

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

The way of the embezzler is peculiar. A successful financier of to-day was once short in his accounts. It was touch and go with him. Luck favored him in a speculation. He returned the money he had "borrowed" and is now wealthy and respected. A bank teller desperately plunged on "a good thing." It went wrong, and he—well, if he is not behind prison bars it is because his relatives made good for him. He is an exile from his country, however. I wonder how many successful men of the day have been similarly favored as the gentleman in the first instance? Yes, and how many not a whit more guilty have worn, or are wearing, the striped jacket because luck, the fickle jade, went against them at a critical moment!

It would almost pay the newspapers to subsidize two or three telephone operators to answer queries regarding the results of baseball matches, prize-fights, races, etc. In the early part of the evening sporting editors and other members of the different staffs are kept perpetually on the bob answering such queries. In some other cities the telephone companies have recognized the public demand for these things, and themselves have established an information bureau, to which all inquiries for news of events can be addressed. It is the Memphis News-Scimitar which, speaking of the result of telephone opposition in its town, says: Before opposition came about it took as long to get connection with another fellow as it now does to get a heavy taxpayer to admit his wealth before the tax assessor. The new exchange was rigged up. The patron took the phone off the hook.

"Gimme 234," he said, and then started to take a nap in his chair, which was the old fashion.

"Zip."

He had hardly gotten the request out of his mouth before the connection was made.

"Well, I'll be darned," muttered the surprised citizen.

"This was only the beginning. The same citizen called another number."

"Busy," said central, but—what in the name of slumbering politeness was that?

"Shall I call you when they are thru?"

"Say, break that gently; I'm a sufferer from heart disease," called the innocent bystander.

A wee small voice that seemed to be at peace with the world told the man that the rules of the new deal were to have a customer called at the earliest possible moment after a telephone was disconnected.

There came other things.

The girl began to tell people where the fire was, who won the prizefight, where cotton had decided to stop for the day, what time it was by the Washington time ball, and from a howling nuisance the telephone began to be a great convenience.

The Equitable squabble has raised the question as to how far an insurance company is justified in investing its funds in other corporations in which its own directors are interested. The Equitable, it seems, has \$735,000 in United States bonds and \$69,715,455 in securities of corporations in which one of the directors, E. H. Harriman, is a director. The company has also among its assets more than \$66,000,000 of securities of corporations in which George J. Gould, another director, is concerned. And so it goes. There was a time when 98 per cent. of the assets of the Equitable were in government, state and city bonds. Its assets now are: Securities of railroads, \$161,277,700; securities of miscellaneous company bonds and stocks, \$5,402,353; securities of banks, insurance and trust companies, \$25,577,566; securities of government, state and city bonds, \$2,204,568; securities of foreign government and corporation bonds, \$3,485,438. Total, \$208,348,241. No one contends they are not good or that the company is insolvent. It is one of the most formidable financial concerns in the United States and its solvency is not even questioned. The point is, have the directors of the Equitable the right to use trust funds, money belonging to 600,000 policyholders, to float, bolster up and make going concerns corporations in which they hold large interests? This is a dangerous use to which to put trust funds. Aside from the immoral nature of the transaction, that is appropriating for their own use the increment of the policyholders' funds.

I have heard whispers of a real attempt being made to secure the erection of a large hall for horse shows, cattle shows, etc. The master of the Hunt Club, George W. Beardmore, is actively interesting himself consequent upon a distinct and definite statement that the Armouries will not again be available for the horse show. If the city council had any foresight the difficulty might easily have been met by the utilization of the St. Lawrence Market site. But it is the way of the council to fritter, and it has, as near as possible, converted a most valuable asset into waste. Anyway, the situation now is one of emergency, and something will have to be done right

quickly or beauty and the beast will not lie together in the early spring months in Toronto.

