

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

A balloon race seems to have all the excitement of waiting for a train.

Don't be afraid of criticism. We all need calling down as well as boosting up.

Enough people are criticizing Dr. Elliot's new religion to make a success of it.

Spain wants the Moors to pay a war indemnity of \$20,000,000. It seems to cost money to be a Riffian.

Many a football player outgrows it. A former star of the gridiron has been appointed treasurer of the United States.

Will Mrs. Beant kindly clear up another mystery by telling the world who Kaspar Hauser was, what he was, and why he was?

Booth Tarkington announces that he is going to quit writing novels. As a man gets older, he longs to do something useful with his hands.

Lives of aviators show us, On one thing, if we're intent, We can do it, even flying, And in falling make a dent.

It is estimated that the meeting of Presidents Taft and Diaz will cost \$70,000. May King Edward and Emperor William never meet at a greater expense than that!

Miss Marjorie Gould blushingly admits that she has a Russian grand duke for a sweetheart. It has heretofore been supposed that the Russian grand dukes were all very rich.

"Wives would not be suspicious," says one of the philosophettes. "If their husbands would always tell them the truth." They might not be suspicious, but would they be happy?

Japan's friendly feeling toward this country is officially and poetically expressed in the gift by the Mikado of several thousand Japanese cherry-trees for the public parks of Washington and New York.

There has been a reunion of the admirers of James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, in his old home county down in Indiana. One of the remarkable things about it was that the poet's friends were all able to crowd inside of the county limits.

A new postal card, lighter in weight, smoother of surface, more tasteful in design, is promised by the Postoffice Department. Incidentally, it is added that the new cards can be furnished to the government for less money than it has paid for those now in use. Everybody ought to be pleased—except, perhaps, the people who have been manufacturing the old cards.

Notwithstanding the fact that he has succeeded in making several million dollars during the few months that have elapsed since he was released on bail from prison, ex-Banker Morse may have to serve the term to which he was sentenced when he was found guilty of violating the banking laws. There are ever increasing signs that the ability to make money is not to be permitted to serve as an excuse in this country for being a swindler.

The pole is nothing. It is a negation. It is a geographical paradox and absurdity. Whether it be land buried under perpetual snow or water covered deep with never-melting ice, it is the one place on earth where there is no north or east or west, but all directions alike are south. It is the place where one day is a year long, and the year is a day. The familiar constellations of the stars of our hemisphere sweep round it in altered guise and relations, never varying in height above the horizon. Nothing in nature marks the passage of time except the slow coming and withdrawal of the sun. The compass needle still points to a north, which there is south—to a long-ago discovered point in our hemisphere which moves westward at a known and predictable pace.

Who says that the ordinary Englishman is not sentimental? In August the last cable street line was discontinued and the electric tram of the London County Council took its place. The cable line was also the first in Europe, for it was opened in 1854, over Highgate Hill, in the extreme north-erly suburbs of London. The occasion of the discontinuance of the line was marked by an astonishing demonstration. Great crowds assembled along the line on the evening when the last cars were run, and each car was cheered as it left the foot of the

hill on its journey. Toward the end of the evening every car was so crowded that it was impossible to collect fares. Each car as it went off service was greeted with "Auld Lang Syne," sung by the bystanders, led by a man playing a cornet. Men and women fought to get on the last car, and most of them were provided with colored lights, firecrackers and sticks, which they used to increase the boisterousness of the demonstration. It seems to have been an occasion not so much of rejoicing that a better system of transportation was to be established as of a sentimental leave-taking of an old friend.

Theorists have often proposed extra taxation on the bachelor, and legislatures have even considered, more or less seriously, bills imposing heavier burdens on the unmarried men. But, thus far, the hard-hearts have escaped such a fate. Yet, in England, where the search for new sorts of taxes is unremitting, the plan is once more seriously broached. The argument in favor of a bachelor tax is irrefragable. Here is a man who is dodging his duties to the state; who is living in happy but selfish singleness. The life and health of a nation depends in greater degree upon its birthrate than upon any other one thing. If the birthrate is declining, the nation is looked upon as decadent and dying. The married man is the solid citizen. He is settled in life and has a serious stake in the community. He has a family for which to labor, and is imbued with ambitions that are of the greatest importance, in the aggregate, to the state and to the nation. But the bachelor is a shirk, a mere lodger. He gives to the state no progeny; he develops no home; he does not become a taxpayer. He is the man-about-town. Of course, there are individual exceptions—the bachelor who is supporting mother or sisters, the bachelor who is physically unfitted to marry, and the bachelor who cannot find a woman who will wed him. But in the mass, the bachelor is not a productive, taxpaying citizen. He is shirking part of the whole duty of man. An obvious device to drive the bachelor into matrimony is to make him pay for the privilege of shirking. But there are difficulties in the way. Would it be constitutional to tax him because he did not care to commit matrimony? How could the exceptional cases be taken care of? Perhaps a better way of encouraging matrimonial enterprise would be to favor the married man in various ways. This is already done in many cases. If work is scarce, the city gives the preference to the married man. Many business establishments give a similar preference. In France, there are some privileges enjoyed by the man who has a large family. If men of family were favored by the remission of certain taxes, or given privileges, it would be tantamount to taxation of those without family, but the taxation would be indirect and, therefore, easy.

