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Sep. 1909 A. Frank Smith Secretary.

THE WORLDING'S PHILOSOPHY.

No English novelist of recent years has written more novels in which there is so much of stability or as Hawthorne said of them—"English beef" than has Anthony Trollope.

Today his simple scenes of English life, while never among the 'ten best sellers', have nevertheless, held their own and do not seem to be on the down grade to oblivion.

It is interesting that Trollope's autobiography himself should contain near the close, two paragraphs which might be called the worlding's philosophy. All his life he was a hard working methodical man who by incessant and calculated labor turned out the novels which made him Anthony Trollope. He wrote confessedly to make money and fame. He attained both. He was a fair sample of a modern "worldly" man.

Now that the whole trend of human thought has by the admission of many of the clergy changed to worldly things it is worth while to see a creed of this sort set out—representing as it does a scheme of life of the average man.

"If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood; if a cup of wine has been a joy to me; if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company, to be one of the elements of an earthly paradise; if now and then I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a five pound note over a card table; of what matter is that to any reader? I have betrayed no woman. Wine has brought me to no sorrow. It has been the companionship of smoking that I have loved, rather than the habit. I have never desired to win money and have lost none. To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and ill effects—to have the sweet and leave the bitter untasted—that has been my study. The preachers tell us that this is impossible. It seems to me that hitherto I have succeeded fairly well. I will not say that I have not scorched a finger—but I carry no ugly wounds.

"For what remains to me of life, I trust for my happiness still chiefly to my work—hoping that when the power of work be over with me, God may be pleased to take me from a world in which according to my view, there can be no joy; secondly to those who love me; and then, to my books."

And who shall say, that though the outlook on life of the man now dead and gone is far from the truth? Who shall say that it does not savor a little of that happy condition which the poet Horace continually harped upon for the benefit of his wealthy and worldly Maecenas.—The Golden Mean.

Truly if the world be worldly, let us have more of this average brand than of the kind displayed by some of our recent millionaires of the Pittsburg type who have careened through the headlines of the sensational Sunday editions and supplements of the metropolitan papers.

Or, to quote another worldling type—the gentle R. L. S.:

"You may paddle all day long; but it is when you come back at nightfall and look in at the familiar room, that you find Love or Death awaiting you beside the stove; and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek."

All We Can Offer.

"You have no magnificent ruins in this country," said the visitor from abroad.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "not unless you count some of our moss-covered political booms."

Items Gathered in From Far and Near

Base Ball and the Boy.

From the New York World.—In view of the attempt at Pittsburg to set a minimum age limit on base ball, it seems likely that the mollycoddle has obtained a foothold in the Playgrounds Association of America. Fortunately a crisis was averted. The weaklings who pressed the claims of prisoner's base and hide-and-go-seek were too few and too funny to be taken seriously. The majority squelched them firmly but kindly, with the hope, perhaps, that they might yet be moved to learn something about base ball and about boys. One protestant drew almost with tears the picture of a suffering seven-year-old swinging a heavy bat and demanding the pitching of curved balls. We hesitate to think what the precocious youngster would say of himself as such an object lesson. The same delegate insisted that "they talk of Hans Wagner and Christy Mathewson before they can lisp their evening prayers aright." Which may be sometimes true, though it was nigh to high treason to find fault with it in Hans' own city. Probably it is true, also, though no delegate spoke of it, that half a dozen boys of almost any age can tell who pitches for the "Cubs," the "Giants," the "Yankees" or the "Tigers" to one who can tell who presides over the United States senate. Yet we shall not suppress the base ball interest of the rising generation in order to develop more intelligent voters.

No More Spitting.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.—Gov. Stuart has signed the bill making it an offense punishable by a fine of $1 for any person to expectorate on the sidewalk or on the floor of any public room or conveyance. The law is an important one. Unless immediate steps are taken to enforce it, it will soon become a dead letter. The police should be instructed to make prompt examples of those who violate this law. Doubtless there would be many enraged and indignant "good citizens," but the law is useless unless it be enforced rigorously. If a few arrests are made the public will soon stop the detestable habit. It should be said that this law is passed not alone in behalf of public decency, but for the promotion of the public health. There is no better way to spread consumption than by expectoration. Every mouthful of sputum contains billions of germs. These fill the atmosphere and are inhaled. It is believed that this is the most common way in which tuberculosis and some other diseases are spread. There is no excuse for promiscuous spitting in public, especially as provision is made for cuspidors in public buildings so that those who must have relief will be able to find it.

Object Lessons.

