

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

The man with a full dinner pail carries a fortune with him.

No man can be good from force of habit. He's simply got to keep on struggling.

There never would have been any magazine muckrakers if there had been no muck to rake.

Scientists report that the tail of Halley's comet is composed of gas. Don't worry. It isn't passing through a meter.

At the present time there are enough vegetarians in the United States to form a large and dangerous political party.

Already a magazine which is devoted to the interests of the aeronauts has been started. This settles it. Wings are bound to come.

Sarah Bernhardt is about to begin her first farewell tour of America. It must make Adelina Patti sigh for the good old days of \$10,000 a week.

In New York recently a baby was born with a full set of teeth. Its parents would perhaps have been better satisfied if it had come with a twenty-one-meal ticket.

A Frenchman has been finding names for almost every kind of fear that human beings can have. He ends his list, quite appropriately, with "phobias"—fear of fear.

Archbishop Ireland is of the opinion that the high cost of living is due in a large measure to the American woman's ignorance of housekeeping. Don't all speak at once, ladies.

No, the money that is being paid to the government by the big sugar industries will not be put into the conscience fund. Conscience has had nothing to do with these payments.

It is reported that Carrie Nation received two offers of marriage upon her recent visit to Washington, D. C. Aunt Carrie would undoubtedly make a smashing good wife for somebody.

It is reported that King Edward is becoming a nervous wreck owing to England's political mix-up. What Edward seems to need is a course of instructions in the art of being an innocent bystander.

Women may loftily set up the claim that they have become independent—that they are no longer compelled to look to the men for support or protection—but a good many of them would be compelled, if it were not for the men, to go around with their waists open at the back.

Every country has its troubles with those who prefer alcohol to water as a drink. Photographs from Prussia, "a stronghold for fanaticism," show the drastic Albanian treatment of such cases. The man is tied upon a donkey and marched through the streets, a boy drumming loudly in front of him.

A new bridge for ordinary traffic is about to be built, larger and more magnificent than any of the fifteen others which span the Thames between the Tower of London and Hammer-smith. Its approach on the northern bank will be from an open space near St. Paul's Cathedral, and it will no doubt be called Paul's Bridge. Street cars, or trams, as the English call them, will cross the river by the bridge, but probably in a sort of subway beneath the carriage drive.

Runaway matches have been known to turn out ideally, but not often. Their average course is toward wreckage and wretchedness. The very need of secrecy and flight is generally indicative of a fault in the scheme somewhere, and young girls who are willing to defy parental love and care and marry by stealth need feel no surprise when their idols' feet turn out to be clay, and a poor variety of that. Spite of the jokesmiths, the cartoonists and the waggish poets, marriage is the most serious step in the lives of men and women. Even the mature ought to give it at least as respectable consideration as they would any other investment. Boys and girls need to take advice on the matter, not railroad trains to a quick-service city clerk's office somewhere "across the line."

There is no mother or father among us who has not at times been appalled by our almost utter lack of equipment for the work of rearing children. It is by far the most important work that any of us can do to rear the men and women who are to make, or remake, or unmake the society of the future. Most of us are slaves of the idea that the big job is to clothe and feed them and give them the opportunities the schools afford. We would save them from working with their hands and insure them starched shirts during their lives. But all this is nothing in comparison with the real work of rearing the men and women of the future. We delegate to others their training, moral, intellectual and religious. We become mere feeders and clothiers of bodies, and we do this much for animals. Children need companionship, and companionship means

more than segregation in a home with blood relatives. The closest companionship is sometimes reserved for kindred souls of other families. Children need to be treated with consideration while they are passing through the most sensitive period of their career. You can never wound a man as you can a child. And it is almost impossible to influence a man as you can a child. The very life stuff of the future is in our hands, and how little we know about molding it.

