

Topics of the Times

The biggest man in congress does not always introduce the greatest number of bills.

No doubt it would take all the romance out of the unwritten law to have it written.

A London paper says the President's recent message was "jeune." Go to England for good plain English.

The world's wheat crop is 400,000,000 bushels short. This probably will cause an advance in egg and meat prices.

Some men are so superstitious that they believe a laugh at the breakfast table will queer them for the rest of the day.

A lawyer named Sex threw an ink bottle at an opponent and injured an innocent bystander. Must have been feminine sex.

Prejudice against the new \$20 gold piece, however, is not so violent as to lead anybody to refuse one when actually tendered.

Had it been necessary, the jurors in the Bradley case would no doubt have decided that ex-Senator Brown was killed by falling down an elevator shaft.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder how the combination of no fruit crops and pure food law would affect the jam industry? Probably it has been feared.

A Baltimore jury has awarded a resident of that city 1 cent damages for the loss of his wife's affections. If he wanted revenge he ought to be thoroughly satisfied.

Men will have their own ideas as to which country would win in the event of war between the United States and Japan, but in the matter of talking peace the score is a tie.

An inquirer writes to know why the Standard Oil Company has not yet paid that big fine. The reason is very plain. The Standard does not pay fines until it has exhausted the last means of keeping from it.

The proposition that actors should be hypnotists has been advanced by a member of the profession. However, the presence of a hypnotist in the box office could no doubt prevent the audience from insisting on having their money back.

Another outrageous attack on the vested interests. In Detroit the name of a millionaire merchant has been scratched from the society list, while that of a woman who once was a clerk in his shop remains. If this thing continues transfusion of blue blood from the arteries of pennurious members of old families to the veins of clammy mushroom millionaires will become a more popular operation than appendicitis.

Although it is the fashion to belittle some of the men who have filled the office of President, it is well to remember what Congressman John Sharp Williams said in Vicksburg the other day, at a reception in honor of President Roosevelt. The Democratic leader remarked that "you cannot, in the history of any country, ancient or modern, find a succession of twenty-five kings, emperors, or even prime ministers, that equals in intelligence, culture, courage or character of the twenty-five Presidents of this great republic, from Washington to Roosevelt."

How foolishly some American newspapers jump at conclusions was well shown by the "war scare" created by the Mikado's proclamation to the Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands. Because he urged them, "in the event of an emergency," to hold themselves ready to serve their country, it was at once concluded that the "emergency" was a coming war with this country. It developed, however, that the proclamation is one which has been issued annually, in the same words, for a score of years, on the Emperor's birthday, to all Japanese resident abroad, and is as perfunctory as the ordinary Thanksgiving proclamation in America. The Japanese have a keen sense of humor; they must find a good many unintended occasions for a smile.

As to titles of nobility, there are perhaps a dozen families in this country who are able to show a descent, under genealogical forms, from coroneted houses. It is a strange fact, or at least it must strike snobs and flunkies as strange, that these families have never asserted their claims, never had their pedigrees printed, never had the branches of their family trees in the newspapers, and never will. This is due to combination of high qualities, each one of which marks them as noble, with or without the titles they might claim. First, it shows the fine pride of disdaining to mourn, in public, what the world would call a departed glory. Next, it is the expression of the contempt of proud and independent spirits of the gaily baubles which only cravens and footmen worship. And lastly, since all of these families run back to the revolutionary days, and all of them in

that day were Whigs. It is the survival of a fine and splendid American patriotism, higher, perhaps, because its earliest ancestors had been punished in court circulars, peerages and other ignominious publications in which the royalty and nobility of that day, as of this, made themselves ridiculous.

