

Topics of the Times

This year's poets are complaining of a lack of suitable rhymes for "Pocahontas."

Professor Zueblin says Americans are becoming bloodthirsty. That may come from eating too much breakfast food.

How many men do you imagine there are in the country who blush when the question of who is the greatest American is asked?

The French artist who has painted President Roosevelt's portrait "in a restful pose" must have portrayed him in a sound sleep.

The Sultan of Morocco is said to be very chummy with his dentist; but what could be more natural, since the man undoubtedly has a pull?

Dr. Osler says hope is one of the best medicines people can have. A good thing about such medicine is that one can hardly take an overdose of it.

A farmer has a litter of seven pigs, each with six feet. If nothing happens to them, the outlook for the pickled pigs' feet crop will be promising.

The scientist who says the moon is green must be mistaken. The silvery orb has looked down upon too many spousal couples not know what's what.

Walter Wellman is going to take twenty-nine Siberian sledge dogs with him on his trip to the north pole. As for us, we would prefer a nice porterhouse, medium.

"Mr. Roosevelt never overlooks an opportunity to praise motherhood," says a Baltimore paper. And why shouldn't he praise motherhood? Without it where would Mr. Roosevelt be to-day?

Nicola Tesla has publicly admitted that he can invent anything he pleases. If he wants to make a hit, he should invent a few new excuses for the use of men in the habit of staying out late at night.

A professor of something or other declares that "we shall know something about the spirit world in 200 years." It may be true, and then, again, the professor may simply have wanted to say something cheerful.

Before we use criminals for the purpose of producing antitoxins perhaps we would better make sure that in administering antitoxins derived from criminals we will not transplant crime germs into the systems of honest people.

If John D. Rockefeller and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., were to die to-day, John D. III. would control wholly or in substantial part approximately 475 great industrial, commercial and financial corporations. These corporations have a capitalization of \$5,239,008,802. This is the wealth of John D. Rockefeller, the elder. In such of those corporations as he would not own a majority of the stock, his word would nevertheless be law, since opposition to the Rockefeller wishes means a destructive fight.

The male spider is smaller and more elaborately decorated than the female as a rule. And it is stated in the secret archives of spider lore collected by men that "the courtship of spiders is frequently attended with grave peril to the male. The female, if not in a suitable temper, is peculiarly prone to attack and devour her admirer." If she happens to be in such a cannibalistic frame of mind nothing can save Romeo but his agility. There is no avoiding the conclusion that nature intended the female spider should "rule the roost" and, by analogy, that woman should rule man.

Speaking of the birth of a son to Alfonso and his wife, somebody observes that the royal infant will one day be king of Spain "if he lives." The qualification is well advised, but it is not complete. There is another condition equally important. The young prince will be king if he lives—and if the Spanish people happen to want a king when he submits his pretensions to the throne. King Edward of England is credited with declaring his belief that his successor will be chosen by a competitive civil service examination and the test has sufficient truth to make it somewhat grim. The king business is in none too flourishing a condition and it grows less stable every year. The future of the Spanish baby is by no means assured.

"Oh, I just had a hunch." That is the way the successful man often explains a particularly wise and remunerative move on his part to the friends

who want to know how he did it. "Lucky dog," the less successful ones remark as they walk away. Was he lucky? Or did he simply use a little of the ordinary amount of brains with which he was endowed? Where did he get the hunch? His "lucky" inspiration came from a habitual, intelligent use of brains. The "lucky dog" simply put two and two together and believed that they made four. He combined logic with confidence—and won. The man without the hunch is what he is for two reasons. Either he is too indolent to put two and two together or else after he had put them together he was afraid that he had made a mistake and that they made something else besides four. A logical mind, even on the alert to benefit the owner, almost without his conscious volition, is a product of careful training. If you are complaining that you never have had any lucky hunches, set yourself now to grasp the full meaning of every minute incident that arises in connection with each day's work. Do this every day. Do not let each day be complete in itself. Relate each day with its complex activities to each other day. Soon you will discover that some incident of to-day has a direct bearing upon some incident of some other day. You may be the only person who has made this discovery. If you are energetic you will use it to your own advantage. And there you are. Your lucky "hunch" has come. Try it. Don't be envying other lucky dogs. Make yourself an object for envy.

