

## TIMELY TOPICS

The wigmaker is a locksmith that love never laughs at.

Many a man who is color blind is capable of feeling blue.

American money left abroad by tourists may have to be sent back for American wheat.

"Gate money" is what the father of several pretty daughters is called upon to put up for repairs.

A man never objects to having his hair cut at cut rates, but he draws the line at a cut-rate shave.

Plain-spoken people in denouncing the newly formed shovel trust will be likely to call a spade a spade.

An American locomotive has badly beaten an English engine in a severe test in Jamaica. What, again?

Unless a man has will power to burn he has no business trying to make love to a girl who jars the scales at 250.

Chancellor Andrews thinks that preachers who preach for salary alone ought to be hanged. He neglected to say what ought to be done with teachers who teach for salary alone.

A London society of millionaires has issued a statement or tract in which the troubles of the rich are pitifully set forth. These are troubles few of us know about, but we are willing to learn.

Five hundred islands in the St. Lawrence River are to be sold by the Canadian Government. Anyone in need of an island would do well to call and examine the goods before purchasing elsewhere.

It is announced that King Edward may appoint the Duchess of Marlborough mistress of the robes. It must be hard lines for the daughter of a Vanderbilt to have to accept a job as property woman.

William K. Vanderbilt says that inherited wealth is a mockery. We would like to inherit about \$10,000 for fifteen or twenty minutes and go around and hand out the coal baron and the potato head a few mockeries.

Young man, make a note of this: The Peabody, Kansas, News has discovered a young woman who develops her form by helping mother with house work and keeps her hands and arms soft and white by kneading bread.

In London, by recent orders from their employers, reporters must wear silk hats and frock coats so as to "look like gentlemen." In this country reporters may wear overalls and a hickory shirt if they want to. The only order is to "get the news."

A printed request for the name of the writer of a popular ballad is said to have resulted in the communication of the names of forty-eight different authors. It is growing to be of more and more importance that the author's name be blown, so to say, in the poetical bottle.

M. Eliphtolyte Charbon, of the Paris Faculty of medicine, says the modern theory of ruthless warfare against microbes is all wrong, since there are microbes of health as well as of disease, and we can't destroy one without destroying the other. The best way is to let the rival microbes fight it out among themselves. This is certainly a comfortable theory for a lay man.

It is highly gratifying to be told that the average age at death in 1900 was 35.2, as against 31.1 in 1890. Everyone now has the chance to live four and one-tenth years longer than he had ten years ago. There can be no doubt that better food, more abundance of food and better sanitation are accountable for the increased length of life. Every improvement in sewerage, every successful quarantine, every benevolent work, every new medical discovery will aid in prolonging life.

In England the automobile comes into vogue less rapidly than on the Continent. A London writer calls it "a fad, and an extremely dirty, dusty, uncomfortable fad," and a nuisance on the public ways. He thinks it will be many years before "these crude, impracticable machines" displace in the Englishman's affections "a fine trotting-horse and a smart trap." No doubt the horse is here to stay, and no doubt the automobile is still in its clumsy beginning; but just wait a little, till the problem of a light and cheap storage-battery has been solved.

The chief of the Good Roads' train, which made a spring tour through the South, declares that people will flock to see the actual construction and operation of a model road who would never

go to a convention to hear the subject discussed by the highest authorities. Acting on this principle that a fozzen of observation is worth a gross of hearsay, a firm of Scotch publishers sent twelve representative British workmen to the Buffalo Exposition to inspect American machinery and industrial methods, and to form in themselves a nucleus of future progression in their various trades.

Miss Amelia A. Barr tells the readers of the Lady's Review of Reviews that men are much more contemptible and useless in their celibacy than are women. An old maid, she says, can generally make herself of service to some one. At any rate, she never descends to such depths of enmity and selfishness as do the old bachelors, who loiter about on club sofas or who dawdle contentedly at afternoon teas. An old maid may be troublesome in church business or particular in household affairs, but it takes an old bachelor to quarrel with waiters and grumble everyone insane about the dinner menu. The unmarried woman is becoming every year more self-reliant and more respectable and respected, and the unmarried man more feminine and contemptible. What is here said about the male celibate is from a woman's view point and just a mite exaggerated, but it contains a large measure of truth, and the notable exceptions only accentuate the rule. One of the first commandments to Adam and Eve was to multiply and replenish the earth. In dodging this commandment with promise the man seems to have brought down upon him a double measure of the primeval penalty.

