

Topics of the Times

The President is doing all he can to make "bully" a classic.

It is better to be everything to somebody than something to everybody.

Excessive modesty has kept many a deserving man's nose to the grindstone.

Contentment may be better than riches, but a little of both is more satisfactory.

One of England's women novelists is abusing the hoopskirt. Probably a fat woman.

The Appellate Court has decided that hat trimming is no art. Family men have always considered it high art.

A Kansas man who has returned from Panama says it will take 200 years to finish the canal. He did well not to wait.

If the experts want to learn the real speed limit of an automobile they should time it after it has run over and injured a man.

King Edward is reported to be losing his teeth. Still, they might be going even if he were a poor, overworked, underpaid laborer, so where's the moral?

Dr. Morrill says "the devil's dollar is worth more than the stingy saint's nickel." No, Dr. Gladden, and Mr. Rockefeller, of course, he didn't mean anything personal.

A fashion authority says that women should buy hats to match their hair. But it is not every woman who can afford more than four or five hats in a year.

As to the use of cornucopias in the manufacture of maple sugar, it should be explained that the cobs are merely used to furnish the unmistakable and genuine maple flavor.

That New York physician who is trying to start a crusade against long dresses may as well give it up. He will have no better success than the late Mrs. Bloomer had.

A woman has been granted a divorce and \$400 a month alimony, with permission to remarry without losing the alimony. It will be her own fault if she long remains a widow.

E. Benjamin Andrews is afraid the yellow peril will overtake us if the Japanese win. It must be remembered, however, that E. Benjamin has always had a sharp eye for bugaboos.

The woman who is to have \$400 a month alimony, even if she marries again, will probably not have to advertise in any of the matrimonial journals for the purpose of finding a new affinity.

A Delaware man has been crippled for life by kneeling often and for long periods at prayer. Let not the skeptics forget that many other people have been crippled for life while engaging in impious practices.

A New York club woman said a few days ago: "The worst fate that could befall a woman, it seems to me, would be to marry a man of inferior intellect." Does the club woman desire to shut up all of the female colleges? Where, for instance, would one be able to find a man of other than inferior intellect as compared with that of a graduate of Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr or Lucy Cobb? The dear girl graduates will have to go right along marrying men of inferior intellect or do without husbands.

While we are inclined to criticize English railroads with much freedom, they have a record in one respect which our own railroad managers must look upon with respect. The gross earnings of the English roads never showed an unfavorable fluctuation, as compared with a previous year, of over 1½ per cent. With all the talk of poor railway management, of decadent industries and of the economic evils of war, it is confusing to find that the commercial development of Great Britain, measured by her gross railroad traffic, presents an almost unbroken record of advance. Net earnings, however, have been badly cut into by the rise in wages and by the higher cost of fuel.

One result of the Russo-Japanese war is to restore the bayonet to its old prominence as a weapon in all armies. When the Krag model of rifle was adopted for the United States army about fifteen years ago the bayonet was shortened and so changed in shape that it might be used as an intrenching tool if desired. But the night fight-

ing in Manchuria has repeatedly brought the Russian and Japanese forces into close quarters, where bayonets have been used on both sides with tremendous effect. Consequently the army general staff at Washington has determined that the United States bayonet for the new rifle adopted in 1903 shall be four inches longer than the Krag bayonet and preparations are already under way at the national armories to make the change.

The average destruction by forest fires in this country is estimated at \$25,000,000 or more annually. It is impossible to prevent all this waste—in some respects the worst that fire can cause, because it takes years to replace it—just as it is impossible to establish conditions whereby all other forms of property shall be protected against this agent of destruction, but it undoubtedly is possible to enforce a policy or policies to very appreciably reduce the danger and the loss if once the public is brought to realize the gravity of the situation. In Germany and France these experiences are guarded against in large measure, because the governments have strict forestry laws, and the forests are well policed and vigilantly cared for. Here the general government can do little except on its own preserves and the work of protection must be left to the States, which as yet do not seem to have risen to a sense of their responsibilities.

