

Topics of the Times

Souvenir fends stole a medal from a Jap officer. Why not take the whole Jap?

Dr. Long will have to admit that the President has helped him to a good, big slice of publicity.

King Edward is going to build a castle in Spain. But it will be one of the real kind, with a roof that won't leak.

Dr. Reisman asserts that hobos neither carry tomato cans nor wear long beards. Does that accord with your observation, Mr. President?

There seems to be no chance that the written life story of the Standard Oil Company will ever occupy a place in the Sunday school libraries.

We have 2-cent postage and the cry is for "penny postage." This may be one reason why the railway people do not enthuse over the 2-cent fare proposition.

Mrs. Howard Gould wants \$4,000,000 in the way of alimony. People who drop out of the Gould family seem to have an idea that they ought to get big prices for so doing.

Just as the rest of the world is considering a proposition to give up fighting China begins to arm herself for war. The Chinese always have had a habit of doing things backward.

"The wheat crop is the vehicle of our prosperity," says a Kansas exchange. Translated into plain United States, this means that dollar wheat will soon enable all the farmers to buy automobiles.

It is said that the King of Italy is unhappy because his wife's relatives insist on making long visits to Rome. If even a king has to submit to that sort of thing what's the use of being a king?

With one fell stroke of his anthropological sickle Prof. Starr amputates eight or nine centuries from the proud record of the late Mr. Methuselah. Will Methuselah's descendants stand for this?

An Osage Indian baby in Indian territory is worth \$50,000 as soon as it is born. In lieu of the conventional silver spoon the Osage baby is born, figuratively speaking, with a few sections of land in its mouth.

It is the modern theory of education that the best way to teach good manners to the young is to be polite to them from the beginning. Possibly something of the kind may have been in the mind of a Massachusetts woman who advertises eggs for hatching. Her advertisement says: "One hundred eggs sure to hatch for three dollars, if called for. Will hatch if requested in incubator."

In many educational institutions of the country the students seem to be allowed too much leeway in attempting to dictate to the faculty how the institution shall be conducted. This probably originated in the institutions where the support of the parents of the pupils, as somewhat and in some instances influenced by the pupils themselves, was depended upon for their very existence. It is conceivable that in such cases a third faculty may have been weak enough to allow students to dictate what should and what should not be. But such an attitude is not compatible with dignity, even when adopted as a matter of self-preservation.

So many school children have been found with defective eyesight that the school committees of several cities have considered furnishing eyeglasses free. It is a question how far government should go in supplying citizens with the necessary things of life. Most American parents will prefer to pay the oculist. In many cities are free dispensaries where poor children can be treated and receive free prescriptions for glasses. Parents should be warned against incompetent oculists who take advantage of the reports of the boards of education on the matter of eyesight in the schools, and try to get business for themselves by exaggerated warnings to the "parents of school children threatened with blindness."

Those familiar with the results of American exploration have known for a few years that there are three natural bridges in Southeastern Utah as much larger than the Natural Bridge in Virginia as Pike's Peak is than Mount Washington. It is only within a short time, however, that much accurate information about these Utah wonders has been accessible. In 1905 an expedition of Salt Lake City men visited them in company with an artist and a surveyor. Pictures of the bridges have lately been published. The Augusta bridge, with a span of three hundred and twenty feet and a height of two hundred and sixty-five feet, is the largest, and so far as known there is none larger in the world. The Caroline bridge has a greater span, three hundred and fifty feet, but is smaller in other ways; and the third, the Edwin bridge, although not so high as the bridge in Virginia, has a span several times as large. As one has to travel about a hundred miles over a barren country to reach these marvels of nature, the summer tourist will not visit them very frequently.

In opposition to the suicide clubs, race or individual, which have demanded the attention of the country, several attempts have been made to organize hundred year old clubs, or, more explicitly, clubs composed of members who will endeavor to round out a century of human existence. To a club of this nature belongs Chief Chemist Wiley, and while he is merely in his sixty-third year he expresses the opinion that no man should live to be less than a hundred, which is in truth scarcely more than a ripe old age. It must be admitted at the outset that there are many reasons why human life should be prolonged beyond former limitations. Sanitation and hygiene have done wonders. Diseases that were considered incurable a few years ago now yield readily to treatment or have been practically stamped out. The art of living rationally and well has become more generally understood, the extreme luxuries of a former generation are now the common, everyday accompaniments of life, and if the simplicity of the fathers and their regularity of living are not quite so strongly in evidence the extravagances are possibly more than offset by the discoveries and general advance in the medical world. On the other hand, it is not to be overlooked that while sanitation and the spread of medical knowledge have arrested or averted disease, other perils threaten the would be centenarian. He must take into account railroad accidents, the electric cars, and other perils of city streets, and, not least of all, the operations so eloquently urged by the ambitious surgeon. If he escapes these and conforms in his mode of life to the careful hygienic directions, he may live to be a hundred. But what avails it to Mr. Wiley or to any other simple liver that he reaches the century mark if his friends do not accompany him the whole of the way? Who cares to be a hundred, or even the greater part of it, if his children and grandchildren, the friends of his youth, and the sharers of his greatest joys, drop off at 65? What excesses of pleasure are there at the disposal of the centenarian that the sprightly young fellow of 60 should yearn to emulate his example? What assurance have we from the honorable president, secretary, or member in good standing of the Hundred Year Old Club that after we have conformed to all the rules and regulations of sanitary science and turned the hundredth milestone, there will be anybody on earth who will give us more than a passing thought or even glance at our picture in the papers? A record of living simply to show that Methuselah and old Parr do not enjoy a monopoly is hardly worth the while. The pioneer in longevity, intentionally or accidentally, is not a happy person. Let us live to be a hundred when living to be a hundred is the fashion.

