

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES

The wise woman marries a homely man because the contrast is in her favor.

The man who expects to get legal advice for nothing should marry a woman lawyer.

The government is going to give us weather tips while we wait. That's the way to get the weather.

It is not the size of a woman's hat so much as the cost of it that worries the man who pays the bill.

Andrew Carnegie recently referred to "that worthless dross called money." After all that money has done for him, too!

If that London bank for women desires to win a big success it should make a specialty of 99-cent and \$1.98 deposits.

An elevator has been installed in St. Peter's at Rome. Will somebody now please give the Sphinx an extension telephone?

A professor tells young women they should pick their husbands. Of course, but they shouldn't pick them before they are ripe.

In our Atlantic fleet there are 2,500 sailors who cannot swim. They prefer to be the men behind the guns, which they hope will keep afloat.

Being the divorced wife of a New York millionaire is a much more lucrative position than some others in which the duties are more exacting.

One of the college professors wants to know why Americans are unhappy. One reason is that the people next door make it so difficult to live as expensively as they do.

Little Evelyn announces that she is going to Paris for the purpose of studying sculpture and living quietly. No mercy should be shown to anybody who attempts to hold her.

Now a London doctor has arisen to declare that mankind is losing the sense of smell. Those who live within range of tannery aroma will welcome the news with unalloyed joy.

A Philadelphia magistrate has held that taking an umbrella from a friend is not criminal, but taking one from a stranger is larceny. But a man who has his umbrella taken can scarcely be called a friend of the taker.

Men who are willing to pay \$50 a seat for the purpose of witnessing the fight between Hon. Jeffries and Hon. Johnson should at least have the good taste to refrain from complaining around home about the cost of living.

Perhaps not a cruel, but certainly a most unusual, form of punishment was that inflicted upon the young women of a Western college, who for some forbidden frolic were required to commit to memory the Constitution of the United States.

American men of science are more gallant than those of England. For example, a London anthropologist has lately declared that a human skull found at Gibraltar is that of a woman six hundred thousand years old. Americans poo-poo the idea, and decline to be so ungentlemanly as to look at a woman's teeth to discover her age—the idea of treating a lady as a horse!—and insist that the only way to tell anything about her is by a study of the circles in which she lives.

Foreign steamship companies doing business with American ports must pay the corporation tax, according to a recent opinion of the Attorney General. His opinion is based on the provision of the law which makes all foreign corporations amenable to the tax on that part of their business done here. There are great difficulties in the way of ascertaining on what proportion of its income a foreign steamship company should pay a tax; but if the Supreme Court finds that the law is constitutional, a way can be found for collecting an approximately just tax from the steamship companies. The government maintains that the tax is in the nature of a license fee levied on the privilege of doing business. Its opponents insist that it is a direct tax on property, and is therefore unconstitutional.

There are so many things suggested for the multimillionaires to do that it is not strange that they halt and hesitate. But nowhere among all the objects in the vast range of American giving, from marble medical colleges to orchestral music, is the great cause of the American theater to be found. It must be pretty low down to have earned so singular an isolation. In all the giving has anybody been known to set aside anything for raising the common level of American cul-

tivation through the drama? And is not this specialty puzzling, considering how immensely fond of the theater the American people are and how much money they spend in going to the play? Perhaps Mr. Carnegie would say that people must learn to read before they can get the highest good out of the drama, which embraces literature and the fine arts; while, of course, so moral a millionaire as Mr. Rockefeller, who has probably never entered a theater, would not wish to promote or even countenance anything so manifestly tending to immorality.

Friendship among nations does not spring from the same causes which promote friendship among individuals. Blood relationship does not assure it. For a century America and England, similar in race and identical in language, were suspicious and irritable when not openly hostile. Propinquity does not count for much. France and England were enemies for centuries, and France only forgot her hatred for "perfidious Albion" when she transferred it to another next-door neighbor, Germany. Likeness of temperament, political institutions or religious belief is not its source, else why the traditional friendship of Russia and the United States, unlike in every particular, and the famous rivalry between France and Austria, superficially sympathetic, which for a hundred and fifty years after Richelieu established it was the central fact of European politics? As a matter of fact, national friendships or enmities are determined not by the people themselves, but by their governments; not by reasons of race or principle, but by reasons of policy. Commercial or political rivalry, the preservation of the "balance of power," identity or divergence of material interests, lie at the bottom of wars and alliances alike. That is why England, for centuries naturally attracted to German friendship, is now in strained relations with the Kaiser's empire. It accounts also for her alliance with distant Japan, who, like herself, is jealous and suspicious of Russia. The sentimental admiration for Japan, which roused the United States to sympathy for her during the Russian war, already shows signs of cooling as a result of political conditions. National friendships, then, are rarely permanent; they shift with the changing face of world politics. But national animosities may be forgotten almost as easily, and it is an encouraging fact that in spite of the bitterness of modern commercial competition, open hatred between peoples is less common than it ever was before, whereas the good-will which shows itself in a readiness to arbitrate disputes without straining national amity increases year by year.

