TIMELY TOPICS

Translated fiction is like pressed flowers.

The Sultan has again promised to be good. It's a way the Sultan has.

The tie between Cuba and the United States is now seen to consist largely of red tape.

Seek the man it becomes the duty of every intelligent citizen to assist in the novel search.

Yet it is scarcely possible that the crown prince of Germany will fly the royal coop for the sake of an American girl.

By combining their interests the cold-storage firms of Boston intend, no doubt, to make an extra cool million in the course of time.

It seems that Washington has been expecting Turkey to keep her word without constant pushing. This is the climax of credulity.

California banks are going to pay a forger $500 a month to be good. California may now look for an unprecedented crop of forgers.

The Australian blacks do not allow a mother-in-law within a mile of her married daughter's hut. Here's a bonbouche for the funny man.

Mary Maclane says, "I was born to be alone." It is plain from this that Mary plays upon the piano.

When the office takes the trouble to

A Kentucky girl who has had 150 offers of marriage has decided to remain single and devote her life to music. When she gets on the stage, however, she will probably cease to regard marriage as a thing to be much dreaded.

The immigration figures for the fiscal year 1902 are suggestive. The total was 648,743. That was 3 per cent more than in 1901, 45 per cent more than in 1900, 208 per cent more than in 1899 and 283 per cent more than in 1898.

A New Jersey inventor has produced a fuel which he calls "coalite," that can be sold for $1 a ton. As its principal ingredient is coal dust, it may be that it will give the coal barons a new way to turn an honest penny instead of driving them out of business.

In spite of the fact that the typewriter has displaced the pen in many business offices, the demand for pens and pencils still continues. During the year covered by the census report, one gold pen, ten steel pens and fifteen lead-pencils were made in the United States for each family of five persons.

There ought not to be either political or industrial differences of opinion over the announced intention of the American Federation of Labor to support all legislation directed toward the abolition of child labor. Most States already protect their children. In bringing pressure to bear upon those States which do not, the federation is promoting the welfare of mankind, as well as furthering its own interests.

A report is made by the American consul at Liverpool upon municipal socialism in Great Britain. Among the enterprises managed by municipalities are Turkish baths owned by Leamington and Harrogate; a rabbit-warren, by Torquay; an oyster-fishery, by Colchester; a crematory, by Hull. Doncaster and Chester own race-courses, and in Doncaster the town itself manages the races. St. Helen's supplies sterilized milk. The report says that nearly a thousand municipalities in Great Britain own water-works; about a hundred own street railways; many more own gas works. Speaking generally, the consul finds that municipal government in the kingdom is honest, intelligent and energetic, and, as a rule, political considerations have little to do with the engagement or retention of civic employes.

This is a story for boys. It is not exactly "a Sunday school story," but it has the right sort of good ring to it just the same. Frank Prevost, of Toledo, Ohio, drives a delivery wagon. He is a pleasant and accommodating lad and when an old gentleman asked if he could ride about the city with him, Frank readily assented. After an hour's drive the stranger asked Frank to go to a saloon and have a drink. The boy declined, saying he never drank. The old man asked if he chewed tobacco and upon receiving a reply in the negative offered the boy a cigar, which he also declined. That is the first chapter. The old man who rode with the delivery boy was that eccentric millionaire, Mr. Higginson, of San Francisco. Higginson, wherever he goes, is looking for boys like Frank Prevost. Before leaving Toledo the millionaire went to Frank and presented him with $2,100 in bank notes, which the boy will use to start in business for himself. The moral is plain. It pays to be pleasant and accommodating, even to strangers. It pays to have a good moral character. You may not be asked to give a millionaire in disguise a lift. And again, you may, for Higginson is always on his travels and always on the lookout for boys. But whether you meet Higginson or not, there are others on the lookout. Remember how Diogenes went about the streets of Athens looking for a man? Well, the world is looking for a man. And the world usually finds the man it is looking for in a boy. You may not get $2,100 all in a lump by being the right sort of a boy, but the world will be glad to give it to you sooner or later.