And now it is the Rhodes scholarships which are not the unimpaired blessing they were at first hailed as sure to be. By sending the best and most promising minds in the colonies to England it is feared these same colonies may be robbing themselves of their brightest sons. Can it be possible that Dr. William Osler had this idea in mind when speaking in this city recently he suggested that we should educate our sons and daughters to serve ourselves and not to go abroad and help other nations to achieve greatness? This is the way an Australian puts it: "Our choicest morsels of brain and talent have been shipped to England to help work out a deep-laid scheme of imperialism, whereby worn-out Britain's Oxford is rejuvenated with the pick of the various colonies' fresh young blood. The commonwealth is trying to build up a white-man nation, on this immense continent, in this lonely outpost. How can it spare a single one of these young men? What's the use of aspiring to national aims when a yearly tribute from our best and cleverest (often those who have sprung from the lowest rung, who have risen to the top thru sheer persistence and merit, not on their parents' brass or influence) has to be paid, and they become lost to their mother country forever? They are never likely to come back to us, these brilliant young sons that we let go without a murmur or a struggle. Curses on the bandit capitalist's bequest, with its deep-hidden purpose and far-reaching power! Democratic Australia should put its foot down vigorously, and jealously refuse to give up the brains that should go to the making of prime ministers, judges, politicians and builders of the nation generally. The Rhodes scheme taps the life-sap of the country." What think you, Messieurs? Is there not food for thought here?

A beautiful shooting trophy was presented to the Royal Grenadiers last week by ex-Private Sandy Marchison, now a wealthy merchant in Bradford, Pa., who comes to town to meet his old comrades in the ranks every year on the anniversary of the Battle of Batoche.

It has pained me to see in an evening paper, conducted by a high-minded man, advertisements of fortune-tellers. However, the thing is not so prevalent in Toronto as in some other cities. I have before me at this moment a New York paper containing thirty-three advertisements of astrologists, clairvoyants, palmists, trance mediums, horoscope readers, card readers, etc. It is apparent that these fakirs have many customers, or rather victims, or there would not be so many of them in the business. The majority of their customers are women, though there are many men among them. Ignorance and superstition go together, and the more of the former the more of the latter. There are persons, however, who consider themselves intelligent who patronize so-called fortune-tellers and mediums. Some of these do so secretly, having a faint sense of realization that they are making fools of themselves, while others, unconscious of, or indifferent to, the ridicule or the contempt they invite, openly acknowledge their belief in such folly. Superstition is a curious thing, dead to all reason and blind to the truth which common sense teaches.

A gentleman remarked to me the other day, apropos of the proposal to erect a monument to Sir Oliver Mowat in front of the Parliament Buildings, that he hoped it was not proposed to make a graveyard of the surrounding grounds and mausoleum of the building themselves. He thought, and I incline to agree with him, that statues to our illustrious dead would be better scattered thru the city, as is done in England, and not planted in one special plot of public ground, unless it is intended at once to create a valhalla.

Toronto did not remain in first place in the Eastern League long enough to become used to the altitudinous position, but it felt good while it lasted. Those two defeats by Providence coming on top of the four straight wins over Buffalo rather took the wind out of the sails of the enthusiasts who had confidently expected the local team to clean up with the greys. Manager Dunn's team presented a strong front in the two games here, and in fact looked good enough to beat anybody's team. They batted and fielded well and with the exception of centre field seemed strong in all departments. Brodie, the veteran, is not the ground-crawler that he was some years ago, and those four balls that went for hits would have been easy for Harley. In Cramin, Poole, Josslyn and Nops the Greys have a fine quartet of pitchers. The first three are recently from the big league and it is pretty good betting that they won't be more than one season before they work their way back into the higher circle. The Toronto couldn't do very much with either Nops or Poole, making very few hits, and as a consequence there was a general deterioration in the team's play. As a matter of fact nearly all the batting for the bunch has been done by two or three members, Harley and White have been off their stride lately. The usually reliable "Jack" has been meeting the ball, but has

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For sale at drug stores only.



