

Topics of the Times

All the testimony goes to show that the American hen acquitted herself nobly.

It is probably just as well that congress never adjourns out of respect to a dead bill.

The hatchet-faced man is generally suspected of treachery if one of his friends gets it in the neck.

An insane man has made a cent into a screwdriver. Demonstration of how a lunatic can get things twisted.

A royal wedding has been held in Russia without any dynamiting. Even Nihilists like a change once in a while.

A Montana man has inherited a country home from a dog. He will be both fashionable and grateful if he calls his place "The Kennels."

As for us, give us the kind of man who, notwithstanding it may be cloudy to-day, believes that to-morrow will be a sun-kissed dream.

It cost a man \$4,750 to kiss an unwilling woman. The price seems high, considering how many girls are only waiting for a chance.

Love is the name of the Chicago woman who was recently granted her sixth divorce. She should retain the name and use it for bait.

The philosopher of the Atlanta Constitution says that "men like widows because they pretend not to know a lot of what they really do know."

Madame Paderewski paid \$7,500 for four chickens. This seems like reckless extravagance until we reflect how easily her husband makes that amount.

In celebrating Easter the Czar of Russia released 20,000 political prisoners. The Russian reactionaries will not be likely to regard this as a cheerful spring opening.

Every kind of religion is permitted to flourish in America so long as it keeps the peace. The first Hindu temple in the Western world was recently dedicated in San Francisco.

"The excessive talker," declared a London clergyman, "is a human vampire who saps the vitality of those about him." But he meant "her" but didn't dare say it because his wife was in the room.

We are delighted to see that Miss Jean Field's fiancé "attends the king and queen at all state and social affairs." Any man with a vigorous aggressive life work like that ought to be a great and constant joy to any American girl.

"Cuba libre" has long been a war cry and watchword. A new kind of "Cuba libre" is reported by Governor Magoon, who declares, after a careful investigation, that the island has not a single case of yellow fever. That is a better kind of "free Cuba" than even its liberators dreamed of.

"The flag of the American frigate Chesapeake, taken by H. M. S. Shannon June 1, 1813, which was recently sold at auction in this city, has been presented to the Royal United Service Museum by William Waldorf Astor."—London dispatch. It is an unpleasant little episode that one of the few American battle flags ever captured by Great Britain should be thus prevented by an American from returning to America. Even an expatriate might wish to prevent its permanent exhibition in an English museum.

Appeal to authority may be so slavish or so trivial as to dishonor the authority and make the appellant ridiculous. Did Lincoln approve of reducing the tariff on wool, and if wool pulp had been in use in his day, what would he have thought of the tariff on that? What was Paul Jones' view of the need of an American naval station in the Yappi Yappi Islands? Would Thomas Jefferson have sanctioned a course in Celtic in an American university? What would Jackson have thought of the Aldrich currency bill? These questions are no more absurd than many which are seriously discussed in journals and assembly halls. Great men are great precisely because they act in obedience to principles which are too deep and broad to bind the answers to specific questions which arise in after times.

Now that a hotel at Fort Wayne, Ind., has burned down with much loss of life the discovery is made that it was a firetrap. There is no reason why the discovery should not have been made before the fire and the building have been made less of a firetrap. It was erected over fifty years ago and naturally did not measure up to modern standards of safe construction. To have made it reasonably safe would have cost considerable. The owners of the property did not care to spend the money. The city officials whose duty it was to see that firetrap hotels were not permitted to run did not interest themselves in the matter. Consequently a number of people were burned to death. Fort Wayne is far from being the only town with an old hotel building which as soon as it has gone into smoke and

ashes will be discovered to have been a firetrap. The discovery would be made too late to save the lives of unfortunate occupants. Cities and towns which wish to do their full duty by the stranger within their gates should be stirred to action by what has happened at Fort Wayne. The authorities of each place should have its hotels investigated to find out whether there is a firetrap among them. Where one is found the changes that will make it safe should be ordered. This is what should be done generally. Common humanity and regard for the lives of home people and strangers demand it. Business considerations require it. In some places the lesson of the Fort Wayne hotel fire will be heeded. In others the authorities will trust to luck. They will assume that the good fortunes which has protected insecure hotels hitherto will stand by them. They will not hunt for firetraps, but will wait until a fire shall have revealed their existence.

