

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES

Kissing does not spread germs. Let's not spread any.

Rich men seldom fear a panic in time to do a poor man any good.

There is war in the hog market, but the hog gets the worst of it no matter who wins.

A Frenchman has been killed in a duel. Accidents will happen, even in a French duel.

Nobody has as yet tried to prove that Mark Twain was not the author of his own works.

At Harvard a senior is living on \$1 a week. One must hope the brain food he gets is worth more than that.

Every little while some rich American coming home from Europe gets through the custom-house at New York without a squabble or a scandal.

People often say of an unusually bright boy: "He's top smart; he won't live." Yet nearly all boys of that kind not only live but outgrow it.

A demented Russian threw a can of uncooked beans at the German crown prince. Boston will regard this as a needless waste of precious material.

"London wants New York's gold," the financial report says. And London is likely to get it, if the annual migration does not undergo an unusual shrinkage.

Large quantities of bogus art are being shipped into this country from Europe. This should be stopped. America can easily produce all the bogus art that is needed here.

"George V., in my opinion," says Sir Conan Doyle, "is the biggest and strongest man mentally who ever ascended the throne of England." Perhaps Sir Conan would like to be a baron instead of a baronet.

An expert says oysters may be kept in cold storage for ten years and still be good. We have encountered oysters that seemed to have been kept in some kind of storage for ten years, but they did not bear out the expert's theory.

The natural-gas well which in its day developed the strongest pressure of any in the United States has had to be abandoned, along with several others in its vicinity. Another reminder that "America's inexhaustible resources" are somehow or other gradually becoming exhausted.

A defender of the kind of football which is rapidly passing out of existence has been ridiculing the revised regulations, and sarcastically proposes this additional rule: "Any player caught scowling at the opposing eleven shall be promptly disqualified." Should this also be adopted, no doubt the game would be more pleasant for both participants and spectators. A scowl is not always a sign of good temper.

The raising of cork is one of the latest experiments of the Agricultural Department. Two thousand one-year seedlings of cork-oak have been planted, fifteen hundred of them in the Santa Barbara National Forest, and five hundred in the Monterey National Forest in southern California. The climatic conditions in both places are similar to those in Spain, the natural location of the cork-oak, and in fact, trees of considerable size have already been grown in California. The experiment, if it succeeds, will add a new and valuable source of revenue to the country.

The cost of living problem has now struck France. The government, which maintains a monopoly of the tobacco and match trade, is caught with the goods. Not only has it raised the price of these commodities, but it has reduced the number of matches in the box and is selling tobacco in short weight packages. Its excuse for the latter proceeding is that the moisture which was in the tobacco when it was packed has evaporated. The increase in the cost of cigars has excited the boulevardiers to such a frenzy that, should absinthe become dearer, there will surely be a revolution.

The ancient democracies practiced not only direct nomination of candidates for office, but direct legislation as well. The proposed laws were submitted to the qualified voters, and were accepted or rejected, according to the will of the majority. As population increased and democracies extended over great areas, the representative system of lawmaking grew up. In some form the people of more than twenty-five States have adopted the direct nomination system in place of the party nominating convention. Its popularity is due largely to the belief that it makes it easier for the voters to control the action of their party. It is urged in its favor that it destroys the power of the "machine," and makes it impossible for the "bosses" to consummate corrupt agreements among themselves. The friends of the system say further that it makes the party immediately responsive to the will of the majority through the elimination of the unnecessary nominating convention. In spite of its growing popularity, many thoughtful men regret that so much of the time of the

legislatures has been consumed in the consideration of plans for changing the machinery by which nominations are made and officers chosen. The only merit which they can see in the change of system is that its discussion attracts attention to the need of vigilance in government. They insist that the convention system has produced good results and is responsive to any emphatically expressed demand of the party. As a device for carrying on the details of party management, when the mass of voters is indifferent, they maintain that it is unsurpassed, and that the admitted abuses under it are no worse than those which will arise under any other system. But discontent with the nominating conventions is widespread, and the discontented say, "Let us try the new plan. It can not be any worse than the old." And so the aspiration for better things is behind the movement.

