

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

A smuggled necessity becomes an expensive luxury when caught.

The latest puzzle is to find the "buried cities" in the Caribbean sea.

Try to do a little work. The report that the fish are biting is probably a false alarm.

Three of the American wars have had a mortality as high as that of some coal mines.

Pork is getting so high that to be called a ham these days is really considered a compliment.

Another youth has gone wrong under the influence of dime novels. A little reading is still a dangerous thing.

Life, let it be observed, is not one grand sweet song for kings and emperors. They have to kiss one another.

It is announced that John D. Rockefeller wears a paper vest when he plays golf. We know mere clerks who do that.

Why should not the young man's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of love? Spring millinery bills do not embitter his dreams.

"We've noticed," says the St. Louis Star, "a falling off in the number of women who ask: 'Is my hat on straight?'" The women must be leaving St. Louis.

Andrew Carnegie admits that he has made forty millionaires, and sixteen of them have since been divorced. Andy should have made their wives the millionaires.

"If you wish to live long," says an eminent monogenarian, "work hard and eat no meat." Even people who have little moral courage find it convenient to adopt this scheme now.

Meanwhile, it may comfort those persons who think they have had a narrow escape to reflect that it will be seventy-five years before Halley's comet visits this part of the universe again.

When King George said good-by to Emperor William at the depot the German ruler kissed the new king three times, notwithstanding the fact that scientists say whiskers are generally full of germs.

Discovering that Secretary Wilson's cook book devotes some space to telling of the toothsome of the muskrat when properly cooked, we are constrained to announce that we have lost confidence in that literary production.

A Pennsylvania man remembered his wife in his will and also the widow next door, dividing his property between them, but stipulating that if either started a quarrel her share goes to the other. The vaunted wisdom of Solomon could have gone no further than this.

People whose alleged reason for not going abroad is that they are afraid of being seasick in crossing the English channel may be interested to know that the Paris-London Transatlantic Company hopes to be able to start a cross-channel service by airship between Dover and Calais within a few months.

There will be sympathy for the aged Kansan who remarked, when the late April cold wave made its appearance, "This has been the shortest summer I ever knew." All preconceived notions as to what weather was capable of have been upset by this extraordinary spring. Only by keeping a calendar in plain sight can one tell what time of year it really is.

Colleges have many problems to face in common, but Brown University has one which appears to be peculiar to itself. There is a complaint that the "babies of Providence, accompanied by their nurses, take possession of the campus on pleasant days, and use it as a public playground. The paths are blocked by baby carriages, according to President Faunce, and the students cannot safely play ball under the trees. The authorities of the university dislike to appear inhospitable, but naturally they feel that there is such a thing as entering upon a college career too early in life.

Raspberry jam, when eaten at midnight with a hatpin, is "galopious," according to the verdict of boarding school girls. General agreement with this verdict induced so active a demand for raspberries in Scotland that many small fruit farms were started a few years ago. Land which was rented at from five to seven dollars and a half an acre in 1900, found ten-

ants at from thirty to fifty dollars an acre six years later, and the raspberries sold for two hundred dollars a ton. As from one and a half to four tons an acre could be raised, the business was profitable. But in spite of the "galopiousness" of raspberry jam at midnight and at other times of the day, the supply soon exceeded the demand, and the price fell rapidly, till last year forty-four dollars a ton was the market price, and those who had entered the business late lost their money. This is but another illustration of the failure of the average man to act on the rule of the judicious, who raise some other crop when everybody is raising raspberries, or wheat or potatoes, or beans, or onions, or whatever the fad of the moment may be.