It is frequently said that a family can live for much less in England than in America, although the details are seldom given in support of the statement. A committee of representative English working men, which visited America not long ago, has reported that there is practically no difference in the price of food in the two countries, and that in some parts of England provisions are more expensive than in New York. Rent is higher here than in Great Britain. But even with the greater rent the American working man is better off, for his wages are so much higher than those paid on the other side that, as the committee has reported, the American can save two dollars as easily as the Englishman fifty cents. The contented workman is the one who saves fifty cents or two dollars, rather than the one who complains that his wages are so small that he can save nothing. The newspapers noted the death the other day of a man in Scotland who had never earned more than eight dollars a week, yet had educated two of his five children well enough for them to enter the learned professions, and had a surplus of movable property worth two thousand dollars. There is in a New England town a shoe worker who, when he was a young man, resolved that he would save enough out of his wages to be able to retire and live on his interest at the age of sixty. He retired at the age of fifty-eight, with a home and a competency; yet he never received more than fifteen dollars a week. It is men of this type the world over who are the bone and sinew of their respective countries. In democracies such as England and America they control in a real sense the national policies. The cost of living does not trouble them very much, for they have schooled themselves to adjusting their immediate wants to the necessity of providing for a future when they may rest from their labors.

SIXTY YEARS A MONARCH.



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary, who recently celebrated the 60th anniversary of his ascension of the throne, is not as old as one would suspect, considering that the imperial robes have been worn for three score years. His investment as emperor took place at 18 and this makes him 78.

From the beginning of his rule his gentleness and love for his subjects have ever been conspicuous. Though the central figure in the most aristocratic court in Europe, he is one of the most democratic of men. His humility in washing the feet of twelve poor men on Good Friday, a performance the world looks upon as menial, gives the key to his fondness for others and the poorest can lay their troubles before the head of 60,000,000 people. Hungary long ago would have broken the dual relation only for Francis Joseph. His strong sense of justice and his lovable nature have kept the hyphenated empire from dissolution, and it may be that he has gone so far in conserving the interests of Hungary that she will continue the union after the death of the sovereign.

In the world-wide felicitations which are being extended to the oldest emperor, in the world, the United States tenders her good will and hopes many more years of usefulness in store for this model monarch.

The Fall Guy.

"I dropped four stories this morning without being injured."
"Wh-what?"
"Fact. They'd just been returned with thanks, and I dropped 'em in the fireplace."—Kansas City Times.

A man does his own love-making, but he hires a lawyer when it comes to trying to get it undone.

Instead of waiting for things to turn up, turn them up while you wait.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

OUR PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

By Sir Oliver Lodge.



On this planet we are the highest of the forms of life that we see. You are apt to think that you are the highest that exists; whereas there is no reason for thinking so at all. We are sometimes asked whether other planets are inhabited. I think we may say we know that the moon is not; any life there may once have been on it appears now to be extinct; its whole surface looks dead and inert. We sometimes think that the planet Mars is inhabited. Perhaps it is; but I venture to think that on the whole it is most probable that we are at the present time the only intelligently inhabited planet in the solar system.

The solar system is but a fragment of the universe. Every star is a sun with a solar system. It is possible that there may be million of planets inhabited by beings higher or lower than ourselves. What we see going on is what we call the process of evolution—from broken fragments to coherent masses, and to inhabited worlds—from chaos to cosmos; a struggle upward of the universe; from something lower and disorganized to something higher and organized.

What we have to realize in regard to our place in the universe is that we are intelligent, helpful and active parts of the cosmic scheme. We are among the agents of the creator. One of the most helpful ideas is co-operation—helping one another. Co-operation—this is a new and stimulating sense—co-operation with the Divinity Himself.

EXERCISE NOT FOR THE YOUNG ALONE.

