

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

It is never too late to mend if you do it in time.

It isn't what a man has, but what he does with it, that counts.

We could get along better with the inevitable if it would make reasonable concessions.

A girl thinks it is better to have been kissed and regret than never to have been kissed.

A man's work has broken the other day by a color button. The much-faded article line at last faded.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that educated men are slow to marry. He failed to add that married men are soon educated.

You shouldn't wave your handkerchief when the Kaiser passes or throw flowers at him. He wouldn't shy, but his horses might.

There is an impression that an abundance of American battle ships might tend to simplify any smaller necessity for a conclusive interpretation of the Monroe doctrine.

It is said that the curvina is largely responsible for the reforms that have been started in Russia. If this is the case it is to be hoped that the lady will keep on talking to him.

Dr. Flexner, of Rockefeller Institute, announces that he has found a serum to stay cholera infantum serum. Bets as to when he will announce that the serum is a failure are now in order.

It is claimed that the railways of Great Britain didn't kill a passenger last year. If this is true it might pay some of the Americans who are running roads to go over there and take a few lessons.

Among the treasures of the British Museum is a photographic cylinder recording the voice of Robert Browning. The poet spoke for the purpose not long before he died. What would not the world give for a single sentence uttered by Shakespeare, thus preserved!

An old throne, almost as good as new, has recently been discovered in France. It was occupied by Louis Philippe when he opened the French parliament, and disappeared after the Revolution of 1848. The discovery has some historic interest, but is not important otherwise, as the market for thrones is not as good as formerly.

Not many years before his death Abraham S. Hewitt said, "I care little for political strife except as the good of the community may be affected, or for business success except as the general welfare is in that way influenced." This is a good ideal for one to set before him. If more men sought to realize it there would be less striving for the honors of office and less eagerness for wealth for its own sake.

The child born to-day may expect four years' longer life than the child born fifty years ago. One of the agents to bring about this result is the school nurse, who goes from school to school, treating incipient ailments. Many a cough or a cut or a sore is quickly cured, which through inattention would develop into serious trouble. So successful has been the work of a single nurse in the New York schools this winter that twelve more have been appointed.

Many persons of good discernment believe that Frank Stockton was a keeper of secrets because he never explained the lady or the tiger controversy. Perhaps they forgot that if he had explained it all interest in the book would have been lost. It is the business of the author to cause talk about himself and his work, I believe. A pound of talk is worth a good part of an edition. Numerous authors of to-day are making money by advertising themselves in all sorts of freakish ways. The stuff they reel out is the veriest trash and flap-doodle, but an interest being created in their individuality—or the lack of it—the books sell. Stockton's way of arousing curiosity was legitimate and honorable. He wrote the story for a purpose and achieved it. It was finished where he left off.

Now it is our friend—the country's friend—Edward Everett Hale—who has robbed us of a popular belief! Daniel Webster was not a drunkard! In the twenty-six years during which Mr. Hale "knew him intimately he saw him thousands of times, read thousands of his letters, ran in and out of his house constantly, and never once saw him under the influence of liquor." Of course we all will say we rejoice to hear it. But in our secret souls we don't altogether rejoice. Why is this? Are we at bottom a kind of malignant animal? Is there a nasty vein of malice in every heart? Or is it that the ordinary man and woman are chilled and stifled by these faultless ruling folk—powers and dominions, as John Milton would call them? The dazle and whine of an archangel awes us, but a dab of coal soot on his wing makes him human at once. He is our brother now. We can claim fellowship with him at last; he "calls cousin" with us on account of that smut upon his wing.

Experience with "get-rich-quick" concerns is proving costly to a great many people, but if the experience be properly assimilated it will be worth far more than the lost money to thousands of young men and women who are learning through this means that for another man's game is always run for the other fellow's profit. So many great fortunes seem to be made in speculation that young men are apt to jump to the conclusion that that is the only way to get rich, and it is all the more seductive because it requires no work, either physical or mental. But the

fact is that the apparent speculations by which many men steadily accumulate immense fortunes are not speculations at all. The element of chance is almost if not entirely eliminated by masterful information and carefully cultivated judgment. Great enterprises, as well as smaller ones, depend for their success upon the knowledge and energy put into them. The true captain of industry takes few chances. He generally sees in advance every turn and detail of his enterprise from beginning to end. His speculation is a sure thing. Rockefeller and men of his class deal only in sure things. They let others, less cautious, do the experimenting. They take no chances. No sane young man would think of investing his savings in any ordinary business of which he had no definite knowledge. He would insist that the management be of the highest skill, and that the profits be assured by past success. If half as good judgment were used in investing in speculative enterprises, there would be few losses. Money and luck are poor things to depend upon. Another man's game is a poorer thing still to put faith in.