American liberality to education of all grades is the admiration and the envy of educational and social observers of all other nations. Yet the complaint is often made by discontented Americans that higher education after all remains here, as elsewhere, a privilege of wealth and something at which the wage-worker's son has little or no chance. A recent bulletin of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau throws interesting light upon this complaint. It shows that in Harvard, often called "a rich man's college," nearly 10 per cent of the young men and nearly 11 per cent of the young women are the children of people classed by statisticians as wage-workers. In Boston University, the largest Methodist institution of New England, over 35 per cent of the students are the sons and daughters of wage-workers. The record of Clark University is even more remarkable. This is devoted entirely to post-graduate and research work—that is, to the kind of study which must wait longest for monetary returns. Yet nearly 27 per cent of its students are from wage-working families. Of course, it may be said that the number of students from wage-earning families is by no means proportionate to the number of such families for higher education proportionate to their number. Before the gratification can be sought or had the desire must exist. Of course, all normal parents wish for their children easier or more fortunate lives than their own. But the ideals of parents differ according to what their own lives have been. The father who has gone from the common school to work without repining, and who has won what he deems success, is apt to think that higher education is a useless if not a pernicious luxury. There are always exceptions, but that is the rule. Charles M. Schwab's objection to higher education for a business career, based on his own success without it, illustrates the point. Only those parents who have had themselves some touch of higher education—who have obtained some inkling of the joys of knowledge for its own sake—are apt to inspire their children with real desire for it. That is the rule whose workings cut down enormously the proportion of wage-working families which feel any deprivation if their children do not get it. If in Massachusetts, where social distinctions originally produced by wealth, whatever their present basis, are more real and binding than in any other American state, so many children of wage-workers are getting higher education, what must be the conditions elsewhere—in States where society has not become anywhere near so firmly stratified? The answer to the charge that the poor boy has no chance of higher education is the simple fact that wherever he and his really desire it he is getting it.

Breaking a Rule.

One day recently at Washington a number of naval officers were discussing the traditional rivalry and ill feeling that is often remarked between the "jackies" and marines. As every one knows, on shipboard the marines are soldier-policemen, and, as such, make the "jackies stand round," to the great disgust of the sailors.

"I remember of once hearing of one old tar," said Captain Brownson, "who was forever having difficulty with the marines. Finally, contriving to get on fairly good terms with one of the hated policemen of the deck, he said: 'I wish you'd tell me how to keep out of trouble with you fellers.'"

"That's the easiest question in the world to answer," said the marine, with a grin. "Just you jackies remember this, that whenever you get to feeling nice and easy and fine, stop it, for it's a dead sure thing you're busting a rule!"

GREAT APPIAN WAY.

A ROMAN ROAD WHICH ABOUNDS IN ROMANCE.

Soldiers and Slaves, Mourners and Pleasure-Seekers, Idlers, Busy Traders and Lovers, All These Have Traveled Its Paved Surface.

Some things remain unchanged throughout the ages while others are merely transitory despite an appearance of the greatest durability. Love and hate, joy and sorrow, are the same to-day as they were when man first discovered he was a creature with powerful emotions. Like the brook in the poem, they go on forever, regardless of man's coming and going. The things man has built with his hands, on the contrary, no matter how great, have almost invariably crumbled to dust with the passing of time, leaving scarcely a trace of their existence.

On the plains of Asia Minor, along the valley of the Nile in Egypt, and in other of the older inhabited parts of the earth, there have at different periods in the remote past sprung into existence through one cause or another great cities, each filled with its bustling throngs of people intent on doing the many things that go to make up urban life. To-day, there scarce remains of these one stone upon another to mark the place of their being. All have perished. Wood and stone, brick and mortar, have fallen into decay; and of the many homes that once sheltered happy families, of the imposing piles that housed the multifarious branches of trade, and of the magnificent structures erected to gratify man's desire for suitable places in which to worship, nothing remains in most instances except a few half-buried fragments. In place of these

able for the substantial manner of its construction and the paved surface, which was made of large and well-fitting blocks of black basaltic lava.

