TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

It's impossible for any woman to look as young as she thinks she looks.

It's cowardly to hit a man when he is down—but it's usually safer.

Some men would rather be President than not to hold any office at all.

Men seldom break down under the mental strain of minding their own business.

England is to publish a history of the Boer war. One would think that England would want to forget it.

Wise is the girl who can tell whether a young man is in love or is merely breaking in a new pair of shoes.

When a girl thinks a young man is almost good enough for her she is sure that he is too good for any other girl.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. Every married man hopes to be able to do just as he pleases some day.

"Poverty is the best heritage," says Mr. Carnegie, but he is going to have some difficulty in making the heirs believe it.

It is a good thing for the departed war heroes that they do not know what trouble their survivors have in deciding on suitable monuments.

Ten per cent of the enlisted men of the navy desert every year. Guess we'll have to throw in a pipe or two with that free tobacco we furnish them.

The amputated leg of a Denver man has started to grow again, and the Denver Post man asks, "What do you think of that?" Frankly, we thing it's a lie.

Mr. Rockefeller thinks the churches ought to be organized upon lines similar to those of the Standard Oil Company. Well, the truth is that most people believe there is only one heaven.

Mr. Rockefeller need not worry. He hasn't heard from the thousandth part of the people who will be glad to take his money if he wants to give it away. Let him resume his golf playing.

A New York woman has started a school for the training of children in which there is to be no discipline, no "don'ts." She must have got her inspiration from some of the homes she has visited.

It is claimed that women spread consumption by stirring up the germs with their long skirts. The women will not be likely to give much credence to this theory, however, as long as dragging trains continue to be fashionable.

No sooner had Nan Patterson got safely out of jail than she signed a contract to go into vaudeville at a salary of $2,000 a week. Young girls who are anxious to achieve vaudeville honors should be candidly warned that Nan had luck with her juries such as might never come to another aspirant.

A man who has anything interesting and edifying to say ought to be able to deliver his message to the public in twenty minutes. There are few orators and statesmen who are worth listening to for more than one-third of an hour. Unfortunately, there are many public speakers who think otherwise.

It is a fact that when the city man and boy take a vacation from their toil and the city woman and girl from their home duties they generally want to take what Dr. Adler calls an ethical vacation too. The country people know and feel this and some of their most conscientious people resent it. They object that city people, let loose in the country, do things which they would not do at home. Hatless and coatless, city girls who are careful of their conduct at home sit saucily on the counter of the mountain grocery store and thump their heels against its boards. What an example to the rising generation in Mountainville!

We are glad to note the activity now being displayed by the postoffice department in ferreting out fraudulent concerns which are using the United States mails to dupe unsuspecting patrons. Hitherto the department has not always taken the initiative, but has awaited complaints from victims who could supply evidence warranting the exclusion of the swindlers from all postal privileges. An order recently issued by Mr. Cortelyou changed all this and now the postoffice leads the way in the prosecution of the company which guarantees 50 per cent return on investments or the individual who offers light and remunerative work to be done at home with an outfit which, of course, is purchased from him at a price about fifteen times its actual value.

An interesting interview with Queen Alexandra was lately published by the Paris Gaulois. After speaking of the duty of queens in rearing their own families in a manner to do honor to the station they are to occupy, and of their obligation to help relieve the distress and misery of mankind, she touched upon the matter of war. "Your talk, as men," she said, "is of war, but we women speak always of peace—peace in every nation, peace between all nations. I was educated in the school of a king who was before all things just, and I have tried, like him, always to preach love and charity. I have always mistrusted warlike preparations, of which nations seem never to tire." The sentiment, which is high-minded and womanly, comes with added grace and force from the lips of one whose life has been a constant and successful effort to express it in deeds.

When a brand-new pest makes its appearance, like the boll weevil, which has spread over the western part of the cotton belt, people promptly declare war against it, and through State and National agencies spend thousands of dollars in pushing a vigorouss campaign. But an old pest like the house-fly they take as a matter of course, and even argue that it is of real usefulness as a scavenger, and so deserves to be tolerated. Present-day experiments show that the house-fly, of which there are many varieties, does many times as much damage as he can do good. He doubtless carries the germs of typhoid fever, besides proving in many other ways a first-class nuisance. The time is perhaps not distant when the community will see what it can do to limit his activities. Nor is that task hopeless. Were it not for the fly and the mosquito, window and door screens would be unnecessary. In certain carefully kept residential sections, where there are no stables near, it is possible to dispense with screens. This suggests some comforts for the towns in the age of horseless carriage. Cities like Venice and Hongkong, which have no horses, have comparatively few flies. Greater cleanliness in the care of stables in the country, and their location farther from dwelling houses, will do much to mitigate the fly nuisance. Still, this pest will not readily be "downed." His spread over nearly all latitudes proves him a determined fighter. The government entomologist estimates that summer is long enough for twelve generations to develop, and that the average fly lays one hundred and twenty eggs. Its resources for battle are thus large. But man does not have to fight unaided. The house centipede and certain predatory beetles carry off much larger numbers of flies than do the trap or the sticky paper.

