

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Man is nature's noblest work, but he is often easily worked.

Some beef is corned and much more scorned in these days of the boycott.

The world will never have a very good opinion of a man who loafs in a barber shop.

Once more it is reported that Menehek is dead. He must have as many lives as a cat.

Professor Munsterberg says that in this country the woman is the head of the house. Let's admit it and save trouble.

There is a tendency to-day to discuss farming as a "serious proposition." Few farmers have found it humorous.

A New York actress has been arrested on a charge of stealing diamonds. But possibly her press agent can prove an alibi.

An expedition of Frenchmen has returned from the antarctic regions. They deny indignantly that they discovered any poles.

Mr. Roosevelt rode a camel in Egypt. He could have ridden two at once, of course, had he desired to startle the natives.

J. Pierpont Morgan goes in for old masters, etc., without counting the cost, but it is too much to believe that he intends buying a nobleman for a son-in-law.

Ex-Vice President Fairbanks says war with Japan is impossible. Ex-Secretary Shaw says it is inevitable. It would be hard to find a better chance for an argument.

A New York preacher is afraid it will soon be possible for people to secure divorces merely by telephoning to Reno for them. A lot of other people are busy wondering why he is afraid.

A Missouri man is advertising for a wife with "a good, wholesome smile." Ladies who answer the advertisement should be warned that it will be absolutely necessary for them to show him the smile.

It is probable that as soon as the Egyptians get time to think it over thoroughly they will discover that they knew it all along, but did not have the courage to acknowledge it to themselves.

The subjects of King George of Greece recently greeted him with a storm of "zitos." It should be explained that a "zito" is not at all like a machete or a boomerang. The constitution is to be revised, and their storm of "zitos" indicated that they were glad.

"Preventive astronomy" is the apt term that has been applied to the work of certain Chinese officials who are educating the people in regard to Halley's comet. To counteract superstition in this way shows that a knowledge of astronomy may be put to a highly practical use.

Now it develops it was an office boy who sold stock short and wrecked the Hocking pool. This recalls the New Jersey Senator's historic maid who mailed compromising stock letters which the Senator had resolved to destroy, but had inadvertently left on the library table where letters were usually put for the maid to mail. These mistakes of underlings will happen in the most carefully regulated families and offices.

Hopkinson Smith, who laments the disappearance of amenity and gentleness from the life of New York, has incidentally furnished a definition of a "gentleman" which may interest many who know one perfectly well when they see him, but would perhaps be put to it to describe his essential qualities in words. Mr. Smith says that a gentleman is clean, honest, courteous to women, kind to children, respectful to old age, considerate to the poor, and sympathetic toward the "under dog." With the slight amendment that he should be courteous to other men as well as to women, this seems satisfactory.

A correspondent of the New York Times finds new evidence of American extravagance and wastefulness in the articles which American families throw away. He calls attention to the fact that a junk-dealer in New York pays the city more than seventeen hundred dollars a week for the privilege of taking what he pleases from the refuse scows before they are towed to sea; and that although he thus pays nearly ninety thousand dollars a year, he receives three hundred and fifty thousand for the junk which he rescues from the dump. The correspondent's charge may be true, but his illustration does not prove it. The value of old tin cans, waste paper and the other things which come from the garbage heaps is due to quantity and proximity. There are millions of the cans, and in such a quantity they are salable. The few cans an average family collects are not worth the space they occupy.

In accounting for the high cost of living Professor Laughlin of the University of Chicago mentioned several