The president of Northwestern University, in an address before the Music Teachers' National Association in Chicago, said that the American people are musical barbarians, and that the function of the musician is to civilize them. The statement is extravagant in form, but is not untrue. It is probably true also that the English, the French, the German, the Russian, and every other nation, taking them as a whole, are musical savages. Knowledge of the best music and appreciation of it is confined, in every country, to the few who have the opportunity and the money to become familiar with it. But Americans are not so barbarous musically as they were a generation ago. Chicago, Pittsburg, New York, Boston and other cities have long maintained first class musical organizations, and their concerts and operas have educated and entertained a great army of men and women who do missionary work for good music whenever the subject is discussed. Another musical educator of wider influence that the orchestras and singing societies is the mechanical piano player. This device makes it possible for any person with a fondness for music to play in his own home the masterpieces of the best composers. Compositions which a professional musician cannot learn to execute on a piano without long and tedious practice can be played with marvelous expression by a tyro after an hour's practice on the mechanical player. A still humbler, but more far-reaching influence in popular musical education, is the phonograph or graphophone, which reproduces vocal as well as instrumental music. The more expensive forms of the instrument are so perfect that when a record made by a famous opera singer is run through it is difficult for a listener to decide whether he is hearing a human voice or a machine.

CHARLES READE'S MODESTY.

Only Author on Record Who Thought He Was Too Well Paid.

In his recollections in McClure's, William H. Rideing says that in an editorial experience of more years than he cares to acknowledge he has met only one author who thought he was too well paid—Charles Reade. Here are some extracts from a letter of Reade's to Rideing:

"Dear Sir: I beg to thank you for the munificent sum you sent me through Mr. Liston; it was too much for a mere dictated article of which you had not the monopoly, and shall be reconsidered if we do business together. . . ."

"If they let them slip (referring to a series of articles then in the hands of a publisher), you can have them if you like; if they retain them I see my way to write you a strong story, but there must be love in it; not illicit love, nor passionate love, but that true affection between the sexes without which it is impossible to interest readers for more than a few pages. Pray consider the subject, thus confined; it cannot be long hidden from the young that there is an innocent and natural love between the sexes, and, in plain truth, successful fiction is somewhat narrow; love is its turnpike road; you may go off that road into highways, into byways and woods, and gather here and there choice flowers of imagination that do not grow at the side of that road; but you must be quick and get back to your turnpike pretty soon, or you will miss the heart of the reader."

"Then, as to the remuneration you were kind enough to offer, I do not see how you can afford \$— per page. Publishers will pay for their whistle, like other people, and will buy a name for more than it is worth unless it is connected with work that would be valuable without a name. In my view of things, nothing is good that is not durable, and no literary business can be durable if the author takes all the profit."

A Changed Woman.

"Well, well," said the returned traveler, "and so you are married now! It seems only yesterday since you left school. How time does fly!"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Youngley, "only a short time ago I never clipped anything from the papers but poems, and now I clip nothing but recipes."—Philadelphia Press.

And the Earth Would Arrest Him.

"Do you know, I'd rather like to ride on one of those aeroplanes myself."

"Well, there's no law preventing you."

"Yes there is; the law of gravitation."—Boston Transcript.

Some one was telling, in the presence of a boy, how well behaved a certain girl was. "It's easy for a girl to be good," the boy said, "but a boy can't do it."

Blood oranges are "faked" by the use of a hypodermic syringe and some dye.

There never was a man who was not at some time an easy mark



The Vicer-Now, children, what is false doctrine? Inspired Malden—Please, sir, bad medicine.

Young Woman (adoringly)—It must be awfully nice to be wise and know—oh—everything! College Student—It is.

"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?" "I shook my head." "Sideways or up and down?"

She—How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening? He—I saw it in the papers this morning.

First Fair Invalid—Which kind of doctor do you prefer—the allopathic or the homeopathic? Second Fair Invalid—I prefer the sympathetic.

Bobbe (to Featherstone)—Did you know that you were a relative of ours? Featherstone—Since when? "Mother says you are our weak brother."

Boy—A man came in and said he wanted to squeeze some money out of you. Boss—What did you tell him? Boy—I said I was sorry you weren't in.

"Kitty," said her mother rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table." "I can't mamma," protested the little girl, "I'm a fidgetarian."

