

Topics of the Times

Never argue with a man who can talk louder than you.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt never does much talking. As a suffragist she would be a complete failure.

No pretty woman will wear a hat-pin that interferes with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

A St. Louis pastor says there are 14 roads to hell. It will require a lot of good intentions to pave them.

Never kill a practical joker. He may be the father of seven or eight children who need his support.

Mr. Edison's storage battery is working, but the pessimists have not given up all hope of making it a failure.

Rev. Clarence Barbour is sure that "bridge whist hardens women's hearts." And dish-washing hardens the hands. So what's the use?

M. Rostand's new play, "Chanticleer," is a dramatization of the barn yard. It is now up to somebody to dramatize a cold storage plant.

There is not a woman in the Wyoming penitentiary. We hope this condition is not due wholly to the fact that women are comparatively scarce in Wyoming.

And now Dr. Wiley, the pure food expert, says hens are laying smaller eggs than they used to, and that they are bred to do it. We are glad to know it is not their fault.

A Washington paper is telling men how they should conduct themselves at a wedding. Some men are in greater need of being advised how to conduct themselves a year or two after the wedding.

It seems that in the year 1300 eight cents a day was high wages for an expert artisan. We move to have the scale of prices of commodities reduced to the 1300 standard with present wages left untouched.

The Filipinos are frightened at the army maneuvers in the Philippines. They remember too well the real thing to be persuaded that is play. It is well, maybe, that such an impression is left upon their memories.

If every man had the courage of his convictions, if he were not afraid to try his wings, if he were not weighted down by considerations of ease and comfort, the world's progress, rapid though it be, would not be so slow as it is.

Noise is systematically fought in certain German towns. Dr. Auerbach of Frankfurt has founded a "Society of the Enemies of Noise," which numbers many adherents throughout Germany. The society issues a monthly organ, and is already making some noise in the world.

A Turk who wished to become a resident of this country has been deported because he said, when he was questioned by the immigration officers, that he believed it would be right for him to marry all the women he could support. The officials probably had reasons for believing that his judgment as to what would constitute support was faulty.

Wide publicity should be given to the recent action of a New England judge who fined a high school student \$25 for cutting a page from a magazine on file in the public library in his town. The mutilation of books or magazines in any library, public or private, is an offense which should always be severely punished, for the offender is robbing all future students. It would be fortunate if at some place in their course all high schools should provide for lessons of respect for all public property, trees and shrubs in the streets, school buildings and town halls, as well as for the contents of libraries.

The busiest immigration agencies in this country are the immigrants who have settled here. Of the 108,286 aliens classed as immigrants who landed at the port of New York in the month of March, according to Commissioner Williams, only 2,611 crossed the ocean on the mere chance of finding work. All the rest were bound direct for regions where friends and relatives on the spot had led them to expect employment. No factor has anything like so much to do with the rapid distribution of the inpouring floods of immigrants as the unorganized system of intelligence by which the tens of thousands of Italians, Hungarians, Russians and Austrians are guided to a definite destination. If industry is depressed and employment suddenly falls, as in 1907, the effect

is soon felt abroad through the same channels of communication. The regulation of this huge movement of foreigners seeking opportunities in a strange country to gain their bread has become almost wholly automatic. On the whole the transportation companies have probably far less to do with it than has generally been believed. One striking fact is that the high cost of living in this country, which is the cause of universal complaint, seems to exercise no influence in checking immigration. Is it because the rate of wages, appearing high in the eyes of foreigners, obscure all adverse considerations, or because the foreign laborer practises habits of thrift and self-denial here which, in spite of the high cost of living, still leave him confident of faring far better here than in his native country? The question occurs, how long in his new surroundings will he and his children remain proof against the national habit of extravagance?

