

# Topic Times

New Orleans and Galveston now export more wheat than New York.

The circulation of American newspapers is 8,000,000 copies a year.

Fifty-six per cent of those dying from heart disease are over 65 years old.

Albino are found among all races of mankind and among animals and plants.

Service is only thirty-six hours by rail from Paris. One can get there without changing trains, but it is still in the middle ages stage of development.

Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., went to Yale as a freshman in a special private car, Gundaloupe. His father is fourth vice president and general manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

"Five Boers, who still refuse to take oath of loyalty, are to be sent back to South Africa from Ceylon, in custody, in order to show them the absurdity of their attitude," says the London Mail.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, which in a few months completes a century of work, has issued no fewer than 180,000,000 copies of the Scriptures, which are now printed in nearly 400 different languages.

A new occupation is opening for tramps in England. They station themselves near a police trap and warn approaching motorists of danger, and, as a result, are rewarded with donations of small pieces of money.

The oldest woman college graduate in Massachusetts, if not in New England, Dr. Sophonia Fletcher, recently observed her ninety-fifth birthday at Cambridge. For thirty years she was the attending physician of Wendell Phillips' invalid wife and has had many distinguished patients.

J. H. Hale employed on his farm in Georgia a negro boy named Joe. "We are having hot weather, Joe," remarked Mr. Hale, one blistering day in July. "Yes, sir, boss," said Joe, reflectively. "Ef I wuz ownin' a man a hot day, an' he wouldn't tek dis one's face de Lawd he wouldn't knaw where to look for one to pay him wid."

When President Roosevelt said that a public officer's reputation should be "clean as a hound's teeth" he was given a good deal of credit for inventing an expressive phrase. Someone has just dug up the fact that Senator Edmunds used precisely the same words ten or a dozen years ago in describing a Vermont applicant for office.

When the work of draining the Zuyder Zee is completed it will be possible for one to stand on a dyke with the water of the North Sea on one side only ten feet below and on the other side will be the farmers at work tilling the soil from twenty to thirty feet beneath. The chimneys of the farm houses will in some cases be below the level of the water on the other side of the dike.

Along the lines of the Southern Railway there have been added this year nineteen new cotton mills and eight knitting mills, which have added to the total equipment 29,331 looms and 727,358 spindles. There are now under construction twenty-three other mills, with an equipment of 14,925 looms and 500,312 spindles, making a grand total existing and in sight of 642 mills, 185,738 looms and 6,976,809 spindles.

The ship canal from Lake Huron, in Georgian Bay, almost due south to Lake Ontario, near Toronto, upon which work has been in progress for several years, will shorten the lake route 250 miles. The highest point is 600 feet higher than Lake Ontario, and a drop of sixty-six feet in four miles, at Peterboro, made necessary the building of the largest locks of the kind in the world. They are now completed.

## FROM SEAMSTRESS TO SINGER.

Adventurous Career of Lina Cavallieri, Now the Idol of Song in Italy.

From a tailor's bench to the operatic stage is rather a far cry. From a hard-earned wage of a few sous a day to a singer's salary of thousands a night is considerable of a progression. Yet from the one to the other Lina Cavallieri, a beautiful Italian girl, has traveled in a few short years. But they were not easy years.

Yet to-day Lina Cavallieri is the idol of her countrymen. She is little known in America, though she has conquered half the world with her beauty and sweet voice. Less than three years ago she made her debut, and now the announcement that Lina Cavallieri will sing is sufficient to insure a full house.

She is a slender slip of a girl, this great singer who is being hailed as the most beautiful woman in Italy. She has a peculiar fascination that all acknowledge. Her face is classically beautiful, such a one as the great masters loved in the days gone by.

Before she was 16 she had to find for herself. She was penniless until she got work in a tailor shop, where for three years she toiled. But stitching was bread and butter, and Lina stitched on till the fairy prince came and brought about her awakening.

He was a young lieutenant in the army, son of a rich and powerful Roman family. He was attracted by the girl's unusual beauty. He sought her acquaintance, and convinced of his sincerity, Lina fell desperately in love with him, and for a while was ecstatically happy.

But the law stepped in and put an end to their dream of bliss. For the law—the Italian law, that is—says that an officer in the army shall not marry unless his proposed bride has no

and so much of money. And the lower the rank of the officer the bigger must be his wife's dowry—to offset, of course, the smallness of his own salary. A lieutenant's rank entails on his bride the possession of not less than 50,000 francs—about \$8,000. His family managed to have the young man transferred "to break off this unfortunate affair." The young people never met again.

