

## Topics of the Times

After putting your best foot forward get there with both feet.

An old bachelor says an optimist is a married man who is glad of it.

In the bright lexicon of the hustler there is no such word as "enough."

A wise physician sometimes flatters a man by telling him he has brain fog.

Many a woman who can converse in five languages is unable to shut up in one.

If wives would continue to be sweet-hearts lots of husbands would cease to pay their club dues.

An honest miller separates the wheat from the chaff—and converts the latter into breakfast food.

Many a man talks back to his wife for the purpose of affording her the pleasure of getting in the last word.

A colored philosopher says there is less luck in a rabbit's foot than there is in a chicken's foot—providing the rest of the fowl is attached.

Jean De Reszke gets \$30 an hour for music lessons. Perhaps if Patti could do that she might forego the sweet sorrow of saying good-by to American audiences.

The King of Spain has consented to act as arbitrator between Honduras and Nicaragua. Who can deny that Progress is progressing when children may settle disputes between great nations?

A Boston society woman who endeavored to smuggle a pearl necklace through a custom house was caught at it and the jewels were confiscated. Still, this probably had less than Mr. Douglas' advertising to do with the result in Massachusetts.

"Not a single religious problem of any importance has been solved by the theological seminaries of the United States in fifty years," says President Harper of the University of Chicago. Therefore he wants his university to go to work and solve them all. It is a great undertaking, and will probably keep the Chicago institution busy for the next year at least.

Spain is about to abolish bull-fighting. No country in the civilized world has changed so much in the last six years as Spain. The effect of the prompt and unequivocal defeat administered to her navy by the United States has been highly beneficial to the nation. Her people no longer stand against a wall and whine. The loss of their colonies has proved an incentive to the development of the resources of the peninsula. The lowering of the traditional Spanish pride has induced inhabitants of city and country to work as never before since the Roman invasion.

We pray thee, O Yankee ingenuity, to give us: A window shade that rolls up straight, a window shade roller that stops winding when the tassel reaches the pole, a window sash that doesn't rattle when the wind blows, a rug that won't turn up at the edges, a silver service that will not tarnish, door hinges that won't creak, door locks with spring latches which yield to their keeper without the constant assistance of soap, a bunch of keys that will not rust, milk bottles that will clean themselves, garbage pails that will defy white wings and the porter, steam heaters that won't stink, gas tips that won't clog and fish tail, a griddle that won't smoke, a clock that keeps time.

Sunday long since ceased to be exclusively a day of worship in the United States. In fact, the percentage of the population who are habitual churchgoers is comparatively insignificant. Sunday has become not much more than a day of rest and recreation. In spite of helpful laws and ordinances it is a difficult thing to preserve a decorous observance of Sunday. The declaration of Christ that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for Sabbath, has been given a latitudinarian interpretation that allows not only urgent and necessary duties to be performed on that day but tolerates open saloons, theaters, ball games and other kinds of sports and amusements.

You've formed your notions of country people from "The Old Homestead" and these by-gone Mirandy novels. The real farmers nowadays drive into town in double-seated carriages with matched bays carried so that you could see to comb your hair in their glossy sides. The single rigs sparkle in the sun, conveying young men and young women of such clean-cut, high-bred features as to make us wonder. They all come from good old stock. The young fellows run a little too strongly to patent leather shoes and their horses are almost too skittish, but the girls are all right. If their clothes set better than you thought they would, why you must remember that they subscribe for the very same fashion magazine that you do.

While we still insist that people who deal in articles wherewith one may take life secretly shall be licensed and made to show their fitness for public and professional trust, we show a singular inconsistency in demanding no license to make or sell or use the means of sudden and violent death.

In other words, while we demand skill and care in making, bottling, labeling, prescribing and selling certain strenuous alkalis, acids and drugs that have a specific effect on the functioning of various organs, we will sell to anybody a gun, pistol, a box of ammunition, a ton of dynamite, a keg of powder, a bomb, a rocket, a dagger, anything in fact, wherewith the end of an enemy or a host of enemies can be secured.