It is to be expected that an honest man, under oath in court or elsewhere, will make an accurate statement of what he has seen or heard? Most of us would say yes without much hesitation. Professor Munsterberg, the psychologist, of Harvard University, has no hesitation in saying no, although in so saying he impugns the ability, not the disposition, of witnesses to state the truth. The professor has made known, through the medium of a magazine article, some facts that may be new to many readers. His theme is the fallibility of human senses when it comes to stating facts accurately, and his object the adoption by courts of justice of tests to determine the credibility of witnesses. The examination of truth has made great advancement in many directions. Physiology, chemistry and other sciences may be called into court to determine in the most practical way, and with a certainty that precludes doubt, a long list of questions which once had to go unanswered. Blood tests and analyses of viscera for traces of poison are illustrations of this. What the courts do not take into account, according to Professor Munsterberg, is the fact that psychology has advanced as rapidly as other sciences, and now affords a means of testing the power of observation of witnesses, and consequently their truth-telling capacity, as definitely as other sciences determine the material facts. That inability to relate things accurately which is here considered, is, of course, wholly apart from any moral obliquity, any desire or intent to deceive. It is not a moral weakness, but a sort of mental color-blindness. Children sometimes play a game in which a number of objects are covered with a hat, then exposed a few seconds, and after being covered again, are described. This test of the powers of observation of different individuals is amusing. Professor Munsterberg himself, although he has a good memory and has trained it carefully, not long ago detected himself in testifying inaccurately about a burglary in his own house. He thought he had observed everything carefully, but subsequent examination proved that his recollections were all "slightly but significantly incorrect."

Lesser of Two Evils.

The burglar's wife was in the witness box, and the prosecuting attorney was conducting a vigorous cross-examination.

"Madam, you are the wife of this man?"

"Yes."

"You knew he was a burglar when you married him?"

"Yes."

"How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?"

"Well," the witness said sarcastically, "I was getting old and had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar."

The cross-examination ended there.—Tatler.

Their Mecca.

"But, dear," said the caller, "I don't see why you should care to change the name of your charming little country place. Idlewhile is so romantic. It seems to signify dreamy idleness."

"That's just the trouble," replied the housewife. "It was too suggestive."

"In what way?"

"Why, it attracted all the tramps in the county."—Chicago News.

Very few things that happen in this world seem intended for the relief of nervous people.

A DREAM IN MARBLE.

MOST EXQUISITE BUILDING EVER ERECTED BY MAN.

Mausoleum of Taj Mahal in India—Monument of a Husband's Love for His Wife—in It Art Reached Its Perfection.

The most exquisite building ever erected by the hands of man is the Taj Mahal, which was constructed by the great Mogul Emperor, Shah Jahan, at Agra, India. It marks a great man's love for a woman—Arjamaand Banu Begum, his wife. Shah Jahan was a Mohammedan despot who led a magnificent life, and had other wives; but in his eyes the peer of her sex was Arjamaand. When she died he declared he would rear to her memory a mausoleum so perfect that it would make men marvel for all time. And this he accomplished. More poetry and prose have been written about the Taj, with more allusions to it as a symbol of love, than of any other creation marking human affection—and the secret probably lies in the fact that all the world loves a lover, says a writer in the Booklovers Magazine.

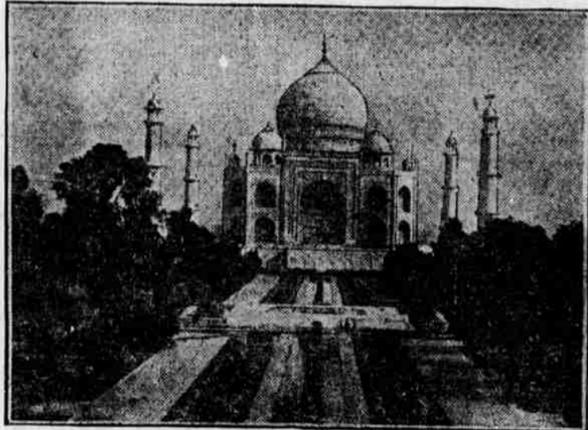
Shah Jahan ruled from 1628 to 1658 and had been on the throne only two years when death took from him his adored Arjamaand. Then came the resolve to erect to her memory a monument that might measure his love and grief. All the best architects, artists and skilled workmen of India, Persia and Arabia were summoned to Shah Jahan's court and the resources of his empire placed at their disposal. The Taj, consequently, was not the creation of a single master mind, but the consummation of a great art epoch. Its

ing to the magnificent pile, miles of marble aqueducts filled with ornamental fish, playing fountains—all breathe the superlative of art, every fluttering leaf whispers of the east.

