

Topics of the Times

A man charges that his wife threw a child out of the window. A soft impeachment.

Let nobody forget to say something about Oklahoma, as the forty-sixth State, being a double skidoo for Uncle Sam.

The Kaiser has twice been given the freedom of the London Guildhall. He ought to be able to run all over the place now.

Perhaps the man who thinks football is prize fighting has never seen any kind of prize fighting but that in which the contestants go to a finish.

Another court has decided that Greens and Gaynor will have to go to the penitentiary. What a poor opinion they must have of the law by this time.

We are ashamed to confess it, but we have already forgotten the name of the actress in New York who took a pig out automobile in preference to a millionaire.

An Alabama astronomer claims to have discovered four new stars, but he probably isn't half as glad as is the man who has discovered \$4 in his summer trousers.

Sarah Bernhardt says she wants to die while playing Camille. We have seen actresses who would have greatly pleased us by dying while they were playing Camille.

Lillian Russell is quoted as saying that "divorce is the greatest blessing in the world today." And yet there are a lot of women who never hope to get one, and are still happy.

When a man is found guilty of looting a public office in Germany it is said of him that he has practiced "Americanism." But we are going to make them find some other name for it some day.

A French detective is being sent to this country to learn how to catch criminals. He may not be able to learn that here, but we are sure our detectives will be able to give him some valuable lessons in the art of discovering news.

In the opinion of Hetty Green there is no earthly happiness comparable with that which comes from making money. Apparently Hetty never was thrilled by the announcement that the male quartette was unavoidably detained and would not, therefore, be able to appear.

A monument has been erected in Germany to a lady who once saved the poet Schiller from a debtor's prison. Ladies who desire that monuments shall in the future be erected to them may easily arrange the matter. Impetuous poets are even more plentiful now than they were in Schiller's time.

New York has demonstrated in a curious new way its right to be regarded as the city in which the strain of life is most severe and the tension highest. Central Park, which is only fifty years old, is pronounced to be in its dotage—prematurely worn out. It is estimated that \$3,000,000 will be necessary to restore its lost youth.

The West is no longer a debtor country. It has the products which the East and Europe need and does not owe for them, as it was accustomed to owe so many years ago. For those delivered and not paid for the security is good and early payment sure. As for those not delivered, they are still in our own hands. The West can draw gold from the East as fast as the East retires it, for it is owing to us, or will be. The United States, for the same reason, can draw gold from Europe, and is doing so. We do not think there will be serious losses anywhere, but at any rate they will not fall on us.

Nothing shows more clearly how far from the main stream of Europe the currents of Russian life have flowed than the architecture of the Russian churches. The new Church of the Redeemer, erected in memory of the grandfather of the present Czar, which was dedicated by the Czar in St. Petersburg a few weeks ago, is a good example of the prevailing Russian style. It is not Gothic, nor Greek, nor Roman, nor yet Renaissance. The influences which have fixed the Russian church architecture are Asiatic rather than European. The predominating riches are Indian rather than Roman, and the domes, with their bulging sides, some from Asia and the non-Christian races. Russia itself was in closer relations with Asia than with Europe till Peter the Great turned the face of the empire westward and began the re-creating of a semi-savage nation into a European power by building his new capital in close contact with sea with the Western world. But the choice of the Oriental type of architecture for so splendid a church as that recently dedicated proves that the influence of Asia is still strong.

The president of Columbia University has as many opportunities as any one to study the evil effects of too much money upon a boy's training for life. The result is a statement that children of parents in moderate circumstances, even poor children, are likely to receive a better education than the children of the rich. In fact, he considers one of the problems of the day to be the education of the neglected rich. Rich fathers and mothers have little time to devote personally to the education of their children. They are slaves of fashion and send their children to private schools, where they associate with others of the same class, none of whom have a proper idea of the value of time or of money. The school year is trimmed at both ends by extended summer vacations and often broken into one