A magazine writer says the church is in crying need of "business clergymen." He explains that congregations of which he knows have grown from almost nothing to great size because of the business ability of the pastors chosen to lead them. He thinks the influence of the church will wane and dwindle unless men fitted to deal with administrative and financial problems enter the ministry in large numbers. We do not remember ever having seen the commercial trend of the present age better illustrated than in this article. Probably the writer would consider a great poet, a great scholar or a great statesman a failure unless his success were attested by the number of his disciples or the size of his bank account. Business ability is a good thing to have, whatever one's calling, but the need of the church is more true spirituality in its leadership.

It may always have been so, but it is especially true to-day, that this country is producing a higher type of womanhood than of manhood. In all our towns and cities there are more young women whom you would welcome to your homes as daughters-in-law than young men whom you would welcome as sons-in-law. There are reasons why this is so, but there is no excuse that it is so. There is nothing in the world so well worth looking after as the boy, and there is no human being in the world so neglected. We have provided little place, scant room for him. He is welcome to the home as a baby and he is welcome as a man, but there is little welcome for him as a boy. We chaperon our girls and carefully guard them against unworthy boys, but we leave the boy to choose for himself his associates and his achievements. We give him much sage advice, perhaps, but little sympathetic guidance. The loneliest, most unloved human creature is the boy. Girls are naturally winsome, gentle, companionable. They win their way in homes and hearts. But the boy, noisy, awkward, mischievous, is invited into few homes and feels none too much at home in his own. About the only door that swings with sure welcome to the boys, about the only chair that is shoved near the fire especially for the boy, about the only place where he is sure of a cordial greeting—is where he ought not to go. It is one of the hardest things in the world to get hold of a boy—to get a sure grip on him. It is hard to win the companionship, the faith and confidence of your boy. He has almost occult powers of observation and conclusion. You think you know him through an occasional glance, but the chances are he knows you far better than you know him. He is hungry for companionship and he will have it. You can't chain him away from it. He wants the companionship of boys, and nothing will take its place. If the rime of selfishness has so incased your heart that the joys and hopes of your boy cannot enter into it, the boy is to be pitied, but so are you. Few fathers and sons are more than fairly intimate acquaintances. It is always the father's fault.

There are hundreds in every great city, and in every country there are thousands of men, women and children with a latent capacity of heroism who go through life unnoticed or unappreciated, because no accident has evoked it. Again, the recognition or irrecognition of those heroisms which accident has evoked is often accidental. They happen, perhaps, inopportunistly, when attention is absorbed by something which imposes more upon the public imagination. In the same week in which the name of the boy hero of the Norge was in every paper and on every lip a boy hero of our own, who threw himself in front of an express train to seize a little brother and fling him aside off the track at the cost of his own life, attracted hardly a moment's notice.

Dumont records the following instance of a woman's heroism during the siege of Gibraltar: "The count d'Artois came to St. Roch to visit the place and works. I well remember that his highness, while inspecting the lines in company with the Duke de Crillon, both of them with their suite, alighted, and all lay flat on the ground to shun the effects of a bomb that fell near a part of the barracks.

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People go to the city to buy goods, thinking they can buy them cheaper. Ordinarily prices are higher in the city than in the country and the only reason the customer does not buy at home is because he thinks he can buy cheaper in the city. It devolves upon the home merchant to obliterate that "think" by liberal advertising.

A merchant in an Iowa town states that his advertising last year cost him 54 cents for every \$100 worth of goods sold. He used a half page for his business announcement each week and says that as long as people read newspapers he will advertise. There's a man possessed of a good head. Just as soon as merchants begin to look upon advertising as a branch of the business which requires as much care as any part of it, then will advertising pay. Honesty, force, originality and persistency in advertising make it a paying investment.

