

## Topics of the Times

Mae Woods seems to be the latest victim of the get-rich-quick mania.

Strange that most people have a kind of contempt for those who agree with their opinions.

Skin grafting, by the way, was practiced to a considerable extent by the early fur traders.

At the age of 21, a young man thinks he is smart. At the age of 40, he knows that other people knew he was not.

Persons who have watched the predictions made by scientists will observe that not one of them has ever foretold anything pleasant.

A Methodist bishop, though occupying ordinarily his own proper location, has the power to move clear across the religious chessboard.

If the Rev. Sam Jones' celebrated willipus wallipus is a more fearsome thing than this year's mosquito it must be something terrible.

What would life be worth without an official assurance from somebody every two or three days that "Japan does not want war?"

The murderous idiot who shoots at balloons is the latest peril of the aeronauts. A peculiarly drastic law should be enacted to fit his case.

An eastern clergyman announces that he will devote the remainder of his life to suppressing gossip. It is a grand and noble work, and it will keep him busy.

John D. Rockefeller declares that "his pictures always look terrible when taken in the sun." Do you recall having seen a picture of Mr. Rockefeller taken in the shade?

We begin to suspect that the "cost of upkeep" of which so much is said by owners of motor cars is just a polite way of referring to the fines imposed for violating the speed laws.

Alfred Vanderbilt will not be permitted to marry again within five years; but he needn't worry. He will probably have enough left at the end of that period to be still quite attractive.

"If it be true that the Emperor of Japan has on his household pay roll sixty doctors, what's the answer?" asks the Buffalo Courier. One answer seems to be that while he may be short of funds the Emperor is determined to be well healed.

"A species of cerebral commotion and a stirring of some hitherto dormant association centers by an appropriate affirmative impression" is the diagnosis of love—to be exact, first love—as recently given by a famous English physician and man of science. Yet the disease does not always seem so serious as that.

A New York paper, describing the visit of Andrew Carnegie to Lehigh University, to which he has just given a dormitory, says Mr. Carnegie was "met by the student body with the university band, composed of students, a large number of alumni and the faculty." It is doubtful if any other American university could muster such a band, even though such newspaper English is common enough.

Diplomacy, in spite of the frankness which is supposed to characterize it in modern days, still has its amusing episodes. When Italy desired to open postoffices in five Turkish cities, the Porte not only refused permission, but said that the opening would be prevented by force if necessary. When Italian battleships appeared the request was granted, "not as a right, specially acquired," the Turkish ambassador took pains to remark, "but as an expression of the unshaken sentiments of sincere friendship" between the Sultan and the King of Italy. Signor Tittoni, on behalf of Italy, remarked, somewhat dryly, that the friendly sentiments of the Sultan were fully reciprocated.

The publisher who advertises "books for all ages" tacitly recognizes that the seven ages of man call for different intellectual food. The pictures and fairy tales for children and the philosophy and criticism for serene old age are accepted as a matter of course. But the debatable land is that between sixteen and twenty-five, and this especially for girls. It is highly undesirable for Mary that she should read everything at hand. It is equally undesirable for the man of letters that he should be restricted in his produce to the book suitable for the sweet girl graduate. As life opens before her she should have books which will interpret it to her. Meantime, for the men and women who are in the midst of life's actual struggles, there should be other books—no less delicate though covering a larger field. The demand of mature men and women who rely upon the imaginative writer to help them in their relations with other folks is not for wicked books. Nothing could be less to their purpose. A clever novelist has recently said that our time asks

"not brutal books, not indecent books, but truthful books." American mothers may learn from French mothers what girls should and should not read. They must also learn how to make a prohibition effect without its being either irksome or suggestive of disobedience. When a girl once discovers that her mother's book fits her no better than her mother's bonnet, it will be a gain for girlhood and for literature.