Quite naturally, since it was the most picturesque of all the approaches to Rome, it soon became a favorite place for those of leisure to walk or drive. This resulted in such a great liking for it that many of the wealthy Romans, at death, made provision for their remains to be placed near this favored spot, and in time numerous magnificent sepulchres were reared along the road near the city, the most noted of which are those of Calpurnius, the Scipios, and Caecilia Metella.

After the fall of the Roman empire the Appian way was allowed to care for itself for centuries, and it became unfit for use in many places. Until about fifty years ago, the greater part of the road beyond the tomb of Caecilia Metella, or between the 3d and 11th milestones, was hardly distinguishable from the surrounding country, excepting by the ruins of the sepulchres; but excavations in 1850-'53, extending over the Appian way from its beginning as far as the ancient site of Bovillae, reopened to travel its most interesting part. This work was carried out under the auspices of the papal government. The part of the ancient road that was restored is called the Via Appia Nova, or in plain English, the new Appian road. Oddly enough, too, the modern railway from Rome to Naples crosses this old road near the place where the workmen ceased their operations.

The meeting of St. Peter and the Master on the Appian way, not far from the city, is the most important incident of the many which legend says took place along this road. The story is that St. Peter, becoming discouraged by the martyrdom of hundreds of Christians in Rome, started out to leave the country. He had gone but a little way in his flight when

burnings, hatreds, trivial worries and sorrows of gloomiest depths—all have swayed their victims here as in every other walk of life.

Along this way tramped the Roman legions setting forth to battle, and by it they returned, with trumpet peals of victory drowning the groans of their prisoners. Throngs of merry people have passed back and forth in joyous pastime along this favorite resort of a pleasant afternoon in that time so long ago, and their merriment has been suddenly hushed as they drew aside to let pass some grief-stricken group slowly bearing a loved one to the last resting place of the dead.

It is because of our unchanging emotional nature that such thoughts as these fill the minds of most persons who travel over the old road, putting them strangely in touch with the life of the past.

But the rule does not always hold good. Even the Appian way sometimes fails to attract, as the recent experience of a Roman guide with a party from Chicago will show.

The Chicago squad—consisting of the parents and two grown-up children—was under the leadership of a 264-pound mamma, who fancied she knew a lot about her rights and privileges as a lady of leisure and lucre. Papa, who had piled up the boodle in ways known only to the pork interests, was merely a convenience. Mamma did all the bargaining. Papa settled the bills without a murmur, and never had a good time unless he could induce the others to go on while he remained at a hotel for a few days on the plea of being "extremely bilious, my dear. Stomach way off—must be doctored up at once." Poor man!

When mamma engaged Pietro to show them the sights of Rome he suggested a trip over the Via Appia, launching forth in a voluble description of the many fine ruins of superb tombs to be seen along its course.

"But are there no persons living along this—this Wee-ah Ah-pee-ah?" queried mamma, visions of a fine boulevard and crowds of admiring people gazing at herself and jewels filling her mind as she complacently viewed what she could see of the lavish display of resplendent gems bedecking her ample figure.

"No, no!" hastily exclaimed Pietro, with a deprecating wave of the hands and a shrug of the shoulders that would have expressed volumes to anyone else. "No, these people been dead one-two thousand years, madam; but the tombs—ruins magnifique—ah-h-h!" his eyes were rolling in an ecstasy of delight.

"Humph! Dead ones are unappreciative," cut in the practical mamma, with another glance at her jewels. "Never mind this—this old graveyard—take us around in the city."

At Last.

The mother of the small boy had been trying to instill within him an idea of conscience. She described it as a little voice which whispered inside one when he was doing wrong.

"I never heard it," said the small boy, cynically, and in the tone of one who shrugs his shoulders.

A little later the small boy did something he had been told not to do, and was sent to sit on a chair, and ordered not to get off until the powers that be gave him leave.

Ten minutes later he came into the room where his mother was sitting, jubilant.

"I've heard it, mother," he exclaimed.

"Heard what?" asked his perplexed parent.

"Heard the little voice. It said, 'Sam Smith, you get off that chair. Don't you care what your mother says?'"