An advertisement which is so constructed as to leave every reader who has taken the pains to go through it, satisfied that his time has not been wasted, even though he has no need of the particular thing advertised, is a good bid for publicity. An advertiser's offering should have enough thought and care and skill put on it to pay anyone for reading it whether he is a customer or not. Advertisements should be instructive, thought stimulating and new. It is worth something of any man's time to read anything in a newspaper or periodical, and we betide the newspaper or "ad." man who does not keep this end constantly in view. Advertising doesn't pay unless it gives the reader something to pay him for the time he spends in perusing it.

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## CIVILIZED MEN SHOULD BE ABOVE WAR.

By Henry Labouchere.



I prefer teaching our children that war is one of the direst curses that afflict this earth, and that, while all should be prepared, if needs be, to defend our independence, our persistent aim should be to avoid all wars, and—as was well said by Lord Percy—"nations should consider, not how little they can concede to one another, but how far they can meet each other's views."

This is the spirit that now animates the working men of France, of Germany, and of Italy. Their leaders are ever deprecating any recrudescence of the military spirit that has conduced so often to war in the past. It is the spirit that animates our own workmen. If we were attacked they would need no military tomfooleries in national schools to induce them to fight for their country. But they know that peace is the best of policies for them, as never has there been a war which has not been harmful to those engaged in industry. Napoleon infused a military spirit into Frenchmen. What did the workmen of France gain by his conquests? What do British workers gain by our annexations of Uganda, of the Sudan and of the empire of Sokoto? What have they gained by our war in South Africa, except having to pay more for some of their necessities and the knowledge that it has paved the way for the introduction of Chinese chattels to work in the Transvaal mines for the benefit of cosmopolitan millionaires?

A tribe of savages is always cultivating a military spirit. Its sole occupation is war, and the arts of peace are despised as contemptible to men of spirit. Among civilized men there ought to be a higher ideal, and there would be were it that there are usually too many missionaries of strife among them ever appealing to the baser passions and trying to persuade their fellow-countrymen that there is something noble and elevating in war and that a soldier is the noblest of human beings. Armies are necessary evils, but for my part I prefer a procession of trade-unionists to the marching of armed regiments, and the simple and homely garb of a worker to the tawdry trappings of men of war. I respect a man who honorably fulfills his calling as a soldier, but he is no better in my eyes than the man who honestly labors in other and more peaceful avocations.

## WHY HEROES' FAME IS ACCIDENTAL.

By T. F. O'Connor.



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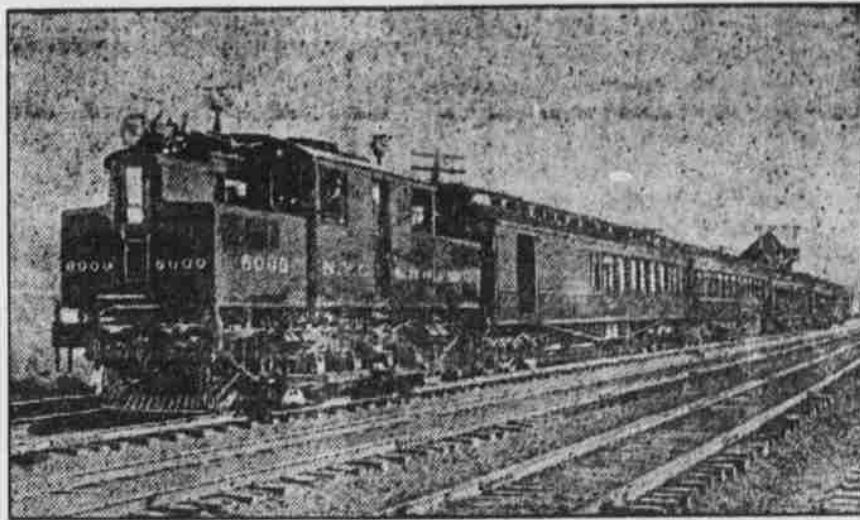
## NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

Future Railroad May Be Greatly Changed by Speedy Engine.

