

Topics of the Times

Speaking of paradoxes, the latest is furnished by chocolate boxes going up.

They are boosting Knox in Pennsylvania. Some people think that Knox offset boats.

In some of our cities milk is so high that the cream must have hard work to rise to the top of it.

A man of Mr. Rockefeller's inexpensive habits can live well and even save money on \$15,000,000 a year.

Mr. Weyerhaeuser says there is no lumber trust. His mills show that his trust in lumber was formed years ago.

Successful toasts are being made with war balloons, but they have not been tried as yet as punching bags for cannon shot.

Mrs. Besant thinks that the rich ought to have larger families. The rich will continue to think that that is a family affair.

"Why not live aloof?" asks the Memphis Commercial Appeal. Principally because the rent is due every month, and we want our money's worth.

The time is coming, they say, when you will be able to send wireless dispatches across the ocean at the rate of 10 cents a word. Save your words.

Empress Tsai decided that it was time to make a change. She issued a decree declaring China a constitutional monarchy, and the thing was done. It was just as easy!

A bed of anthracite six miles long, 1,300 feet wide and 30 feet thick has been discovered in Pennsylvania. And yet the combine has the nerve to put up the price of coal.

A wealthy California rancher who was held up and robbed his last his voice. Must be another one of those men who have contracted the habit of letting their money do their talking.

Laborer Eskimos are reported to be furnishing the fisheries having been a failure this year. Charitable New Englanders should send a cargo of beans to these codfishless unfortunate.

Tolstoy is sure that the peasants who fired into his house did so in a spirit of mischief, and does not wish to prosecute them. Humor is a good thing, but this is a new way of encouraging it.

Many a Western boy will appreciate the President's metaphor at Provincetown, when he told the Cape Cod fishermen that he was brought up in a "cow country," and worked hard from "the hurricane deck of a bronco."

A Des Moines man, in order to procure money for his sick wife, pawned two gold teeth and his wooden leg, and the Harrisonburg (Va.) News thinks marriage is no failure under such circumstances. Still, when a man is driven to such extremes he can hardly regard it as a howling success.

Some allowance must be made for Sir Thomas Lipton in his contention that a race might be made just as well with yachts that would be of some practical use after the contest is over. Even a jolly good fellow grows weary of spending millions of dollars on vessels that have no real value except as junk.

A tablet has been put up in Salisbury Cathedral, England, in memory of the twenty-eight persons, mostly Americans, who were killed in a railroad accident at Salisbury in July of last year. The dedicatory ceremonies were conducted by the bishop of the diocese, and an address was made by the American ambassador. It is such things as this that draw nations together.

Believers in woman suffrage and the most scornful disbelievers will unite, unless they were born without humor, in enjoying a social comedy presented by a recent election in a small town. Two women were nominated to succeed their husbands as members of the school committee. Some citizens, who do not favor women on the board, nominated the husbands for re-election. The excitement waked up many men who had not voted on school questions for years, and with pathetic loyalty to their sex, they swelled the vote for the husbands to the overwhelming defeat of the wives.

The American people ought to be interested in all that pertains to the survivors of the Civil War, that most sanguinary conflict of modern times. If not of all times. The war ended forty-two years ago, and the men who endured the burden and heat of the bitter days from 1861 to 1865 are getting fewer in number every year. Another quarter of a century and they will be but a memory. It is an article of belief among the Buckleists that one of the steps of salvation consists in right memory. It is certain that a nation is saved in no other way. The nation that forgets its heroes dies. "Such were your ancestors, O Athenians," cried Demosthenes, after an enumeration of their virtues in the famous oration that stirred his people to fight Philip of Macedon. The remaining veterans of the Civil War teach us what our own people were forty and more years ago. Brave and self-sacrificing they went to the front, resolved that the government of the people, for the people and by the people should continue to be a power on the earth. Let them be held in everlasting remembrance!

Wordsworth was able to speak of science as "by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow beings," he could say, "The man of science seeks truth as a remote and

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

THE PRISON CONGRESS.

IN older times the jailer was a dark-visaged executioner who clapped his victims into the dungeon and turned a ponderous key in the creaking lock. He was the official punisher of bad men, and it was his business to make the prisoners as unhappy as possible. With the change in the conception of punishment, by which remedy and prevention, not vengeance, inspire the treatment which society reserves for offenders, there came also a change in the manner of men who manage the prisons.

The Prison Congress, held in Chicago, would have surprised any casual visitor who had derived his ideas of jail and jailers from old novels. Here were met together hundreds of wardens, chaplains, prison superintendents, sociologists, physicians, to discuss not only the practical administration of prisons, but the relation of prison discipline to our system of justice.