The United States commissioner of education reports that there are 622 institutions of higher education available for the men of the country. In 114 of these the enrollment of male undergraduates exceeds 200. In seventeen the number is 1,000 or more, five of them having more than 2,200 and five others following closely with over 1,500 each. The figures are for undergraduate male attendance and take no account of graduate or professional enrollment. A good deal has been written of late about the feminization of the colleges. The eagerness with which women have been availing themselves of the opportunities afforded them in a day of popular coeducation has led many people to think that the number of male students has been decreasing. These statistics, designed to show the contrary, tell their own story. If the women were counted there would be need of rearrangement of the figures. But, of counting them or leaving them out, the facts are clear that the United States is a country of colleges. There never was such an army of students in the world as that which throngs American colleges, whether supported by public grant or private endowment. When this fact is remembered, the large amounts of money given in a year for educational purposes are better understood. Another inquiry has brought out the statement that during the last twelve months more than \$23,000,000 has been given for the cause of higher education in the United States. The largest amount received was by the University of Chicago—\$4,500,000. The smallest amount reported was \$10,000. Between these two extremes generous gifts of varying sums have enriched the schools. As a rule the older and better endowed institutions have been most favored. The pressing throngs of students have demanded more instructors, more courses of study, more laboratories and dormitories, more equipment. In many cases colleges have been seriously embarrassed because of the demands made upon them. There is no longer a search for students. The real problem is one of handling properly those who present themselves for instruction. And when it is recalled that the institutions of the collegiate type represent only part of that general education to which the United States is pledged, there is occasion for just pride on the part of the American people.



Self-made men need an awful lot of repairs all the time.

A woman knows she has a soul because there is no proof of it.

Grand opera is so as to make you enjoy the change to vandeville.

It makes a girl awful ashamed to sit in a man's lap without saying she won't.

A mother is afraid that her child's mind is so active that it will stunt its body.

One reason so many men get married is they don't intend to, but the girl does.

Self-control is being able to cuss before the children without letting them hear it.

Most people want to save money on the necessities so they can waste it on the luxuries.

It's better to have wed and been divorced than never to have imagined you have loved at all.

What flatters a man about being a cynic is the disagreeable things he expects always coming along—New York Press.

The worst about women talking scandal is not what they do that way, but the things at home they neglect while they are doing it.

**An All-Round Book.**

The book agent had spent a discouraging morning, and when he had an opportunity to scan the face of Eli Hobbs at close range, he felt that there was small chance of making a sale. However, he had more than one method of suggestion.

"Sitting out here on the piazza afternoons with your wife, this would be the very book to read aloud," he said, ingratiatingly, to Mr. Hobbs, taking the other rocking chair and opening the large red-covered volume.

"I don't read and I haven't any wife," replied Mr. Hobbs, dryly.

"Dear me!" said the book agent. "Well, if your wife is dead, perhaps there are children. Now, children find this book."

"There are no children," interrupted Mr. Hobbs. "There's nobody but myself and my cat."

"Well," said the book agent, "don't you ever want a good heavy book to throw at her, just to ease your feelings?"

Most of us could do a lot of work while trying to dodge it.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## THE HOPELESS BANK CLERK.

**D**IRECTORS of banks are notoriously parsimonious in respect to salaries. There are a lot of young men who go into a bank looking upon it as affording a genteel position likely to lead to something good very rapidly. As a fact, there is perhaps no class of expert workers so poorly paid and none where the responsibilities are greater. A young man works at a meager salary which is slowly increased until he gets gray-haired. He handles millions in money or accounts and absolute accuracy is demanded. Banks are usually profitable institutions, especially national banks. They pay no interest on deposits and pile up large surplus accounts as a guarantee against trouble after paying handsome dividends. It would be a much better guarantee if the employees were given living wages. If they were awarded increases according to ability and length of service, no man wants to steal—unless he be a degenerate—but the temptation is great where poverty dwells, and the opportunities are large in most cases. There is no excuse for dishonesty, and there is no excuse for parsimonious greed on the part of bank directors. It is time for a reform all around.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## MATRIMONY BY MAIL.