A new electric locomotive which may revolutionize the motive power on railroads was given a trial at Schenectady, N. Y., a few days ago, while scores of men prominent in railroad and electrical circles watched the tests. The locomotive was built in this city for the New York Central terminal service in New York City, and the

There was no heat in the cab, no noise save the whirling of the air compressors for the brakes and no smoke to pollute the clear country air, yet this huge machine with its 3,000 horse power pulled a train of ten cars, weighing 600 tons, at the rate of 50 miles an hour and actually beat an express train which passed on another track. It also pulled a 400-ton train of five cars at a speed of 62 miles an hour.

The locomotive is one of a number



NEW YORK CENTRAL'S NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

trials demonstrated that it will ultimately provide high speed motive power for railroad traffic. It is expected to develop a speed of 100 miles an hour.

The official tests of the big, 95-ton electric locomotive took place on a stretch of four miles of especially prepared track near Schenectady, and in the presence of many leading railroad officials and hundreds of deeply interested spectators. This extraordinary locomotive, the most powerful transportation engine in the world, pulled a train of four heavy coaches at the rate of 72 miles an hour, and only the shortness of the track prevented it from attaining an even higher velocity. In the cab of the locomotive, when it left its shed for the trial was W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who worked the controller. The engine was pronounced a great success and all who watched the tests were strong in the belief that it will be a great feature in railroading in the future.

This locomotive is the first built of 40 ordered by the New York Central for its New York terminal. It had had several preliminary trials, but this was the official test for speed, drawing capacity and acceleration. Prominent electrical engineers and railroad men from all over the country were present. There is little doubt in the minds of the officials who witnessed the tests that a speed of 90 to 100 miles an hour can be made.

that will be used by the Central for hauling through passenger trains through the Park avenue tunnel in the metropolis. With one of this type, trains of ten or more cars may be hauled at express speed of 60 to 100 miles per hour, and the design and method of control are such that two or more locomotives can be coupled together and operated by a single engineer from the leading cab, so that the size of the train that may be under the control of one engineer is practically unlimited so far as the question of motive power is concerned.

The locomotive is double-ended and can be run in either direction with equal facility. The maximum horse power of this locomotive is approximately 3,000, which is considerably greater than that of the largest steam locomotive.

## WHAT WOMAN CONFESSED.

When Wealth and Business Came in Love Flew From the Heart.

"Did anybody ever tell you that in some far prehistoric time I was in love with my husband?" said Mrs. Romaine carelessly. "Well, I was. I used to go to afternoon services in Lent and pray for that love to last, because the sensation was so much to my taste. I used to have ecstatic feelings when his foot was on the stair and I sat sewing his little baby clothes. We lived in a plainish way then; \$3 spent in two

where a Frenchwoman had a canteen. This woman, with two children on her arm, rushes forth, sits with the utmost sangfroid on the bombshell, puts out the match, and thus extricates from danger all that were around her. Numbers were witnesses of this incident, and his highness granted her a pension of three francs a day and promised to promote her husband after the siege. The Duke de Crillon imitated the Prince's generosity and insured to her a payment of five francs a day."

Here, from a contemporary journal, is an account of an act of similar intrepidity, giving the names of the heroes: "After a royal salute from the principal fort, St. Heliers, in the island of Jersey, the matches used on the occasion were lodged in the magazine without being properly extinguished. On the evening of the same day smoke was perceived to issue from an air hole in one end of the magazine, and the alarm was soon spread. Three men volunteered their services and were bold enough to advance to and break open the magazine, where they found two casks of wood, filled with ammunition, on fire, near which stood an open barrel of gunpowder. A flannel cartridge was almost burned through and some of the beams that supported the roof were on fire. By their exertions the fire was extinguished. The magazine contained 200 barrels of gunpowder, besides charged bombs."

## FORTUNE TELLING IS UNSCIENTIFIC.

By Andrew Wilson.