The steady advances of the national movement in local elections are so continuous and so widely scattered that it is difficult to keep track of them. The other day two more counties in Alabama added themselves to the "dry" list, but a fact like that is only observed in the careless way that one observes minor happenings, which are just what one has anticipated. The elections in Massachusetts, involving the liquor question in eighteen towns and cities, have, however, succeeded in attracting more attention. Worcester, Lynn and Haverhill are among the cities that now exclude the saloon, and the first of these will be dry for the first time in seventeen years. Many other cities went against liquor as a matter of course, but it is specially noted that in the cases in which saloons are retained the majorities in favor of them are greatly reduced. Fall River, for example, a mill town with a large foreign population, keeps its saloons, but instead of a majority of 4,000 for them it has only 1,487. Boston showed a similar tendency. Chelsea is the only place that let the saloons come back after having been without them for a year.

The probation theory of handling criminals is steadily gaining strength. It is appealing to criminologists as a possible solution of many of the ills of the modern prison system. In the case of youthful offenders it has met with such good results that the extension of the principle to adults has followed as a natural development. The statements of Municipal Judge Cleland indicate that it has worked fairly well as administered by him during the last eight months and a half in Chicago. In that time he has paroled 800 persons. Of these, ninety-six have broken their word. Those figures mean that in many instances men have proved their right to have another chance when for one reason or another they have offended against the law. They add strength to the theory that genuine reform is attained only when the inner nature of the individual is appealed to. But there is a danger attending the probation method which is well pointed out by Municipal Judge Sadler. The enthusiastic advocate of probation on parole may be carried away by his interest in the plan. He may forget that the public safety is of vastly greater importance than the test of a theory. The incorrigible criminal may escape merited imprisonment by promises of reform, only to offend again. There is much chance that the law of kindness will fail in the case of the adult offender. Failure to enforce the law breeds contempt of the law. When the law of kindness comes into conflict with the public safety the provisions for the latter must take precedence. On youthful criminals the two judges are agreed. If the tendency to crime on the part of the young can be checked by wise probation, and by the rule of kindness, much will be accomplished in the direction of reducing crime. In handling the adults there is room for sharp difference of opinion. By the exercise of wisdom many of them may be saved to good citizenship. But the danger already mentioned is always present. If life and property can be made safer by the imprisonment of adult offenders that result is of more importance to society than a doubtful test of the honesty of an erring man. Somewhere between the extremes suggested by the two judges lies the golden mean of correct administration. Probation may fail in a notable case. Imprisonment may make a confirmed criminal of one who might be saved by kindness. But the fundamental consideration should always be the welfare and safety of the community at large.



Must Have Been
Uncle—I've brought a nice book for you, Bobby. It's about a beautiful girl who slept and slept, and no one could wake her.
Bobby—Was she a servant, uncle?
Aly Sloper.

Worse.
"It is a pity that there are so many people who tell falsehoods."
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but think how much worse it would be if we had to accept all the gossip we hear as positively true."—Washington Star.
When we are in trouble, some people can say: "Isn't it too bad?" and make us madder than though they should say: "I'm glad of it."

MORE THE FINAL TEST OF HUMAN NATURE.

The human being attains his highest earthly development at home. Home is the crucial test of human nature. If, when divorced of "company manners" and free from all restraint and necessity for pretending, we are still lovable, still free from actual coarseness, still endeared to the ennobling side of life, which so many people only pretend to hold to, we are indeed fortunate.



JULIET V. STRAUS.

To those earnest women who are so diligently seeking the key to smooth, pleasant daily living without annoyance or friction, let me say that they are on a fruitless quest. Life is very much alike for us all. Home is a thing of various phases, its sharp contrasts only the more endearing us to its pleasant and restful moods.

We all have our cold mornings with nothing but furnace gas coming up the registers, our bad dinners when the roast is tough and the tablecloth not quite immaculate, our grouchy evenings when business has gone wrong and the children's report cards haven't been satisfactory. Again, we have our golden daybreaks with the robins singing, our fireside confabs, our evenings when somebody softly touches the piano keys and the young folks take a waltz turn in the dusky hall and father's and mother's voices chord touchingly in an old duet.—Juliet V. Straus, in Chicago Journal.

WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Artisan Polish Portia Recently Admitted to the French Bar.

