

Topics of the Times

But then, no American girl wanted the German Crown Prince, anyway.

Any man who attempts to serve two masters is liable to be arrested for bigamy.

Fortunate is he who has nothing against his neighbor—for neighbors are slow pay.

One-half of the people live for each other. The other half live on each other. There are cannibals everywhere.

The Brooklyn man who lived on grass for six months seems to have succeeded in reducing a meat diet to its first principles.

We hear of a man who recently contemplated suicide, but compromised by getting married. It is to be hoped that he has made no mistake.

A French war correspondent advises Russia to admit defeat and quit. The czar would no doubt like to call off the war, but he is in the position of the man who grabbed the bear by the tail. He can't let go.

Durham White Stevens says that he will merely advise the Korean government, but as the Japanese government will be behind him with a big stick he probably has hopes that his advice will be accepted pretty generally.

We can not be freed from all the plagues at once—otherwise our cup of prosperity would run over at a riotous rate. If the potato bug deserts us the wheat rust happens along to check any undue inflation of farm-made fortunes.

George Ade has made money out of his humor, and everybody is glad of that. But what is this melancholy news that he has purchased a great farm and will go in for fancy farming? Has the erudite author of "Fables in Slang" forgotten that Biblical warning, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was?"

Every one who has stood beside a suburban road at night to signal a trolley-car, and has had to run several hundred feet after it while the motor-man tried to stop for him, will appreciate a new device which is coming into use on many lines. It consists of a group of lights mounted on a trolley-pole, worked by a button within reach of one standing on the ground. Turning on the lights informs the motor-man while he is still far off that passengers wish to board the car at the crossing.

Without inviting discussion of this thorny question, I may say that my own opinion is—supposing anybody wants it—that a husband's rights are what he can get. My view of a wife's rights is the same. Whether it is wise for either party to get all that he (or she) can is a question of expediency, to be decided according to circumstances and individual inclination. The governing principle of the situation is that when two people ride the same horse one must ride behind. The question, therefore, whenever a conflict of rights arises, is whether the front seat is worth fighting about, and, if so, how long and how hard.

It seems to us about time for intelligent people to call a halt in the indiscriminate abuse of everybody who happens to enjoy the not altogether enviable position of being rich. The question twelve months of every year, whether it is a presidential one or not, is not whether a man is rich, but whether he is honest. If he is both so much the better for him, but if he is rich and not honest the time to drop him is not when a campaign is on, but when daily business is to be done and social lines are to be drawn. Throw the rascals overboard in commercial circles, banish them from the society of honest folk, and a real cleaning up will be accomplished.

To our notion the most singular detail of the whole green goods transaction is that the public almost invariably sympathizes with the fellow whom the professional rascals succeed in duping. Now such a person is even more contemptible than the open knaves who do for him. He gets out to get counterfeit money for the purpose of working it off on his own friends and acquaintances, the persons with whom he is daily in contact, and so far as he has a character and standing to just that extent he trusts to his good name to help him unload what is bad. He goes in to cheat others and in the end he is cheated himself. He is at least as mean as the other fellow and any sympathy bestowed on him is worse than thrown away.

American sailor apprentices have received a high compliment from the British consul at Tangier. The captain of an American training ship at that port had promised his crew two days' liberty on shore. The British consul protested that it would be madness to let them land, as the kidnapping of Monsieur Perdicaris had aroused a strong anti-foreign feeling in the city; but the captain kept his promise. When the time was up every man reported on board, sober and punctual. The British consul afterward said to the captain, "Your men are wonders. They went everywhere, saw all the sights, and behaved themselves as well as any party of tourists I ever saw." This

comes of the efforts to get sailors who are sound and clean, morally and physically.

London Truth gives us some welcome information as to the cause of the British invasion of Tibet. News—a good deal of it is rather vague—has been received from time to time during the past few months concerning the progress made by Colonel Younghusband's column, but the public has been left in doubt as to the exact mission of the colonel and his men. We are glad to be able, with the aid of our London contemporary, to furnish a full explanation of the matter. This is Truth's exposition: The frontier between British India and Tibet traverses districts where there are mountain pastures, and our main grievance was that certain Tibetan goats which were ignorant of the line of demarcation were in the habit of straying into British territory. What particular harm the goats did by browsing occasionally on British grass is not very clear. In any case, the damage could not have been considerable. In 1759 we went to war with Spain on account of the ear of a certain Jenkins, which, we asserted, had been cut off by some Spanish official, although it was contended that the ear was still attached to Jenkins' head. It has, however, been reserved to this century for this country to engage in a war that promises to be extensive, on account, professedly, of a few wandering goats. No doubt there are carping critics who will declare that it might have been cheaper for Mr. Bull to build a fence, but we need not give serious heed to such people. They are not familiar with the exigencies of statecraft.