Is the tyranny of the microbe to be broken? For a good many years scientists and pseudo-scientists have been busy throwing scares into the community by descending upon the dangers that lurk everywhere from these microscopic organisms. People have been warned not to do this and that, lest the bacteria lying in wait invade some of their tissues or viscera and set up dangerous or fatal disease conditions. Even kissing has been placed under the ban by some doctors. They have said that bacilli so small that, like some of the alleged devils of the Inferno, a million of them can dance upon the point of a needle, may be transferred by the meeting of the lips. Thus, if one of the kissers happened to be diseased, the healthy one would become inoculated—or, if both happened to be a little off the condition of perfect health, the mingling of the atoms might produce baleful consequences. But now we are assured by an eminent Boston physician, professor of Harvard Medical School, that kissing is a perfectly safe pastime so far as bacteria are concerned—that the only possible danger in kissing is from heart trouble. It is safe to say that the whole population that has not outlived the years of romance will join in hearty thanks to this learned professor. The possible danger from heart trouble will be to them a negligible quantity. Heart trouble is what many of them are looking for, and if it should prove fatal they would be in the state of bliss of the insect described by the poet as dying of a rose in aromatic pain. Now that the ball has been started we shall possibly hear from other good authorities that other customary delights need not be eschewed for fear of microbes. Perhaps the terror of microbes in connection with the ordinary every-day incidents of life will fade away with the belief in Salem witchcraft and other delusions.

ONE-MINUTE WIRELESS.

Men Who Can Put Up Portable Station in That Time.

There is no other country with a trained squad of men possessed of apparatus which can be taken from a wagon, set up and put in operation capable of sending a wireless message twenty-five miles and occupying one minute and eight seconds only from the time of command, "Halt, open station!" to the first buzz of the wireless wave-producing spark.

There is more to opening a wireless station than hauling the apparatus from the wagon. It means erecting a mast 40 feet high, spreading for 150 feet each four-stranded wires which perform the double purpose of holding up the mast and of serving as the antennae of the wireless set, spreading another smaller set of insulated wire at the base of the mast for a "ground," and connecting the instruments and the source of power.

When the first portable wireless was made in this country a few years ago a 60-foot mast was required, demanding a complicated system of guys, a troublesome ground and several hundred feet radius of clear space for the erection of the station. The writer well remembers seeing the first tests of erecting this mast at Fort Myer, Va., and thinking that a hostile force would have little trouble finding time to demolish such an outfit during the three-quarters of an hour it took to get it in working order.—Popular Mechanics.

The Costless Man.

There is a man named M. V. Osborn out in Arkansas who is known as the costless man because only three times since he was married forty-six years ago has he donned a coat. No matter what the weather may be he wears neither coat nor overshirt and believes his health is the better for it. He drinks no intoxicants and does not smoke, but he has chewed tobacco for sixty-five years. He is now 73 and in perfect health. Another peculiarity of his lies in his habit of always wearing a hat. He never takes his hat off except to go to bed or when eating with strangers. His youngest child is less than 3 years old.

A Ton of Pens.

A ton of steel will make a million and a half pens.

The biggest liar in this country is talking of starting a magazine to be devoted to the Truth.

SHEAR NONSENSE

"Do you know many languages, Miss Flora?" "Oh, yes. Stamp, flowers, handkerchief and fan languages."

"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?" "No; but it's customary."

Her Father—Blanche, why doesn't Mr. Linger go home earlier? Blanche—I'm why, Dad!

"So he has lost faith in deep breathing?" "Yes; it wouldn't keep his hair from falling out."

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.

"What did your wife say when you stayed out so late last night?" "I don't know. She hasn't finished telling it to me yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Gentleman (hiring valet)—Then I understand you have some knowledge of barbering. You've cut hair, off and on? Applicant—Off, sir, but never on.

Tommy's Mother—Why aren't you a good boy, like Willie B Jones? Tommy—Huh! It's easy enough for him to be good; he's sick most of the time.

Teacher—Didn't Jimmy Green help you to do this sum? Willie—No'm. Teacher—Are you sure he didn't? Willie—He didn't help me; he did it all.

"Did yez know that Casey tuk out a thousand dollars life insurance only the day before he wuz kilt?" "Sure! Casey wuz alwa-ays lucky."—Life.

"You call them a well-matched couple!" "I certainly do." "Why, she is so short and he is so tall!" "He is very short with her."—Houston Post.

Father—What! You want to marry my daughter? Why, sir, you can't support her. I can hardly do it myself. Suitor—C-can't we chip in together?

Young Wife—This dish, dearest, is an original composition of my own. Husband—Well, I should rather, my pet, that you would cook after the old masters.