From that mysterious seat of judgment where fashions are decreed the edict has come forth that the masculine line has been dropped and that the consensus of opinion is in favor of her elder and daintier sister, who of the rose-white complexion, frills and furbelows and scented fan. Whence this supersession comes no one can say. Perhaps it is public opinion, not expressed, but quietly enforced. Anyway, the masculine girl is taking her departure. Manish ties, tawny complexions, low heels and loud, raucous voices are going. The smart young woman of to-day follows rather closely the ideals of her great-grandmothers. The distinctly feminine note is persistently sounded in the whole scheme of her dress and demeanor. It is not in place here to point out the technical details of this change. But it is very noticeable, even to those who are not familiar with the intricacies of pleating and douncing—and by no class is it more keenly appreciated than by those beings known as men, in deference to whose unreasoning sensitiveness these complex and ever-changing fashions are invented. The return of "the feminine girl" can but be regarded as a favorable sign, though it must be admitted that the swing of the fashion pendulum is largely responsible for the change. The bolsters of style of the masculine young woman had reached an extreme bordering on the uncouth and vulgar. The eighteenth century has, of course, never return. The young woman of this day must remain to a large extent a "door girl," even when she ceases to compete with men in haberdashery and the broad jump and football. This is as it should be. The healthy, bright-eyed and ruddy-cheeked girl, distinctly feminine, however, in manners and dress, marks a great advance over the frail misses of former times, whose coarctation was the blackboard, and whose exercise was gallop and tambour-work and the spinnet. Yet the demure maids of century before last had much that remains to be said in their favor. Their occupations, narrow though they might be, were generally useful. They had occupations that provided both for comfort and character. The proverbial spinning wheel is one of the most sacred traditions. It is as inseparable from memory as is the good old-fashioned family friends, that has gone with it. The old-time feminine girl, who charms memory and enriches history, can never return. She will ever live in poetry and art, but she could never fit herself into a modern city home. She would seem sadly out of place at up-to-date social functions. Her home-made dresy and her home-made complexion are out of style. But the modern girl can at least be a woman. And men are learning to like her better as such.

One day a very nervous, timid-looking woman, accompanied by a robust-looking farmer man, came on the platform of a little railway station at a remote country spot. For a short time she seemed to devote her attention to the time table, but not finding there the satisfaction she sought she stepped up to the station master as he came out of his office. "Will you please tell me if the three-fifteen has gone yet?" she asked, in apparent concern. "Yes, about twenty minutes ago," he replied. "And when will the four-thirty be along, do you think?" "Why, not for some time yet, of course." "Are there any expresses before that?" "Not one." "Any freight trains?" "No." "Nothing at all?" "Nothing whatever." "Are you quite sure?" "Certainly I am, or I wouldn't have said so." "Then," said the old woman, turning to her husband, "I think we'll cross the line, William."

There was an Irishman who after reaching America was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the old sod he grew especially rosy and said: "Why, the baze in that country is twice as big as in this, bodade. Inade, they're bigger than that—they're as big as the sheep ye have in this country!" "Bees as big as sheep?" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of bives do they have to keep them in?" "No bigger than the ones in this country," was the reply. "Then how do the bees get into the bives?" he was asked. "Well," replied the Irishman, "that's their own lookout!"

A woman doesn't consider that her pastor does his duty unless he asks her every time he sees her if they are all well at home.

A diplomat is a man who tells his wife everything that happens not to happen.

fact is that the apparent speculations by which many men steadily accumulate immense fortunes are not speculations at all. The element of chance is almost if not entirely eliminated by masterful information and carefully cultivated judgment. Great enterprises, as well as smaller ones, depend for their success upon the knowledge and energy put into them. The true captain of industry takes few chances. He generally sees in advance every turn and detail of his enterprise from beginning to end. His speculation is a sure thing. Rockefeller and men of his class deal only in sure things. They let others, less cautious, do the experimenting. They take no chances. No sane young man would think of investing his savings in any ordinary business of which he had no definite knowledge. He would insist that the management be of the highest skill, and that the profits be assured by past success. If half as good judgment were used in investing in speculative enterprises, there would be few losses. Money and luck are poor things to depend upon. Another man's game is a poorer thing still to put faith in.