failed to get it safe. He will come around before long. Manager Dick, tho a little shy in swatting skill, has been working the pitchers pretty successfully and somehow manages to get on the bases as often as anyone else. Neither Murray nor Magoon has excelled at the bat. The latter was never a very strong batsman and he has done as well as was expected. But Murray has not come up to the mark. He had two or three chances to score runs, but disappointed. His fielding and throwing has been great. Rapp, Toft, Soffel and O'Brien have more than made good in the base hit manufacturing line. The first-baseman, on account of his speed and swatting skill, has been moved to the top in the batting list. O'Brien has won two or three games by his timely hitting and has practically cinched the third base position. He is not the fielder that Carr is, but he is by long odds the better batsman. Soffel does not make many safe drives, but when he does hit the ball it travels. He leads the league in long distance hitting and his smashes will win many a game for Toronto before the season is over. Toft is batting better than he ever did. He has made a hit in every game in which he has played and the visiting pitchers are beginning to realize that he is a dangerous man to monkey with. That was a great game on Friday. Falkenberg was awfully generous, but except in one inning he was there when the occasion demanded. As usual he accumulated a great list of strike-outs, 11 of the visitors falling victims to his pinch-ball. This puzzle, which is thrown off the thumb, shoots down like the spit-ball, but it breaks quicker and is harder to hit. Its effectiveness can be judged by the fact that in the last three games Falkenberg had 39 strike-outs. With Newark and Baltimore coming the Torontos will have to do some tall hustling in the next two series in order to go away in a good position.

Now that the woman Nan Patterson has escaped from the clutches of the law, and the yellow papers of the United States have been followed to the full by all the papers in Canada in her exploitation, there is a revolt among the more decent section of the press on the other side against the hero-worship to which she has been subject and the notoriety that has been given her. The next thing she will, of course, be the stage heroine of her own drama, and the rising generation will be summoned to worship her at the cheap theatres, which, by the aid of a venal press, they will proceed to do. If some of the foolish girls seek to emulate her, and even to an act of mad jealousy, will they or the people who are responsible for supplying the model be to blame? But, as I have said, some of the more righteous journals of the United States are protesting against the treatment that has been meted out to the woman who has dragged her parents down to her own level in so far as they have forgotten the respect due to morals and have proudly announced to gaping, morbid-minded crowds: "This is Nan Patterson."

Here is the concise and graphic manner in which The New York Commercial puts the case:

Only three elements combined to arouse a morbid public interest in the case just closed: A feminine defendant, a stage connection of the lower grade and a racetrack connection no higher—both the principals, too, being Tenderloin characters. Both were absolutely uninteresting persons, common to the verge of cheapness, and leading immoral, dissolute lives; and practically all the incidents surrounding the tragedy were of the most unwholesome, uncanon, disgusting and actually sickening sort. But the combination whetted the abnormal mental appetite of tens of thousands of women and men, created a ready market for millions of "yellows" thru many months and made possible the culminating scenes of last Wednesday in and about the court house that ought to make every decent-minded citizen blush for shame at the perverted tastes of the populace. * * * Heaven spare the metropolis a repetition of these exhibitions of popular vulgarity.

One disgusted Australian does not make Canada an inferno, but the following from an Antipodean who recently returned from a sojourn in this country to Sydney, N.S.W., is interesting:

Canada is not the country it is cracked up to be. About nine months ago, I was there when the occasion demanded. As usual he accumulated a great list of strike-outs, 11 of the visitors falling victims to his pinch-ball. This puzzle, which is thrown off the thumb, shoots down like the spit-ball, but it breaks quicker and is harder to hit. Its effectiveness can be judged by the fact that in the last three games Falkenberg had 39 strike-outs. With Newark and Baltimore coming the Torontos will have to do some tall hustling in the next two series in order to go away in a good position.

Two women were arrested in New York the other day for violating the speed law, and, as in charge of a policeman on the way to the station, they passed Reginald Vanderbilt, they yelled to him that they had been "pinched." The New York Sun makes this reference to the incident: "The women who on being arrested for illegal use of an automobile, hailed a passing member of a prominent family with the exclamation: 'Hey, Reggie, we're pinched!' succeeded in expressing in that laconic utterance their contempt for the law, for the officer of the law, for the approaching court of justice, for modesty of behavior in public, for elegance of language and for feminine refinement. But in this comprehensive achievement in expression they were unable to equal the condensed intensity of the opinion entertained as to their kind by men and women of another kind." Fine clothes and fine equipments cannot make gentlemen, and it is not necessary to go to New York to find women among what is called "the smart set," who are equally capable of using the language of the street, yes, and of the brothel.