The eternal spirit of boyhood is crippled, but not suppressed by the cramping conditions of industrial civilization. The natural culture for this lively human germ is the breezy farm and the healthy rural village. Farm life is sounder but its isolation, under the conditions of American agriculture, prevents that combination through which the boy spirit, like industrial energy, reaches full development. The home of Tom Sawyer was an ideal place for a boy to grow up and the boy stories of William Allen White indicate that such villages still thrive in the State of Kansas. Crowded streets and the tainted air of industrial cities blight the spirit of boyhood, even when it is not crushed by early toil. The few boys, miscalled fortunate, who are lifted by wealth and luxury out of crowded streets and tainted atmosphere, escape only to encounter new fetters upon the soaring spirit of boyhood. Condemned from the age of rompers to a round of conventional duties befitting their station, and of pleasures only less deadly, the feeble of them repeat in a miniature of fashion the boredom and sometimes the vices of their elders. The rare spirits who break out of these and revert to the vital habits of primitive boyhood in the country may be the hope of a living future instead of the memory of a dead past. The grandson of Jay Gould, who ran away from Pomfret, Conn., exactly as Huck Finn ran away from his father's cabin, revives the spirit of boyhood in many an elderly bosom. He was 16 years old and had two dollars and a half. He had seen a bit of Broadway and Pomfret bored him. He never had left home before and was a bit homesick. He climbed the fence at a ball game and started to walk to New York. He had no other aim except adventure. He preferred barn sleeping to cheap lodging houses and made his money last from Friday until Monday morning, when his blistered feet led him to a police station and a confession. By the time he was rested and filled up a secretary came and took him home. This reads like a sissy performance beside those of Huck Finn, but it is something for the grandson of the man of Erie and black Friday.

### Winning His Way.

A man past middle age, gray and neatly dressed in black, on a New York car remarked rather loudly that it was a fine day, and that he was glad he had come to the United States. He seemed to know all the policemen as the car went along and the street cleaners and street repairers as well exchanged salutations with him. He was familiarly known as "John" to all of them. The passengers were amazed at the alacrity with which they all hailed him, far and near, and responded whenever the old man waved his hand. He was in exuberant spirits, and a policeman who seemed to take an interest in him asked: "Well, John, where are you going now?" The old man's face brightened as he replied: "I am going to put in the newspapers how well I've done since I came to America." "What have you done?" "Tell us," asked a passenger sympathetically. "Well, I have been working a few years as a street sweeper, and have just been promoted to a job at repairing the roads."

### School More Attractive.

A boy of 12 years of age, with an air of melancholy resignation, went to his teacher and handed in the following note from his mother before taking his seat: "Dear Sir—Please excuse James for not being present yesterday. He played truant, but you needn't whip him for it, as the boy he played truant with and him fell out, and he licked James; and a man they threw stones at caught him and licked him; and the driver of a cart they hung on to licked him; and the owner of a cat they chased licked him. Then I licked him when he came home, after which his father licked him; and I had to give another for being impudent to me for telling his father. So you need not lick him until next time. He thinks he will attend regularly in future."

### A Careless Tailor.

The young woman sat plying the needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. As the husband appeared, she said, fretfully: "It is too bad, the careless way the tailor put his button on. This is the fifth time I've had to put it on for you."

### The Ultimatum.

Mamma—No, you can't have any more pennies to-day. The Spoilt Child—if you don't give me one I'll wake the baby.—Brooklyn Life.

After a man is married he can tell a piece of bait farther away than any single man that ever lived.

## BURMA A WOMAN'S LAND.

Country Affords the Sex Much Freedom and Many Opportunities.

For the woman Burma is a veritable heaven on earth. No country elsewhere furnishes her more freedom, more opportunity. Even occidental countries cannot vie with Burma in this respect. Mrs. Burma outshines everybody and everything. Moreover, she is ubiquitous, the Southern Workman says.