factors—excessive duties on raw material, desertion of the farms by youth, abuse of combination, lack of organization among consumers, and flagrant extravagance, public and private. The cause of those who live up to their income, or beyond it, who ape the rich and give no thought to old age or emergency, was not too severe in Professor Laughlin's able lecture. And nothing is more wholesome than his hope of "a new aristocracy—the aristocracy of the simple life"—the aristocracy of men and women who "pay less homage to gold and more to the virtues of honesty and right living." The gospel of the simple life has lent itself to satire and parody. It has encouraged fads and posing, insincere and costly experiments. But it will survive ridicule and perversion. Extravagance is folly, and simplicity does not mean the giving up of such comforts as are necessary to cleanliness, to beauty, to economy of effort. The talk of "back to nature" is not all as rational as it might be, but there is a vital element of truth in it. It is, indeed, evidence of a healthy reaction against congestion, "whirl" and waste. As a writer in the Atlantic points out, the same forces which have produced the cost of living problem will aid in its solution. "It seems inevitable," as he says, "that there should develop some general conversion of material into mental wants, and a partial substitution of culture for wealth as a measure of the value of the individual." In fact, even the automobiles, clubs and mechanical pleasures may contribute to the revival of simplicity and love of nature. Suburban and rural life has profited by the advance of machinery, and the trolley has caused a counter-drift to the open and free spaces. Never was there more interest among men of affairs than now in country homes, outings, rural surroundings. Professor Laughlin's "aristocracy" is perhaps already in process of creation.

### AMBERGIS TREASURE

Story of a \$30,000 Lump and Something About the Substance.

The story of how a Manchester (N. H.) painter found in the St. Lawrence river a lump of grayish substance weighing thirty-eight pounds, and how he has discovered that the solid fatty stuff is ambergris and is worth \$30,000, recalls the nearest thing to romance that ever entered into the lives of Gloucester and New Bedford whalers. In the old days when American whalers dared every sea, it was like a lottery. Once in a lifetime you might chance on the decaying body of a whale, giving off an awful smell, and inside that whale would be a fortune enough so that you would never have to go to sea again. Charles Reade, as far as we remember, is the only writer to introduce ambergris into fiction. In "Love Me Little, Love Me Long" David tells Miss Fountain how "the skipper stuffed their noses and ears with cotton steeped in aromatic vinegar, and they lighted short pipes and broached the brig upon the putrescent monster and grappled to it; and the skipper jumped on it and drove his spade (sharp steel) in behind the whale's side fins."

It is a matter of record that not far from the Windward Islands a Yankee skipper in one of the best old whaling years did cut out of a whale 130 pounds of ambergris, which was sold for \$500. The price quoted for many years was \$5 an ounce. Ambergris is often found floating on the sea, particularly off the coast of Brazil and of Madagascar. The Bahamas send more than any other source to market. The stuff is a secretion of the sperm whale which dies of the disease producing the perfume matter. Chemists find it hard to account for the fact that the smell of the dead whale is so horrible when the substance taken out is valuable only as a source of sweet smells.—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Not a Parallel Case.

Jokes on the doctor are tempting if the doctor suffers no injustice from them. He is usually a good, as well as a good-natured target for assorted witticisms. A writer in the Argonaut has recently related a variation of an old jest, the victim of which is the medical man. Among the patients in a certain hospital there was one disposed to take a dark view of his chances for recovery.

"Cheer up, old man!" admonished the youthful intern attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as sick as you are. Look at me now!"

The patient ran his eye over the physician's stalwart frame.

"What doctor did you have?" he finally asked, feebly.

### A Boomerang.

One of the officials of the Midland railway, coming from Glenwood Springs yesterday, was telling a young woman on the train how wonderfully productive Colorado's irrigated ground is.

"Really," he explained, "it's so rich that girls who walk on it have big feet. It just simply makes their feet grow."

"Huh," was the young woman's rejoinder, "some of the Colorado men must have been going around walking on their heads."—Denver Post.

### The Bounce Diplomatic.

"I can't get along with that 'ook."

"But have you tried diplomacy, my dear?"

"I have. To-day I handed the mixer her passports."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And money is also the root of many a family tree.

## A SUNNY SOUL

She Was Missed for the Brightness She Had Diffused.

"The Dyson girls," as Duverton expressed it, "all amounted to something; they had faculty—except, of course," it usually added, with an indulgent smile, "Miss Vinnie. She didn't seem to take after the Dysons, somehow. She did her best; she never shirked; but Lavinia Dyson's best friend could scarcely maintain that she was capable."

She was gone now, and the gentle, indecisive, fluttering hands had no more tasks to do. The other Dyson girls—elderly women all, but still girls in Duverton parlance—sat soberly in the sunny parlor, in a companionable silence, each with her task.

