

TOPICS OF THE TIMES

A smuggled necessity becomes an expensive luxury when caught.

The latest puzzle is to find the "buried cities" in the Caribbean sea.

Try to do a little work. The report that the fish are biting is probably a false alarm.

Three of the American wars have had a mortality as high as that of some coal mines.

Pork is getting so high that to be called a ham these days is really considered a compliment.

Another youth has gone wrong under the influence of dime novels. A little reading is still a dangerous thing.

Life, let it be observed, is not one grand sweet song for kings and emperors. They have to kiss one another.

It is announced that John D. Rockefeller wears a paper vest when he plays golf. We know mere clerks who do that.

Why should not the young man's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of love? Spring millinery bills do not embitter his dreams.

"We've noticed," says the St. Louis Star, "a falling off in the number of women who ask: 'Is my hat on straight?'" The women must be leaving St. Louis.

Andrew Carnegie admits that he has made forty men millionaires, and sixteen of them have since been divorced. Andy should have made their wives the millionaires.

"If you wish to live long," says an eminent nonagenarian, "work hard and eat no meat." Even people who have little moral courage find it convenient to adopt this scheme now.

Meanwhile, it may comfort those persons who think they have had a narrow escape to reflect that it will be seventy-five years before Halley's comet visits this part of the universe again.

When King George said good-by to Emperor William at the depot the German ruler kissed the new king three times, notwithstanding the fact that scientists say whiskers are generally full of germs.

Discovering that Secretary Wilson's cook book devotes some space to telling of the toothsome of the muskrat when properly cooked, we are constrained to announce that we have lost confidence in that literary production.

A Pennsylvania man remembered his wife in his will and also the widow next door, dividing his property between them, but stipulating that if either started a quarrel her share goes to the other. The vaunted wisdom of Solomon could have gone no further than this.

People whose alleged reason for not going abroad is that they are afraid of being seasick in crossing the English channel may be interested to know that the Paris-London Transatlantic Company hopes to be able to start a cross-channel service by airship between Dover and Calais within a few months.

There will be sympathy for the aged Kansan who remarked, when the late April cold wave made its appearance, "This has been the shortest summer I ever knew." All preconceived notions as to what weather was capable of have been upset by this extraordinary spring. Only by keeping a calendar in plain sight can one tell what time of year it really is.

Colleges have many problems to face in common, but Brown University has one which appears to be peculiar to itself. There is a complaint that the babies of Providence, accompanied by their nurses, take possession of the campus on pleasant days, and use it as a public playground. The paths are blocked by baby carriages, according to President Faunce, and the students cannot safely play ball under the trees. The authorities of the university dislike to appear inhospitable, but naturally they feel that there is such a thing as entering upon a college career too early in life.

Raspberry jam, when eaten at midnight with a hatpin, is "galopious," according to the verdict of boarding school girls. General agreement with this verdict induced so active a demand for raspberries in Scotland that many small fruit farms were started a few years ago. Land which was rented at from five to seven dollars and a half an acre in 1900, found tenants at from thirty to fifty dollars an acre six years later, and the raspberries sold for two hundred dollars a ton. As from one and a half to four tons an acre could be raised, the business was profitable. But in spite of the "galopiousness" of raspberry jam at midnight and at other times of the day, the supply soon exceeded the demand, and the price fell rapidly, till last year forty-four dollars a ton was the market price, and those who had entered the business late lost their money. This is but another illustration of the failure of the average man

to act on the rule of the judicious, who raise some other crop when everybody is raising raspberries, or wheat, or potatoes, or beans, or onions, or whatever the fad of the moment may be.

