

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Indians may perhaps be excused if they think that most of the good white men are dead men.

There are many men who are thankful for their wives do not make pills like their mothers used to make.

When the high wall of defeat confronts a man it is well if he can amuse himself with the thistles at the base.

The genius that devised the wireless telegraph will find a way to keep the messages from being "piped" while in the air.

A woman jabbed her hatpin into the wrong man, with fatal results. She probably acknowledged that the joke is on her.

We call the Turk "terrible" from hearsay—the Bulgarians have had experience to back them in calling him more than terrible.

A dead Philadelphia defaulter had ordered an edition of Dickens to cost \$130,000. This is the time to say, "The Dickens he did." Also "Great Scott!"

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Sir Thomas Lipton says England is in decay while America is going to the front. Sir Thomas probably thinks of opening a few more branches on this side.

Andrew Carnegie predicts that Great Britain and the United States will be one nation some day. Mr. Carnegie has unlimited faith in the power of steel bands to bind things together.

A Chinese negro has been discovered who does not care for either watermelon or rice. As he claims to be a native of England, it would be interesting to know how he stands on roast beef.

Now we are told that Colombia was simply giving Secretary Hay a slight jolt in refusing to ratify the canal treaty. Even little fellows show resentment at times if they feel they are being bullied.

Old Gomez wants the Cuban government to pay him and the rest of the Cuban army about \$90,000,000 for services rendered in freeing the island from Spain's harsh rule. What did the Cuban army have to do with freeing Cuba, anyhow?

The Turk ought to be driven from the face of the earth, for there is no spot on it that is bad enough to deserve to be governed by him. Still, the Turkish government for the Turks is not so bad. It is when the monster in the fox sets himself up to govern somebody else that he becomes absolutely unspeakable.

When horses and steel-tired wagons are taken off the pavement, whatever it be of asphalt or something more durable, it is going to last much longer and is not going away so readily to dust and mud under the usual grinding. It is conceivable that the change from horses and mules to automobiles, and the change is going to come about in due time. The auto has come to stay and it only remains to regulate it wisely.

Efforts to get quick news from the yacht races off Sandy Hook by means of wireless telegraphy were frustrated by the jangling of rival systems. The mischief was intentional, moreover, each operator filling the air with incessant Hertzian waves that, when interpreted, were mere nonsense. Amid a hilarious jargon of hopelessly conflicting signals it was clearly shown that under existing conditions any system of wireless communication can prevent, within its radius of effective action, the transmission of messages by a rival plant. This is a fatal weakness in wireless telegraphy which its sanguine promoters have heretofore sedulously endeavored to conceal.

It does not seem impossible for modern civilized powers to come to some agreement by which the further services of the Sultan of Turkey might be dispensed with. He has been the eyesore and the bane in the gorge of humanity for generations and a time has surely come when duty to God and mankind demands his detachment and the cessation of his successes. If it is objected that the maintenance of the Porte is the core of a truce that supports the peace of Europe, that objection can be disposed of by another Berlin congress. Such a congress of the powers could demand the abdication of Abdul Hamid, decree that the Turkish dynasty is at an end and substitute for the government an administrative commission so adjusted as to maintain the equities between the powers, guarantee peace and prosperity to the Turks themselves and so remove from the circle of Christian civilization a monster of intolerable character. The riot act is due to be read before the Yildiz palace and a transport should be easily provided to take the old man to some twentieth century St. Helena.

When a police magistrate passes sentence upon a man guilty of beating his wife he is often hard put to it to find a penalty that will not bear more severely upon the injured wife than upon the brutal husband. If he sends the wife beater to jail, in nine cases out of ten the burden will be upon the wife, who is deprived for a time of the support her husband might otherwise give her. And if he imposes a fine the effect is similar. It is not surprising therefore that magistrates in their despair often express the wish that the law would permit them to send the brute to the flogging post, where the pain of the lash would teach him some thing of the suffering he inflicts upon his wife, while the punishment would

not detain him for any length of time from his duties as bread winner. City Judge Feldman of South Bend, Ind., faced the dilemma the other day and solved it by releasing the wife beater, much against his will. "But if I had the power," he said to the prisoner, "I would instruct an officer to tie you to a post and severely lash you with a cat-o-nine-tails." There is a growing feeling that the police justices see clearly and judge truly when they express themselves in this way. Nothing will cure a brute of his love to inflict pain so thoroughly as being given a dose of his own treatment. As for the degrading effect of a whipping post upon a community it surely cannot be worse than the presence of an unpunished wife beater, or than the infliction of a punishment which only adds to the sufferings of the real victim, without assuring a reform of the culprit.

