

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

It is sometimes easier to meet a bill than to dodge it.

As a rule popular subscriptions are in the unpopular class.

This world is but a fleeting show—and all the best seats are taken.

Lots of people would rather die a natural death than send for a doctor.

Never judge an actress by the diamonds she thinks you think she wears.

It takes more money to be a millionaire now than it did fifty years ago.

It has been said that a number of society men never pay anything but compliments.

The chestnut individual is often the one with the least excuse for dorsal expansion.

In the demand for an open door China will kindly understand that it is a seller door that is desired.

French assassins are now close rivals of French duellists in bloodthirstiness. They hunt the deadly toad.

The reason we do not hear directly from Miss May is that the people on that planet have not got as far along as wireless telegraphy yet.

Rome has just ordered six new battle ships and three armored cruisers, which of course are to help her keep the Manchester down pried open.

We hope that some good old mother in Israel will turn around before entering the penny gates and admit to the children that no one ever and fits through eating orange peel, or secured curly hair through eating the crusts.

A Berlin professor has discovered that seven out of ten girls who take piano lessons are attacked by nervous affections. It was long ago discovered that people who have to listen to them fall a prey to nervous prostration.

It has been suggested that the failure of the college athletes to make good in the Kansas harvest field was due to the disregard of football rules. The farmers insisted on making the "halves" of rather over thirty minutes' duration each.

A gentleman is being sued for divorce on the ground that he never speaks to his wife. There is no record somewhere the reply of another gentleman in a similar case. He admitted that he had not spoken to his wife since their marriage, but offered an excuse. "I didn't like to interrupt her."

It is a genuine refinement to the soul to meet a man who says "I want work and it does not matter what it is, so long as it is honest and fairly paid for." There are men who take a different quality of work from their employers, when adversity came upon them, threw off their coats and pride and are working at jobs they used to give as favors to other men.

Consumption is as unnecessary as a snailbox. We live in a vitiated air at home. We breathe foul, dirty, poisoned air abroad and the bacillus attacks us in our weakened state. We can prevent any disease almost, though there are few that we can completely cure. We have learned to avoid the sanitary sins of our ancestors, but we have other shortcomings just as bad. We have not yet corrected the habit of dying from disease, accident and overwork.

It takes a man with wonderful self-control to look sad in a poker game when he knows he can't possibly lose. Bacteria are no respecters of places or persons; they go wherever they find a thoroughfare and a waiting vehicle. One of nature's unending tasks, at which she is busy every minute in the year, is the filtering of water for human use. When she has enough of the right sort of sandy soil and time enough she makes a thorough job of it. When she hasn't, the fever germs lurk in the old oaken bucket and lie in wait behind the faucet.

The ministry seems to be losing its attractions for young men. The pay of clergymen is better than it once was, though in many instances it is very small yet. The churches are finer, but comparatively fewer people attend them. The simple days of old-fashioned faith and primitive ideas have passed. The puritan period has vanished. Whether it be science or commercialism or liberalism or education or the freer exercise of thought, any of these or all of these that have influenced religious thought and conduct, there has been a change within the church and without.

Returning to this country on an English ship, an American traveler was mortified by the lack of familiarity with the words of "America" which his countrymen showed. The captain read service on Sunday, and at the close announced "America" as the hymn to be sung. The first stanza was sung with fervor. Weaker in volume was the second, and the third stanza began with the support of two or three voices, and at the end the organ alone was doing its duty. "On the other hand," "God Save the King" was rendered with confident power by a handful of Englishmen, who knew their national anthem perfectly.

Some figures have just been issued covering the growth of electric lines in the United States. They are astounding. The increase in twelve years has been 177.94 per cent. In 1880 there were 8,128 miles of single track in the various systems. Now the total is 14,577 miles, and roads by