Women are now in increasing numbers entering the various professions, formerly restricted to men, and engaging in the field of actual and practical politics. In four States of the Union they possess suffrage on equal terms with men. In Australia and New Zealand they enjoy full suffrage rights, and in the ancient duchy of Finland nineteen of them have seats in the national parliament. The day of "woman in politics" has dawned, and if the same agitation for full political rights is kept up for the next twenty-five

when his man pointed out that the evening clothes had not been worn. And then he remarked to himself, "I know what I'll do." That evening he put on his dress clothes, went to the lady's house at the appointed time and walked in as if it were the day upon which he had been invited. The hostess, much too polite to tell him that he had mistaken the evening and that the party had taken place on the previous night, sent to her friends asking them to come in to play a rubber again. They did so. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on absent-mindedness, and Bunsen began to tell them what had happened to him a long time ago—how that he had for-



MILE. MIROPOLSKY.

years as it has in the past, the equal suffrage demands of women should be complete in many lands.

Professionally, women have achieved their emancipation. Women in the professions are familiar enough now in the United States; and in Europe the woman doctor and lawyer are met with. France granted to women the right of becoming lawyers in December, 1900, and since then women have been competing with men for honors in that honorable calling.

The latest accession in Paris to the ranks of women lawyers is Mile. Miropolsky, belonging to a race which has given to the world many women of noted beauty and noted talents. She is a Pole and is beautiful as well as talented. Had she embraced the stage instead of the legal profession, Miss Miropolsky would long ago have been famous, for she has a beautiful voice and a charm of manner which is most captivating. But like her countrywoman, Madame Curie, the co-discoverer of radium, she goes in for the serious things of life. The intricacies of law appealed to her bright and analytical mind and Paris predicts for her at the bar a brilliant and successful career.

Absent-minded.
In the Autobiography of Sir Henry Roscoe there is a capital example of the absent-mindedness of Bunsen, the great German scientist.

He had had his evening clothes put out that he might attend a card party to which he had been invited, but forgot all about it until the next morning,

HARD TO LIVE DOWN CRIME.

Exile of Twenty Years Returns to His Native Land.

The Man Who Has Been, sorrowful and with bowed shoulders, arrived yesterday on the White Star liner Majestic, in from Southampton. He was on deck as the vessel came up New York Bay, and as he viewed the changed skyline of the city he shook his head and marvelled at the wondrous changes which had taken place since last he set foot upon these shores. The Man Who Has Been, in reply to questions, said that his name was Frank Coles, but he admitted that he had not booked under that name.

Coles is an American, gray-haired and corpulent, 5 feet 3 inches tall, and wears a white-pointed beard. He left this side twenty years ago, and he admitted that he had dealings with the police over here. His story was pathetic in some of its details.

He went abroad, it appears, to get away from any taint of crime. Petit larceny, he said, had been his record. He had done fairly well in his endeavor to "live honest," both on the Continent and in England. Once, some years ago in London, he had been convicted of larceny.

"It was either death or steal," was the way the old fellow put it. "I was arrested and served a short term."
Some months ago there was another traced down to Coles, he was exonerated and the culprit, a man in the employ of the same firm employing Coles, was arrested and forced to "do his bit." The investigation brought out Coles' previous record, and so he decided to come back to his native land. He felt that under the new English immigration law he could be arrested on suspicion at any time and sent out of the British Isles as an "undesirable alien."

The distinguished looking old man did not seek to make friends on the steamer. He was, indeed, the Man Who Has Been.

"Beware of the false start," he said, "for it is by the start that the rest of our life is judged. I am going now out West to live with my daughter, and I hope to live in peace."

When the gangplank was lowered the returning exile fought with the other passengers to get to the pier as soon as possible. Five minutes later he wormed his way to the head of the gangway, and in a few seconds was greeting his daughter affectionately.

"I am not altogether a Has Been, after all," he said, proudly. "I am still going to live in the present."
So, arm in arm, they left the pier—the man who had thought himself a Has Been and his daughter.

"Father," she said, "is going West with me, and we will all have a happy time."

