

Topics of the Times

The Moros of Sulu are coming around all right. Some 600 more of them have been "pacified."

"Wealth lessens happiness," according to Mr. Carnegie, but he can't prove it by Uncle Russell Sage.

Arizona will establish a precedent as a territory satisfied with a position under the flag, but not on it.

According to the British census one-fifth of the globe is British. We ought to be content with the remaining four-fifths.

The man who committed bigamy while "in a trance" can console himself by indulging in another trance during his prison term.

The more desperate, abandoned, and notorious the criminal the harder his lawyer always works to turn him loose on society again.

England is having trouble with the "earth eaters" of India, but has no doubt of her ability to eventually make them bite the dust.

Congressmen feel nervous when Lincoln Steffens comes around. They think "the graft-detector will git yer if yer don't watch out."

Some day society may attain a sufficiently high state of development to permit the consumers to be represented at a coal conference.

Among the weddings celebrated recently is that of a man of 101 and a woman of 100. The dispatches say that it was a romantic affair, but perhaps they mean rheumatic.

Over in England they have been ar resting women who demanded the right to vote. However, the people of Russia are going to vote as soon as there is anything that the Czar will let them vote for or against.

"Wealth," says Andrew Carnegie, "lessens happiness." "Andy" Hamilton has not, however, become so thoroughly convinced concerning the truth of this proposition as to make it unnecessary for the New York Life to bring suit for the recovery of that million.

Mrs. Craigie, who had a "perfectly lovely time" over here a few months ago, tells a London interviewer that "the very faces of Americans belong to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." If this is true it will be necessary to give up the idea that our women are as old as they look.

Census reports show that the bicycle business in the United States has dropped from \$30,000,000 a year to \$6,000,000. And yet enthusiasts once predicted that the bicycle would send the horse to the abattoirs. Now the automobile craze is at its height and similar prophecies are being made. Will fulfillment be an elusive jade again?

A Louisiana commission reports that the boll-weevil, so much feared a year ago, is no longer a terror in that State. In two parishes which it had invaded heavy rains and cold weather have practically exterminated it, and the farmers who planted early-maturing cotton to avoid its ravages find that the early crops yield more to the acre than the old varieties.

If some laws are oppressive they are still laws until the people repeal them, and the more effective the enforcement the sooner they will be repealed. But we must not forget that all law is the sovereign will of the people as long as it remains on the statute books, and the official who neglects or refuses to enforce it is a betrayer of his trust. The citizen who advocates any other policy is dangerous to the community, an abettor of crime and an enemy to society.

Illustrating how the college expenses of some athletes who play on the college teams are paid, David L. Fultz, now a professional baseball player, told his old college club the other night of an alumnus who offered to bet a promising athlete \$100 that he could not jump across a line drawn on the floor. The athlete of course jumped it, won the preposterous wager and had his room rent settled for the rest of the season. However, that is an old story. The colleges are busy reforming all that sort of thing.

Who says that the world to-day is too busy with sordid, material things to find time for thought upon the less practical but really more important concerns of existence? Among topics the discussion of which has marked the past few weeks are—reference to the weekly reviews will confirm the statement—"Matter as a Stable Form of Interatomic Energy," "Rodin and

Puis de Chavaunes as Tests for Decadent Impressionism," "Poetical Reconciliation for Practical Christianity," "The Idiosyncrasies of Quaker Morality," "The Philosophy of Fatigue," "The Physical Processes Involved in Man's Capacity to Answer a Simple Question," "Why We Smile" and "The Scientific Problem of Temptation."

