

Topics of the Times

Iika Lhasa has her Younghusband.

It is said that the Tibetans know nothing of the United States, but neither did Rainsli a few weeks ago.

"Society" implies a multitude of people and much buzz. Society may include but two people and silence.

Washington is trying to break up the practice of "holding hands" in its parks. What are parks for, anyway?

The physician who advises every one to take a long walk every day hasn't any stock in the rapid transit roads.

Many an American buckster might marry within the 400 had his great-grandfather shoveled coal for a "prince or sumpin'."

To do Gen. Kuropatkin justice, he has executed several difficult slides from one base to the other with much skill and judgment.

A goat in Delaware has partaken of a dynamite free lunch and now no one dares to kick it. Here is a valuable hint for the much-abused hobo.

Mr. Bryan is in favor of letting the people choose the postmasters. We feel certain, however, that this is not the idea he picked up while he was abroad.

The Japanese practice deep breathing until it becomes second nature to them. Gen. Kuropatkin probably has noticed that they never seem to get out of breath.

A New York woman, giving her views in print on the subject of woman suffrage, says: "Every married woman should have a vote without telling her age."

An incredulous public will require the strongest kind of proof before accepting the statement that something just as good as a beefsteak can be made out of cotton seed.

According to Dr. Dowie, excessive atmospheric heat is caused by a multitude of little devils. Now we understand what is meant when it is said that Kansas has a devilish good corn crop.

J. Pierpont Morgan has recently had narrow escapes in gasoline launches and automobiles. Russell Sage will be inclined to think it was good enough for him, as long as he wasn't wise enough to walk and save his money.

Governor Warfield, of Maryland, says his wife was 26 when he married her and he things that is about the right age for women to become wives. When a girl reaches 26 she is so afraid of becoming an old maid that it is an easy matter to get her consent.

A Harvard professor says the moon is full of flowers. The unscientific reader will understand now that those objects on the surface of the moon that look like craters of extinct volcanoes, when viewed through a telescope, are in reality full blown roses of an unusually large size.

In a broad sense the farm is becoming more attractive every year. The telephone and the rural delivery service, the greatly improved machinery for cultivation and handling of crops, the dawn of the township high and the consolidated district school, the formation of debating clubs and women's societies, the building of better churches, and the advent of the inter-urban road—all of these influences have created a new atmosphere for the farmer. The day when the average farmer was a lout has passed, if, indeed, it ever existed.

"A certain municipality in Sweden" is credited by a correspondent of a London paper with securing its income by taxing citizens according to weight. A man who weighs less than 135 pounds can laugh at the tax collector, but one who weighs 200 pounds pays about three dollars a year. Upon one who weighs from 200 to 270 pounds, the tax is about six dollars and a quarter a year. Beyond 270 pounds the tax is nearly two dollars a year for each extra pound. Many a stout man will maintain, with good sense on his side, that the basis of taxation is wrong side up. His bulk is a burden and the tax is another. It is the lean man who should pay for the privilege of being lean.

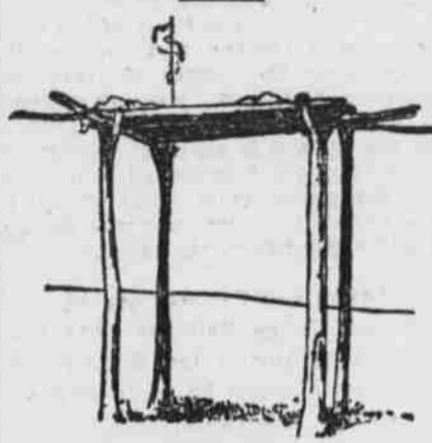
Probably it will be a good while before automatic vehicles will be employed for farm use, yet the trip of the 200 motor car enthusiasts from New York to St. Louis over all sorts of roads indicated that the automobile is approaching a state of development in which it may be used for almost any vehicular purpose. The breakdowns between New York and Chicago were hardly more numerous than could have been looked for among an equal number of carriages drawn by horses. There is no reason, consequently, why automatic propulsion should not be employed on farm wagons. Such a change would have in its favor the additional consideration that it would involve the immediate improvement of country roads.