"On what ground, madam, do you desire a divorce from your husband?" "Intolerable cruelty; he put the date of my birth in the family Bible."—Chicago News.

"What a bad toothache you've got." "No; but I'm calling on the dentist for the money he owes me, and this is the only way I can get into his house."—Fliegende Blätter.

"Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent." "Why not?" "What! And have my wife losing thirty-dollar hats to other women on the election!"—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Newbridge — Boohoo! Henry threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too. Mother—The monster! He might have killed you.—United Presbyterian.

"How much does it cost to get married?" asked the eager youth. "That depends entirely on how long you live," replied the sad-looking man.—Philadelphia Record.

"Isn't your hat rather curious in shape?" asked the uniformed man. "Certainly," answered his wife. It has to be. Any hat that wasn't curious in shape would look queer."

The Girl (rather weary, at 11:30 p. m.)—I don't know a thing about baseball. The Beau—Let me explain it to you. The Girl—Very well, give me an illustration of a home run.

Little—Is your young minister so very, very fascinating? Hattie—Fascinating! Why, lots of girls in our church have married men they hated, just to get one kiss from the rector after the ceremony.—Puck.

Chumpleigh—Well, my dear, I had my life insured for \$5,000 to-day. Mrs. Chumpleigh—I'm glad you did, John. Now you won't have to be so careful about dodging street cars and automobiles.—Chicago Daily News.

"The American eagle," said the orator, "knows no fear." "Yes," replied Mr. Sirius Barker, "the American eagle is mighty lucky. Any bird that isn't good enough to eat has a right to congratulate itself these days."—Washington Star.

Physician—Have you any aches or pains this morning? Patient—Yes, doctor; it hurts me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now seems to be with my breath. Physician—All right. I'll give you something that will soon stop that.—Boston Globe.

Aunt Spinsterly—I hope that your opinions uphold the dignity of our sex, Mamie, and that you believe that every woman should have a vote? Mamie—I don't go quite so far as that, auntie; but I believe that every woman should have a voter!—Human Life.

Modern Girl—Father, I long to be independent—to rely upon my own exertions for support. What trade or profession would you recommend? Wise Father—First class cooks make \$5,000 a year. Modern girl—I don't like cooking. It's too feminine!—New York Weekly.

Dr. McCree—My dear Mrs. Goodman, how could you bring out a young child on such a day as this, with such a strong east wind blowing? Mrs. Goodman—Ah, doctor, you will always have your little joke. How can a child of this age possible know what wind it is?—Tit-Bits.

"I hope you don't mind me asking," said the young woman, diffidently, "but should I call you professor or doctor?" "Oh, call me anything you like," was the great man's rejoinder, "some people call me an old idiot."

"Really," the lady murmured, with sweet innocence, "but then they would be people who knew you intimately."

Lady—You say, professor, that tobacco is an aid to thought and a stimulant to the reasoning faculties; but Professor Greathead says tobacco is in every way injurious. How do you account for that difference? The Professor—Easily enough, madam. Professor Greathead does not smoke, and consequently he can neither think straight nor reason correctly!



REFORM THE LAND LAWS.

HOW backward we are still is shown by the fact that no urgency of public opinion and no pressure of common honesty has yet succeeded in making the preliminary step—a reasonable reform of the land laws. The agencies of justice are employed in discovering and punishing land thieves whose crimes were invited by legislation apparently framed for their especial profit. The repeal of the desert land act, the timber and stone act, and the stringent enforcement of the provisions of the homestead act are necessary to honest dealing with the land question. Speculators and land grabbers prevent this, while occasional Congressmen and Senators are snatched and disgraced by participating in land frauds. We have enlarged the unit of public land for Alaska, in order to tempt dishonesty there. We have made it 160 acres for land reclaimed at great expense, although a large family could not possibly cultivate twenty acres of this land as it should be. Perhaps economy must be substituted for the extravagance now too prevalent in every department of government before we can hope to see it supreme in land reclamation and distribution. But this plain business conception must be restored before the country can hope either to realize upon or retain its most valuable resources.—World's Work.