To assume that in some mysterious fashion or other the indications, not of character merely, but of a person's past and future, are to be determined by a survey of certain lines on the palm, is to assert a doctrine which is monstrous in respect of its absurdity. Such a statement is easily made, but when one calls for proof he does not find it in the results of the palmist's practice, and certainly no explanation is forthcoming from the side of physiology. The whole soothsaying business is a matter of tricks, such as can impress the credulous alone. I never heard the case against palmistry and fortune-telling at large better summed up than in the expression of an American critic. He declared that if there was any truth or reality in the art, the palmist could make his fortune on the turf by backing winners, that his operations on the stock exchange would soon render him independent, and that if a life insurance company could trust to his revelations regarding the duration of life of insureds, he would be retained by it at the salary of a president.

That which also surprises me is the faith which cultured people occasionally are found to place in fortune-telling. I have read of cases in which it was averred that a lady looking into a crystal described to bystanders scenes she had never witnessed, but with which scenes they were themselves familiar. Now, one would wish here for much more exact evidence than mere hearsay. In a scientific investigation we should have all the evidence duly noted, and every possibility of fraud or error avoided. There would require to be an exact inquiry into all the circumstances under which the alleged reproductions in the crystal, construed by the brain of a person unfamiliar with the scenes, were carried out. I do not know if in a single instance this plan was pursued. Why should we not apply the care we exercise in ordinary matters of life to the pretensions of the fortune-teller? Besides, even on scientific grounds, we might find in certain brain-vagaries materials for accounting for the phenomena on the lines of unconscious memory and reproduction of impressions. As for the palmists, let us devoutly hope we have heard the last of them. On this point I have my doubts.

theater tickets was a tremendous outlay; and we walked out to dinners—I tucking up the train of my best gown under a long cloak and laughing if the wind snatched it away from me at the corners and whipped it around my feet. Then he grew richer, and we broadened the borders of our phylictery, and then—how—when—dear knows if I can remember, we grew farther and farther away from each other. Now, when he is at home, I am aware of it, because he is there behind a newspaper; but that is all! When our lips meet it is like two pieces of dry pith coming together. I know nothing of his affairs, nor he of mine. I have money in abundance. Money—money—who cares for money when a man's heart and soul and brain have gone into it?"

The above is a true experience in many a woman's life, says George T. Angell in Our Dumb Animals, and in reading it the thought comes what a blessing it would be if a hundred thousand American girls, now striving to get places in shops and stores and do unhealthy work in offices, could thoroughly prepare themselves for domestic life, and, marrying young men of about their own age, be content as we were years ago to hire a little house out of town at \$150 rent, and living with economy, with no need of wealth, have more of heaven in this world than they are ever likely to get in any other way.

## Man a Member of Mineral Kingdom.

That the minute traces of metallic substances found in living bodies are not accidental, but essential to the performance of the functions of life, is asserted by Herrera, a French biologist. He goes so far as to say that zoology and botany are but chapters of mineralogy, so important is the role played in organic life by these so-called inorganic substances. For instance, all the phenomena of movement in an animal are, he asserts, due to oxidation. As to nutrition, it is impossible, he says, when the food is deprived of its mineral elements. Dogs fed on substances from which the salt and other inorganic matter has been carefully removed die of starvation. At the bottom of our vital processes, asserts this writer, are fermentation and oxidation, or their analogies; and these depend on the presence of certain mineral bodies in the tissues. Even the role of pepsin in digestion seems to depend on the presence of iron. In short, the organic substances on which life depends are, he says, "prepared in inorganic workshops with mineral reagents," and thus a living being is practically a member of the mineral kingdom.—Success.

A man's relatives should live so far away that he feels like putting on a clean shirt when he goes to see them.

## IN THE SICILIAN HIGHLANDS.

Magnificent Scenery Surrounds Mountain Town of La Generosa

There is, except from Mount Etna or from the comb of the Cammarata, from the great rock above Castogiovanni, or from the walls of Centuripe or Troina, or from the beech woods of Maniace at the summit of the Serra del Re, no view in Sicily comparable in magnificent range with that from La Generosa, as Pollizi is surnamed, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly.