Although it is conceded that the early bird catches the worm, it is likewise pointed out that if the worm were not up and about even earlier than the bird he would not be caught. There is something to be said on both sides of the early-rising proposition. An English physician, for instance, declares that "to be forced to get up early grinds the soul, curdles the blood, swells the spleen, destroys all good intentions and disturbs all day the mental activities." He winds up by declaring that criminals are recruited from the early-rising class—an assertion which is measurably sustained by the known fact that the burglar man and his contemporary, the foot-pad, usually choose the very early morning hours for the practice of their respective professions. Setting aside the ethical phase of the question, however, it is certain that early rising is not a source of joy to most people. The average man hates to get up with the lark, and if there is anything in inherited instincts the fact that he hates to get up indicates that it is not good for him to get up. His disinclination to arise is nature's way of telling him that he ought to stay in bed. The father of Frederick the Great permitted his children only five or six hours' sleep, declaring that more than that made people lazy, but it is doubtful whether any one ever had too much sleep. If nature be not at fault a man should sleep until he awakes—not until he is awakened. Nature, that is, did not intend our slumbers to be regulated by an alarm clock. Perhaps, however, the way to get around the "early-to-rise" difficulty is to practice the "early-to-bed" maxim. He who seeks his couch betimes in the evening will experience no difficulty in getting up while the light is still faint in the east. He will have had his sleep out and that, after all, is the desideratum.

The Submarine Boat.

One of the earliest suggestions of the submarine was that of a British smuggler, Johnson, who invented a boat that was to travel under or above water. With this vessel he proposed to carry Napoleon from St. Helena, but the emperor died while the boat was under construction. The adherents of the emperor promised Johnson two hundred thousand dollars on the day the boat was ready to start and an immense sum if it proved successful. Some years later Johnson built a boat with which he experimented in the Thames for the British admiralty. In this connection it may be mentioned that one of Napoleon's marshals, Massena, began life as a smuggler on a large scale, and Commodore Thurot of the French navy at that time obtained his knowledge of the British coast while in the employ of a smuggler.

Elaborate Persecution.

This is how the editor of a paper in Pekin, China, declines a manuscript: "Illustrous brother of the sun and moon! Look upon the slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee, and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live. We have read the manuscripts with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we swear that never before have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it, his Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion and never again print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript and beg thee ten thousand pardons. See—my head is at thy feet and I am the slave of thy servant." The "art of lying" is not forgotten in the East.

It is admitted that only 18 per cent of London's population attend church. Wherever you live, you hear that church going is very common in other towns.

About everything a man meets on the road after he passes 40 is a sign of age.



Religion that Makes One Faithful.

The railway superintendent came down to his office on Monday morning, sat down at his desk and began to open his mail. The first letter was from the wife of a discharged conductor, which said:

"I take this opportunity to write while my husband is at church. He has been going regularly the last three Sundays. He has been to see the minister, and the minister gave him good advice and drew up a pledge, and he signed it, and every morning and night he asks God to help him keep it. I am sure he will never drink again. We have only seven dollars in the house. I am doing my own work, though I am not strong enough to do it. The baby is sick, and I do not know how we are to live when the little money we now have is gone. For God's sake, pity us and give my husband his train again, and I am sure he will never drink another drop!"

The superintendent read the letter and handed it across the desk to a friend who had entered. "Read that," said he, "and tell me what to do."

"What has been his record?" asked the friend.

"This is the third time he has been found drunk on duty. Each time I warned him, and the second time I suspended him. This time I discharged him for good. I can't place human lives in the care of a man who can't be trusted. If I take him back it won't be three weeks before he is drinking a little on the sly, and within three years he will wreck a train, as sure as the sun rises to-morrow."

"Have you another place where you could use him, some place involving less responsibility?"

"No, he is physically unable to do hard work, and there is no other kind at which I can put a man of that sort. I don't dare set him even to watching a crossing. In fact, there is no position on a railroad for a man who can't be trusted to do his duty."