**A** MINING CAMP in a Western desert recently witnessed the loathsome end of a woman who, a few years ago, was the chief of a "matrimonial syndicate" which in Eastern cities fooled many credulous seekers of wealthy wives. On the same day that her death was reported the country was horrified by revelations of the doings of a woman in the Central West who, after advertising for "well-to-do bachelor" husbands, not only robbed but murdered the strangers who sought her hand. Both women found their victims through "matrimonial agencies," most of which agencies publish papers containing what purport to be descriptions of a "young man of 25, salesman, good salary, seeks blonde wife, with social gifts," and of a "widow, comfortably situated, aged 35, who would like to find congenial life companion," and others, to suit all tastes. Some of the cases are genuine. They embody natural hopes and longings that grow up in lonely surroundings, or that are not easily expressed by shy natures outside the shelter of a false name; and many responses to the appeals are equally genuine. But the fact that a man has honest intentions, and therefore credits them to others, makes him the easier dupe of an adventurer, and the trustful good faith of a friendless woman by no means insures her against the wiles of a scoundrel. Young girls sometimes answer such advertisements "for fun;" but the very freedom with which girls write increases the danger that they will be entrapped and blackmailed by scoundrels who batten on innocent indiscretion. A man who stands high in public esteem once declared

that he never wrote a letter which he would fear to have posted on a bulletin board in front of the city hall. He has, perhaps, established a standard above the reach of the average impulsive mortal. But persons of ordinary intelligence, who read the newspapers, ought easily, henceforth, to resist the appeal of the "matrimonial" advertisement; for recent events have shown that it is frequently a lure to ruin, if not to death.—Youth's Companion.

## THE THREE "R'S"

**S** EVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX teachers from the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades in Chicago public schools have formally advocated more time for reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling in those grades. A committee of the Board of Education asked for opinions from fifteen hundred teachers in the upper grades. Some of the answers are almost startling. Forty-five teachers report that they give no time at all to writing, and nearly 350 give less than fifty minutes weekly; 345 teachers give between twenty-five and fifty minutes weekly to spelling; nearly 500 said they make no effort to teach children words outside of their natural vocabulary. One teacher, a little bolder than the rest, writes that children should be drilled in rapid addition, or letter-writing, or spelling, or cultivating a taste for good books, "instead of using precious time in making paper furniture." Other teachers complain that the courses are overcrowded. Nearly 600 teachers express dissatisfaction with the result of the spelling courses. These comments are from those who should be able to judge the results of their own work. They harmonize closely with the judgment of those in the outside world who are constantly confronted with glaring deficiencies of public school graduates in reading, writing and arithmetic. Even high school courses do not remedy these fundamental deficiencies.—Chicago Journal.

## CANADA SIFTS HER IMMIGRANTS.

**I**F Canada selects all her citizens as cautiously as her immigration commissioner in London, England, is now doing, the Northern Empire may some day be what its natives often dream of—the Utopia of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Canadian government is not only opposing most effectively the influx of Southern and Eastern Europeans and Orientals; it is making the English themselves pass a stiff examination to prove their desirability. Fifty prospective immigrants whom the Salvation Army had arranged to send from London hovels to Canadian farms have been held back until the Canadian authorities have investigated each member of the party. It will be interesting to see how long the government can continue this minute and scrupulous control in the face of a growing demand for unskilled labor.—New York Tribune.



"It was just too bad for anything," said the woman in brown. "I don't know when I ever had anything affect me so."

"It must have been sad," said the tailor-made friend. "I meant to have gone up there myself, but that was the day I went to the Kenyons' luncheon. I had to go; but it was an awfully stupid affair. Was Mrs. Brent there?"

"All the family were there except Mr. Brent. I don't see how they could bring themselves to do it, but they did. I'm sure I was sadder than a funeral. I could have cried, though, of course I didn't know them very well. Yes, Mrs. Brent and Dora and Edith and the two boys—what are their names? I always forget. I thought at first they were intending to bid in some of the things, but they didn't."

"Did they sell everything?"

"Everything. Wasn't it too bad? Just imagine how you would feel seeing all the things you owned going away to strangers! You know I'm so attached to everything I have that I can't bear to throw away so much as a chair when it gets broken. It's foolish, but I'm afraid I always shall be a little sentimental. I send everything up to the garret as fast as it gets worn out and sometimes I go up there and sit for hours just thinking about the happy days they are associated with. Mr. Dimsy laughs at me and says he's going to throw them all out into the alley some day."

"Wasn't it too bad?" murmured the tailor-made friend.

"I just wanted to weep, I felt so miserable," said the one in brown. "Poor, poor things! I just know how they felt, exactly. A lot of strangers coming in and fingering over all your possessions and the auctioneer making jokes about them and all! As I say, it's worse than a death. They've had those things, or a great many of them, ever since they were married. When I thought of the memories that must have been connected with some of them—"

"She was very, very brave about it, and the girls were, too, but once or twice I could see they pretty nearly broke down. I wonder what they will do now."