the score are projected or building. Originally electric roads built up cities. They brought suburbs near to centers. They solved the problem of home owning for people of moderate means. They made it possible for a man to live where there was room to breathe, have a lawn and a garden, enjoy the comforts of country life, and still reach his work for 5 cents. The benefit they conferred on humanity cannot be measured in money. Then came the suburban lines, and there cannot be too many of them. Town and city all over the land are, or will be, in touch. The visit to a metropolis is no longer an event in the country village. There is a car every hour, the fare is moderate and the journey pleasant. The suburban electric railway has removed much of the monotony from rural life. The farmer can see a good play in a modern theater if he wishes. He can go to an occasional professional ball game. He is independent of the railway accommodation train that ran once a day each way, and charged him smartly for a cinder seat in the smoking car. Strangest of all is the fact that the steam railroads have not been seriously injured. In a few instances passenger trains have been taken off, but the traffic that was lost was never a large item in profits, and long-distance travel has increased since people got the riding habit. In the old days you could find hundreds of country dwellers who never left the confines of their township homes from January to December. Now there is the suburban car, with plush seats and nickel trimmings, air brakes and plate glass windows. It whisks you along country roads and through shady lanes, lands you in the heart of a great city and gets you home in time to do the chores. Who wouldn't ride once in a while? There is \$2,308,000,000 capital represented in electric railways. In 1902 they carried 4,800,554,438 persons. And the business is only an infant. Watch it grow and transform America.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S SUCCESSOR.

Bishop Bourne, who will probably succeed Cardinal Vaughan as Archbishop of Westminster, London, is the youngest member of the English hierarchy, being 42.

He was born in London and educated at the historical Catholic schools of Ushaw, Ware, St. Sulpice, Paris and the Catholic University of Lourain. Ordained in 1884, his first appointment was as rector of South-



ware Diocesan Seminary, and for his services here was named domestic prelate to Leo XIII. In 1896 he was created Titular Bishop of Ephraim and Coadjutor Bishop of Southwark, succeeding Bishop Brett in the following year.

Dr. Bourne is neither a great preacher nor a great scholar, but as a organizer he has no equal among the English Catholic Bishops. He is an authority on educational questions, and his great tact and skillful handling of questions of the hour have gained his well-earned popularity both with English Catholics and at Rome.

Worth an Admission Fee.

A new hand at golf lately had an experience which the New York Sun describes. The man tried to get to the link early, when no one was there, and struck at the tee, and offered to go round with him for fifty cents.

"Never mind, son. I'll get along."

With that he made a magnificent swing at the ball and missed it by a foot.

"Say, mister," said the caddy, "I'll go round with you for a quarter."

The player declined and tried to look self-possessed. He made another swing at the ball and missed it again.

"Say, mister," said the boy, "I'll go with you for fifteen cents."

By that time the man was "rattled," and struck at the ball three times. The boy, who had retreated some distance, called:

"Won't you take me for nothing? I'll go round for the fun of it."

Green Turtles of Florida.

The green turtles of southern Florida live in deep water and feed on sea plants, mostly the kind called "turtle grass," which they cut off near the roots, eating the lower parts and leaving the tops floating so that it collects in great fields and marks the spots where the animals are to be hunted for by the fishermen. After browsing on such ocean pastures the green turtles go to the mouths of rivers for baths of fresh water, which they seem to need from time to time. The Florida fishermen say the reptiles enter the creeks and roll together in masses of grass, cementing them into balls with clay. When the turn of the tide takes the balls out to sea they follow them. The fishermen watch for such balls floating down the creeks, and when they see them they stretch nets across the mouths of the streams and always catch the turtles.

A Considerate Husband.

"Do you really think I have appendicitis?" said Mr. Meekton.

"I must confess that I have fears in that direction."

"Well, there's one comfort, anyhow. It'll be something for my wife to brag about to the neighbors."—Washington Star.

Women do not wear corsets because the men oppose them, but because of the enjoyment they experience every night in taking them off.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WHY THE MEN DON'T PROPOSE.

By Helen Oldfield.

There is no denying the fact that men, even more than women, are less inclined to marriage than formerly. Prudence enters more and more into matrimonial calculations. Young people wish to begin where their fathers and mothers left off, and when it is out of the question that they should do so, hesitate to begin at all. The laboring classes may be ready and willing to wed as soon as the man has accumulated the \$50 for which department stores advertise to furnish a four-room flat, but Edwin and Angelina rarely reach the pitch of devotion which impels them to withdraw from the "swim" and seek happiness in and for each other, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

"Certainly, I want to get married," said a society belle. "I am 27, which I think is old enough for a young man; and a married woman has so many more privileges than a girl. I would like to help and to share in my husband's successes; besides, I positively adore children. But it is so difficult to find the right sort of man to marry. In the first place, he must have at least \$5,000 a year. If I were really in love, I would be willing to risk marrying on that, but on less, never! And so few marriageable men have even so much. I wonder why it is that all the nice men are poor! Where did you meet your husband?"

