

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

It may be necessary to draft census takers the next time a census is taken.

King Menelik, who died several weeks ago, is still dead, contrary to his usual custom.

The man who said that beauty is only skin deep must have had reference to the Ben Davis apple.

We would be glad to know that every man who gets into a hole could, in some way, come out of it whole.

The man who died of heart disease after drawing a royal flush must have had a string of hard luck before that.

A revolution in Nicaragua, when in full career, must be fully as wild, furious and spectacular as a game of Rugby football.

It has been a very difficult matter for this country to keep ex-Presidents on hand. Let Colonel Roosevelt look out for his health.

In one Georgia county recently thirty-six divorces were granted within two hours. If this becomes generally known Reno's business may be ruined.

A Cincinnati man has retired from business with \$1,000,000, which he says is as much money as any man has the right to possess. How he must dislike trouble.

Oscar Hammerstein explains that he got out of grand opera with his health unimpaired and his pocketbook unflattened. Oscar is always doing sensational things.

A New York cartoonist has been ordered to pay his former wife \$400 a month alimony. This will be likely to add to the number of young men who are learning to be cartoonists.

One of the latest wrinkles in Arkansas is to raise large quantities of rice by an improved American method. Every State can do something new and valuable to increase the food supply.

A "school of matrimony" for girls has been instituted in Boston, which proposes to teach "the prime essentials of wedded happiness." After all is said, one of the prime essentials is a good man.

The high price of living ought to diminish cancer. Dr. R. G. Curtin of Philadelphia says that the disease, he thinks, is due to over-nutrition, resulting from the incapacity of the human body to assimilate too great a supply of food.

A physician says a man is just as old as his blood vessels, no matter when he was born. Still, it will be difficult to convince the public that a man whose blood vessels are only 35 is no older than that if he has lost his teeth and his hair and can no longer run for a car without getting out of breath.

In the case of a sick woman and her children who came to this country in the steerage while the husband and father was a cabin passenger, the mother and children were ordered deported on the ground that they were liable to become public charges. The authorities were justified in believing that such a head of a family would put the burden of their support on anyone who would bear it.

One of the most picturesque incidents in Cooper's novel, "The Pioneers," is the flight of the passenger-pigeons which darkened the sky with their millions and were slaughtered by the thousands. Even as late as 1880 the birds were not uncommon, but since then they have become almost extinct. A fund of nearly \$4,000 has been raised by the naturalists of this country and Canada for the protection of the few survivors of these interesting birds.

Sixteen-hour eggs are now advertised in the New York papers—that is, eggs that have been laid only that length of time. The March price was 65 cents a dozen. There is a suggestion in this to farmers who are near any large market. Sixteen-hour celery, or eight-hour string-beans or sweet corn or green peas ought to find a ready sale to families who do not raise their own vegetables, and would like something which has not lain in the markets two or three days, till all the freshness has disappeared.

By far the greatest undertaking ever engaged in by a railroad company, in the nature of constructing a station or terminal, is the work now under way at the Grand Central Station in New York City. There, on Forty-second street and the region north of it, the changes now being made and the new buildings and improvements planned for the next few years represent an

outlay which is estimated at one hundred and eighty million dollars. The station building itself will occupy six city blocks, and the whole terminal plant will occupy seventeen. This station is the greatest traffic center in the world, and on the two levels no fewer than sixty-two tracks will enter. In all the changes being made and all the stupendous structures projected absolute architectural harmony will be maintained. While the work is going on there is no interruption of traffic, and last year about one hundred and eighty thousand trains, handling over twenty million passengers, came and went at the present station.

The cry "Back to the Farm" proceeds chiefly from persons who have achieved position and wealth by ways as remote as possible from the corn rows and the potato hills of the life bucolic. Their examples are the magnets which form the chief attraction to draw the youth of the country districts to the cities. There is nothing more absurd than the vehement appeals of the railroad president or the well-paid metropolitan editor to Hodges and Gregory to "Stand by the soil and make food for the people." Armour was a farmer's boy, as was Rockefeller, and as were McCormick and Pullman. Why did not they practice what they preach, cling to the plow handles and be content to earn in a lifetime by daily toil a sum about half either of their sort pays his chauffeur annually? The only thing that strikes us as ridiculous as the anxiety of this class to keep the hayseeds at work for them is the zeal of every silk-hatted and velvet-handed politician in going about telling men who have grown gray in agricultural pursuits how they should till their acres, and plant their seed, and house their crops, and feed their cattle, and breed their chickens, and milk their cows, and bring up their children. It is enough for a person to hold a public office and straightway he becomes an authority on all things pertaining to husbandry, horticulture, stock raising and fertilizers. He may not, oftenest does not, know the difference between growing wheat and rye, but that does not deter him from playing the role of an expert before audiences not one among whom wouldn't starve to death if he brought to his occupation no more practical knowledge than is possessed by his would-be instructor. Why should the farmers be singled out for this sort of imposition? Of course, we are aware that nearly every individual who can read and write thinks he could fill a pulpit better than the bishop of his diocese and run a newspaper more brilliantly than the dean of American journalism; but such folks at least abstain from calling the preachers and editors together to endorse lectures of criticism and advice from inexperience and incompetence.

