

TIMELY TOPICS

Men do not understand that it is happiness that makes women attractive.

A Texas heiress has run away with a farmer's boy. Thus the combinations of capital keep going on.

A penny saved may be a penny earned, but the one carried as a pocket piece does not draw any interest.

Certainly that New York man who was arrested for having twelve wives has been sufficiently punished.

No great interest attaches to the fact that the Chinese protocol has been signed. There is nothing left to loot.

Japan is about one mountain, thanks to a recent earthquake. This must be discouraging to real estate owners there.

Tight shoes have just caused the death of a New York woman who was 70 years old. Some of them never seem to rise above it.

The Candid Friend, a London weekly paper, asserts that King Edward is suffering from heart disease. Heaven preserve us all from our candid friends!

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt claims that one-fourth of the American millionaires are women. The next important query is, what proportion of the millionaires are widows?

The Eastern clergyman who declares the earth to be only one of 100,000,000 inhabited stars and planets on which wickedness exists has evidently been a great traveler in his time.

If the striking down of the President by an assassin's bullet should cause a revival in the strict enforcement of all laws, against high and low, rich and poor, good would come out of a terrible evil.

The warm summer has dislodged the ice of the North and great hopes are entertained that the pole can be pulled up, if found. It would be a great scheme to bring the thing back and plant it where it will not be so difficult to reach.

Emperor William has decorated all the entourage of the Czar and the Czar has conferred like favors on those who surround the German Emperor. If these visits become common the court favorites will need a "caddy" to carry their emblems.

"How should you like to have a boll on your neck and a stiff collar constantly chafing it?" was the pertinent question which a Massachusetts Judge put to a man arrested for driving a sore-backed horse. Then, to stimulate his imagination in the future, a fine of \$50 was imposed.

Emma Goldman's ideas on the subject of marriage appear to coincide very closely with those of Rev. Dr. Herron, late of Iowa and now of New Jersey. "Marriage," she says, "is a private matter. I do not see, then, why ministers or judges should interfere with it." Dr. Herron enunciated the same idea some time ago and has numerous followers who believe the same thing.

The growing tendency to look upon marriage as a temporary bond which can be thrown off or assumed at will is the logical result of loose divorce laws and the increasing tendency to imitate the customs of the fast sets abroad. It is high time for persons of all classes to protest against the general laxity of morals that is seen to exist in present-day society. Public sentiment is on the right side, and it is important that the old traditions which once guarded the American home should be revived.

When a customer asks a druggist for poison he is required to answer certain leading and searching questions, in order to satisfy, as the law requires, the seller of the goods that he does not intend it for purposes of suicide or murder, and to assist identification if in spite of such precaution the purchase should be put to unlawful use. When a man, woman or child desires to purchase a pistol it is only necessary to lay the money on the counter and walk away with the goods and no questions asked. Yet we question whether the pistol in its present convenient form has not figured in more tragedies than the deadly poison.

Commodore Perry is a name high in honor in the United States navy, having been the title of two famous brothers, Oliver Hazard and Matthew Calbraith Perry. On Sept. 13, eighty-eight years ago, the elder brother, a young lieutenant who had never seen a naval fight, fought that famous battle of Lake Erie, which saved the Northwest to the United States, and gave the world the dispatch: "We have met the