### HIGHEST CRIMINAL RECORD.

One in Every Five Natives Has Been in Jail in the Rand.

According to the recent report of J. de V. Roos, secretary of the law department and director of prisons, the Rand contains more criminals to the thousand inhabitants than any other place in the civilized world, the London correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says.

The population is about 1,500,000. In 1909 one out of every 245 was convicted. These convictions have risen from 33,255 in 1904 to 89,005 in 1909. There were also last year 5,555 undetected crimes, including 27 murders, 21 cases of arson, 12 forgeries and 131 robberies. Arrests for 1909 included 4,335 male whites and 834 women; 91,063 colored males and 3,493 colored women.

The most serious part of the report is that dealing with the marked increase in native crime. Native prisoners sentenced by the courts as first offenders are constantly being recognized as old offenders, nor will this defect disappear until the finger-print records as to natives are made universal. Nominally 92.42 per cent of all criminals of all races are given as first offenders for the year under review and 7.58 per cent recidivists.

During the last five years 182,680 natives have passed through the prisons—roughly, one-fifth of the total native population. In other words, the prison has lost its terrors for the native. It has been made too cheap, and familiarity breeds contempt for it. It was quite a common thing for the natives who had on them money sufficient to pay their fines in petty offenses to select the alternative of the week's or fortnight's imprisonment, with the usual risk of the native petty offender being locked up with hardened criminals and educated to crime.

### LIFE'S TURNING POINTS.

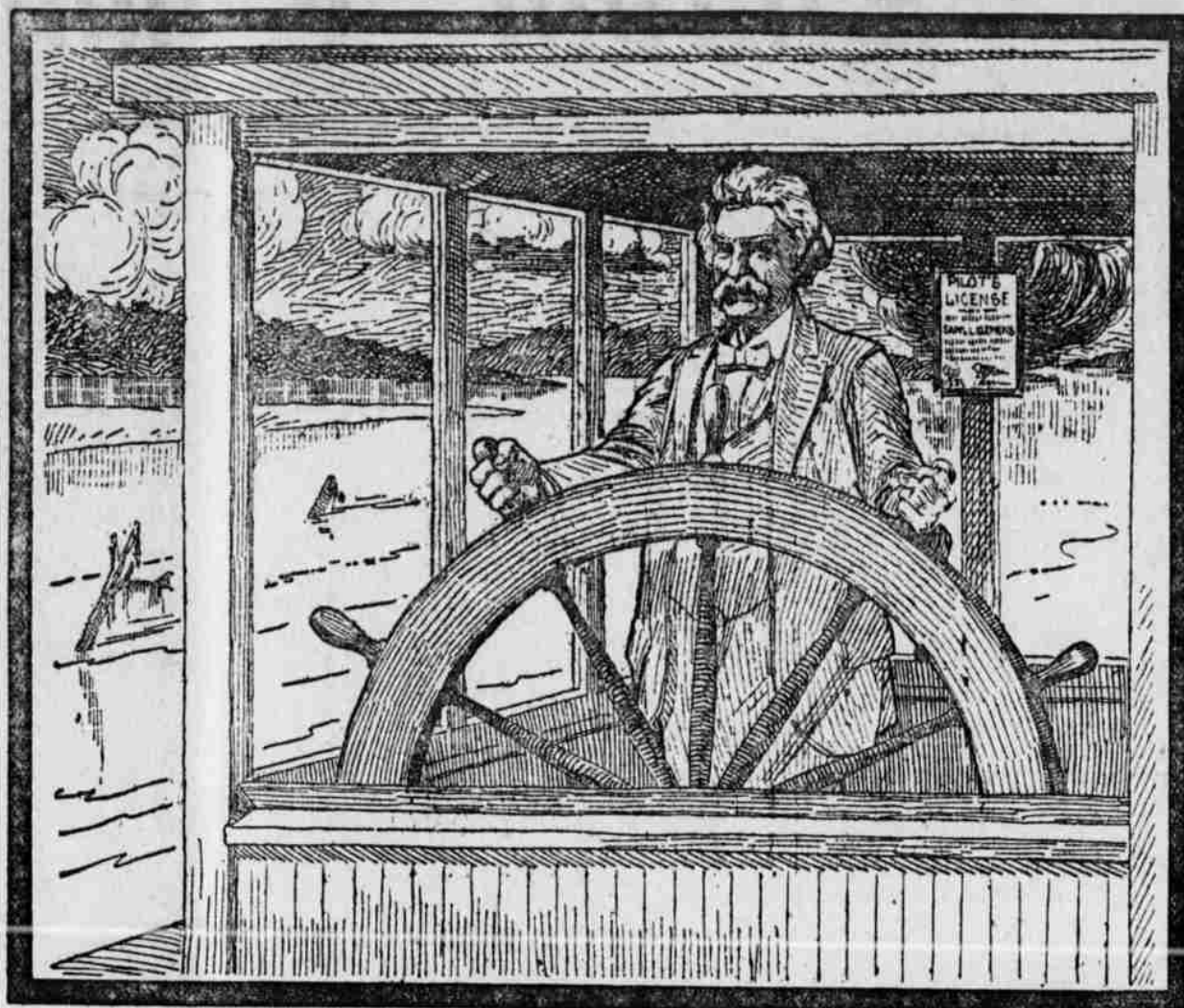
The climacteric years are certain years in a man's life that were long believed to be of peculiar significance to him as turning points in his health and fortune. These are the mystic number seven and its multiples, with odd numbers, 21, 35, 49 and 63. The most important of all was the sixty-third year, which was considered fatal to most men.