pretext or another during the winter and spring. The children that are sent away from home to boarding school acquire a distaste for study, habit of extravagance, idleness, and a spirit of snobbishness. From his college course such a boy gets little or nothing. In the words of President Butler: "To boys of this type a college is never thought of as an educational institution; it is a social opportunity, an agreeable country club, where one takes his valet, his polo ponies, his bulldog, his motor car." The abuse of wealth by the children of self-made men is that "the names of the great fortune builders in America should be in the second and third generation be so frequently associated in the public mind with bad habits, wasted lives, and frivolous occupations" is, the outcome of lack of education. A boy may go through college and yet not be educated, or rather he may receive an education of a kind that will fit him to do all those things he ought not to do. It cannot be denied that there is much force in what President Butler has to say. The exceptions to the rule that the rich neglect their children are probably more numerous than the illustrations of the rule, but are by no means so conspicuous. There is enough truth in the charge to make parents who are struggling to keep their children in the public schools thankful that the combined influences of the public schools, the home, and the family church are doing for those children what the lavish use of wealth fails to secure for the children who seem most blessed by fortune. It also is a warning to parents not to aid in fastening upon the public schools the curse of snobbish cliques whose central thought is admiration for the waste of time and money.

SAUSAGE AND SCRAPPLE.

How to Prepare These Tempting By-Products of the Pig.

Sausages and scrapple making are features of butchering on the farm. In fact, butchering would not be considered complete without a liberal supply of these tempting pork items.

A popular method for making sausage is to add a mixture of one pound of salt, six ounces of good black pepper, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and a handful of powdered dried sage, with every 55 pounds of lean and fat pork chopped. This mixture must be thoroughly mixed through the meat.

Should it be desired to stuff the sausage in skins, clean them thus: Empty the intestines of the pig, turn them inside out and wash well. Then soak in salt water for a day or more. Wash again, cut into convenient lengths and scrape them on a board with a blunt knife, first on one side, then on the other, till they are clean and clear. Throw them in clean water and rinse.

Should it be desired to stuff the sausage in skins, it can be packed in some crocks and covered with about two inches of hot lard, provided it is intended for use during the winter. If it is intended to hold over for summer use, it is better to make the sausage up into small cakes and cook about two-thirds enough for the table, or until all the water is out. Pack while still cooking in the cans, fill them full of hot lard and seal at once. When cooked next morning it will be more delicate if all the fat is poured off, and a little cream is poured in, boiled and then poured over the sausage.

Scrapple is a mixture of waste pieces of meat, the trimmings of hams and shoulders, the head, the heart, a small piece of the liver and the skins from the lard and sausage meat. The ears may also be used if they are carefully cleaned and the cartilage removed. The head is split between the jaws, and then split the other way after the tongue is taken out. Cut off the snout, remove the jaw and nasal cavities. Put the head meat and skins into the boiler, with enough water to cover them, and add the rest of the meat about a quarter of an hour later. Continue to boil until the meat falls off the bones, then chop fine, strain the liquor and add it to enough water to make five parts liquid to three parts meat. Set the liquid to boiling, stirring in corn meal to make a mollifying thick mush, stirring all the time. Then put in the meat, mixing thoroughly, and season to taste with salt, black and red pepper and some herb—either sage, sweet marjoram, thyme or pennyroyal—which ever flavor is preferred. The corn meal should be fine, made of new corn, well dried before grinding, and there should be about as much of it as of the meat.

Put the scrapple away in pans in a cold place. To cook, cut into slices, lay in a very hot pan and fry quickly till brown.—Philadelphia Record.

Wilhelmina a Practical Queen.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is now 27 years old and has reigned seventeen years. The Queen is a practical dairy-maid, who can milk a cow, churn the butter and make it into the delectable butter. The dairy began by being a hobby, but so successful did it become that it is now run as a paying business.

The Queen is very fond of music, and has organized a series of "album concerts" to brighten the lives of her poorer subjects. During the winter in The Hague these concerts, which are given in large halls by excellent singers and instrumentalists, engaged at the royal expense, are open to the inhabitants of the poorer quarters only. Queen Wilhelmina is also an expert needlewoman, and is interested in the industrial school at Amsterdam, where some wonderful needlework is done, which is eagerly bought by the best people as being exceptionally well made.

Well Named.

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the real estate agent, who was looking over the house.

"Yes," replied the old man Kilder, "but I usually call it the courtroom, 'I've got seven daughters, you know."

TEARS AND SMILES.

The skies cannot always be clear.

My dear;
The merriest eyes must still have its tear.

My dear;
The clouds that are frowning above us to-day
Will presently break and go floating away,
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray,
My dear!

We can't have just happiness here,
My dear;
You would never be glad if you ne'er shed a tear.