The advice to think, read, form ideas before indulging in free and unlimited conversation is good for men as well as women. The lady who boldly accused many representatives of her sex of imagining that inconsequential small talk serves every purpose should be invited to lecture before young men. Carlyle's eloquent tribute to silence was amusing in view of his own garrulity and verbosity, but there is a golden mean between taciturnity and extreme economy of speech, on the one hand, and perpetual chatter on the other. The way to that golden mean lies through study of good books and attention to things that matter, to serious and interesting questions of the time—artistic, social, literary, political. Fortunately, women and girls to-day are not open to wholesale indictments for inane gossip and trivial talk. The tendency is distinctly toward reading and thinking. For example, an inquiry at Wellesley showed that out of 450 undergraduates 160 read some newspapers regularly, 230 some good weekly, and every girl some monthly. There is marked interest in classical fiction, the drama, poetry even, and in the modern short story. We do not imagine this showing at all exceptional. Turn to the programs of the women's clubs all over the country, and the range covered is astonishing. The modern woman or girl makes all knowledge her province, and that has been recognized as a characteristic of the age. Still, the empty-headed chatterers have not disappeared from the face of the earth, and the gospel of reading and thinking is by no means superfluous. It is not out of place even in college halls and fraternity houses. It may be said, roughly, that to make men and women read and think, to cause one word to be uttered where five were uttered before, is to confer a great benefit on humanity.

ESTABROOK'S COMPANY.

Troop Raised in New England to Suppress Mormon Rebellion.

Dr. George C. Estabrook of Rockland is one of the few men now living who saw Fort Sumter fired upon. He is also a survivor of a company which responded to President Buchanan's call for 2,500 men to suppress the mormon rebellion in 1857, the Kennebec Journal says.

That a company of 100 men was raised in New England to assist in subduing this rebellion is an unrecorded item of history that is probably not known to-day to more than a few score persons. This company was raised in Camden by the young dry goods clerk Estabrook. Accompanied by the Hon. Edwin Estabrook, whose brother-in-law was assistant secretary of state, and Nathaniel Jones, a prominent Camden merchant, young Estabrook went on to Washington and was granted a personal interview with President Buchanan.

He gave quiet attention while Estabrook explained the errand which had brought him there, but exhibited the keenest interest when he saw the company papers, the heading of which had been prepared by Alvin R. Dunton of Camden, author of the Duntonian system of penmanship, probably the finest writer of that period.

"Did you write that?" asked President Buchanan.

Estabrook made haste to disclaim the credit and explained who had done it.

"Well, that's the finest writing I ever saw," said the president, and he gazed at it some time, lost in admiration.

In the end the company was accepted as a tribute to the young man's loyalty and promptness, but President Buchanan explained that the government would send only those troops nearest the scene of action, so the only company raised in New England for the purpose of fighting mormons remained peacefully in the background.

Congratulations.

Old Nurse (to newly married couple, after viewing the wedding presents)—Well, my dears, you ought to be very 'appy. There ain't a thing among 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to 'andle.—Punch.

Of the 1,023 locomotives built by one firm last year, 197 were electric



First Child—We've got a new baby at our house. Second Child (contemptuously)—We've got a new pa at ours.—Presbyterian Standard.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone. She—What did he say? He—He said, "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—Home Life.

"Why are you so sad?" "My wife has been ordered to the country for three months." "I understand." "No you don't; she won't go."—Fliegende Blatter.

Teacher—Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill? Jimmy—No, ma'am. Ma washed my face this morning herself.—Woman's Home Companion.

Pa—But, young man, do you think you can make my little girl happy? Suitor—Do I? Say, I wish you could 'a seen her when I proposed!—Cleveland Leader.

"He seems to be cheerful." "He is. He found a dollar in an old suit of clothes yesterday morning, and now he thinks his luck has turned."—Detroit Free Press.

"So your wife wants to vote?" "Not exactly," replied Mr. Meekton. "She wants the opportunity of voting if she wishes. Then she will do as she likes about it."—Washington Star.

"What did you do in the army?" "Most of the time I was in charge of a squad of men." "On special duty?" "No—they were taking me to the guardhouse."—Cleveland Leader.

Editor—Have you got that poem on the political situation ready yet? Distracted Tame Poet—Not quite, yet. But I've got the rhymes fixed, and I've only got to fill in the lines.—Scraps.

"What makes the trust magnate look so worried?" "He has just read that the American farmer is very prosperous, and he feels that he must have overlooded something."—Houston Post.

Actor—I have been in your company now for two years, and I think it's time I had an increase in salary. Manager—All right, you can have the parts in which there is eating.—Fliegende Blatter.

A—When I was in the East I met with many begging dervishes. B—I thought they called them howling dervishes. A—That's what they become when you don't give them anything.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

First Boy—Where yer goin' in such a rush? Second Boy (on the run)—Fire alarm! First Boy—Where? Second Boy—Boss said he'd fire me if I wasn't back from his errand in ten minutes.—Boston Transcript.