The health bulletin recently issued by the Census Bureau is the most interesting publication of the government in connection with the census of 1900. Its tables are a useful study and afford some surprising though satisfactory and promising results. The most important health and mortality statistics relate to towns and cities of over 5,000 inhabitants. Probably the conditions of village, rural and farm life do not vary materially from decade to decade. It is in city communities that the great improvement in public health has occurred, that the average term of life has been lengthened. The rural death rate is generally less than the city rate. The improvement in the public health, the lower death rate and the extended average term of human life are pronounced features of city vital statistics. Medical and sanitary science have shown the most conspicuous progress in cities. Improved methods of treatment and new preventives have caused the partial eradication of some diseases, once the terror of mankind, or have greatly reduced their fatal effects. The scourges that in former centuries swept away entire communities and decimated nations no longer visit mankind. The pestilence does not walk at noonday. The prevalence of famine and disease in India last year is the only exception to the general rule of amelioration in health conditions that has prevailed throughout the world. In medical science even the bubonic plague met its conqueror. But it is in American cities that medical and sanitary science have wrought their greatest benefits. The purification of the water supply and the sanitary disposition of sewage have caused an immense reduction in the extent of sickness and mortality. The better homes for the poor, where more comforts are enjoyed, are not invaded by diseases which were formerly the peculiar affliction of poverty. The term of human life in the United States has been prolonged. Ten years ago and previously the average age of the people at the time of death was a trifle over 31 years. The phrase "a generation" was understood to mean about 30 years, or the average lifetime of mankind. The census of 1900 shows that the average at death in the United States was a fraction over 35 years. In a decade four years had been added to the general term of life. There is no reason why the health of the people should not continue to improve, nor why length of life should not continue to increase. The progress of science in sanitation keeps progress with the years. The health boards of cities are faithful guardians of the public. The science of medicine is progressive. No doubt the generation now living will see the end of many diseases. The longevity of the people will approach that of—

### The Blundering Idiot.

GEORGE MORTON had thrown a handful of rice into the carriage windows, filling the bride's hair with the cereal, and the bridegroom's mind with profanity. He watched the carriage bowl away in the dust of the late June afternoon, his eyes upon the little gray-gloved hand, waving its adieu, until they had disappeared at a turn of the wide country road. When he turned to follow the other guests to the house he nearly stepped upon a small figure that was pulling a daisy to pieces at his feet. "He loves me not, he loves me," the figure said, tossing away the decapitated stem. "Why do you sigh, Mr. Morton?"

"Oh, it's you, little one? People don't always know why they sigh, do they? It may be disappointment or it may be indignation. So he loves you?"

"He does, Mr. Morton?"

"And who is he, may I ask?"

"I'll confide in you some other day. Let's go in and drink again to Ethel's happiness. Another sigh. Is it indignation?"

She was the bride's youngest sister, home from school and in her first long frock, to bear her honors as flower girl to her sister. Probably Ethel had looked like her at her age, he reflected painfully. It had been painful to reflect upon Ethel ever since her engagement had been announced last winter. He had fully intended to propose to Ethel, but while he was sunning himself contentedly in her gracious presence, Philip Henson, a man of youth and action, reached the house ten minutes before him one evening. When Morton entered he suspected that something had happened. Philip promptly confirmed his suspicion.

"We're engaged," he announced. "Congratulations!"

George had congratulated them, but he sighed when he went to his bachelor home that night. He was sighing now.

"Again, Mr. Morton! Fie! Fie!" The teasing elf at his elbow laughed at his vacant look and empty glass.

"You're a naughty child, I'll tell your mother to send you to bed," he said severely.

Two years later there was another wedding in the Foster family. "The middle Miss Foster" was the bride this time, and the former bride was there in young matronly pride and splendor. Again George Morton threw a well-directed handful of rice after the bride.

He stood at the window watching the wedded ones drive away. His face was overcast.