Later in the day the conductor himself came in. The superintendent received him kindly, but with no encouragement in his manner.

"I knew you would come," he said, "and I must be frank and say that I should have thought more of you if you had stayed at home and helped your wife with the housework, instead of going to church so that she could write me about it."

"But," said the conductor, "she wanted me to go, and I did not know about the letter until she told me afterward, and really, I am sure I shall never fall again. I have asked God to help me. Trust me once more and have pity for my family."

The superintendent shook his head sadly. "You want me to pity your family," he said, "but you didn't pity them yourself, and you never thought about asking God to help you, except to help you out of a scrape. You have got your religion too late so far as this office is concerned. It will help you to forgiveness for your sins, and I hope will make a better man of you, but it is too late for a job of running a train. The kind of religion that we have to insist on in this office isn't the kind that helps a man to get his job back; it is the kind that makes him keep it. I believe in religion, and wish every man in the company's employ was a religious man; but the kind of religion this company needs is the kind that makes men faithful to their work."

The discharged man went out and the superintendent's stern face relaxed. "I am sorry for that wife and the sick baby," he said, "but I can't trust human lives to a man who gets his religion so late."

The true faith is the faith which makes faithful. It is never too late to look to God for forgiveness, but penitence sometimes comes too late to restore a lost opportunity.—Youth's Companion.

Make Every Day Count.

The man who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something, that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the man who starts out with no plan. Begin every day, therefore, with a program, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow this up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the results. Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something, that you will not allow callers to chip away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and

interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way. Make every day of your life count for something; make it tell in the grand results. O. S. Marden.

Stand for the Best.

What a subtle kind of heartache we give others by simply not being at our best and highest, when they have to make allowances for us, when the dark side is uppermost in our minds and we take their sunlight and courage away, by even our unspoken thoughts, our atmosphere of heaviness! Oh, to stand always and eternally for sunlight and life and cheer!—Southern Churchman.

Might and Main.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will, and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—Carlyle.

Be Happy.

There is no duty so much underrated as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.—R. L. Stevens.

BIG TRIUMPH FOR THE MAFIA.

Notable Murder Trial Ends in Acquittal of the Three Defendants.

A verdict of acquittal in the case of Signor Palizzolo, ex-Deputy for Palermo, and two of his friends, charged with murder, recently returned at Florence, ends a remarkable case. The victim was Signor Notarbartolo, formerly Mayor of Palermo, whose death was beyond doubt the work of the mysterious criminal organization known as the Mafia.

On receipt of the news in Palermo there was a scene of wild enthusiasm, fifty thousand citizens parading the streets carrying flags and branches of green foliage with the municipal band at their head. Similar scenes took place in other southern towns.

By its verdict in this case the jury has at length put an end to an affair which has occupied the Italian courts for over four years, and aroused immense interest throughout the whole of Italy.

On Feb. 1, 1903, Signor Notarbartolo, a director of the Sicilian bank in Palermo, was found murdered on the railway line. A searching inquiry failed to find the assassin, but showed that the crime was the work of the Mafia, whose criminal designs the murdered man had thwarted.

Among his enemies was known to be Signor Palizzolo, member for Palermo in the Italian Parliament, who, owing to certain accusations by Signor Notarbartolo had been obliged to resign his seat on the board of the Sicilian bank. Various sinister rumors were afloat regarding his complicity.

People were already beginning to forget the tragic affair when in 1890 Signor Notarbartolo's nephew publicly accused Signor Palizzolo of having instigated the murder of his uncle. He proved that the former was in close relations with, if not a member of, the Mafia.

In spite of the ex-Deputy's attempts to avoid a trial, he was arrested. In order to escape the influence of the all-powerful Mafia, Bologna was chosen as the venue in place of Palermo. After a memorable trial lasting eleven months, in which over 1,200 witnesses were heard, and the speech for the defense lasted fourteen days, Signor Palizzolo and two friends were pronounced guilty by a majority of one vote and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment.

This verdict, however, was made the subject of examination by the appeal court at Rome, which finally quashed it, and in January, 1903, ordered a new trial at Florence, which, after ten months' continuous hearing has resulted in what is practically a victory for the Mafia by the acquittal of all the accused.

Incubation in the Desert.

Many a person who has watched a mother robin nesting patiently on her eggs in a blossoming apple-tree has wondered how the little creature or her ancestors ever learned that that long process would cause the eggs to hatch. A greater puzzle is set for them, says the author of "The Land of Little Rain," in the great desert, where the same birds have learned to cool their eggs instead of warming them.

