

## Topics of the Times

You need not be a shadow because you are not a sun.

War would soon go out of fashion if the bankers would quit subscribing for the bonds.

You do not have to throw grit in your neighbor's eye to prove that you are a man of sand.

Many a young man after being turned down by a giddy girl isn't able to appreciate his good luck.

A man will never acquire a fortune unless he is proof against the habit of buying useless things because they are cheap.

Hereafter the right sort of man may feel encouraged to consider the vice presidency as a stepping stone to the presidency.

Wide awake life insurance companies will proceed to classify deer hunting as one of the extra hazardous occupations.

The personal experience of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman in training children might make her remarks on the subject seem highly amusing to the average mother.

At last we have word from our old friend Wu Ting Fang, former Chinese minister to the United States. The Empress has allowed him to ride horseback in the Forbidden City.

"The longer we live," says the Nebraska State Journal, "the more thoroughly convinced we are that no man knows as much as he lets on." This seems to call for a sharp rejoinder from Editor Stead.

The Chinese word "janson" means the same as the Japanese "bansai," the French "vive," the German "hoch" and the English "hurrah." If the Russians ever had an equivalent for the word it has been forgotten through lack of use.

There were 60,000 divorces in the United States last year, or an average of nearly seven for every hour of the day and night, Sundays included. The business of making and unmaking misfit marriages appears to have become a great national industry.

A Brooklyn scientist has discovered that Chinamen never have consumption because they permit the hair on top of their heads to grow long. If this is the case scientists who have been trying to head off tuberculosis might do better if they devoted their time and efforts to the work of discovering some means of preventing baldness.

If fashionable society should ostracize the divorced the penalty might frighten those of its members disposed to get rid of mates objectionable to them; but, after all, the civil law which grants divorce is the expression of a far larger and wider social sentiment. The sum and substance of it all is that the church can enforce its law only on the consciences of those who firmly believe in its full and divine authority.

There has been far too much of the elegant gentleman idea in the big Eastern universities. President Eliot has just publicly taken note of its somewhat blighting influence at Harvard. A good many young men go there for a course in scorn and get it—though incidentally they may get better things. The same may be said of Yale and Princeton, and though at each and all of these institutions the modest workaday youth may get as good a training as his father could have got the influence of the gilded loafer is bad. The Western universities are spurring the Eastern institutions up with a magnificent competition.

Evidently the gospel is not preached to the poor in pews that rent for \$1,550 per annum. Evidently the poor are not wanted in churches that make no provision for seating them. Evidently there is a serious defect in arrangements for public religious services that take no account of the poor. Evidently there are many churches, and by no means all of them are in New York city, in which the gospel is not only rated above the reach of the poor, but quite too high to be attained by the middle classes or even by the well-to-do—is, in fact, available to none who is not in affluent circumstances. The remedy is free seats in all houses of worship. Like most other reforms, this moves slowly, but it is really moving, and is bound to "win out." "For ever the right comes uppermost."

It's such a beautiful old world. It's a shame not to enjoy it more. It's an artistic old world, too, but do we stop

to realize the harmony with which Nature blends all her effects? When a woman gets a new hat, or a gown, she gives up her whole soul to a wrestle with the problem as to how to make the colors harmonize. Nature takes any old colors, orange, purple, green, pink, blue, runs them together, and you can't pick out an inharmonious square inch. What would one woman think of another whom she saw trying to wear a combination of brown, red, purple, yellow and sky blue? Horrible! But look at the frost-touched forest against the sky on a bright autumn day. Same combination, only more so, and yet you hold your breath in rapture. Curious, isn't it?

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman is again on the warpath. She is determined, if possible, to realize the old platonic form of socialism—to get the women and children out of the home. In her opinion there is no place so bad as home, be it ever so humble or ever so pretentious. Mrs. Gilman both pities and blames women who work at home. She pities them because they are forced to do fifty kinds of work at home, whereas if they worked in some shop or factory they would simply have one thing to do from morning till night. She blames them that they do not get out of the home, better their condition and do the one thing they like to do best or for which they can get the most money. If this brilliant woman would know just how much women prefer to work at home instead of acting as employes outside let her follow the returns from an advertisement in a daily newspaper offering women remunerative work that can be done in their home. She will find a hundred women to one in favor of this kind of employment. Mrs. Gilman would have no cooking done inside the four walls of the home. Perhaps she is not fastidious. Perhaps she has not lived at restaurants or fed from bakeries for any length of time. Those who have are truly grateful for the simplest home cooking and prefer it to the "sloppy, greasy, ill-smelling business" which Mrs. Gilman finds in the food factories which Mrs. Gilman extols so highly. Even the baby, according to the new gospel, is not to be allowed in the home except as an occasional visitor. He is to take his place in the throng of babies collected in a common nursery and controlled by some one who is not a mother, but who has a diploma certifying pedagogic proficiency. After Mrs. Gilman has expelled the mother, the baby, the kitchen, the larder and the family hearth from the home there seems little left of it to "come home" to except a place to sleep. What is all the toil for? What are the babies for, except to build up a home and family life that is worth having? The whole instinct of womanhood rebels against Mrs. Gilman's proposition. Nature takes care of some things and she looks out religiously for the home. There are cases of abnormality and monstrosity, but these are the exception and not the rule. Plato propounded his doctrine of free love and community life twenty-five centuries ago, but the family still exists and the baby is cared for by his mother.