Is the tyranny of the microbe to be broken? For a good many years scientists and pseudo-scientists have been busy throwing scares into the community by descending upon the dangers that lurk everywhere from these microscopic organisms. People have been warned not to do this and that, lest the bacteria lying in wait invade some of their tissues or vasa cera and set up dangerous or fatal disease conditions. Even kissing has been placed under the ban by some doctors. They have said that bacilli so small that, like some of the alleged devils of the Inferno, a million of them can dance upon the point of a needle, may be transferred by the meeting of the lips. Thus, if one of the kissers happened to be diseased the healthy one would become inoculated—or, if both happened to be a little off the condition of perfect health, the mingling of the atoms might produce baleful consequences. But now we are assured by an eminent Boston physician, professor of Harvard Medical School, that kissing is a perfectly safe pastime so far as bacteria are concerned—that the only possible danger in kissing is from heart trouble. It is safe to say that the whole population that has not outlived the years of romance will join in hearty thanks to this learned professor. The possible danger from heart trouble will be to them a negligible quantity. Heart trouble is what many of them are looking for, and it should prove fatal they would be in the state of bliss of the insect described by the poet as dying of a rose in aromatic pain. Now that the ball has been started we shall possibly hear from other good authorities that other customary delights need not be eschewed for fear of microbes. Perhaps the terror of microbes in connection with the ordinary every-day incidents of life will fade away with the belief in Salem witchcraft and other delusions.

THE FATA MORGANA.

Conditions That Must Obtain to Allow of Its Production.

The fata morgana is a singular aerial phenomenon akin to the mirage. It is seen in many parts of the world but most frequently and in greatest perfection at the strait of Messina between Sicily and Italy. So many conditions must coincide, however, that even there it is of comparatively rare occurrence. To allow of its production the sun must be at an angle of forty-five degrees with the water both sky and sea must be calm and the tidal current sufficiently strong to cause the water in the center to rise higher than on the edges of the strait. When these conditions are fully met the observer on the heights of Calabria, looking toward Messina, will behold a series of rapidly changing pictures, sometimes of most exquisite beauty.

Castles, colonnades, successions of beautiful arches, palaces, cities, with houses and streets and church domes, mountains, forests, grottoes, will appear and vanish, to be succeeded perhaps by fleets of ships, sometimes placidly sailing over the deep, sometimes inverted, while a halo like a rainbow surrounds every image. It is supposed that the images are due to the irregular refractive powers of the different layers of air above the sea which magnify, repeat and distort the objects of the Sicilian shore beyond to the Italians these singular appearances are the castles of the Princess Morgana, and the view of them is supposed to bring good fortune to the beholder.

The Florin.

The florin, one of the most famous of modern coins, originated in Florence. Some say it gave the name to the city, while others assert that it was first so called because it had on it a flower de luce, from the Italian florone, or flower, for the same reason that an English silver piece is called a crown or certain gold pieces in France indifferently a napoleon or a louis or the ten dollar gold piece in American an eagle. Two countries, Austria and Holland, have retained the florin as a unit of monetary value taking it at a time when it was universal in Europe, its usage having been rendered general by the financial supremacy of the little state of northern Italy and the imperfect coinage system of the other countries of the continent.

The Costless Man.

There is a man named M. V. Osborn out in Arkansas who is known as the costless man because only three times since he was married forty-six years ago has he donned a coat. No matter what the weather may be he wears neither coat nor overshirt and believes his health is the better for it. He drinks no intoxicants and does not smoke, but he has chewed tobacco for sixty-five years. He is now 73 and in perfect health. Another peculiarity of his lies in his habit of always wearing a hat. He never takes his hat off except to go to bed or when eating with strangers. His youngest child is less than 3 years old.

The Only Way.

Girl from Country—I don't see what kind of a place I could get. There isn't a single thing I know how to do. Employment Agent—Very simple. Just advertise yourself as a maid of all work.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

The biggest liar in this country is talking of starting a magazine devoted to the Truth

SHAD IN HATCHING.

Work of Experts Aboard the Coast Vessel, the Fish Hawk.

Lying at anchor in the Delaware River off Gloucester is a little vessel painted an immaculate white, which bears across her bow the name, Fish Hawk, the Philadelphia Ledger says. She belongs to the United States fish commission. Her crew is clearing her decks for action, laying out long spawning tables and toiling away in preparation for the millions of shad eggs which will soon come to the vessel from the fishermen up and down the river.