For two years she sang in a cafe chantant of the city. For two years she lived in the atmosphere of their temptations, performing all her part of the program, but refusing all overtures of friendship.

She had saved enough to go to Paris, where her voice and beauty at once won her a place in a fashionable resort. She became a fad, had a distinctive vogue of her own, and in six months had saved enough to begin her studies under Mme. Marchesi.

Her debut was in Rome, the scene of her early struggles. It was a small part, but her friends of the cafes had not forgotten her, and gave her rousing greeting. They called her before the curtain repeatedly, and would not be satisfied till she had sung three or four of her old songs. For ten months she stayed in Rome, gaining steadily in popularity and in power. Then she went to Russia and sang there all the leading opera roles.

## "JACK" AT THE BARBER'S

He Underwent All the Operations on the List.

To illustrate the impositions to which the sailor shore is subject, the Sea Breeze tells an experience of two lads from the cruiser New York while on shore leave at San Francisco. They visited a barber's, and when they had taken a full course in his chair, found that between them they had a bill of seven dollars to pay. Under protest they paid.

When Chaplain Childwick and a policeman called with the boys on the barber, he admitted that their bill did come to some such figure. "But," said he, "this is a first-class place, and the young men demanded every service on the schedule." Then he went on to enumerate the items.

They had been shaved, and each had had his hair cut. Both scalps were massaged. Their faces were massaged. Their hair was shampooed, and the shampoo was of the kind that rated highest on the list. They had had their hair singed, treated with a tonic "for the suppression of baldness," and subjected to local electrical shocks "for the prevention of premature bleaching."

Then they had had their hair curled to fit the style depicted on a fancy colored lithograph, and they took a treatment for the obliteration of their two year coat of tan.

As a suitable wind-up they submitted their hands to the manicurist and their shoes to the bootblack. Then the proprietor, unable to make any more out of them, announced that they owed him three dollars and a half apiece.

At a hint from Chaplain Childwick, re-enforced from the policeman, the barber returned four dollars. But it is safe to say that the men from the New York will long remember their "close shave."

## A Complimentary "Tip."

Women travelers are not nearly so much given to bestowing "tips" as are men, especially men who travel. There are exceptions, of course, but in general the rule holds good, and there is just enough truth underlying the humor of a Detroit Free Press story to make it worth repeating.

The particular woman in question had come through from Denver. She was accompanied by four children, and the combined needs, real and fancied, of the five had kept one porter busy. As they were nearly Detroit the porter signified their readiness for the final brushing. When this was over, she turned to the porter and said graciously:

"You have been very attentive to us during this trip, and I wish to reward you."

"Yesum," said the porter, with a smile and a bow.

"What is your name?" asked the lady, as she took out a pencil and note book.

"William White, mum."

She wrote for a minute on one of the leaves of her book, and then tore it out, and handed it to him with the remark:

"A colored man who is ambitious to get along will always find friends."

A passenger caught him in the vestibule two minutes later and asked to see the paper. It read:

"Mr. Pullman: Your man, William White, has been very attentive to me and my children, and I would recommend that you raise his salary and let him know that you fully appreciate his efforts."

It was read aloud to the porter, and then the passenger looked at him. He turned a sort of gray and gasped for breath, and it was a long minute before he could ejaculate:

"For de lan' sakes! I done thought dat mus' be a fifteen-dollar check on some bank in Colorado."

## Term Radiograms.

At the international congress of wireless telegraphy, which recently met in Berlin, the term "radiograms" was used for messages sent by the new method. The term has the advantage of being descriptive.

## Chinese Students in Japan.

There are 800 Chinese students in the colleges of Japan and 500 more are to be sent.

Better be a big peg in a little hole than a little peg in a big hole.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"When I saw him he had just come home from a gunning trip." "And did he bring home a big bag?" "No, but he brought home a big brag, as usual."—Exchange.

### Mental Process.

Weary Walker—Wot do youse do for a cold in de head?

Tired Tatters—I take a good sweat.

Weary Walker—Wot! Do youse mean ter tell me dat youse exercise till de sweat comes?

Tired Tatters—Naw, I sets down in de shade an' thinks erbout wot.

### Had Seen Uncle Tom's.

Teacher—Now, what bright boy can tell me who crossed the Delaware and the lee?

Booby—Liza, closely followed by de turrible bloodhounds.

### His Sweetheart's Letter.

A colonel on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drill room, when he came across a couple of soldiers, one of them reading a letter aloud, the other listening, with at the same time stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the former.

"You see, Colonel, I'm reading to Atkins—who can't read himself—a letter which has arrived by this afternoon's post from his sweetheart."