From the New York Herald.—Is it now proposed to demonstrate refining by manufacturing sugar on the floor of the senate? Fine idea. Get down to facts. Let somebody distill a little rum in the open. Of course, taking the hide of an opponent is a common occurrence.

Boomerang Breezes.

From the Indianapolis News.—But, darn it, the same pleasant breezes that make the daffodils bloom will open the windows and turn the neighbor's phonograph loose.

Pretty Good Fishing.

A sportsman was once on the beach at the outlet of a creek in New York state looking for shore birds when he saw a colored boy, who was fishing for perch, lay down his pole at the call of his mother to do some errand. The sportsman put his gun aside and took the cane pole and fished, adding a dozen perch to the boy's string and then sneaked off. Presently a second sportsman, happening that way, asked the boy the usual question and received this answer:

"Yess'r, dey's good fishin' heah. W'en I stop to run to de sto' fo' to get some cawnmeal fo' mam, de perch dey come outen de crick an' jes' strings deyselves awn my string. I don' on'stan' it, but dey's jes' as good fo' breakfas' 's if dey was cotched awn a hook."

TWINKLES

Not the Real Article.

"Strikes in France seldom amount to much."

"No," answered the Chicago man. "What they call a strike is about equal to a slap on the wrist."

No Excuse.

"Is that horse you bought a kicker?"

"A kicker?" answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I'm the fellow who paid twice his value and who is buying the feed. What has the horse got to kick about?"

Impractical Psychology.

Clairvoyance and telepathy
Each day grow into greater fame;
But when some distant place I'd see
I pay my car fare, just the same.
And when I have a thought which I
To some one would communicate,
To the post office I apply
Or pay the telegraphic rate.

"In mos' cases," said Uncle Eben, "what folks calls failure is simply losin' interest an' layin' down on de job."

Unreliable Indications.

"Foreign travel is very improving," said the studious girl.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "although you can't always tell where a person has been by the pictures on the post cards he sends home."

The Ironical Consumer.

The patient consumer sat counting his cash,
And he said in a manner sedate,
"These folk are presumptuous, not to say rash,
Who criticise methods of state,
Men are thinking by night and debating by day,
And striving in vain to agree;
And gratitude swells in my heart when they say
They are doing it all just for me!

"When they shove up the duties on every hand,
And anew put my purse to the test,
They prove by deductions I don't understand
That it's really all for the best.
The solicitude great for my interests small
Is something most touching to see.
My grateful tears fall every time I recall
That they're doing it all just for me!"

THE MYSTERY OF MARS.

Old but Unsolved Problem, Is There Animal Life on the Planet?

With a planet so old as Mars and so far along in the process of life extinction the conditions of life would be severe, and only a highly intellectual and scientifically developed race could endure and master them. The engineering skill and constructive capacity to control the annual floods from the poles, store the waters and build the thousands of miles of huge canals would require scientific knowledge beyond that possessed by us at the present time and financial resources in excess of those we have yet accumulated. The nation that finds the digging of a little ditch at Panama so great a task would be helpless in the face of such a problem as these thousands of miles of Martian canals, if, indeed, canals they be. Yet, in view of the greater life age of Mars, such higher intelligence would be natural in the regular process of development, assuming that it has ever been the abode of intellectual life.

Scientists are in the main in a receptive state on this subject. They are not ready to admit that the existence of life on that planet has been proved. They do not deny it, but call for greater proof than a plausible theory. Among others than scientists there is in the main a disposition not to accept the Martian human life theory or the theory of life on any of the thousands of spheres that wheel and glisten in illimitable space. They seem to think that such a theory conflicts with religion and dwarfs man and his importance in the scheme of creation.

This seems to be a very narrow view to take, since it appears to set bounds upon the infinite power and creative desires of the Almighty, whose great scheme of mortal and immortal life is not necessarily confined to a single planet or the few billions of human beings who are born and die upon it. As to dwarfing the importance of man, a few billions more added to the billions on earth would make little difference. Man is at best a small and insignificant creature, but if all embracing wisdom, power and love takes solicitous note of him it would be limiting those infinite qualties to say that one planet must be his abiding place. Therefore the question of human intelligence on Mars or any other planet of the solar system or the other great systems in remote space should be purely and simply a scientific one, to be accepted as true only when proved, but not to be rejected through sentiment or for any other reason whatever except lack of proof.—St. Louis Star.

An Oriental Blessing.