You find her here, there and everywhere. You stop at the jewelry store containing millions of dollars' worth of pearls and rubies and precious stones, and the person in charge of the establishment is a woman. The salespeople are also women. You go to a fruitstand and it is a woman who owns and conducts it and sells you a banana or a mango.

At railroad stations a Burmese woman sells you the tickets and a fair daughter of the land is ready to take your dictation and do your typewriting if you are looking for an amanuensis. The Burmese woman is not only an efficient business woman but a good mother. Her duties as mother and merchant do not interfere with each other in the slightest degree.

Added to her superior intelligence the Burmese woman has good looks. She has eyes of a deep liquid black or brown bordering on black. The forehead is usually high and well filled out and there is a purity of expression about the face. Her head is oval and shapely, this effect being heightened by the manner in which she dresses her hair in a big knot on top of her head. Her dress is white, with a tight-fitting jacket with large sleeves; the lower part of the body is covered by a bright silk petticoat, which also is tight fitting and displays the figure like a modern sheath skirt.

## POEMS WE ALL REMEMBER

### "Maud Muller."

Maud Muller, on a summers day,  
Hid her jug in a pile of hay.

The judge came by on his Arab steed,  
And he was a very dry man, indeed.

"Aha," said he, with a winsome wink,  
"Now where can a dry man find a drink?"

She put her finger in her mouth,  
And slyly said, "A half mile south."

So the judge he galloped, lickety-split,  
Which showed that Maud had a pretty wit.

### "Hiawatha."

Hiawatha, in his plug hat,  
Whispered low to Minnehaha;  
Put his graceful arm around her,  
Held her fingers tight in his;  
Just about to woo her wildly  
With the chorus from a coon-song,  
When there came the U. S. agent;  
Made a gesture at his wrist-band,  
Said, "You'll kindly please to move on,  
People who have failed at farming  
Now would like to try it over.  
You are sitting on the town-site;  
Skiddoo, please, and three and twenty."

### "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Oh, the day was dark and the hour was sad  
When Mary Jane declined me,  
But oh, just think of the luck I had  
With the girl I left behind me!

She's fair and fat and forty, too,  
I wonder what inclined me  
To ever want to wed and woo  
The girl I left behind me!

### "The Old Swimmin' Hole."

Oh, the old swimmin' hole, in the creek  
So cold and still,  
There are moments that I can't forget,  
And likely never will;  
Even now I'm still in wonder, and can't  
Think to save my soul  
'Tow we had the heart to climb out of  
The old swimmin' hole.

### "Twenty Years Ago."

I wandered to the village, Tom,  
I sat beneath the tree;  
But things were sadly different from  
The way they used to be;  
The advertisement signs were out  
To such a great degree,  
It took me nearly half the day  
To find the dog-gone tree!

### A Wild Ride for Life.

Con Etrohm, of Panoche, Cal., raced against death when he was bitten in the heel by a rattlesnake. Mounted, he covered a score of miles, and reached the Hazel Hawkins Hospital, in Hollister, before the venom had completed its deadly work. Etrohm was walking through a patch of sage brush when the snake struck. He killed the reptile. A handkerchief was bound tightly around the wound before the dash to the hospital started.

### An Oversight.

An old German maker of violoncellos has just finished one which he considered to be a particularly fine piece of work, and he proudly lifted it up for a friendly musician who was standing near him to admire. He had just called attention to its beautiful lines when all of a sudden something rattled.

"Ach," he exclaimed, "I have left der glue pot inside!"

### Her Self Possession.

"Miss Oldcastle is always self possessed no matter what happens."  
"Well, she ought to be seeing that she has had practice in the self possession line for at least thirty-five years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Over 8,000 gardens are cultivated in connection with Austrian schools, the pupils receiving expert tuition in horticulture.

Bigamy is as foolish as it is criminal.