LIPTON'S PUBLICITY METHODS.

Says There Is Much Virtue In Advertising and Quick Action. "I dare say I owe a great deal of my success to advertising," says Sir Thomas Lipton in the Strand. "I always tried to get hold of some new method. To attract attention I used to post cartoons in my shop window. In later years, when my business had spread on one occasion I engaged an aeronaut to throw out from his car 10,000 telegraph messages addressed to one of my shops. I offered prizes to the first twenty people who arrived with a message, and the finders coming from all parts of the city, much popular interest resulted.

"Advertisement sometimes, as I have found, results most unexpectedly and from untoward conditions. About 6 I was awakened by the telephone bell ringing in my bedroom. Springing out of bed, I soon learned that a fire had broken out at my Newry branch. On arrival at the scene of the fire I found nothing could be saved, so I immediately telegraphed to my Dublin and Belfast stores and ordered a fresh stock of provisions to be sent by passenger trains. Meanwhile I found another shop close by, and at the usual hour the following morning I had the new premises in full working order. And there was more business done at the second shop than at the first. The fire, it appeared, had drawn public attention to us, and our smartness in opening another shop so quickly was practically appreciated."

Girls in Guatemala.

None of the maidens in Guatemala are allowed to go abroad from their homes without the company of a chaperon, and a lover is only allowed to come and court his sweetheart through the heavily barred windows of her father's home. After they are married they pass along the streets in Indian file, the woman marching ahead, so that the husband can be in a position to prevent any flirtations.

When a barber cuts you, he usually says it was the result of your shaving yourself the day before with a safety.

THE NORTHERN PINE.

A lonely pine on a northern shore;
The blue sky laving the sands below;
The homelands breezes blowing o'er,
And the white-winged sea-gulls circling slow.

A yard where the ax and the mallet ring
Through the busy course of the summer days;
A stately ship, like a living thing,
That leaps to the ocean down the ways.

A shadow of black on the ocean path;
A brazen cast in the tropic sky;
A typhoon loosing its awful wrath;
A ship that is shattered while brave men die.

A battered spar, by the currents spurned,
Which has floated far on the surging main;
A sandy beach where the tide has turned,
And the northern pine is at home again.

—Youth's Companion.

The Claim Jumpers

Ben Hallowell was returning to his claim. He had been to Frisco for a month trying to induce some one with means to "grubstake" him, but had failed. This was not because he did not have a good claim, but because the capitalists he met did not care to look into it. Ben was very gloomy. A year before he had married the girl of his choice in the East and a week after his marriage had returned to his mining operations. He had hoped before this to bring his Susie to him, but the fates had been against him. And now his failure to secure means with which to prosecute his work made him doubly despondent.

Before him, coming on horseback, the broad brim of his felt hat flapping with each lunge, was a man whom he recognized as Andy Kitchen, the owner of a claim not far from his own.

"Howdy, Ben?" said Andy, grinning affably, and without lessening his pace added, "Yer claim's jumped."

"What's that to laugh at?" called Ben, sharply. "How many of 'em?"

"Two. But one on 'em I reckon you can handle without trouble. He's a little cuss. Tother may down you."

Ben would have asked more questions, but Kitchen seemed to be in a hurry and rode on. Here was more trouble. Ben was a peaceful, plodding man, beloved by his neighbors, and the last man in the world to fight except for his rights. But he was not a



THE TWO OF 'EM.

man to suffer imposition. Besides, he had strong faith in his "hole in the ground," and relied upon it to unite him in time with his beloved wife. He rode on, considering what he should do. He had no faith in peaceful measures, for claim jumpers were not respecters of justice and usually did not jump a claim unless prepared to maintain their ground. He finally concluded to reconnoiter the jumpers from a distance and watch for a good opportunity to catch them apart.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning and a bright summer day when Ben left the road and struck a trail through a wood which led to his claim, now but half a mile distant. The birds were singing in the trees and everything about him was so peaceful that he approached the encounter before him with still greater reluctance. His young wife was ever present in his thoughts, and he could not dismiss a picture of her anguish if it were fated that she should hear that he had been killed by the jumpers. After going as far on horseback as he dared, lest he attract attention, he dismounted and proceeded on foot, pausing behind a tree in sight of his claim and his cabin beside it.