Old Nurse (to newly married couple, after viewing the wedding presents)—Well, my dears, you ought to be very happy. There ain't a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to 'andle.—Punch.

"I am a poor man." "When we are married I can learn to cook." "Hadn't you—er—better begin practicing," suggested the thrifty suitor, "while your father is yet supplying the raw material, so to speak?"—Stray Stories.

Mother—Do you think that young man has matrimonial intentions, my dear? Daughter—I certainly do, ma'ma. He tried to convince me last night that I looked prettier in that two-guinea hat than in the three-guinea one.—Scraps.

"So there is to be a divorce," said the woman who discusses everybody. "It seems but a little while since he asked for her hand." "Yes," replied the rude man. "He got the hand all right. But it turned out to be a misdeal."—Washington Star.

"So your wife is a suffragette?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Why does she want to vote?" "I don't think Henrietta really desires to vote. She's merely tired of talking to me. She wants a larger and more intelligent audience."—Washington Star.

Murphy—Poor O'Reilly is dead. And a good old soul he was. Casey—Yis, and a thoughtful wan, too. Sure, before he died he called all his creditors to him and told them where they could borrow enough to cover what he owed them.—Washington Star.

Suitor—I suppose your father is altogether taken up with business? Her Little Brother—Yes, dad thinks of nothing else. That must have been why ma said to sister last night that if you meant business it was about time you talked to papa.—Brooklyn Life.

Gunner—You can't get the best of those railway porters who bang your things about. I labeled my trunks "China," and thought they would handle them with unusual care. Guyer—And did they? Gunner—No; but blamed if they didn't ship 'em all the way to Shanghai, and I haven't seen 'em since.—Tit-Bits

KING OF KING'S COOKS.

How British Sovereign's Meals Are Prepared by \$10,000 Chef.

Mr. Menager, the head cook at Buckingham palace, occupies an important post in the royal household. His salary is \$10,000 per annum and he is recognized as being one of the greatest culinary artists in the world. The royal kitchen and the whole kitchen staff are under his complete control.

Opening off the main kitchen at one side of it are half a dozen smaller kitchens, and on the other side there are four offices, where the clerical work in connection with the kitchen department are attended to. One of these offices is Mr. Menager's private room.

Mr. Menager does not live in Buckingham palace, but has his private residence close to it. On arriving at the palace—usually about 11 o'clock in the morning—his first care is to inspect the lunch menu for that day, which has been prepared by his first assistant, and also the menu for breakfast the following morning. He then prepares the dinner menu for the following day—a task that occupies him usually a couple of hours.

No two dinners at the royal table are ever the same. Certain dishes are from time to time repeated, frequently by special request of the king, but what may be termed the general scheme of each dinner is always different. One of the side kitchens is reserved solely for Mr. Menager's use, where he carries out experimental culinary operations and is constantly elaborating and working out new ideas. Some dishes have taken him months of preparation before he has decided to put them into the menu. There is one particular sauce which Mr. Menager invented some years ago to which the king has a particular liking. Mr. Menager was making experiments for over three years before he served this sauce to the royal table.

There are many dishes, by the way, which can be tasted nowhere except at the royal table. The secret of their preparation is known only to Mr. Menager, and he guards such secrets with great care. None of his assistants has the least notion of how these special dishes and sauces are prepared. They simply have the handling of the raw materials and each assistant carries out different directions in its preparation for the table.

The dinner menu is submitted every day to their majesties for approval; but this is a mere matter of form, for neither the king nor queen ever thinks of altering or interfering with Mr. Menager's arrangements.

At 3 o'clock a report is laid before the great chef by the order cook of the various meats that have been ordered in accordance with Mr. Menager's instructions of the day before, and also what is called a kitchen report is given to him by the head assistant cook—which is a detailed statement of the manner in which the dinner for that night is to be prepared. After seeing that everything is in order for their evening's work, Mr. Menager generally leaves the palace about 4 o'clock, returning at 6:30, when he never fails to make a personal inspection of the various ranges, ovens and stoves and takes a careful note of the temperature in each.