A boy will get everything you promise him and as much more as possible.

If you expect your friends to fight your battles, you are apt to get whipped.

MARK TWAIN.

Chicago Record-Herald.



His hands fall from the wheel; he looks no more  
To see what reef or shoal may be ahead,  
What narrow channel there may be to thread,  
What jagged rocks may jut out from the shore!  
What message is it that the leadsmen send?  
"MARK TWAIN!" The troubled engines  
Cease to throb,  
The song the breezes sang ends in a sob;  
The trip is done—the world has lost a friend.

On lips he taught to smile the laughter dies,  
The sun shines with a lesser, fainter glow;  
Along the shores where mirth was spread a low,  
Sad murmur passes, and, with tear-dimmed eyes,  
Men look out on the stream, yet, while they gaze,  
In silence share the comforting belief  
That, safe in port, beyond the last dread reef,  
His soul is gladdened by a Captain's praise.

—S. E. KISER.

## A Woman's "No"

Cyril Otterson\* proposed to me for the first time at Henley regatta. We were in a Canadian canoe, and Cyril pleaded his cause passionately into my left ear in the intervals between pushing boats and punts out of our path. Why he chose such a ridiculous time I have never understood, and I found it exceedingly difficult to convey my answer to him with the decision and clearness I should have liked—that answer being a decided negative.

A widow of 23, with a tidy income, never lacks admirers of a sort; add a certain amount of good looks, which I know, without conceit, I possess, and men become a positive nuisance.

"No, Cyril, dear," I said, "I really couldn't. You know I like you awfully, and, what's more, you amuse me, and, of course, we shall always be pals. But marriage, dear, never again; so let's leave it at that."

"All right," said Cyril, in that peculiarly aggravating way he has; "all right, old girl, but I'm a long way from beaten, and you wait and see; I shall marry you somehow."

The second time he proposed to me was in a box at the theater. It happened to be a very pathetic play, and Cyril, who has no idea of the fitness of things, kept whispering words of love and adoration, while the audience were in a state of dreadful suspense as to whether an erring wife would return to her husband or no. When I had the opportunity, which was during the entr'act, I said to him: "Now, Cyril, don't be silly; you know quite well that I have given you my final answer."

Cyril said nothing much beyond reiterating his former statement that I was the only woman in the world for him, and other nonsense of that sort, and that he was not beaten. The third time that he proposed to me was in my own drawing room. He had been in a more or less dormant state for awhile, and that being so, I thought there was no great harm in asking him to tea. We first of all talked about the usual banalities; but, somehow, though I tried desperately hard to keep off dangerous topics, we soon found ourselves in deep water.