"FAN" AND THE "ROOTER."

Important Respects in Which the Two Are Quite Wide Apart.

"There's one thing about this baseball game I'd like to have the public straightened out on before the season proceeds any further," began the smooth-faced little man with the closely cropped white hair, at exactly 2 o'clock in the grand stand yesterday, according to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I refer to the use of the words 'rooter' and 'fan' interchangeably. 'I may be wrong—this is nothing more than my opinion—but it is my firm belief that the baseball fan, by which I mean the man that attends all the games and reads all the accounts in the newspapers after he gets home, is seldom much of a rooter. The fan's the regular; the rooter's the occasional. The fan, the regular, is as impassive and nonexcitable as an old theater attendant is over the dastardly act of the villain in a melodrama. He used to be a rooter, but he quit all forms of outward demonstration when he was graduated into the regular class and became a blown in the bottle fan. It isn't that he's any less appreciative, but he's too old a fixture in the grand stand to be swayed by the passion of the multitude any more than Willie Winter would get het up over the climax to a strong scene on the stage.

"This play-worsted fan says to himself, 'You're out!' or 'You're safe!' the moment the ball has left the surface of the bat, and he begins to jot something down on his scorecard, but you don't see him getting up on his hind legs and hollering about it and making a spectacle of himself.

"Now, the rooter, on the other hand—he doesn't get a chance to attend a ball game every day in the week, and the intervals between his visits to the ball park are sufficient to renew his enthusiasm. So he makes a good deal of noise. Let him do it. He adds to the gaiety of the occasion. We couldn't get along without him. But don't let him pose around as a 'regular.'"

Making a Life.

Many a man has made a good living who has made a poor life. Some men have made splendid lives who have made very moderate and even scanty livings.—Success Magazine.

Some men are proud of their ability to tell a lie that passes for the truth.

BURIAL PLACE OF SHIPS

Pinnacle of Rock at Mouth of San Juan de Fuca Straits, in Pacific Ocean.

LONG RECORD OF DISASTER.

New Theory Advanced as to the Loss of Many Vessels Near Vancouver Coast.

That there is a graveyard of steamers at the entrance to the Straits of San Juan de Fuca is the theory advanced by local shipping men apropos of the reports from Ucluelet, which they conjectured might be the bulk of the long lost war sloop Condor, with which 140 British sailors went down. "I have watched the accounts of the loss of the steamers missing after their departure from these shores carefully," says a marine authority, according to a Victoria correspondent of the New York Sun, "and am convinced that the most probable cause of the repeated disasters is a pinnacle of rock. Somewhere northwest of Duzente Head there is probably such a pinnacle, and the loss of the Condor and of the steamers Matteawan, Montserrat, Keewatin and others that have disappeared, leaving but scant wreckage found long after to indicate their fate, has in all probability been due to their colliding with this pinnacle. If investigations were made, say by sweeping with a chain between two vessels, this obstruction should be definitely placed.

Graveyard of the Sea.

"The wrecks of these almost forgotten craft lie probably heaped together in this graveyard of ships, and if a wrecking vessel went to investigate the result ought to be of large advantage to the wreckers. If they located the wrecks they would recover chain and other materials which would handsomely reward them."

The people of Ucluelet are excited over the reports of the steamer Orion concerning the obstruction she encountered. There is, however, nothing beyond the fouling of the whaler's cable and that the cut end came up covered with paint to base the location of a wreck upon. Nearer to the village is the well known wreck beneath the water of the iron-hulled Pass of Melfort, which drove against the cliffs of Amphitrite point one dark winter's night and foundered with all hands.