### PASSING OF THE COWBOY.

He Has Done Much for the Western Country, but His Day Has Gone. The passing of the cowboy from the Western ranges is an inevitable part of our national development. With the restriction of pasture and the introduction of fences the necessity for guardians of our grazing lands is fast disappearing, and the erstwhile fantastic figure of the cowboy immortalized in art and literature must go forever.

Those pioneers who have lived in the West for many years have vivid recollections of the cowboy in his pristine glory. He was a picturesque personage, a terror of the frontier, and at the same time a paragon of bravery and gallantry. Humanity has never had a more striking or higher exponent of knight errantry than is represented in those men who rode the ranges and guarded the herds. In the storm which invited stampede; in the silent night beneath the stars, and during the burning heat of day, the men who sat in their saddles for many hours and faithfully kept their lonely vigil were heroes who may well be immortalized in verse and story.

The great West, especially that portion which is given over to the cattle raising industry, owes its development largely to the cowboy. As a spectacular and at the same time faithful and necessary adjunct of live-stock production, this type of man stands out in scenic interest. One cannot contemplate the old-time cattle business without including in the retrospection the "cow puncher" now fast disappearing. The civilizing tendencies of tranquility and progress have rung down the curtain upon the dauntless men who for half a century earned sustenance upon the range and lived under the patronage of the ranchmen. The wreck of storm, the fever of heat and the romantic associations of the employment have cast the cowboy in heroic mold.—Kansas City Journal.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## GET AN ACRE AND LIVE ON IT.

BY George H. Maxwell.

Get an acre and live on it. I wish I could burn that thought into the heart of every working-man in America. In the West I would say, get an irrigated acre. If every man who now works eight hours a day in a factory could work four hours a day in a factory and four hours a day on his own acre of land he would double his income and he would insure himself, his wife, and his children against want when the day's wage would stop. But we must have a different system of national education from the present one, which trains our children away from the land. This idea is gaining ground. We have manual training and domestic science taught in some of our schools. That is getting back to the true system of education, where, instead of the old folks remaining at home to die alone while the boys go to the cities with the idea of becoming millionaires, but to end as counter-jumpers and clerks, the making and keeping of a home is taught. Every child should be made a gardener and a horticulturist. The winter term should be devoted half to books and half to work on the benches, and a summer term should be devoted to agriculture. The boys would learn to build a home and the girls to care for them as wives and mothers. We are gradually getting away from the heresy that money is all in this life and that man must raise something, sell it, and buy something back again before he gets what he wants.

The evil of our life is not that the rich are getting richer or the poor are getting poorer, but it is the lack of cultivation of the soil. No man can oppress a sturdy race of farmers that own and till the land. The land is the greatest resource of a nation. Our public lands should be secured held for the real homesteaders. There are men who have acquired, as was never intended by Congress, great tracts of thousands of acres of land without settlement and without the building of a single home. These laws are still upon the statute books. Moreover the great live stock interests and the speculators are intent upon keeping them there and even upon attempting to secure new land speculative legislation.

## FIRST LEARN YOUR CUSTOMERS' WANTS.

BY John A. Rowland.

The highest class salesman never appears to work hard to make a sale. Usually he is not a great talker. It is the clerks in cheap stores who talk hard and fast; they hustle and sweat and appear to try to corner their customers and to browbeat them into buying. The first class salesman is cool and easy in manner because he has studied his art. The great talker may be a good salesman, but he chooses the hardest road. The salesman who wants to pass everybody must have, either consciously or unconsciously, a definite method of procedure. Before trying to sell anything find out what the person can buy. When a man has told you just what he wants he has committed himself and he has given you a distinct advantage. In business it is the effort of each man to make the other man "come to him," and as soon as your prospective customer has told you what he wants—material, style, price, etc.—he has "come to you," all you have to do is to fill the order. If you can do that there is a strong presumption in favor of a sale without much further effort on your part.

It is of course absolutely impossible to make a sale for every inquiry, but what an immense satisfaction it is to know accurately—as you can know if you follow this

## CUTTING UP THE RANGES.

Vast Tracts of Land in the Southwest Being Given Up to Farming.

Conditions in the great ranch country of the Southwest were never in better shape for the homeseeker and investor, says S. A. Hughes, general immigration agent of the Frisco System, who has just returned from an extensive trip through Texas. The cattle ranches are being generally cut up and sold out in small tracts to farmers from the East and the North. One railroad system has been carrying about 2,500 homeseekers into the cheap land districts along its line each month for the last two years, and the other southwestern roads have been doing nearly as large a business. Consequently it is safe to say that Oklahoma, Texas, Indian Territory and Arkansas have increased at the rate of 10,000 settlers a month. The invasion of the ranch lands has come from Iowa, Wisconsin, Ohio, Nebraska, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky.