While the Fish Hawk has been employed in shad hatching on the Delaware many seasons since 1881, this is her first visit here in four years. She covers the entire eastern coast from the Kennebec to Key West.

The work of egg collecting is done by the crew of forty-three men, all of whom are experts. They go out to the fishing grounds in small boats towed by steam launches and there secure from the market fishermen the shad which are about to spawn. These eggs are fertilized in large pans and after several days are placed in jars in which they hatch in from four to seven days, the length of time depending on the temperature of the water. When the shad have attained the size of half an inch they are taken to the river beds and turned loose.

The Fish Hawk has collected as many as 125,000,000 eggs in a season, 80 to 95 per cent of which have proved fertile. In nature, it is said, not 5 per cent of the eggs hatch. The Fish Hawk has 350 hatching jars, each capable of holding 85,000 to 90,000 eggs. When the fish are hatched they find their way through a drain pipe into an aquarium, where they remain until turned out.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

A newspaper has 5,000 readers for each 1,000 subscribers, says the Albion, Mich., Recorder. A merchant who puts out 1,000 hand-bills gets possibly 300 or 400 people to read—that is, if the boy who is trusted to distribute them does not chuck them under the sidewalk. The hand-bill cost as much as a half column advertisement in the home paper. All the women and girls and half the men and boys read the advertisements. Result: The merchant who uses the newspaper has 3,500 more readers to each 1,000 of the paper's readers. There is no estimating the amount of business that advertising does bring to a merchant, but each dollar brings somewhere from \$20 to \$100 worth of business.

When a man is caught in one exaggeration he will have a pretty hard time trying to convince the world that all he says is not colored by exaggeration. The first exaggeration may have been innocent enough. It may do no harm. But, leaving out all moral considerations, exaggeration and untruthfulness in advertising are mighty bad business. They serve well enough until the truth is found out; then, as the old adage has it: "Truth is mighty and will prevail." The exaggerator must be on the strain continually to exceed his last exaggeration. He will have to appeal each time to a new set of customers. This it is impossible to do continuously among any one class of people. The old proverb may be true that "there is a sucker born every minute." But it is very dangerous to attempt to found a stable business upon such a foundation of sand.