Fails to Learn One Thing.

A retired Irish major sold his horses and carriages and bought a motor car, but instead of engaging a chauffeur he determined to send his faithful old coachman to a Dublin firm of engineers for a course of lessons in small repairs.

"You will go through a two months' training," he explained to Pat, as he handed him a check for his expenses, "during which time you will make yourself thoroughly familiar with the engine and all its works."

"Yes, sor," was Pat's reply.

"You will note every wheel and crank and learn what they are for and what they have to do, so that when you return you will be equal to any emergency."

"I will, sor," said Pat, and, having stowed the check away down in his trousers pocket, he took his departure.

In two months' time he returned with the conqueror's look in his eye.

"Well, Pat, have you succeeded?"

"I have, sor."

"And you know everything about the motor?"

"I know all, sor, from the big lamp in front to the little numbers behind—except one thing," the new chauffeur added, as he nervously plucked a few hairs from his new bearskin coat.

"And what is it you don't know?" demanded the major.

"Well, I don't quite understand yet what makes the blessed thing move without horses."—Tit-Bits.

No Fire Within.

Times have changed. Our fathers, for some strange reason, preferred a cold meeting-house to one which was warmed by artificial heat.

When a stove was put into the Old South Church, Boston, in 1783, says J. H. Crandon, a newspaper of contemporary date contained this significant lament:

Extinct the sacred fire of love,
Our zeal grown cold and dead,
In the house of God we fixed a stove
To warm us in their stead.

Fashion note: It is the proper thing in case of a fire in the neighborhood, for a woman to visit the scene with a shawl over her head.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Some poet with a broad imagination tells us that even flowers have music in them."

"He is right."

"How do you know?"

"Why, I've often known the bouquets received by singers to have notes in them."—Detroit Tribune.

Just Like Her.

"Here," said Miss Passay, "is an amateur portrait of me that I consider quite good. Of course, it's rather faded now, but——"

"Yes," said Miss Pert, "it's very life like."—Philadelphia Press.

A Change of Temperature.

"Ah, Miss Pert, you look as though this balmy air agreed with you. Are you enjoying the beautiful morning?"

"I was."—Omaha Bee.

Best, Anyway.

"Too many worlds are wearisome," said Quoter. "Brevity is the soul o wit."

"Not always," replied the observer "but in any event, it is always commendable."—Philadelphia Press.

Patient, Indeed.

The old colored deacon accosted the parson on the roadside.

"Pahson," he began, "Ah want to ask yo' a question. Who was de most patient man on earf?"

"Why, bruddah," responded the parson, "Job was, ob cose."

"No, sah! Ah tell yo' Noah was."

"En how do yo' mak dat out?"

"Why, Noah had two skeeters on de ark en carried dem around for forty days en nights. Ef he cud resist slappin' et dem all dat time he was de most patient man on earf."

When Greek Meets Greek.

"Why do you sell watered milk?" asked the dry goods dealer.

"For the same reason you sell watered silk," answered the milkman "I need the money."

Wholesale Only.

He—Won't you favor me with just one little kiss before I go?

She—Not me. I wouldn't pucker my lips for less than a dozen.

Art for the Artless.

Young Lady—Have you anything in the way of drawing materials

New Boy—Yes, ma'am. We've got some nice, fresh mustard plasters.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Way to Stop It.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Lawly "I simply cannot make that cook stop putting so much salt into her soups."

"Why don't you get out an injunction?" suggested her husband, who had lived in Chicago a long time.—Commercial Tribune.

Engaged.

Dick—I kissed Helen twice last night.

Tom—You did? Why, I thought you said she was such a reserved girl?

Dick—So she is: reserved for me.

Underdone Realism.

Naggsby—I notice that Bleauhardt failed in his theatrical venture. Must have overdone that realism that was always his hobby.

Waggsby—On the contrary, he underdid it. Didn't make the realism extend to the box office receipts.—Baltimore American.

Would Drop Dead.

"Suppose a millionaire was to give you a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Well?"

"What use would it be put to?"

"You will have to ask my heirs."—Houston Post.

Why They Do It.

"Women," remarked the typewriter boarder, "follow the golden rule more than men do."

"Admitted," rejoined the old bachelor at the foot of the table, "otherwise the majority of them would never be able to break into the matrimonial game."

Heard at the Club.

New Member—Why should I lend you $10, sir? I don't even know who you are.

Old Member—Of course you don't. That's why I asked you.

Why She Wept.

"But, my dear," protests the young husband, "you have paid $56 for this Easter bonnet, when I asked you not to exceed $25."

"Yes, love," she explains; "but don't you see, the $56 one was marked down from $72, and the $25 ones were only marked down from $30. I saved $1¢ instead of only $5. You—you ought to commend me instead of—boo-hoo!—of—of scolding me."—Judge.

Diagnosing It.

"Doctor, I have several trunks full of new walking dresses and three new picture hats and silk hosiery and natty shoes and——"

"Ah, I see. You are not feeling well. Let me see your tongue—yes, just as I thought. I should advise you to spend the summer in the mountains."—Houston Post.

Talks of Work.