We talk about the care-free days of childhood. Why do we remember these days with such delight? Was it be-

cause we had nothing to do but to play? No. Many of us had errands and chores that kept us busy from morning until night. It was not idleness that gave us happiness. What, then, is the secret of the happiness of childhood? The question is answered in one word, Hope. As children we hoped for something new, something better to-morrow than the good that came to-day. Or if to-day chanced to have more of tears than of smiles we hoped for a brighter to-morrow. As children we believe in people and in the world, we trust that to-morrow will bring right the trials of to-day. Hope smooths out the wrinkles of to-day and prepares for a beautiful to-morrow. Hope works hard at the task at hand and never worries. "Worry is fear. Fear is the devil." Hope finishes up the duties of to-day and believes in to-morrow. Hope goes to bed to sleep, not to toss on a wakeful pillow. Hope has steady nerves and courage. Hope never fears. Hope never weeps. Hope never lags. Hope's efforts are always healthy, vigorous and in some measure successful. Hope is the life-saving quality. Fortunate is he who passes from childhood to manhood with hope. When hope dies, then dies strength and courage. Then do we perish.

A man in one of the Eastern States recently wrote to one of the newspapers that his income was \$50 a week, he had nobody to care for except his wife and himself and yet he could not save anything. He asked for advice as to how he could set aside something for "the rainy day" that every man says he expects, but rarely acts as if he did. He had many replies of one kind or another, but hardly one of them could be called helpful advice. For the most part men told him what they had done in saving out of salaries many of which were much smaller than his. One man with nearly the same income told him flatly that he ought to save one-third of it because he himself had done so, and then showed a schedule setting forth his expenses. Another cheered him with the information that out of an income of \$36 a month he had himself kept house with a table he would not have been ashamed to invite anybody to and had regularly saved \$10 a month. He appeared to think that the inquirer ought to save all of his \$2,000 per year in excess of \$56 a month, which must have been highly encouraging. This inquirer, had he wished to know how he could write as good a play as "Hamlet," would have been as much profited by a letter from Shakespeare informing him that besides "Hamlet" he himself had written divers other plays. The only glimmer of sense was at the end of the first of these two letters, when he was informed that "saving is not in the method—it rests with the man and woman." So it does, but as nobody had told him their method this did not make him any wiser than he ought to have been before. It does indeed rest with the man, and the sooner he learns that truth the sooner each will evolve it for himself and learn how "to cut his coat according to its cloth." If he evolves it he will survive. If he does not he will not survive, and that is the whole story.

AN INDIAN CUSTOM.



THE LAST RESTING PLACE.

A frequent scene on the Rosebud Sioux Indian agency of South Dakota in early days was the funeral couch of Sioux chieftains. The rude raft was raised on tall posts, and presented a weird spectacle in the still, vast plains of the Southwest.

Rubber Roads in London.

The rubber road which was recently laid under the archway at Buckingham Palace has proved a splendid success, in the estimation of many. Several other private roads in London were also laid with this material, and the experiment has brought forth the proposal that London should be made a city of silence by paving the roads with India rubber. It is estimated by experts, however, that the scheme is too costly, as for every square yard of rubber-covered roadway the ratepayer would have to pay \$15.

"Rubber roads are hopeless," said the London manager of an American firm of rubber tilters. "No public authority would ever dare to venture on the initial expense of such a costly undertaking, in spite of the fact that the rubber roads last a lifetime. Apart from the cost, however, there is no reason why London's streets should not be rubber paved. Horses for one thing could dispense with shoes, and heavy traffic does not affect it much. The cement paving at the Broad street station in Philadelphia, for instance, had to be renewed every two years, but a rubber road laid down ten years ago is still there. Rubber roads, moreover, are sanitary, clean and waterproof."

Not the Same.

He swore he'd go through fire and water. For her, and she was glad. The way he goes through fire-water. Since they've been wed is sad. —Philadelphia Press.

Love may be blind, but it knows when the gas is too high.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Better Stay at Home.

GET the Panama idea out of your head. If you have packed your trunk and thrown up your job, unpack it and ask your former employer to take you back. There are a few thousands of young fellows in this country who have an idea that in the construction of the great canal fat jobs will go begging, and that it will be a fine thing to chuck up the \$30 a month place on the farm and draw \$300 every thirty days on the great ditch. Applications for places are reaching the Canal Commission at the rate of 1,000 a day already, in the face of the fact that there are no places at the commission's disposal.

Some time there will be a lot of work, and undoubtedly the rate of pay will be high. But you couldn't stand it. There isn't a more pestiferous hole on the globe than that same canal site. The climate is as different from that of the United States as dark is from daylight. Strange fevers, that slay almost in a night, abound, and disease is to be found everywhere. Undoubtedly, all that can be done to make the surroundings healthful will be done; but even then it is probable that the digging of the canal will be done at the cost of thousands of human lives. The men who work and survive will be largely those who have grown up in hot countries, who are used to killing labor and who are physically stronger than the average American.

