

Topics of the Times

The story of Col. Mann's business misfortunes was decidedly "touching."

There need be no fears for literature. England put out 6,817 new books last year.

"Saints in Society" is the title of a new book. It is not descriptive of New York's 400, however.

A man cannot have too much money, says Russell Sage. But he can have too little character; and there's the rub.

Spanking is urged as a cure for hoodlums. To be effective the remedy must be administered before the hoodlum arrives.

The Kaiser, who rules by divine right, has no fear of the socialists or their plots, but he keeps a good sized army constantly within call.

A writer wants to know whether cooking makes wrinkles in a woman's face. Well, certain styles of cooking make wrinkles in men's faces.

A New York judge says that the law's delays, so much complained of, have their compensations. The legal fraternity has always thought so.

Our friends the doctors may not admit professionally that they do occasionally "give drugs whose ultimate tendency is to shorten the life of the patient;" but—

M. Fallieres, the new president of France, has been in public office and more or less near the head of the republic for about thirty-five years. He is 65 years of age.

Russia has figured out that the war with Japan cost her \$1,500,000,000. The tax-payer may now prepare to carry a soldier or two on his shoulders for the rest of his natural life.

A woman never loses interest in the man she might have married. If he succeeds she prides herself on the fact that she could have had him. If he fails she is equally proud of the fact that she had foresight enough to turn him down.

Servants of justice may also be servants of charity. A New York marshal who went to evict a family from rooms for which the rent was long unpaid found the parent sick in bed and the older children trying to earn a living. He pocketed the writ, started a subscription for the benefit of the family, and relieved their immediate difficulty.

Etiquette is a mask, a barrier, a cloak, a disguise, a pretense, a lie; it enables us to hide our real characters from each other. It is acquired; it comes from the head; courtesy is spontaneous, it comes from the heart. The first has as much in common with the second as has law with justice, medicine with hygiene or theology with sanctity.

The man who fails to appreciate the value of recreation is making a great mistake. Attention to business and devotion to duty are essential to success in this strenuous age, but that fact is in itself the most eloquent plea for a season of rest; a breathing spell so that the high tension methods of today will not wear us out before our time. If the every-day pace was more moderate there would be less urgent need of rest. It is the pace we are keeping time to in business in this age that makes a vacation imperative. Exhaustion results in not only temporary but a permanent loss of vital force. The rest period is often the profit period in a busy man's life.

A combination of wealth, notoriety and loose living makes some of our society people peculiarly vulnerable. Their reckless dissipation is curiously accompanied with a craven-dread of exposure. A plutocracy has not yet dared to assume the prerogatives of an aristocracy of birth. The result is that, with a standard of living no higher than that of England and the continent and a much greater fear of criticism, our plutocracy is singularly helpless before the assaults of blackmailers of all degrees. Blackmailing has, in fact, become so ridiculously easy an occupation that we seriously doubt if any gentleman of good intellectual parts should condescend to pursue it so long as the higher forms of burglary and forgery still offer a career open to talent.

A year or so ago the world heard that the Chinese civil service was to be reorganized on a modern basis. The world thought it a good joke. Still later the news went forth that the old lady was taking steps preparatory to setting up parliamentary government.

Still the world laughed. Now comes the word that the first mentioned reform is actually in operation. The civil service examinations for this year deal not with Chinese classics, but with the most practical of live problems. Candidates will be asked, among other things, to state how the resources of China can best be developed; to describe the educational systems of western countries; to speculate on the bearing of the Siberian railway and the Panama canal upon Chinese interests; to explain the meaning of free trade and protection and to describe Herbert Spencer's views on sociology. A year ago a man who would govern a province, run a railroad or tend a drawbridge had only to know his Confucius. The contrast is startling.

The testimony in the Annapolis bawling cases reveals a queer little world whose unwritten laws seem to be derived entirely from false sentiment and false standards of conduct. In this world some of the diminutive and youthful citizens are encouraged to cultivate a self-importance that would strain the ribs of an elephant to the breaking point. Others receive fully as much encouragement to cultivate a curious pride in their own self-abasement. One short illustration will show how honor works in bringing about these magnificent results. There is a law that a first class man may order a fourth class man under the table, and this high privilege is practically exclusive. The only relaxation of the rule is that the first class man may delegate his power to an inferior of an intermediate class. In common practice, then, the rite is performed with the first class man as chief priest and with a mixture of horseplay and a sensitiveness to the dictates of honor that absolutely defies stage burlesque. Fun is separated from the grand, gloomy and peculiar by a hair's breadth. When the proceedings are questioned, when the regular laws that are supposed to govern the academy are involved, honor calls for every sacrifice to prevent their operation, for evasions and lies, for submission to indignity and injustice, for revenge and intolerable cruelty. Evidently this little world needs reforming. But it is not so ridiculous or contemptible as to be without instruction for the larger world outside, where false values have been accepted from time immemorial and silly and positively bad conventional ideas have wrought incalculable injury.

