Topics of the Times

Girls, don't seek husbands; go after the bachelors.

Tombstone epitaphs don't fool the recording angel.

If the Japanese neither kiss nor cuss, what are their pleasures?

A woman without a streak of jealousy in her make-up is like an engine without steam.

If the wife isn't boss during the honeymoon she doesn't amount to much as a ruler.

Adam and Eve probably visited the tree of knowledge for the purpose of studying the higher branches.

Anybody with an ambition to be another John L. Sullivan should go and take a look at the poor old fellow now.

Andrew Carnegie says that the captain of industry who seeks a hoard of dollars is of a low type. What a blessed thing is reform!

An average of fourteen railroad collisions a day is a record in the United States last year. To use a classic phrase, wouldn't that jar you?

King Edward is spending more money on household expenses than his mother did; still, everybody knows how the price of beefsteak has gone up.

A Baltimore man and woman have been remarried after being divorced for ten days. The lawyers in that case appear to be about the only ones who got anything out of it.

Gold deposits have been discovered in Thibet. This being the case, the Grand Llama may as well get ready to move out. England can't let Thibet lie around unused any longer.

Somebody who has counted them says there are 869,720 grains in a bushel of wheat. This is interesting, but it doesn't go far enough. How many particles are there in a barrel of flour?

Hibernianism is a flower that never fades. A New York paper accuses an Irish paper of saying, in an account of a burglary, "After a fruitless search, all the money was recovered except one pair of boots."

Professor Charles A. Briggs has been promoted to a postgraduate professorship of theological encyclopedia and symbolics. Presumably the first three months of the course will be occupied by students in learning what all that menas.

The Duke of Cambridge has been buried beside his wife, who could not bear his name because she wasn't of royal blood. It is quite clever of the royal family to concede, in thus permitting the duke to lie in pease at last beside the woman he loved, that royalty ceases at the grave to figure in the proceedings.

An editor is a millionaire without money, a Congressman without a job, a king without a throne. He constructs without a hammer or saw, builds railroads without rails or spikes and farms without a plow. He runs a butcher shop in the journalistic world and deals out brains for cash or credit. The editor is a teacher, a lawyer, a preacher; he sends truth out to save souls and gets lost himself.

Few Americans believed the early reports that the commander of the gunboat Vicksburg had refused aid to the men on the Russian battleship crippled at Chemulpo. Such an act would have been at variance with all American traditions. The facts were just what was expected, in this country, at least, that the American commander not only offered assistance, but was the first to offer it; and the Russian government has formally expressed thanks for the act.

An interesting fact in all great and riotous uprisings against law and property is that women so often figure in them. This quality of leadership has existed from the time of Joan of Arc to Mother Jones, and from Judith to Carrie Nation there has been no lack of women to assume the initiative and undertake what men were reluctant to do. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe had as large a part as that of many statesmen in beginning and continuing our Civil War. It is the coupling of a highly emotional nature with the deep sincerity of natures more steadfast that makes women so lovable and so dangerous.

When Edwin Arnold gave the "Light of Asia" to the world a quarter of a century ago he rendered a service, both great and unique, to the English-speaking world. Through his combination of gifts, linguistic, poetical, religious, he brought the soul of the Orient into touch, superficial no doubt, but still into touch, with the souls of myriads of men and women of the Occident. His gifts he used again for the Mahommedan lands and for Japan as he had used them for India and Buddhism. It is difficult enough to enter into the inner life of men of one's own race. It is vastly more difficult to comprehend the inner life of other races, whose scales of values for all that man does and is and has differ so widely from our own. And yet, as this world shrinks year by year, under man's expanding intelligence, that sympathetic understanding of other races must be won. Without it contact can mean only conflict. With it alone is there hope for the solution of the many-sided problem of the races. Sir Edwin Arnold was a pioneer, a missionary of sympathy between distant lands, a builder of peace. His services well deserve the remembrance of coming generations.