A story is told of a wise mother, who, when her small son announced his intention of running away from home because something had vexed him, met the announcement with calm acquiescence. She packed a small bundle for him to take away, suggested the next town as a good place to stay for the night, and added: "Of course, Harry, if you really want to go, you may; but you don't know how much I shall miss you." The youngster picked up his bundle, went slowly down the path to the front gate, opened it, then turned and ran for the house, where he flung his arms about his mother's neck and burst into tears. The treatment was not needed again. If that mother had met the boy's plan with tears, reproaches, anger, or punishment, the chances are that she would either have had a spoiled child on her hands, or awakened some morning a few years later to find that her son had really run away. The sense of freedom is a most valuable asset in dealing with Young America. The child who is continually thwarted in unimportant things gets in the habit of fighting for what he thinks are his rights, whether he is justified in the assumption or not. There are some children who are brought up on the principle that it is equally heinous to tell a lie, to come into the house without wiping one's feet, and to fail in a lesson. Such children are apt to develop a somewhat crooked moral perspective, which does not not always get straightened out in years to come. The boy who figures in the above story had read of runaways, and formed a not very definite idea of the freedom and peace which such a course entails. He had not thought about the other aspect of it at all. His mother brought him face to face with the realities and let him choose for himself, at the same time indicating clearly what she thought it was best for him to do. It did not take long for him to discover that she was wiser than he.

For months a laughing boy has been the bone of contention in a famous New York law suit. A husband and wife had parted. They viewed each other as strangers across a trial table in a court room. There was no doubt about their love for the boy. It was pure gold. It should have made a woman more tolerant, a man more forgiving. Happy married folks can't understand how the mothers and fathers of children can ever separate and learn to hate. In this case there was a great deal of money on one side. It meant fine clothing for baby, and nurses, rich food, carriage drives and costly toys. Some day it would mean a yacht, a valet, a private car—all of the things that can be had for money. On the other side—the mother's—there was much love and very little money. It was possible that her son would be compelled to work some day, and that he would be denied all sorts of comforts and luxuries that go with great incomes. What a problem for the Judge! This Judge, whose name is Hickey, has some strange ideas. He thinks that when married folks are foolish enough to break up a relation that should mean peace and contentment, it is the business of the court to place the welfare of the children above every other condition. That doesn't mean money always. Listen to the modern Solomon: "The boy needs the personal attention and the loving care of his mother more than he needs the money of his father, if the father has the affection for the child he professes he will see that his boy is clothed and fed wherever he is." In other words, a mother is closer to her children than a father, and, for once, the law has recognized it. The idea of the superior claim of a father to his children has received an official setback. Where no question of morals is involved and when love and money are antagonists, Justice should throw her influence on the side of hearts as against gold. Because it is best for the children.

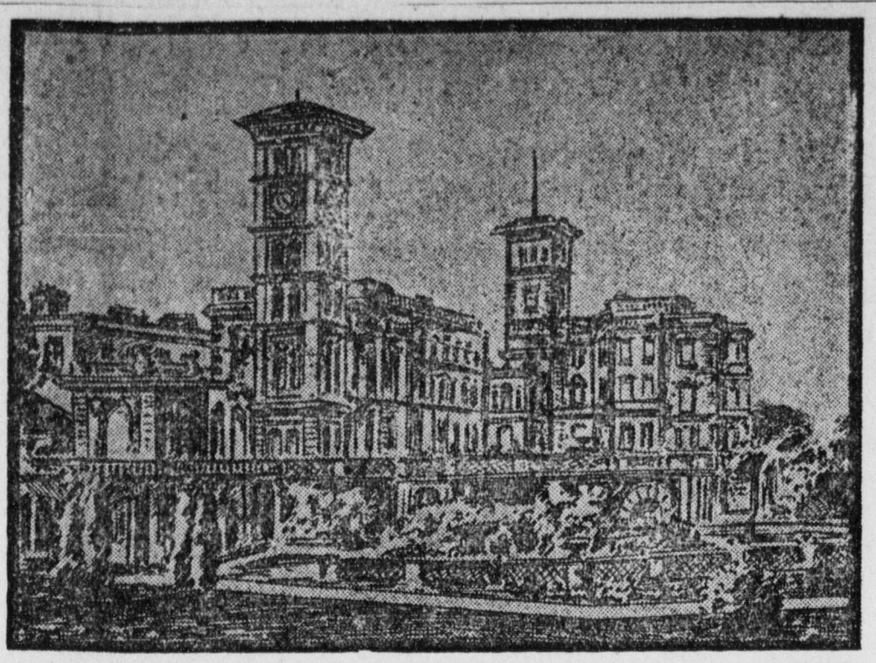
Valuable to Him.