My dear;
The sorrow that lurks in your bosom to-day,
Like the clouds, when you've wept, will go floating away,
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray,
My dear.

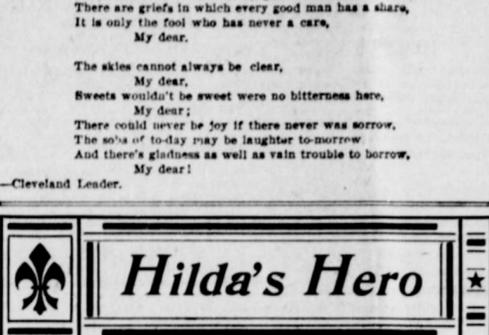
If it's going to rain, it will rain,
My dear,
No matter how bitterly we may complain.

My dear;
There are sorrows that every good woman must bear;
There are griefs in which every good man has a share,
It is only the fool who has never a care,
My dear.

The skies cannot always be clear,
My dear,
Sweets wouldn't be sweet were no bitterness here.

My dear;
There could never be joy if there never was sorrow.
The soles of to-day may be laughter to-morrow
And there's gladness as well as vain trouble to borrow,
My dear!

—Cleveland Leader.



Hilda's Hero

"Why is it that all clergymen will get themselves up to look such frights!"

The words were a defiant whisper, breathed into the ear of a somewhat elderly maiden lady, between one of the pauses in a "Faust" Fantasia, and she felt she really could think of him without any harm.

A day or two later the scene was recalled to her. She and her aunt were crossing Old Christchurch road when a motor car whizzed round a corner without any warning. The elder Miss Lely gasped; the younger pushed her way all her might out of the way of the advancing monster; and was in her turn thrust out of danger by a mighty hand.

There was a whizzing sensation in her ears; for one awful moment the street ran round, and the ground rose up toward her and refused to stop—then she pulled herself together with a frantic effort, and found herself clutching a lamp post, while someone muttered in her ear:

"By Jove! That was a close shave!"

She looked up hastily. The hero of a few nights before was standing over with an anxious expression on his clean-shaven face and in his deep blue eyes.

"He has eyebrows like—like the pike marks in music!" the girl murmured, naughtily, in defense of her sweeping criticism of the "celo."

The older Miss Lely breathed a sigh as the first morceau for the afternoon was brought to a conclusion. "He can't possibly help his eyebrows," she said, with mild reproach in her voice. "And, Hilda, do be more careful! He might have heard you, dear!"

"But he didn't; and a nice lot as good as a mile you know, aunty!" remarked Hilda, with a little laugh.

Somehow the younger Miss Lely felt she had a right to a grievance just at this time. Her family had lately been bent on coercing her into marriage with a clergyman who, according to all accounts, seemed to have the virtues of all the ages rolled into his handsome person without any of the vices.

Hilda had seen him. It was some family "arrangement" which the family, exclusive of Hilda, hoped would "come off" some day. The Rev. Ronald Martyn's father and old Mr. Lely had always been the greatest of friends, and it seemed only natural to all concerned, except the infants themselves, that the son of one and the daughter of the other should unite the families in an indissoluble band. There were certain obstacles in the way—principally the fact that the Martyns emigrated shortly afterwards to Australia, while the Lelys stayed in the old country; but they were felt to be not insurmountable impediments.

Ronald was due in England on a long visit to some distant relatives, and the meeting fraught with so much importance was to take place as soon as possible. But ere it took place Hilda had been carried off to Bournemouth by her aunt, possibly as comfort for her own good as for the old lady's health.

"Clergymen," said Miss Lely the elder, an hour later, as aunt and niece wended their way towards their favorite teashop in Old Christopher road—"all clergymen are not alike. I presume that you are allowing your thoughts to dwell too much on Mr. Martyn."

"I am not allowing them," returned the girl, with a pretty little grimace. "They take French leave! Aunt Ellen"—she slipped her arm within the elder lady's with a confiding little gesture—"should you have liked to have your future all mapped out for you when you were my age?"

Aunt Ellen did not reply, and Hilda was disappointed.

"I shall not go out again," Miss Lely said, when they reached their lodgings. "If you want to go and hear more of the band this evening, Hilda, I will ask Mrs. Hunt to let her Mary take you."

Hilda's eyes sparkled.