They were busy women, seldom idle even for a moment. Miss Lucretia was a leader in church work; Miss Pamela was a notable housewife, and took orders for special kinds of preserves and cakes and pickles; Miss Anne had worked her way through college, and was a teacher in the high school; Amanda, the Widow Cole, had done her duty by three children of her own and a half dozen stepchildren before she joined her sisters in the old homestead.

Abruptly Miss Lucretia laid down her scissors. "I don't believe any one of us would have been missed so much," she said. "It's—I'm ashamed to say it's coming to me as a surprise. We knew what Vinnie was; we knew what she meant at home, and, thank heaven! we loved her for it, and she knew we did; but—I never even guessed what she meant to other people."

"The things that everybody is saying—the people who stop me in the street—" She broke off to madden her voice, and finished with a sudden little sobbing laugh of pride: "Vinnie was an influence in the community. And how amazed she would have been if any one had told her so!"

"I know! I know!" assented Miss Anne. "I'm finding it out, too; and I've been trying to make out just how it was. She didn't do much—or say much, even, but she was always so friendly; and she always took it for granted everybody wanted to do the best thing the best way—she never wasted time or strength on worries or resentments, or suspicions, or pettinesses. People were somehow ashamed not to behave the way she expected them to."

"Yes," agreed Miss Lucretia, "and then they liked her so much; nobody could help that, and of course that made them want to do what she wanted. She was always so pleasant!"

"My girls adored her; they thought there was nobody with such ways and manners as Aunt Vinnie," murmured Amanda. "Young people never seemed to feel the bar of age with her; she seemed so happy."

"Ah, that was it!" cried Miss Anne. "I think it was her way of gathering brightness, and passing it on. Seemed happy—she was happy! She didn't need to do things like the rest of us. She just—shone! No wonder she's missed; it's like losing sunshine."

"A single sunbeam," quoted Miss Lucretia, softly, from her favorite Saint Francis, "'can disperse many shadows.'"—Youth's Companion.

## TIBETAN SENSIBILITY.

The Audubon Society has an unconscious branch in Tibet, or one may say, since such compassion exists in that distant country, that a similar influence is unnecessary. In Sven Hedin's "Trans-Himalaya" the traveler speaks of the sorrow of Oang Gye, the son of the Governor of Saka-Dzong, when one of the caravan shot a wild goose. He was quite overcome at this brutal murder, and could not conceive how the servant could be so heartless and cruel.

"You are right," I answered. "I am myself sorry for the wild geese. But you must remember that we are travelers, and dependent for our livelihood on what the country yields. Often the chase and fishing are our only resources."

"In this district you have plenty of sheep."

"Is it not just as wrong to kill sheep and eat their flesh?"

"No!" he exclaimed, with passionate decision. "That is quite another matter. You will surely not compare sheep to wild geese. There is as much difference between them as between sheep and human beings. For, like human beings, the wild geese marry and have families. And if you sever such a union by a thoughtless shot, you cause sorrow and misery."

"The goose which has just been beheaded of her mate will seek him fruitlessly by day and night, and will never leave the place where he has been murdered. Her life will be empty and forlorn, and she will never enter upon a new union, but will remain a widow, and will soon die of grief. A woman cannot mourn more deeply than she will, and the man who has caused such sorrow draws down a punishment on himself."

I had heard in the Lob country similar tales of the sorrow of the swans when their union was dissolved by death. It was moving to witness Oang Gye's tenderness and great sympathy for the wild geese, and I felt the deepest sympathy for him. Many a noble and sensitive heart beats in the cold and desolate valleys of Tibet.

Going to school finally becomes a habit. Many a young man continues in school long after he should be at work.

Some of our first impressions were made by mother's slipper.

# WOMEN AND FASHION

## "That Middle Bureau Drawer."

High up in an old dusty attic.

Deersted for ages or more.

Tripped a gay young bride (with her husband).

To explore the ancient lore.

The old, old books, from their sheepskins.

Peered at them, as they passed.

While she viewed herself in a mirror.

Before which many brides danced.