The Attorney General of the United States spoke from the point of view of a jurist. The head of the Volunteers of America described their method of helping discharged prisoners to get honest work. The lawbreaker learned from the jailer what are the conditions of prison life, and how they affect the criminal; the jailer learned more about the story of his charges before and after they came under his care. The effect of such unification of ideas will improve the criminal code, its administration, and the entire relation between society and the criminal.

The necessity for improvement is shown by the declaration of the general secretary of the National Prison Association that "No county or State in the Union is satisfied with its methods of confining and caring for its prisoners." That improvement will come in directions urged by generosity, humanity, but not by sentimentality, the words of a student of prison work give reason to hope: "The wardens, the actual prison managers, are the finest lot of men you ever saw—great physique, earnest, intelligent—no nonsense, but big-hearted and kind."—Youth's Companion.

HOW TO REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING.

THE cost of living is high and going higher. But everybody can regulate the amount of money necessary to spend for sustenance. There is no reason why persons should find it more expensive to live, if they will only consider the question with care and fix the amount of food they ought to eat.

We do not advocate the method adopted by twelve hundred people of Kennebec County, Maine, who have pledged themselves to abstain for ten days from the use of meat, in the hope that they may be able to force down the price of beef. But there is no doubt that most persons eat two or three times as much food of all kinds as is necessary for them, and a reduction in diet would have a good effect, not only upon the bills one has to pay but also upon health.

If food is too high, then consume less of it. That is a simple rule for comfort, both of mind and body. The average man and woman eat so much more than is essential that seven-tenths of all diseases with which humanity is afflicted are due to this excess. The paunch to be seen on almost every man over 40, no matter how lean the rest of him may be, is evidence of overeating; and the fact that many women of the same age are much heavier than they should be proves their lack of self-restraint.

High prices will be beneficial to Americans if they will induce a study of the subject of eating, and the reduction in the amount of food consumed that will follow. We should be a much healthier, happier, stronger, more intellectual and longer-lived people if we should all resolve to eat hereafter, not to satisfy the demands of a pampered and spoiled appetite, but to answer the real needs of the body.

Also, we should be richer, for food is the greatest expense of most of us. If we can cut down our household bills, not only without injury to our health but actually to its benefit, we should be grateful to the cause which brought about the change, even though it be the greed of purveyors.—Indianapolis Sun.

RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY.

THERE is much said about the trouble which is experienced in securing the right kind of men as soldiers for the army. General Greely has made the latest contribution. The complaints are now made in connection with the effort to increase the pay of the army.

As a matter of fact these complaints are not new. They are made in England as well as in this country, and the real basis of them is that both countries get their soldiers by voluntary enlistment and not by conscription.

The probability is that neither country could procure the kind of men desired by the army officers unless conscription should be resorted to. A few Englishmen have suggested the continental system for their army, but no political party would dare sustain the method, and in this country there is no one who has the hardihood to suggest conscription.

Moreover there is some doubt whether intelligence above a certain level is of any value to a man considered merely as a fighting animal. Especially must there not be a too highly developed, sensitive, and imaginative nature.

As to pay, the ordinary soldier is often a laborer in uniform, and his stipend, with free food, a large allowance for clothes than he can spend, free lodging, and free medical attendance, is the best laborer's pay in the country.

When we come to the experts for the coast artillery, there is a different question raised.

To make men good artillerymen the government educates them to a point where they become more valuable as civilians than they are to the government. If we are to judge from the pay which the government gives them, but is the government really inclined to pay one of its \$27-a-month gunners the \$75 that a civilian employer is glad to pay? There are complications.—Harper's Weekly.

TREATMENT FOR FLATFOOT.

Painful Affliction Remedied Only by Wearing Suitable Support.

Flat foot is a very common affliction. It is also one which is frequently overlooked by physicians. The patient complains of pain in the heel, the ankle, the inner border of the foot, great toe, the muscles of the calf, the knee or even the hip. The busy practitioner notes these symptoms in a hurried, casual way, attributes them to rheumatism, prescribes salicylates and what not and another flat-footed individual plods his weary way.

Increased deformity is added to what may have been merely foot strain in the first place. A curable case has become well-nigh incurable and the medical profession is again justly liable to well-deserved reproof. Any factor which tends to diminish the muscular power of the foot may cause flat foot. A great increase in the weight borne by the foot may cause it.