A well known representative from China, who was a guest at a wedding in a capital city, was approached after the ceremony by the best man and jocularly asked to go over to the young couple and pronounce a parental blessing. The obliging dignitary complied with pleasure. Placing his hands on the blushing bride and shaking bridegroom, he said: "May every new year bless you with a man-child offspring until they shall number twenty-five in all. May these twenty-five man children offspring present you with twenty-five times twenty-five grandchildren, and may these grandchildren"—

But the little bride grew hysterical about this time, and the oriental blessing was ended amid the laughter of the guests.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Cowboy Spider.

"Faking aside," said the nature student, "there is in New Zealand a cowboy spider. This creature throws a coil of web like a lasso over its prey's head, then adds more and more coils and when the prey is bound hand and foot devours it.

"There is a Borneo spider that in the spring days plays a fiddle. It is a common thing for a lovesick spider to dance before his girl, but this Borneo boy my drawing his arm across his tum produces a sweet, clear note. Whenever he sees a good looking young lady spider he stops and gives her a tune, hoping to win her by music."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Miners' Freedom From Cancer.

"Miners never have cancer. In thirty-five years' practice in a mining town I haven't had a single cancerous patient."

"And to what, doctor, do you impute this immunity?"

"Miners are singularly cleanly. They bathe every day. They rarely smoke. They are a temperate and regular set. Above all"—

The physician smiled grimly.

"Miners," he said, "die young. Cancer is an old age disease. And there really is the reason of the miner's cancerous immunity."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The sign which many dentists display, says the Western Medical Journal, reading "Dentist's Parlor" should read "Dentist's Drawing Room."

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Tuesday, May 18—Called meeting, Richmond lodge, No. 196, F. & A. M. Work in Fellowcraft degree.

Wednesday, May 19.—Webb lodge, No. 24, F. & A. M. Stated meeting.

Friday, May 21.—King Solomon's Chapter, No. 4, R. A. M. Work in Mark Master's degree.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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TWO PICTURES.

In a New York gallery there recently hung two pictures by the Spanish artist Sorolla y Bastida.

One was a picture of sunshine.

In this picture the artist flooded the Valencian sea and shore with the splendor of June. The sunburst falls in great brilliancy upon the bronzed faces of fishermen in their gorgeously colored plaid skirts. The luminous brightness lights up the shiny coats of the stolid oxen. It touches with gilding the white foamed waves as they break inshore. It transforms the flapping sails of the fishermen's boats into cloth of gold. The waters beneath are illumined, and the golden air holds up a purely azure sky.

At a glance you understand. It is sunshine and happiness!

The other picture by Sorolla is a fit companion piece. Beneath it is written:

"A Sad Inheritance."

There is no sunshine in this picture. Its pervading color is not gold, but gray. The same sea and strand are shown, stretching out to a forbidding horizon. Grewsome shadows lurk in the depths of the dark waters, and over all looms a threatening sky.

That is the background of this awesome picture.

In the foreground are the nude figures of a dozen afflicted boys, come down to take the sea air—boys who have inherited the curse of sinful parenthood. Some of the poor boys are hideously deformed; some are cripples with pitifully enlarged joints. A black robed priest is helping a diseased youth on crutches. These boys are the inmates of a house of refuge for waifs—the innocent descendants of a parentage that has brought upon them disease and pain and early doom.

It is an awful picture to look upon, but a true one!

There is no need to say, "Look upon this picture and then upon that."

You look and then look away. But the teaching of the picture is plain:

Where righteousness and purity abide, there the earth is filled with the sunshine of peace and happiness. Where sin and unfaithfulness and the sowing of wild oats find a place, there the clouds lower and the horizon is dark.

Here is the plain statement in the old book:

"The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

The parents or grandparents of these boys ("to the third or fourth generation," says the book) ate sour grapes.

SALTING BABIES.

An Old World Practice That Goes Back to Bible Times.

"Salting" newly born infants, a practice that dates far back to Bibical times, still obtains in many parts of the old world. The Armenians in the Russian government of Eriwan cover the whole surface of the babe's body with fine salt, especial care being taken with the interstices between the fingers and all depressions, such as the armpit and the bend of the knee, so that no point shall remain unsalted.

The unhappy infant is left in the salt for three hours or longer and is then bathed in warm water.

The Armenians of some districts, having abandoned the practice, are called "unsalted" and are despised by the others.

The modern Greeks also sprinkle their babes with salt. If an enlightened mother protests the midwife is ready with the objection, "But if it isn't salted it will be puny and will never amount to anything."

