

Topics of the Times

If the Osler theory wants to get a knock-out blow, let it tackle Uncle Henry D. Davis.

ey, but it doesn't stay long enough in the hands of the average man for him to acquire any of them.

Miss Mabel Wood Tuttle advises women to use their tongues constantly. Well, the day is only twenty-four hours long.

A New York man proposes to sue a drug clerk for taking away his "jag." The victim has not decided whether to charge petit or grand larceny.

Where, oh, where, is Alexieff, the man who persuaded the Czar to fight on the assurance that the Japs could never effect a landing in Manchuria?

Jewel robberies are so frequent that we wonder why people wear so much temptation, but if you have to wear your jewels in a safe-deposit vault what is the use of owning them, also?

Probably there never was a military movement that achieved a more astounding success than that of General Kuropatkin when he started northward for the purpose of luring on those Japanese generals.

In a Chicago court a witness testified that his brother was crazy and had tried to kill himself by swallowing coat buttons. This was a hard thing to say about a brother. How did the witness know that the crazy man hadn't merely mistaken his mouth for a buttonhole?

J. Pierpont Morgan has purchased the manuscript of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" for \$4,000. Mr. Morgan may have the time and the eyesight to read it over in manuscript, but the rest of us have been wondering when we would get time to read it again in ordinary plain print.

The total savings deposits in all the savings banks in the world are computed to be \$10,500,000,000, contributed by \$2,640,000 depositors. The depositors in the United States number \$7,305,000, with deposits of more than \$3,000,000,000. The Americans, who number less than 1 per cent of the people considered in the computation, have nearly one-third of the savings.

The only way to redeem college athletics from the evils which now beset them is to abolish the professionalism associated with them and throw open the grounds free to the public in all exhibition games between the students of State institutions or those deriving special privileges from the State when the games are played on their respective grounds. Whenever that is done college athletics will be placed on rational grounds and emancipated from all those objectionable features which now degrade them.

Ordinarily a great fortune is built up like a stone wall—a stone at a time. The young man who declines to lay the first stone, because it comes so far short of a wall, will never make progress in financial masonry. An immense proportion of the people of this country live up to their incomes, laying aside nothing for the traditional rainy day. Because they cannot save \$1,000 in a bunch they save nothing. The greatest financial kings have not been above taking care of the pennies even. The great financial institutions look after even the fractions of pennies.

Manuel Garcia, one of the most remarkable men in the world to-day, has recently sat for his portrait to John S. Sargent. Garcia is a Spanish singer who visited the United States in 1825 with an opera company, and sang in various parts of the country. The famous singer, Madame Mallbran, was his sister. He returned to Europe and taught Jenny Lind in Paris, and for the past fifty years or thereabouts has been a music teacher in London. He is a hundred years old, and is still teaching. He was a professor of music in the British Royal Academy of Music until he was 90, when he retired to receive pupils privately. It is believed that the portrait which Sargent has painted is the only one of a centenarian in existence, and Garcia himself is probably the only person who ever taught singing in his hundredth year.

Few realize the enormous extent to which the country depends for its necessities and luxuries upon tropical and subtropical lands. The fact will be brought home with force by the statement—based on the official import statistics—that in the calendar year 1904 tropical products formed 43 per cent of the total importations of the United States. This includes products from Hawaii and Porto Rico, but the aggregate of \$465,000,000 out of the total imports of \$1,072,000,000 takes no ac-

count of the subtropical products of the South, and cotton, sugar, tobacco, etc. Hence the import figures give only a partial view of the importance of these things in the daily life of the people. Sugar and molasses form the largest single group in the long list, followed close by coffee, silk, fibers of various sorts, rubber, fruits and nuts, tobacco, tea, vegetable oils and gums, cocoa and spices and the like.

At a recent meeting of shoe dealers in New York City the statement was made by a leading shoe manufacturer that the women of the next generation would have larger feet than the women of this generation. He said there was a growing tendency among women to buy shoes plenty large for their feet. And that women are also asking for thicker soles and lower and broader heels. The casual observer must have noted this tendency. Here and there women cling to tight shoes, wafer soles and perch themselves upon the still of a high and narrow heel. They do so because some one sets the style. And style, while it is the end of all controversy, is itself being modified by the canons of good sense and comfort. The short-skirted street gown and the natural waist are evidences. Men long ago rebelled against skin-tight footwear. They no longer squeeze all the blood out of their feet. Some of us will remember a time when men's fashions decreed the high-heeled, tight-fitting boot that could only be removed by an instrument known as the "boot jack." This antique taste still survives with the western cowboy. The causes for the new tendency in women's footwear are to be found in girls' gymnasiums and in the modern physical training of women. The girl of to-day who takes long tramps to fill her lungs and color her cheeks, or does her exercises for physical development, does not want her feet pinched and does not care for the dignity of high heels. She wants something substantial and comfortable.

