

Topics of the Times

It is time for the vine growers of France to pay some attention to the olive branch.

A fish trust is merely a logical process of evolution. In nature the big fish eat the little ones.

What is the use of Pullman porters organizing? Aren't they already working the public for the full scale?

The fact that comparatively few persons are run over by automobiles speaks well for the agility of the human family.

Mark Twain probably wears that white suit to match his hair. That involves less trouble than changing the color of the hair.

Because he inherited \$40,000 a young man committed suicide in an eastern city a few days ago. He was probably expecting at least \$75,000.

The intimation comes from Russia, that the Czar has lost patience with his disaffected subjects. Henceforth he is going to crush—and possibly to crush.

An Ohio man laughed so hard that he had to undergo a surgical operation. He must have been reading the cabled report of one of Mark Twain's London jokes.

The man who was married the other day and applied for a divorce two hours later must have forgotten that married people are supposed to repent at leisure instead of in haste.

In Germany it is against the law to photograph a man without his permission. The German snap-shooter may now be classed with those who refuse to believe that this is a time of general prosperity.

A New Jersey horticulturist claims to have produced a strawberry nearly as large as a potato. He might have been a little more explicit and described it as being almost as large as a lump of coal.

A Pennsylvania prophet predicts that the world will come to an end within a few months. Nevertheless the man who has his next winter's supply of coal in and paid for may consider himself lucky.

In Denver there is a judge who has decided that it is cruelty on the part of a husband not to kiss his wife at least once a day. He does not hold, however, that a man is mean merely because he delivers his kiss the first thing after getting up in the morning, thus having it over with.

Salvador has sent a sensible man to represent it in Washington. The new minister said the other day that the Salvadoreans and the citizens of the other Central American countries are getting tired of war. They realize, he says, that if all the money spent for slaughter and the gratification of selfish ambitions of some individuals had been turned to the building of good roads, schools and other instrumentalities, Central America would comprise one united, prosperous and happy nation to-day.

A tramp has beaten all known records by swimming twenty-seven miles in thirty minutes. He did not mean to do it. He merely tried to steal a ride from St. Louis to Chicago on the rear of a locomotive tender. When the train started he fell over backward, through the open manhole, into the water-tank. The noise of the train drowned his cries for help, and he was obliged to swim until the first stop was reached, at Alton. When taken out he was nearly dead, but the engineer was so unfeeling as to call his attention to the fact that the water was only four feet deep, and he might have stood up. The conductor, also unfeeling, asked him for his ticket, but the tramp said he had not come by rail, but by water.

One of the Yale professors has been making a study of the occupations of Yale graduates by classes. He finds, among other things, that a constantly lessening number are entering the ministry, and a steadily increasing number are studying law. The law now claims more than twice as many as any other profession. Next to it comes finance. Less than one-twelfth of the graduates enter the ministry, in spite of the fact that one of the purposes for which Yale was founded was "to train godly young men for the Christian ministry." But, side by side with these facts, it is also noted that charitable and philanthropic work—the giving both of money and of service—is yearly claiming a larger share of the

interest of educated men and women. Perhaps that is where the "godly young men" of to-day are going.

Before the great Pennsylvania railroad bridge can be built across the East River at Hell Gate, the plans must be approved by the art commission of New York. This is in accordance with provisions in the charter of the city that no bridge, statue or public building may be erected without first passing the scrutiny of men of taste and judgment. The commission has condemned many proposed works to the satisfaction of the people of taste. The new bridge, according to the pictures of the architects, will be a dignified structure. The main span, a thousand feet long, will be supported from two ornamental piers, built of granite and concrete. It will carry four tracks, two for passenger and two for freight cars, and will be a hundred and forty feet above the water at high tide. The bridge is to connect the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad with the Pennsylvania system by way of the tunnels under the East and Hudson rivers, so that it may not be necessary to carry trains round New York on ferry boats. When completed it will be the fifth bridge crossing the East River from Long Island. The others are the old Brooklyn bridge, the Williamsburg bridge, the Manhattan bridge, now building near the Brooklyn bridge, and the Blackwell's Island bridge, still unfinished. The suggestion once made by a naval engineer to build low bridges with draws to accommodate shipping does not meet with approval. In fact, each new bridge is a little higher than the last. The Pennsylvania bridge is five feet higher above the water than the Brooklyn bridge.

