

CURRENT TOPICS.

We are living on an international plane. A large part of the population dwells in towns, and not only travel to distant places rapid and frequent, but the movement of population from locality to locality and from country to country is a decided feature of the times. Through the utilization of steam and electricity villages and countries have been brought near to each other, the telegraphs, for example, almost annihilating distance; hence the development of international commerce on an unprecedented scale, each place receiving the products of the farthest lands. Simultaneously the democratic trend in politics became more and more noticeable. Accordingly to-day the total absence of constitutional government is a rarity, and not only have most men the vote, but women will soon have it, too. Even the orient, which was supposed to be unalterably absolutistic in government, has offered us recently the gratifying spectacle of one nation after another, Egypt, India, Japan, China, Persia, Turkey, demanding a constitution, and in many cases obtaining it. Rapid transit and rapid news have, however, not only led to a close contact between individuals of the several nations, but between the nations themselves. Hence village politics has gradually given way to national politics, and this to international politics, and men are consequently almost as sensitive to-day concerning what happens a thousand miles away as to what happens next door.

The growing intercourse between nations and the evolution of democratic government are not the only signs of our period. The progress of science during the last century has developed in men a novel sense, the sense of caution, a sense which is providing mankind with a new view of the world, and making us see things far more steadily than our forefathers saw them. Whilst science, by its international character, has forged a further link between the nations, it has at the same time played havoc with ill-founded beliefs. In analyzing current religious views of human nature it was led to affirm that man is primarily a social being and therefore far from indifferent to the suitability or unsuitability of his environment. Hence the rigid orthodoxy of a century ago has become impossible, and a freer and friendlier relation towards those of other faiths prevails. These numerous changes have transformed the spirit of the period. Distinctions of class, of nation, of race, of religion, and of education have lost much of their ancient sting and a humaner tone is everywhere discernible. The almost total disappearance of cruel sports, the kindly treatment of the insane, the nearly complete abolition of corporal punishment, and the growing respect for the sensibilities of the young are other facets of the same fact.

Finally, the experience of the last century has given a deeper meaning to the conception of human solidarity. The stoic definition of man as being ruled by large considerations and wide sympathies in contradistinction to the lower animals that act mainly on impulse and have narrower sympathies is proving on closer analysis, even from a biological point of view, to be strictly scientific. In other words, to be a man in the scientific sense of the term is to be an ethical man. He who is governed by passing considerations and narrow sympathies should be consequently regarded as undeveloped or imperfectly evolved. The international plane of responsibility on which we are moving requires that the children should be prepared for action on this plane. This can only be accomplished by systematic moral instruction, a conscious and conscientious thrashing out of current ethical problems by methods which are pedagogically sound. The whole international system demands nothing more imperatively and more urgently than a thorough system of physical, intellectual, and moral education. The ethical conceptions and motives which rule the civilized world must also rule our schools if men and women are to be found who will play a worthy part on the national and international stage. An increasing body of persons exists which holds that the history of the human race is an evolution from formlessness to organization or order, culminating ultimately in a parliament of men and a federation of the world. If this be so, the history of this race must be interpreted in ethical terms, while if we focus human life we shall probably find the ethical faculty supreme and self-perpetuating.

YOUNG FOLKS

WHEN ROBIN TALKED.

Felix came in with a troubled little face. "Mother," he cried, "do you think Robin is going to be deaf and dumb?" "Deaf and dumb?" mother repeated, looking puzzled. "What ever put that into your head?" "Why, the Stanleys all say he is going to be deaf and dumb, because he is almost two years old and hasn't talked yet!" "Dear me!" laughed mother. "Don't you worry one mite about Robin. Two years isn't so very old not to talk. He'll chatter fast enough pretty soon. Some children learn to talk a great deal younger than others."

When the little brother waked up, Felix took him to the window to see the children coming home from school. "There is Herbert Grant," Felix said. "Can't Robin say, 'Herbert'?" But Robin only wriggled joyfully on Felix's knees, and waved his fat little hand. "There's Paul Stanley!" Felix pointed to the boy going into the yard across the street. "Robin, say 'Paul Stanley.'" "Oo-oo-oo!" was Robin's happy answer.

