

Topics of the Times

The best way to fight the old-age limit is to keep young.

Russia will keep 300,000 soldiers on the Chinese border. Sort of ornamental border.

The world is not growing worse, but the graft investigators are just finding out how bad it was.

Several excellent reputations have been sadly mused up since this life insurance investigation began.

Marie Corelli may have a double chin, but he will be a rash man that ventures to chuck her under it.

Somebody is going to dramatize the book of Job. It doesn't look like an easy job, but of course you never can tell.

A California millionaire has adopted a girl because he was charmed by her piano playing. We may add that she didn't live next door.

The wages of sin remain the same as heretofore, but frequently the sinner has to wait a long time to get what is coming to him.

"Many a man," says one of the lady journalists, "has fallen in love with a dimple." Yes, and discovered later that it was only a wrinkle.

If a doctor can't get free advertising in any other way he can manage it by coming to the front with a defense of the pesky cigarette.

Some day an American will come home and forget to say "there is no country like our own." And he will be awarded the medal for originality.

There are many humorists among the football coaches of the country. They are all protesting that they have always discountenanced rough play in the game.

A New York girl has invented a machine by which she claims one may count a million dollars a minute. John W. Gates will no doubt hail this as a real boon.

A 10-year-old boy has gone into bankruptcy at Le Sueur, Minn. Let us hope he may now get a new start in life and succeed in amounting to something, after all.

The average citizen, however, confident that neither semi-starvation nor going without sleep will make a Thos. A. Edison of him, will prefer not to change his usual manner of living.

In making the statement that the average man eats too much Mr. Edison has drawn forth indignant protests from countless thousands of regular boarders throughout this broad land.

After Andrew Carnegie gets the women to wear their hair short for sanitary purposes let him tackle the corset. Andy is too good a man to ever be allowed to sit down in a corner with nothing to do.

A Virginia preacher has been suspended for six months for kissing a pretty girl. He would probably have been excused if he had picked out some homely old lady with traces of a mustache. Preachers who desire to kiss should always remember these things.

John A. McCall's friends say he is a poor man, so poor, in fact, that his income is barely sufficient to keep up the payments on the \$500,000 insurance policies which he carries and enable him to live in such style as befits one who occupies a \$450,000 home. Mr. McCall's case is truly pathetic. Can't somebody suggest a benefit of some kind for him?

Immigration, according to students of the subject, follows the parallels of latitude—that is, people who move to a new country seek to settle in a climate as near as possible to that of their old home. This is held to account in a measure for the refusal of European immigrants to settle in our Southern States. The theory does not work out, however. If it did we should see the Italians, for instance, flocking to the South and to California, whereas in truth they gather in the large cities of the North. The truth probably is that the negro question has most to do with the slackness of immigration into the South. The newcomers have no race prejudices, but they fear low-priced competition.

Sea battles at the present time do not result in such great rewards of prize money as formerly. English sailors in times past have brought great fortunes home after their successful cruises. In the war with Holland,

1651-1654, English ships are said to have taken 1,700 prizes, worth \$30,000,000. In 1657 the Spaniards loaded British sailors with treasure. They seized two of the Spanish galleons so richly laden with gold and jewels that it took thirty-eight wagons to carry the treasure from Portsmouth to London. In 1781 came the historic capture of the Hermione, the Spanish treasure ship from Lima. The admiral and captains received as their share \$325,000 apiece, the lieutenants \$65,000, warrant officers about \$20,000, petty officers nearly \$10,000, and even the common seamen \$2,500 each. On arriving at Portsmouth the seamen bought up all the watches in the place and fried them over the galley fire.