This increase in weight may be actual, such as occurs in people who put on a great deal of fat, or it may be relative, such as occurs in athletes, jumpers especially. But by far the most common cause is a cramping of the foot brought about by improper shoes.

For treatment of this condition mechanical support is best afforded by means of the footplate made from highly tempered steel and molded upon a plaster cast of the foot.

The footplate should be worn as long as it is required, but no longer. Additional wearing of the plate beyond the time necessary, as indicated by the symptoms, is simply an additional cause of harm. With the foot plate a shoe should be worn fitting the normal contour of the foot.

Most Light-Heeled Street.

From the Avenue des Champs-Elysees to the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris is but a step, but there the tune is even merrier, says the Bohemian. It is a place of noises, biare, glare, the perfume of women, the raucous honk-honk of automobile horns; by day the street of costly shops, by night the promenade in chief of its most satanic majesty. It is at its best—or worst—in February, during Mi-Careme, when the air is thick with confetti and the denizens of the boulevards are beside themselves.

No use then to sit at one of the little tables on the sidewalk, thinking to enjoy the swiftly changing panorama of the festival. In a moment you would find that a box or porridge of confetti, your hat jammed over your ears, the chair jerked from under you and your erstwhile happy self flat on your back. It is marvelous, the penetrating quality of confetti! I have shaken it out of my innumerable pockets, out of my shoes. I have even found it in my socks, and hobnobbing with the francs in my purse. It fits everywhere, and when Mi-Careme is over the streets are thick with it, a multi-colored snow. You buy it at so many sous the package from vendors on the boulevards, until the desire for more of it becomes an obsession.

She Heard It.

There was a blast of dynamite not far away, and aged Mrs. Long turned toward the door with a smiling countenance.

"Come in!" she said.

"Do you know," she explained to her caller, "that is the first knock I've heard in twenty-five years."

STARTLING CHARGE OF A CHICAGO MINISTER.



REV. F. E. HOPKINS.

"Fifty per cent of the women who dine at the 'respectable' restaurants of our large cities drink booze." This is the startling statement of Rev. F. E. Hopkins, pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Chicago, whose utterances on feminine intemperance aroused the city. The assertion is based on an investigation which Hopkins has carried on for fifteen years.

In the midst of a series of sermons which aroused his fellow ministers and temperance workers to take sides in the controversy Hopkins left his church work a day, and with several witnesses made a tour of the fashionable eating places. Sixteen were visited. Between the hours of noon and midnight he saw 463 women and girls enter these places. Of this number 293 or 59 per cent were seen drinking hard drinks. Cider was not counted. At one place the preacher found a trustee of his church.

"More men than women were found drinking the less harmful beer," said the Rev. Hopkins, in speaking of the investigation. "Nearly all the women and girls were drinking booze. That sounds slang, but you can't give it too hard a name."

"The cause of drinking among women and girls in all our large cities is the mad and foolish pursuit of fashion. The drinking habit is steadily growing. Unless something radical is done to stop it at once future generations will suffer."

ROYAL MISCHIEF.

Prince Edward of Wales, son of the Prince of Wales and prospective heir to the throne, is just beginning his education as a cadet at the Royal Naval College on the Isle of Wight.

Prince Edward, a little more than 13, is entered as an ordinary cadet, and shares all comforts and discomforts with the rest of the lads. If he resembles his father at that age, he is capable of getting a good deal of boyish fun out of life. In a book on the "Private Life of King Edward VII.," some of the escapades of the present Prince of Wales are given.

Prince George and his elder brother were "rare young lads," as an old middy remarked. They received their training on the school-ship Britannia, and afterward went on a cruise in the Bacchante. They had to rough it with the rest, and were treated without distinction.

When the Bacchante touched at Bermuda, on the famous cruise, the authorities of the island were anxious to present a bunch of Bermuda lilies to Prince Eddy, and anxiously inquired his identity. Prince George, ever ripe for mischief, gave so misleading an answer that the embarrassing bouquet was presented to several midshipmen before it reached the proper hands.

When the party went on shore to lunch, the two princes got together in the bow of the boat and occupied themselves very mysteriously. When they landed, the assembled natives were astonished to see their future king and his brother with noses of the most brilliant yellow. The two had used the pollen of the lilies to adorn themselves with.

It was probably their enjoyment of this joke which led the two not to contradict the statement which was soon after published to the world, that he heir to the throne had had an anchor tattooed on his nose. The Prince of Wales was made exceedingly anxious by the report, and for a long time the story was believed.

Responsibility.