If this salting process is carried on to excess the poor babes don't stand it at all. The skin becomes as red as fire, the irritation is intolerable, and the child dies in convulsions. Yet there is a mountain tribe in Asia Minor that mercilessly salts its newborn babes for twenty-four hours, which shows that the limits of human endurance are wide in some cases. This ancient custom is still in vogue in many parts of Germany, but the rites are merely symbolical. In one district a little salt is rubbed behind the child's ears, in others a pinch of salt is put on the tongue or a little paper of salt is inserted under the garment. It gives understanding, the people say, and wards off evil spirits.

The action of salt in keeping meat sound no doubt is the reason that this strengthening and sustaining power was ascribed to it. The usage became common in eastern countries, and it was not entirely confined to them. The prophet Ezekiel, referring to the degeneracy of Jerusalem, says:

"Neither wast thou washed in water to supple thee; thou wast not salted at all nor swaddled at all."

To many oriental tribes this means a grave omission of parental duty.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sustaining Life.

Mrs. Andrew Crosse in her "Reminiscences" describes an old nurse born at Broomfield, England, who lived to be nearly a hundred. "All her life she had eaten 'a dew bit and breakfast, a stay bit and dinner, a nommet and crummet and a bit after supper,' eight meals in all. Besides this it was her invariable custom to mix together all the doctors' stuff left after any illness in the house and swallow it on the principle that what had cost money should not be wasted."

Waldo Was Amply Justified.

Visitor—How old are you, Waldo? Waldo Emerson Bostonbeans—Does the subject really interest you, madam, or do you introduce it merely as a theme for polite conversation?—Life.

The Politician.

"Don't you know that no one listens to or reads your speeches?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "in that way I avoid making enemies."—Washington Star.

BUSINESS REVIEW OF THE PAST WEEK BY HENRY CLEWS

There are few, if any, clouds on the financial horizon. The outlook continues satisfactry; and the spirit of optimism having extended itself into the commercial and industrial field, nearly all the leading industries are happily feeling the impulses of recovery under the stimulus of lower prices and cheap money. The iron trade was first to respond to these conditions, and is at present showing considerable activity, the volume of orders for structural, railroad and agricultural implement work being very large. Various other metal markets are also reflecting these improved conditions, while the electric and rubber industries are showing symptoms of revival. The textile trades, also, though undergoing the customary quietness at this period, are in a relatively healthy condition, while raw materials generally, as well as partially fabricated materials, are in much better demand from manufacturers. Another noticeable feature is the continued large importations of raw materials, partly in anticipation, it is true of tariff changes, but still very largely in expectation of larger consumptive requirements. One more very striking indication of business recovery is that bank clearings in the United States during the first four months of the current year amounted to $51,600,000,000, an increase of 30 per cent. over the same period last year. Allowing for the fact that considerable of this increase was due to higher prices and greater activity on the Stock Exchange, it follows, nevertheless, that an actual increase in the volume of business must have been largely responsible for so great an expansion. A still further evidence of growth is found in the latest reports of railroad earnings, the total of all roads thus far reporting in April showing an increase of about 14 per cent. over a year ago. Railroads are benefiting somewhat from slight advances in rates, but here, too, an actual increase in the volume of traffic plays the most important part. It is quite evident that our railroads will present satisfactory net results during 1909, since gross earnings are steadily increasing and expenses have been greatly reduced by recently enforced economies. Bearing in mind that the railroads will be free spenders during the remainder of the year on account of deferred repairs, improvements and extentions, it must be recognized that their return to prosperity cannot be otherwise than an important factor in stimulating business improvement elsewhere.

Of all the elements in the situation, the crop outlook is perhaps the least satisfactory, the reduced acreage condition of winter wheat and oats being in the main responsible. It is premature, however, to take a pessimistic attitude regarding wheat, since much of the loss in winter wheat can be made up by the increased acreage of spring wheat and favorable conditions during the balance of the season. Much of the acreage lost to wheat will be planted in corn, which for the last few years has been a very profitable crop. The outlook now is for a big corn crop, and this would practically offset any loss in wheat. Corn not only furnishes a large amount of freight to the railroads, but is transformed into pork and other products, and is our most important and staple of crops. Last year we raised 2,669,000,000 bushels of corn valued at $1,616,000,000 whereas the wheat crop, amounting to 665,000,000 bushels, was valued at only $617,000,000. Our cotton crop was valued at $700,000,000 and hay at $635,000,000; so that the supremacy of corn is far beyond question. Should the country be favored with another big crop of corn, which the prospective general increase in acreage suggests, we may feel reasonably sure of another year of agricultural prosperity, the importance of which can hardly be estimated.