# A DEPARTMENT for WOMEN

## The Woman of Forty.

The woman of 40—if she knows the value of happiness and common sense—has beauty plus. Plus experience, which is itself a beautifier if viewed aright. For viewed aright, the bitter husk of experience is cast away, the lesson remaining as one of the solid assets of life. The woman of 40 would stay long at the meridian of life must cast no brooding looks backward. One point of attractiveness in the woman of 40 is that she has learned to stand alone. The book of life, no longer mystery, has opened to her and its most thumbed page, the one oftenest wet with her tears shed in the watches of the night, is that for her happiness she must look not to others, but to herself. She has learned that we expect too much from any human being when we ask him or her to keep the sunshine of happiness ever about us. We can only radiate that quality continually from ourselves.

Its first phase is serenity. The woman of 40 knows that the full, rich life has a calm center which no outward storm can disturb, as the surface tempests never fret the still depths of the ocean.

At 25 a woman looks to others for happiness. At 40 she looks to herself. At 25 she has ideals. At 40 she still has ideals, but in the first state she has clothed them in concrete form. In the second they are abstractions. At 40 comes peace, for the 40th year the Rubicon, crossing which persons grow small upon the horizon, and principles grow large.

The woman of 40, who has come into the heritage of her years, has grown erect under discipline. It has never more than momentarily crushed her. Her straight shoulders are the symbols of her erect spirit.

The woman of 40 no longer guesses. She knows. The rest of life is a deepening of the lessons already learned, an enriching of the experience already gained.

## Health and Beauty.

Try filling a stocking with hot salt and use in place of a hot-water bag.

In massaging with any skin food remember to use a rotary movement, being careful not to fold the skin as you rub.

Any reliable cucumber cold cream is a wonderful skin cleanser. It enters the pores and frees them from all impurities as soap and water never will.

Deep breathing is held up as a cure for almost every ill to which woman is heir, but its latest benefit is said to be to the pallid lips, which are so unbecoming.

Oatmeal whitens the skin, and the girl who appreciates the value of the bath keeps a supply of oatmeal bags on hand always, using them whenever she takes a warm bath—and this is often.

To dry the face after a water bath always rub upward and dry thoroughly with a soft towel. When cleansing with a cream use a rotary upward outward motion to apply the cream and to remove it.

It is said the common red pepper broken up and put in a pitcher filled with cider and let stand until the strength is extracted is an excellent remedy for liver complaint. Drink half a teaspoonful three times a day.

## Pretty Graduating Frocks.



Among the many new and charming ideas in class day and graduating frocks seen this summer, the prettiest and most popular idea was the combination of plain and embroidered mull. This is well illustrated by the figure at the left of the drawing, and needs no description. The sash and the ribbon in the hair may be of white, like the gown, or may match in color the flowers the fair graduate carries.

## Thoughtful.

An economical housewife, says Success Magazine, drank a quantity of silver nitrate by mistake. The doctor, ordered large draughts of the whites of eggs to be administered. "Mary! Mary!" murmured the almost unconscious patient, "save the yolks for puddings!"

## The Clock and the Girl.

"Have you any alarm clocks?" Inquired the customer of a Denver Jeweler recently. "Yes, ma'am," said the man behind the counter. "About what price do you wish to pay for one?"

"The price is no object if I can get the kind I'm after. What I want is one that will rouse the girl without waking the whole family." "I don't know of any such alarm clocks as that, ma'am," said the man. "We keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the girl."

## Nobby Straw Hat.



There are innumerable smart models in straw hats appropriate for wear with tailor suits or for wear on summer mornings in the country. This cut is a good-looking example in Tuscan straw, the only adornment a band and bow of black velvet. The color of velvet, however, may match or harmonize with one's gown if so desired.

## Big Hats.

Women are earning for themselves a reputation for fidelity in fashion's domains by their sincere admiration for and staunch allegiance to the monster hat. The milliners, half-disposed to resent the determined support their customers accord to a mode that cannot be called new any longer, have used all their endeavors to secure for other and less enormous specimens of

## STOVEPIPE HATS.



"Stovepipe" hats are the newest thing out in the millinery line. narrow crowns and tall slanting turban brims, usually faced with feathers, with a broad satin bow, or with a wreath of small roses, a perky wired velvet bow—in short, anything which is most becoming to the wearer. To be strictly up to date, girls, wear a "stovepipe."

headgear a due degree of patronage. But all in vain.