"I am not a man possessed of what old-fashioned folk were wont to count a fair competence, he is apt to think many times before he asks a woman who has been brought up in luxury to share it with him; to live, perhaps, in a flat and manage with one maid of all work. Usually he does not ask, and by the time his fortune is made, he is wedded to club life and bachelorhood, and has lost all inclination for matrimony."

Sometimes Edwin forgets himself, and Angelina finds that she shares his passion. Then comes the struggle between love and worldly wisdom. Perhaps they turn their backs upon the looks and fleshpots of society, and go out into the wilderness of poverty. Then comes the test of character, as well as of affection, and, while some fall by the wayside, there are others who attain the promised land, which is far better than that which they left, and live to enjoy the results of their courage, meanwhile proving that a dinner of herbs, and love therewith, is better than roast meats flavored with discontent.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

By Dr. Ferdinand Braun, University of Strasbourg.

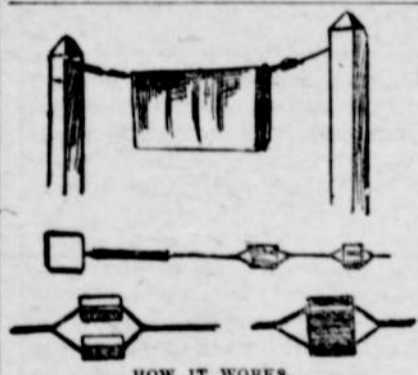
Wireless telegraphy is most easily understood by following its historical development. Marconi's first attempts in 1895-97, resulting in the sending of messages seven miles, involved no absolutely new principle, but were only a practical application of Hertz's discoveries, made several years before. Hertz first produced rapid electrical oscillations, and showed that they traveled through space with the speed of light, according to Maxwell's theory, and reappeared as electrical oscillations and sparks in suitably arranged conductors at a distance. He also proved that the electrical ether waves, like light waves, could be reflected and focused by concave metal mirrors. Starting with waves twenty feet long (in air) and oscillating fifty million times a second, he worked down to waves one-tenth as long and ten times as rapid. Next Professor Righi, of Bologna, by means of his "oscillator," produced waves so short that he could repeat Hertz's experiments on a lecture table. The oscillator consists of two metal balls placed between the terminals of an induction coil. When the coil is worked sparks pass between the balls and an electrical oscillation is set up within them which produces ether waves whose length is nearly proportional to the size of the balls.

Of the present state of wireless telegraphy, omitting

PINLESS CLOTHESLINE.

Wife Supplied with Clipping Blocks at Regular Intervals.

A new clothesline has been invented. It consists of two strands of stout wire twisted together and supplied at regular intervals with wooden pieces so shaped as to facilitate the thrusting between them of portions of the piece of clothing which it is desired to ex-



HOW IT WORKS.

pose to the action of the sun and air. The manner of placing these clipping blocks is shown in the smaller one of the cuts and it will be readily seen that there is a constant tension which is entirely sufficient to hold the material or garment after it has been properly placed between the two parts. In order to further increase this tension it is contemplated that a strong spring shall be inserted along the line, preferably near one of the posts supporting it. The blocks being of wood and the material being held from the wire by the number of these blocks scattered along its length, it will be seen that there is no danger of the clothing being stained or soiled by contact with the metal.

NOTED SOUTHERN ENTERTAINER.

Mrs. Fairfax, Member of a Famous Ante-Bellum Family.

The most noted entertainer in the South is Mrs. Ronald Randolph Fairfax, whose parties at her home, Greenway Court, Va., are the delight not only of society there but also of the select circles of Washington. Mrs. Fairfax comes of one of the most prominent ante-bellum families. Her grand-uncle was Gen. Jubal Anderson Early, of the Confederate army. The Early family is descended from the famous English families of Sir Nicholas Salter and Sir Humphrey Wood, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1590. Her great-grandfather, John Clayton, who emigrated and established the family in America, was Attorney General of Virginia from 1705 to 1737. Her husband is a member of the well known Scotch Fairfax family of Virginia, and is third in line of succession to the title, Lord Fairfax.

Telephone Voice Guard.

Less than two weeks ago the newspapers published the story of a pecu-

attempts to bridge the ocean, it may be said that it is possible by comparatively simple means to send messages more than a hundred miles, and that communication is easier over water than over land.