Wonderful to him who has the eyes to see, is the mail bag. In its shabby but capacious depths it hides strange neighbors. There is news of birth and of death. There are good fortune and loss of fortune. There is a schoolboy's letter filled with his latest slang and his wild pranks, cheek by jowl with the polished pages of the learned professor, setting forth to his friend the discovery of a Greek manuscript. The hateful darning letter is tied in the package with the announcements of an engagement of marriage, and the undertaker's bill for a funeral, the lover's tender phrases and a recipe for wedding cake are peaceful neighbors.

There are women's friendships and girls' confidences, and the rusty leather tells the secret of neither. The bag may hang in the mail car of a flying express train, with its force of shirt-sleeved clerks working for dear life, that the asserting of letters may keep pace with the rapid succession of cities and towns. Or it may rest on the bottom of a rattling wagon, behind a good horse with a shabby harness, as the rural free delivery agent, his reins hanging about his neck, makes his round of house and camp—the last link in the chain which binds the remote New England hilltop or the Rocky Mountain mining camp to the strenuous life of New York and London. Wherever the mail bag goes it symbolizes and embodies that human fellowship by force of which man may count himself better than the brute. He has devised and perfected a great system by which from the four corners of the earth may stretch out their hands to each other in greeting. The written page and the printed one, by this system, may each seek out the very person for whom it was destined, whether near or far. The worn mail pouch speaks with loud voice in praise of that civilization by which the remotest life of New York and London. Wherever the mail bag goes it symbolizes and embodies that human fellowship by force of which man may count himself better than the brute. He has devised and perfected a great system by which from the four corners of the earth may stretch out their hands to each other in greeting. The written page and the printed one, by this system, may each seek out the very person for whom it was destined, whether near or far. The worn mail pouch speaks with loud voice in praise of that civilization by which the remotest life of New York and London.

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EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Long Lives and Our Habits.

AL. of us when in our right minds want to live as long as possible, and if at 40 we say, "I don't care to live after I am 80," at the latter age we rub out the 80 and insert 100; and even the centenarian is quite content to keep on though he knows his doing so does not excite popular approval. But what conduces to longevity is the question that puzzles the average man. To attempt to reason from specific instances involves him in a maze of glaring contradictions and leaves him hopelessly bewildered. Here are Cassius M. Clay and Leo XIII dying within a few days of each other and each in his 94th year. Could there be a stronger contrast than that between the manner of life of the rugged Kentucky fire-eater and the frail and abstemious scholar of the Vatican? A man died in Indiana the other day at the age of 99 who was noted for his enormous consumption of tobacco, and Jacob H. Smith, of Massachusetts, came forth to ascribe his good health at "the age of 94 to the fact that he never used tobacco in his life.

But out of it all we may glean these undeniable facts: The human machine is like other machines; some are built to wear out early and some to last a long time, and though the working time of the one may be increased by care and abstinence, worry, excesses and privations shorten the time for which the other can be kept running, even though not period should be extended over more than the number of years generally allotted to the life of man. The man who died from the excessive use of tobacco at 80 was as surely cut off before his time as one who died at 20 from the same cause; and the frail life of Giocchino Pecci was as surely prolonged by his abstemious habits until he died as Leo XIII at the age of 94.—New York Press.

Gambling and Corruption.