"I wish you would try to talk, Robin, dear," coaxed Felix. "I don't want folks to think you can't."

"I wouldn't bother about it," mother said, overhearing his plea. "I love to!" cried Felix. "But although Felix continued his lessons day after day, Robin said not a single word."

One noon the brothers were at the window, as usual, when Felix's attention was taken up by the capers of a boy down the street, and he quite forgot to watch for the Stanley children. Then suddenly there was a glad cry of "P-a-u-l!" right in his ears. He turned and stared at Robin, too amazed for a word.

"P-a-u-l!" exclaimed Robin again, waving his hand excitedly. "O you darling!" cried Felix. He threw open the window. "Paul!" he called. "Robin said 'Paul'!" "Oh, I don't believe it!" he laughed.

"P-a-u-l!" cried the little voice. "Hurray!" shouted the boy, and came darting across the street. "I want to hear that nearer," he said. Robin was saying his first word to his mother when Paul reached them. Felix was afraid the baby would not say it again.

"Now say it once more for Paul Stanley," Felix urged.

"P-a-u-l," patiently repeated the little one, and then, while they were exclaiming and praising, he ended, with a mighty effort, "T-a-n-n-e-y!" Felix nearly went wild. Paul shouted with glee, and darted away home to tell the news. In a minute or two the whole Stanley family was in the Taylor kitchen, hearing Robin say "Paul," which he did again and again.—Youth's Companion.

RESTORED HIS SIGHT.

Blind for a Year, but Operation was Successful.

How the skill of a London surgeon has brought back sight to a man who had been blind for more than a year was told by Mr. B. Cahll, recently treated at the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital.

The injury which caused total blindness in both eyes was the result of an explosion in a gold mine at Johannesburg in March, 1908. "After the explosion," Mr. Cahll stated, "I called out in the darkness for some of the boys to bring a candle. When one of them finally insisted he was holding a lighted candle before my face I knew I was blind. I was in hospital in Johannesburg under several doctors for the next three months, and then in July came to London and was treated at the London Ophthalmic Hospital.

"Becoming impatient I went to Vienna, where I consulted two different specialists. Both told me there was absolutely no hope of my ever regaining my sight, and advised me to enter a home for the blind. I returned to the London Ophthalmic Hospital, and in February of this year an operation was performed on my left eye (the right having been totally destroyed), and now, by means of glasses, I can see fairly well and even read fine print."

Scene—Grammar class. Dialogue between teacher and Johnnie. Teacher—"What is the future of the drinks?" Johnnie—"He is drunk."

When the police get a man's trial he can't conceal himself among the branches of his family tree.

Some men are homeless and some haven't sense enough to go home.

The man who talks to himself hears a lot of silly remarks.

ONIONS NEAR NORTH POLE

VENTURESOME EXPLORER WANTS GARDEN.

Proposal to Raise Vegetables on an Ice Island in Frozen North.

Novel plans for wresting the final secrets of the Arctic regions have been made by Evelyn Briggs Baldwin. The venturesome explorer proposes on his next expedition to drift straight across the uncharted Arctic Sea abroad an ice island. Established on this island, with portable houses, ponies, dogs, tons of whale meat and equipment he will not care much what happens to the ship that brought him there. The ship may be crushed; it will not matter.

FARM ON ICE.

During the four years of drifting from Behring Strait to the other side of the world, at the rate of two miles a day, the diet of canned food, sea shrimps, gulls, walrus and bear meat will naturally become monotonous. The members of the expedition will crave and need fresh vegetables. How can they get them in the frozen wastes of the Far North? Mr. Baldwin plans to raise vegetables right on that ice island. He will have a garden patch, with artificial soil and artificial heat, supplementing the rays of the six months sun, and will raise onions and cabbages in close proximity to the North Pole. To farm on ice and plant crops in a section where the thermometer may suddenly drop 90 degrees below zero is a feat that none but a scientific agriculturist would attempt.

DIRIGIBLE BALLOONS.

