

Topics of the Times

Somehow people never like to take advice from a poor man.

One can't judge the good there is in a man by the worldly goods he possesses.

Tom Lawson was wrong in his attacks on the insurance companies. He understated the facts.

The report that slim-waisted girls are coming back into style will be splendid news to short-armed men.

"Kid" McCoy says he quit prize fighting because it ceased to pay. Mr. McCoy, it will be seen, is not an artist for art's sake.

After sanctioning the expulsion of "lady" angels from the cathedral Bishop Potter comes out strong for woman suffrage.

In France the popular name for the automobile is "teuf-teuf." That is fairly expressive, but "honk-sipp-phew" would be more so.

Emperor Francis Joseph ridicules the story that he intends to resign. Like Chauncey M. Depew, Francis Joseph wears side whiskers.

Evidently Grover believes in taking full advantage of his unsurpassed facilities for saying just what he thinks and getting paid cash for it.

The Japanese are a thrifty people. If it becomes necessary for them to find something cheaper than rice to live on while they are paying their war debt they will find it.

One of the insurance presidents is alleged to have paid \$12,000 of the company's money for the rug on the floor of his private office. Perhaps he wished to keep from having cold feet.

Let's see; France and Russia were together in the late unpleasantness and England and Japan. But France and England are allied over this Moroccan business and France is joined to Russia. Therefore, if the German war lord makes good his bellicose bluff, the exigencies of alliance will—oh, pshaw, it's like comic opera.

The greatest problem before the American people, as President Roosevelt said at Clark University last June, is the problem of "getting justice as between man and man," and the reason the task is so difficult is because, as Mr. Gladstone once pointed out, there are five generous men to one just man. And too many think lavish or beneficent use of money, however acquired, atones for evil in the getting of it.

Canadians are in the habit of speaking with some loftiness of the greater sureness and celerity of justice in the dominion as compared with the United States. The circumstance that Messrs. Gaynor and Greene were enabled for four years to resist extradition by virtue of Canadian legal technicalities is likely to be cited hereafter when our friends on the north begin to sound the praises of Canadian justice. Gaynor and Greene, it may be remembered, had \$2,000,000 in cash with them when they went to Canada.

Eighty million dollars in gold is an imposing sum for a nation to produce in a single year, yet the output of yellow metal sinks into insignificance when ranged alongside the value of crops which the tillers of the soil place on the world's markets. Last year the combined value of the wheat, cotton and corn crops was approximately \$2,500,000,000. Added to this was the hay crop, valued at more than \$500,000,000; the oats crop, worth half as much; a yield of potatoes representing \$130,000,000, besides barley, tobacco and rye and flaxseed crops aggregating \$135,000,000 more. All things considered which are taken into account in estimating the products of the soil, the total contribution of the farmers to the nation's wealth in 1904 approximated \$5,000,000,000.

Not long ago, says a well-known university graduate, an old New England preparatory school found itself so overcrowded that its income would not meet expenses. It was proposed to raise the tuition, a measure that would have solved the financial difficulty, but would have shut out boys of limited means, such as before had been able to work their way through, and were now among the best graduates of the school. The cry went out to increase the endowment for the sake of the poor boys. "I shall respond," said one rich graduate, who had a growing family, "not so much on the poor boys' account as to try to save alive at least one school where a rich man's son can get to know some boys who are not exactly in the same

general case as himself. I don't want my boys to go to school and then to college with the same lot of mates, and come to grown-up years thinking that their kind is the only kind worth knowing."

George Bancroft, the historian, in an early diary, recently published, tells a story of a German lady whose father sent her through the university in an age when few women were privileged to receive a scholar's education. Bancroft, a boy of eighteen, reflects the spirit of the early years of the last century in this naive comment: "In her character and conversation she is irreproachable, and from a long acquaintance with her, I am told, one would never hear from her a word that would betray her learning." This grave young gentleman—a free-born American, too—admired the lady for not betraying what was best in her mind. No wonder that at almost the same time Jane Austen, with fine, gentle irony, apologizes for a heroine who blushed at her ignorance: "Where people wish to attach," she writes, "they should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman especially, if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can." If modern woman had nothing else to rejoice in, she could at least congratulate herself that the sting has gone out of such words as "blue-stocking," that a man is no longer ashamed to have his daughter or his wife learned, and that the display of learning in a woman is limited only by the same good taste, modesty and choice of occasion which limit a similar display in a man.