By Prof. A. Hoffa.



We have too little athletics. The people at large are not yet aware of the wonderful influence which exercise, regular and systematic, has upon the constitution. Athletics in the general sense of the word is the best remedy for a harmonious development of the body, and should be recommended and encouraged everywhere. The field of athletics has been so widened as to make possible all kinds and forms of exercises for men and women, young and old. There is a form of athletics which will exercise every portion of a man's body, and this should be taken advantage of. One of the most erroneous views which people and even partisans of athletics entertain is that athletics must be begun by the young; that older people should let it alone. Nothing is more illogical. Older people should be encouraged to go through certain exercises which will benefit their systems as much if not more than young people.

Horseback riding and automobilism are two forms of sports which, though designed to bring about the same results, differ widely in the range of their accomplishments. Horseback riding sets every muscle of the rider into motion, and consequently is a forcible and healthful form of exercise. Automobilism sets the muscles of the chauffeur in motion. He sometimes strains every

BALLADE OF AFFIRMATIVES.

I told her that the rose was fair,
But she was fairer than the rose;
I told her that her rippling hair—
The sport of every breeze that blows—
Was brighter than the golden glows
Of dawn, and that for one small tress
I'd give my blood that bounding goes;
And all she said to me was—"Yes?"

I said her blue eyes were a pair
Of brilliant sapphires set in snows
Unmelting and as pure and rare
As e'er on mountain tops repose;
And such a dainty, scornful nose!
I told her all that I possess
I'd give to kiss her lips' sweet bows;
And all she said to me was—"Yes?"

I said she drove me to despair,
I urged her to assuage my woes;
Her dimples faded here and there;
I looked so foolish, I suppose!
"Your mortgage on my heart foreclose,"
I said: "Rid me of doubt's distress!
You could reward me if you chose!"
And all she said to me was—"Yes?"

L'ENVOI.
Accepted, prince? Jove only knows!
Rejected? That I'm left to guess!
I know not, though I did propose,
For all she said to me was—"Yes?"
—Buffalo Express.

VERA'S NOTE

"Good-bye, I have gone," wrote Vera. It was short and comprehensive, and the man to whom the note was addressed, laughing grimly, read, re-read, and pondered it as though its writing covered pages, and the small sheet with those few words on it was a state document on which depended the fate of empires.

In this progressive era of searchlight and unwholesome curiosity, when everyone's comings and goings, doings and intentions, are chronicled, it stood to reason that no mystery could surround the whereabouts of that charming society luminary; that conspicuous figure in the pagantry of certain exclusive circles, Vera.

So Pendleton had arrogantly believed six months ago.

But time had disabused him of his error, for the date at the foot of the lines he held and ruminated upon this soft, bright afternoon had been written six months before. This was early in June.

A very pleasant evening, with a light breeze sweeping over the city from the river, and light clouds drifting across the setting sun, produced the effect of a stifling smile on Nature's unsympathetic face, while the air was saturated with the perfume of flowers and the bloom of early summer.

And yet Pendleton considered it a dull, gloomy day.

"That must be a deuced unpleasant

nerve in an effort to make the machine go a certain pace or stop it with a jerk. But it is the chauffeur who is getting the exercise, and not those who look for it. Still, automobilism has considerable shaking and jostling, and this acts upon the muscles and body at large.

ARE THE BLOND RACES DECAYING?

By E. G. Minnick.



In every country where scientific observations have been made the fair complexion proves to be dying out. It will vanish altogether unless the decline be checked. Everywhere the conclusion is the same—a dark type supersedes the fair. A few years ago the British Medical Journal raised objections to some of the arguments advanced, but at the close it mournfully admitted that "the fair hair so much beloved by poets and artists seems to be encroached upon and even replaced by that of the darker hue." It is a melancholy prospect for the esthetic.

Where the conditions are favorable, "such as suburbs in which are large dwellings, with plenty of open space around, the blondes seem nearly to hold their own." The conclusion is that the fair type must die out if deprived of fresh air, while the dark suffers comparatively little. It is a striking example of natural selection and the survival of the fittest under an unnatural state of things.