Will the future historian be aware that the people who lived in the twentieth century could write Yes; he will find a few letters which the tooth of time has not destroyed. There will be the court and probate record, tough and unfading, thanks to legal safeguards; and the archeologist will unearth blocks of granite and tablets of brass with letters cut upon them. There will be no doubt that those Americans possessed the art of writing; but the great libraries and the repositories of newspapers and magazines, to which the historian will look for the intimate and accurate picture of daily life, will contain little more than piles of dust, or volumes in which nothing is legible, and which crumble at a touch. This is the fear of the historian and the librarian of to-day. They know that books and magazines, as well as the daily papers, are now nearly all printed on paper made from wood-pulp, which is very perishable. Fifteen years is the life allotted to it by some observers, a period probably too short. From seventy-five to one hundred years will doubtless render any wood-pulp book or newspaper illegible, if not too fragile to handle. It is useless to hope for a return to rag paper. It is too expensive. No one can afford to use a material which costs 12 cents a pound when his competitors use one for which they pay only 2 cents a pound. For this reason efforts have been made to induce publishers of representative papers to print a limited edition on a more durable paper, for preservation; but there are difficulties hard to explain to the layman, yet evident to those who are familiar with modern presses; and so nothing has been done. The situation has its compensations. No one who picks up a modern newspaper and glances at the array of crimes, accidents and unsavory gossip which is displayed under "scareheads" can fail to see one of them. Another lies in the possibility of being able still to purchase good linen paper for correspondence or a diary. Those who sympathize deeply with the future historian must cultivate the lost art of letter-writing, or walk in the footsteps of good old Pepys.

JAPANESE CAVALRY DETRAINING THEIR MOUNTS.

Horses are little used in Japan, their work being done by jinrikisha men and coolies. For this reason it has been said that, however well trained he may be as a fighter, the Japanese cavalryman never learns how to ride. The statesmen of the Flowery Kingdom have evidently recognized the weakness of this arm of their service and are making heroic efforts to remedy the defect. With this object in view, a very respectable body of cavalry has been organized and trained and is now being thrown into the field in Korea and Manchuria. The horses used by the Japs are small, but wiry and mettlesome.

Case of Mild Self-Esteem.

"You feel sure that books are commonly reviewed by people who have never read them?"

"Yes," answered the author.

"How can you tell?"

"Easily enough. When a man says that my style is crude and my plot commonplace it proves conclusively that he hasn't read the book, doesn't it?"—Washington Star.

The Whole Thing.

"Your majesty," began the court historian, "in my chronicles I have taken the liberty of speaking of you as a 'citizen of the world——'"

"Impudence!" thundered the Kaiser.

"But, sire, you are so cosmopolitan and——"

"Hound—I am 'the' citizen of the world."—Philadelphia Press.

Tommy's Quick Answer.

"Tommy," said an uncle to his precocious nephew, "your mother tells me she has to give you pennies to be good. Do you think that is as things should be?"

"Of course it is," replied Tommy. "You certainly don't want me to grow up and be good for nothing, do you, uncle?"—Chums.

Industrial Progress in Ecuador.

Quito, the capital of Ecuador, is to have a cotton mill. The machinery for it must be carried on the backs of mules to an altitude of 16,000 feet in the Andes in sight of Chimborazo.

Money doesn't always bring happiness, but the average man is willing to take chances along with the money.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Heroes of Peace.

THE present war in the East, like all others which have preceded it, will doubtless develop its individual heroes. Deeds of special bravery in times of conflict such as that now raging between Rusia and Japan have a spectacular effect and attract attention and admiration entirely natural under the circumstances. But let us not forget the heroes of peace who are always with us. There have been some notable cases of heroism lately outside of the war zone, and the Philadelphia Ledger appropriately alludes to some of them:

"To charge up to the cannon's mouth with thousands of comrades is a small thing compared with going alone into a burning building, groping through the smoke up stairs that cannot be seen and may be on fire, and searching an upper room for a person threatened with an awful death. Five firemen stayed on the roof of a building in Baltimore till the roof was about to fall in, and then hung to the eavesgutter, swung themselves to a telephone pole and slipped down to the earth.

The engineer who stands by his engine with a collision impending; the fireman who crawls into an engine room where a steam pipe has burst and shuts off the steam that parbolls him, and from which he does not always escape; the man who steps out nito the street in front of a runaway team, catches the bridle, is dragged for a block, but stops the horses—these and other heroes of everyday life have not the support of numbers and discipline, they can rarely look forward to promotion and still more rarely to monuments for their rewards; but the men who wear the Victoria Cross or the Iron Cross are not greater heroes.

A beginning has been made in London of the erection of tablets not to the memory of dead heroes of civil life, but to record their names and acts while they are alive, and while the respect and admiration of their fellow men may be of some comfort to them. Every city ought to commemorate upon the walls of its public buildings the heroic acts of its citizents who, not being soldiers, are in danger of getting no more substantial recognition of their daring and their sense of duty than a few lines in the newspapers."