It is certain that the bones of many ships lie off the coast of Vancouver Island. A few scattered and broken hulls still perched along the beach remain as monuments. Some years ago Capt. T. P. H. Whitelaw, the veteran wrecker, combed this graveyard superficially and brought up anchor chains and other finds that told of wrecks beneath the waters.

In the '70s the first trading posts were established and the first missionaries went to blaze the way of settlement and civilization in this region. Father Brabant was one of the first coast missionaries and soon after he went to Hesquoit in 1874 he was called upon to bury twelve bodies swept ashore from the Malleville, a Cape Cod brigantine that had dashed against the shore. Since then many vessels have been lost or abandoned there. From some boats have reached shore; of others no vestige has been found. Often but a name board picked up has told of a ship lost with all on board. The bark Dominion left Honolulu for Victoria some years ago and was not heard from. Then, while a missionary was walking along the sandy beach in front of his humble home at Clo-oose, where the Indians have a village fronting the ocean, he found a nameboard marked "Dominion." Of others believed to be under these waters not even a nameboard or a life-buoy has been found.

TO WASH PAPER MONEY.

Laundry May Be Established in Cincinnati for Purpose.

Cincinnati is likely to have a new laundry. Uncle Sam is to be the proprietor and while it is to be for the benefit of the public the populace will not be allowed to wash its dirty linen there, the Enquirer of that city says. If it is secured here it will be a unique enterprise and be the first of its kind to be regularly established in the United States and probably the first of the kind in the world. In fact, the laundering will be done free to the general public.

If the efforts of Assistant United States Treasurer C. A. Bosworth are successful it will be established in the treasury. His chief deputy, R. B. Barrett, has just returned from a trip through the east and while in Washington he paid a visit to the treasury department and there was shown a new process whereby it is intended to wash clean all dirty bills that are still capable of being placed in circulation. Deputy Barrett states that when he

was there he was asked for a dirty bill and he handed a five-spot taken from the money he had brought from Cincinnati. It was returned to him in an altered condition. One half of the bill as bright as when it first came from the printing presses and the other half retained a reminder of this city. It was explained that the department is experimenting and that the prospect is that in the very near future instead of destroying and macerating all bills unfit for circulation and replacing them with new the old will be washed antiseptically clean and again placed in circulation. Chief Deputy Barrett secured a promise that as soon as it is found to answer the purposes claimed for it a laundry of this character will be established here.

It is estimated that by this means hundreds of thousands of dollars will be saved to the government annually. The authorities have for the past several years endeavored to place in circulation only clean money, and as soon as it becomes soiled it is retired and replaced by new. Last year there was forwarded from this city alone \$24,000,000 in unfit currency to Washington, which was macerated and destroyed. It costs the government 20 cents per \$1,000 to ship this unclean stuff to headquarters and then there is the additional cost of destroying it.

It is the intention of the government to assort the currency gathered up by banks into three classes—one that is but slightly soiled and can be at once turned back into circulation; a second that is considered unfit and the third that has become so worn and filthy that it would be a menace to the public. The latter class is to be destroyed, as is done at present, while the second class is to be restored to its pristine appearance.

CITIES THAT LEAD THE WORLD

Spirit That Animated Middle Ages Now Inspires Germany.

I know of no cities in the modern world which compare with those which have arisen in Germany during the past twenty years. Frederic C. Howe writes in Scribner's. There are none in Great Britain, from which country official delegations are constantly crossing the North sea to study the achievements of the German city. There are none in France, in which country the building of cities has made but little progress since the achievements of Baron Hausman made Paris the beautiful city that it is.

There have been three great periods in which the building of cities inspired the thoughts and dreams of men. In the age of the Attonines the Roman people gave themselves with enthusiasm to the embellishment of their cities. The great public structures, the temples, amphitheatres and palaces then erected have withstood the ravages of time and still remain the wonder of subsequent centuries. During the middle ages the cities of Italy, France, Germany and the Netherlands erected similar monuments expressive of the love and pride awakened by their newly obtained freedom. Now again in the twentieth century the German people are expressing their pride in the fatherland and the imperial aspirations of Germany in monuments of the same permanent character and artistic splendor. Capital cities like Berlin, Munich and Dresden, as well as more commercial cities like Dusseldorf, Mannheim, Frankfurt, Cologne, Wiesbaden and Stuttgart, are vying with one another in the beautiful, the orderly and the serviceable.