Mrs. Caller—Do you know the woman next door well enough to speak to? Mrs. Subbubs—Well enough? I knew her too well to speak to—Saturday Sunset.

Mrs. Hutton—We are organizing a piano club, Mr. Flatleigh. Will you join us? Flatleigh—With pleasure, Mrs. Hutton. What pianist do you propose to club first?

"What's become of Jakes?" "He's gone all to pieces." "You don't say so! Nervous prostration?" "No; he looked for a gas leak with a lighted candle."—Baltimore American.

Judge—Why did you burn your barn down, just after getting it insured? Farmer—Your honor, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and insurance, too.—Meggendorfer Bletter.

"Please contribute to our fund to send a missionary to the cannibals. 'I won't—I'm a vegetarian and don't believe in it. But I'll send them some cereals, if you wish.'—Cleveland Leader.

Hobbs—I guess the elevator is out of order. What is that sign on the door? Dobbs—The elevator man must be a bit of a wag. It says, "Please pardon me for not rising."—Boston Transcript.

"My good man," said the kind old lady to the ex-convict who had called begging, "what were you in for?" "Robbing the guests in a hotel, mum." "Ah! were you the proprietor or the head waiter?"

Fred—There seems to a lot more fuss made of Miss A's singing than Miss K's, and I am sure Miss K has by far the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes; but Miss A has by far the richer father.—Boston Courier.

"I see, my man, you have had many trials," exclaimed a kind hearted old lady to a tramp, who had called upon her for assistance. "Yes," replied the tramp, "and the worst of it there were so many convictions."

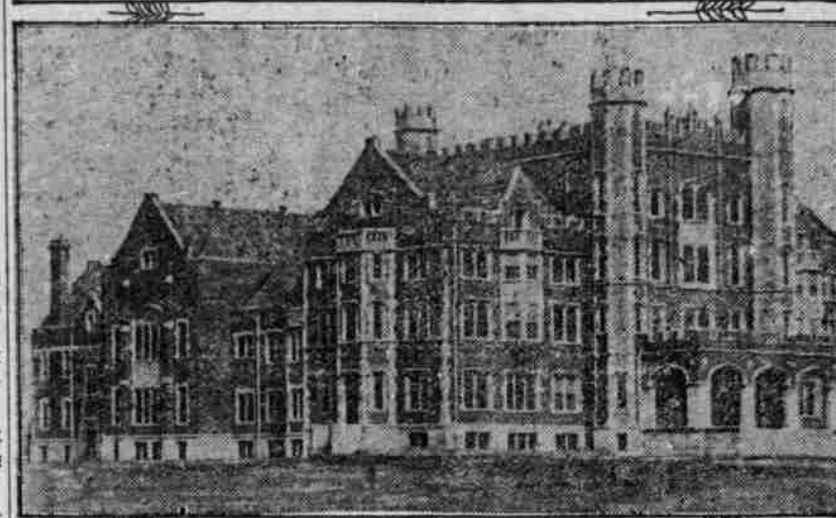
"Sir, I have no home," began the seedy looking man, "and—" "No taxes to pay, no rent, no coal bills, no worry over the rise in milk prices! Permit me to congratulate you." "I have no job and—" "Lucky chap! No danger of being fired." "But I am serious. I have no money and—" "No temptation to spend it foolishly on able-bodied beggars. Why, you're a veritable child of fortune. Good-day!"

As Good as Refused.

"And she refused you?" "Practically. She said she would marry me as soon as I settled down and went to work at something worth while."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The most disgusting liar is the loafer who claims to be as good as an industrious man.

HOME FOR AGED ILLINOIS PYTHIANS AND ORPHANS.



Illinois Knights of Pythias are pardonably proud of their home for aged members of the Order and orphaned children of members, just completed at Decatur. The home cost \$150,000. In 1906 the Grand Lodge accepted the report of the committee on location, Decatur offering the strongest inducements. The building is four stories in height, brick and stone being used in the construction, and it is fireproof. An auditorium on the main floor will accommodate 400 people. One hundred and fifty inmates can be taken care of, and the board will construct cottages should the number of inmates exceed the capacity of the main building.