As well as we can judge it is about once in every six months that it is proposed in this country to put to death by painless methods people who are hopelessly ill and who are in terrible agony. The proposal generally emanates from the medical faculty, but its latest appearance is in the convention of the American Humane Association, where its advocates were women, and the physicians opposed it. One of the speakers having by way of illustration described the sufferings of the victims of a recent railroad accident, Mrs. Totten rose and said passionately: "If I had been in that wreck and had seen cases such as have been described and had a pistol I would certainly have shot the sufferers to put them out of their misery." All this does great credit to the hearts of these women, but it only shows that their hearts are better than their judgments. In this matter they see only one side of the subject. Probably every mature person that ever lived has been deeply affected by the sufferings of people who seemed certain to die in a short time anyway and has said in his haste that they ought to be chloroformed to death, at least if they themselves desired it. This is what he says in his haste, but the sober second thought is always different. There are two obvious objections to such a practice as these women propose. The first is that the wisest man on earth could not tell when the proper time to take a human life in this fashion had come. Take the case mentioned in the convention, of a man caught under a railroad wreck and on the point of being burned alive by the approaching flames. That will be considered a strong case, and yet if the wind should suddenly change he would be saved. Have these kind-hearted women never heard of people whom all the attendant physicians gave up to die and yet who got well? Have they never heard of people who were supposed to be actually dead and were buried and yet who were not dead and were exhumed and recovered? Who, then, would be rash enough to pronounce a case hopeless and proceed to administer chloroform or morphine? The other objection is that if the state were to legalize euthanasia nearly everybody would die in that way except the inmates of the asylums. Just as certainly as a sick person had any money or any enemies, anyone who was tired of his authority or afraid of his influence, he would be poisoned and killed by some of those around him as "hopelessly ill" and "at his own request." A physician's certificate might be made necessary, but that would only cost \$2. These considerations are so weighty and so obvious that thoughtful people have always left this "reform" to those who were surcharged with sentimentality, effeminacy, paganism, barbarism and sensationalism, with whom it will always remain.

Mixed Relationship.
A daily newspaper tells the story of a lawyer who received a call from a new client, a man bent upon recovering a sum of money advanced upon a note and not repaid. "Who is the client?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, she's a relative of mine." "How nearly related?" "Very nearly." "But, my dear sir," persisted the lawyer, "you must be more explicit." "Well, she may be my mother-in-law." "May be? Then you are likely to marry her daughter?" "I've already married the daughter." "Then of course the defendant is your mother-in-law?" "Perhaps you'd better hear the whole story," returned the client. "You see, a year ago we lived together, my son and I. In a house across the way lived a widow, Mrs. Foster, and her daughter, Mary. Well, I married Mary, and my son married the widow. Now perhaps you can tell me whether my son's wife is my mother-in-law or my daughter-in-law." But the lawyer could not.

Profitable Work.
"No," said the first business man; "I don't approve of all work and no play. I'm just as ready for play as I am for work."
"Well," replied the other, "I never believe in playing the fool while there's a chance to work one."—Philadelphia Press.

Everyone is shocked when a mother is impatient, and surprised when a father is patient.

THIEVES HAVE AID SOCIETY.

Possess Clubrooms Open to Only the Aristocracy of Crime.

"I have no doubt that people have wondered when some crook caught in the act and without friends in the place in which he came to grief could give bonds," said Frank G. Miller, an ex-convict, to a Journal reporter with whom he had previously become acquainted.

"There is nothing strange about it," continued Miller, "for we have an organization for mutual protection and this has representatives in every large city and in some of the smaller ones of the United States and Canada. Usually in the smaller places these are lawyers, and if the crook is 'plucked' in a place where he has no friends he knows whom to send for."

"Should the case be an aggravated one and the crook in good standing with the organization the amount of bond required is learned and the society is notified to send enough to square a couple of bondmen. The crook disappears, the bondsmen settle and tell how they would like to bring the fellow to justice, while all the time they are wishing for another job of the same sort, for they are well paid, and the lawyers get better fees for looking after our business than any ordinary practice pays."