In his address of welcome at the one hundred and fifty-second opening of Columbia university, President Nicholas Murray Butler took occasion to point out the forcible illustrations now being afforded the rising generation of the difference between reputation and character. The American people are receiving some painful lessons in practical ethics, as President Butler says, and of late we have been watching reputations "melt away like snow before the sun." President Butler had in mind, of course, the insurance scandals. There has, indeed, been matter brought to light to make an honest man blush. Hamilton W. Mabie, another American, whose patriotism and cleanliness of thought none will deny, even though he may not rank as a financier, has just returned from Europe. Current scandals in commercial life, he says, are the talk of the hour in Europe and it is a matter of shame to any American to hear his countrymen referred to as swindlers and sharpers. Mr. Mabie fears that our business prospects and the respect in which our financiers have heretofore been held have been changed. To-day in England, Germany and France the American, when finance is discussed, must be prepared to meet the faint smile and quiet sneer of contempt. This is a penalty we have to pay for the wrong-doing of the big men of the American money world, who have long abused confidence reposed in them and managed their trusts for their own profits rather than for the benefits of the people they represented. It will not do, however, to take a too hopeless view of this situation. America has no monopoly of crookedness in finance. It is true that it is hard to recall a time when in foreign affairs so many names of prominence were besmirched as in the present New York disclosures, but England has had its Hooleys of recent date, and as for France, it is the last one entitled to set up as critic. Principally, however, the saving feature is American public opinion. No man can for a moment doubt that the people of our country are right. If men who have sat in high places must fall, if family names long honored must have the stain of thievery put on them, if reputations must be punctured through and through with graft and deceit, it is better it should all come at once. And it must be noted that public opinion is not in favor of sparing any one, but clamors rather for full exposition of all the iniquity and the throwing out of the grafters and thieves.

SURE NOT.



Mrs. Askitt—Whose umbrella was that you brought home last night?
Mr. Askitt—I don't know.
Mrs. Askitt—Don't you know?
Mr. Askitt—No, and I don't want to know.

At least it may be said to the credit of men that they never sue women for breach of promise.



Steak and Macaroni.
Take one pound of good tender steak, one egg, a little finely chopped parsley, some fine bread crumbs, pepper and salt. Cut the steak into neat fingers of about three inches long and one inch broad; beat the egg on a plate and mix with it the parsley, pepper and salt enough to season the steak. Roll the steak in this, then in the bread crumbs, and put the crumbs in smoothly. Have sufficient fat in a pan to cover the steak; when it is smoking hot put in a few pieces of steak and fry till brown, then fry the remainder. It is best just to put a few pieces of steak into the fat at a time, so as not to cool it too much. Dish in the center of a big plate with a border of savory macaroni round.

Banana Fluff.
Slice six large bananas, sprinkle with lemon juice and grated coconut and place directly on the ice to chill and ripen (for at least an hour). Mash them smooth with a wooden spoon, adding a scant cup of powdered sugar and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, which should be lightly folded in; now pour into the freezer, turning the crank for about four minutes, or until there is a slight resistance, when half a pint of whipped cream may be added. Freeze to the consistency of mush; serve in individual crimped paper cases lined with tiny Naples biscuits.

Apple Jelly.
Pare and core some good apples, slice them thin and put them in a preserving pan, with sufficient water to cover them. Put the pan on the fire, and boil the apples until they are reduced to a pulp. Pour the mixture into a flannel bag, so that the liquid can drain off. For each pound of filtered apple-juice take twelve ounces of sugar, boil together, and remove any scum that may rise. When sufficiently boiled the syrup should cling to the wooden spoon, or a little dropped on a cold plate sets soon. Pour the syrup in pots and tie down as for jam.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Take half a calf's head and one half pound of ham, one turnip, three carrots and three cloves, two bay leaves, half a head of celery, and a few force-meat balls. Clean and scald the head and put into a gallon of water with the sliced vegetables and cloves. When thoroughly well cooked, take out the head, and when cold trim all the meat from the bones, cut it up in small pieces half an inch or so square. Strain the soup, boil for half an hour, add the meat, some thickening, the juice of a lemon, and as many force-meat balls as are required.