If you have any kind of a position that pays you decently and has a future in it, you will be wise to get the Panama idea out of your head. If, when the time comes, you will go, and have a family, in justice to them get your life insured, if any insurance company will take the risk.—Cincinnati Post.

How Far is the Traveling Public Responsible?

THE recent Colorado railroad disaster is another startling demonstration of the fallibility of managerial precaution in the operation of railroads. The cloudburst which caused the wreck and resulted in the loss of so many lives was one of those exhibitions of elemental force which not infrequently upset every theory of human foresight and make a mockery of engineering skill. Such accidents can be avoided in only one way, and that is by holding all trains during such terrific storms—and this the public would not tolerate. On the contrary, there is a constant demand for a reduction in running time, for greater speed, for annihilation of distance. By yielding to this pressure railroad managers are in danger of losing sight of the cardinal factor of safety. The American people are afflicted with the mania of rapidity. No railroad train, no trolley car, no automobile, no horse can go fast enough. If a railroad company were to run its trains on a safety schedule it would be boycotted by the traveling public.

How far, then, is the public responsible for railroad accidents that are caused by the lack of proper precautionary measures in the running of fast trains? Accidents, of course, happen which cannot be avoided. Unfortunately too many of them result from the recklessness bred by the devil-may-care impulse of "getting there at any risk." It would seem that we have about reached that point where a reaction must set in. A few more horrors like that in Colorado and the recent one near Chicago Heights, and there will be a revolution of public sentiment which may result in the subordination of speed to safety.—Chicago Journal.

Teach the Boys to Swim.

THESE are the days when the parents of small boys feel anxious lest their offspring may seek deep water and come to grief. The youngsters are commanded not to go swimming. They are punished if they are caught with wet hair. Sometimes the shrewd mother ties peculiar knots in the fastenings of shoes and clothes and thus detects the outdoor bathing enterprise of the boy. Then comes trouble, and the average boy, having once tasted the

sweets of a dive in a pool, will only await his chance to repeat his adventure. When such disposition is discovered it is far better that the father of so determined a boy, instead of punishing him, take in hand the lad's natatory adventures and escort him personally to the bathing beach, to superintend his swimming. The more the youngster is whipped for his secret swims the more shrewdly he will contrive to hide them. And in his hiding he is likely to seek dangerous places, where he cannot be easily seen. His companions are usually boys of his own age, who cannot help him if he gets into trouble in the water. He should, of course, be kept at home if possible from such places, but when the water-call is heard in midsummer nothing short of bolts and bars can keep the boy swimmer from his plunge. The bathing beach is provided in large part just to offset this danger. It is not all it should be yet, in point of equipment and regulations for its use, but it is nevertheless an excellent institution, where every condition is as near to safety as possible, and where the danger to the youngster who goes swimming alone is reduced to a minimum. The boy who is taught by his father to swim is a happier lad than he who dares to sneak away with other boys and learn in some muddy hole in the creek or some dirty wharf basin. Every boy should be taught to swim as soon as he has the strength to maintain himself in the water. It is an invaluable accomplishment, which at any time may save a life.—Washington Star.

Where is the Russian Army?

HERE is the enormous Russian army which the advance notices of the war said would be in Manchuria by this time? What has become of that mighty host, as numerous as that which followed Xerxes? Before hostilities began the estimate was that the Czar had 200,000 troops in the Far East. At home, with the colors and in reserve, were several millions ready for transport. Nearly five months have elapsed. Does the Manchurian army manifest the phenomena of preponderous bigness?

On the contrary, the excuse of every Russian commander who has yielded his line has been the presence of the enemy in greater numerical superiority. At the Yalu, Nanshan Hill, Tellaou, in fact, everywhere contact has occurred, the Russian story of a few against many—an encompassing Japanese tide at once sweeping over the front and lapping the flanks. Even Kuropatkin has joined the chorus, thus confessing weakness, and as a justification for the withdrawal, not merely of a detached force or an advance guard, but of his main army, says the Japanese press the vis major.

Yet the most liberal estimate does not place the Mikado's soldiers in Manchuria at more than 200,000. An army in defense, according to accepted modern military canons, ought to be able to hold twice its number in check. Did not Lee stay Grant from Richmond with a force less than half that of his adversary? Were not the Boers able to arrest the progress of an army many times larger than their own? Kuropatkin's dispositions, unless Russian incapacity is colossal, suggest a commander who believes his enemy exceeds him. Where, then, is the Russian army?—New York Globe.

Big Expositions Played Out.