Mr. Baldwin intends to use captive and dirigible balloons as accessories to scientific observations, while a wireless telegraph outfit will keep him in touch with civilization through an intermediate station in Alaska. The dirigible balloons may furnish a means of escape to the explorers in case their island become untenable. The wireless system will inform the world what discoveries have been made, how the garden is getting along and when the party expects to reach Spitzbergen, while it will keep the explorers from becoming lonesome by providing them with the daily news of civilization. A searchlight for hunting bears during the six months' night, and a deep sea dredge with a bomb which will by explosion hurl marine specimens into a net, are other novel features. A cinematograph will take pictures of scenes and incidents of interest or importance.

"SCOTCH," A CANINE HERO.

Story Showing the Faithfulness of a Dog.

It is a touching story of canine fidelity which Mr. Enos A. Mills tells of his dog "Scotch" in "Wild Life on the Rockies." Master and dog had been out on a four days' excursion on the bleak mountain tops, when a little above timberline Mr. Mills stopped to take some photographs. To do this he had to take off his sheepskin mittens, which he placed in his coat pocket, but not securely, as it proved. He goes on:

From time to time, as I climbed the summit of the continental divide, I stopped to take photographs, but on the summit the cold pierced my silk gloves, and I felt for my mittens, to find that one of them was lost. I stooped, but an arm round Scotch, and told him I had lost a mitten, and that I wanted him to go down for it to save me trouble. Instead of starting off willingly, he had invariably done before in obedience to my commands, he stood still. I thought he had misunderstood me, so I patted him, and then, pointing down the slope, said, "Go for the mitten, Scotch. I will wait here for you."

He started for it, but went unwillingly. He had always served me so cheerfully that I could not understand, and it was not until late the next afternoon, when I realized that he had not understood me, but that he had obeyed me, and at the risk of his life, tried to obey me.

My cabin, eighteen miles away, was the nearest house, and the region was utterly wild. I waited a reasonable time for Scotch to return, but he did not come back. As it was late in the afternoon, and growing colder, I decided to go on toward my cabin, along a route that I felt sure he would follow, and I reasoned that he would overtake me.

When at midnight he had not come, I felt something was wrong. I slept two hours and decided to go to meet him. The thermometer showed fourteen below zero. I kept on going, and at two in the afternoon, twenty-four hours after I had sent Scotch back, I paused on a crag and looked below. There in the snowy world of white he lay by the mitten in the snow. He had misunderstood me, and had gone back to guard the mitten instead of to get it.

After waiting for him to eat a luncheon, we started merrily toward home, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning.

Had I not returned, I suppose Scotch would have died beside the mitten. In a region cold, cheerless, oppressive, without food, and perhaps to die, he lay down by the mitten because he understood that I told him to. In the annals of dog heroism, I know of no greater deed.

HEALTH

HYGENIC DRESS.

On the subject of hygienic attire for women, there has always been a great deal of honest nonsense talked and much mispent trouble taken for the reason that great number of people have the type of mind that irresistibly associates the ugly with the wholesome. Just as they think medicine cannot be efficacious unless it is thick and black and nasty, so they think women cannot breathe and prosper unless they look like a bale of hay with the middle hoop cut; and in pursuance of this conviction they refuse many of the alleviations of life, among which sugar-coated pills and well-made corsets should take high rank.

When looking at the portraits of the Spanish school of which Velasquez is master, one is constantly struck by the way the women seem to be confined in some barbaric instrument of torture, so flat are their chests and so narrow their waists. Surely no material so rigid that than wood could be trusted to produce this invariable effect in women of all ages and degrees.

Now turn from these women of medieval days to a modern picture-gallery, and observe the freedom, the individuality, the graceful ease which, for the most part, the woman of to-day permits herself, and is permitted by modern sanctions. Indeed, it is not necessary to contrast her with the woman of the middle age. She is so much more comfortable and sensible in her dress than was her grandmother, or even her mother.

This fact is largely the result of the general acceptance of athletics for women. With the invasion of the up-to-date gym and the tennis-court, the golf course and the lakes and rivers, the seventeen-inch damsel who seemed to spend a large portion of her time in fainting spells vanished, one may hope forever.

It is possible to knock a croquet ball about in tight clothes, but for a game like tennis, that calls for real play of muscle and free action from head to foot, one must be properly dressed.