"I am never tired of listening to that band," she said. "And I'd love to go, aunty!"

And she went. Alas, yet another clergyman caught her eye. It was an old and decrepit one this time, who seemed to be enjoying the music so much that he went to sleep with a rapt expression on his face and not a thought about falling off the end of the seat. A tall, fair-haired man opposite, with limbs like Hercules and the grace of an adonis, strode across the faces and propped him up just in time.

Hilda, from her chair by Mrs. Hunt's

"Because," he repeated, patiently awaiting her answer.

"Because—oh! I'm supposed to be going to—well, I don't quite know why," she said, innocently. "You see—well, I dare say you will laugh at me—but I've always been brought up to expect that some day I must marry a clergyman! It is very stupid, I am stupid. They are stupid, she said. 'Most probably if dad had wanted me to marry an actor I should have felt a distinctly rebellious desire for the 'celo.' But as it is—"

"Human nature rebels, eh?" he suggested, with a laugh. "And the balance is in favor of the actor?"

"I don't know any actor, really," she responded, naively. "So I am afraid there is no balance!"

"And it's all dead weight against the poor parson," he murmured, taking a side glance at her.

Hilda shrugged her shoulders.

"Poor!" she echoed. "Do you like clergymen?"

The sudden attack almost put him off his guard. He made a motion of dissent.

"I never thought I didn't," he said, slowly. "In fact, I used to—"

"But now you don't?" she began, merrily.

"No—since I knew you," he said, boldly. "I've altered my opinion!"

"In such a short time—"

It was fortunate that at that moment Mrs. Hunt, who had been on the look-out for them, opened the door, for Hilda had an uncomfortable feeling that things were going too far.

"The gentleman is to go and be thanked by Miss Lely," the old woman said, ushering them both into the parlor.

And thanked he was, though Miss Lely did not know his name. He politely disclaimed any share in the day's doings, beyond the very smallest, and withdrew after a pressing handshake on the part of both ladies. When he got outside he remembered that the lady had not invited him to come again. While at the same moment, inside the house, Miss Lely was wondering to herself if she had seemed too grateful—for the young man was certainly very handsome, and well, girls (Hilda especially) were so terribly impractical. There was no knowing what Hilda would imagine!

So for the rest of the day Miss Lely intimated Australian and clerical thoughts into her young niece's mind as an antidote, and Hilda wondered why any clergyman had ever been born, and why anyone had ever taken the trouble to discover Australia!

Miss Lely worshipped at St. Peter's, and duly carried Hilda off to that particular place of worship the following Sunday. The Fates, however, were against her, for they had not long taken their places when the tall figure of the hero slipped into a pew just opposite, and fixed his blue eyes nearly all the service through just below Hilda's pretty chiffon hat.

The elder Miss Lely prayed with the most intense vigor for ever speedily return of the prospective bridegroom; and Hilda, whose thoughts certainly strayed further than her eyes, sat demurely by the side of the austere little spinster, and decided that certain tall figures looked equally well in gray tweed or black.

He raised his hat to the ladies as he passed them on the way out, and Miss Ellen, torn between a feeling of ingratitude and terror for consequences, smiled at him so sweetly that he stayed his steps.

That Sunday was destined to live long in the memories of both ladies. The elder Miss Lely actually sat down on one of the seats and volunteered to wait for the young people if they cared to walk a little further before returning to the house. What made her suggest such a thing she could not imagine. But Fate was busy with her puppets, and Aunt Ellen was one of them, though she did not realize it.

Hilda glanced at her companion and met his gaze with a rash courage. In an instant he turned up the middle "Chinese" and was speaking fast and passionately.

"Hilda," he said—"that is your name, I know, for I saw it in your prayer book—don't think me mad—and don't say I am presumptuous. But are you really engaged to that clergyman you talked of the other day? Answer me truthfully, please, because it makes all the difference in the world to me."

He turned his handsome face to her, and his eyes were lit with an eager, passionate fire that Hilda found disconcerting, albeit delightful.

"I—"

"I—"

"I—"

DUCK THAT EXPLODED.

Gasoline Blamed for a Domestic Mishap in a New Home.

The bride and her husband both hold firmly to the opinion that the duck really exploded; but the kind dispositioned friend who sent the bird to them declares that the so-called explosion in the oven was a sign of their families, says the New York Press. Of course he is willing to admit that the odor of gasoline was there. He tried to have one of the birds cooked in his own kitchen in his fat, and his cook struck and told him what he needed was a chauffeur to baste the "bird" and not a respectable Irishwoman.