"And you, Atkins, what in the world are you doing?"

"Please, Colonel, I am stopping up Murphy's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to hear a single word of what she has written."—Exchange.

### Shrinking Disposition.

"Don't you think you should do something to add to your fame?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "The more famous a man becomes the more curious people get as to how he acquires his money."—Exchange.

### As to Results.

"The old, old story," exclaimed the husband with a long-drawn sigh, as he laid down his paper. "Another man committed suicide because his home was unhappy."

"And did that make his home any happier?" asked his wife. "Or doesn't the paper say?"

"Rah! Rah! Izz-Boom-Ah-h!" Miles—Got anything on for this afternoon, old man?

Giles—Yes.

Miles—What is it?

Giles—I'm going to hear a foot-ball game.

### In "Hot Haste."

Edyth—When I refused Charlie night before last, he threatened to blow his brains out.

Mayme—Well, he didn't. He proposed to me last night.

Edyth—Indeed! Then he must have got rid of them in some other way.

### Relief in Sight.

"Your salary isn't enough to support my daughter, sir."

"I'm glad you've come to that conclusion so early, sir."

### These Loving Girls.

Clarice—She says her face is her fortune.

Olivia—Oh, well, we mustn't shun her on that account. Poverty is no disgrace.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Beginning of the Season.

Myer—Yes, I understand young Gladley's head was split in the game.

Gyon—Ah! Sort of foot-ball opening, as it were.

### Her Point of View.

Towne—Borden has been quite ill.

Brown—Yes, but he's getting better. I heard to-day that his appetite is getting worse.

Towne—What are you talking about? Who told you that?

Brown—Mrs. Starvon, at whose house he boards.—Exchange.

### Complexion for Cash.

Doctor—Ah! Out for a constitutional?

She—Yes; I walk two miles before breakfast every morning for my complexion.

Doctor—Is the drug store so far as that?

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### When a Ship Ceases.

"That girl with Johnson there—a friend of his, I presume?"

"Nope; used to be, though."

"So? Had a falling out?"

"Not exactly. He married her."

### Getting Around a Difficulty.

Ward Worker—No, sir; I'd never sell my vote. I'd—

Candidate—Ah! but won't you rent it to me for a day?

Ward Worker—Well, that's different.

### Had Break.

"That fellow you advertise as a professor of physiognomy is a rank impostor," said the little man with the scanty locks.

"What makes you think so?" asked the museum manager.

"Because," answered the kicker, "he said my wife had a weak chin."

### Best Proof.

"I wonder why they always speak of truth as being at the bottom of a well?" asked the inquisitive boarder.

"Because a lot of pumping is usually necessary to bring it out, I suppose," answered the human encyclopedia of useless information.

### Up Against It.

Customer—You remember that prescription you filled for me yesterday?

Druggist—Yes.

Customer—Well, I'd like for you to give me a copy of it.

Druggist—Impossible! I can't read it.

### Looked Suspicious.

Brown—I don't believe that fellow was ever interested in any Texas real estate.

Green—But he told a straight story.

Brown—Yes; but he tried to borrow a dollar from me and he didn't offer any oil stock as security.

### Consolation.

Edyth—But Tom is such a reckless fellow. He doesn't seem to take our engagement seriously.

Mayme—Never mind, dear. He will be serious enough after the knot is tied.

### Asked and Answered.

"Why is it," asked the jolly party, "that you are always borrowing trouble?"

"Because," answered the melancholy individual, "it is the only thing I can borrow without security."

### A Friendly Hint.

Pecky—Every time I call on Miss Wisely I—aw—find her out, doncher know?

Jack—Why don't you call around some time when she isn't expecting you?

### A Disadvantage.

"Sarah, I don't think I've ever given a dance since you've been in my service, but do you think you could make yourself useful?"

"Well, mum, I—you see, I ain't never took lessons in dancin'."

### The Safer Method.

"Say," began the first man, nibbling his pen, "how do you spell gibbering—with a 'g' or a 'j'?"

"I don't spell it at all," replied the other. "When I want to call a man that sort of an idiot I just say it. I'm not fool enough to put it in writing."—Washington Star.

### Her Test.

Little Edith—Do you love me very much, mamma?

Mamma (a widow)—Yes, darling.

Edith—Then why don't you marry the man at the candy store?

### What the World Wants.

Chapple—There goes the—ah—man that invented smokeless powder.

Weary Beauty—I should feel more interested in him if he had invented smokeless cigarettes.

### His Brains Gone.

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# THE POPULAR PULPIT



## KEEPING THE HEART TENDER.

By Rev. L. A. Hawks.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.—Romans xii, 15.