THE plain truth is that the country has had a surfeit of expositions, and that there is not the popular interest in this one, great as it undoubtedly is, which its projectors anticipated. It is useless to say that the people ought to be interested; that it is a patriotic duty to lend support to such an enterprise. Perhaps that is the idea that Secretary Shaw has in mind when he complains that the management has not made sufficient use of the newspapers. It is of no use to talk of that. If the people do not want to go to St. Louis, they will stay away. In the autumn, when St. Louis is cooler, the attendance will doubtless be larger. But there is little reason to hope that it will be large enough to make the enterprise financially successful.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

A REMARKABLE WATCH.

Curious Relic Once Belonged to Queen Mary of Scotland.

The descendants of Mary Setoun, one of the four maids of honor to Mary Queen of Scotland, have in their possession a curious watch, which was given by that queen to her favorite. The watch, which is in the shape of a miniature skull, is about two inches and a half in diameter. It is supposed to have been purchased by Mary herself when on a visit to Blois with her husband, the dauphin of France, as it has the name of a celebrated Blois manufacturer engraved on it.

The entire skull is curiously engraved. On the forehead there is a picture of Death, with the usual scythe and hour glass and sand glass. He is depicted as standing between a palace and a hovel, to show that he is no respecter of persons, and underneath is the familiar quotation from Horace, "Pallida more aequo puitat pede pauperum tabernas Regumque turres." At the back of the skull is another representation, this one being of Time devouring everything. Time also carries a scythe, and beside him is the emblem of eternity—the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

The upper section of the skull is divided into two pictures. On one side is the Crucifixion, with the Marys kneeling at the foot of the cross, and on the other side are Adam and Eve surrounded by animals in the Garden of Eden.

Below these pictures, running right round the skull, there is an openwork band, to allow the sound of the striking of the watch to be heard. The openwork is a series of designs cut to represent the various emblems of the Crucifixion, such as scourges, the cross, swords, spears, the lantern used in the garden, and so forth. All of the carvings have appropriate Latin quotations.

By reversing the skull and holding the upper part in the palm of the hand and lifting the under jaw on its hinge the watch may be opened, and on the plate inside is a representation of the stable at Bethlehem, with the

shepherds and their flocks in the distance.

The works of the watch are in the brains of the skull, the dial plate being where the roof of the mouth would be in a real skull. This is of silver and gold, with elaborate scrolls, while the hours are marked in large Roman letters. The works are remarkably complete, even to a large silver bell with a musical sound, which holds the works in the skull when the watch is closed.

This curious old watch is still in perfect order, and when wound every day keeps accurate time. It is too large to be worn and was probably intended for a desk or private altar.—Kansas City Journal.

AMBITIOUS OLD AGE.

Better Seek an Education at 70 than Remain Ignorant.

A few years ago two American women excited some comment by entering college for a complete course, one being 70 years of age, and the other nearly as old. One gave as her reason a life-long ambition. Having married before her aspiration for a college education could be realized, she devoted herself faithfully to her domestic career, but never ceased to deplore her meager schooling. Her children having grown into men and women and having married and left her alone in her home, she could see no reason why she should not undertake to carry out her early purpose. She found greater pleasure in study than in anything else and although she might die before graduation, still she would have enjoyed her later years to a degree which no other occupation would allow.

Harvard reported four venerable students in the summer school, one a New Hampshire preacher of 83 years; another a Congregational minister (Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon), who has written a good deal for the magazines and who is 74 years old, and two other preachers of about 60 years each. Of course this is not like entering for a full university course, but each of this remarkable quartet has a special

branch which he wishes to master with the aid of the college professors. They recall the case of the learned blacksmith, who, after he had reached the term of life prescribed by the Psalmist, became an unusual linguist with the complete mastery of many tongues.

There comes a time in the life of nearly every man when he realizes that he is growing old. Perhaps it is in the very prime of life, about the fortieth year, that this recognition of his mortality gives the most distress, and he is disposed to doubt whether it is possible for him to accomplish anything worth while. In the face of much evidence to the contrary it has been affirmed that a man who has done nothing great before that age will never do it; that life after 40 consists mainly in learning on previous acquisitions. However, as time goes on many a man develops a new courage, and especially he resolves to live thoroughly and heartily to the last moment. As a French philosopher urged, a man should keep at his work as though immortal, even though he should know that death would come tomorrow. Another moralist asserts that a man who, on a sinking ship, should not take his pill at the prescribed moment and wind up his watch lacks a manly quality. Anyhow, the man who at 80 or any other age at which he retains a healthy mind does not shrink from an undertaking merely because death is near gets the best out of life.—Philadelphia Record.