Prof. Ripley asserts that in the country near London the average stature of the people is even lower than in the metropolis, and they are darker mostly. This he attributes to the constant migration of the taller individuals, who seek to "better themselves" in town. But the tall, as a class, are the fair; moreover, they are the more enterprising. And this rule applies to emigrants generally; the fair go, the dark, less inclined for adventure, remain to propagate their like in the mother country.

BEWARE OF THE DEMAGOGUE!

By Gov. Guild of Massachusetts.



We are passing through a quiet, a fairly peaceful, but a very real social revolution. Equal rights were won by the generations that have gone before us. Equal opportunities are to be our gift to posterity. As always at a time of acute social excitement, the demagogue is a most conspicuous figure. The demagogue, by catering to extremists, seeks first his own advantage, and finds it in turning rational revolution into irrational anarchy.

Lincoln was neither mawkish nor sensational. He frankly sought public office. He never sought it by unworthy means. His sustaining trust was in the honesty of the ordinary citizen, whose life is neither the comfortable indolence that shrinks from all change nor the broken career that leaps to embrace a gospel of despair.

His weapons were endless patience, cheerful good nature, abounding common sense, and an abiding faith in his cause. He despised claptrap. He embodied a cause, not a candidacy. He did not fight fire with fire. He faced hot excitement with cold reasoning and mad vituperation with clear truth.

the majestic mountains smile at the fret and heartbreak of humanity.

The days slipped by for Pendleton in his rural retreat, where life was uneventful. But it is a mistake to suppose that the specter of recollection and the torment of unfulfilled desires can be assuaged by aloofness from others.

Pendleton found that Vera, with her changing moods, mellow laughter and infinite fascinations, was much more his companion when he sauntered through the forests, sat on the porch of the pretty cottage he had rented, at dusk or when he went at dawn to fish in some dark lake in the heart of the mountains, than when they were together in gay meetings and in crowded drawing-rooms.

Pendleton saw Vera always any everywhere, at dawn and at nightfall.

That explained why he watched with startled pleasure and a strange thrill a tall, graceful young woman who occupied with an elderly relative a cottage a short distance away, as she passed leisurely down her little garden path and out in the winding public road, going evidently for a tramp, a book in one hand, her face completely hidden by a sunshade.

"Who rents the cottage over the way, Sam?" Pendleton asked at breakfast the next day.

"A Miss Cullom, I hear, sir. Very wealthy people, I'm told, sir. No, sir; I can't find out where they are from. Big establishment, but they live very retired, sir," Sam supplemented. "Just been here ten days."

"Cullom? Pendleton knew no one of that name. Since he had taken possession of the pleasant bungalow on the side of the cliff he had seen no one in the gray stone cottage but the graceful girl, so wonderfully like Vera in her supple movements. The elderly lady must be a recluse.

The days slid one into the other, and Pendleton grew to watch for the girl who so reminded him of a beautiful absent woman. She and her companion had handsome traps and horses, and they often went out driving, but Pendleton could never catch sight of the young girl's face. Through Sam he learned that his all but invisible neighbors were going to prolong their stay in the mountains.

"Go and see the owner and renew the rent for another month, Sam," Pendleton directed, as he strolled from the house down into the valley.

"Queer folks across the way," Sam said to the hostler. "House full of silver and handsome things, and the ladies just go out driving and won't see no callers, I hear."

"Something wrong, I guess," the hostler answered, throwing a bucket of water on the wheel of the trap he was cleaning and spinning it around.

Sam acquitted himself without enthusiasm of the commission to renew the rent for another month. Why stay up in these solitary mountains, the near-

est town being a small place a mile away? Why not go to Bar Harbor or some civilized place?

But Pendleton lingered, and the charm of the mountains grew on him, and the girl across the way became inextricably mixed up in his thoughts of Vera, until he grew amazed and irritablely anxious to see her face to face and get rid of the absurd illusion.