"Yours is a grave face for a wedding," said a ringing voice. "A penny for your thoughts."

"You may have them for nothing, little ones," he said. "A man shouldn't be expected to have a sunny face at any wedding except his own. I was thinking that Ethel had driven away from us through spring flowers, and Millie through autumn leaves. We are left behind. It's rather sad somehow, isn't it, little one?"

Without Assistance.

The sentiment recently expressed by a good-natured Swede, when interrogated by a young bride, may be shared by a good many queens of the kitchen.

"Now, Ina, can you cook?" asked the bride, earnestly. "Are you a good cook, Ina?"

"Ya-as'm, I tink so," responded the girl, with perfect innocence, "if you will not try to help me."

Pigeon's Great Flight.

The Belgian pigeon which won the great race from Burgos, in Spain, to Brussels, did the 700 miles in fourteen hours.

## THREE PRESIDENTS THE VICTIMS OF ASSASSINS' BULLETS.



Abraham Lincoln, the first of the martyr Presidents, was shot and fatally wounded on the night of April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an aberrated actor. The crime was committed in Ford's Theater, Washington, while Lincoln was witnessing "The American Cousin." James A. Garfield the second President of the United States to be similarly stricken, was shot by Charles J. Guiteau, July 2, 1881, while about to depart from the Pennsylvania Railway station in Washington. He died Sept. 19 following.

### THE HOME LIGHT.

The light of home's a wondrous light,  
So tender in its shining,  
So soft it follows through the night,  
Our weary road outlining.  
Though lonely and for years we roam,  
Far from the ones who love us,  
Yet ever shines the light of home,  
Like God's grace spread above us.

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## THE GIRL WHO IS TO MARRY ROCKEFELLER.

Miss Abbie C. Aldrich is the second daughter of the millionaire, Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and her recently announced engagement to wed John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the only son of John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, and perhaps the richest man in the world, has caused a furor in Eastern society circles. Young Rockefeller is by all odds the richest catch in the matrimonial market, and his determination to take up dancing has caused discussion in Baptist circles, where he has long shone as a Bible class teacher. The father of his fiancée was a grocer before he entered politics. Now he is president of the United Traction Company, of Providence, R. I., and very



MISS ABBIE C. ALDRICH.

rich. Miss Aldrich will, it is expected, add several millions to young Rockefeller's immense fortune. The friends of both say this is purely a love match. The bride-to-be is a social leader, and cares more for gaiety than for instruction in Biblical topics. She will doubtless look with more favor on young Mr. Rockefeller after he has achieved the same success as leader of a dancing class that has greeted his work as leader of a Bible class.

### SUES A ROYAL PRINCESS.

An American Woman Brings Suit Against Infanta Eulalia.

Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, wife of Charles T. Yerkes, the millionaire railway promoter, formerly of Chicago but now of London, has come into international notoriety owing to a suit she instituted against a Paris dressmaker and the Infanta Eulalia of Spain. It seems that eight gowns ordered by Mrs. Yerkes were shown to the Infanta as specimens of the dressmaker's work. The Princess fell in love with two of



MRS. CHARLES T. YERKES.

the dresses and offered to buy them provided the dressmaker would not duplicate them for the American millionaire. The dressmaker promised and offered Mrs. Yerkes two other modes gratis. But the American woman rebelled violently and refused to accept any of the gowns unless the whole original lot were delivered to her immediately. After a couple of days spent in argument and expostulation Mrs. Yerkes instituted suit charging the dressmaker and the Infanta with conspiracy to prevent the delivery of dresses which she had ordered and which she had tried on several times. And because a royal princess of Spain is made a defendant Mrs. Yerkes has found herself internationally famous. It is not expected that another war will result between Spain and the United States just because these two women cannot agree.

Kite's Highest Flight.

A meteorological kite was flown to an altitude of 1,900 feet at the American Observatory, at Blue Hill, recently. This is the highest flight on record in America, even for balloons. Four and three quarter miles of piano wire formed the line. The air was very dry and the temperature freezing at the highest point.

To make Him Right.

Hicks—That young Freshleigh isn't worth his salt.

Wicks—I suppose you mean the amount of salt he needs.—Somerville Journal.