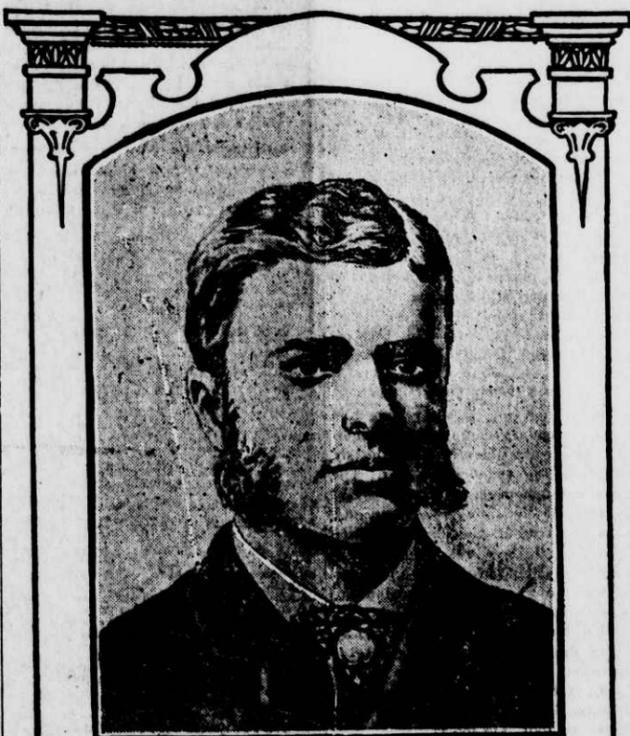
enemy and they are ours." Forty-eight years ago last July the younger brother landed in Japan with a message from the President which practically opened that country to the world. The Matthew Perry monument recently unveiled at Kurihama, Japan, is a shaft thirty-three feet high, made of a rare native stone and bearing an inscription in gold written by Marquis Ito. A dense crowd of natives witnessed the ceremonies, both Japanese and American battleships fired salutes from the harbor, and one of the speakers was Rear Admiral Beardslee, who, as a midshipman under Perry, was present at the original entry.

In view of the almost general legislation against cigarettes throughout the States and the numerous crusades for their suppression, some statistics recently presented by Tobacco will be of interest. The fact that there has been a pronounced decrease in the sale of paper-rolled cigarettes in the last three years leads the journal quoted to conclude that "an equivalent of at least 200,000 smokers have ceased to use paper cigarettes or that a larger number are more moderate in their use." At any rate, during the time mentioned the number of cigarettes on which internal revenue has been collected has fallen 1,476,629,068. The statistics used cover a period of twenty years, or from June 30, 1881. At that time the cigarette was not known outside a few of the larger cities. The total number manufactured was 503,873,783, and the internal revenue tax was \$1.75 a thousand. May 1, 1883, the tax was reduced to 50 cents a thousand, and within twelve months the total tax-paid product reached 908,000,723, or an increase of 50 per cent over the year previous. From 1885 to 1890 more than 235,000,000 cigarettes were annually added to the number made and consumed. With the tax still at 50 cents a thousand, a production of 2,233,254,680 is recorded for the fiscal year 1890. Then came a fierce storm of competition, purely retaliatory in its nature, by which more than 1,000,000,000 were added to the tax-paid product in less than four years. In 1897 the high-water mark in production was reached when 4,153,252,470 cigarettes, or about fifty-six for every man, woman and child in the country, paid the government tax of more than \$2,000,000. In the following year competition was somewhat lessened and the tax was raised to \$1 a thousand. Both of these checked further growth, and since then production has fallen off materially. If there are not as many cigarettes sold now as there were three years ago, there are not as many smoked; and whether the reduction is due to decreased demand or increased cost of production, the result is equally gratifying to those who have labored zealously to combat the widely prevalent cigarette habit.

The murderous assault upon the President called attention to at least one of the dangers of what might be called the public official hand-shaking habit. The assassin found his opportunity at the "public reception" in the Temple of Music at Buffalo, where the President was cheerfully submitting to the arduous ordeal of shaking hands with thousands of people whom he had never seen before and probably never would see again. President McKinley had nothing to gain by this unpleasant task, nor was it one of the duties of his office. He was going through the ordeal merely because it was the custom and because he had a kindly feeling for everybody. Wholesale hand-shaking of this kind has no particular meaning or value, in the opinion of the Chicago Tribune. It merely gratifies idle curiosity and gives people a chance to say they "shook hands with the President." Their names remain unknown to the public official whose hand they have shaken, and to him they are merely individual members of a crowd as before. To the official himself the process is not only stale and unprofitable but is a formidable physical burden. There are few kinds of work more fatiguing than that of shaking hands continuously for hours with a long procession of people. Few men are strong enough to endure it for any great length of time. When an attempt is made to bestow a smile and a word upon each individual the strain is further increased, and the whole performance soon deteriorates into a perfunctory act with no particular results except an aching shoulder for the unfortunate man who is being exploited. It is time to stop these indiscriminate hand-shaking functions. They are a superannuated survival of the early days when every public official could be personally acquainted with most of his constituents. The nation has now grown so large that the performance of hand-shaking in such cases has become meaningless and burdensome. It is extremely insanitary and exposes the official victim to dangers of all kinds, of contagion. The tragedy at Buffalo has shown that free-for-all receptions of this kind offer extra opportunities for homicidal assault. It is time to exempt the public servants of the nation from the dangers and annoyances of wholesale hand-shaking.