There was a time when it meant something to be the possessor of blue blood. The common people ducked and scraped and were content to be called serfs, for they realized that it was a blessed privilege to breathe the same air with the classes. But they are getting over that bravely in certain quarters of Europe. Tradesmen have the audacity to send in the bills on the first of the month and insist that his luhship pay. The duchess who neglected to settle with her cook lost the cook and was compelled to appear in the same police court in which the common folks get ten and costs on occasion. It is terrible. And the limit has just been reached in London, where the Countess Guelph demeaned herself by personally calling upon the butcher and purchasing a steak. The meat didn't suit and she asked for another cut. The butcher said nay and they mixed it up right merrily. The countess used up her available supply of language and punctuated it with her umbrella, which she wore to a fizzle over the butcher's head. What an honor for the butcher! To be clubbed by a countess. That is something like. The butcher had his head dressed and hiked to court, where the strong arm of the law soon haled the lady. Blood, birth, title, ruffled feelings—all were as naught. The fine assessed by a coarse-looking justice was 10 shillings, and the countess had to pay. What's the use of anything? First thing you know, they will send King Ed to jail for walking on the grass.

All the advantages of local and inter-urban electric lines for passenger service are familiar to Americans. Single cars between small towns can be run more frequently than it pays to run steam trains. The rates on trolley-lines are cheaper than on steam-lines. Electric cars zigzag along old highways, or across country over hill and dale, and make stops at any point; whereas the route of steam roads is determined largely by the topography of the country, and the trains stop only at widely separated stations. Not long after trolley-lines began to join town and town, and town and country, patrons and operators saw that the advantages of passenger service of trolley-lines could be extended to freight and express service. Many electric roads in the Middle West, and in New England and New York a small but increasing number, do a regular express business. In many of the larger cities the charters give the companies the right to carry freight, and in most places there is no opposition to giving electric roads this privilege. It may be said that the extension of trolley express is recognition of the business possibilities in a picturesque and pleasant local habit. Obliging conductors have been accustomed to take parcels from dealer to customer, from Bill to Billyville to Tom of Thompson's Corners. It is no uncommon thing in the country for a car to stop while the conductor drops a parcel over a fence and the motor-man toots or rings for some one to come and get it. Organized express service within the company, or in contract with it, follows, as a natural sequence. The service has become more and more common. When it is made co-extensive with trolley passenger service, a new, and for a time the last, important chapter in the history of public carriers will be complete.

Million Bushels of Wheat Wasted.
"During 1905," writes George R. Metcalfe, M. E., in the Technical World Magazine, "the railroads of the United States ordered new locomotives to the number of 6,300, together with 3,300 passenger cars and 340,000 freight cars. These last figures give a good idea of the relative importance of passenger and freight traffic to a large railroad. The rail mills started the new year with orders for 2,500,000 tons on their books.

"In spite of these great orders and in spite of the best efforts of the railroad managers, pile after pile of thousands of bushels of corn has been heaped up on the ground in Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska, for want of storage room or transportation facilities; while in North Dakota alone, over a million bushels of wheat has rotted on the ground for want of freight cars to move it."

Her Ailment.
Naylor—I noticed that your wife didn't look very well this morning.
Subbubs—Oh, it's nothing serious.
Naylor—Her eyes were very red and tearful.
Subbubs—Yes; it's merely a case of what you may call "millinery hysteria."—Philadelphia Press.

Don't Believe It.
"Did you know that this diamond and a lump of coal are made of the same substance?"
"Go on—coal's not made of glass!"—Cleveland Leader

BELLAMY STORER, RELIEVED OF DIPLOMATIC DUTIES.



Bellamy Storer, who has been recalled as ambassador to Austria-Hungary, was conspicuous in Ohio politics before he entered the diplomatic service. He was in Congress from 1891 until 1895, and in 1897 he was appointed minister to Belgium. In 1899 he was transferred to Madrid, and in 1902 he was sent to Vienna. Mr. Storer was born in Cincinnati in 1847. He is a graduate of Harvard (1867) and of the Cincinnati Law School, and he began the practice of law here in 1869. His father was Judge Bellamy Storer, who studied under Daniel Webster.

REMEMBERED HIS DOG.

Patrick Ryan, a tramp, tried to steal a ride on a freight train one day recently. In his arms he carried a fox terrier puppy, whose white coat was as immaculate as Ryan's garments were slovenly. A writer in the Boston Herald tells the story of the ride.

"Oh, let me and the pup ride!" pleaded Ryan, from the bumpers, when the brakeman discovered the pair. "We're mighty tired, and the pup ain't feeling right."