Theodore P. Shonts, railroad man, canal builder limited and head of a family, has been giving excellent advice to girls. He has daughters of his own, and speaks with feeling and conviction. His gospel may seem rather dry and prosaic, but that is because of a few unguarded and sweeping expressions. In reality, it is not devoid of poetry and idealism—quite the contrary. Mr. Shonts warns girls against marrying men solely on account of their positions, personal appearance, clothes or other "externals." He tells them that impulsive and purely sentimental unions are rarely happy. He would have them judge men from moral and intellectual points of view, and assure themselves of the sincerity, manliness, strength, essential nobility of those who aspire to their hands. The man who is handsome and fascinating to boot will always have a natural advantage over the worthy and nice man whose physical qualities and other "externals" are below par, and far be it from Mr. Shonts to depreciate distinction of manner or beauty of person. But the admirable Shonts gospel is rather one-sided. It ignores the young men. Women from the beginning of history have admired power, courage, ability and sincerity in men, and have instinctively subordinated "externals" to moral and mental qualities. If they hadn't, what would have been the fate of millions of useful but not ornamental specimens of the rougher sex? But men, and men of all ages, alas! have never shown much discretion in their affairs of the heart. Beauty has drawn them by a single hair. A pretty face, a dimple, a fine figure, an arch way—and all considerations of prudence and sense are thrown to the winds. Mr. Shonts should have said something to young men in behalf of the sweet, modest, quiet, brave, unselfish girls whose fortunes are not in their faces and figures. Sincerity, goodness and amiability should be cherished by men in women, and the race should not always be to the brilliant and good looking girls. Surely Mr. Shonts does not imagine that men need no advice as to how to discover charm and gifts in the girls of their acquaintance.

His Only Escape.

There is a story often told to illustrate the manner in which President Lincoln was besieged by commission-seekers. Hearing that a brigadier-general and his horse had been captured, and the general taken to Richmond, he asked eagerly about the horse. "The horse!" exclaimed his informant. "You want to know about the horse?" "Yes," said Lincoln. "I can make a brigadier any day, but the horse was valuable." To this day John Russell Young, in his memoirs, adds a similar tale. He was calling upon Lincoln one day at the White House. "I met So-and-so on the steps," he remarked. "Yes," replied the President. "I have just made his son a brigadier." "A general!" exclaimed Mr. Young, in astonishment. "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, with a great weariness. "You know I must have some time for something else." Marriage is sometimes a failure because a man is unable to think of the right excuse at the right time.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HONORABLE FUNCTION OF THE POLITICIAN.

By Ellhu Root, Secretary of State.



ELLHU ROOT.

We often hear remarks made which indicate an impression that politicians are rather a low set of fellows, with selfish aims and corrupt practices, who manipulate party politics for their own advantage, and that the less self-respecting gentlemen have to do with them the better.

If that is ever the case, and it undoubtedly is the case at some times and in some places, it is always because at such times and in such places political control is allowed to go by default.

Another reason or excuse for not taking part in political affairs is the direct reverse of those that I have mentioned; it is that the party management is satisfactory; that matters go along very well, and that a man does his duty to his party if he supports its ticket with his vote, and perhaps contributes his fair share toward the payment of its expenses. This position can never be maintained.

None of these reasons for not taking part in party politics is ordinarily the real reason. The real reason is that men are unwilling to spend the time and the money and the labor necessary for the due performance of their duties as citizens; that they prefer to attend to their professions, their business, their pleasures, and allow others to govern them, rather than to take part in governing themselves.

They are willing to pursue a course which, if shared in by the rest of their countrymen, would bring our constitutional government to an immediate end, wreck our prosperity and stop our progress.

HOW WOMEN MAY RETAIN MEN'S RESPECT.

By Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania.