Towne—Scribbler picked up for a few pennies at a second-hand book store an old book of platitudes which has since proved to be very valuable.

Browne—A rare edition, eh?

Towne—Oh, no, but he's been making the platitudes over into quatrains for the magazines.—Philadelphia Press.

Do your duty and don't make a fuss about it. It's the empty wagon that rattles.



OSBORNE HOUSE, PRESENTED BY EDWARD VII. TO HIS SUBJECTS.

WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA DIED.

Osborne House, Which Edward Presented to the British Nation.

Famous Osborne House, one of the favorite residences of the late Queen Victoria, which was presented to the British nation by King Edward VII. on Coronation day, is one of the most magnificent of the several homes of English royalty. The gift is peculiarly gratifying to the British public, as Osborne is sacred to the memory of the late Queen and will ever be inseparably connected with incidents in the life of that beloved sovereign.

As it will be necessary for King Edward to spend a considerable part of the year in London and in its neighborhood, at Windsor, and having also strong home ties in the county of Norfolk, he felt that he would be unable to make adequate use of Osborne House as a royal residence, and he therefore, offered the property as a gift to the nation. It is the King's desire that the house be devoted to national purposes and converted into a convalescent home for officers of the army and navy whose health has been impaired in the service of their country.

It was at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, that Queen Victoria died, January 22, 1901. It is situated in Whippingham Parish, not far from Cowes. The house can only be reached by crossing the ferry to East Cowes and ascending a steep hill, the view from every part of which is a delightful one—woodland, valley, town, river and sea being visible. Queen Victoria used to spend most of the winter months at Osborne, which was her favorite residence next to Balmoral, Scotland. She liked Windsor Castle little, and Buckingham Palace, London, least of all. While the Queen was at Osborne the grounds were jealously guarded, but when she was absent visitors were allowed to inspect them. The gardens, with their terraces, their myrtle and rose trees, and their many rare exotics, are among the finest in the south of England. The climate of the Isle of Wight is considerably warmer than that of the mainland, and every visitor to that "Garden of England," as it is called, will have remarked the luxuriant manner in which flowers grow there.

LED AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

Charles L. Fair, Who, with His Wife, Was Killed Near Paris.

The automobile accident at a little French village, 50 miles from Paris, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Fair, of San Francisco and Paris, were killed, closed two eventful lives. The name of Charles L. Fair has been much before the public since before his majority, and the name of his wife, a

CHARLES L. FAIR.

former actress, was not unknown before her marriage. It might perhaps be said of them that Fair's most important act was in being born the son of a millionaire, or rather of a prospective millionaire, and that among the most notable of his wife's achievements was her marriage to young Fair.

Charles L. Fair was born in Virginia City, Nev., 35 years ago, when the father, James G. Fair, the bonanza king, was on the eve of tapping the enormous wealth hidden in the Comstock lode. He was one of four children, of whom two, Mrs Herman Oelrichs and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., survive. The eldest son, James, died a decade ago. In San Francisco young Fair's free use of money gained him a large following and he ran the gamut of dissipation.

One day there blew into San Francisco a theatrical troupe, the most beautiful of whose members was a girl who called herself Maud Nelson. She had other stage names. Her right name was Caroline D. Smith and she was the daughter of William Smith, of New Market, N. J., who drove a wagon for a tailor named Rogers. When her father married for a second time Caroline packed up her belongings and faced the world for a living, ultimately becoming an actress. When as Maud Nelson she reached San Francisco she attracted the attention of young Fair and they were finally married.