Not by its size is Arjamaand's tomb commanding, for its dimensions are very moderate. Imagine a plinth of flawless marble, 313 feet square and rising 18 feet from the ground—that is the foundation of the wondrous structure. The Taj is 186 feet square, with dome rising to an extreme height of 220 feet. At each corner of the plinth stands a tapering minaret rearing its crown 137 feet.

No building carries the idea of personality further than the Taj, a feminine personality, as it should be, for it contains no suggestion of the rugged grandeur of a tomb for a great man. The Taj is the antithesis of the Parthenon, of Napoleon's resting place, of Grant's robust mausoleum on the Hudson. A sepulcher fashioned after ordinary architectural canons can only be conventional; the Taj is different from all other buildings in the world; it is symbolical of womanly grace and purity—is the jewel, the ideal itself. A spectator marvels that so much beauty can come from so little apparent effort. Yet nothing is wanting, there is nothing in excess; we cannot alter a single stone and claim that the result would be better.

One enters reverently the burial place of Shah Jahan's Queen, whose cenotaph is of the whitest marble, placed in the precise center of the building and surrounded by an octagonal screen of alabaster, that is pierced and interwoven like lace. Every foot of the walls, every column and panel, is elaborately embellished with flowers, leaves, scrolls and sentences and these are inlaid in jasper, bloodstone, jade, onyx and precious stones. Arjamaand's tomb blossoms with never falling Persian flowers and Arabic sentences extolling her



THE "DREAM IN MARBLE": THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA, INDIA.

construction was commenced four years after Arjamaand's demise.

In keeping with an old Tartar custom, a garden was chosen as the site of the tomb—a garden planted with flowers and fragrant shrubs, emblems of life, and solemn cypresses, emblems of death and eternity. In Mogul days such a garden was maintained as a pleasure ground during the owner's lifetime, and used for his interment when dead.

The laborers came from many parts of the world—the chief masons from northern India and Bagdad, the dome builders from Asiatic Turkey, and the mosaic artists from Persia. Every section of India and Central Asia was drawn upon for materials. The marble, spotless in purity, was brought from Jaspore, 300 miles away, on the backs of elephants and camels or by bullock carts. The red sandstone was contributed by Fathpur Sikri, one of the Mogul capitals, the jasper by the Punjab, the crystal and jade by China. The turquoises came from Tibet and the Red Sea, the sapphires and lapis lazuli from Ceylon, coral and cornelian from Arabia, onyx and amethysts from Persia, and the diamonds from Bundeikund.

It engaged the unceasing labor of 20,000 men for seventeen years to complete the Taj; and like that other great tomb, the Cheops Pyramid in Egypt, it was reared chiefly by forced labor, unpaid and uncared for, and thereby produced great suffering and mortality. This is the chief blemish on the fair fame of the mausoleum overlooking the Jumna.

The Taj garden is perhaps a half mile square, and is surrounded by a strikingly beautiful wall of masonry. It is an orderly wilderness of rich vegetations, to be found only in Asia, and the deep greens and rich browns of the avenues of foliage unquestionably accentuate the whiteness of the Temple of Death. As the garden helps the tomb, so the tomb gives expression to the garden.

The great gateway of red sandstone, whose roof is adorned by Moorish arches and pavilions, is in itself one of India's most perfect buildings. From its summit a perfect view of the Taj is had, with the Jumna flowing sluggishly beneath its marble platform; and from there the grounds are spread before the visitor in a perfect panorama. The paved avenues, all lead-