As has been repeatedly maintained in these advices, this country is crying in need of big crops, not only for the purpose of bringing down the cost of living, but also of rebuilding our rapidly declining export trade. Our foreign trade balance is still one of the most unsatisfactory features of the situation, exports continuing light and imports unusually heavy, the result being further large gold shipments. Very likely Europe will before long be absorbing considerable amounts of forthcoming bond issues, which will afford a better supply of exchange and thus tend to check the outflow of gold. It is quite possible that the latter, unless checked, may continue to a harmful degree in the present highly inflated condition of our currency. The present cheapness of money encourages this undesirable tendancy, and our leading bankers would gladly welcome firmer rates for money for reasons of prudence as well as of profit. Bank loans are hovering around the high record, while reserves of both banks and trust companies have been greatly depleted. These tendencies suggest a hardening in rates sooner than was at one time anticipated. What the effect of a sudden calling in of loans or the issue of considerable new security issues upon the stock market would be remains to be seen. It does not seem probable that they would produce any important reaction under existing satisfactory conditions; but they would at least moderate bullish enthusiasm.

The chief reason for caution at present is the unusually high level of this market. Railroad stocks are now approaching the highest point reached in the boom of 1907. The same is true of many industrials, although they have not until recently shared proportionately which have been experienced in railroad shares. The present support of the market consists of a big supply of optimism and money combined, and the immediate tendency of prices it must be conceded is still upwards. Nevertheless present conditions favor inside selling, and there are the best reasons for believing that rich holders have commenced to gradually lessen their commitments, and will continue to do so is without much doubt; so, while stocks are surely passing into the hands of traders who keep the market active and give it an appearance of general strength, my advice now is to new buyers be cautious, quick in-and-out transactions are for the present the safest and best now to make. There also is the possibility, too, if not probability, that Europe will be a seller of our high priced railroad stocks on any further advance. The shrewd investor, and the speculator in particular, will be obliged to use much discrimination in buying at these prices.

A Debtor's Woes.

"The worst thing about owing people," sighed the woman, "is that it seems to give them the right to ask us such personal and impertinent questions about things that really should be none of their business. I never stave off my piano man, for example, that he doesn't ask how it is that I can afford to pay so much rent for my flat."—New York Press.

Disliked the Other Kind.

Philanthropic Caller (with subscription paper)—I shall ask your attention only a moment, sir. Are you a friend of the dumb brutes? Shorty McGinnis—You bet I am! That's why I hate cats, parrots and donkeys.—Chicago Tribune.

The Financial Menagerie.

"Were you a bull or a bear in Wall street?"

"Neither," answered the cautious man. "Not having funds to invest, I was a giraffe. I just rubbernecked."—Washington Star.

Speaking Trumpets.

Alexander the Great is said to have used a speaking trumpet.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.—De Maistre.

FATE OF THE WORLD.

Four Ways In Which Our Planet May Come to an End.

The earth and all its inhabitants are doomed inevitably to destruction, according to Professor Percival Lowell, who declared that one of four possible fates awaits this planet and everything on it. A tramp star might strike the earth, he said, and grind it and its people to powder or ride full tilt into the sun, when the earth's living creatures would be scorched to death. Tidal friction, by its gradually retarding force, might paralyze the earth's motion so that one side of the globe would be eternally baked by the sun and the other side forever frapped. This has already happened to Mercury and Venus.

By the loss of all water and air through depletion or absorption the earth might become a dry, desiccated mummy of a planet, wandering lifelessly through space. Mercury, again, is an example of this, and so is the moon. The most sure death of all, however, as depicted by Professor Lowell, is the decay and freezing of the sun, which is certain to occur some time. When the last flicker is extinct that gigantic ball, bereft of all radiance and warmth, and its retinue of inert, dark tramps, among them the earth, will drift about awaiting collision with some other planetary derelict, which would mean at once destruction and a new birth.—Boston Journal.

PILES
Cured at Home

I Will be at Arlington Hotel, Richmond, Friday, May 21st, Until Noon, May 22nd.

All persons, Male or Female, suffering from loss of Expelling Forces, Prolapsing, Fissures, Fistulas, Catarrh, Inflamation, Ulceration, Constipation, Bleeding, Blind or Itching Piles, are kindly requested to call and see me.

No Examination
No Operation

Medicine placed direct to the diseased parts by yourself. I claim the most complete successful, original and sensible method of curing these terrible afflictions ever offered to the public. By the use of my

Positive Painless Pile Cure

All the above named rectal diseases can be cured as easily as if it were on the outside. Come in and see me and learn something worth knowing; it may save you hundreds of dollars and years of suffering.

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