Of course the marriage offended Mr. Fair and the other members of the

MRS. CHARLES L. FAIR.

family. The bride was persona non grata and always remained so. Yet she effected some change in her husband, and he was able to satisfy the executors of his mother's will—under which he was to receive $500,000 if he remained sober two years—that he had lived up to its conditions.

It is needless here to enter into the history of the contest over the will of the late Senator Fair, in which the three children took part as also did a certain Mrs. Nettie Craven, who claimed to be the widow of the dead millionaire Senator. A few months ago the will contest was decided and each of the then three surviving children received between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000.

Fair had one fad that developed into a passion and ultimately led to his tragic end. He was an automobile fiend. He owned the first automobile on the Pacific Coast and was an enthusiastic speed breaker. When he and his wife left San Francisco last May for Paris it was for the purpose of buying an automobile faster than the one he owned, although the latter was capable of making 72 miles an hour. In Paris he bought another machine and it was while riding in this that death came to him and his wife. According to the story of the tragedy the automobile was traveling at the rate of 62 miles an hour when one of the tires burst. The machine turned a somersault and Mr. and Mrs. Fair were buried beneath it, their heads being crushed in. The chauffeur accompanying them was dangerously injured.

A singular coincidence of the accident is that several years ago John W. Mackay, Jr., son of Senator Fair's old partner, John W. Mackay, who died recently, was also killed near Paris by a fall from a horse. Senator Fair's other partners in the Comstock lode were Flood and O'Brien. They were known as the "big four."

Major Also a Minor.

Major Gantz, of Fairfield, Iowa, is 36 years old, weighs thirty pounds and is eighteen inches high.

A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Erected Near Columbus, Through the Efforts of a Union Veteran.

To the efforts of a Union veteran of the civil war, Colonel William H. Knauss, of Columbus, O., a monument has been erected and was recently unveiled to the memory of the Confederate dead who sleep in Camp Chase Confederate Cemetery near the Ohio capital. The monument consists of a solid granite arch, standing twelve feet high, built over the huge bowlder which marks the resting place of the dead Confederates. On it is chiseled in bold letters the word "Americans." At the top of the arch is the statue of a Confederate soldier in full uniform. The memorial stands in the center of the cemetery. Immediately in the rear is the tall flagpost upon which Old Glory floats.

COL. KNAUSS.

The cemetery plot contains about two and one-half acres. The land was held by the United States government during the war under a lease. April 23, 1879, it was bought by the United States government and described as "The Confederate Cemetery, formerly occupied by the Camp Chase Rebel Prison." In the inclosure are buried 2,260 Confederate soldiers.

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Colonel Knauss, who is well known in the Confederate camps in the South, invited them to send flowers for the unveiling of the monument. The response was general. Nearly every State in the South responded and many contributions were made by Southerners who live in the North and by Northerners as well.

A HORSE WITH A MUSTACHE.

One of the Unique Sights on the Streets of Chicago.

Chicago has something unique in the animal line and you don't have to pay admission fee to a museum to see it. A horse with a mustache is not an ordinary creature and stranger still is the fact that this particular horse is a female. Wondering citizens stop to gaze as Myra II high-steps down the boulevard. On her upper lip is a long, black mustache—not a spare thing made up of a few scattered hairs, but one of luxuriant growth, like the false affairs villains wear on the stage. The horse is the property of F. A. King and, as

THE HORSE WITH A MUSTACHE.

she is a family pet, he has repeatedly refused offers of museum managers to pay a high price for her. No plausible theory explanatory of the phenomenon has ever been advanced.

An Amusing Blunder.

Apropos of the difficulty of speaking foreign languages correctly, a story is told of a dainty French lady who recently visited our shores. She is sensitive to the point of nervousness, and realizing the liability to err in a foreign tongue, she was generally careful to make selection of each individual word. Wherefore she was but the more amusing when, one evening, feeling moved to remonstrate with a gentleman upon the chilliness of our northern May, she said: "Reely eet ees so cold here all ze time zat I have sat all ze day weeth my feet over ze transome."

When people fly from the ills they have they should not fail to secure a return ticket.