In the unsheltered nests on the sandy plains it becomes necessary to keep the eggs from cooking. One hot, stifling spring in the Little Antelope a traveler had occasion to pass and re-pass the nest of a pair of meadowlarks, located unhappily in the shade of a very slender weed. The birds were never sitting except at night, but at midday they stood or drooped above the nest, half-fainting, with pitifully parted bills, spreading their wings between the sun and the eggs. Sometimes both of them together, with wings spread and half-tipt, maintained a spot of shade in a terrific temperature.

Their patience was in this case rewarded, for the compassionate traveler at last spared them a bit of canvas, which she mounted over the nest as a permanent shelter.

Negative Merit.

"How is your boy getting along in his new situation?"

"Pretty good," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "If Josh makes a mistake it'll be on the safe side. He ain't likely to do enough work to run any risk of bein' jumped on fur doin' somethin' wrong."—Washington Star.

OLD FAVORITES

Tubal Cain.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might in the days when Earth was young; By the fierce red light of his furnace bright.

The strokes of his hammer rung; And he lifted high his brawny hand On the iron glowing clear.

Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers, As he fashioned the sword and spear, And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"

Hurrah for the spear and the sword! Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well! For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one, As he wrought by his roaring fire, And each one prayed for a strong steel blade.

As the crown of his desire; And he made them weapons sharp and strong.

Till they shouted loud for glee, And gave him gifts of pearl and gold.

And spoils of the forest free, And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,

Who hath given us strength anew! Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,

And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart Ere the setting of the sun, And Tubal Cain was filled with pain.

For the evil he had done; He saw that men, with rage and hate, Made war upon their kind;

That the land was red with the blood they shed.

In their lust for carnage blind, And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,

Or that skill of mine should plan, The spear and the sword for men whose joy

Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain Sat brooding o'er his woe;

And his hand forbore to smite the ore, And his furnace smoldered low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face, And a bright, courageous eye,

And bared his strong right arm for work, While the quick flames mounted high.

And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"

And the red sparks lit the air: "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"

And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past, In friendship joined their hands.

Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,

And plowed the willing lands; And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!

Our staunch good friend is he; And for the plowshare and the plow

To him our praise shall be. But while oppression lifts its head,

Or a tyrant would be lord, Though we may thank him for the plow,

We'll not forget the sword!" —Charles Mackay.

QUICK LUNCH RECORDS.

Queer Combinations Picked Out by Some of the Eaters.

The manager of the quick lunch palace shuddered, although the day was hot, and bestowed a gaze of mingled wonder and reproach upon the broad back of the man who had just picked up a number of dishes of food from the counter and was weaving his way through the crowd with them skillfully balanced in two hands like a vaudeville juggler picking his way across a stage filled with tossed-up paraphernalia, according to the Washington Star.

"Say," hoarsely inquired the manager, "d'ye see what that man took with him to eat?"

The man to whom the question was addressed had not noticed.

"A bowl of milk, a dish of sliced cucumbers, two deviled crabs and a piece of rhubarb pie," groaned the manager, feeling tentatively of the fourth button of his waistcoat.

"Just try and figure that out," he went on. "How would you like to try a combination like that—milk, cucumbers, crabs and pie? When that man first came in here—it was during the first bad hot spell of the summer—and selected that assortment of dainties, I passed him my Montmercy smile."

"Bet" said I.

"He looked me over without a blink."

"Hey?" said he.

"You bet the man, I suppose," said I, "that you could beat him over the links by two and three to play and you didn't make good?"

He rested his crabs and cucumbers and his bowl of milk and his pie on the counter and looked me over.

"Say, what's the matter?" he finally asked me, with a mystified look.

"Then I told him how weird that combination of his looked."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said he, smiling. "Don't you let a little thing like that bother you. You ought to've seen my grandfather. He used to smoke a clay pipe and eat buttered gingerbread and green apples at the same time and whistle 'Old Zip Coon' without missing a note, and he walked over to his seat and began his dainty luncheon."

"I kept an eye on him, nevertheless, and looked up the telephone number of the nearest ambulance hospital. But he just went right ahead as he's doing now."

"While I was still studying him—I could not keep my eyes off of him—he walked up to the counter and selected a piece of cold mince pie and a tall glass of iced tea to top off with."