There was no one about, but the cabin door stood open, and smoke issued from the stovepipe chimney. Between two fires swung a hammock, in

MILLION DOLLAR FUNERAL FOR DOWAGER EMPRESS



MAKING A VESSEL OF SMOKE FOR A DEAD EMPRESS.

We here reproduce a photograph showing the burning of a gorgeous boat specially built, according to Chinese custom in royal funerals, to convey the spirit of the late Dowager Empress of China across the mystic river beyond which is believed to lie the heavenly Nirvana. The boat cost about \$40,000. On the bow stood a huge figure representing the guiding spirit of Heaven, and just behind it was the imperial yellow chair. On the deck were four pavilions, the first containing effigies of some twenty-five court ladies of her majesty's train, the second a number of robes actually worn by the Empress, the third effigies of priests and the fourth the imperial throne. The entire funeral expense was nearly \$1,000,000.—Illustrated London News.

the center of which was a bundle. Ben eyed all this cautiously, listened till he was convinced that there was no one present, then boldly went forward. Curious to learn what was in the hammock, he pulled apart its sides and revealed a roll of blankets. But as the blankets contained something he pulled aside a corner covering one end of the bundle and revealed—

Well, what Ben revealed was no more striking than the expression of his face on seeing it. The stern look he had worn up to this moment melted into one as kindly as, or more kindly than, had ever rested on his features. He looked down into the face of a sleeping baby.

For a time the diminutive creature slept on, then began to stretch its little legs and fling its little fists about, at last opening a pair of blue eyes, which it fixed intently on Ben.

"Reckon you're the little jumper," said Ben, giving the baby his finger to clutch. "I hope the big one is no more formidable. If your dad has taken my property I don't see how I can have the heart to disposses him."

By this time Ben was on his knees beside the baby, making all kinds of grimaces and saying all kinds of ridiculous things to show his good will and attract the child's attention. Then a sudden thought struck him. He remembered Andy Kitchen's grin when he announced that the claim had been jumped.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed. "Suppose the big jumper is a woman!"

For a moment his face fell. If this were so, what an uncomfortable situation! Even the shooting he had expected was not so bad as that.

He was so engrossed with this thought and the baby, in whose face he fancied he could see trace of something pleasantly familiar, that he did not hear a footstep approaching. Then he felt a light touch on his shoulder. Instinctively his hand flew to his revolver as he turned.

He looked into the smiling face of his wife.

There are certain scenes as well as emotions that are indescribable. Neither the scene nor the emotions in this case can be painted in words. Never was man more completely turned from the passion of strife to that of love. There was one long embrace that it seemed would never end, then a gradual relinquishment, after that explanations.

Susie had prevailed upon a relative to furnish means with which to prosecute Ben's claim, besides funds to enable her to take them to him herself. A letter telling him of her intended journey had arrived the day after his departure for Frisco. Susie on her arrival, finding him gone, quietly took possession of his cabin and waited his return. When he came she had gone for water.

Ben's claim turned out a bonanza. In time he organized a company to work it, and he called it the Little Jumper.—Grit.

MISUSE OF WORDS.

Correction of Wanton Abuse Should Begin in Grammar Schools.

Those who find a never-ending pleasure in reading the works of Goldsmith, Addison, "Relucting Dick" Steele and our own genial Irving must suffer something like literary nausea in turning over the pages of some modern newspapers in quest of news. The Buffalo Commercial says: Why should the society editor insist that a wedding "occurred," instead of taking place? But this abuse of the word seems venial when we turn to the sporting page and find that every event recorded from a dog fight to a running race is "classy." It may be assumed by some critics that this word flashed upon the sporting fraternity as a great prize through the revival of the Olympic games. Greek authors wrote books now known as classics, and by the same token their athletic games obtained a like designation. But why should a prize fight be called "classy"? Probably the word is a slangy equivalent of "high class." At any rate, it is illegitimate and offensive as "brassy."