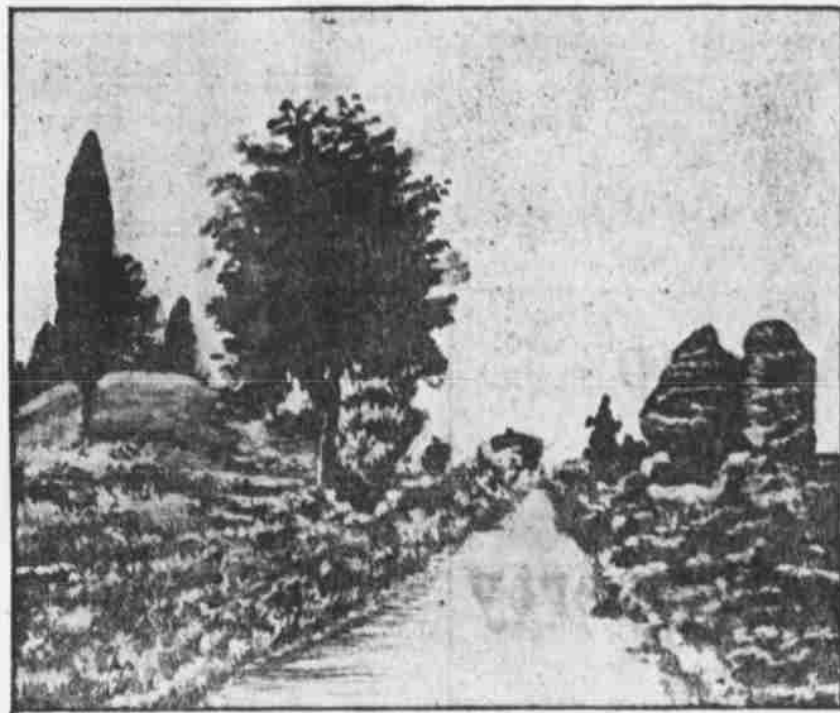
Strange Fellow.

"Markley's a queer fellow. He bought a couple of tickets from me for an amateur theatrical performance."

"And he actually used them?"

"Not only that, but he says he enjoyed himself."—New York Times.

A hard boiled egg tastes so good at a picnic that every one decides that the hard boiled egg is never rated at its proper merit at home.



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF SCORES OF SPLENDID MAUSOLEUMS.

dead cities of the past there are other and fairer ones thickly dotting the surface of the earth, but they are all the result of those never-dying emotions constantly spurring man to activity.

This constancy of the human emotions is a key that unlocks the treasure house of all romances of the past. Because of it the lover of to-day can fully appreciate the hopes and fears that troubled the hearts of other lovers in the far distant past. He knows that despite a difference in dress and language and environment they were moved by feelings similar to those that send him a-wooing, and he understands. The soldier, too, when he goes to war to-day, is actuated by the same motives that dominated the minds of those who fought so fiercely of old. Patriotism, heroism, hatred of an enemy to the fatherland—all these sentiments are unchanged. It is only the outward and material expression of things that proves unstable as time advances.

It is because of this ability to fully comprehend the motives prompting human activities in the long ago that people of the present age are so strongly impressed when contemplating the ruins of those ancient places. There is the Appian way, for instance. Who can travel along this ancient Roman thoroughfare without a sense of strong heart interest? One really cares little about who built it, so long as the story of what has taken place on its surface remains untold, and yet any reference to the subject would be incomplete without a brief mention, at least, of the facts regarding the road itself.

The Ancient Thoroughfare.

This celebrated road, which with its branches connected Rome with all parts of southern Italy, was begun at the Capena gate in the old Roman wall by Appius Claudius Cæcilius, in 312, B. C., and was completed as far as Capua, a distance of 125 miles, in 307, B. C. It was subsequently continued to Brundisium, in the southeastern part of Italy, and was the main channel of communication between the Eternal City and the principal port whence sailed the vessels for Greece and the east. It is remark-



PART OF OLD ROMAN ROAD THAT HAS BEEN RESTORED.