A Substitute for Cork.

Notwithstanding all the achievements of practical science, there are some indispensable materials the making of which is still nature's secret, and for which no entirely successful substitute has been found. Among these substances is cork, and it is possible that in this case nature offers a substitute in the wood of a tree, growing on the east coast of Lake Tshad, in Africa, which is of even less specific gravity than cork.

Best Language for the Telephone.

French is said to be more easily understood over the telephone than English.

POINTS WHEREIN THEY DIFFER.

One of the Sex Contrasts American Women Unfavorably with English. Despite all the loudly expressed opinions to the contrary, nothing can touch the really smart English woman as one sees her at the Carlton or at Prince's at the luncheon hour. There is a bewitching, graceful femininity about her that is in evidence in every detail of her costume and a certain something that, for lack of a better word, we must call refinement.

Our most charmingly gowned women in America have all a tendency to extravagance in dress and ornament.

The well-dressed English woman is simple in her style, despite her frills, and it is only in the evening, when she puts on her low-necked gowns, that she allows any of the daring extravagance that one sees so freely displayed at our fashionable hotels on Fifth avenue where women meet for luncheon.

Then, the English woman's face is patrician even when she is far from beautiful. The finely modeled nose and chin, the long, slender necks are the rule, and, although good eyes and mouths are not so plentiful, the clear lines of the faces under the frilly hats are very satisfying from an artistic standpoint.

Our bifurcated girl and our gentlemanly young business woman, in her stiff collar and her four-in-hand scarf, have, of course, stood for something fine, vigorous and gloriously independent.

We have chummed with our masculine kind to an extent that has made the most popular type of society girl, the racy, washing woman who above all scorn any suspicion of being an ingenue.

Many of our younger matrons have astonished restaurant groups by affecting the style of the most popular actress or opera singer in the manner of coiffure or of carriage. It has been absolutely impossible to detect the difference between the successful demi-monde and the society leader, so far as either dress or manner is concerned.

And, at the same time, the English woman of society is inclined to be fast, but she is never unfeminine. For that reason she never suggests that under her baby lace hat and its chin she lurks the same devilry, coquetry and desire for the subjugation of man that first possessed Mother Eve and broke up the light housekeeping in Eden.—Life.

INTERCEPTED THE CZAR'S MAIL.

Convincing Proof of the Bondage of That Ruler.

A very striking proof of the Czar's bondage was recently afforded when the Czar dispatched one of his personal favorites, a certain M. Klopoff, into the central provinces of Russia to report on the true condition of affairs there, about which he had previously received official information. He desired to test the accuracy of bureaucratic reports, but he knew that letters from M. Klopoff direct to him would inevitably be opened and suppressed if they contained statements of which officialdom disapproved. In order to avoid this espionage, he ordered M. Klopoff to mail his reports in small envelopes of the pattern used for private letters, not straight to the palace, but to the address in St. Petersburg of a certain General Hesse. General Hesse was entrusted with the secret, and he undertook personally to carry all the letters received from M. Klopoff to the Czar. M. Klopoff went on his mission, but out of eighteen letters which he posted to General Hesse for the Czar only five reached their destination. A strong ruler would doubtless make a vigorous effort to liberate himself from this tyranny, but the Czar is essentially a weak man. The unhealthy, pale, almost gray color of his complexion betrays his want of physical health and strength, while the amazing inconsistencies of his reign indicate successive surrenders to conflicting influences. It is characteristic of his weakness that he never strikes out a new line of thought or action on his own initiative, and that his decision on any given question of policy is nothing more than the choice which of two or more courses recommended to him by different advisers shall be followed. He is never a leader like the German emperor, but is continually being led by some influential man or group of men.—Success.

ARIZONA'S AGATE BRIDGE.



A NATURAL CURIOSITY. In the "Petrified Forest" of Arizona there is a natural bridge, across a narrow canyon consisting of the petrified, or agatized, trunk of a tree, 111 feet in length. The petrified trees in this region are believed to have flourished in the Triassic age. Most of them are allied to the Norfolk Island pine (Araucaria) of to-day, but some resemble the red cedar. Prof. O. C. S. Cartor thinks that the petrification was due to soluble silicates derived from the decomposition of the feldspathic cement found in the sandstone of that locality.

Removing Battle Scars.

British officers are having the scars of face wounds removed by the use of light rays. The London Mail says: "The custom is rapidly growing of surgeons sending their patients to have the scars left by operations removed."