Important as is the honesty and the efficiency of the German city, it is the bigness of vision, boldness of execution and far-sighted outlook on the future that are most amazing. Germany is building her cities as Bismarck perfected the army before Sadowa and Sedan; as the empire is building its warships and merchantmen; as she develops her waterways and educational systems.

No Criterion.

Once during the progress of a certain case Sir Charles Darling remonstrated with a barrister for the way in which he was arguing a point.

"You will pardon me, my lord," said the latter, "but perhaps I may remind you that you argued a case in a skilful way yourself when you were at the bar."

"Yes, I admit it," replied his lordship, with a quiet smile, "but that was the fault of the judge who allowed it."—London Tit-Bits.

Tailors' Dummies.

Present-day fashion drawings are artificially run amuck. According to the artist, every man has beautifully squared shoulders, an unnaturally straight back, feminine waist proportions, and long, slender and perfectly straight legs that are innocent of muscular development.—Men's Wear.

The Shaky Ladder.

Many a man has spent the best years of his life climbing the ladder of fame only to have the thing tilt over backward just as he grasped the last rung.—Chicago Record-Herald.

If one married man knows a thing, every woman in the neighborhood will soon hear about it.



He looked in a milliner's window and saw "Hats reduced." "Great Scott!" said he to himself. "What was their original size?"

Prue—Do you think he was sincere when he said he loved you? Dolly—I'm sure of it. He looked too foolish to be making believe.

Mrs. Knicker—Do you let Bridget eat with the family? Mrs. Bocker—Yes; it's much cheaper than to have her eat with the policeman.—Puck.

"That clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker." "Yes; that's his specialty." "What, working?" "No—seeming to."—Philadelphia Ledger.

She—I'll never have another photograph taken. He—Why not? She—If it looks like me I don't like it, and if it flatters me my friends don't like it.

"And is your milk pasteurized?" asks the prospective customer of the dairyman. "Sure," he replies. "My boys pasturize the cows every morning."

"Jones made an awful big hit at the banquet the other night." "Is that so?" "Yes; he was called on for a speech and refused."—Detroit Free Press.

Him—You're the only girl I ever loved! Her—That's interesting but immaterial. What I want to know is, am I the only girl you're ever going to love?

"Will fly with me?" asked the ardent aviator. "All depends," answered the practical girl. "Is that a proposal, or merely an invitation to go aviating?"

Madge—Edith is surely not going to marry that living skeleton of a man. He's nothing but skin and bones. Tess—Why not? He'll make her a rattling husband.—Boston Transcript.

"The young man who called on me last night says there is a fool in every family." "Was he trying to advance that as a reason why we should take him into ours?"—Houston Post.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?" "The things we ain't got!" shouted the bright boy in the back seat.—St. Louis News.

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, but couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks; "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—Musical Courier.

"These 'ere flying machines and wireless telegrams—wonderful, ain't it, Mike?" "Tis that. Ah, Tim, afore we're old men we shall be able to travel round the world without leavin' ome."—The Sketch.

"Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?" "I am inclined to go further than Darwin did," answered Miss Cayenne, "and believe that some members of our species have started on a return trip."—Washington Star.

Hewitt—It took the suffragette parade three hours to pass a given point. Jewett—Were there many women in line? Hewitt—Not so very many, but they had to halt every time they approached a dry goods store.—Chicago News.

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.

"I am dissatisfied with your account of my discovery," declared the scientist. "I told you that it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this discovery." "Well!" said the reporter. "You didn't try."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"You can't run a newspaper that will absolutely please everybody," said the editor. "No," replied the old subscriber; "a man's opinion of the fashion page is usually pretty much the same as his wife's opinion of the sporting section."—Washington Star.

"Rory," said the minister, "I hear ye were at Dunlop's kirk on Sunday last. Not that I object, ye ken, but ye widna yersel like yer ain sheep strayin' away into strange pastures." "I widna care, sir," said Rory. "If it was better grass."—Boston Transcript.

"I'm afraid my husband is developing the gambling instinct," sobbed the bride. "What's the matter, dear? Has he been playing poker?" "No, but yesterday he offered to match pennies with brother Frank to determine which one should pay the car fare."—Detroit Free Press.

Saylor—Van Janter's big apartment house burned this morning and the tenants would hardly permit themselves to be dragged out. Metz—Why were they so reluctant to leave? Saylor—They said it was the first time the building had ever been comfortably warm.—Chicago News