"Way back in a corner, standing alone,

Thickly covered o'er with dust.

Stood an old mahogany bureau.

Smelling of rose leaves and must.

Toward this the bride now wended her way.

And said, "My, what a pity!

We'll have this all done over, dear—

We'll send it to the city."

She opened the upper drawers, in turn.

And exclaimed, at the silks, and laces.

But when into the middle one she looked.

A change came o'er their faces.

There were dainty shoes of every hue.

And tiny stockings of lace.

Little bills and saucers and dresses.

Causing tears to roll down her face.

For on each and every article

She found the name of the little one

Who last wore the treasured dainty.

And from a mother's arms had flown.

In the heart of each fond mother

There's a middle bureau drawer.

Where reposes dainty treasures.

Some of them worn and torn.

Little shoes, all soiled and worn at the side;

Little bills, all stained and wet.

But there aren't any treasures like them.

At least I've not found them yet.

## The Feminine Revolt.

The relation between the cost of living and the activity in the issuance of marriage licenses is recognized as intimate, even though the economists may not be able to express the subtle fact in a mathematical formula. But there can be no doubt that Cupid keeps an eye on the market prices of provision, even though he may have little use for the tailor.

There can be no doubt that this sprightly promoter of felicity has abandoned the old fallacy, entailing but illusory, that two persons can live just as cheaply as can one. Perhaps that untruth in domestic mathematics took form at a time when girls were different in some material respects from the maidens of to-day. It was once the fact that they should be delicate, without appetite, taking food after the manner of birds, with anaemic results. They were more fond of cakes and sweetmeats than of prosaic bread, potatoes and roast beef. In those days there might be more economy in the feminine menu. But the girl of to-day is brought up to be buxom and robust. There has been a reaction, both sensible and widespread. She takes proper pride in her appetite and in her muscles, which she has learned are not at all inconsistent with gentle sentiment. She emulates her brothers in fondness for the open air and for suitable athletics.

There is no longer any reason for her sentimental semistarvation. If she likes a salad to her eyebrow, she is ready also for a lobster after the opera. She may approve of kisses from the one right man, but she must also be able to provide a menu more extended than bread and cheese. Hence the normal and active feminine interest in the revolt against high prices in the market place.—Washington Post.

## Labor Lists.

If a gloss is desired on linen, add a teaspoonful of salt to starch when making.

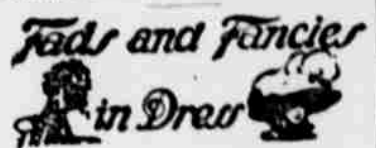
In ironing handkerchiefs, it is well to begin at the center; if one irons the hem first, the middle will have a tendency to bulge or "full."

Few know that a cold boiled potato rubbed on a piece of paper for a few minutes will form a moisture of the consistency of glue, and is a satisfactory substitute for mucilage in case of an emergency.

## Polonaise Costume.

A useful little costume for late spring and summer is shown in this one of white and dark blue foulard which has a slightly trained plain skirt over which falls a belted polonaise of the same material, widely

banded with dark blue satin, overlapping at the pointed sides and apparently fastened with tiny buttons covered with blue satin. The fullness at the waist line is confined by a girdele of the satin, and the seamless shoulders elongate into elbow sleeves finished with satin cuffs and are trimmed with a frilling of embroidered muslin similar to that finishing the low-cut neck. White silk gloves embroidered with dark blue and a blue hat trimmed with white lace and plumes repeat the color scheme of the frock.



Collar and cuff sets are once more in favor.

Three-piece suits of foulard are an extreme novelty.

Narrow skirts increase in favor, although plaited skirts are popular.

Lace-trimmed dimities made over colored slips or petticoats are quite new.

The stripes are sufficiently wide to permit the underneath color to show through. Such dresses need little or no trimming and styles are extremely plain.

Lace scarfs are fast taking the place of chiffon and crepe de chine as an evening headdress. The laces are fragile and show the arrangement of the coiffure beneath. The scarfs are made long, but are not tied, as they drape prettily.