It was in vain he scanned his voluminous mail each morning. No letter addressed in the firm, delicate handwriting he knew so well ever came, and he still carried in his inner pocket that little note, "Good-bye, I am gone."

Yes, the days seem to vanish like a dream in the fastness of the Blue Ridge.

The time drew near when he would go back to life's tumultuous cares and pleasures, and Pendleton was no nearer an acquaintance with his neighbors. He could not force himself upon them, and she was as elusive as some water sprite or wood nymph.

The world had done its day's work, the sun had set behind the summits of the ranges in all its accustomed pomp and glory, and faint mists were veiling the peaks and valleys. Pendleton sat, absorbed in distracting thought, by the side of a still lake shadowed by towering hemlocks, when somebody came slowly toward him through the forest path.

Here was a beautiful face, laughing and proud and tender, and the only word Pendleton could say as she paused before him while he sat motionless, was: "Vera!"

"Why, I've been your neighbor all summer! How did you happen to come to this wild and beautiful place?" she asked a little while later, as she sat by his side, when some very broken and breathless words had been spoken.

Pendleton took out his letter and unfolded it.

"How could you be so cruel? So inhumanly cruel? To write good-bye to me! Why, child, through all eternity—"

"You don't mean to say—you thought I meant it?" Vera asked in amazement.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Was Still Counting.

A doctor, now eminent, was at one time seeing as an interne in one of the Philadelphia hospitals as well as holding his own with a coterie of rather gay friends. On a certain morning the physician awoke to find that he had sadly overslept. Sleepily donning his attire he hastened to the hospital, and soon a stalwart young Irishman claimed his attention.

"Well, my man, what seems to be your trouble this morning?" inquired the doctor, concealing a yawn and taking the patient by the hand to examine his pulse.

"Faith, sor, it's all in me breathin', doctor. I can't get me breath at all, at all."

"The pulse is normal, Pat, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling beside the cot and laying his hand on the Irishman's chest. "Now let me hear you talk," he continued, closing his eyes and listening attentively for sounds of pulmonary congestion.

A moment of silence.

"What will I be sayin', doctor?" finally asked the patient.

"Oh, say anything. Count. Count one, two, three and up, that way," murmured the physician, drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, four, five, six."

When the young doctor, with a start, opened his eyes, Pat was continuing weakly, "tin hundred an' sixty-nine, tin hundred an' sivynty, tin hundred an' sivynty-wan * * *"—Success Magazine.

America's Art Possibilities.

With such a broad basis to work on, it is not impossible that the artists in America are going to keep us pretty well interested in their future work. No other band of men has worked so hard to overcome obstacles. The artist feels his triumphs when he is young—when a mere boy, in fact—just as Funk felt them when he drew little sketches on his mother's tablecloths. This burning desire to some day swing some mighty thought on canvas cannot be kept down. It becomes the embryo painter's master, and in its power he is a slave.

I do not include here the vast army of dabblers who persist in calling themselves artists and who ought to be suppressed by a kindly but firm law. It is of men of ideas and ideals and originality that I speak.

Funk is one of that new American school that is exemplifying this individuality. He shows it in the force and originality of his work.—Success Magazine.

Only Wanted a Chance.

She—I see where a fellow married a girl on his deathbed just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that?

He—Sure I could love a girl like that. Where does she live?—Puck.

Quite So.

"New thought will beautify the plainest girl."

"That may be, but very few girls are going to give up lotions for notions."—Pittsburg Post.

Continous.

"I notice that Captain Carter says he is another Dreyfus."

"Strange how the persecution of that unhappy Frenchman continues to go on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some way, we always distrust the man with a jaunty air. He looks as though he were bluffing.



"I'VE BEEN YOUR NEIGHBOR ALL SUMMER."

ly. "You never would be in your present predicament if you had a little of that same blood in your veins. And, what's more, you ought to go out and find her."

By the time they sauntered to the front door of the club, Pendleton had made up his mind to go for a month's wandering in the Blue Ridge ranges.

It was an intense relief to get away from the city and to speed away toward the mountains, and to find himself finally among the peaks and crags and forests of the vast rolling ranges, where