Recently wireless messages have been sent to and from moving trains on the Berlin-Loszen military road. It is not probable that perfect secrecy ever will be attained. The message is, so to speak, trumpeted out to the world, and all who have ears may hear it. And these ears—the receiver—if not already in tune may be attuned without much difficulty. Indeed, by the use of a sensitive microphone contact, any message may be read without tuning. The waves may perhaps be confined to a definite direction by mirrors and lenses, but it will be long before they can thus be kept together as well as the beam of a flashlight, and even other disordered persons—who are really criminals in as you cure them, they are cured, or so nearly that they may be discharged.

The state has as much right to protect itself from the criminal as from the dangerous insane. A confirmed criminal should not be permitted to perpetrate his species, to contaminate his fellows, or to go abroad while his moral nature, treacherably or pervertedly, leads to depredations upon society. Such a one should be confined until cured, or apparently cured, and then only discharged, under parole, with power to retake him upon a relapse into crime.

EXTENSION OF THE INDETERMINATE SENTENCE.

By J. Franklin Fort, Justice of Supreme Court of New Jersey.

Up to this time, so far as I know, no State has applied the indeterminate sentence to persons confined in all of its penal institutions. Given the right conditions and an impartial, non-partisan tribunal to control discharges, I would favor its application to all offenders. I would go still a step farther. I would have neither the minimum nor the maximum term fixed by statute, and not possibly, but by the sentencing court. The proper way to cure those who are really criminals is as you cure them, they are cured, or so nearly that they may be discharged.

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A board of managers of a penal institution is not always the safest body with which to leave the liberty of the prisoner. I would require all applications for release, before expiration of term, to come through them, but if they refused to permit an application for parole after a reasonable term of service that the court might consider it, I would give the prisoner the right of review and of a hearing before the discharge court. This court could be composed of a judge, designated by the Governor, and of the several wardens of the penal institutions of the State or a majority of them. The judge should be president of the court, and no prisoner, once discharged, should be re-manded, except upon the order of the president of the discharge court, made upon verified facts duly presented, and filed as a matter of public record.

her cheek. The auctioneer saw it and somehow a lump seemed to come up in his throat, and his gruff voice grew soft. He remembered a little high-chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine. It was little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from that high-chair were gone forever. He saw the pale-faced woman's piteous looks, and knew what it meant, knew that in her eye the little rickety high-chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds. In imagination he could see the little dimpled cherub which it once held, could see the chubby little fist grasping the tin rattle-box and pounding the chair full of ricks; could see the little feet which had nudged the paint off of the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee—and now, the little high-chair was empty. He knew there was a dull ache in the pale-faced woman's heart; there was in his own. Somehow that day may come and go, but you never get over it. There is no one to dress in the morning, no one to put to bed at night. "Don't laugh!" said the auctioneer, softly, as somebody facetiously offered ten cents, "many of you have little empty high-chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with." Then he pocketed the clerk's bill out of his own pocket, and remarked: "Sold to the lady over there," and as the pale-faced woman walked off with the little high-chair clasped in her arms, and the crowd streamed down her cheeks the tears stood back respectfully, and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the man who had bid ten cents.

A Long-Felt Want.

Dr. Holmes had an odd liking for ingenious desk accessories in the way of pencil-sharpeners, paper weights, penholders, etc. The latest contrivance in this fashion—probably dropped down to him by the inventor angling for a shille of commendation—were always making one another's acquaintance on his study table. One day he said to me: "I'm waiting for somebody to invent a mullage brush that you can't by any chance put into your inkstand. It would save me frequent moments of humiliation."—Century.

New York's Milk Supply.

A million and a half quarts—that is the amount of milk left daily at back doors, on dumbwaiters, in tenement halls, milk dumps and corner groceries for the inhabitants of New York. Nothing the city eats or drinks is so generally used as milk; nothing else is so dangerous if carelessly handled. A few gallons of bad milk can do more harm than a regiment of doctors can repair, and scatter disease and death enough to put a whole community in mourning.—Century.

You often read of "the steel entering her heart," but the only steel a woman actually has trouble with is in her corset.

Some people never seek religion as long as there is a dollar in sight.

GATTLINGS ON GUARD.