fact is that the apparent speculations by which many men steadily accumulate immense fortunes are not speculations at all. The element of chance is almost if not entirely eliminated by masterful information and carefully cultivated judgment. Great enterprises, as well as smaller ones, depend for their success upon the knowledge and energy put into them. The true captain of industry takes few chances. He generally sees in advance every turn and detail of his enterprise from beginning to end. His speculation is a sure thing. Rockefeller and men of his class deal only in sure things. They let others, less cautious, do the experimenting. They take no chances. No sane young man would think of investing his savings in any ordinary business of which he had no definite knowledge. He would insist that the management be of the highest skill, and that the profits be assured by past success. If half as good judgment were used in investing in speculative enterprises, there would be few losses. Money and luck are poor things to depend upon. Another man's game is a poorer thing still to put faith in.

fact is that the apparent speculations by which many men steadily accumulate immense fortunes are not speculations at all. The element of chance is almost if not entirely eliminated by masterful information and carefully cultivated judgment. Great enterprises, as well as smaller ones, depend for their success upon the knowledge and energy put into them. The true captain of industry takes few chances. He generally sees in advance every turn and detail of his enterprise from beginning to end. His speculation is a sure thing. Rockefeller and men of his class deal only in sure things. They let others, less cautious, do the experimenting. They take no chances. No sane young man would think of investing his savings in any ordinary business of which he had no definite knowledge. He would insist that the management be of the highest skill, and that the profits be assured by past success. If half as good judgment were used in investing in speculative enterprises, there would be few losses. Money and luck are poor things to depend upon. Another man's game is a poorer thing still to put faith in.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Are Advantages Disadvantageous.

ARE wealth and poverty handicaps which so heavily weigh as to prevent the success and honor that when he wins in sport, he is a victor in the crowd? Frankly, we do not believe it. The chances of those obscure origin who attain distinguished positions in life is very much greater than the number of those who to the advantages of wealth and a disreputable family who do this, for probably the reason that while some think that they should be rich, they are not rich, and they are not rich because they are not rich. It should also be remembered that in our high level of intelligence and general education is much less conspicuous than in the days of the past, and that the ability and industry to a place of influence and honor.

Schools Start Study of English.

ENGLISH is one of the most pliable and adaptable of tongues. It has plundered all languages of their riches. It has the greatest of all literatures, save that of Greece, and it has the advantage over Greek literature of being concerned with modern life and being a living speech. English, probably, will become one day the universal language.

WOODEN LEGS AND REAL ONES.

In the case of a man who had been awarded \$3,000 for the loss of a leg by a railroad and who had appealed the case, deeming the compensation too small, a Chicago judge has decided that artificial limbs should be accepted as part recompense for the loss of real ones. During the trial, on appeal, witnesses were introduced by the railroad who testified that though supplied with artificial legs they could get around as lively as persons with real ones, could dance and ride the bicycle. To this testimony the appellant strongly objected, whereupon the court handed down this ruling:

Art and invention have done much to mitigate the inconveniences occasioned by the loss of limbs and to restore the power of locomotion and the earning capacity which otherwise might be greatly lessened or lost, and evidence tending to show facts of that nature is competent for the consideration of the jury.

During recent years the progress made by artificial limb makers has been wonderful. An interesting story is told in this connection of a man who was lost in a blizzard in the wilds of the Dakotas. When he was finally picked up he was so badly frozen it was thought he would die, but by careful nursing a part of the man was saved—that is, his trunk and his head, both in a damaged condition. It so happened he had some money and was able to piece himself out.

After he was sufficiently recovered from his injuries he was brought to Chicago and taken to an artificial limb maker, who was told to go to work on the foundation and see what he could build. In the first place he put on two artificial legs, and the man could walk. The next job was to furnish the face, with two arms, and this was done after much work, and the battered trunk, dressed in the latest fashion, began to look quite like a human being once more. The man was still minus both his ears and his nose and one eye, while his hair had all fallen out. The artificial limb maker said he could fix the ears and nose all right, and he went to work and made a pair of ears for his man, fitted them on and then took up the task of a nose. This was the most difficult of all, but finally a very neat celluloid proboscis was made, which was held in place with spectacles. The man next got a wig and a glass eye and went out a new man in the real sense of the word.