BERLIN'S POSTAL SERVICE.

Connect the Central Office With the Principal Stations.

The Berlin postal authorities are revolutionizing the conveyance of letters and parcels.

The idea on which they are experimenting is to have an underground tube with a large enough circumference to admit a man in a stooping position. These tubes are to connect the central postoffice with the principal stations and with the district offices.

Two sets of rails are built in this tube or tunnel, one over the other, not side by side. The upper set of rails is supported on the sides of the tube, thus practically dividing it in two. Small carriages, running on two wheels, are automatically driven by electricity along these rails.

No locomotive is used nor is there any attendant with the carriage. As many as six of these carriages can be run together for conveying letters and parcels from the arrival station to the central postoffice and thence to the various districts, or vice versa.

By this means letters can be delivered in any part of the city in less than a fourth of the time formerly required. So far the scheme is not beyond the experimental stages, but it promises to be a success and to banish from the streets the mail van, with all its poetry and romance.

How inconsistent your neighbors are! They refuse to say that you are a good man, but after the undertaker gets you they delight in saying that you were a good man.



MR. AND MRS. OSCAR LEWISHON.

After the marriage of Edna May, the beautiful American actress, to Oscar Lewishon, son of the New York millionaire, at the register's office at Windsor, England, the couple went to a beautiful vineclad villa which the groom had prepared for his bride. There, shortly after their arrival, they were photographed standing together on the porch, a handsome pair in a framework of ivy leaves and flowers.

In 1896 a little girl with parted hair and wise, demure eyes went from Syracuse, where her father was, and is today, a letter-man, to New York, where she asked for a position in a chorus. She was made understudy to Lucille Saunders in Santa Maria. She was recognized as a type of girl which is as rare on the stage as a rose in a field of flaunting poppies. That winter was uneventful and Miss May did no more than get a nice little start. After a brief American tour she went to London, where for several years she was in mediocre plays which caused little or no comment. In 1904 she was at Daly's in New York in The Schoolgirl, and the next year she appeared in The Catch of the Season. Since then England has been her field of action.

For almost ten years the little actress has been besieged with the attention of England's titled sons, and her name has been in the papers constantly. That she is wise to retire in the height of her popularity cannot be doubted. Edna May did quite the proper thing to wed, and the simple little ceremony which united her to Mr. Lewishon puts the finishing touch to her wonderful career. She and her millionaire husband are going to live a simple life in a "manor house," whatever that may be, all ivy-grown and with the conventional swans in the lake and hungry deer in the spacious park.

Oscar Lewishon is the fourth and youngest son of Leonard Lewishon, once well known as a "copper king." Mr. Lewishon, Sr., and his brother Adolph were both poor when they landed in New York from Germany many years ago. Their first business venture was made under the all-embracing heading of "general merchants," but they soon began to specialize in two things only—coffee and copper. By degrees they became the largest operators in coffee, and with H. H. Rogers, of Standard Oil fame, organized the memorable coffee corner in 1901.

A GOOD PIPE.

Shape Has More to Do with Insuring Success Than Has Material.

Pipes are smoked by millions, and always will be, yet not one smoker in a thousand knows the elements of a good pipe. Engineers have been known to talk by the hour over the draft of their fire boxes and never once in half a lifetime think of the draft in their pipes which they smoke hourly.

Sage attention is paid to the pipe material, all of which has little if anything to do with the qualities of a pipe, and generally nothing whatever is thought of shape and proportions, the two things that make a pipe good or bad. A two-cent postage stamp spent with intelligence will buy as good a pipe as there is in the world; everything added to that price is ornament, vanity and especially ignorance.