"He's been back every week-day since, and that's about his regular noonday ration. He's got to be one of

my show pieces. He's figure A in the exhibition.

"But there are others. See that little man over yonder with the white sides and the pink cheeks—the one off there in the corner? What do you suppose his regular winter and summer high noon refectory is, and has been for years past? A plate of bread and butter, two large dill pickles and a cup of cocoa. Every week-day of the year that old boy with the white things at the sides of his countenance commits that kind of an assault and battery on his diaphragm, and, say, just look at him—cheeks pink and healthy, eyes as clear as filtered well water, and more hair on the top of his head than I've got, although he's 60, if he's a day."

"He told me the other day that he hadn't had a sick minute in sixteen years. That, by the way, is how it is with most of the comorants. The tougher the kind of conglomerations they habitually get away with the healthier they look. But they're probably born that way. And as a matter of fact, the majority of the men who come in here for lunch seem to just try to loop-the-loop with their digestive apparatus."

SURPRISE FOR BIG GRIZZLY.

Took a Photograph of Himself While Examining a Camera.

Bert Gibbs is the amateur photographer bear hunter of all Round valley. But he doesn't hunt that class of subjects since a big Mendocino grizzly took his camera away from him. He had shot everything in his neighborhood, and to his prized collection of snaps of living birds, squirrels and deer he longed to add the photograph of a live bear—one with a fierce, whiskered phis, with tongue lolling out and eyes gleaming in all the savage fire of lowest brutality.

He was brave, was Bert, and filled with the enthusiasm of the true "fend" took his solitary way into the far woods armed with his loaded picture box. While cautiously beating up a huckleberry patch, trying to flush his bear, he fell over a bank and badly sprained an ankle. After lying all night disabled where he had fallen he concluded that he was doomed to remain there till he starved to death. He photographed in his mind his emaciated body found days hence, and the sad idea came to him to take a last "shot" at himself. He had heard that people in the last ditch always reserved last shots for their personal uses. He would do this, and the faithful camera would give up a farewell view of him taken while dying.

Then he fastened a string to the shutter of the machine, placed it on a log and was beginning to "cock natural" before it when a huge grizzly lumbered out of the brush lanche. Gibbs heaved himself in one mighty spring. His ankle was disabled, but he found no difficulty in getting up a near-by tree. The bear paid no attention to him, but, squatting on his haunches, proceeded to instruct himself in camera craft. He picked it up with his forepaws and was making a minute examination with eyes and nose when the shutter snapped. The sharp sound frightened him, and, dropping the box, he galloped off into the woods.

Gibbs came down from the tree cured of the sprain, picked up his camera and went home. Then he developed the photograph which the grizzly had taken of itself with the last shot he had reserved for himself.—San Francisco Call.

Cy's Choice.

Cyrus Pettingill made brooms for a living and Ezra Hoskins kept a store in the New Hampshire town where both of them lived. One day, says the Columbia Record, Cy came in with a load of brooms, and then dickered began.

"Ezra, I want to sell you these brooms."

"All right, Cy, I'll take them."

"I don't want any store pay," continued Cy. "I want cash for them."

After a thoughtful pause Ezra said, "I tell you what I'll do, Cy. I'll give you half cash and half trade."

Cy pulled a straw out of one of the brooms and looked at it, as if for inspiration.

"I guess that'll be all right," he said, at last.

After Ezra had put the brooms in their place in the store, he said:

"Here's your money, Cy. Now, what do you want in trade?"

Cy's shrewd glance swept over the miscellaneous stock of the store.

"Well, Ezra," said he, "if it's all the same to you, I'll take brooms."

Irrigation from Ice.

In Montana the experiment has been tried of freezing water to be used for irrigation. As soon as the weather becomes such as to melt the ice it is fit for the operations requiring the water. The plan, which so far is in the nature of an experiment, consists in making a series of shallow basins on the slope of a hill in such locations that, when water is plentiful, they may be filled, each of those below the highest receiving successfully the overflow from the one above it.

Once frozen, the ice in these shallow reservoirs is there until the thaw sets in, when it melts so slowly as to keep up a supply of moisture sufficient for the germination and growth of the early crops. This unique method has been tried so far only in the vicinity of Dillon, but it appears to be successful and is to be given a trial in several other favorable localities.

Said Fact.

The Barber—Try some hair restorer?

The Philosopher—Oh, no; I have long ceased to regard hair as one of the necessities of life.—Brooklyn Life.