There is nothing grander or nobler than doing one's duty and risking one's life under such conditions as these. The honor and applause won by military heroes constitute their just due, but save something of approval for the quiet fellows who do equally daring deeds wholly because it is part of their calling to jeopardize their lives for others. —Troy Times.

The Cost of Living.

THERE is food for thought for all classes of society in the published results of an investigation at nine of the leading cities of the country by the International Mercantile Agency into the recent course and the tendency of industrial wages, of rental values, of prices for many essential articles of food and of clothing. The showing is made and that at all but one of the centers covered the average rate of wages remains practically stationary, with a weakening tendency in some instances, the significance of which is driven in by statements that at almost all the cities reported rents have shown a tendency to advance, and that many of the more important food products and staple fabrics are higher in price than a few months ago or than a year ago.

A further increase in the cost of living seems to be foreshadowed by the results of the inquiry as to house rents, and food and clothing prices, when contrasted with what seems to be a sharp check to further increases in wages, and in some instances a tendency to moderate reaction.

One may hardly infer that rents, food and clothing are to cost more because of the average gain within a year of perhaps 10 per cent in wages in many lines. The argument for the latter was based upon an increased cost of living that had already taken place. That the existing wage level may not be long maintained in its entirety seems a natural inference from late refusals of railways to heed further appeals for advances; from many industrial shut-downs as a substitute for wage reductions; from the outcome of the New York building strikes; from the Erie Railway Company's appeal to its employes to refrain from asking for advances; from the murmurings which have been heard in big steel manufacturing districts, and last, but not least, from the merits of the argument of Western bituminous coal miners in their explanation of trade conditions and why they were impelled to ask for a lower wage rate.

Considerations such as these, in a year which is evidently to be one of convalescence after the financial shock of 1903, founded upon an exhibit of prevailing tendencies bearing upon the cost of living, should be well calculated to appeal to the conservatism of employer and employe.—Newark News.

Fearlessness, Courage, Bravery.

IT goes without saying that whatever positive moral element there is in courage comes not from the absence of fear, but from its presence and the self-command exerted to overcome its effects. The normally constituted man, except in moments of irresponsible excitement, is frightened by any danger that confronts him. This does not necessarily mean that he is panic-stricken, but only that he is conscious of the gravity of the situation in which he finds himself. It is then the part of manhood for him to take himself in hand and repress any demonstration of his fear which might react in a demoralizing way upon himself. The courageous man makes up his mind that, no matter what comes, and no matter what threatens, he will keep cool and do the best he can. He knows, when he thinks it over calmly, that his only hope rests in never letting go of himself, but being constantly in such a state of mind that he can take advantage of any opening that offers. The frequent exertion of this self-control results in gradual hardening or seasoning, so that, although he never overcomes his fears, it is progressively easier for him to avoid being overcome by them.

The actually fearless man, if we can imagine one, is not likely to be very highly organized, for a fine organism means emotional susceptibility, and substantially all savages are brave. He may be a worthy enough person, but more or less wooden. He must be classified in an exclusive category, since he possesses a trait of distinct value to himself and his fellows, but devoid of any high moral quality. As the ancient philosopher explained why the gods wished for nothing, by noting the fact that they had already everything that heart could desire, so we may say that the fearless man deserves no special credit for his good conduct in the face of peril, because he is under no temptation to behave badly.—Washington Post.

Seals in Lake Superior.

HUMAN ingenuity is tireless when a profit is in sight. Now they propose to maintain the supply of seal coats by breeding seals in Lake Superior. As a matter of act, seals have been bred in fresh water, so that this transportation from their natural habitat is not impossible. But there are other considerations which stand in the way of its profit and of its desirability. One is the climate. The ice in Lake Superior is said to be heavier than salt water ice, through which the Arctic seals find their blow holes, and incidentally enable the Eskimos to catch them and secure their own dinners. Then if the seals could live in Lake Superior it is a question whether any other form of life would long survive them. A colony of seals would be worse than a fleet of fishermen that covered the whole surface of that inland sea. They are gluttonous beasts, and they would respect no close season. The fish of Lake Superior are more valuable than the seals would be, even if seal culture there is possible. The seal has the broad Pacific for his own now. He is disappearing there, but his disappearance, with his shiny and luxurious coat, would not be an unmitigated calamity. —Brooklyn Eagle.