A new edged batiste, showing a plain border one and a half inches wide, is made in plaited style with the

than desired. I know a woman who is endeavoring by means of allowances and bookkeeping to keep down the living expenses, who three times each day heats a huge kettle of water on her gasoline stove to the boiling point for the dish washing and then uses about half of it after it is reduced to a usable temperature. She wastes enough in fuel to buy the fruit and other dainties of which she deprives her family, in order to keep within her allowance.

Reserve all the left-overs, but utilize them simply. One woman will take the good bits of meat that are left, a little stock, a slice of stale bread and an egg, and provide a delicious meat course for the family luncheon from materials, with the exception of the egg, that were in themselves useless. Another woman will at once throw out the left-overs. Another puts them on the table in their unpalatable condition, until the family eats them in desperation, or they become totally useless. And yet another uses unlimited new materials to conceal the old, thus spending much to save a little.

## When Women Ruled.

It seems to be pretty well established that originally the matters of relationship and descent, along with all that followed, were determined through the female line. Kinship, and, therefore, property, was governed by the mother. Hence the power of the early woman. When a young woman got married she took her husband home with her, and if he proved unworthy it was within her power to cast him out. The woman was the "boss," and when she said "Go" he had to get out. It is comparatively

## STRAWES OF LATEST PATTERN.



Here are two of the good new models in rough straw. Ribbon plays a large part in the trimming of one of them, and the band about the crown is festooned with a wreath of tiny roses. The other hat is turned up sharply at one side, and its trimming savors of the chanteuse.

border as a piping, not a band. The effect is charming, as the edging is a plain color and delineates any good feature of the dress.

The leather-colored linen is made into a suit of tailored features, with the jacket front widely separated to reveal a double ruffle of soft white mull. The hat is burnt ochre straw with trimmings of black taffeta silk and stiff black agrets.

A smart spring hat is in biscuit-colored fine straw, with a big bow of many loops of black tulle set rather toward the back and veiling a great cluster of purple and green leaves. The violets and leaves are of satin, sufficiently bright in hue not to be completely dulled by the tulle.

Soft-thread tatting, set in soft net collars, is used in attractive neckwear. A ready-made tatting, resembling the hand-made variety, serves very well. Among the deep lace collars which encircle the neck is a round one made of mull, finely plaited and inset with leaves, tendrils and flowers of Irish crochet. There is sufficient weight in the applique trimming to hold the weblike collar in place.

## To Wear in the Hair.

"A pretty hair novelty is a band of gold embroidered in delicate silk," says Mme. Riche in the "Woman's Home Companion," "sometimes pink, sometimes blue, but always in the same color as the gown with which it is to be worn. This band is long enough to run from ear to ear across the soft low pompadour which is now the vogue. Fancy buckles and sometimes embroidered buttons finish both ends. Under these, hairpins are fastened to hold the band in its proper place."

## Ways of Wasting.

Some women foolishly think it a reflection on their generosity to be careful about the little things, while other women economize unwisely.

Instead of making the pot full of weak tea for the sake of economy, or of strong tea for the sake of being considered generous, and throwing away half of it in either case, measure both tea and water and make enough good tea so that it is practically all used. Never make a big fire when a light one is sufficient, in cooking with gas or oil, turn off the heat as soon as through with it; if water is to be heated, do not heat more or hotter

late in the history of human society that we first see the change from female to male headship in the matter of kinship and inheritance and in the consequent transfer of the power and importance from the woman to the man.—Chicago Examiner.

## Novelty in Trimming.



Ribbon, which takes such a prominent place in millinery this season, is the most practical of trimmings. When used in a large flat loose bow, with compact little wreaths of small flowers, it is most charming in effect.

An Insultation.—Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?

Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money?—Pick Me Up.

## Silk Should Match.

Where silk hose are rubbed into holes in the back by low shoes or pumps, it is usually useless to darn them in the ordinary way. Place a piece of silk of the same color underneath and darn the stockings to it.

## Piling It On.

The young, inexperienced wife was in tears. "Just think, mamma," she sobbed. "Henry threw a biscuit at me. One I made myself, too." "The monster!" cried her mother. "He might have killed you."—London News.