IF the evil effects of gambling on character and on a whole society there can be no doubt. There is a difference between an investor and a gambler even on the stock exchange, but it is impossible to define it. There are men who really want to invest money in good shares of legitimate industries, and there are the multitudes who make the rash bet without knowing anything about the business, or even caring whether there is a business at all. The supposed opportunities of making money without doing work lead thousands into the "game." Its effect is to inflame the thoughtless with notions that serious and patient methods of winning a livelihood are too slow and onerous, and this is the most dangerous result. When once a people become possessed with the idea that work, thrift and skill employed in some useful pursuit are not the real and only methods of making a livelihood, corruption has taken possession of them, and many evidences of this corruption are to be found now in defalcations, fraud, theft, and moral and financial ruin, due to speculative gambling with other people's money.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Open Air and Consumption.

ONE of the most valuable results of modern medical investigation seems to be the re-discovery of the well-nigh forgotten fact that the best remedy for, as well as the best defence against, consumption is a life in the open air. The value of this discovery is greatly accentuated, too, by the further fact that consumption is the least fatal of all diseases when measured by the annual death rate. Experience has also demonstrated that as it is a disease to which humanity is liable in all countries and climates, this remedy is as widely efficacious. Some valuable testimony on this subject was recently furnished in an address by Lord Rosebery on the occasion of the dedication of three new pavilions of the Victoria Hospital for Consumption at Edinburgh. This institution,

which is comparatively new and situated in a locality with a rigorous winter climate, has asserted already many cures to its credit, with a remarkably small number of deaths in proportion to the whole number of patients, thus proving the value of the treatment, which is that of spending both days and nights out of doors all the year round. He further alluded to the fact that while the system had only been introduced in Great Britain within ten years, there are already upwards of twenty open-air sanitariums there.

The success of this hospital in Edinburgh, where heretofore consumption has been responsible for one death in seven, is in line with modern experience elsewhere. Pennsylvania has such an institution on a limited scale at White Haven, which has been successful enough to encourage the opening of another at Mount Alto, in the South Mountain Forest Reserve. The mountain area of the State can furnish admirable localities for an unlimited number of these health resorts, easily accessible to all patients within its borders, and to many thousands from surrounding sections.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Evil of Deforestation.

THE injury done by deforestation to a country has been cited often enough, and it has already been experienced in many parts of our own land. As a source of wealth it is not beginning to be obvious to our paper makers and mill men that it is going to be worth while to preserve our forest, and to make it anew when it has been destroyed? Yet does any one know of a case on this broad continent where anything has been done toward such an increase or restoration? The chopping has been unscientific, because large areas have been stripped of vegetation and the water and soil have vanished. If ripe timber only were cut, the young trees would have the better chance to grow; but when three-inch spruces are cut for paper it means that there will presently be no spruces.

The remedy is to impose restraints, but it is also to plant trees. The pulp companies own immense tracts which they have busily uncovered, but in no single instance, so far as known, have they set out saplings, or planted conifers, to obtain a new supply. If they had done so, they would not be paying freight and duties on foreign timber. Legally, these companies have acted within their rights in cutting the woods, drying the rivers, abolishing farms and making life harder in affected districts; but in so doing they have broken the moral law, the law of duty to one's fellows. From the selfish point of view, leaving public interest out of the question, is it not presently going to be patent to them that they cannot forever reap where they do not sow, and that if the reaping is to go on, there must be sowing also? It is important that we have novels, and newspapers, and wrappers; but it is also important that we have springs and fuel and farms and scenery.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Growing Extravagance of Women.

IN all sections of society one hears married men, and indeed others, grumbling considerably at the extravagance of their womenkind in dress. In individual cases they may have the right to grumble; but on principle, and in general, I do not see that they have any genuine grounds for complaint, because if women are now extravagant in dress it must be remembered that generations ago men have been extravagant in other and worse forms of self-indulgence. And, after all, man can take comfort in his soul in the knowledge that it is wholly within his view to please him that woman indulges in follies of this sort, added to which he should count it as a gain that this particular form of extravagance adds to the general cheerfulness and gaiety of life.—London World.

FAWN'S SKIN

Grafted on Man's Face Brought About a Peculiar Growth. Perhaps the most curious case of surgery that has ever performed in the region of the Adirondacks is that which was executed upon William McCoy, a woodsman.