Hard to Please.
"You say you don't like your daughter's sweetheart?"
"No," he talks through his nose."
"What was the matter with his predecessor?"
"He talked through his hat."—Houston Post.

The man who "quotes" a good deal is just as sure to be a bore as the man who drinks a good deal is sure to be a drunkard.

For some reason a farmer always looks more at home in a dry goods store than a town man.

Old Favorites

Maryland, My Maryland.
The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland, my Maryland!
My mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland, my Maryland!
For life or death, for woe or weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs of steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain,
That baffles minions back again,
—Maryland, my Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong
Maryland, my Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The "Old Line's" bugle, fife, and drum
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll surely
come!
Maryland, my Maryland!
—James R. Randall.

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KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDS.

Judge Who Gained Fame by His Speeches at Fine.

One of the most widely discussed men in the United States recently was Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, whose imposition of a fine of nearly \$300,000,000 on the Standard Oil Company attracted the attention of the civilized world. The manner in which he received his unique name is interesting. The father of Judge Landis was a farmer in Butler County, Ohio, when the Civil War broke out and fired with patriotic feeling he marched to the front under General Sherman, who later became Secretary of State in Cleveland's administration. In the battle of Kenesaw Mountain Landis, while toiling up the fire-swept heights, painfully stopped several bullets and had thus good reason to remember that bloody day. But he also had another reason. On the same day the future Judge of the United States District bench in Chicago was born and what was more natural than that the father should have named the child Kenesaw Mountain.

When the future Judge was 9 years old the family removed to Logansport, Ind. In the intervals of his school at-



JUDGE LANDIS.

tendance he carried a newspaper route and "clerked" in a grocery and then emerging from the Logansport High School studied shorthand and became the official reporter of the Crown Point Court. He next took up the study of law and soon after his graduation went to Washington as secretary to Secretary Gresham, then called to an official seat in President Cleveland's cabinet. After Secretary Gresham's death Mr. Landis took up the practice of his profession in Chicago and in 1905 was named by President Roosevelt for the place he occupies on the United States bench. Judge Landis married an Illinois girl and is the father of two children, Reed and Susanne.

There were seven Landis boys, five of whom are living and all of whom were cast in the same mold. Beside the Judge the surviving brothers are Congressman Charles C. Landis, ex-Congressman Fred Landis, Walter Landis, who is in the government service in Porto Rico, and Dr. John Landis.

The Judge is the most distinguished of the brothers. He has the three virtues of honesty, courage and brains. He is neither to be bribed nor bullied, but he is close to what he conceives to be the line of duty.

Harbors Here and in Europe.

The harbors of Europe have been so much improved that they may almost be said to be artificial. American harbors, on the contrary, are conspicuously natural, owing to the fact that American cities are modern and grew up on the harbors, while in Europe harbors have had to be modernized for cities established centuries ago. There is not an important harbor of Great Britain or France upon which there has not been expended \$100 where \$1 has been spent upon any American harbor. Almost all the ports on the southern and eastern coasts of England have found it necessary to protect themselves by sea walls, just as Galveston is now protected.

Hunger.

"What would your majesty wish for breakfast?" asked the waiter of the cannibal king who is sojourning in this country.

"What have you?" asked the cannibal king.

"Almost anything—cereals, fruits, rolls, muffins—"

"Do you think you can get me a few ragamuffins?" asked the cannibal king with a hungry twinkle in his eyes, looking out of the window at the plump newsboy who is crying his extras.—Judge.

A Question of Class.

"They are constantly catching more grafters," said the hopeful citizen.
"Not regular grafters," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Those who get caught are only amateurs."—Washington Star.

Accidental.

Alice—How did you come to meet your second husband, Grace? Grace—It was purely accidental. He ran over my first one with a motor car and afterward attended the funeral.

It is estimated that 100,000,000 bushels of wheat will be available for export from the northwestern provinces of Canada at the close of this year's harvest.

The average woman has a curiosity to know how rich woman has all the souvenir spoons she wants.