Miller went on to say that the organization had its regular officers, who are better paid than those of legitimate societies, and that almost all of them are well respected in the communities in which they live. Miller stated that the amount paid for membership and yearly dues was large and that only "square" crooks were allowed to become members.

When asked if they were not afraid that their officers would emulate their employers and rob the treasury he replied that such a thing had never occurred but once. That man was afterward found on the streets of Constantinople with a knife sticking under the fifth rib and no one had seen fit to follow his example.

"Why," said Miller, "they know that if they should try to 'do' us they would have a thousand men keener than any detectives on their trail and that when caught no earthly power could save them."

The crooks, according to Miller, have their clubrooms in Chicago, New York, New Orleans, San Francisco and several other cities, and he declared that these clubrooms, or houses, are fitted up regardless of expense. To be able to use them, however, one must belong to the crook aristocracy and must also pay extra dues that would make the clubman of the cities blink.—Ohio State Journal.

SONGS THE INDIANS SING.

Unwritten Literature of Aborigines Should Be Preserved.

One great avenue to a better understanding of the Indian is a comprehension of their songs, for songs are to the Indian all that books are to us. Songs and ceremonies are the unwritten literature of the race. As in mediaeval times the deeds of heroes and the chronicles of peace and war were sung by bards and minstrels, so today in the festivals of the Indian the great events of the tribe are told in song. Besides its important part as the expression of the intellectual, moral and spiritual life of the Indian, song often accompanies even the most menial acts of daily toil. Such songs are special songs to fit the task, as, for instance, the songs of the Pueblo women while grinding their corn.

I paused one day at the door of a Pueblo house where a woman was singing a flute-like melody to the rhythm of her grinding.

"Tell me," I asked her, "what are you singing about?" The woman paused in her work.

"Oh," she answered with a smile, "I am singing of the rainbow Garth, who paints the heavens; of the rain that we long for; of our growing corn."

Such songs are gems of poetic and melodic beauty that would be valuable indeed in our American literature and culture. European musicians, on hearing the Indian songs, exclaimed:

"And you Americans are allowing all this to perish?" You are stamping out music unlike any other in the world—why?

Why, indeed; for this music belongs to our own land. Happily the prejudice against the Indian songs, as against all things Indian, is waning. Yet if we are to retain the peculiar talents of this people, the schools must foster in the little ones the gifts inherited. The Indian will not work less but more for encouragement of the natural song impulses in him. And such encouragement will help to make him what we want him to be—that for which our young republic stands—the workman with ideals.—Native American.

Richest Man in Mexico.
General Luis Terrazas, Governor of the State of Chihuahua, is probably the largest land owner in the world, as well as the richest man in Mexico. It takes an eight hours' journey on a fast train to travel from one end of his property to the other.

CATARRH ANNOYING-DANGEROUS

Catarrh is usually regarded as nothing more serious than a bad cold or slight inflammation of the inner skin and tissues of the head and throat, when it is, in fact, not only a vexatious and troublesome disease, but a complicated and dangerous one. It is true that Catarrh usually begins with a cold in the head, but when the poisons, which are thrown off through the secretions, find their way into the blood, it becomes a constitutional trouble that affects all parts of the body. It has more annoying and disgusting symptoms than any other disease. There is a sickening and offensive discharge from the nostrils, a constant buzzing noise in the ears, headaches and pains in the eyes are frequent, while filthy, tenacious matter drops back into the throat requiring continual hawking and spitting, and in certain stages of the disease the breath has an odor that is very offensive. Catarrh is worse in Winter, because the cold weather closes the pores and glands, and the poisons and unhealthy vapors which should pass off that way are thrown back on the tender linings and tissues, causing the inflammation which starts the unhealthy secretions to be absorbed by the blood. When the blood becomes diseased with this catarrhal matter all kinds of complications may be looked for. As the blood circulates through the body the foul matter finds its way into the stomach, ruining the digestion and producing chronic Dyspepsia, or Catarrh of the stomach. It also affects the Kidneys, Bladder and other members of the body, while the general health is weakened, appetite lost and the patient feels despondent and half sick all the time. But worst of all, if the trouble is not checked the lungs become diseased from the constant passage of poisoned blood through them, and Catarrh terminates in Consumption, the most fatal of all diseases. You cannot get rid of Catarrh by treating it with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc., because they only reach the membranes and tissues, while the real cause of the trouble is in the blood. These relieve the annoying symptoms for a time, but the poison is all the while getting a stronger hold on the system and when they are left off will manifest itself in worse form than before. S. S. S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and when it has cleansed the blood, this pure, rich stream circulates through the body, carrying healthful properties to the diseased parts. Then the inflamed membranes and tissues begin to heal, the discharges cease, the general condition of the system is strengthened, every one of the annoying and disgusting symptoms pass away, and the patient is left in perfect health. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Catarrh. It goes right into the blood and removes all effete matter and catarrhal poison and cures the disease permanently, and at the same time builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy—non-injurious to the system and a certain, reliable cure for Catarrh. Catarrh sufferers will find our free consulting department helpful in advising local treatment to be used with S. S. S.