The brakeman let them alone.

Half-way to Bristol the motion of the train made the terrier ill. He licked Ryan's grimy hand and whined piteously.

"All right, doggy," said Ryan, "if you can't stand it we'll get off."

Ryan edged his way out to the end of the brake-beam, holding the terrier carefully in his arms. Then, as the train slowed at a switch, he leaned far down toward the ground and dropped the little animal on a spot of grass. The terrier yelped in fear.

"It's all right, I'm coming!" cried Ryan, and leaped.

His foot slipped, caught in the brake-ladder, and he pitched under the wheels. When they picked Ryan up his right arm was cut off, his left leg crushed, and his head a mass of bruises. He was taken to a hospital, where he regained consciousness for a moment.

"Has any one remembered to feed the little dog?" he asked. It was his last request, as his injuries proved fatal.

Same Here.

The thanks of every tired woman are due to the gallant strap hanger who gives her his seat in the crowded district railway carriage when he sees her making desperate attempts to keep her balance on her feet. But his gallantry is sometimes a little overdone, or it may be that his apparent politeness covers a hidden sense of bitterness at having to stand when he has paid for a seat. In any case, the lady who remonstrated with the young man when he courteously offered her his seat felt that his reply should have been left unsaid. "Pray take it," he begged her impressively; "my legs are younger than yours."—London Chronicle.

The Vice President's Dress.
The tall, impressive vice president is clad when in the Senate in conventional garments of the statesman—long Prince Albert, dark gray trousers, and a plain black silk tie. This raiment is duplicated for at least five rows of seats back and then comes a sprinkling of white vests and colored ties.

Mr. Fairbanks always carefully dusts his immaculate coat-tails, and he never leaves his shining top hat in the lobby, but brings it into the Senate and places it with extreme caution on the top of his desk.

Disappointed.

"I understand your boy was severely hazed at college?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "He allus was gettin' into trouble. I never could keep him out of it when he was at home."

"But aren't you indignant?"
"No; I'm not indignant. But I'm kind o' disappointed that I wasn't there to see it."—Washington Star.

A Tip at His Fallings.

Maude—Is he one of the sort that tips the waiter?
Belle—No, he's one of the sort that tips the soup plate.—Boston Transcript.

Did you ever encounter a lazy man who didn't attribute all his trials and tribulations to bad luck?

Hood's Sarsaparilla

We are often asked, Why does Hood's Sarsaparilla effect so many cures of cases that seem to be almost beyond the reach of medicine?

The answer is this, that this great medicine is enabled by the peculiarity of its formula to produce results unapproached by any other medicine, this peculiarity consisting in the balanced combination of the very best specifics for the blood, liver, kidneys, stomach, and bowels, namely, for the blood, Sarsaparilla, Stillingia, Yellow Dock; for the liver, Mandrake, Dandelion; for the kidneys, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, Pipsissewa; for the stomach, Gentian, Wild Cherry Bark, Bitter Orange Peel; for the bowels, Senna, Mandrake and Dandelion.

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A Place for It.

"I have hopes," said Cholly Sappy, "of getting a job in Mr. Merchant's office, don't ye know?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if he did find room for you," remarked Pepprey, "he's very systematic."

"Aw—beg pardon—er—why—"

"Well, he believes in providing a place for everything and everything in its place."—Philadelphia Press.

A coroner in England points out the little-known fact that all persons there over 12 years of age can be called upon as jurors.

Czar's Wealth in Forests.

Few people who have not traveled about the Russian empire can imagine how boundless is its wealth in timber. "Wooden Russia" is the name applied to the vast forest areas of Russia in Europe, which cover nearly 5,000,000 acres, or 36 per cent of the entire area of the country. In Russia houses built of any other material than wood are almost unknown outside the cities and wood constitutes the principal fuel. The forest belt called the "Taiga," in Siberia, stretches in a direct line from the Urals to the Pacific for 4,000 miles and in many parts is 500 miles broad. All this is the property of the czar.

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