In recent years the cattlemen have been feeding their cattle in pens and fattening them on crops grown by farmers. Hence it is no longer necessary to devote the grass products of twenty acres of land to fattening one steer. Cattlemen have no further use for the land, and are selling it at prices of from \$3 to \$15 an acre.

The northern and eastern farmers who have bought this ranch land and begun to cultivate the soil have all made money. One man near Corpus Christi bought a tract of ranch land at \$15 an acre and put it out in Bermuda onions. Two years later he sold \$11,000 worth of onions from eighteen acres.

In Greer County, Oklahoma, land sold at \$5 an acre two years ago, but prices have jumped to \$15 and \$25 an acre. Farmers are raising a bale of cotton or thirty-five bushels of wheat to the acre in that region. One of the richest parts of Oklahoma, just now being made a central point for homeseekers, is Woods County, in the Eagle Chief Valley. Only a few years ago this valley was a vast cattle range, but it is now a thickly settled and prosperous farm community.—New York Sun.

method—just when the failure to make a sale was not our own fault and just when it resulted from your own carelessness. Your confidence and consequently your effectiveness constantly increase as you reduce your work to a systematic procedure. You always "know where you are at," you can note your own progress, and there is with such a method far less cause for possible discouragement. There is nothing so helpful as knowing the cause of each failure you make; for if you know your weak point you can guard against it next time. This cautious method of always finding out what a prospective customer wants before taking your goods to him is the only way to become a really high-class salesman.

## THE MYSTERIOUS WAYS OF FASHION.

BY Gabriel de la Rochevaucaux.

In literature and in politics Fashion has few ideas, but she dictates opinions. Often it is wise to listen to her lavish advice in order not to become the object of ridicule. Ridicule is Fashion's weapon, which she piles without mercy when she chooses to take revenge.

Sometimes artless persons, noticing that Fashion rarely admires the same thing two days in succession, are led into trying to anticipate her. But, alas, what an error! They will soon learn that what she chooses to like at any particular time they also must like. Fashion has numerous whims, to which she attaches a canonlike importance. She takes tea while playing bridge and drinks beer when engaging in a game of manille. She does not tolerate all diseases. It is all right to suffer from appendicitis, though she is particularly partial to neurasthenia. To cure her three or four doctors, her friends, are necessary. Of course, we must pardon this weakness, for she has confidence only in them.

Fashion has her likes and dislikes. She has no use for the poor. She affects to pity them, but defends herself against their cries. All her sympathies are with the rich, although she counsels them not to speak of money. When the poor man dines at the table of the rich, Fashion teaches him to pay good breeding graceful compliments. He must not bewail his condition then. At the end of the repast, however, after having shown that he is free from jealousy, it is quite proper if he leans over to his neighbor and whispers: "Do you believe all this luxury produces happiness?"

We might ask with some concern how she will manage to pass the time when the automobile will have seen its day. What form of excitement will take its place? Maybe she will turn to some of her old tricks. When races and bookmakers shall have lost their charm perhaps she will revive some of the diversions of ancient times.

## MANY WOMEN TALK TOO MUCH.

BY Nikola Greeley-Smith.

Some women are born gabblers, but more are made so by the mistaken idea that men have to be "entertained" and that the way to entertain them is by a constant volley of rapid-fire conversation. It is safe to say that in ninety-nine out of 100 couples one meets casually the girl is doing the talking; possibly she is succeeding in being "entertaining," but that is by no means so certain as if the man were doing the talking. Men like to talk. There is hardly any man who cannot talk well on some one subject. And there are some women who possess a genius for discovering what that one subject is. The silent woman will always be preferred by man to the gabbling woman.

## WAR WITHOUT THE GLORY.



The spirited sketch above is reproduced from the London Graphic, which has an artist at Port Arthur. The incident depicted is an assault on one of the central forts of Port Arthur. The slopes in front of the Russian forts were thickly strewn with the bodies of the Japanese, who pressed forward in the face of almost certain death. The signature of the Japanese censor, who passed upon the drawing, is on the lower left-hand corner.

There are people in England, as elsewhere, who do not believe that the civilian is greatly benefited mentally, physically or morally by a few weeks' service in the militia; but surely as long as such stories as the one below can be told of any man, his military training is not an unmixed evil.

An officer in charge of the bath parade at a garrison near the sea, where the amateur soldiers were mainly from the inland and mining counties of England, reports that the first day, as he was watching the men getting

ready for their dip, he noticed one who looked very dark. A comrade noticed him also, and said, "Jack, you're pretty dirty!" "Yes," said Jack, simply, "I was not out for last year's training."

Arraigned in Advance. "Now, dear," said Mr. Polkley, who had just been accepted, "when shall I speak to your father?" "You needn't bother," replied the dear girl. "Pa said he'd speak to you to-morrow if you didn't speak to me to-night."—Philadelphia Ledger.