The big hat, after a slight show of resentment, has come into its own again with a triumph that is superabundant proof of the affection with which women regard it. So the milliners, bowing to the inevitable, are showing us how clever they are by proving that they can diversify the appearance of the huge shape, and that they can make it perfectly fascinating to a variety of types of beauty and comeliness.

## Right Age to Marry.

When a girl has reached 18 she is old enough to marry, says Dr. Slaughter, chairman of the Council of the London Eugenics Education Society. Men and women of the best types should—for the good of the race—marry early, though not too early. The healthiest children are those born when the mothers are between the ages of 20 and 30. The father should be a few years older than the mother.

The trouble with the race, Dr. Slaughter says, is that women don't select their husbands with any thought of producing the best children. They are looking for money, material comforts and all sorts of artificialities enter into the selection.

"Rational choosing of mates does not exclude sentiment," he says, and he adds that if mercenary motives are eliminated the right sort of man will be chosen early in his '20s. Dr. Slaughter doesn't address any rebukes to the men who marry women for a pretty face without stopping to ask what is behind it, or to the men—there may be a few—who are looking out for the dot.

## Dye With Tea.

A garment made of almost any material may be creased with tea. Make the tea strong, and soak the garment well in it. Iron the garment before it dries, and the color will be a pretty cream. The tea will not streak the goods, as coffee does, and is a prettier color and less expensive than the creaming substance that is bought.

## A Few Don'ts for Wives.

Don't begrudge your husband a few hours spent with his men friends. You meet friends. Be considerate, and give him the same privilege. Don't bother him with troublesome trifles that happen during the day. Don't whine and complain over household difficulties. Don't overwork and be tired and

cross when he comes home. Your husband will see you tired and where he will not be considered a few grains of dust which he will have dissipated at the expense of strength.

Don't let yourself get old. Take time to keep yourself young to cultivate good looks. If you be beautiful, try to be interesting. Don't forget to cultivate your mind. Read about what is going on in the great world, so that if he should mark on current events you will be able to answer him intelligently instead of giving him a blank stare. Don't inquire how his business unless you are sure from his face he has something pleasant to tell.

## Advice to Brides.

A woman whose son was to marry a sweet girl sent with congratulations these lines, which are known:

"Be to his virtues very true,  
Be to his faults a little true.  
And this is about the best woman who knows her own mind, one else can know him can give a prospective wife, says a woman she might make up her mind to her own advice in regard to the merit of the girl when she has another-in-law.

## Porch Cushions.

A porch cushion of extreme square-meshed burlap is fastened a spider-web pattern of cord held in place with red silk thread. It is durable and has just enough look attractive among the cushions. The raffia ends are rough points.

## Hat Contrasts With.

For years we thought a correct artistic thing to do was to match the gown. Now it is considered fashionable, even by artistic. It is not amiss to

## CHAPTER I.

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Some people do this, but it is a necessary. The best dressed women, we will say, of black and check and a hat of brown trimmed with chanted red only is the contrast violent like it.

## Modish Little Molls.

Small girls are very smart this summer. Their dresses are very short, skirts very fluffy and very picturesque. The first is ready for a romp in its brown linen dress, edged with embroidered scallops and a straw sailor hat. The fashioner who is second in the class is ready for church, in a plain dress, her broad white ribbon hat and black satin coat with back cuffs and revers of velvet. The last one, in her chic parasol, her plain linen crash coat, and her plain linen crash coat, and he hoped mother.

## Dust and Cold.

The evils arising from dust at all appreciated as they are. We never hear it blamed for sore throats, bronchitis and other troubles, of which it is the pal cause, in towns at least. Any one will use his observation find that while there are few of the coldest weather when the frozen or wet, a fierce epidemic out at the commencement of and dusty season.

## Mouth Wash.

A delightful wash for the mouth made of two ounces of peppermint half a dram essence of peppermint an ounce of the essence of eucalyptus, well, bottle and add a teaspoonful of glass of water for the final wash of the teeth.

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