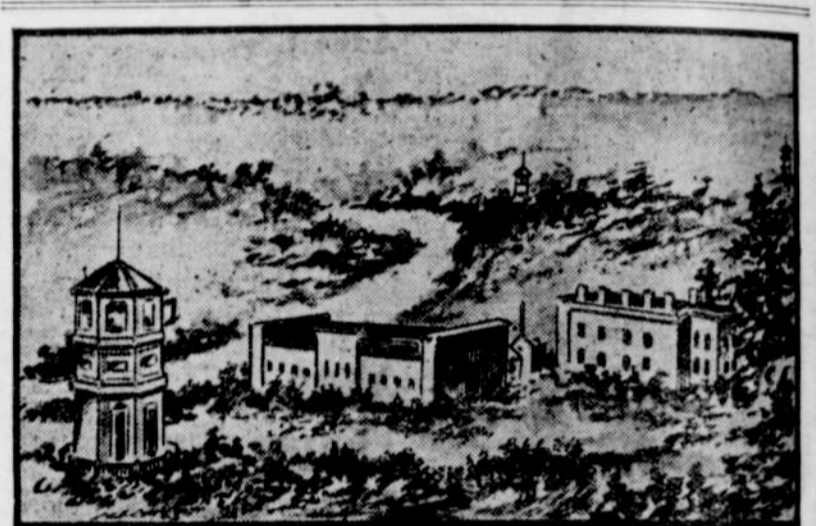
UNIQUE FOLSOM PENITENTIARY HAS NO WALLS

California Prison the Only One of Its Kind in the World—Memories of the Eventful Days When Charles Aull Was Warden.

The escape of thirteen desperate convicts from Folsom penitentiary, near Sacramento, Cal., brought that somewhat noted Western penal institution unpleasantly before the public. It is the most remarkable place of its kind in the world in that, while confining hundreds of daring men, there is no wall around it. In this respect it is unique among such institutions.

Memories of the eventful days when Charles Aull was warden of Folsom prison have been recalled by the recent escape of convicts from the institution. Aull was one of the most picturesque characters developed in the rough and ready life in California in the years following the gold discoveries. He was the man who planned and perfected the unique guarding of the Folsom prisoners, and it was his proud boast that in the twenty-five years he was warden not a man escaped.

A small graveyard standing outside the gray sides of the prison gave Aull his chance to boast like this. No prisoner ever escaped because Aull's guards shot any man who tried to flee. Aull was a splendid marksman, and he demanded of his guards the same skill with firearms. Every week he held a shooting contest, and if any man fell below a percentage of 85 twice in succession he was taken from the watch towers and put to work as turkeys until he had risen to the desired standard again.



FOLSOM PENITENTIARY, NEAR SACRAMENTO, CAL.

When Aull took charge of Folsom he found a huge pile of buildings standing in a rocky amphitheater close to the American river. The prison grounds covered 486 acres, mostly filled with quarries of the finest limestone.

It had been planned to build walls around the prison, but Aull advised against this. He argued that a wall would be useless, as the convicts would have to go outside to get to the quarries. The prison was left as it was built, but Aull took steps to keep the convicts from escaping. He built ten towers at different points in the prison grounds and in them placed Gatling guns. The guns swept every part of the grounds, and also a quarter of a mile of territory surrounding the prison reservation.

The towers were built by convicts. Aull placed double guards over different bodies of the prisoners while they built the foundations of solid stone and the superstructures of wood and iron. He made the convicts raise the Gatling guns to their platforms in the little galleries of the towers, and every detail of the work of defense, or rather offense, he let the prisoners become acquainted with. Aull said there was nothing to conceal. He wanted the men to know that extraordinary precautions had been taken to keep them under control, and he was interested in having the convicts carry the boxes of ammunition from wagons into the towers.

AULL'S CEMETERY.

Every prisoner that arrived in Folsom got a little lecture by the warden. Aull would meet the new arrival with a hearty handshake and a smile.

"Now, my man," he would say, "there is no bread and water here. You will get good food and plenty of it. And if you don't try to run off and are good-natured, you will get the best of treatment. We are easy on the boys here as long as they behave themselves.

"You see we have no walls around this prison, but you also observe those towers. The convicts will mingle with in the quarries will tell you what those are for."

As he came near the end of his lecture Aull would signal with his hand for the convict to follow him, and, chatting continually, he would lead him through the graveyard. In an apparently casual way Aull would call attention to the white boards standing in close order at the tops of grass-covered graves. On nearly all of them the inscription was alike, except for the names. The general form was:

JOHN BLANK,
SHOT WHILE TRYING TO
ESCAPE ON
JULY 30, 1901.