"They're going away to the Pacific coast, I heard."

"Oh, of course. I knew that. I meant I wondered how on earth they would get along. Everything will be so different for them after being in such comfortable circumstances. I feel so much pity for any one who meets

with misfortune of that kind. It really hurts me. I suppose they will have to go into some poky little house in a poor neighborhood and the girls will have to go out and work at something. Mr. Brent's salary won't amount to anything, my husband tells me—not enough to support them even in the most modest way. All they have in the world is what they got out of the sale."

"Did the things bring much?"

"Mercy, no! They didn't bring anything hardly. Not half what they were worth. That lovely colonial bedstead sold for \$6."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes, my dear, that's all it brought. If I could have found room for it I should have bid \$2 or \$3 more on it, and I think I should have got it. I know you couldn't buy a bed new like that for less than \$45 or \$50. I'm sorry now that I didn't bid more, for I could have disposed of one of mine. I did buy the Daghestan rug that was in the library and four pairs of curtains. I bought that dainty little Doulton tea set, too. Nobody bid against me, so I really got the mat my own price. Wasn't I perfectly lucky?"

"I told Mr. Dimsy that I wouldn't sell my bargains for five times what I gave for them and he said, 'You'd be a fool if you did,' and when Mr. Dimsy admits that anything is cheap you may be sure it is. I was awfully pleased. I believe if I'd bid less than I did I could have got them just the same. That's always such an annoying thought, isn't it?"—Chicago Daily News.

## BEHIND IN HUMANE WORK.

**Berlin Affords a Fine Model in Up-to-Date Ambulance Service.**

Ambulance service in this country is poor, chiefly because the need for it does not appeal personally to the average citizen, and there is no general demand upon officials for its betterment, says Leslie's Weekly. What has been done has been accomplished through the efforts of physicians and humanely inclined persons of wealth and public spirit. A good example to pattern after is that of Berlin. A private organization, the Rescue Society, made up largely of surgeons, looks after emergency cases, and does it well. It is considered an honor to be a member of the society, and only surgeons who have practiced a number of years are eligible. Each member takes his turn riding the ambulance, for which he gets no pay. This does away with the reprehensible American practice of internes, and others seeking experience, practicing upon street victims. The Rescue society has nine emergency stations, fitted with all the facilities of a fire-engine house for getting out quickly. These Rescue society ambulances are co-operated with by at least one ambulance from each of the

sixteen large hospitals. Several times each day the director of the ambulance service is notified how many empty beds there are at each reception hospital, thus preventing the complication that frequently arises in this country of a dying man being taken to a hospital only to find that there is no place for him. They also have test runs in Berlin. At the pleasure of the director any or all the ambulances are called out unexpectedly, their time noted, and their condition inspected. Berlin is the only city where this practice prevails. A well-maintained ambulance service increases the demand for attention from the really needy. Berlin, virtually the same size as Chicago, responds to four times as many calls. St. Louis, half as large, has more calls by several thousands than Chicago, owing to the better service and the familiarity of the citizens with it.

Persons in city streets are thrilled by the clanging of the ambulance gong and fascinated when the horses gallop by. A feeling of horror is oftentimes followed by one of some comfort at the thought that, in case of accident to himself, one speedily would be taken care of. In a majority of instances this feeling of comfort is not justified. If you don't believe it, watch some one try to get an ambulance in a hurry.

## Lowliest of Princesses.

Princess Andreas of Greece, daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, and therefore first cousin to the Queen of Spain, is now hailed as the most beautiful princess in Europe, says the New York World.

Like all the Battenbergs, Prince Louis is an exceptionally handsome man, and also exceptionally capable. He is an admiral in the British navy. Princess Andreas has the advantage of Queen Ena in figure, as she is divinely tall and majestically graceful. Queen Ena's defect is that her neck is ungracefully short, like her mother's. This is a queer characteristic—Queen Victoria of England had no neck at all. In coloring both are dazzling blondes, with the purest pink and white complexions and violet eyes.