Wonders are certainly performed in the way of making artificial limbs. Time was when the peg leg was the only thing known, and the man who lost one of his lower limbs had to go stumping through life with a wooden peg. Now he takes \$100 and goes and gets him a new leg, and one that is

about as serviceable as a fish and blood one, not subject to corns, rheumatism, and the other ailments to which flesh is heir.

It is only about a century ago that the first artificial leg was made, and it was considered one of the wonders of the world. It was called the Angleson leg, from the fact that it was made for the marquis of that name. This first limb was wonderfully and fearfully made, as heavy as lead and as clumsy as an iron leg. Since that time great improvements are made, until to-day a man with an artificial leg can walk, run, jump, hop, skip and do nearly everything that the man with flesh and blood legs is able to accomplish.

The Panama Canal.

THE treaty signed by Secretary Hay and Dr. Helms, the Colombian Minister, is a long step toward the realization of the Panama Canal by the United States. A special session of the Colombian Congress will be held in the spring to consider the treaty and the terms of the French company, which will undoubtedly be renewed.

The canal will cross the United States. It is \$100,000,000 to be paid to the French company, the present value of its shares and construction work as completed by the Walker commission, \$1,000,000,000 and \$2,000,000,000 per year after that date to the Colombian government for the construction, including the Panama Railroad, and of the entire expenditure of \$1,000,000,000 for the canal is authorized by the act of 1904, more may be needed. The house from Colombia runs 100 years and is renewable by the United States. And by an arrangement with Great Britain most creditable to the common sense of her statesmen the United States will have exclusive control of the canal strip, subject to arrangement with Colombia.

Of the 46.5 miles of the canal one-half will be at sea level, and this portion is nearly completed. Thirteen miles more will run in a lake created in the valley of the Chagres by a dam at Bohio, which will impound half a cubic mile of water. The remaining ten miles, the famous "Culebra cut" across the backbone of the continent, presents the greatest difficulty. It will probably be passed by a section about seventy feet above the sea. And the sides of the cut will tower more than 300 feet over above that level. The canal will be nowhere less than 120 feet wide at the bottom and usually considerably more. The locks planned by the French company were to be 738 feet long, but the rapid increase in the size of ocean craft will dictate a greater length. The minimum depth of ten metres (32.8 feet) planned by French engineers may also be increased.

These facts convey some impression of the magnitude of the undertaking. Its total cost will be more than twice that of the Suez Canal, more than five times that of the Kiel Canal in Germany. From an engineering viewpoint it will be one of the wonders of the world; its usefulness to trade will be vast and rapid in growth.—New York World.

A Woman's Happiest Day.

WHAT is the happiest day in a woman's life? Three hundred New York club women met recently to find out. One woman plumped for the day and moment when the carriage arrived to take her on her honeymoon, "because she was leaving all her old clothes behind her, although she would probably wear them again in a month or so." Another speaker declared boldly that the happiest day of a woman's life was when she struck a real bargain. In support of this she instances the woman who, on hearing that a bank had lowered its interest to 3 per cent, wrapped together all the money she could lay hands on, and deposited it forthwith. The demoralizing effect of feminine clubs was seen in the contention of a third orator, who argued that no woman was so happy as when she had read her first paper at a woman's club meeting, and had seen an account of it in the papers the next day. A fourth said the happiest day never came, because it was always in anticipation; and a fifth declared it wasn't a day at all, but a moonlight night. On the whole, a man is more puzzled than ever as to how to trim his sails.—London Chronicle.

EASY FOR PITCHERS NOW.

They Have a Snap Compared with Stars of Hygiene Days. Baseball pitchers in these days think they are performing wonders if they offbeat in two games a week. If they were asked to go in the box more than twice they would imagine they were being worked to death.

THE REAL KING OF FRUITS.

A Boy the True Apple-Eater, but Leave the Skins on for Him. The boy is indeed the true apple eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any other way. His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple. Nap draws sap.

His fruit-eating has little reference to the state of his appetite. Whether he be full of meat or empty of meat he wants the apple just the same. Before meal or after meal it never comes all day long. He has nests of them in his bay window, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits. Sometimes old Bettie, having access through the open door, smudges them out and makes fifty feet from the plate, to be sure but "Old Dad" had the best batter in America before him day after day. He had marvelous speed when he wanted to use it, a wonderful slow ball, great curves and a head filled with overflowing with gray matter. Day after day "Dad" pitched, winning constantly and soon creating a furor in the baseball world. Providence, as a plucky pitcher, 1884, and Radbourne was famous all over the land.