So much has been done of late years to improve the corset that its reproach as a menace to health has, in fact, been wiped out. The best corsets no longer interfere with the breathing apparatus, and many modern corsets leave the diaphragm free, and support and restrain as they should.

With their help, and provided that skirts are not too heavy and dragging from the hips, women are often better off with corsets than without them.—Youth's Companion.

FOOD, WATER AND AIR.

A human being cannot live without food, water and air. These are the three essentials. The lungs must be plentifully supplied with pure air, or they cannot give good blood to the body, and every part suffers. The germs of disease can not be destroyed unless the system through the lungs receives plenty of fresh air. The lungs can not get this supply unless the air passages are free. If one breathes through the mouth, it means that the air does not enter the lungs in either in sufficient amount or in the condition that it should. If the children are mouth breathers their condition should be examined to ascertain the cause.

WHAT NEW YORK WASTES.

New York City wastes officially \$50,000,000 a year—this apart from the amount lost by theft and grafting, says Franklin Clark in an article in "Success Magazine."

This equals the losses of the Baltimore Fire, or the first cost of the Erie Canal, or the national expenditures of the Kingdom of Sweden, or those of the Dominion of Canada.

It is more than Great Britain will require this year to pay its old-age pensions.

It is a waste of the energy of every tired strap-hanger, of the leisure which better transit facilities would yield the every day worker.

It is a waste of the wages of the poor. On these all frauds and extravagances of government finally bear.

It is also a melancholy waste of human life. The income from these wasted millions would stamp out not only tuberculosis, but also typhoid and diphtheria.

Most cities are equally misgoverned, yet in the same world, with human nature just the same, there are many cities which administer so ably that they collect no taxes—some which actually pay dividends to their citizens.

THE RAMILLIES WRECK

FOUND OFF THE SOUTH COAST OF DEVON.

Over 700 Lives Were Lost in the Disaster—One of the Worst in History.

After lying at the bottom of the sea undisturbed for a century and a half one of the guns of H. M. S. Ramillies, which was wrecked near Bolt Tail on the south coast of Devon, England, has been recovered.

In March last the French steam trawler L'Aigle was wrecked in a gale close under Bolt Tail. Salvage operations are at present in progress upon her, and this week, while engaged in salvaging the wreck of L'Aigle, a diver of the salvage steamer Malard discovered beneath the sunken trawler the remains of an old vessel. Investigation proved these remains to be undoubtedly those of the Ramillies, whose loss with over 700 lives was one of the greatest disasters in time of peace in the annals of the British navy.

ONE OF THE GUNS.

Carefully exploring the sea bottom in the vicinity the diver found scores of guns and hundreds of round shot partly embedded in sand and encrusted with rock and rust. It was decided to salvage one of the guns, and this was successfully accomplished. The gun which has been brought to the surface is of iron, 9 feet long, with a 4 inch bore. One side of the weapon has been worn away with the action of pebbles and shingle washed over it by the tide to such an extent that at the muzzle the thickness of iron is very little, and for its whole length the metal has the appearance of being gradually filed away. Even the trunnions which originally took its weight on the gun-carriage have been worn to spikes.

In contrast to this, the top part of the gun shows not the slightest sign of wear. Its perfect preservation is due to the fact that it was embedded in sand and shingle, which formed a complete protection. On this part of the gun is the touch-hole, and standing out in bold relief are the letters G. R., surmounted by

A LARGE CROWN.

The touch-hole is quite clear, and the bands running round are well preserved.

The remains of the Ramillies lie among huge boulders in six fathoms of water, but a great deal of the metal which lies about in profusion has become encrusted to the rocks.

The Ramillies, a 74-gun ship, while making for Plymouth during a severe gale on February 15, 1700, mistook Bolt Tail for Rams Head, a headland marking the entrance to Plymouth Sound. Getting too close in shore, she became embayed, and was obliged to anchor. Gradually she was driven ashore by the gale, and striking the rocks, was pounded to pieces by the fury of the waves.

Of 734 souls on board only twenty-five men and a midshipman were saved. Tradition has it that one of the crew warned the captain that the ship was in Bigbury Bay, but was put in irons for what was regarded as an act of insubordination.