The story is told of a doctor who owns a motor, but is not very expert as a driver. He was traveling down a city street when he ran into and capsized a pedestrian. He glanced behind him, and seeing the man still prone, he made a circuit and ran back, intending to stop beside and help his unfortunate victim. But the motor shot a yard or two beyond the mark and hit the man again, just as he was rising. The doctor turned his car once more, and was cautiously stealing near to the prostrate sufferer, when an excited spectator rushed from the sidewalk, and shaking the victim, exclaimed: "Look out! He is coming at you again!" Whereupon the man scrambled up and started to run. In this world it is not sufficient to have good intentions. You must also be able to drive a motor.

Says The Sydney, N.S.W., Bulletin: "Altho the sculling championship match is still in the 'wangle' stage, Stanbury plugs away twice a day on the Parramatta River, moving in something like his old style. Towns does practically no rowing, but goes on making boats and oars, principally for English carmen. Stated on reliable authority that Stanbury is testing his dash, and it is found that he can be got to his old top-notch form, he will agree to the terms demanded by Towns. Stanbury's backers (who include most of those who lost money over Tressler) are anxious that the match should be a certainty. But Towns doesn't want a match yet, and even should Stanbury agree to

terms, the race isn't likely before the spring, or perhaps

Motoring is being made for a lot of disappointing day it is said the craze is hotels: that former rich traveling home nights for automobile to being transferred into sitting in stur rooms to hear unknown st are no more private conce iste are in despair; that e estates, in England espec ing sold to enable their o el by motor cars, and, fu is now deemed a mark of to be injured in automob Speed madness could hard than this.

In "A Modern Utopia" has been telling the world will dress in the ideal st the way: "The dress is graceful; that of the wor one most of the Italian f tury; they have an abund and beautifully-colored st clothes even of the poor ably. Oh, happy land! T abundance of clothes, all ably—such lucky souls mu in Utopia, but in heav continues: "Their hair is but very carefully and dressed, and, except in weather, they do not wear nets." From which you never rains in Utopia. graceful, and bear them quiet dignity, and among them a European woman her lace and feathers, her al ornaments, her mixed of "trimmings" would look brian tricked out with the ous plunder of a museum rather truculent, but, as f of it, consider how absurd mother's fashions look to y member that yours will lo to your granddaughter. E course, Mr. Wells' Utopia about to their grandchild season.

As for the Utopian chil and girls wear much the costume—brown leather s set of combination of hos fitting trousers that reach to waist, and over this a b: fitting very well, or a b Many slender women wear sort of costume." Mr. W so, and perhaps to slender combination of hose and trousers might not be un experience, teacher that i is becoming to the slender will wear it as well. And

As a means of increasing upon its services a Chicago offering a free luncheon to each of the combination of hos sons came, 200 of whom there before. A sandwich text, a lunch with each s body fed while the soul is an effectual way to incre ance at church, if the lunche and the service are not t The method was advertised sons came, 200 of whom there before. A sandwich text, a lunch with each s body fed while the soul is an effectual way to incre ance at church, if the lunche and the service are not t The method was advertised sons came, 200 of whom there before. A sandwich text, a lunch with each s body fed while the soul is an effectual way to incre

THE THEOLOGICAL T Editor Sunday World: Edward Cayley has seen the lists on behalf of Dr. L very interesting theological may I poise a lance on b Goldwin Smith?

It is Professor Cayley su sorts to "literary legende Dr. Goldwin Smith. Dr. soning is clear and simple: no "Fall," there was no "Incarnation." Not at all Cayley, "Sin" requires a significantly spelled with The legerdemain consists in the word "Sin" has no m as the result of a "fall."

No verbal jugglery surely more than one meaning fro "by one man sin entered world" (Romans v. 12). What are simple-minded believe when suffice-minded make jettison of cardinal d simple-minded layman is a that the only difference outspoken rationalist and minded theologian is that a rationalist in ritual g latter thinks the fall is a carnation a myth, and the a myth, why does he stay in Once, as we all know ver church taught that the myths. If the church is u ing itself, the layman w that the cleric comes off in the dust. Yours, etc., Toronto, May 19.

Torpedo Boat for A Vienna, May 20.—The m rine has placed a prelimi six torpedo boat destroye six torpedo boats with a firm o ers at Plume. They will b such vessels to be built and will cost \$3,000,000.