In one corner of the graveyard Aull would stop and point to seven graves. They were dug after a clever attempt to escape about ten years ago. Forty men were in the plot, and nearly all of those not killed were wounded.

While working side by side in the quarries, George Fredericks and the George Sonntag plotted the escape. They discovered that a narrow gully near the quarry was not swept by the Gatlings and that it offered a chance for escape. Fredericks was released soon after this discovery.

A few days after he reached Sacramento, twenty miles from the prison, he bought forty rifles and a large

quantity of ammunition. He loaded the lot into a covered wagon, and in the dead of night he left the city. He came within a few miles of the prison before daybreak and hid in a thicket of brush. He had hidden the rifles and cartridges at the spot in the gully that he and Sonntag had agreed upon.

Next day the attempt to escape was made. At midday, as forty convicts were marching past the gully to disperse, they suddenly broke ranks and seized the few guards marching beside them. In a few moments they were hidden in the gully, out of reach of the Gatlings, which had begun to pop the moment they overpowered the guards. Armed with the rifles left by Fredericks the convicts were prepared to fight their way out of the gully when a small door opened in the side of an lee house at the head of the gully. None of the convicts noticed the door until a Gatling gun began to pour lead in a stream out of the opening. The convicts were panic-stricken. They threw down their rifles and knelt on the ground and their throats were cut by the Gatling with mercy. The Gatling was worked for thirty seconds. When the firing ceased only a few of the men were left unharmed.

The seven dead men were carried to the prison and were laid naked in a row on a long deal table. One man had been struck by fifteen bullets. When the light had been subdued to make the wounds show more clearly against the white skin the convicts were filed slowly past the table. About 1,500 men were in the prison and the procession was kept up until the last one had passed the bodies.

Aull had an original method in marking men who had tried and failed to escape. He clothed them in red shirts, and his guards were instructed to shoot for these shirts if any effort was made to break away. Not until every man wearing a red shirt had

been shot down in a fleeing group were the guards to fire on the other convicts.

He made the discipline so exact that it was impossible for a man to escape. In the last few years of his service attempts to gain freedom grew less and less. Finally the prisoners gave up it as a bad job. They decided it was better to work out their sentences, or to hope for a reprieve in the case of a life sentence, than to feel the bite of the frowning Gatlings.

And yet, with all the precautions he took, Aull was liked by the majority of his prisoners. He treated them justly, and they recognized this. He was tireless in his efforts to obtain better food and better clothing for the men. He did not work them hard in the quarries and he gave them frequent relaxation. He interested himself in their personally, and many helped after they had gone back into the world. He raised the standard for prison fare and living in California, and the convicts expressed sorrow when he gave up the post, five years ago.

The World's Wealth.

A writer in one of the recent magazines gives some interesting facts concerning the distribution of the world's wealth among the different nations. The total wealth of the world is roughly estimated at \$400,000,000,000. Of this sum the larger part is owned by Americans and Europeans, the United States' share being in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000,000—about one-fourth of the whole. The wealth of the United Kingdom, combining the shares of England, Scotland and Ireland, is estimated at \$11,800,000,000—a little less than \$90,000,000,000, making Great Britain the richest of European nations. France comes next, with property amounting to \$18,000,000,000 in our money. Germany's property is about \$40,000,000,000 and Russia's \$32,000,000,000.

Household Servants in France.

Even the many privileges enjoyed by the modern English domestic servant are exceeded by those enjoyed by the servants of France, who are perhaps on terms of greater familiarity with their employers than are the servants of any other country in the world. What would an English mistress think of being kissed on both cheeks by her maid on returning from a holiday or of a departing servant not only kissing the mistress but offering to kiss the master? Only recently a magistrate had to decide whether a breakage of crockery had taken place in the course of the household's usual duties, in which case the damage could not be deducted from her wages, or whether it took place in her article of one of her weekly receptions of friends.

Corn for Cob Pipes.

One of Missouri's unique industries is the growing of a kind of corn whose cob is specially adapted for pipes. A group of farmers in Lafayette County raise it exclusively. One field of twenty-five acres produced 1,126 bushels of corn worth \$398, and the cobs sold for \$198. The average per acre was \$21.96. Corn cob pipes are supposed to dispense alcohol without injury to the smoker. Senator Cockrell's corn cob pipe is one of the traditions of Missouri campaigns.

No man is as successful in his negotiations with other women as his wife imagines.

Some people have a great deal of pride, and nothing back of it.