The corncob holds a high place among pipe smokers and deserves this place—usually—for the best of scientific reasons. When a pipe is built on right principles the bowl is as narrow and deep as is convenient to fill; the hole in the stem meets the bowl at the very bottom and in the center, thus insuring a perfect and even burning of

the tobacco. The cake prevents the fire from burning the bowl, thus prevents making its bore larger or uneven, which would in proportion spoil the draft. The sides of the bowl are thick to keep in the heat, thus making the burning at the same temperature at the edges of the tobacco as at the center. In this way a clean, sweet smoke is assured.

An Odd Business.

In France at this season the banks of streams are yellow with bonfires every night. About the fires loaf peasants, men and women, smoking, chattering, spooning.

They keep the blaze going all night, and at dawn the ground is an inch or two deep with May flies, fireflies, moths—little creatures that flew out of the darkness into those clear and gem-like flames, fluttered forth again in agony, fell and died.

The tiny corpses are sold to the French bird dealers at five or six cents a pint, and are resold for food to the owners of pet birds, finches, thrushes, canaries, nightingales and the like.

It's to a man's credit if he can truthfully say that his credit is good.

COUGHING IN CHURCH.

It is an Opinion of the Sermon or Sign of Wandering Interest.

The epidemic of coughing that attacks a congregation at times is regarded as of sufficient importance by a writer in the British Medical Journal to merit discussion in a column article. He is of opinion that the cause is nervous irritability, but will not accept the theory of an American physician that it is due to prolonged attention, holding that lack of attentiveness must rather be held responsible. He goes on with his investigation thus:

"Persons who will sit out a play or listening to an interesting conversation without coughing seem to be seized, as soon as they compose themselves to hear a sermon, with distressing irritation of the windpipe that can be relieved only by violent and continued coughing. The affection is contagious, spreading from seat to seat, cough answering to cough, till the church is as full of noise as Prospero's Island. As far as we know, the etiology of this strange disease has not received attention from the scientific investigator. Is it due to sudden changes of temperature in the sacred edifice, or to the sudden inroads of malign drafts? It may be granted that the eloquence of some preachers has a chilling effect, while that of others is of a windy character; neither of these things, however, can be accepted as a vera causa. We note with interest that the problem has been attacked from another side by an American scientist who has studied the epidemic as it occurs in theaters. He has satisfied himself that there, at least, the coughing which sometimes goes far to spoil the performance is due to reflex irritation propagated from the ear to the larynx.

"The source of the irritation, according to him, is to be found in the strain on the auditory apparatus induced by the effort to hear what is said on the stage. This suggests that actors of the present day do not know how to use their voices. It would be a comfort to preachers if the church cough could also be explained by overstraining listening. We fear, however, that a solution of the riddle is rather to be found in what Falstaff calls 'the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking.' It is related that once upon a time when an author was reading a new play before the members of the Comedie Francaise, an actress fell asleep. When the company were expressing their various opinions, the author maliciously insisted on having that of the sleeping beauty on the ground that the attention she had given to it would make her opinion especially valuable. The reply was disconcertingly to the point: 'Monsieur, le sommeil est une opinion' ('Sir, sleep is an opinion'). In like manner it may be said that coughing is an opinion. At a full dress rehearsal of a new play by Sardou, the audience, which had applauded the first act, began to cough in the middle of the second. The author at once exclaimed: 'They cough; I always thought that scene was too long.' Preachers might sometimes at least draw the same moral from the coughing of a congregation."

SEARCHING SEA DEPTHS.

Places Where the Longest Sounding Line Does Not Touch Bottom.

The little German man-of-war Planet, of 820 tons, is at Manila, about a year out from Germany, sailing around the Cape of Good Hope to Colombo and thence to German New Guinea, says the Los Angeles Times. After this voyage of about 20,000 nautical miles, during which more than 200 deep-sea soundings were made, the ship was occupied some three months on survey work around the Bismarck archipelago, off the east coast of New Guinea. She came to Manila from Yap Island, among Germany's possessions in Oceania, having followed a very irregular course westward to the Philippines, in close study of the ocean's profile between her point of departure and the islands.

The most interesting result of these soundings she has just completed in the Pacific to the eastward of the Philippines is the discovery of an unusual depression in the ocean's bed off the east coast of Mindanao. About thirty-two miles north, 104 degrees east of Pusan point, Mindanao, all her sounding wire was in the water, showing a depth of 4,678 fathoms and no bottom. Ninety-two miles due north of this spot she sounded 4,648 fathoms. Later off the northeast coast of Samar a depth of 4,901 fathoms was discovered in a spot twenty-five miles off Tubabat Island and in north 57 degrees east bearing.

According to Commander Kurtz these are very remarkable results, as the existence of such a deep Philippines depression has hitherto not been suspected, and, moreover, suboceanic slopes showing such steepness as these are quite extraordinary.

Pins.

The number of pins manufactured daily in England is 54,000,000; in France, 20,000,000; in Germany, 10,300,000. It is estimated that about \$5,000 worth of pins are daily lost in Europe.