It begins to look as if the passion for novel reading had begun to die of its own excess. Certainly the desire for this form of reading is on the wane. The sales of 1904 are reported to have been far below those of the years immediately preceding. The decrease affects all sorts of novels, from the profound psychological work to the highest flight of fancy in the daintiest romance. Of course, novels will continue to be read, for the story in some form has lived through all time and will continue to do so, but evidently the all-absorbing interest in works of fiction is about to give place to something else or perhaps to many things. Real life has its fascinations. People enjoy society rather than the novel of high life. The historical romance has led to a greater interest in history proper. The sociological novel has developed a desire for participation in civic matters, a devotion to slum work and the kinds of activity that may benefit the masses. Naturally, then, newspapers and magazines are read far more than formerly, since they deal chiefly with current events and with those things which are of importance at the present moment. They offer a glance of the entire world and emphasize those points where present activity is greatest. They deal with the real world and people of to-day want facts rather than fancies; live issues rather than the possible quarrels of hypersensitive lovers. The stage, too, is somewhat responsible for the decay of the novel. Tired people want entertainment and often prefer to take it passively. They can get the contents of a novel in the three or five acts of a play and the accessories often given a more vivid presentation of plot and denouement than the lengthy novel is apt to do. This does not mean that drama will take the place of novel-reading to any great extent, for there are evidences that the drama is itself to give place to something not yet determined. If the novel has seen its best day it can certainly claim that its day was a great and brilliant one, that it accomplished a genuine purpose and that humanity is broader in its intelligence, its sympathies and its activities than it would have been but for the great popularity of the novel during the past four decades.

The Boiling Point of Water.
Water boils at different temperatures, according to the elevation above the sea level. In New York water boils practically at 212 degrees Fahrenheit; in Munich, Germany, at 209½ degrees; in the City of Mexico, at 200 degrees, and in the Himalayas, at an elevation of 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, at 180 degrees. These differences are caused by the varying pressure of the atmosphere at these points. In New York the whole weight of the air has to be overcome. In Mexico, 7,000 feet above the sea, there is 7,000 feet less of atmosphere to be resisted; consequently less heat is required and boiling takes place at a lower temperature.

A married man says the most startling innovation in women's apparel is the bill.

Between the deserving poor and the deservedly poor there is a vast difference.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

It is a remarkable fact that the three figures which stand out in relief from the background of American history of the time subsequent to the adoption of the constitution—the time that was especially one of statesmanship, in reality a period of preparation for the greater compass of the present—Webster, Clay and Calhoun, should be of so nearly equal magnitude and caliber that it is difficult to claim pre-eminence for any one of them.

Their characteristics were to some extent strikingly similar. Integrity of character, incorruptibility in the public service and absolute sincerity of purpose in affairs of state, distinguished John Caldwell Calhoun to the same extent that they characterized his contemporaries. Webster called him "a Senator of Rome when Rome survived."

The patriotic utterances of Calhoun at the time of the outbreak of the war of 1812 roused the country to defend itself against the second British aggression. After the war, during the administration of Monroe, Calhoun acted as Secretary of War, and to this day the department feels the impress of his genius for organization.

Although some of the measures that Calhoun advocated were considered to be a menace to the existence of the union, it is stated on the best of authority that Calhoun himself simply upheld them because he believed them to be not only constitutional, but also for the best interest of the country, and that had he thought them inimical to the union he would never have defended them. With his high and noble aspirations and his stainless reputation as a patriot there can be no doubt of this.

RICH HUNT TOY DEER.

Clarence H. Mackay Installs Unique Hunting Game for His Guests.

Even in this age of extravagant mechanical contrivances it is doubtful whether any toy has been constructed so unusual and costly as that which Clarence H. Mackay has installed on his estate at Harbor Hill, near Roslyn, L. I. Shooting galleries, in which figures of rabbits, pigs and lions bob up and disappear to test the aim of sportsmen, long have been familiar to visitors to Coney Island and similar resorts. Mr. Mackay has constructed in the wildest part of his big estate an electric railway to furnish him the same sport on a scale and in a manner that is true to nature.

The railway, which runs in an irregular ellipse and is operated by electricity, is a mile long, and winds erratically in and out among the woods and broken ground. The animal is provided in the shape of a life-sized deer, mounted on a small bogie truck.

