sugar and fruits, two of the principal exports of the island, there are possibilities in the way of cocoa, molasses, coffee, arrowroot, spices, etc. Canada is prepared to give Jamaica a market for its products were it not for considerations of trade with the other islands of the West Indies, particularly Cuba and Porto Rico. Last year her exports to the Spanish West Indies were \$1,670,412, or \$225,000 more than to the British West Indies. A discrimination in favor of Jamaica sufficient to secure to the latter the bulk of its trade would probably result in shutting Canada out of the Cuban and Porto Rican markets under the new tariff scheme of the United States. It will require a careful balancing of pros and cons before a decision can be reached as to the value of the proposed annexation.

If it is true that a practical process for photographing colors with an ordinary camera has been perfected in Chicago it will not revolutionize an art that has made marvelous progress in two decades, but will confer lasting distinction upon its discoverer. From the time the collision process of photography came into use in 1850 color photography has been the dream of those who have peered into the mysterious alchemy of the dark room. While the art of fixing images upon sensitized surfaces through the action of the sun's rays has made great advances since Daguerre and Niepce, no one had up to this time got any nearer to color photography than the experimenters of the first quarter of the century. It is not an uncommon thing, however, for some one to announce through the scientific journals that the problem of color photography has been solved. In every instance, however, the alleged discoveries have failed to stand the practical tests and have resulted in nothing of value to the art. To photograph colors McDonough therefore placed a transparent medium ruled in fine red, blue and green lines—the fundamentals of the spectrum—in immediate contact with the sensitive surface of the dry plate and exposed the same as in ordinary photography. From these experiments he finally evolved the plate which it is now claimed will receive and preserve all the gorgeous hues of nature. The value of such a discovery to art and industry is beyond human calculation. It will open the world of color to all mankind, bringing to palace and hovel the richest and most delicate hues of flower and sky and landscape.

A Duel of Blankets.
A returned missionary from southeastern Alaska tells in the *Midland Christian Advocate* of a strange custom among the Indians of that region: When a difference arises between two of them, and a friendly settlement seems impossible, one of them threatens the other with dishonor. He certifies his threat by tearing up a certain number of his own blankets. The only way his antagonist can get even with him is by tearing up a greater number of his own.

If the contest is prolonged, it results in the destruction of all the blankets they have, each Indian destroying his own. The one who destroys the greater number is regarded as having won the fight.

The only material difference between a cold and the grip is in the doctor's



To all those who feel they have no special mission in the world this sermon of Dr. Talmage will come as a cheering revelation; text, John xviii, 37, "To this end was I born."

After Pilate had decided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man, when he was in full life and power, that Christ was arrested as in a court of oyer and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner, "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered, "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is today exalted, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of heaven. That is what he came for and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches 10 years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches 15 years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man or young woman can say with as much truth as his author, though on a less expansive scale, "To this end was I born."

The Divine Purpose.
There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary man being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draftsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and paneled, and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for and you answered, "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wisdom than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is a mere ruin as a Parthenon, or for such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for and help you find your sphere and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph, "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parents or grandparents. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or choleric, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irrigation. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help or about circumstances that you did not desire.

Take things as they are and decide the question as to what you shall be able safely to say, "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why he is the only one who can tell? Because he is the only thing between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And besides that he is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 9000 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and he is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any implication of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences, while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions or showing plines who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can earnestly smile your hand on your plow handle or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr.



Fick's "Didactic Theology," saying "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!"

Signs of the Future.
And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates or on paper ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draftsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or bats and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be mechanics. When Abbe de Ranee had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at 12 years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every line there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books standard now, though he has been dead over 200 years—was the disappointment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood, have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. Those things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and he is the one to ask? And let all parents and all schools and all universities and all colleges recognize this and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling along among business and occupations, now trying this and now trying that and falling in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying, "To this end was I born."

What Shall I Do?
But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself, "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale," but if you go into a factory involving many acres and you find thousands of hands pulling on thousands of wheels and shuttles flying and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water or steam or electric power, you decide that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear, or could hear but not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to our higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, oh, man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Mind with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corlies engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and he makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did he build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of \$500,000 a year and turning out goods worth 70 cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O man, with such semidivine equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuousness or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven, "To this end was I born."

Act at Once.
Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip the cooper, gained his greatest victories seated on a mill, and if you wait for some episcopate! Be content to ride into the conflict you will never get into the worldwide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shagar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox goad. Under God spitfire cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord, here is what I have! Show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." What opportunities you have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your hat, O woman, this afternoon and go and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on your hat, O man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well,

and you will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart your lungs, your hand, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul, "To this end was I born."

Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory and spread his force out over a wide range. O Christian man, O Christian woman, break through somewhere! Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are sixteen hundred million people in the world, then there are sixteen hundred million different missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least fifteen hundred and ninety-nine million possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say, "To this end was I born."

Life Is Brief.
Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while bunched up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here, as that soul will appear when the world lets it up and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead.

There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be and what I am sure some of you will be.

What a strange thing it must be to feel oneself born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Though an impassioned prayer take heaven and all of its raptures.

What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them there be a place large enough and beautiful enough and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail, home of light and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there! Copyright, 1898.

SHORT SERMONS

The Noblest Title.—"One is your master, even Christ." Of all the titles which men have sought or assumed, and with which mortals have been honored by their fellows, there is not a nobler one than master.—Rev. Dr. Bristol, Methodist, Washington, D. C.