GERMANY'S RAILWAY SYSTEM

Its Cost Low and the Needs of the Country Well Served.

Although the German railways, unlike the French system, were not conceived and built as a whole, and perhaps because of their lack of cohesion, which has enabled them to avoid some of the faults of a centralized system and secured to the unimportant towns the benefit of an efficient service, the German system is to-day very complete and responds very well to the business necessities of the regions served.

Thanks to cheap labor and to the fact that the country for the most part is level, so that it was possible to avoid extraordinary outlay in building, this lack of unity in the construction of German railways has not had the influence it might have had on the cost of the establishment. Between the Hook of Holland and Berlin the railway does not pass through a single tunnel (there is in fact not a single railway tunnel in the whole of north Germany), nor does it pass through a single deep cutting or along a single high embankment. Bridges and viaducts across rivers are the only engineering works of special importance that had to be undertaken.

In 1899 the total cost of all the German lines, now amounting to almost 50,000 kilometers, was stated at 12,405,038,875 marks, or an average cost of no more than 253,615 marks a kilometer.

The thief would take things easy were it not for the minions of the law.

Our idea of a fool man is one who will kiss a woman after seeing her kiss a pet dog.

Fashion Hints.

FADS AND FANCIES.

Stylish shoes are highly arched. Striped effects rule supreme in skirtings.

Many summer coats are lined with shantung.

Sequins play a leading part in fan decoration.

Military straps are among the popular sleeve trimmings.

The white lace veil is more widely worn than any other.

Hats are larger now than they will be later in the season.

Mohair is the favorite material for automobile dust coats.

Pongee hats, matching pongee costumes are smart just now.

Walking costumes are a bit severe, with little trimming.

Linen frocks with short skirts are popular for street wear.

"Linden," a creamy yellow green is a leading shade in new dresses.

The overskirt effect is seen more and more as the summer advances.

Mittens are worn by some of the fashionable women at watering places.

Lace has a wider vogue than ever before, and is freely used, even on shoes.

The separate linen skirt is popular for wear with dainty lingerie blouses.

Some of the fancy sleeves have large dots, black on white and white on black.

Pale shades of ceru and brown are not so much in fashion as they were last season.

Summer suits in the "brown" class range from really dark brown to greenish yellow.

All greens are popular in the present fashions, jade green being an especial favorite.

The correct petticoat of the hour is of pure white lingerie fabric, limp and soft.

Buttons are still popular, but are more modest in size than a few months ago.

When a color is used for lining, the hat, shoes, belt, and gloves all partake of the same hue.

Narrow turndown collars of batiste and Irish point embroidery are among the new neckwear seen in the shops.

Lingerie waists made after the pretty Dutch neck model of wide bands of embroidery are among the newest models of the season.

Some of the prettiest coats for children are being made with the old-fashioned double or single cape, many of the small ones being lined with dotted and figured Swiss, lined with China silk.

Dog collars of velvet are especially pretty when embroidered in tiny buds and flowers or a spray of foliage, in natural colors. Worn with summer dresses, they are smart and stylish.

Black chiffon yokes and undersleeves are still enjoying the popularity that was theirs a year ago. They are even worn with gowns of palest shades, and the fashion is most economical.

Cotton and linen crochet buttons are used on all the "tub" dresses this season. They are flat and can be laundered without being taken from the dress, thus having a great advantage over the pearl button.

"DAD, HERE'S TO YOU."

We happened in a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red, "What is Home without a Mother!"

Across the room was another brief, "God bless our Home."

Now, what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad!" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, and wipes the dew off the lawn with his boots, while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand out for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman, the baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour.

If there is a noise in the night Dad is kicked in the back and made to go downstairs and find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place, and the needles and yarn afterwards. Mother does up the fruit; Dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys the chickens for Sunday dinner, serves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that's alright; but what is Home Without a Father? Ten chances to one it's a boarding house. Father is under a slab, and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you—you've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em—but you're all right, and we'll miss you when you're gone.

The Heiress: "But why should I marry you. I don't love you." Her Sutor: "Oh, that's all right. I shan't be at home very much, you know."