MAGAZINES OLD AND NEW.

Contrast Between Those of Fifty Years Ago and Now.

The contrast between the American magazines of fifty years ago and those of to-day is so marked that it will impress the most careless reader. Take a bound volume of Putnam's Magazine from the shelves of a public library, free it from its layers of dust, turning its yellow pages, and, lo! you are confronted with some of the most famous names in the literature of the nineteenth century. Contrast this treasury of wit, humor, pathos and sentiment—embodied in the clearest of English prose, in the most musical English verse—with the current number of a magazine of to-day, and the unfavorable gulf between the two periods will at once be apparent. The great names of literature have given place to those of men and women who have gained a passing notoriety through good or bad fortune.

A successful Wall street broker is traveling for health and pleasure and in a mountainous country of Eastern Europe is captured by bandits. The bandits, in a businesslike manner, demand $50,000 as a ransom; otherwise the American traveler will return to his sorrowing family and friends minus his ears. Negotiations are entered into with the outlaws and after long delays, during which the broker's precious ears are constantly threatened, the money is paid, and he returns in an unmutilated condition to his office in Wall street. But his adventures have made him a famous man and, magazine editors are clamorous in their demands that he shall tell the story of his capture and retention by the bandits in his own way. Their ordinary rates of payment shall not stand in the way of this much desired contribution; the manuscript, if accompanied by photographs of his eminent ears, will be paid for at his own valuation.

The Wall street broker, being a man of business, if not a man of letters, writes the desired article or series of articles, and receives in return a check that satisfies even his own conception of the value of his work. His eminent ears are photo-engraved for the public edification, and all that can possibly be made known of his perilous adventures is given to the waiting public. The result is double-distilled dullness, presented in the most unattractive form and without the slightest natural or acquired literary aptitude. But the editor believes that he has satisfied the curiosity of the readers of the magazine of which he has control; from his point of view, the lasting value of the article for which he paid so high a price does not enter into the question. And when the eminent ears of the Wall street broker have ceased to interest a fickle public the frost-bitten nose of an arctic explorer may be used as a substitute.

There can be no doubt that a famous or notorious name adds a seeming importance and weight to a magazine article, however lacking it may be in interest or attractiveness of treatment; and a contribution which on its intrinsic merits would be rejected is published if it bears the name of some celebrity of the hour. Of course, readers are primarily to blame for this state of things. They yearn for names with which they are familiar, and the editors of regular magazines endeavor to satisfy them as a mere matter of business. The question of literary culture is not considered either in the editorial rooms or by the purchasers of the periodicals of to-day. And it must be admitted that the voice of a foghorn carries farther than the most dulcet notes of Pan's pipes.

INDIAN LEGEND.

How the Chief's Squaw Found a New Dish.

"One morning the mighty hunter, Woksis, bade his wife cook for his dinner a choice bit of moose meat, and have it ready when the tall stick which he stuck in the snowdrift should throw its shadow to a certain point. Moqua was a meek wife, so she promised to obey, and well did she know her fate in case of failure. After her lord departed she hewed off the meat with her sharpest stone knife, and filling an earthen pot, or kokh, with snow for melting, she hung it over the fire.

"Then she sat down to her embroidery. It was her pride that Woksis, her lordly husband, should sport the gayest moccasins in the tribe, and many hours did she spend every day in working with bright colored porcupine quills. For no brave in all that country was so warlike as Woksis, no squaw so skilled in embroidery as Moqua. As she worked on the moccasins hours passed as minutes. She took no note of time, so busy was she in her labor of love. Suddenly she heard a startling noise, the bark string that held the kokh suspended was burned off, and a quenching, scattering explosion followed the overthrow of the pot.

"What could she do? There was no water, the melted snow was gone, and she must boil the moose meat before her lord's return. It was growing late, there was no time to melt more snow, so seizing a birch bucket of maple water that was always tapped in the spring for its sweet flavor, she filled the kokh anew and hung it over the mended fire. Into it she popped the moose meat, and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on the slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the quills were both needle and thread. She was working the totem of her race, the bear, so different from the wolves, eagles and turtles of other tribes.