Message Needed.—What message do men need? If I had a voice that would reach them all I would proclaim the farmer prophet's message, "Prepare to meet thy God." Get ready to die; and then you will be ready to live, to suffer and to bear.—Rev. Mr. Fisher, Methodist, San Bernardino, Cal.

The Great Triumph.—If it were something great and glorious for the Gospel to triumph over the darkness of the understanding and the errors of the judgment, how much more to triumph over the passions of the heart and the corruptions of the life.—Rev. Geo. J. Miggins, Methodist, Asbury Park, N. J.

Neglect of God's Day.—Bicycles on Sunday have diverted dreadfully the hearts of the people of God. No people on earth can neglect the observance of God's holy day. Let us endeavor, as far as is in us lies, to keep holy the sanctuary of God and preserve his worship.—Dr. S. M. Haskins, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Tendency of Men.—Scripture is a voluminous illustration of the tendency of men to go, not from bad to good, but from good to bad and bad to worse. And this is no truer to facts of ancient Hebrew life than it is to what goes on among nations and individual people now. Wherever you put a man, no matter how high, he will be likely to work down into a condition that is lower; whatever character you give him, no matter how pure and sinless, it will not be long in all likelihood before he will betray symptoms of depreciation.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Our Outcome of the War.—The pulpit has always been instrumental in shaping the course of public affairs, and when men of clubs, politics and business are uttering their sentiments in regard to war, the pulpit should give its words of direction and strength. We shall all have to bear our part in the burdens of this war. Our recompense will be the knowledge that we have been right. We look for the advancement of the kingdom of God and the progress of peace and righteousness never before known in the history of this world.—Rev. Wm. H. Albright, Congregationalist, Dorchester, Mass.



LABOR NOTES

A new industry in this country is to be established near Norfolk, Va. It is an institution for extracting the oil from peanuts.

The New Albany (Ind.) Hosiery Company has secured government contracts which will keep their plant in operation several months.

Cuba and Porto Rico will be overrun with networks of electrical wires as soon as the electrical companies can get to work on the islands.

From Pittsburgh comes the news that for the first time in the history of that city the iron mills have been in full blast night and day during all the summer months.

In the cotton seed industry last year not less than 4,000,000 tons of cotton seed were consumed, the total value of the resultant products aggregating \$120,000,000.

By a new process it is said 60,000 feet of gas can be produced from a ton of low-grade coal. The process consists of forcing air in the coal, followed by a blast of steam.

In Great Britain a movement is on foot which has for its object the amalgamation of the General Railway Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

The United States has exported 393 locomotives during the last year, valued at nearly \$3,000,000. Nearly \$2.5,000 worth of sewing machines were also sold, and \$1,500,000 worth of typewriters.

Practically one-half of the coffee grown in the world now comes to the United States. The latest estimates put the coffee production of the world at 1,600,000,000 pounds per annum, while the imports into the United States last year were more than half that amount.

Labor day's parade in Chicago witnessed the spectacle of twenty non-union bands, seven non-union fire and drum corps and only six union bands in the greatest labor parade ever held in the Western metropolis. The union musicians had but 137 of its 1,450 members working that day.

The Label Committee of the joint cigarmakers' unions of Chicago has started a crusade against cheap tenement house cigar shops, the competition of women and children in their industry, and immense shipment of cigars from the East, all of which are made without regard to health or price—to the workers.

The depression in the cycle trade in England deepens with the advance of the year. In Birmingham there are between 2,000 and 3,000 men out of employment and the society officials report great want of employment at Coventry, Liverpool, Limerick, Cork, Nottingham, Redditch and Wolverhampton. The cause of the depression is given as overproduction and German competition.

DEWEY USED TO LICK HIM.
A Chicago Man's Reminiscence of the Bear Admiral.

"Bear Admiral Dewey used to lick me," said Walter A. Phillips, a Chicago man, whose office is 880 Rookery Building. "So, of course, it was no surprise to me when I learned that he had shown his fighting ability by whipping the Spaniards. I knew him to be that kind of a man."

Mr. Phillips is a railroad inspector. He was talking in a group of men who chanced to meet in a downtown news agency.

"My father's house and Dr. Dewey's house were on the same street in Montpelier, Vt.," he continued, in explanation of the thrashing he received from the boy who was destined to grow into a great naval hero. "These houses were opposite the schoolhouse, the one in which Dewey was born being a frame story-and-a-half cottage, while ours was of brick, built in the old colonial style. As boys we went to school together in the little red brick schoolhouse, which stood about 800 feet away, in front of and a little to the east of Dewey's home. In those days if I remember rightly, he licked me more than once, and he was aided and abetted in showing his prowess in the use of his fists by Charley Reed, another playmate, who grew up into a successful banker.

"In 1856 he went to Norwich, Vt., and a little later to Annapolis, since which I have had the pleasure of seeing him several times and renewing old acquaintance. He is a clean, fine man."

Unique House in Yellowstone Park.
W. P. Howe, of Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park, has a house, 23 by 50 feet, built of rough slabs over a natural hot spring five inches in diameter, with a temperature of 120 degrees.

Cucumbers of six weeks' growth showed vines ten feet long, bearing fruit six inches in length. A smaller, experimental hot-house, abandoned from December until June, disclosed uninterrupted growth and maturity of lettuce, with leaves ten inches long. The steam had supplied all necessary moisture.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cloth from Wood.
Cloth is now being successfully made from wood. Strips of fine-grained wood are belled and crushed between rollers, and the filaments, having been carded into parallel lines, are spun into threads, from which cloth can be woven in the usual way.

Some men are born liars, while others are compelled to acquire the art.