A man's opinions have more or less weight with his wife—usually less.

ROOSEVELT AS A COLLEGE GRADUATE.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Many pictures have been printed of President Roosevelt during the last few years, some as a plain citizen, some as a speaker, some as a cowboy, some as a soldier, and some as President, but in none of these has there been any sign of his rude adornment except the mustache. There was a time, however, when the man who is now President of the United States wore whiskers. The year President Roosevelt owned whiskers was 1880—the year he graduated from Harvard. The above picture was made from his class photograph.

NARROW ESCAPE FOR BASS.

Came Near Being Hanged for Another Man's Forgetfulness.

William Bass, described as "the only real guide into the Grand Canyon of Arizona," had an early life full of peril and adventure. A chapter of "In and Around the Grand Canyon" is devoted to an account of one of his thrilling experiences.

Soon after his settlement in Williams he became interested in accounts of the Havasupai Indians, a peculiar people said to preserve many characteristics of the Indians of centuries gone by. So he started out to find them, accompanied by a man of the name of McKinney, whom he had casually met at a restaurant.

After three or four days, suffering not a little from heat and thirst, they arrived at a place which they took to be very near the Havasupai village. At McKinney's suggestion he went on to the village, leaving Bass to guard the stock and provisions.

"By the next afternoon," says Bass, in relating his adventure afterward, "I concluded that as McKinney had not returned, he had been bitten by a rattlesnake or had fallen over a cliff. So I went to look for him. I came to a nest of rattlesnakes, and some of them I killed with the gun, thinking that the sound might warn McKinney of my approach.

"Soon I saw pony and moccasin tracks which threw me into trepidation, for common report said that if a man was found anywhere near the Havasupai with revolver and cartridge they would kill him. I began to try to climb the south wall of the canyon, and succeeded in doing so until I came to a perpendicular wall about five hundred feet high.

"Directly over my head, but about twenty-five feet above me, was an overhanging angle of rock. I must either get over that or go back. So with an almost desperate throw I managed to get the rope across the projecting angle. Fastening all my supplies together, and tying them on the end of one of the ropes, I began the ascent, placing my back against the wall and pulling myself up hand over hand.

"On reaching the shelf above, I rolled over upon it exhausted and nearly insensible, but had presence of mind enough to secure myself with the rope. When I came to, I found that one more effort would release me, and gathering all my remaining strength, I made it, and reached the top just as the sun was going down."

After three days of similar hardships and adventures Bass reached Williams, and started to organize a searching party to go after McKinney.

"No one seemed anxious to go," he says, "and I soon noticed groups of men looking suspiciously toward me, talking earnestly as I came up, but remaining ominously still when I approached."

But it was not until the searching party had been organized and was well on the way that the doctor, who had made one of the number, said to Bass:

"Bass, I feel sorry for you. I'm going to tell you something, but I don't

want you to give me away. The people in Williams think that you killed McKinney, and they have sent me to perform an autopsy on his body. Scott, the justice and coroner, to hold an inquest, and Hurd, as an expert trailer, to find the body, if you've tried to dispose of it. They were talking pretty earnestly about hanging you before you left, and you had a narrower escape than you imagine."

This candid tale left Bass in no enviable frame of mind, but happily the party soon met an Indian, who gave the cheerful information that the Havasupai had found McKinney, had kept him for three days, and had then sent him home under a friendly escort. Thereupon Bass returned to Williams, and the first man he saw was McKinney, who approached and offered his hand.

"I don't shake hands," said Bass, indignantly, "with a man like you! You went off and left me, and never even thought it worth while to send an Indian after me. I might have starved, or been killed, or worried to death for fear of what had become of you, for aught you would have cared."