In 1894, when the New Yorks were making a great bid for the pennant, which was won that year by the Baltimores, Manager Ward during the last month of the campaign induced Amos Rusie and Joseph Meekin to pitch every other day. Both were giants in build and depended chiefly upon speed. They pitched phenomenal ball, and with another week added to the schedule they would have landed the pennant in the metropolis. As it was though the New Yorks came second. Rusie and Meekin won the Temple Cup by their fine work in the penultimate. But that was the last year either showed the form which had brought him to the front rank of pitchers.

As late as 1900 McGinnity, the "Iron Man," consented to pitch every day for the Brooklyn team toward the close of the season, for Egan thought he had

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Excellent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Harold: That is Bessie, the famous inventor of the triple expansion engine, the automatic double back action, reversible, rapid fire gun, the compound electric heating dynamo, the "Harold" but he looks distracted.

Charles: Yes, he can't invent a thing any more to give his wife for being late, and he hasn't got home.



"She's all the world like a ball of twine."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, so wrapped up in herself."

"Safer than the Turk."

"How is it we don't see much of young Parsifal these days?"

"Oh, he is interested in a 'get-rich-quick' scheme."

"I thought he was in love?"

"That's right. He's trying to marry the trust magnate's daughter."

"Very lame."

"Are you really so empty, pard?" interrupted Sandy Pike.

"My boy," replied Jewsharp George, "I can only compare my stomach with one thing."

"What is that?"

"A poor's purse."

"Explained."

"Yes, the stork brought us a baby brother."

"But he is so small!"

"Well, you see the bees are so small in our house I don't guess the stork could get a larger one down the chimney."

"Two Realists."

"What is the trouble now?" growled the manager of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company.

"Why," replied the excited call boy, "Liza says the box looked so natural that her feet were frost-bitten."

"Railroad Transformation."

"Yes, stranger," drawled the upstate farmer, "that train is loaded with gutter."

"But I thought it was a milk train!" interposed the city man.

"So it was, but coming down the mountain it left the track and when it got back again all the milk had been churned into butter."

"Putting It Delicately."

"There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

"But you never cared much for fish, did you?"

"Timely Advice."

"Chimble—I'm a tryin' to write a poem to me girl, but I can't get any word ter rhyme with Lizzie."

"Cully—What are yer a doin', Chimble?"

"Chimble—I'm a tryin' to write a poem to me girl, but I can't get any word ter rhyme with Lizzie."

"Cully—Dat's easy. Try daisy. I got dat from dis cigar yer gave me."

"Limited Practice."

"The lecturer spoke slowly, almost painfully, as one not accustomed to talking."

"Well, I don't wonder at that. You see, he has been married thirty-three years."

"Why Heaven is Desirable."

"Do all babies come from heaven?" inquired Johnny as he gazed at his new brother.

"Yes, I suppose so," said his mother. "No wonder it is heaven," remarked Johnny.

"Somewhat Different."

"Tom—Did papa give assent?"

"Tom—No. He said he had no objection to our getting married, but not a cent would he give us."

"Not All in Him."

"Johnnie," said his mother, severely, "some one has taken a big piece of ginger bread out of the pantry."

"Johnnie," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you."

"Oh, Johnnie," she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was in you."

"It ain't all," replied Johnnie. "Part of it's in Elsie."

"Her Imagination."

"That young lady must have a very vivid imagination," said Willie Washington.

"What makes you think so?"

"Every time I tell her a story she says she imagines she has heard it before."—Washington Star.

"Secret of Success."

"Green—What are you doing now?"

"Brown—Running a grocery."

"Green—Making a success of it."

"Brown—Well, yes, in a small way."

"Misleading Notice."

"You're too early with that bill!"

"Why, your sign reads: 'Bill paid on the 10th.'"

"Yes, but that refers to the 10th month, my friend, and the year is yet!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"In an argument the long-winded succeeds either in convincing his opponent or in making him tired."

"How providential our building was to walk into the building!"

"The fireman says: 'The fire got to be in the building!'"

"I'm going to live in the mountain cabin!"

"Why, you'll be a mountain cabin!"

"No, these two numbers are dogs."

"Nothing to see!"

"Did you say Mr. Spenser's sort of things on his hotel last night?"

"Yes, there was an uproar on the carpet just where he lay."

"Innocent Tommy."

"Mr. Callow—What a funny little in the sofa! It looks like some been boring."

"Careful of Her Cough."

"Not So Bad Off."

"Strength Needed."

"A wifely old."