This small town, once a Norman eyrie of Count Roger—his mountaintop whip for the Saracens—stands on an extraordinary rock or precipice at an elevation of over 3,000 feet above the surrounding mountain region. In the middle ages Pollizi was one of the most prosperous inland towns of the Sicilian highlands, though how it could ever have been so may well puzzle the traveler of to-day, who looks up to its crag-erect height either in the blaze of the merciless heat beating with a furnace-wing against the arid rock, or against the sleety rain and tempestuous cloud of the tromonta or graglia in the dreaded stagione di tempeste—the season of tempest.

The immense panorama of the view extends over much of central Sicily—from the last spurs of the Maccedonian range on the north, above Cefalù and the Tyrrhene Sea, to the height of Enna, in the south; from the Montemaggiore and Cammarata Mountain range of the west to the steep slopes of Nicosia and Troina and to the snows of crag-reaching Etna on the east. Far below in the rock valley from the torrents which become the Fiume Salso (the Himera Meridionale) and the Fiume Grande (the Himera Septentrionale).

Near by are the precipitous neighboring mountain towns of Castellena, on the flanks of Monte Balza—the site, it is believed, of the ancient Iunucha. And even in the little town itself there are things of interest to be seen—in particular some fine carving and other sculptural adornment in the Duomo, or Chinese Matrice, as the cathedral church is always called in Sicily, and in the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, a really fine archaic triptych, brought here no one seems to know when or by whom, but obviously painted by a disciple of Meming, if not by the great Fleming himself.

## FLAGGING THE ENEMY.

The agent for "The Modern World of Music" hesitated at the foot of the driveway and glanced again at the bright red flag which fluttered from the front porch.

"Coming up or ain't ye?" called a loud voice, as a tall figure rose from a chair on the porch and turned toward the stranger.

"Are you going to have an auction or have you got scarlet fever or something there?" called the agent.

"Tain't no auction, that's certain sure," bawled the voice from the porch; "and I don't reckon it's scarlet fever, either, leastways the doctor ain't said so. Come up, won't ye?"

"I guess not to-day!" called the book agent, and he sped on up the road.

The man on the porch resumed his seat and looked affectionately at the small red flag.

Living outside the village as we do, I don't know how we'd manage without that little flag," he remarked to the summer boarder.

"It comes handy more ways than one. Folks are apt to be kind o' wind-ed after they've clim' up the hill, and in times past we've had agents for one thing or another setting on this piazzette hours at a time. But I most gen'ally hear of 'em in the village the day before, and since the ice-man give me that little flag I haven't had a mite o' trouble.

"I guess now I'll take her in; the ice-man don't gen'ly come by on Thursdays, an' yet of course he might take a notion; but if he don't get along by this time o' day I am apt to give him up. Useful little critter!" and he smoothed the small flag tenderly as he took it into the house.

## The Life of a Book.

Interviewed by the Book Monthly, A. M. S. Methuen admits that "an enormous amount of rubbish is published," but he holds that because it has no likelihood of living it does little harm. There are few people, he tells us, who realize how short the life of an average book is and how far shorter it is getting. "Fifteen years ago you could count on its existence for two or three years. Now three books out of four are almost dead as mutton in three months. You may sell a few copies afterward, but the sale that remunerates the author and publisher is over before you know where you are." Taken altogether, Mr. Methuen considers publishing "the most difficult business in the world," adding that "with competition it is getting more difficult." The publisher need not look for wealth; but among his compensations is the interest of his calling—"the literary interest, which is grateful and agreeable under all circumstances."—London Outlook.

## Two Kinds of Actors.

"Actors nowadays," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "are divided into two great classes."

"Tragedians and comedians?" queried the friend.

"No. Amateurs and scene-chewers."—Washington Star.

When there is a death in the family, people begin to realize the kindness of some neighbors. A card of thanks is really creditable.