"I didn't think," said McKinney, "No, you didn't, and your not thinking nearly got me hung. I lost my time and my grub, and never got to see the Havasupai, after all. I want nothing more to do with a man like you."

That night, says Bass, McKinney took the train and left, and has never been seen here since.

AMERICA'S HANDSOME WOMAN

She Died in the Snowy Southland Which She Adored.

Miss Maude Coleman Woods, the most beautiful woman of the blonde type in North America, died of typhoid fever at the country home of the Morris family in Hanover County, Va. Her profile adorns the souvenir medals of the Pan-American Exposition.

Miss Woods was 23 years old and was educated at the Virginia Female Normal Institute. She was a musician of taste and culture. Her disposition was retiring and it is no secret among her friends that she shrank from the publicity and notoriety caused by her selection by the committee of the Pan-American Exposition as the typical beauty of North America. She was a daughter of Micajah Woods, who was a major in the Confederate army.

Our Agricultural Products. Since 1912 the United States has grown over \$27,200,000,000 of corn, over \$19,650,000,000 of hay, over \$11,850,000,000 of wheat, over \$8,150,000,000 of oats, over \$3,980,000,000 of potatoes, over \$1,750,000,000 of barley, over \$550,000,000 of tobacco, and over \$300,000,000 of buckwheat.

Free Baths to Leadworkers. Paris supplies free of cost sulphurous baths to all persons engaged in handling lead.

OLDEST MEMBER OF THE W. R. C.

Mrs. Maria Lowndes Allen, or "Grandma Allen," of Elyria, Ohio, the oldest member of the Women's Relief Corps, recently celebrated her ninety-ninth birthday.

Mrs. Allen joined the Elyria corps when she was 33, her name being the first on the charter, the post and corps being named in honor of her gallant son, who served in the Civil War. She sent three boys to the front—William, the eldest, who served on the frigates Savannah and Ohio during the Mexican war; also on the U. S. S. Fort Jackson as quartermaster during the rebellion; Capt. Richard Allen, Company I, Eighth O. V. I., who was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862, and died the following January at Douglas Hospital, Washington, and Lieut. James Allen, who served three years in Company H, One hundred and third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.



MRS. M. L. ALLEN.

Mrs. Allen made wines, jellies and bedding—in brief, everything within her power for the comfort of the boys who stood by the flag and upheld the Union. During the Spanish war her only regret was the fact that she had no boys to send to avenge the blowing up of the Maine.

Mrs. Allen is one of the earliest settlers in Ohio, having taken the overland trip from New Jersey with her husband and five sons in 1832. Their conveyance was a canvas topped lumber wagon without springs, and in the long, wearisome journey they were obliged to camp during two blizzards. The five boys grew to manhood, went to sea and doubled Cape Horn.

Mrs. Allen has lived in Elyria 67 years and her dearest wish is to live to celebrate her one hundredth birthday. For several years the city has done her honor, the Women's Relief Corps calling in a body on her birthdays and presenting her with gifts.

Lord Strathcona. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal is the object of bitter attacks from prominent members of the Canadian colony.

in London, whose desire it is to dislodge the old financier from the post of high commissioner of Canada. Lord Strathcona occupies numerous offices of honor and is chancellor of McGill University, resident governor of the Hudson Bay Company, president of the Bank of Montreal, and a director of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba and of the Great Northern Railroad. When he landed on this side of the Atlantic he was a poor lad. Now his home in Montreal is one of the city's show palaces.

Private Cars. Any man who is reasonably well to do may own a private car built according to his own specifications. A car-renting company in New York City buys old Pullman coaches, tears the inside furnishings out and refits them according to the wishes of its customers. Whatever kind of private car a man may wish he may order—parlors, hand-somely carpeted sitting-rooms, dining rooms—all with equipment more or less perfect according to the price. And cars are refitted in this way and sold for prices varying from fifteen hundred to fifteen thousand dollars. Very handsome and serviceable cars have been built from the old "castaways," and the man of moderate means can travel privately and comfortably in a home of his own.

Revolutionary War Claim. A Revolutionary War claim for \$400, the special value of which was \$48.00, contracted under the act of 1776, has recently been liquidated by the Treasury Department. The interest and principal amounted to \$12,206.20.