Patience—I guess from the way Will talks he's not afraid of hard work.

Patrice—No; talking about hard work never killed any one.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Ambition.

"Young man, it should be your aim it present to get a good start in life."

"I don't know, sir. Wouldn't it be better if I laid my plans so as to be sure of a good finish?"—Chicago Tribune.

Promises.

People who always keep their promises make comparatively few of them.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sad.

"I have loved and lost," sighed the man in black suspenders.

"How sad!" said the sympathetic friend. "You loved the beautiful girl and lost her?"

"No, I married her and ever since I have lost all loose change I left in my vest."

Another Variety.

"Pa," said the small boy who had not yet started to school, "what are truant officers?"

"Truant officers, my son," replied the wise father, "are those who when needed can never be found on their beats."

Paradoxical.

Askitt—What became of the Suicide Club that was organized in your town some years ago?

Knoitt—Oh, like all other fads, it died a natural death in the course of time.

Real Touch.

"Teach me the true poetic touch," gushed the beautiful girl who wished to pen meter.

"All right," chuckled the bard with the fringed trousers. "Lend me $10."

A Helping Hand.

Long years ago, by work alone,
Man might secure himself from need.
But now he's got to advertise
If he in business would succeed.

Popular.

Mildred—She's a great lover of flowers.

Clara—And now all the boys are talking of becoming botanists.—Yonkers Herald.

DECLINES A STATUE.

Welsh Peer and Balaklava Hero Refuses a Tribute.

It is seldom that a man objects to having a statue of himself erected as a tribute of popular esteem. By doing so Lord Tredegar, a prominent British peer, has acquired a claim to distinction that is almost unique, and has shown a modesty that is more rare than the courage he displayed when he rode "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," with the Six Hundred at Balaklava.

LORD TREDEGAR.

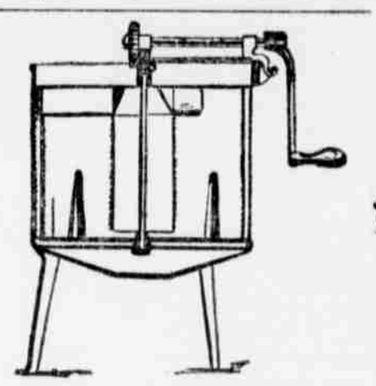
South Wales takes great pride in the fine old peer, and a little while ago proposed to present to him a national testimonial on the occasion of the anniversary of the gallant charge which Tennyson has immortalized. But when it was suggested that it should take the form of his own effigy he protested. He didn't want anything that savored of self-glorification.

When as Captain Godfrey Morgan he returned from the Crimea—and brought his famous charger, Sir Briggs, home with him as unscathed as himself—he entered Parliament and represented Brenock until the title descended to him in 1875, compelling him to join the House of Lords. There he has since represented all Wales. A fine sportsman, a scientific agriculturist, the kindliest of landlords—he owns 40,000 acres—and a generous contributor to wise philanthropy, he has greatly endeared himself to the Welsh folk. Lord Tredegar is 74 years old and has remained a bachelor.

THE SKINS RUBBED OFF.

Potato-Paring Machine Which Dispenses with the Use of Knives.

Many of the potato-paring devices brought out in England, where such machines are popular, are based on a scouring principle; that is to say, the potatoes are not actually pared in the ordinary interpretation of the word, but the skins are grated off, so to speak. The tubers, as in the machine recently patented and illustrated herewith, are placed in a receptacle, where, by means of suitable mechanism, they are constantly stirred and



POTATO SKINS RUBBED OFF.

brought into contact with grating surfaces forming the outer and inner walls of the receptacle and the bottom of the same. By means of power applied through a hand crank the potatoes are kept in motion, and, eventually, if the operation is continued long enough, all the skins come in contact with these rough walls and are thereby removed. A trough at the top carries a supply of water which flushes these scouring surfaces, keeping them free from pieces of peel and particles of potato. On first consideration it would not seem possible for the grating surfaces to reach every point of each tuber, but the proof of the pudding is the eating, and it is well established that this result is actually accomplished.

New Language Method.

If a person has, as the Celts say, "only one side to his tongue," and wishes to add to his resources in the matter of language, it might be well for him to apply to an old man in Scotland, whose methods of instruction are simple. They are described in "Scenes in Scotland" by Mr. Sinclair.

A lady visiting in the north of Scotland wished to get some idea of the Gaelic, and employed an old native to give her a course of language lessons. The Scotsman took the Bible for the text-book, and opening it at the beginning of Genesis, he said:

"Now, ma'am, I'll read this to you in the Gaelic, and you'll see yourself how it will go."

With solemn intonation and an appealing, triumphant glance toward the lady at the end of every clause, he loudly read the first four verses, and paused to watch the effect. Then he said, in a tone of deep conviction:

"Now, ma'am, if you'll take your own Bible and turn to this chapter and read it in English, you'll see it's just the self-same thing."

The old man was much surprised that the lady did not continue her lessons.

Formerly, it was believed that those people who worked in gardens were old-fashioned. That is a mistake now; people who work in gardens for health and pleasure are fashionable.