"Has he a proper sense of responsibility?" asked the earnest Senator Sorghum. "I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "I sometimes fear he is one of those people who are so anxious to be financially responsible that they forget to be morally responsible."—Washington Star.

Men who are found fault with are able to say a good deal in their defense.

Every time the fire whistle blows, we think we can smell burning plows.

VICTORIA A MIGHTY CATARACT.

Aficionados Waterfall Far Eclipsed Our Own Niagara in Grandeur.

Gushing out of a black, boggy depression in the heart of southern Africa is a sluggish, muddy stream which winds its way southward, leisurely at first, but it soon grows rapidly in size and strength until it pours into the Indian Ocean, 1,650 miles away, fourth in rank among the mighty rivers of Africa, says the Scientific American.

About 700 miles from its source, and just beyond the cataracts of Mololo, the Zambesi, joined by the waters of the Kwando River, spreads out into what might be termed a lake about six miles long and over a mile in width. This lake is studded with islands and the surface is very smooth, the vegetation along the banks being perfectly mirrored in the placid water. Strange to say, the lower end of this lake is marked not by a shore line nor by the slightest narrowing of its surface, but by an abrupt fall beside which our much vaunted Niagara is a mere pygmy. It is an entire lake that takes the plunge, and not merely a river.

A comparison of Niagara and Victoria falls shows at a glance how vastly greater is the African falls. At Niagara the river takes a plunge of 168 feet, but the Zambesi falls sheer 400 feet. The crest of Victoria falls is over a mile long—5,908 feet to be exact—whereas the American fall at Niagara measures only 1,060 feet, and the Horseshoe fall is only 1,230 feet across, or 3,010 feet as measured along the curve. To illustrate the magnitude of the African waterfall we might depict against it the skyline of New York from Battery Park to Worth street. Not a building would project above the crest of the falls excepting only the tower of the Singer building, which is now in process of erection. To be sure, in comparing Niagara with Victoria, it must be said in favor of the former that the Horseshoe fall presents an unbroken crest, while the edge of the Victoria is divided by numerous islands into stretches which nowhere exceeds 600 feet. At the center is Livingston Island, and to the left, as you look up stream, is the main fall, while at the right of the island is the Rainbow fall. Boka Island separates the main fall from the Cascade or Devil's Creek.



He—So your husband has given up smoking. That's a pretty strong will. She—Well, I've got one.—Punch.

Daughter—She seems to have got over the death of her first husband. Father—Yes, but her second husband hasn't.—Plick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Smalltown—Would you accept a place in the suburbs? Cook—I'll consider it if you have room in your garage for me motor.—Town Topics.

"What did you think of that girl at her coming-out party?" "Well, to be perfectly frank, I thought she'd better go back!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Mother—But what do you expect to do later, my son, if you never learn to write? Son—Oh, that will be all right. I'll buy a typewriter.—Sillohouette.

"May I call you Mabel?" he asked at their second meeting, pretending to be badly smitten. "If you wish to; but my name is Gertrude."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Candidate for Crew—Could you tell me where the shore-club is being held? Candidate for Football—I don't know; I'm a student here myself.—Town Topics.

Employer—This makes the fourth grandmothers of yours that has died this spring. Office Boy—I know it; ain't these family troubles fierce.—Cornell Widow.

Snooks—To what do you attribute your success as a tradesman? Seluca—If a customer doesn't see what he wants, I make him want what he sees.—Illustrated Bits.

"What's become of your umbrella?" "I loaned it to Tompkins." "Why doesn't he return it?" "The owner caught him with it and demanded it!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son, your mother has none." And then she said, sweetly, that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late!—Atlanta Constitution.

Teacher—How long had Washington been dead when Roosevelt was inaugurated? Scholar—I dunno, but it hasn't been very dead since Teddy has been there!—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Do you think cabbage is unwholesome?" asked the dyspeptic. "It depends somewhat," answered the food expert, "on whether you eat it or try to smoke it!"—Washington Star.

"Mrs. Rogers is a perfect slave to her husband." "What does she do?" "Would you believe it? Every year, on his birthday, she gets up in time to eat breakfast with him!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Teacher—You have named all domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair, it is grimy, likes dirt, and is fond of mud. Well, Tom? Tom (shamefacedly)—That's me.—Chicago Tribune.

Mabel (aged six)—Ain't you afraid of our big dog? The Parson (very thin)—No, my dear. He would not make much of a meal off me. Mabel—Oh, but he likes bones best.—Chicago Daily News.