In one of his spirited essays on the social problem Huxley made a remark which has become historic. If, he said in effect, he thought that our industrial system, with its features of unemployment, poverty, inequality and injustice, could not be improved he would beg that some friendly planet might collide with our globe and put an end to its existence. But Huxley believed in the possibility, the certainty, of great social improvements and was willing to dispense with the services of friendly planets. Not so, apparently, Miss Crozier, a Philadelphia "sociologist," who, having worked herself thin and shouted herself hoarse trying to abolish misery and squalor, now demands in sheer despair "proper authority" to administer chloroform to poor, starving neglected children that she cannot save. While waiting for the friendly planet to solve the problem of adult poverty and destitution, Miss Crozier would mercifully administer relief on her own account to juvenile sufferers and victims. It is not likely that society will make use of Miss Crozier's heroism and self-sacrifice. It will probably refuse to see in the slaying of children a grand or welcome remedy for poverty. It will proceed on the old-fashioned doctrine that the object of all humanitarian endeavor is to promote life, liberty and happiness, not to diminish unhappiness by destroying life. Whatever the "higher hysteria" may say, the sociology of healthy common sense will stick to life and to the processes and remedies that slowly tend to increase and enrich life. As to the revived discussion of that old subject, the propriety of gently ending the lives of the incurably diseased—at least, "after a certain period of excruciating pain and agony"—and the hopelessly insane, no amount of plausible theoretical argument in favor of the proposition will dispose of the simple, practical difficulty repeatedly pointed out—that no right-thinking person will assume the responsibility of deciding when disease is incurable or insanity hopeless, and of putting a human being to death at the command of a very imperfect "science." The revolt of instinct and conscience against the proposal, a revolt which would be manifested in every concrete case, is the obstacle in the way. It is unsurmountable.

Good Place for the Stunt.

Tramp—Kin I have a fit on your lawn? I feel it comin' on me.
Kind Lady—Go around to the tennis court. It needs rolling.—New York Mail.

One is beginning to acquire wisdom when he realizes that he isn't the whole show.



Pea and Asparagus Soup.

Have ready some stock that is highly flavored with various vegetables, and when it is strained, boil one pint of green peas in half of it. Take some asparagus of medium size and cut it in pieces three or four inches long; blanch these in boiling water and then set in cold water, drain and tie in small bundles. Add any of the odd pieces of the asparagus to the peas, and when tender pass through a sieve, add to the remainder of the soup, also a piece of butter, a squeeze of lemon juice, and pepper and salt. Pour the soup into a tureen when it is very hot, and arrange the asparagus on the top.

Alexandria Pudding.

Take three large apples, a little lemon peel, four ounces of sultanas, a little candied peel, one ounce of sugar, light suet crust. First peel, core and slice the apples, put them in a saucepan with a little nutmeg, grated lemon rind and sugar. Stew till the apples are soft, then add the chopped candied peel. Roll out the suet pastry, then spread the apples, etc., on it. Scatter the sultanas on it, make into a roly-poly, wet the ends and squeeze together. Boil for two hours and a half, in a floured cloth. Turn out to serve and sift sugar over.

Apple Trifle.

Pare, core, and stew with sugar and lemon peel two pounds of apples, and cook till quite soft. Cut some sponge cake in slices and arrange them in a pie dish. Then spread a layer of the apple mixture, more sponge cake, and so on till all is used up. Make a pint of thick custard and pour over the trifle. Beat up the white of an egg till stiff, and pile on to the custard, and lightly brown in the oven. Place a pie collar round the dish when serving. This sweet is equally good, hot or cold.

Care of the Range.

Constant care both in regard to blacking and fire is the price to be paid by every housewife if she would have a nice looking range. The better grades of stove polish will not burn off except the range is allowed to become red hot. In most cases this is a waste of fuel and careful and judicious use of the dampers. Of course where a range is used all day under what might be called forced draft it will require blacking every other day, but under ordinary circumstances twice a week should be ample.

Cranapple Marmalade.

Quarter the apples and remove the cores. Boil in enough water to cover fruit well, till all the pieces are ready to fall from the skin. Run through the colander. Measure the pulp, add a pint of sugar for each pint of pulp. Stir constantly till thoroughly incorporated. Put a teaspoonful into a saucer, and draw the spoon through the mass; if it leaves a path, the marmalade is cooked enough. Another test is to invert the saucer; if it adheres to the saucer, the marmalade is done.

To Test the Heat of Lard.

To test the heat of lard in deep frying put in a slice of bread, and if it browns while you count sixty the fat is hot enough for raw materials. If it browns while you count forty it is right for food prepared from cooked meat or fish, such as croquettes. Use plenty of fat, which should be carefully strained before it is put away for future use.

Compo of Bananas.

Peel and halve the fruit, and arrange in a saucepan with enough light syrup to cover it. Let it boil up, but only just boil, and lift out and arrange in glass or silver dish. Boil up the syrup again almost to the crack, flavor with a teaspoonful of flavoring, allow to cool, and pour over the fruit.

Flannel Cakes.