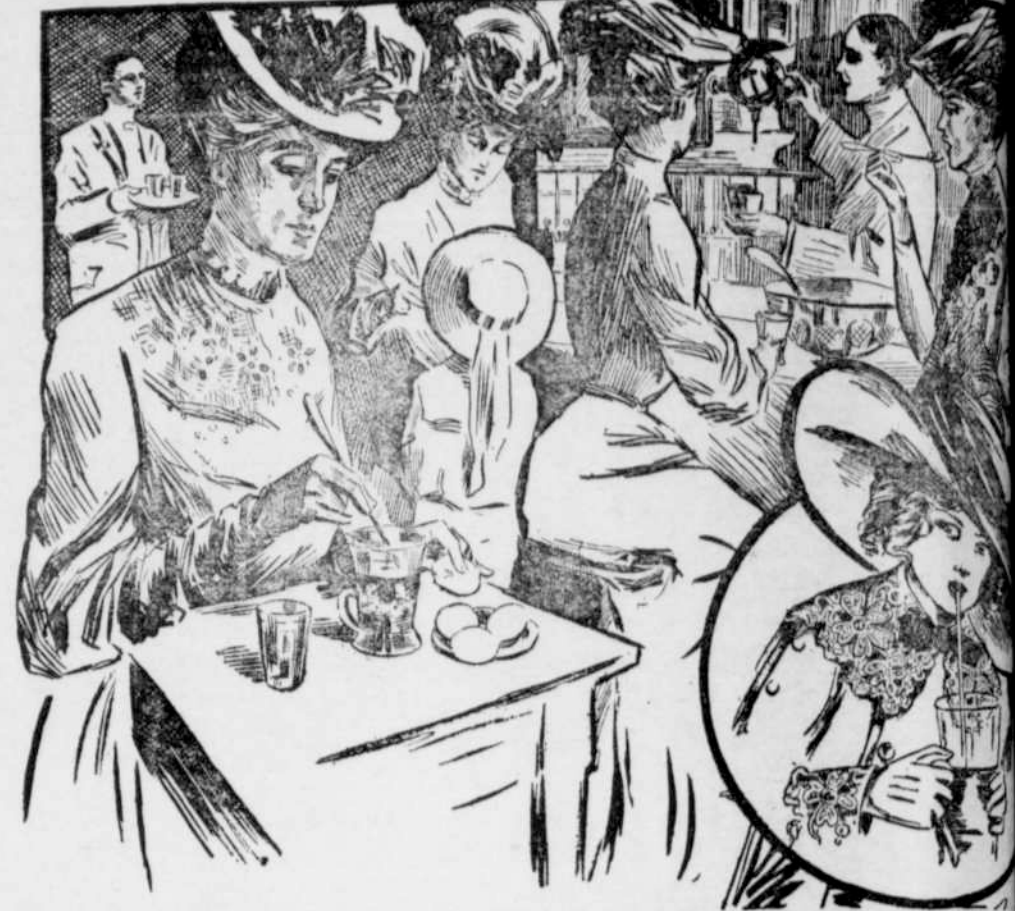
We wonder if our home merchants ever stop to think why the big mail order houses are so successful. Their success lies in their continual advertising of their goods, says the Hunkerville (Mo.) Herald. They never stop advertising because of changes of season or for any other reason. The country newspapers have been fighting these mail order houses hard for years for the benefit of the home merchant, and some of the merchants appreciate this and some of them do not. If the mail order houses would practice advertising by "spurts," in certain seasons of the year, like some country merchants, they would soon go out of business. While the local or home merchant keeps his business "under a bushel," so to speak, or out of their local paper on account of hot, dry or wet weather, or bad roads, they are giving the mail order houses the advantage of them before the people, for those houses never stop advertising for any kind of weather or for dull times.

He Ate His Own Words.

Not long ago the punishment for libel in Russia was the requirement that the libeler literally eat his own words. A man who published a small volume reflecting on the unlimited power of the sovereign was seized, tried in a summary way and condemned to consume the objectionable words. In one of the public streets the margins cut off, the leaves rolled up one by one and fed to the unfortunate author. A surgeon was in attendance to pronounce upon the number possible to give without endangering his life, but he is reported to have set the limit at something like 200.

Parades are attractive, if good, but people laugh at them if they are not. Be careful in getting up a parade of any kind

Growth of the Soda Water



THE girl behind the soda fountain has come into her own. If it's a representative of the other sex who juggles with the fizzy water, he's a sovereign and a white jacket and apron are his robes of state. For soda water has reached one of the very highest notches alongside wheat and automobiles and hash and beer in the scale of life's necessities. This is true all over the broad land from New York as far west as Reno, Nev., or even farther west to Osekuewa, Cal. Ice cream soda has been placed upon a marble pedestal and we are all bowed down in worship—old men, co-eds, stereotypers, summery girls, middle-aged ladies and David Belasco. Every day, summer and winter, we shove our nickel over the slab and murmur humbly that a destiny would be unfulfilled unless we had a "raspberry phosphate" or a "pistachio royal sundae," with green trimmings.

And all this means things in cold, comparative figures that stick in your brain and make you think of economy and the increased price of living, the poor children starving in the slums and other disturbing things when you're going to turn into the corner drug or fruit store for one of them banana frappes, the very latest thing for 15 cents.

But here's what the figures show: That ten billions of nickels are spent every year at soda fountains in this country, and as there are only a billion nickels in circulation, it is plain to be seen that each one of them would have to make ten trips to the soda fountain if only nickels were used. That the nation's expenditure for soda water and carbonated drinks this year is estimated at \$500,000,000. It makes it all the more appalling when you think that that is half a billion dol-

ALLOWANCE FOR THE LIVING.