The Christian is to be no hermit, no recluse who draws his heart into his shell, and goes self-absorbed along the way of life, thinking only of his own affairs. His heart is to be open to the cry of joy as well as sorrow. He is to have a tender heart, easily reached with the gladness or the sorrow of his neighbor. "Rejoice," says Paul, "with them that do rejoice, weep with them that weep."

The way this command is put into it of all possible selfishness. We are to rejoice with other people in their joy. A great many selfish people envy the joy of others, and would, if they could, rob them of it and leave them bare, carrying all the joy away for themselves. But the Christian idea is to rejoice with the one who is glad and to re-encourage and increase his gladness. And we all know how much there is in that. Every man who has had a sudden gladness come upon him has had the desire to tell it to some one else. The joy of any great vision, such as a splendid waterfall or a glimpse of a great snow mountain or some scene of wild beauty in the forest, is a small thing, if one has the experience alone, compared to what it is if you have a congenial soul with which to share it. Such sharing, instead of dividing and subtracting from your own delight, multiplies it many times. And the same law holds good in all other joys. We have a desire to impart it, a desire to talk about it with others, and we often have the opportunity of greatly increasing the joy of another by listening and putting ourselves into sympathetic touch with the gladness which has come to his soul.

You know some lonely man or woman who has few joys and few friends, and when a letter or some little experience that seems trifling to you with your many friends and your numerous sources of happiness comes to that man or that woman it is a real opportunity given of God to you to listen with kindling eye and appreciative face and word while they talk to you of their joy. Such a privilege to them is a little foretaste of heaven, where all selfishness will be banished and every one will be seeking to give joy to others.

There is no more regrettable mistake for any Christian to make than to permit himself to become so self-absorbed, no matter how great his work may be, that he shall become a kill-joy to weak and ordinary people who look to him for appreciation in the gladness which comes to their lives. Jesus Christ was never so self-absorbed in his sublime mission for the world's salvation that he could not enter with sympathetic heart and tender appreciation into the joys as well as the sorrows of others. He cast no dark shadow at the wedding-feast, but added to its gladness, and we have no right to be above our Lord and hold it beneath our dignity to bestow our smiles on the whole-some gladness that has come to any soul.

But we must not only keep our hearts tender in appreciation of the joys of others, but in sympathetic relation to their sorrows as well. We should be so sensitive in our relation to our fellow-men that it will be impossible for us to see a sad look on any face and our own heart not feel something of the flow of it. How sensitive Jesus was to the petition of the blind, to the lonely wail of the leper, to the silent shame of the disgraced woman, to the anxious appeal of the father whose child was sick, to the quiet tears of the poor widow following her only son to the grave! In these and countless other cases Christ's heart mourned as though he himself were blind, or leprous, or anxious, or a mourner behind the bier. He entered with perfect sympathy and fellowship into the sorrows of the people with whom he lived. His heart was so tender that every breath of human sadness swept his soul as though it had been a harp. So we must keep our hearts tender.

Do you ask me how we can do this? The answer is simple; by putting ourselves constantly in helpful relations to others. Do the kind deed on every opportunity, and you may be sure that the kind feeling will soon come to be natural to you. The difficulty is that we often curb our kind feelings and restrain them. We shut back the sympathetic word that is on our lips until our tongues become dumb to that kind of speech. Give your heart a chance to show its kindness. Give your lips an opportunity to speak the sympathetic word. Give your hands and feet free will to go on their missions of gladness and cheer and you will soon see that your heart is growing tender and mellow, so that none rejoice and you are not glad and none are sorrowful and you are not stricken.

## HURCH HUMANITY'S HELPER.

By Rev. W. A. Bartlett.

When I read about men who attack the pillars of the church and call a halt to prayer, on the Bible and other things which have been held sacred I

realize that these men do not come into contact with real life. By real life I mean suffering humanity. Not a day goes by but demands are made on the five church. Poverty, which does not change, knocks at the door and in the name of Jesus asks for help. I can think of family after family of worthy poor who would go to the wall but for the church. Sometimes it is the sin of the father. Sometimes it is unavoidable sickness, disaster or accident, but the need is urgent. We do not find the infidel or the denagogue or the saloon-keeper helping in these places. They are too busy talking against the church and selling death and the sources of poverty.

Humanity still continues to sicken and die. Where do they send them? To the church. The wife of a saloon-keeper perished the other day. He and his lacroom companions sent for the minister of the church. The man who has not been to church for years loses his old mother—to the church he comes with eyes full of tears. He must have a prayer at the laying away of mother. Here is a family suffering from lack of food