DON'T PUNISH THE FAMILIES.

EARLY everybody nowadays fancies he perceives wherein the social organization can be improved. Once in a while somebody does suggest a concrete change that looks good. A judge in Chicago recommends that a portion of the fines or the labor of prisoners in bridewells, houses of correction, jails and the like, be diverted from the coffers of the State and paid to the destitute wife or family, whose livelihood is suspended during the sentence of the culprit.

A wife beater or a child beater is properly convicted and punished. But the punishment falls also upon his family, dependent on the wages he cannot earn while serving his sentence. Women and children, too, are deterred from complaining against the bully and ruffian, because they prefer his blows and abuse to near starvation. Many an ill-used wife has begged the judge to let her husband off because while he is in prison her babes will suffer.

Money derived from fines or from labor of prisoners, the State can dispense with, provided it is used to supply families with necessities until the brute is returned to society to make a living for his own. Money thus

expended would be a real saving to the State, since it would prevent the breaking up and demoralization of families and would keep some from lapsing into charges upon the State. Also there would be less wife beating and general brutality, or else more punishment for the same.—Minneapolis Journal.

AN EXAMPLE OF PROGRESS.

IN 1850 Texas sold to the United States a strip of territory approximating 100,000,000 acres for \$10,000,000. Texas was larger then than she is now and was in debt. The land was considered valuable and Texas needed the money. At an average valuation of \$10 an acre the land to-day would be worth a billion dollars. As a matter of fact, some of it is worth several times \$10 an acre and is all the time becoming more valuable.

There was opposition to the sale at the time, but it was ineffective. Those who favored the sale contended that the land was worthless and that the United States Government was buying an elephant. The Legislature thought it wise to sell, and the deal was put through. The territory sold now covers the eastern half of New Mexico, a corner of Oklahoma and Kansas and a strip of Colorado.

If Texas had retained that land she would to-day be about one-third larger and a billion dollars wealthier than at present. The outcome is a striking illustration of the growth and progress of this country.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LIFE-SAVING STATIONS FOR MINERS.

CONGRESS is earnestly taking up the question of making the life of a miner more secure. The Federal Government has already taken some steps in this direction, looking to the establishment of stations from which experts may go out to mines where there has been a disaster. One

Senator—name, Bailey, of Texas—has raised the question of State rights. To the credit of all the other Senators, the question is not raised. This Government provides life-saving stations along the coast, both on salt water and on the Great Lakes, and places there trained men, ready on a moment's notice to rush to the rescue of sailors and others imperiled by the waters. Why not also have these life-saving stations distributed properly over the country, where they can go quickly to save the lives of men in danger in mines? The work is a good one and the country will be gratified if steps are taken by our Congress to further promote this work.—Danville Commercial News.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

Omens That Foretell Weather and Dreams That Signify Fate.

In all times superstitions have had a powerful hold on men and women, high and low. The great Napoleon himself was a believer in omens, it is chronicled.

As times and knowledge have progressed most superstitions have been relegated to their proper sphere, the Boston Herald says, yet even to-day almost every living being is prone to superstitious influence, whether seriously or more out of habit. For instance, how many men choose thirteen as a designating number? Those who do believe the reverse of the old version.

Below is a list of the commoner superstitions, leaving out such as are in daily prominence. You may find your "hobby" in the list:

Six weeks after you hear the first katydid look out for the frost.

Blow out the candle, and if the wick continues long to smolder look for bad weather. If it goes out quickly the weather will be fair.

When you hear the first frogs in the spring you may know the frost is out of the ground.

The last Friday of each month is the almanac index for the next month. If the weather be fair the month will be likewise; if foul so will the month be.

If it storms the first Sunday in the month it will storm every Sunday in the month.

When a person kills a snake he does well to consider what kind of weather he would like. If he hangs the snake up it will rain; if he buries it the weather will be fair.

Rub a cat's back the wrong way, and if you see the sparks it is a sign of cold weather.

