

TIMELY TOPICS

A few reverses do not discourage the girl who is learning to waltz.

Some officeholders seem to forget the time when they were office-seekers.

With the exception of the reason itself, a woman has a reason for everything.

Some people who give skim milk to the poor expect the Lord to credit it as cream.

Unless his wife's relations are rich and distinguished, the average man is never interested in them.

The man who saves up something for a rainy day is the one who knows enough to go in when it rains.

Buffalo Bill is going to quit after two years more of it. Russell Sage must pity him for his lack of enterprise.

In this mechanical age the mechanical man may not reach the highest honors, but he is generally able to pay rent.

High noon is the proper hour for a wedding in high life. When it comes to a divorce any old hour is good enough.

Possibly General Corbin's advice to young army officers not to marry was put forth in the interest of the future pension roll.

That anarchist who shot at King Leopold three times without hitting him must have graduated from some detective force.

The election was a failure in one thing—nobody had to wheel a fat man two miles to pay a fool bet. Perhaps we are getting more civilized.

Some earnest souls get excited because a platform doesn't suit them, but the astute politician waits until after election, and then he doesn't do a thing to it.

Dr. Harper may be right in declaring that the church is "alienating the rich," but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is entirely innocent of such folly himself.

Dancing is said to be going out of fashion. This must be due to the fact that so many society people after playing bridge whist have no money to pay the fiddler.

No sane person will defend Anarchist Robino's attempt to kill Leopold, King of the Belgians. Leopold is not of the type of man that needs killing. A sound licking is about his size.

Mr. Morgan has given one cent to a charitable organization. Let us hope the gentleman will not be compelled now to go without things that would have a tendency to increase his comfort.

Gompers fears a war of the unions. Gompers knows human nature. Combination leads to power, and power leads to disintegration, owing to the desire of many people to use the power for many diverse purposes.

American school teachers in the Philippines do not need to teach the young idea how to shoot. The young idea already knows how and practices on the teacher when there is no American garrison in the immediate neighborhood.

A whole year has passed without a single case of yellow fever originating in Havana. This is one result of American occupation of Cuba. The United States has a vital interest in the continuance of this satisfactory sanitary condition, as well as in the establishment of wholesome political conditions in the island.

The love letters produced in evidence in a suit which attracted considerable attention recently demonstrate once more the awful results following the conjunction of an ink bottle, a quire of note paper and an amorous young man. Every time one of these affairs becomes public it emphasizes the folly of teaching male children to write.

People on this side of the line may talk of annexation sentiment in Canada, but no such talk is heard in Canada itself. The truth is that the Canadian brother hates us and all our works, his only leniency being shown to American embezzlers who take shelter in the dominion with enough money to pay their footing, says the Chicago Chronicle. There is no more prospect of annexing Canada than there is of annexing England itself.

By a French chemist is claimed the invention of a method of compressing sea air into tabloids. "Those, therefore, who wish for a change of air will in future only have to go to the nearest

chemist's and buy a bottle of Margate tabloids or half a dozen Rivera pastilles. So long as the drugs are properly dispensed the invention will be welcome. It would be unpleasant to ask for Bournemouth pastilles and to receive instead the Cologne (not the eau de Cologne) variety. The latter form has seventy-nine distinct smells.

The reading clubs that are studying the life of Sir Philip Sidney, who was born just three hundred and forty-eight years ago, have a fine opportunity to weigh the comparative value to civilization of the chivalrous deed that attracts attention and the every-day usefulness that does not get into books. Sidneys can never be too common; yet it is true that the world's advance is won not so much by the exceptional hero or genius as by "the quiet men who speak the truth, pay their debts, do their work thoroughly, and are satisfied with their just rewards."