It came about in this way: Some of Benson's friends down on the Great South bay went shooting in a power boat and had good luck. As the ducks were shot they were thrown into the bottom of the power boat, which, like most of its kind, had a liberal quantity of gasoline impregnated water sloshing around between the floor boards.

Unknown to the shooting party the ducks absorbed a liberal quantity of that gasoline into their internal economies. When the bride received her she noticed the odor, but attributed it to the natural gasiness of the bird.

After it was cleaned and had been put in the oven the stove began to send out a gasoline odor that made its way into every room in the flat. Presently there was a loud report from the kitchen, which so excited the bride that she shrieked out at the top of her voice. This brought her husband to the kitchen on the run, to be met with a hysterical request to see what had happened.

As he threw open the door of the range the bride flew into the adjoining dining room, from which place of safety she waited to hear the worst. Sure enough, something had befallen the bird, for one of its legs was sticking down through the opening in the broiler, and in spite of the protests of Benson and explanation that it was the broiler itself that had fallen down and caused the noise, that bride is of the firm opinion that the gasoline duck really did explode.

MAN IS HIS OWN BURGLAR.

Apparently Conclusive Evidence of a Crime Proves Misleading.

Marks in the Fresh Snow where a ladder had stood under a second-story window at 1502 Cuming street, with the tracks of a man leading up to it but none going away, and the ladder itself lying on the ground where it had been thrown were the evidences of a burglar found by Patrolman Goodrich early Saturday morning. Goodrich notified the station and Detectives Drummy and Maloney were sent to aid in following up the clue.

The ladder was set under the window and Maloney climbed up, but was unable to raise the sash. He pounded on the glass and shouted, but could awaken no response. After considerable more effort a stick was secured and with its aid the window was opened.

Maloney stepped inside and striking a light found the supposed burglar sound asleep in bed. He had a hard time awakening the man, but at last succeeded and then learned he was Lawrence Douglas, who occupies the second flat with his wife. He explained he had been at a wake during the fore part of the night and his wife was also out. Returning home he had no key to the door and was obliged to use the ladder, kicking it down after him so that no unauthorized person would use it also. The officers begged his pardon for their intrusion and went away.—Omaha Bee.

A Puzzle for Henry.

"Well, me'n Johnnie Shaw graduated in grammar this morning! Anyhow, we've passed," Henry Forrest announced, proudly, flinging his cap at a chair and making a short cut for the table.

His father looked up from his plate. "Better go back and graduate over again," he remarked, dryly, and from the ripple of amusement which followed, Henry divined that there must have been some trifling error in his English. It was a pity, he reflected, and especially since, he had just discovered, the minister was dining with them that day.

"Henry makes me think of a boy in our old home town," said the minister, genially. "He ran away from school and went fishing once, and at the end of a glorious day he carried his full name, Theodore James Branch, on an old willow down by the river, and under it he cut the date and the words, 'S-K-I-P-E School To-day.'"

"I've no doubt he felt very reckless and independent when he did it, but next afternoon, when he dragged a crowd of us boys down there to show off what he had done, some wise was spotted it all for him by adding, under his inscription, the advice: 'Bitter skip back again, Theodore!'"

Everybody at the table laughed—except Henry. "What's that got to do with me?" he whispered to his sister.

They'll Do It Anyway.

Mrs. Briggs—Our table will seat more than we have asked. I shall invite Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones to fill up.

Mr. Briggs—You're inviting 'em all to fill up, aren't you?—Boston Transcript.

Heard Him at His Soup.

Mother—Tommy, little boys should be seen and not heard when taking their soup.

Tommy—How long will it be before I can take my soup like papa?—Yonkers Statesman.

Hardly any girl puts up a resistance that causes a man to miss her mouth and land a kiss on the back of her neck.

It is a good thing for most of us that our mistakes receive less attention than is given those of railway telegraphers.

Legal Information

Mere inquiry of the general public of the business men of the community where a bank does business, as to its solvency and the integrity of its officers, is held, in state use of *Festress County vs. Reed* (Tenn.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1084, not to absolve a public official from liability for loss of public funds deposited in the institution through its insolvency.