FORMER U. S. TREASURER, WHO DIED OF APOPLEXY.

Charles Henry Treat, treasurer of the United States under President Roosevelt, who recently died of apoplexy, was born in Frankfort, Me., about sixty-eight years ago. Among his ancestors were Robert Treat Paine, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Robert Treat, a colonial governor of Connecticut. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1865, and at once entered business with his father and brothers, who operated a fleet of twenty-eight vessels engaged in the import and export trade. In 1888 he was Delaware's delegate-at-large to the Republican convention in Chicago and was credited with solidifying the Delaware delegation for Benjamin Harrison.



Charles H. Treat.

Soon after McKinley's election he was appointed collector of internal revenue for the Wall street district, serving during the Spanish-American war.

Out of Tune.

A piano tuner employed by a city firm was sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition and not in the least need of attention. A few days later the firm received a letter from the owner of the piano, a lady of musical intention, saying that the piano had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before. After receiving a reprimand from his employer the hapless tuner made another trip to the suburbs and again tested every note, only to find, as before, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so.

"Yes," she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play on it, but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune again."

One Honest Man.

Mrs. Youngbride—Mrs. Smith says there is lots of cream on her milk bottles every morning. Why is there never any on ours.

The Milkman—I'm too honest, lady, that's why. I fills my bottles so full that there ain't never no room left for cream.—Woman's Home Companion.

An Inquirer.

Political Agitator—I say again, gentlemen, the socialists are putting in the thin end of the wedge. Voice from the Crowd—Say, gov'nor, you wouldn't 'ave 'em put in the thick end first, would yer?—M. A. P.

The doctor who speaks but one language may understand many tongues.

Whisky and love never affect two men in exactly the same way.



Tubbing and Rubbing.

A great many people seem to pride themselves on being well bathed individuals on the ground that every morning they jump for a short moment into a tub of cold water. As a matter of fact it is quite possible to perform this feat for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and yet to miss entirely the real purpose of the daily bath.

The cold plunge or shower is excellent in its way for those to whom it is suited, that is, for the young and the vigorous, who react perfectly. For these it is invigorating and stimulating. As a cleansing process it is hardly enough, because getting clean does not mean merely letting water pass over the surface of the body. To be really clean one must make sure that the millions of tiny pores, by means of which the skin does its work for the physical economy, are kept cleared of waste products and in good working condition.

The skin is one of the most important of the scavengers of the system, but one cannot expect it to do its work properly if its myriads of tiny holes through which it gives off waste matter are blocked.

This waste matter is largely given off in the perspiration, which is coming through it all the time, whether sensibly or insensibly. If this perspiration is checked, the waste products are driven into the system, with the result that the other organs of elimination, the kidneys or the bowels, are asked to do double duty, and double duty is not demanded of any organ long without a bill having to be paid somehow, some time.

To keep the skin in perfect working condition an occasional bath that really washes it is called for. This bath should take the form of plenty of warm water, some good mild soap, a small brush, and above all a good rough towel, for the final rub is really more important than the soap and water wash.

The skin is renewing itself all the time, with the result that it is always giving off minute scales, and it is these which largely serve to block the pores. Anyone can stand in a good light with a clean, dry nail brush and prove this. Use the brush vigorously anywhere on the skin and observe the minute dry particles that will fly off. It stands to reason that a swift plunge into cold water and a gingerly dab with a smooth towel are not enough to properly remove these scales. In fact, if one were so placed that it was temporarily impossible to get a bath, the skin could be kept in condition by vigorous dry rubbing, so far as all the purposes of health demanded.—Youth's Companion.

Of Course Not.

"By the way, Elder Browne, why is it that you always address your congregation as 'brethren,' and never mention the women in your sermons?"

"But, my dear madam, the one embraces the other."

"Oh, but, Elder, not in church!"—Success Magazine.

The Scoffer.

"Here," solemnly said the Bostonian, "General Warren fell."

"So?" replied the gentleman from Chicago, running a speculative eye up and down the perpendicular of Bunker Hill monument. "Must have been a swell subject for a moving picture act."—Puck.