Some of the bravest, best-hearted men of the world are addicted to the habit of profane swearing on occasion. They do not mean anything in particular. They employ the language for mere emphasis. At the same time, any clean-minded person who uses profanity will apologize for the habit. Why persist in doing something for which one is obliged to apologize? Look about you. Listen to a swearing boy. He has caught the lowest oaths that come from the lowest and vilest surroundings. Along with the profane and indecent words you realize the fact the boy must have profane and indecent thoughts. Suppose it were your own boy? And why not if you use profane language? You are his exemplar. Hear a woman curse and swear. Does it not go through one like an electric shock? The ideal of womanhood is dragged down. Humanity is debased by it. One grows sick at heart. You feel the brute side of humanity. The distance between womanhood and a thing seems all the distance between heaven and hell. "It sounds so differently from a woman." There's your double standard of morality—a false standard that has wrought incredible mischief. But again: Does the swearer realize what it means to bandy sacred words? Has he not lost appreciation of delicacy? The name of God ought never to be spoken save in reverence, spoken when the heart is tender and a prayer is in the soul. There are those about one who hold the name in awe and who love and trust the Great Beneficence. How shall they feel when a name, which is to them above every name, is dragged into the mud of careless speech? As you would not couple the name of your mother or wife or daughter in coarse ribaldry so you should not take in vain the name of the noble Nazarene. There are worse habits than swearing—many worse. There are those who have never sworn an oath who are liars, thieves, hypocrites, murderers. That is true. Nevertheless the man who doesn't swear has the better chance to be a decent, courteous, self-respecting gentleman.

Roland B. Molineux, who was adjudged guilty of murder nearly four years ago, has been acquitted by a jury of his peers. The second trial presented marked differences from the first. Judge Lambert, a country judge, who presided, displayed singular fairness, good judgment, and patience, in sharp contrast to Recorder Goff, whose attitude toward the defense in the first trial was the subject of criticism, sharp, if not harsh. Evidence damaging to Molineux, chiefly in the form of letters which the Recorder admitted, was declared by the Court of Appeals to have been improperly admitted. In the first trial the prosecuting attorney had everything his own way. All the testimony he wished to introduce was let in. The State is often at a disadvantage in a second trial. Some of its witnesses cannot be found, as was the case in the second trial of Molineux. His long imprisonment and suffering must have influenced the jury a little. All of these influences, of course, operated to secure an acquittal for him. The court found it necessary to reprove Mr. Osborne, the prosecuting attorney, whose eagerness to secure a conviction exceeded all reasonable bounds. It is possible for a State's Attorney to show too much zeal in his efforts to send a man to the gallows. The trial was conducted with an orderliness and dispatch which were creditable to the country judge who was taken to New York to preside over this important trial. The court's summing up of the evidence was admirable. No one can review the whole case with satisfaction. It has been at once a farce and a tragedy. Murder was done, and, in spite of great efforts on the part of the State, the murderer is still at large. Molineux has been acquitted, but only after four years in prison and after his family has been nearly bankrupted. If he had been a poor man he would have been hanged. His acquittal is the result of the unwavering courage of his father, who throughout the struggle retained the best counsel in New York. There is much room for improvement when it costs a father his fortune to establish his son's innocence, or when a prosecuting attorney suggests that a rich man cannot be convicted of murder.



Dr. Rollin, a French hygienist, has invented a new system of gymnastics, which he recommends to the feminine beauty seeker. Especially suited as it is to the strenuous temperament, it would seem to be peculiarly adapted to the taste of fair America. A small barrel is the only apparatus needed; this may be as simple or as costly as desired.

The exercises are to be taken once a day, in the morning, just after arising. First place your hands on the floor, curve your body over the barrel, as in figure 1, and roll the barrel to your toes and back. When this grows monotonous, turn over on your back and roll the barrel from your shoulders to your heels, and vice versa. For the third exercise put the barrel under the nape of your neck, like a pillow, and take several steps, pushing the barrel along your spine with force. Then run the barrel up and down your side from chest to foot, and back again.

The other five exercises call for both agility and strength. Pick up the barrel without bending your knees. Go through various arm movements: Hold it before your chest with arm extended, then high above your head with arm straight; lower the barrel with both hands, making a bow of your body; finally, with knees apart, raise and lower it repeatedly with increasing velocity. These exercises, if persevered in, are warranted to reduce flesh.

SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or fancied wrong,
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out,
And show a heart that is brave and stout;

If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse
The tears,
You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward dies,
To give to the man who bravely tries,
And you'll win success with a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,
You'll see that the singing will make you strong,
And the heavy load and the rugged road
And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goad
Will soar with the note that you set afloat;

That the beam will change to a trifling mote;
That the world is bad when you are sad,
And bright and beautiful when glad,
That all you need is a little song—
If you sing the song as you trudge along!
—Brown Book.

MARRIED CHUMS.

IN the cozy corner of a great dining room sat He and She. A fragrant bunch of roses on the table made the affair look like a wedding banquet, and she did look a bit like a bride, tremulously happy, yet heartily hungry.

"Oh, how I enjoy it all," she said, as the waiter deftly arranged the Blue Points, and then pushed a cushion under her feet.

"Would the people think we are foolish if they knew that we have a good home and children and our own table, and that after twenty-five years of married life, ran away to a hotel for our little dinner, just as we did before our little baby came?"

He looked at her fondly across the table. "My dear, let the people think what they please," he said. "If it is foolish for a man to be in love with his wife after a quarter of a century's

association, let's be as mad as the maddest. I'm enjoying myself. You look happy. You look like the girl I met at a church social a good many years ago and afterward married. Not for so much as a minute have I ever been sorry. You have always been my chum. The band hasn't played for us all of the time. There have been days when we couldn't have these Stolen Dinners, but you have been the one thing, dear, that I've always been sure of."

"John, I think the people at the next table can hear you, and your soup is getting cold. Let me talk. I forget my years when I go out with you. I love our children, but it would spoil it to have even them at our stolen parties. It is good of you to want to have me with you. I'm proud to be your chum; I think if most men tried to understand their wives, there would be more happiness in the world. A good many women need sympathy as much as they need love, John. * * * Don't put your foot against mine—the waiter will see you."

Perhaps he did, but not even the shadow of a smile flickered across his face as he arranged the next course, flecked away a few imaginary crumbs and then discreetly disappeared.

"It doesn't seem far to that first social," said He. "You wore flowers in your hair and some lace fixings at your throat; your cheeks were pink and when you talked with the young minister I wanted to punch his head. Oh! I was insanely jealous that night—"

"And very foolish—go on, John," softly.

"And I heard you refuse him when he asked permission to escort you home, and was so happy when he was miserable, that I forgave him for being so good-looking. And then—why, Jennie, you know all about it."

"But I love to hear you tell it."

"Remember how we walked blocks and blocks out of the way to make the trip longer, and how we sat on the porch at your home and looked at the stars—hang it, Jennie! I wonder if any other fellow was ever half so happy as I was after that evening, when I realized that you belonged to ME, and that the preacher, and that little, sawedoff

fellow, who clerked in a shoe store—I can't remember his name and I'm glad of it—and all the rest who had been hanging about you for a year, were OUT OF IT forever. Dear, your eyes are shining like stars. You are handsomer at 45 than you were at 20, and—"

"Happier, John," she whispered. "The dinner has been perfect. I think I know how an eloping bride feels. Have the man get my wrap and we'll go home to the children."

He paid a modest check and they left the dining room.

The guests saw the man with many lines of care on his face and a woman no longer young. It is not permitted the public to peer into the hearts, and so they couldn't know that they had dined in the presence of a king who reigned over the wide empire of a woman's heart, and a queen who retained her sovereignty over a man's life, although twenty-five years married.—Des Moines News.

The Young American Spirit.

Sooner or later the young American is bound to issue his own declaration of independence, but usually the young gentleman—or lady, as the case may be—waits until he has passed the kindergarten stage before he expresses his determination to go and live his own life, unrestrained by parental rules.

Not so with a slender, blue-eyed young gentleman, aged 4, who has just been initiated into the delights of kindergarten life. A day or two after his first experience in the wide, wide world his nearest and dearest feminine relative Laving offended him in some slight matter, the young man declared his intention of leaving her and going off and living by himself.

"People don't get along very well who live by themselves," she remarked in answer; "something's likely to happen."

"Huh!" was the contemptuous answer. "I can do it. I went to kindergarten two days by myself, and nothing struck!"

Thirteen is never considered unlucky by the man who gets that number for the price of a dozen.