"A tramp fell into the water tank of a locomotive and rode twenty-seven miles without being discovered." "Was he unconscious when found?" "No, Unconsciousness was found."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dolly—Molly Wolcott told me a month ago that her new gown was going to be a dream. Polly—Well, that is all it is, so far. Her husband won't give her the money for it.—Somerville Journal.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl. "I don't have to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Your sentence is to be suspended." began the merciful court. "Great Scott, Judge!" exclaimed the prisoner, "if I'd known chicken stealing was a hanging offense I wouldn't have stooped!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Which do you prefer," said the artistic young woman, "music or poetry?" "Poetry," answered Miss Cayenne. "You can keep poetry shut up in a book. You don't have to listen to it unless you choose."—Washington Star.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the weary wayfarer, "but I don't know where my next meal is coming from." "Neither do I," replied the prosperous-looking individual. "My cook left this morning, too."—Philadelphia Record.

"Oh, madam," said the French maid, "Fido weel not eat ze bon-bons." "The dear, intelligent little doggle!" exclaimed Mrs. Rich. "There must be something wrong with those bonbons. Give them to the children."—New York Evening Mail.

Politics in Domestic Life.

A story is told of a Bradford County politician (the sharp and shifty kind) who was urged by his wife to hoe the garden. He couldn't think of any very good reason, so he went at it. Soon he came in with a silver quarter he said he had found. He washed it, put it in his pocket and went back. In a few minutes he showed up with another coin, this time a half dollar. He said there must be a buried treasure in that garden. He unearthed a couple of dimes and another quarter. Being very tired, he announced his intention of taking a nap, and duly went to sleep. When he awoke his wife had a dangerous and steely glint in her eye, but the garden was all hoed. It is misreported that she had hoed while he slept, and that she had failed to find any buried treasure.—Milton Standard.

Chance to Prove Himself.

She—I would never marry a man who was a coward.

He—About how brave would it be necessary for him to be in order to win your approval?

She—Well, he'd have to have courage enough to—er—propose.—Chicago News.

QUEER STORIES

Paris possesses the largest public garden and the largest hospital.

A square foot of a Persian rug means twenty-three days' work for the weaver.

The herring catch off the shores of England represents \$15,000,000 annually.

Herrings are being sold in the streets of Sunderland, England, at twenty for a penny.

Squares, triangles and similar implements used by draftsmen are now made of glass.

A German estimate of the capital invested in the construction of the world's railroads is \$43,310,000,000.

The swiftest river in the world is the Sutlej, of British India, which in 190 miles has a descent of 12,000 feet.

The Actors' Church Union of England has in the last year gained fifty members and has now 142 centers, with 171 chaplains.

The great cathedral at Cologne, although completed but a few years ago, has so deteriorated from factory smoke that the body of the church will have to be renovated throughout.

Cremona makes great headway in the Alps. Geneva takes the lead, both in point of number and equipment, but Zurich, Aarau, Berne and Lausanne are each building a second crematorium. Five other towns are doing likewise.

He was a Scotchman and somewhat shy. At tea the variety of cakes was bewildering and the young lady whose guest he was helpfully inquired, "Will you have a cake or a meringue, Mr. Johnstone?" "Hoots, no, ma lassie," quoth he, kindly, "you're no wrangle! I'll hae the cake!"

Monks and nuns exiled from France by the recent laws are still seeking refuge in England in considerable numbers. Fifty nuns recently left Brest on board the Antelope, and 100 brothers from Christian schools, who have been expelled from their institutions, are seeking a home in Jersey and England.

The production of metallic cadmium, which has hitherto been confined to Belgium and Silesia, has been undertaken by a chemical company of Cleveland, Ohio. The ore of the Joplin district is stated to be richer in cadmium than the ore of Silesia, but under the conditions of zinc smelting in the United States it has not been considered worth while to attempt to save cadmium as a by-product.

Meant for Encouragement.

As a patroness of struggling and discouraged artists and musicians Mrs. Follen was not markedly successful, although she had plenty of money and a warm heart, and was interested in art and artists.

"I've brought some of my last winter's sketches to show you," said one of her young men who she had asked to call upon her, "but I do not feel satisfied with them. They are not as good in some ways as the work I did a year ago."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Follen, with loud cheerfulness, patting him on the shoulder. "You paint just as well as you did last year—as well as you ever have. Your taste's improving—that's all!"

Hard Work.

"What do you think is Mr. D'Abner's greatest work?"

"Selling the pictures he paints!"—Cleveland Leader.

If you want to make a man trouble in a nice, polite way, let him have the distribution of the complimentary tickets.

Here is a chance for some man to make fifty million dollars in a few minutes: marry Helen Gould.