Beat two eggs in a bowl and add a teaspoon of salt, a tablespoon of sugar and a pint and a half of milk, with a teaspoon of cream tartar and half a teaspoon of soda; add flour to make a thin batter. Bake on a greased griddle, spread with butter, and send to the table hot.

Cold Slaw.

Cut one medium sized cabbage head, salt and let lay two hours, and squeeze out all the salty juice and place in a dish; add to this one-half cup sugar and two-thirds cup of cream (either sweet or sour) and stir until it is foamy; then add two-thirds cup lemon juice.

Spanish Turnips.

Boil separately turnips and macaroni; when the latter has boiled rapidly twenty minutes, place in a baking pan with small lumps of butter, placed over it; mash the turnips when tender, thin with milk to a thick batter; grate cheese over it and bake well.

RHEUMATISM

BODY RACKED WITH PAIN

No other bodily suffering is equal to that produced by the pain of Rheumatism. When the poisons and acids, which cause this disease, become entrenched in the blood there is hardly any part of the body that is not affected. The muscles become sore and drawn, the nerves twitch and sting, the joints inflame and swell, the bones ache, every movement is one of agony, and the entire body is racked with pain. Rheumatism is brought on by indigestion, stomach troubles, torpid Liver, weak Kidneys and a general inactive state of the system. The refuse matter instead of passing off through nature's avenues is left to sour and form uric acid, and other acid poisons which are absorbed into the blood. Rheumatism does not affect all alike. In some cases it takes a wandering form; it may be in the arms or legs one day and in the shoulders, feet, hands, back or other parts of the body the next. Others suffer more seriously, and are never free from pain. The uric acid and other irritating substances find lodgment in the muscles and joints and as these deposits increase the muscles become stiff and the joints locked and immovable. It matters not in what form the disease may be the cause is always the same—a sour, acid condition of the blood. This vital stream has lost its purity and freshness, and instead of nourishing and feeding the different parts with health-giving properties, it fills them with the acids and salts of this painful and far-reaching disease. The cold and dampness of Winter always intensify the pains of Rheumatism, and the sufferer to get relief from the agony, rubs the affected parts with liniments, oils, lotions, etc., or uses plasters and other home remedies. These are desirable because they give temporary ease and comfort but have no effect on the real trouble which is in the blood and beyond the reach of such treatment. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Rheumatism. It goes into the blood and attacks the disease at its head, and by neutralizing and driving out the acids and building up the thin, sour blood it cures the disease permanently. While cleansing the blood S. S. S. tones up the stomach, digestion and every other part of the system, soothes the excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

About fifteen years ago I had a severe attack of Rheumatism and could not work with any satisfaction. My legs were badly swollen and drawn so I could scarcely walk. I tried many remedies but could get no relief. I was finally recommended to try S. S. S. and it soon cured me sound and well. I am now 74 years old and have never had any return of the trouble.
JOSEPH FROME HAWLEY,
Box 104, Aurora, Ill.

Sometime ago I had Rheumatism and had to quit work. The pains in my back and between my shoulders was so intense I could not rest or sleep. I tried everything but nothing did me any good till I heard of and took S. S. S. This medicine cured me sound and well. It purified my blood and made me feel like a new man.
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excited nerves, reduces the inflammation, dissolves the deposits in the joints, relieves all pain and completely cures this distressing disease. S. S. S. is a certain cure for Rheumatism in any form; Muscular, Inflammatory, Articular or Sciatic. Special book on the disease and any medical advice, without charge, to all who write. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Practical Building.

The new Custom House takes its place beside the rest of the modern architecture of New York as an eminently practical building. The old structure on Wall street, with its domical interior, its tremendously deep and gloomy porch, its row of twelve monolithic columns, is full of concessions to the fashions of the day in which it was erected. For that period it was a much more notable undertaking than is the present structure for this. Like many buildings in New York, it was not adapted to the narrow street on which it raises its gloomy, prison-like walls. The new building shows a better adaptation. Though skyscrapers surround it, yet they cannot shut out the light nor interfere with the view. Mr. Gilbert has taken advantage of the site and has met the problems well. Everything points to the likelihood that the officials and the public will find the transfer from Wall street to Battery Park particularly conducive to comfort and prompt dispatch of business.—From Charles De Kay's "The New New York Custom House" in the March Century.

Very Unusual.

"Say, Smith, your boy is about 3 or 4 years old now, isn't he?"
"Just three and a half."
"How is it you never tell us any of the bright things he says?"
"Never says any to tell."
"Look here, Smith! Take great care of that child! He is destined for great things."—Baltimore American.

Quieting Suspicion.

"Mr. Blank seemed rather uneasy when I told him you were going to apply for the position of typewriter."
"He was, but I soon got him over his alarm."
"What did you say to him?"
"Told him I had no matrimonial designs whatever; that I merely wanted to be assister to him."—Baltimore American.

Its Natural Place.

"Where would you go to look for the spirit of the times?"
"My dear sir, in the body of the people."—Baltimore American.

Striking Example.

"For instance," mused Dr. Osler, "there's Bob Fitzsimmons. He ought to have been chloroformed a year ago."

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