"I say, Muriel," he said, Muriel being my name, "it's going to be beastly not seeing you all October and November, and I've been thinking things over, and I have an idea, rather a good one, I think."

"Oh," I answered, "what's the idea? Something sensible, I hope. You know my mind quite well on certain points."

"Yes, I know all that, but, as a matter of fact, you don't know yourself as well as I do. What are the plain facts? Firstly, that I simply adore the ground you walk on, that I am head over ears in love with you, with the complete You, mental, physical and spiritual, or, if you like it better, body and soul. I want your companionship

all my life, and with it can do things, without it I can't. Secondly, you are all alone, and you admit I amuse you; well, then, why shouldn't I amuse you perpetually? Anyhow, you can't really suppose that I'm going to accept a negative answer. Why, Muriel, dear, it's impossible, and if you won't make up your mind the way I want, then I am going to do it for you. I propose we get married on February 7. I'll go ahead and make all the arrangements, and it'll just give you time to clear off your engagements."

I must admit his cheek simply paralyzed me, and I said: "Now, look here, Cyril, you know I am quite fond of you, but there is a limit even to friendship. The idea of your daring to make a cold-blooded proposition like that to me is simply staggering."

He made no direct reply, merely murmuring some nonsense about Monte Carlo having points over Cairo in the month of February. Then he buttoned up his coat, and said he must be off; kissed my hand—he's never



I WENT.

dared to go farther than that—and said: "All right, Muriel, don't worry; you'll hear from me, and remember the seventh."

The next I heard of Cyril was about a month later, that being towards the end of November. He wrote a long letter, narrating all his shoots and so on, and then, if you please, ended up with the following postscript: "Don't forget the 7th of February. I am quite sure that Monte will be more amusing than Cairo, unless you particularly want to go to Egypt. We shall have a ripping time, and I can't tell you how I'm looking forward to it."

Of course, I had to answer, and likewise gave him my views on the matter in a postscript. It ran: "Don't be an idiot. I hate silly jokes, and I don't even know where I shall be on the date you mention."

December passed off quickly, Cyril only writing once, saying he was making all his arrangements, and sending me a perfectly lovely bracelet—a flexible gold snake with an emerald head

and tiny ruby eyes. It was simply too fascinating, and, as Cyril said it was for Christmas, I saw no harm in keeping it, besides which I was fond of him in a way.

In January I was once more back in town at my own flat, and he came to see me. He looked awfully fit and nice after his country spell, and never even referred to what I call unpleasant subjects till just as he was going, when he said casually, "Don't forget the date, dear, will you?"

"I thought that joke was quite exploded," I answered uneasily, for somehow there was something very compelling about him, which I wished to hide from myself.

"Exploded, dearest; what do you think I am about?" and he caught me by the hands and looked straight into my eyes. "Don't you know the truth yet, that I love you with every fiber of my being, and don't you also know that I'm going to make you love me every bit as much?"

With his departure, a feeling that I had been very near the brink of surrendering overcame me, and I began to allow to myself that my life was at times more than a little lonely, and that being looked after by Cyril had its points. Day by day I turned the question over in my thoughts, and day by day I found myself weakening.

Moreover, I had seen no more of him, and he had not even written. Men don't realize what a weapon is theirs—one which always conquers the weaker sex—the feeling that perhaps they are not paying one as much attention as heretofore. In fact, I was becoming actually worried—it was not the end of January and I had made no plans. Somehow I felt disinclined to, and the most absurd part was that I found myself packing mechanically all my prettiest dresses, to the astonishment of my maid, who asked me where I was going. I said Monte Carlo, which I positively hoped now was true.

February came and still no news, with the result that I began to work myself into a fever.

It seems almost incredible, but the silence remained unbroken till the evening of the 6th, when I received a telegram containing three words, "Remember the 7th!"

Remember, why I had done nothing but think of it all the time, and now, at the very last minute, came a message like that. The man must be mad; how could one be married at a minute's notice?

I spent a horrible night, and came down in the morning feeling miserable, and, what was much worse, ugly.

About 10 o'clock in walked Cyril, calm and collected as though it was a most ordinary proceeding.

"Well, little girl," he said, "are you coming? I've got a special license from doctors' commons, and we've just time to get married, have a bite of lunch at The Berkeley, and catch the afternoon Continental express."

I went.—Alan Sethbridge in M. A. P.

We have progressed so far that "being good about taking medicine" is no longer regarded as the principal virtue of childhood.