A train dispatcher of a railroad company, whose duty it is to issue telegraphic orders for the movement of trains upon a single-track road in the name of the superintendent, and to see that they are transmitted, is held, in *Ricker vs. Central R. Co. of N. J.* (N. J. Err. & App.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.) 650, not to be a fellow servant of a fireman upon one of the locomotives of the company.

Upon failure of a railroad company promptly to furnish an injured employe free transportation to its hospital, to which he is entitled under his contract, he is held, in *St. Louis S. W. R. Co. vs. Hoagan* (Ark.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.) 907, to have no right, in case he has in his possession the means of paying for the transportation, to hold the company liable for pain and suffering due to delay in reaching the hospital.

A proprietor of a laundry, after notice that an employe has caught her fingers between the rollers of an ironing mangle which she is operating, is held, in *Raasch vs. Elite Laundry Co.* (Minn.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.) 640, to be bound to exercise ordinary care to release her and alleviate her suffering; and the fact that the employe contributes to the injury by her own negligence in assuming the risks of operating the machine is held not to affect the rule.

One who trusts the equity of redemption of real estate has been conveyed, while the title is in trustees for a mortgage, and who has not paid more than one-sixth of the purchase money, is held, in *Wasserman vs. Metzger* (Va.), 7 L. R. A. (N. S.) 1019, not to be a bona fide purchaser entitled to protection against an attempt to set aside a fraudulent sale under a deed of trust in the chain of title; and the fact that he assumed the outstanding mortgage is held to be immaterial, since his undertaking will fall if the consideration fails.

POLYGLOT PARROT.

Gets Baby Back After Solemn Judgment of Ownership.

Richard B. Curran's parrot, Baby, a talented ginger-colored bird that may talk in every language except Esperanto, proved its identity in Harlem court yesterday morning and was restored to its dotting master, from whom it had been rudely stolen Sept. 19, says the New York Sun. Baby spends the day in Curran's house, on 146th street, near Lenox avenue, hanging head down and brushing up on its French and German, occasionally with side ventures into profanity.

Curran taught the bird to greet him with an affectionate "Hello, pop," every night when he came home from work, to shake hands and to stand on its head. In all of these accomplishments Baby took an inordinate pride. A burglar got into Curran's house and ran off with Baby and two suits of clothes, and Curran made haste to mourn his loss at the East 126th street station. The detectives were put on the trail of the linguist.

They found the cultured South American in the home of Mrs. Ellen Kenney, at 22 East 134th street, late Saturday night, and when the woman said that she got the bird from Jeremiah Whalen, of 2287 5th avenue, the detectives gathered in Jeremiah and charged him with burglary.

When the man came up for arraignment at the Harlem court yesterday the police produced Baby and Curran stepped forward to claim it. "Hello, pop," said the bird in ecstasy, and it stretched forth a claw for shaking with every manifestation of genuine feeling.

"Guess that's your bird, all right," said the magistrate, and Curran left with Baby playfully clawing him in the neck and chirping joyfully in Aramaic.

He Robbed the Thief

From Czenstochowa, the Mecca of Polish pilgrims, comes an amazing story of coincidences, says the Pall Mall Gazette. A pilgrim went to one of the priests and complained that some thief had stolen his purse while he was in church, and asked for money. The priest replied that he had no money and that the best thing for the pilgrim to do was to try to find the thief.

"I shall go into the church and steal money from somebody else," said the pilgrim, "for I have nothing to go home with." He went into the church and seeing a man in the crowd with a wallet on his back slipped his hand into it and pulled out his own stolen purse, with the exact sum he had left in it. He was so glad to find his money that he hurried off to tell the priest and the thief got away.

Busy.

"Are you working hard these days?" asked one New Yorker.

"Yes," answered the other.

"I haven't seen you at the office."

"No; one day I've been busy getting my money out of the bank for fear the financiers would get it, and the next I've been busy putting it back for fear the burglars would get it."—Washington Star.

Reasoning the "Possum."

"Don't swear at the 'possum," the parson said to Brother Williams.

"Den, I'm quit aggravat' for by stayin' up dar! He know full well dat I gwine ter git him at las'!"

"But swearin' don't get him."

"No," was the reply, "but hit sho' makes hot stuff or him!"—Atlanta Constitution.

It makes no difference which side of the street you take, you will find your enemy also preferred that side.