McCoy has just returned from the Lake Umbagog lumber camp after an absence of two years. He brings with him the strange story and its proof. A year ago last May he was working with John Duffoy getting out some long poles to repair a chute which he used to slide logs down the mountain side. Duffoy went to cut a limb by an upward swing when the axe slipped from his hands and went flying through the air. It struck McCoy, and his keen edge shaved off the greater part of his right cheek. He bled profusely while he hastened to the camp half a mile away. There was no doctor within thirty-five miles, and worst of all the streams were raging torrents and could not possibly be forded. Communication with the outside world was cut off and there was not likely to be any means of getting to a village for some days to come. But as luck would have it, there happened to be a nurse in camp from Ulster named William Henry, who was out roughing it for his health. Henry took McCoy in hand. After having partially stopped the flow of blood he went out to the stable, took a little fawn that some of the boys had captured a couple of days before, shaved the hair for about nine square inches off the animal's side, and then he carried it to the camp. He took a fountain pen and marked out on the shaved surface the shape of the wound on McCoy's face. While some of the woodsmen held the creature, Henry cut the skin around where he had marked, peeled it off and applied it immediately to the face of McCoy. Having fitted it in place firmly, he rubbed over it a thick coat of balsam gum and over that he placed tight bandages. The cheek stopped bleeding at once.

A week afterward Henry took off the bandages. The graft was found to be a perfect success. The wound was healing rapidly and it appeared that the scar would show but slightly. Four weeks McCoy was healed so well that he was able to go to work. Soon after, however, he noticed when he drew his hand across his cheek that hair was growing on the grafted skin. He was rather pleased at that, for he thought he might wear a beard and thus entirely hide the scar. But in a few days more the hair had grown so thickly that its color and nature were plainly visible. It was the hair of the fawn growing, and moreover, it was spotted like that of a fawn. He did not dare to shave for fear of breaking open the skin, and allowed it to remain until the fall of the year. Then the spots disappeared and the "blue" coat of a full-grown deer took its place.

When spring came around he saw that the hair of his cheek was falling out and his red hair was growing. At last the blue of winter coat was entirely gone, and the red summer coat took its place. In fact, he and the other woodsmen, to their merriment, saw that the grafted skin varied and changed precisely as does the coat of a deer.—Northwest (N. Y.) correspondence New York Times.

MEXICAN LOVERS AMERICANIZED.

Mexico, the country of mystery, romance and hot tangles, bull fights, cock fights and sombreros, dashing caballeros and dark-eyed señoritas, with its restrictions and grave-faced dummies, is the scene of a revolution, more warmly waged than the usual Latin country opera bouffe war.

The American invasion is responsible for the conflict. American men and women have gone to Mexico annually. The freedom of the girls contrasted with the restricted life of the raven-haired Castilian girls, who, from infancy, were reared in an atmosphere in which the only men were members of their own families.

Mayhap the Mexican beauty saw her sweetheart through the lattice work screen, or leaned from a balcony while he, lacking the daring of Romeo, was forced to stand on the pavement and whisper sweet nothings. When admitted to her home he could not see her alone.

In Chihuahua the young men and women have tired of this ancient method of courtship, and have formed a "bachelor club." The young women will go to the club without chaperones and will be escorted to their homes by the men. To prevent mistakes, each member has promised not to marry for one year. The organization has created excitement, and the conservative Mexicans are indignant. The members of the club were happy at last accounts.

Apphyziated by Gas.

Within a year four persons who have gone to sleep near the cinder dump of the Homestead steel plant have been apphyziated by the gas it emits.

HIS CENT CAME BACK.

Small Coin Travels Around and Finally Returns to Owner. Take an ordinary copper cent piece, stamp it with a private mark, put it into circulation, and what are the chances that you will ever see it again? There is one man who says that he tried the trick and succeeded at it. He is a business man, who refuses to allow his name to be used in print about the story, but he tells the tale to many of his friends, and he vouches for its truth.