Do we indeed desire the dead Should still be near us at our side? Is there no baseness we would hide No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove, I had such reverence for his blame, See with clear eyes some hidden shame

And I be lessened in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue; Shall love be blamed for want of faith?

There must be wisdom with great Death: The dead shall look me through and through

Be near us when we climb or fall: Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours With larger other eyes than ours, To make allowance for us all. —Tennyson.

WHERE IT ENDED

And, Luke, where do you expect all this to end?

"End? I hope it never will end. I don't see why it should."

Folding up a little pink note Luke Clark put on his hat and went to visit some of his patients.

"How little men know the hearts of women!" his sister ejaculated as Luke left the room.

In a luxurious house in one of the fashionable residence districts of Philadelphia a dainty creature was reclining with a novel in her hands when a servant brought in a card. This was six months after Luke had taken up his residence in Walton.

"Say I will be down in a moment," the girl told the maid.

When the door closed she jumped to her feet, went to the mirror and stood admiring herself before going down.

In the drawing room stood a young man with a fine head and clear cut features. Hearing the rustle of silks on the stairs, he turned and caught her hands held out to greet him.

After a short conversation in which he told her how much pleasure her letters had given him since taking up his residence out of the world, he burst forth in expressions of love. He

lars, which would buy fifty-five Dreadnoughts three times the value of the yearly output of the churches four times over and would defray sixty expenses of half a million students and than double the combined yearly cost of the navy. Wow! The amount of soda water consumed is estimated at 479,062,500 gallons, which is estimated at \$2,000, so you get a total investment of 959,125,000.

And in these days the soda fountain is big and winter. From year's end to year's end and jingle of the soda fountain in Uncle Sam's never ceases. The time was when for half the fountain was about as idle as the straw parasol. Public fancy has changed all that, the dispenser of fizzing sweetness works in January as in the dog days. Not that he hot drinks only in blizzard temperature; Soda fountain drinks tickle the palates of the less numbers the year round, and thus it has the disher—the handy little tool that big tentandants have for scooping up the cream—vacation.

Besides the direct profits, the soda fountain into the drug stores people who buy medicine, perfume, toilet articles, etc. The cost of itself is far from representing the entire outlay in a small establishment the druggist finds it local to buy his soda and cream, in a large one itself, and therefore buys carbonated syrup percolators and other apparatus. Miscellaneous, too, must be provided.

"Luke, do you know what I've done?" asked. "Of course I do," he replied, "though there is a good deal in both of us." "Have you forgiven me?" she asked with a sob. "Long ago," he whispered, "you forgave yourself." "Then do so for my sake," she said, "you, Edith, darling, good-bye." And then it was all over. City World.

WHITE WAY ON THE

With Only Five Families in the Village Has Electric Light

Yarrow is probably the smallest village in Missouri that has electric light, a Kirkville, Mo., correspondent of the Kansas City Times writes. The population of Yarrow is about 100. The families of a grocery store, a miller, and two farmers. Each family has its own electric light.

The electric light plant was installed and operated by Michael Webber, who has for twenty years or more been engaged in the old-fashioned water mill business. Mr. Webber is an inventor and recently he conceived the idea of attaching his water machinery to a horse-power dynamo and generating electricity for himself and his neighbors.

With a strong effort he drew himself from the girl's embrace and went from the room as one in a dream. He said no word of farewell and she made no effort to detain him. As he passed from the house Edith went to the window and watched his retreating figure. "Is there no such thing as friendship?" she asked herself aloud.

A dark, dreary day in November seven years later the vines on the young physician's home in Walton were dead and covered with snow. The ground was white and flakes filtered through the air. Luke Clark was dying. From hard work the people of the little village said.

A pale little woman, almost a child in appearance, dressed in deep mourning, made her way through the house, much to the alarm of the one servant. She insisted on seeing the patient and would not be satisfied until Dr. Clark's sister came to see the strange visitor. With the sister's consent the little black figure hurried to the sick chamber. She threw herself on her knees beside the bed, her hands, bereft of rings, clasped the hand of the dying man, involuntarily he opened his eyes. A faint smile crossed his face.

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