Seeking Rest. Mrs. Naggsby—Why don't you spend your nights at home? I always do. Naggsby—Perhaps, my dear, that accounts for it.—Judge.



"Well, Tommy, has your mother told you of my good fortune?" "No. She only said she was going to marry you!"—Punch.

"I saw a girl with four sets of teeth in her head yesterday." "No?" "Yes. She wore side combs."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What's your dog's name?" "Tip." "Short for Tippecanoe?" "Oh, no! I just call him Tip because he's a pointer."—Philadelphia Press.

"Poor Mattie, her marriage was a disappointment." "Was it?" "Oh, yes; she didn't get half the nice presents she counted on."—Boston Traveler.

The Don—And what part did you take in this disgraceful proceeding of holding Mr. Waters under the pump? Undergrad (modestly)—His left leg, sir.—Tit-Bits.

He—One cannot always tell whether a girl means what she says. She—And one cannot always tell whether a man cares whether she means what she says.—Puck.

Deadly Duel: "Did you hear of that duel between those two medical students?" "No. Pistols or swords?" "Neither; they prescribed for each other."—Tit-Bits.

Dumlegh—It was an awful trial for me to make that speech to-night. Mildmay—Don't mention it, old boy; just think what the rest of us suffered!—Boston Transcript.

"Johnny, how many different kinds of force are there?" Johnny—Three kinds. Teacher—Name them, Johnny—Bodily force, mental force, and the police force.—Tit-Bits.

"Billie got all the Greek and Latin prizes at college." "Did he? What's he doing now?" "The only job he could get was as assistant to the coroner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kept Awake. Anyhow: He—Did you enjoy the concert, dear? She—Very much. I sat next to Mrs. Gadabout, whom I hadn't seen for years. We had a nice long chat.—Tit-Bits.

"I should think the Spink girls would feel their disgrace." "Their father has been proved a common thief." "Nothing of the sort. Why, he appropriated nearly a quarter of a million!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Silas—How did Exxy Marks come to lose his farm? Jason—He thought his neighbor's fence was encroaching on his land, and the very fast darn lawyer he spoke to about it thought so, too.—Boston Traveler.

"I suppose," said the wire to the electric button, "that you felt highly honored by the attention the President paid you?" "Yes," replied the button, "I was much touched by it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Newbridge—How much are your spring chickens? Poulterer—Dollar a pair, ma'am. Mrs. Newbridge—Well, er—I've got to be very economical, so just give me the very smallest pair you have.—Philadelphia Press.

Breaker.—That young man you introduced me to must be a millionaire the way he spends money. Burton—Not at all; but you see he has to get rid of his year's salary at \$8 a week in five days' vacation.—Ohio State Journal.

"Harold, what are you and Reginald quarreling about?" called the fond papa. "Why, Reginald swallowed the pennies out of his bank," answered Harold, "and now he says he has more cents than I have."—Baltimore American.

A Natural Cure: "What is the remedy for poverty?" demanded the lecturer, in thunder tones. He paused for a reply, and during the pause a man in the rear of the hall called out: "You might try the gold cure."—Detroit Free Press.

"It strikes me," she remarked, "that those new neighbors of ours are very much given to borrowing trouble." "Well," answered her husband, "I don't see why not. They seem to have been borrowing everything else."—Washington Star.

Realism: Church—How did you like that war-drama at the theater the other night? Gotham—It seemed like the real thing. There was a boy eating peanuts in the gallery, and the shells were dropping all about me.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Marksmanship: "Did—did you ever shoot a man?" questioned the tenderfoot, timidly, of Peppercorn Pete. "See here, young feller," bawled Peppercorn Pete, in a voice that shook Pike's Peak, "don't you never reflect on my marksmanship again! Shoot a man! I never missed one, y' dem gosh!"—Ohio State Journal.

"Them women make me tired," said the first telegraph operator, as he opened his switch. "What's the matter now?" asked the second telegraph operator. "One of 'em was just in here and wanted to know why we wouldn't let her put a postscript to a see-ward message without charging her extra. Said it wasn't part of the message, anyway."—Baltimore American.