## A Triple Coincidence.

An almost incredible triple coincidence was noted in France some years ago. In 1804 the deputy for the Ardennes was M. Ferry; for Loir et Cher, M. Brisson, and for the Vosges, M. Hugo. In 1793, 101 years earlier, each district had been represented in the chamber by a man of exactly the same name. We do not intend to buy an automobile; we are waiting until the airship is perfected. It is believed that every time a man makes a kick on his gas bill he gets a reduction.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

Messrs. Palermo and Cingoloni, the inventors of "tachyol" (fluoride of silver), an antiseptic employed in surgery, have found that a solution of 1 part in 500,000 of water will destroy all germs, including bacillus subtilis, its germicidal effect being much greater than that of chlorine, bromine or ozone.

To lessen risk of loss of submarines, torpedoes used in naval practice and other objects liable to sink in the sea, a French oceanographer attaches a vessel of oil having a long and short time tube one-tenth of an inch in diameter. When submergence softens the gum seals of the tube, oil rises from the long one drop by drop, locating the sunken object by the film on the water's surface.

The German government more than a year ago imposed what seemed to be a moderate tax on railroad tickets. The result of it has been a diversion of travel from the higher to the lower classes, to such an extent that a decrease of about \$2,500,000 in the passenger earnings of the Prussian state railroads alone is attributed to it. Nearly at the same time a new schedule of charges for passengers and baggage was introduced, which on the same railroads reduced earnings about \$1,500,000. But this was expected.

Dr. H. C. Stevens, of Seattle, reports recent experiments which show that objects seen by indirect vision ordinarily appear larger in the right half of the field of vision than in the left. With a smaller number of persons this is reversed. From these facts he deduces a possible origin of right and left-handedness. Right-handedness, or its reverse, develops at about the age of seven months. Dr. Stevens suggests that they may be due to the phenomena of vision just described. By a reflex effect the infant reaches after the objects best seen with the arm nearest to them.

In his book on the great veld of German East Africa, Herr C. G. Schillings gives a vivid description of the shimmering, undulating sea of light which bathes that country, causing light-colored objects often to appear black, and making distances so deceptive that when but a few hundred paces away it is sometimes impossible to distinguish a rhinoceros from an ostrich or a termite's nest. Water on this veld is often the greatest of luxuries, "as precious as life itself, even when obtained from small mud pools." Yet the country, when viewed from hill tops or from tall trees, exhibits a wonderful panorama of wild life. Elephant there are not dependent upon grass but will strip trees of their bark or branches when hard pressed, and they are sometimes found in company with giraffes. In some of the small lakes of the Killimanjaro region hippopotam may be watched by a concealed observer at as close quarters as in a zoological park.

## Order of the Golden Horseshoe.

How many persons have ever heard of the Order of the Golden Horseshoe, the first order founded in America? In 1724, when Virginia extended from the Atlantic into the unknown West, few of her colonists had crossed the Blue Ridge or the Alleghenies. So full of dangers from savages and wild beasts and so full of natural difficulties was the passage of these terrible heights, that Governor Spotswood, setting out to discover a pass, looked on the expedition as so hazardous that he took with him a guard of "soldiers, gentlemen, and pioneers," armed and carrying provisions. These scaled the pass with great hardships and perils, and returned after the Governor had cut the name of King George in the rocks on the highest peak.

He then constituted the society, or order, of the Golden Horseshoe. Each man who had scaled this high pass was made a member of it, and to each one he presented a golden horseshoe. On the side was inscribed in Latin: "So it pleases him to cross mountains."

## Devious Definitions.

Colic: The only thing that will tackle a baby without first considering the consequences.

Chimeras: The food of indolent theorists.

Humor: An anvil upon which to crack a smile.

Matrimony: The sea that swamps many a courtship.

Sympathy: A convenient thing for a silent partner.

Miser: One of the things that will keep in any climate.

Dude: The exorcism of insufferable conceit.

## Incomplete Signals.

The ingenious Charleston News and Courier suggests that the new spring hats would gain in distinction if they sported a neat two-foot flagstaff. And right away somebody will want to suggest a sign language for the flag in the hat. Of course the flag at half mast might indicate that its owner was a widow, and a reversed flag would mean that the lady was in distress.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One quiet cooking lesson beats two noisy music lessons.