But the offending is not confined to the editors of sporting pages. To go through the catalogue of misused words would far exceed the limits of any editorial article. Yet one can hardly leave the subject without recording a solemn protest against the phrase "armed with a warrant," or the aeronaut who "negotiates a trip" around the aerodromes. And one would like to add that "inaugurate," which means to induct in office, does not happily characterize the running of a new railroad train or the opening sale of autumn millinery.

The colleges of America are doing good work in their departments of English literature to prevent the wanton misuse and abuse of our magnificent language, but the education should begin in our grammar schools, where the great majority of our children receive their only education.

Electric Dyspepsia.

A scientific man in Buffalo proclaims that he has discovered that working about high voltage electric apparatus results in "grave disturbances of the digestive organs, loss of appetite, distress after eating" and a whole train of dyspeptic symptoms.

Too Rich.

The Cannibal Chief—This fellow you're eating now, your excellency, was a Pittsburgh millionaire. The Cannibal Chief—Well, I find him altogether too rich for me.

If you have a good friend don't spoil it all by imposing on him.

SNOW STATUES.

An interesting account of the snow statues made by the young art students of Brussels, and exhibited in the Royal Park annually, when the weather conditions are favorable, is given by a writer in the Strand Magazine. An admission of twenty-five centimes is charged, and the money paid by the enormous crowds which visit the exhibition goes toward the support of the school from which the art students come.

The Parc Royale belongs to the King, but the necessary permission is easily forthcoming, by which the students are allowed to transform the park into an atelier, shutting out for three whole days the people who ordinarily make the park their pleasure ground. No one, in fact, is allowed inside the gates except the students and their masters. These, during three days, work ceaselessly, preparing the statues for exhibition. On the fourth day the gates are thrown open, and everybody comes to see.

The students are allowed to take any subject they like, and all the professors do during the first three days is to walk round, criticize and keep warm. The students carry all the snow. Most of it is obtained in the very natural way of starting a snowball, and rolling it until enough is collected. The modeling is the coldest part of the work, but so well is the snow molded that the figures seem as if they were cut in stone.

On the last day of the preparation the watering pot is in great demand. The use of water on the snow gives to the statue a glossy, adamant surface, which goes far toward winning a prize and preventing the work of art from melting into nothingness.

The students make a point of modeling near a lamp-post, because the light gives additional attractiveness to their work when night comes on, and the park is full of visitors.

Animal subjects are among the most popular, and some of the statues are really ambitious. The artists create new groups, or else copy a group by some noted sculptor, like Thorwaldsen. The elephant is the favorite animal, although lions and bears press him very hard.

Nearly all the benches in the park are utilized by the students for cumbersome figures or for humorous subjects. One of the benches, for example, contained an old peasant woman who had fallen asleep in one corner, while a dog crouching at her feet, watched his mistress for a signal to leave.

One winter one of the best pieces of sculpture was the bust of Leopold II, King of the Belgians. The German Emperor has also been seen in the park, at some distance, it is true, from Bismarck, whose magnificent head lent itself finely to the snow sculptor's tools. Humbert of Italy, with his wonderful mustaches, had a place in one recent exhibition.

DEATH IN TERRIBLE SHAPE.

One of Most Horrible of All Horrible Imaginations of Edgar Allan Poe.

The wife of one of the most respected citizens—a lawyer of eminence and a member of congress—was seized by a sudden and unaccountable illness which completely baffled the skill of her physicians. After much suffering she died, or was supposed to die. For three days the body was preserved unburied, during which it acquired a stony rigidity. The funeral, in short, was hastened on account of the rapid advance of what was supposed to be decomposition.

The lady was deposited in her family vault, which for three years was undisturbed. At the expiration of this term it was opened for the reception of a sarcophagus; but, alas! how fearful a shock awaited the husband, who personally threw open the door. As his portals swung outwardly back, some white apparition object fell rattling within his arms. It was the skeleton of his wife in her yet unaltered shroud.

A careful investigation rendered it evident that she had revived within two days of her entombment, that her struggles within the coffin had caused it to fall from a ledge or shelf to the floor, where it was so broken as to permit her to escape. On the uppermost steps which led down to the dread chamber was a large fragment of coffin, with which it seemed that she had endeavored to attract attention by striking the iron door. While thus occupied, she probably swooned or possibly died through sheer terror; and in falling her shroud became entangled in some iron work which projected interiorly. Thus she remained and thus she rotted away.—Edgar Allan Poe.

Seems Reasonable.

"Everybody feels that he ought to see Shakespeare."

"That's one reason why they don't go, I reckon," remarked the theatrical manager.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Women are superior to men because they always say they are.