"Dreaming of her husband's future success in hunt and battle, the hours passed by; the shadow crept past the mark; the fire burned low; the once juicy meat was a shriveled morsel in a mixture of gummy dark liquid. When she saw this the frightened squaw ran into the bushes and hid herself from the rage of her coming lord. After a long and silent waiting she carefully drew near the camp once more, and what did she see? There was Woksis devouring the morsel of moose meat, and her wonder was great when he deliberately broke the earthen pot and carefully licked out the last vestige of her spoiled cooking.

"She forgot her fears and cried out in surprise. When discovering her Woksis said: 'Oh, Moqua, my wise squaw, who taught thee such a marvel of cooking? Was the Great Spirit thy instructor?' With great joy he embraced her, and in his sticky kiss she tasted the first maple sugar."—Pittsburg Gazette.

HOW TO MAKE CHOCOLATE.

Secret Is in the Blending of the Different Varieties of Cocoa.

"A good many people often wonder what the difference is between cocoa and chocolate, but it is simply that cocoa is chocolate with the oil extracted," I am told by the vice president of a large cocoa and chocolate manufacturing concern, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"This amounts to considerable, for one-half of the cocoa bean is composed of cocoa butter. The sweet chocolate used on candies and so forth is a mixture of cocoa butter, chocolate and sugar, and it is the cocoa butter that gives it its fine gloss. There are several processes for manufacturing the cocoa for drinking purposes, but that most generally followed is what is called the 'pressure method.' In this it is placed in small canvas bags, and these are then placed in a machine, where they are subjected to a pressure of about seventy tons, which squeezes every vestige of oil from the cocoa and leaves only a dry, extremely brittle cake, to be subsequently ground fine and packed in tin cans. When chocolate for eating purposes is manufactured, the cocoa is mixed with the flavoring compounds and sugar in the 'mixing machine' and then rolled out in sheets between huge rollers, making it solid and firm.

"The secret of making good chocolate and cocoa is in the blending. One particular kind of cocoa bean is not apt to produce good chocolate or cocoa. It must be blended with other varieties to secure the desired flavor, sometimes a half dozen or more different kinds of cocoa extract being mixed together for this purpose. Every manufacturer has his own method of blending, and guards the secret carefully. Different blends are also subjected to differing treatments. Thus one manufacturer may finish his blend or store it in a cold room, while another will do the same thing with it in a hot room, and each contends that the results he achieves are the best, very naturally."

ENGLISH WOMAN WHO OPERATES A SWITCH TOWER.

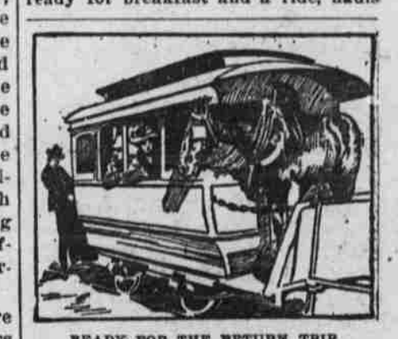
Ordinarily, America claims the honor of presenting to the public women who have succeeded in strange vocations. But in one branch of work England leads—railroading. Mrs. Merwood, of Whippingham, has operated a complicated switch tower and signal system for ten years and has never had an accident. Whippingham is on the Isle of Wight Railway, and in addition to the switch tower Mrs. Merwood looks after the duties of station and ticket agent, gatekeeper, and finds time to cultivate some beautiful flowers outside the depot. The Isle of Wight was one of the favorite country places of the late Queen Victoria, who took a fancy to and often befriended Mrs. Merwood.

MRS. MERWOOD IN HER TOWER.

HORSE RIDES IN CAR.

The only gravity car line in the world is located in Denver, Colo., and runs from the city proper into the mountains, a distance of several miles. One man acts as conductor, motorman, hostler, general manager; in short, he does everything, including the fault-finding.

The grade up which the road runs is slight. A horse, tired and always ready for breakfast and a ride, hauls the car with its load of passengers from Denver to the mountains. On the return trip he is put onto the rear platform and carried back to the starting point.



READY FOR THE RETURN TRIP.

So fond is the horse of riding and so glad is he that the end of the road is reached that he jumps aboard the car with as much alertness as a boy. All the way down hill he bumps against the corner of the car unless a tree approaches, when he carefully draws his head back.

The road is supported chiefly by curiosity seekers, who ride over it because of the novelty of the experience.

Peculiarities of the Memory.

It is instanced as one of the curiosities of the memory that people who know long pieces of verse by heart frequently cannot remember their telephone number.