Women should never forget that they stand on a superior level, and when they place themselves on an equality with man they do but descend from those heights. It is the natural instinct of man to venerate woman, first in the person of the mother who bore him, next in that of his wife, then again of his daughter, or it may be of the sister or sisterly friend who watches over his children. It is not too much to say that, in all times and places, and under all circumstances severer, a truly womanly woman will hardly fail to obtain proper deference from men. In the hour of trouble, in sickness and fatigue, our husbands and our sons seem to us just such dear spoiled children, whom we must do our best to help and comfort, however inordinate the claims may be which they make on our sympathy and indulgence.

Young girls cannot too soon begin to prepare themselves for the hours of loneliness life must inevitably

bring, and they should resolve from the first that whenever left thus they will spend the time profitably in acquiring useful knowledge, in enlarging their mental horizon so as to be able to share their husbands' pursuits and understand their aims, to become their worthy companions in every enterprise. For this no tremendous display of learning is requisite, that would often rather weary a man than not, instead of giving him the sensation of repose he seeks. One of the friends of my youth, an unmarried woman, whose skill with her needle was unrivaled, always had a book open before her while she worked, and whilst executing some lovely piece of embroidery of such graceful design and in such delicate colors that it looked like a water color sketch, she would learn all the finest passages from her author by heart. Thanks to this system, she was able to relate stories without end to young people without ever having to refer to a book.

RAILROADS AND THEIR EMPLOYEES.

By Chauncey M. Depew.



SENATOR DEPEW.

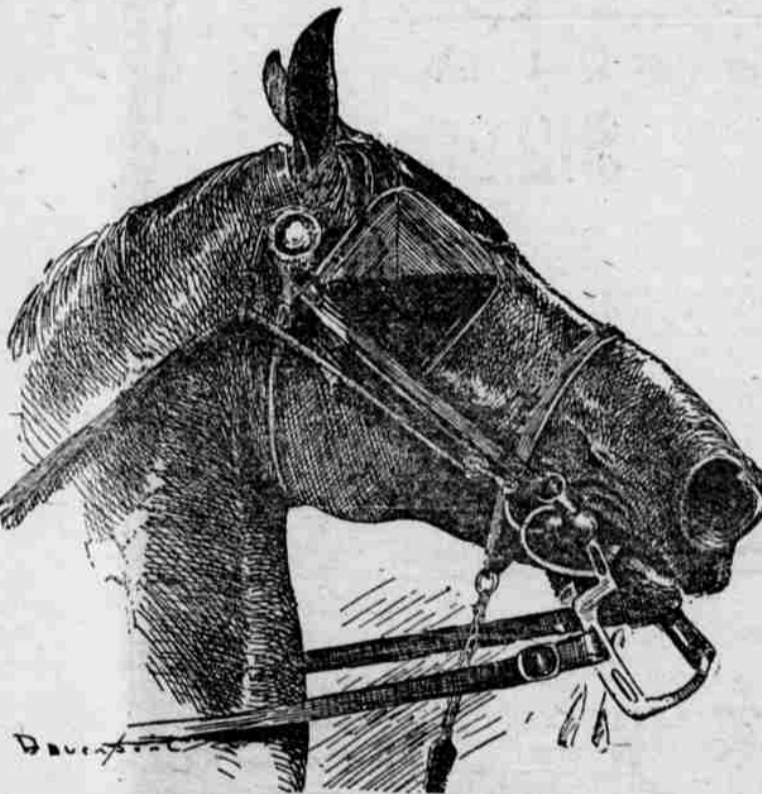
While the railroad employees formed but a small proportion of the electorate at the time I became associated with the railroads forty years ago, when you add to the one and a half millions directly upon the pay rolls the men who dig out the ore from the mines and those who turn the ore into rails, fishplates, and spikes, and those whose finished product comes in the form of the cars upon the tracks, there are at least one-fifth of the voters dependent upon the railroads for their living.

The demand upon the railroads of the country is now greater than they can answer. Conditions of ten years ago have changed, and the farmers who are now reveling in prosperity need more railroads to transport the fruits of their labor.