In 1894, he says, he found a cent piece dated 1893 in the restaurant of the Lafayette Hotel. He pocketed it for luck, and as a memento of a jolly little dinner scratched his initials on it just over the feathered head, while on the cheek he added those of the hotel. Until 1903 he treasured the coin, then drew it out of his pocket with a handful of other change, and before he realized it the cent piece had gone the mysterious way of all money.

A year ago he chanced, being of a curious turn of mind, to fall into conversation one evening with a professional beggar at Broad and Chestnut streets. He upbraided the man for getting so much money for nothing. "Oh," said the beggar, "I don't get so much. That's all I've got in the last hour," and he held up a cent piece.

At that moment the electric light fell upon the coin, and the business man, to his amazement, caught sight of the letters "H. L. L." on the cheek of the face. He took the coin and examined it more closely. Sure enough, there were his own initials just above the feathers, where he had placed them a half dozen years before.

Was Ready to Fight.

A well-known Portuguese engineer, M. Messier, happened to be passing in his boat near the American squadron, which is at present anchored in the Tagus, when he was nearly struck by an overripe apple which some one had hurled from the cruiser Brooklyn.

Brain Power.

John Hub—No wonder the bloomin' Americans get ahead; look at the power plant.—Minneapolis Journal.

NEPTUNE'S GREETING TO THE WINNER.



FIFTY YEARS IN PARLIAMENT.

Duke of Devonshire, Liberal Leader of the House of Lords. The Duke of Devonshire has lately figured in gossip from across the sea in which it has been stated that he would retire from Parliament. This suggestion is scouted by the well-informed, who know that the fact of his leadership in the House of Lords will keep him from retiring.

WAS RAISED ON FARM AND HAS SINCE BECOME WIDELY KNOWN.



DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

He is what people call a safe man. As to actual work in the field of politics, he has done as much as most men, while at the same time guiding important business interests at Barrow, Eastbourne and elsewhere. He is now 70 years of age, and has been in Parliament since he was 24.

STORY OF DOG TRAVELER.

Was Raised on Farm and Has Since Become Widely Known.

Jack is the name of a dog that is known to everybody in Rushville, Ind., and which makes that place headquarters while he travels to all the towns within thirty miles of it, says the Indianapolis News. He comes from an aristocratic family of spaniels and collies and spent his earlier years on a farm. He made occasional trips to town with the farmer in his youth and one day after the farmer's son gave him a whipping for disturbing eggs in a hen's nest Jack came to Rushville to live.

He wandered about town for some days and then took up his quarters at a barn where an omnibus is sheltered and where he found friendly hands ready to aid him and when in Rushville he seldom fails to go with the bus to the railroad station.

He was at the station one day when a tramp kicked him and Jack ran to the steps of a passenger coach and the train carried him away. He was gone for two weeks, when he came back on a train, took his old place on the bus and went back to the barn to live.

Jack made a trip by train to Cambridge City a few days ago and when he returned on a freight train there was no bus at the station. He jumped on a dray and refused to get off until he had been hauled to town.

The dog goes to Newcastles about once a week and he has his human friends there, who feed him "on the face of the land," most of the food coming from hotels and restaurants. In Newcastle he makes his headquarters at the postoffice, riding to and from the station in a mail wagon, guarding the pouches as he rides. He sleeps before the safe in the Newcastle postoffice and regards the office men as his friends.

Reasonable for Ice Plant.

"All kinds of vegetables are very backward this season," groaned the pinnacle of pessimism.

"Well," said the optimistic object, "at any rate, the ice plant is flourishing."—Baltimore American.

Occasionally you see a stout middle-aged woman who tries to look stylish by wearing a dress made with a yoke and buttoned up the back.

Brain Power.

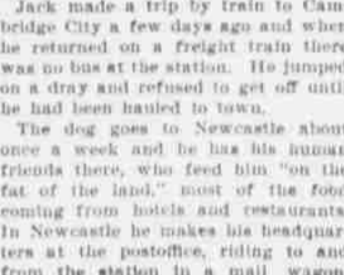
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