The bones of rheumatic persons ache when a storm is brewing.

When you find tea grounds floating in your cup you know that you are going to have company. If the grounds are soft, it is a woman who is coming; if hard, a man. If the grounds are long the person coming is tall, if short the visitor will be short.

If you dream of falling and are awakened by the fancied jar of landing, it is a sign that you are going to be ill. If, however, you awake while still in midair you may be assured you will continue in good health.

To dream of a funeral is a sign of a wedding. To dream of a wedding is a sign of a funeral.

Have you white marks on your nails? Put your hands together and repeat this rhyme while in succession you touch finger tips, beginning with thumbs:

A friend, a foe, a gift, a beau, a journey you go. Notice on which finger nails the marks are and you will thus gain some inkling of your future.

Born on Monday, fair of face.

Born on Tuesday, full of God's grace.

Born on Wednesday, merry and glad.

Born on Thursday, sour and sad.

Born on Friday, godly given.

Born on Saturday, work for a living.

Born on Sunday, never shall want.

So there's the week and the end on't.

To cut the finger nails on Sunday morning is a sign you will do something you are ashamed of before the week is out.

Pass me salt, pass me sorrow.

It used to be a pretty sure sign that a man was conceited if he went about with his hat brim turned up in front.

If the bottom of your foot itches you may know that you are to step on strange lands.

Put the wrong foot out of bed first when you get up in the morning and you will be cross all day. Always get up with right foot foremost.

Don't make a friend a gift of a knife, for, according to every authority versed in sign lore, if you do, it will cut your friendship.

When you have the rheumatism carry a potato in your pocket. The potato will become hard after a time and believers in its virtue affirm that this is because of the rheumatism it has absorbed.

To find a horseshoe in the road is a sign of good luck.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

When you see a shooting star, if you can say "Money before the week's out" three times before it is last sight of you will have some money before the week is out.

It is a sign you are going to be rich if you tumble upstairs.

generally predicting death to some person of the household.

In France it is believed that the settling of a white pigeon upon a chimney is a sign of speedy death for some one in the house.

There is a superstition among the Negroes of the south that to meet a frog is a lucky incident, indicating that the one thus favored is about to receive money from some unexpected quarter.

It is a favorite superstition in England that the bacon of swine killed in the waning of the moon will waste away in the process of curing or cooking much more than bacon of hogs killed while the moon is growing.

SAVES IN BIG HOTELS.

Valuables Kept in Them by Guests for Years at a Time.

A woman walked up to the counter of a fashionable hotel and asked for a package of valuables which was in the safe.

"If I had not wanted one particular thing I suppose I should have left the package where it was for another three years," she said to the clerk.

"Yes," said the clerk in answer to a question about the woman left, "that packet had really been in our safe for three years. Why, we have all sorts of valuable papers, jewelry and even money that are intrusted to our keeping for years at a time. People seem to prefer a hotel safe to a safety deposit vault. One reason perhaps is that it costs nothing. Another is that the standard of hotel clerks has improved."

"It is astonishing the amount of jewelry that people keep in hotel safes. Of course the owners have originally stopped in the hotel, but they go away, leaving their valuables, and I have known such persons to be gone as much as two years and never make an inquiry about their property in that time."

"To show you how much confidence people have in hotels and their employees I might mention that the other day a man came in here and put four \$1,000 bills in an envelope, wrote his name on the latter and asked me to put it in the safe. Not long ago another man actually did the same thing with seven \$10,000 bills."

The clerks of several other hotels talked in a similar strain without any outside suggestion.

"I'll bet I have handled more than a million dollars' worth of jewelry to-day," said one. "Look here," and he opened the safe and piled six or eight big jewelry cases on the counter, but hurriedly put them back. "In one of those I know there is over \$200,000 worth, and what I showed you was only a few of what the safe contains."

—New York Sun.

The only reliable confidant in the world is your pillow, and look under the bed before you confide in your pillow.

In almost every country the bowing of a dog is regarded as a bad omen,