At a speed which can be regulated at any pace up to 10 or 12 miles an hour the deer is carried through the woods, and as it appears at the different openings out among the trees along the route of the railway Mr. Mackay and his sporting friends get a chance for just such a quick shot as the hunter in the Maine woods has to reply on to fill his bag.

At the end of the run the truck passes over an automatic switch which shuts off the current and the deer comes to a standstill in a sheltered pit, where a marker is posted. He notes the places where the deer has been hit, telephones by means of a special wire laid down for the purpose the results of his aim to the man with the gun and then as soon as he has pasted a piece of canvas or brown paper over the wounds that have been made is ready to start the deer off again to run the gauntlet of the marksmen a second or a third time.

A Riddle.

There stands a palace on a hill,
A splendid, costly pile,
Where servants do his bidding who
Lives there in lordly style.

A little way beyond there stands
A weather-beaten shack,
And they that occupy it sigh
For comforts that they lack.

Now think a space and guess which place
'Tis that he occupies
Who from experience believes
It pays to advertise.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Boss—I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business. The Applicant—Don't I, though? I keep company with your typewriter.—Chicago Journal.

SUFFICIENT IDENTIFICATION.

The necessity of identification is one of the concessions the honest portion of the community has to make to a world in which fraud and deceit are not unknown. Not every one holds the same confidence in human nature as the toll-keeper who, when asked what the bridge fees were, replied, "Two cents, sir, and half-price for ministers." "But how do you know a man is a minister just because he says so?" "Oh, sir, ministers never lie." The paying teller of a certain bank did not see matters in such a liberal light; he required a definite identification, and the Chicago News tells how he got it.

"You will have to be identified before I can pay you the money on this check," said the teller.

"Ain't it good?" asked the man. "Oh, the check's all right, but I don't know you. You must get some one who knows you to come here and tell me you are the one to whom the check is made out."

The man left the bank with a puzzled expression on his face. Half an hour later he returned.

"The man that gave me that check," he said, "can't come, but he sent this, and says for you to give me the money."

He held up a large sheet of paper. On it was the pencil outline of a man's hand. The chart showed a first finger cut off below the knuckle and the second finger missing. Below it was written, "This is the best I can do. I can't come over and the man can't write, so I can't O. K. his signature. The man has an anchor tattooed on his right arm and powder marks on the lobe of his left ear. He smells of whisky, and can lick any man in your bank with one hand tied behind him." That the note was written by the signer of the check was evident from the handwriting.

"Hold up your hand," said the teller. The man held his hand over the tracing on the paper, and it fitted perfectly.

"Show me the anchor," said the teller. The blue-tinted emblem of hope appeared. The powder marks were in evidence, and the air was burdened with the odor of whisky.

"Here's your money," said the teller. "You needn't try to lick anybody. You're sufficiently identified."

Lizards that walk on two feet.

Lizards of several sorts can walk and run easily on their hind legs. The Australian water lizard, which is three or four feet in length, keeps quite erect when traversing long distances on land. It is found in the neighborhood of river banks and passes much of its time in shallow water.

The frilled lizard of Queensland also travels on its hind legs on level ground, keeping the frill folded while running. When attacked it expands this fold of skin, which stands out like a ruff at right angles round the neck, giving it a formidable aspect, so that dogs that attack and kill larger lizards will often retreat before a frilled lizard at bay.

There is also a tree lizard in Australia that moves in a similar way. All these species walk on all fours when merely moving about or going short distances.

A Very Hard Slap.

"I am really and sincerely proud of the common people," said Mr. Pompos. "I am fond of the plain, everyday fellow who can never hope to be great. Call it Quixotism, if you wish."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," interrupted Pepprey. "I'd call it egotism."—Philadelphia Press.

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
HAIR VIGOR,
AGUE CURE,
CHERRY PECTORAL.

A Brutal Husband

Mrs. Naggs—The committee has requested me to make a dozen pies for the charity bazaar.

Naggs—What is the object of the bazaar, my dear?

Mrs. Naggs—To raise additional funds for the charity hospital.

Naggs—Isn't the hospital already overcrowded?

Mrs. Naggs—Yes, I believe it is.

Naggs—Then, for goodness sake, don't make matters worse by donating pies of your own make.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Stronous Opposition.

Oldun—What a terrible cyclone we had last night!

Newpop—Did we?

Oldun—Good heavens, man, didn't you hear it?

Newpop—No; our baby is cutting teeth.

Those Loving Girls.

Edyth—Was Charlie cool and collected when he proposed to you?

Mayme—No; he was awfully rattled.

Edyth—Well, I always thought he had a screw loose somewhere.



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P. N. U. No. 16-1905

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