Baked Macaroni.
Cook a cup of macaroni, broken in inch-length pieces, in rapidly boiling water until tender; drain and rinse in cold water. Turn into a buttered baking dish. Beat two eggs and a few grains of cayenne until a full spoonful of the mixture can be taken up; then add one cup and a half of milk and pour over the macaroni in the dish. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is set. Half a cup or less of grated cheese may be mixed through the macaroni before the liquid is poured over. Serve hot.

Crumbed Potatoes.
Potatoes, bread crumbs, egg for coating, salt, pepper. Choose large, well-shaped potatoes. Wash, scrape and boil them in boiling salted water, with a sprig or two of mint in it and a little salt. When cooked lift them out and dry them in a clean cloth. With a sharp knife cut each in half lengthwise, and dust them over with salt and pepper. Dip each piece in crumbs which have been browned in the oven. Put the potatoes on a greased baking-pan and bake about ten minutes. Serve on a lace paper. Garnish with fresh or fried parsley.

Pickled Onions.
Lay the small white onions in brine for five days, then drain and pour over them freshly made boiling brine. Put over the fire and after the boil is reached cook for five minutes. Drain, put into a bowl and cover with fresh cold water. At the end of twenty-four hours drain this off, pack the onions into fruit jars and fill these with overflowing with boiling spiced vinegar. Set away to ripen for several months before using.

Almond Sauce.
Mix together one egg, one ounce sugar, one gill milk, one ounce ground sweet almonds, one tablespoonful of orange flower water; put in a saucepan and place over a slow fire, stir with a switch until it becomes like thick cream, taking care not to let it boil.

SORES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisoned condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left this vital stream polluted and weak, or because the natural refuse matter of the body, which should pass off through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became entrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging old sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some of those afflicted with an old sore or ulcer know how useless it is to expect a cure from salves, powders, lotions and other external treatment. Through the use of these they have seen the place begin to heal and scab over, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be rid of the detestable thing, when a fresh supply of poison from the blood would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check

S.S.S.

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For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Many tropical trees when the bark is lacerated give out a milky juice that is an active, acrid poison.

K C Baking Powder.

A popular and efficient baking powder requires two things—first, that the food made with it shall be absolutely wholesome; second, that it shall be sold at a reasonable price. K C Baking Powder, made by the Jacques Mfg. Company, of Chicago, is the best example of such a baking powder at present on the market. K C is sold everywhere under a \$500,000 guarantee of its healthfulness and purity. Its price, one cent an ounce, is most reasonable for a high-grade baking powder, and millions of pounds of K C have been sold at this figure all over the country.

Naturally.

Patient—Well, doctor, do you think I'm getting well all right?
Doctor—Oh, yes; you still have a good deal of fever, but that doesn't trouble me.
"Of course not. If you had a fever it wouldn't trouble me."—Le Journal Amusant.

Propheced Teddy's Greatness.

More entertaining, perhaps, and equally interesting, are the anecdotes which are told about our President by the Minkwitz family. Frau Fischer distinctly recollects that once she prophesied the future greatness of young Teddy. She says: "One day I had a conversation with Mrs. Roosevelt, who said to me, 'I wonder what is going to become of my Teddy?' I replied, 'You need not be anxious about him. He will surely be one day a great professor, or, who knows, he may become even President of the United States.' Mrs. Roosevelt rebuked me. She said such a thing was impossible, and asked how I could have struck upon such an absurdity. But, perhaps on account of my impulsive remark, I have since continually watched Theodore Roosevelt's career, and have always been glad when he has made a step forward in the world."—From "Roosevelt's German Days," in Success Magazine.

Provided a woman be well-principled, she has dowry enough.—Plautus.

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