Several years ago my blood was bad and I had in addition a dreadful case of Catarrh. My nose was stopped up, I had headaches, ringing noises in my ears and felt unfit for work. I commenced the use of S. S. S. on the recommendation of a friend, and in a short time it cured me sound and well. It put my blood in good condition and I have never had the slightest return of the Catarrh since that time.

GEO. D. CARR,
No. 209 Edgar St. Evansville, Ind.

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S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Her Miserable Luck.
First Summer Girl—Did you hear about the miserable luck I had yesterday?

Second Summer Girl—No; what was it?

First Summer Girl—While in bathing a man rescued me from drowning.

Second Summer Girl—Why, I'd call that good luck.

First Summer Girl—But the man in the case is married.

European Breakfasts.
Mark Twain, in speaking of the typical European breakfast, said: "Do you know what I'll do? I'll nail a piece of cuttle-fish bone to the chimney, and every morning I'll hop up on the mantel and take a pick at it with a tin bill. It will be just as filling and much cheaper than a European breakfast."

It is evident that Mr. Clemens prefers the typical American breakfast dish of Pillsbury's Vitas with good cream and sugar.

Economical Thought.
"Oh, George!" said Mrs. Youngman, "my canary bird's dead."
"Yes?" replied her husband. "You're not grieving much?"

"No; you see, I can have it stuffed for my hat next fall, and then the rest of the hat won't cost you so much."—Philadelphia Press.

In After Years.
Wife—But during our courtship you never objected to my talking.

Husband—Of course not. Being talked to is one thing and being talked at is quite another.

Everything Limited.
The old farmer went to one end of the swaying coach to wash his hands. He could find only a few remnants of soap. "Boy," he drawled, "there don't seem to be much soap here?"

"No, sah," chuckled the porter, "you know dis is de limited. Ebbything aboahd am limited."

Then the old man tried to fill a glass from the water cooler. He could only force out a few drops.

"Where's the water, boys?"

"Not much water, sah. Dat am limited, too."

Presently the porter brushed the old farmer down and the latter handed him nine coppers.

"Why, boss," protested the porter, "yo' gib de porter on de udder train a quarter."

"I know that," chuckled the old farmer, "but you know this is the limited, and everything should be limited."—Chicago News.

No Rubens's Work.
Mrs. Al de Mustahd—And have you any paintings by Rubens?

Mrs. Justin de Bunch—Mercy, no! All our pictures are by the best artists.

Mrs. A. de M.—But Rubens—

Mrs. J. de B.—Don't tell me. I never saw a rube yet that could paint.—Cleveland Leader.

Restoring the Balance.
"Wonderly has made a fortune in cotton."

"Yes, but according to his wife's dressmaker, he's fast losing it in silks."—Detroit Free Press.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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