The railroad plant is insufficient to meet the demands of the country, and the country is growing more rapidly than railway mileage or equipment construction. I am not one of those who fear that socialism, or advanced radicalism, or untried theories put into unwise practice are to be carried into effect to such an extent as to produce financial or industrial paralysis. I believe that these great corporations should be under the rigid supervision of the States and of the general government.

Because of the present marvelous development the American people want railroads built, and they believe that those who take the risks should have a fair return upon their money. The millions of people who make direct investments or indirect ones through their deposits in savings banks and other institutions, and that vast army of labor, comprising one-fifth of our electorate, who are dependent upon railway prosperity for their living, are the substantial basis of the safety of the present and the growth of the future.

HOW HORSES ARE TORTURED.



If you will stop to notice the character of the bits used on the horses you will get another view of the cruelty done to our faithful servants. And if you could make an examination of these bits and headgear, you would be more astonished than ever.

It would be impossible to estimate the suffering that horses undergo from high checking and from the weight of metal brought to bear on their frail underjaws.

The modern fashionable bit weighs two and a half pounds. The weight of that bit rests on the lower jaw, where the bone is the frailest in the whole anatomy of the horse. There are no teeth to prevent the big, heavy bit from bruising the tender jawbone. At that point there is only a tusk. I have seen that lone tooth so sore and tender from where the heavy bits hit it that the horse could hardly be bridled at all.

Besides this two-and-a-half-pound bit, there is another bit in the horse's mouth, one to which the checkrein is fastened. The latest fashionable checkrein works on a pulley. Then, with a martingale fastened to the noseband and bellyband, the horse can't even toss his

head higher, if it was a physical possibility, to get the temporary rest that that would afford him.

But we seem to be getting worse instead of better. The latest invention is a bit with a tremendous paw running back and squeezing the horse's tongue down so that he cannot move it.

This last effort of fashion, of course, is to keep the horse's tongue from lolling from his mouth when he is checked so high that in his agony he lets the tongue out to try some change to relieve the pain. Though the bulldog in the seat of the carriage may have his tongue hanging out without showing bad form, still for the hot, prancing horse to do it is simply intolerable!

If you want to imagine something of the agony of the modern fashionable carriage horse, go to any swell harness store and lift the head stall with the bits in place. And any horse will go better with a plain snaffle bit. Its weight is one-tenth that of the other, and the horse obeys the rein quicker. But the objection to the snaffle bit is that a horse will act naturally; he will look around and enjoy his work, if he

can. The bit doesn't hurt him, and he does not appear excited.

But the trouble with drivers of "stylish" horses is that they do not understand how these things decreed by fashion torture the horses. I believe I know human beings as well as I know horses, though men and women are the harder to understand. I have no doubt if this matter could be seen in its proper light we would not be content to ride behind horses with maimed tails and half broken jaws to attract attention without hiring a man with a megaphone. Mankind is vain, but not intentionally cruel.—Homer Davenport in the Chicago American.

A Slight Gap.

A genealogist, like a poet, must be born, not made. The naive statements offered by persons whose one desire is to show a lineage which will secure them admittance to some exclusive organization drive the real genealogist to rage or tears.

"I don't see why I can't join the 'Daughters of the Early Founders,'" said an indignant young woman to a friend. "My line is perfectly clear except in one place. It's so absurd!" "What is the troublesome 'place'?" asked the genealogist.

"Oh, it's in the eighteenth century," said the young woman, with much irritation. "They just failed to keep the records, of course. Of all foolish things! Why, I can remember back to grandfather, you see, and mother remembers two more generations, and we're perfectly sure our ancestors came over from England in the seventeenth century. The name is spelled a little different, but of course it's they, because they must have come. And just because I haven't been able to connect them with great-great-grandfather in the eighteenth century, they won't let me in. It's so—so paltry!"

Wasn't Asking Much.

A florist of Philadelphia was one day making the rounds of his properties near that city when he was approached by a young man, who applied to him for work.

"I am sorry," said the florist, "but I have all the help I need. I have nothing for you to do."

"Sir," said the young man, with a polite bow, "if you only knew how very little work it would take to occupy me!"—Success Magazine.

A short man doesn't consider it a compliment to be called "a nice little man."