The preparation of the royal dinner is then begun. Mr. Menager remains in the kitchen while the work is going forward, keeping a keen eye on everything and everyone, and issuing from time to time instructions to his first lieutenant. At 8:50 exactly a bell is rung and the servants who are to bear the dishes to the state dining room enter the kitchen.

At 9 o'clock dinner is served, and Mr. Menager's work for the day is over. He remains in his private room until 10 o'clock, when he receives a message from the king commending the dinner. This is a ceremony his majesty never forgets to perform.—London Answers.

Self-Sacrifice.

"I guess I'll go back to the country," said the gentle grandmother.

"What's the trouble?" inquired her son-in-law. "Aren't we treating you right?"

"Yes. But the baseball season is here, and I won't be able to resist the temptation to see the games."

"No. If I am seen in the grand stand looking hale and hearty I'll be almost sure to spoil somebody's excuse for being away from the office."—Washington Star.

The Specialist.

Servant—Come quick, sir. Madam is in a fit!

Husband—Just like her. She knows my specialty is diseases of the chest, and she gets an illness for which I shall be obliged to call in another doctor.—Pele Mele.

Willingly.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone.

She—What did he say? He—He said, "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."—Home Life.

Home is a place where a man can do as he pleases—if he is married to the right woman.

By the time you see where you made your mistake it is too late.

FASHION HINTS



A very attractive white foulard with black ring dots, has two deep bands of black on the skirt, one at the knees, and the other as hem.
The deep crushed girdle and cuffs are also of the black silk.

FAMOUS DUELS IN ENGLAND.

Prime Ministers Sought or Gave Satisfaction in Field of Honor.

At least four of England's prime ministers entered the "field of honor," a "Student of the Code," in a letter to the New York Sun says. The Duke of Wellington challenged the Earl of Winchelsea in consequence of the earl's remarks on the Catholic question. They met in Battersea fields. Lord Winchelsea received the duke's fire and then fired in the air.

The Rt-Hon. William Pitt was challenged by George Tierney, president of the board of control, on account of certain objectionable remarks made in the House of Commons. They met on Putney common. Two shots were exchanged and Pitt fired the third time in the air, when a reconciliation was effected.

George Canning met Lord Castlereagh on Putney common. They fought in sight of the windows of the house in which Pitt died. Both missed. At the next exchange Castlereagh's ball entered Mr. Canning's thigh, inflicting a slight wound. The two statesmen assumed their places for a third shot, when the seconds, seeing the blood streaming from Mr. Canning's wound, put an end to the combat.

Benjamin Disraeli likened Daniel O'Connell to the impenitent thief on the cross. O'Connell also used language which was not parliamentary, and Disraeli offered to castigate the Irishman. O'Connell declined to meet him. Disraeli then challenged Morgan O'Connell, the accuser's son, but Morgan O'Connell also declined to meet a Jew on a "field of honor."

Curran, the Irish orator, fought four duels. The first was with Capt. St. Leger, who had insulted an Irish Roman Catholic priest. The captain fired, but Curran did not. "It was not necessary for me to fire at him," the Irish wit afterward wrote; "the gallant captain died three weeks after the duel of the report of his pistol."

The next affair was with Attorney General for Ireland Fitzgibbon. The parties were to fire at pleasure. Curran fired first, and then Fitzgibbon took aim for nearly a minute. On its proving ineffectual Curran remarked: "It was not your fault, Mr. Attorney; you were deliberate enough!" The third duel was with John Egan, an Irish barrister who had the nickname of Bully. Egan was "of immense size, as brawny and almost as black as a coal porter." Curran was facetious on the subject of Egan's size, and they left the field reconciled. Egan became Curran's second in Curran's fourth and last duel, with Lord Buckinghamshire.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan fought Mr. Matthews, "a gentleman of fashion," at Bath in order to vindicate the reputation of Miss Linley. It was done in theatrical style. They fought with swords and great courage and skill were displayed on both sides. Sheridan disarmed his adversary and compelled him to sign a formal retraction. Mr. Matthews again challenged Mr. Sheridan. The parties met on King's Down. The battle was desperately contested. After a discharge of pistols they fought with swords. Both were wounded and fell to the ground, where they continued to fight until the seconds separated them. It was found that Matthews' sword was actually broken off in Sheridan's ear.

It usually takes a stronger hint to induce a visitor to go than was required to get him to come.