ing to the magnificent pile, miles of marble aqueducts filled with ornamental fish, playing fountains—all breathe the superlative of art, every fluttering leaf whispers of the east. Not by its size is Arjamaand's tomb commanding, for its dimensions are very moderate. Imagine a plinth of flawless marble, 313 feet square and rising 18 feet from the ground—that is the foundation of the wondrous structure. The Taj is 186 feet square, with dome rising to an extreme height of 220 feet. At each corner of the plinth stands a tapering minaret rearing its crown 137 feet. No building carries the idea of personality further than the Taj, a feminine personality, as it should be, for it contains no suggestion of the rugged grandeur of a tomb for a great man. The Taj is the antithesis of the Parthenon, of Napoleon's resting place, of Grant's robust mausoleum on the Hudson. A sepulcher fashioned after ordinary architectural canons can only be conventional; the Taj is different from all other buildings in the world; it is symbolical of womanly grace and purity—is the jewel, the ideal itself. A spectator marvels that so much beauty can come from so little apparent effort. Yet nothing is wanting, there is nothing in excess; we cannot alter a single stone and claim that the result would be better. One enters reverently the burial place of Shah Jahan's Queen, whose cenotaph is of the whitest marble, placed in the precise center of the building and surrounded by an octagonal screen of alabaster, that is pierced and interwoven like lace. Every foot of the walls, every column and panel, is elaborately embellished with flowers, leaves, scrolls and sentences and these are inlaid in jasper, bloodstone, jade, onyx and precious stones. Arjamaand's tomb blossoms with never falling Persian flowers and Arabic sentences extolling her

The Parson's Run.

One of the traditional stories of the town of Fairfield, Conn., recounts a wild dash from the pulpit made by a worthy and beloved pastor of the Episcopal flock, Dr. Labaree.

It was on a Sunday more than a hundred years ago. The service had been read, the prayers said, the hymns sung, and the parson began his sermon. As he proceeded his gestures became very energetic. He brought his right hand down with great force. Then he turned pale, cleared the pulpit stairs at a bound, dashed out the church door and ran toward the pond a short distance away.

The congregation followed in bewildered pursuit, and saw their venerable pastor with flying robe rush into the water until it came to his neck. Then turning round, he faced his astonished audience and said:

"Dear beloved brethren, I am not crazy, as no doubt many of you think, but yesterday at the drug store I bought a bottle of nitric acid, and carelessly left it in my pocket to-day.

"My last gesture broke the bottle. I knew the suffering the acid would cause when it penetrated my clothing, and rushed for the water to save myself pain."

He drew several pieces of glass from his pocket in witness of the tale. Then he dismissed the company and hurried home.

No matter how high a man's principles are he cannot resist stealing grapes from the bunches of grapes displayed in front of the grocery stores.

Give any one in the country a book to read, and he puts it aside to read next winter.

Science AND Invention

The Italian cabinet has decided that the excavations at Herculaneum shall be carried out by the Italian government with Italian money.

Madrid's Official Gazette publishes an agreement with France for the construction of three railways through the Pyrenees. An engagement is entered into for the two countries to build the lines and construct the necessary tunnels within ten years.

Glass bath tubs are being made in Germany and are said to have advantages over the metal and enamel, the principal one being that they are much cheaper. They are made in a solid piece, and one can be turned out complete in about five minutes.

Four hundred pounds of obsolete German pennies of about the same proportion of copper and tin as used in high conductivity electrical castings have, it is said, recently been purchased at 21 cents a pound by the United States manufacturers, being cheaper now than electrolytic copper.

During excavation near Prospect Park, Reading, England, a workman struck his pick against something hard, and on removing the clay he unearthed a quern, or hand mill, which had probably come from the neighboring Romano-British city of Silchester, which was on the great trade routes. The relic has been deposited in the Reading museum.

The coal-testing plant of the Geological Survey, established a few years ago, has proved that much of the present waste from coal-mines can be utilized to great advantage. For example, slack coal and other waste sizes can be formed into briquets, which for power-supplying purposes are usually superior to lump coal from the same mines. Another product of the mines which the miners have always regarded as waste is "bone" coal, which contains more than 45 per cent of ash. This, it has been shown, can be usefully employed in gas producing. It is believed that old dumps will also prove available for this purpose.

The caves of southern France are the most remarkable in the world for their wall pictures, made by prehistoric men, who were contemporary with the mammoth, the rhinoceros and the reindeer in that country. Some of the pictures are engraved in the rock, some are painted with different colors. They usually represent extinct animals, such as cave-lions and cave-bears. A faithful representation of the rhinoceros, with its two horns of unequal length, is found in a cavern at Font-de-Gaume. The prehistoric artists made their paint of ocher of various shades, pulverized and mixed in mortars. Four phases of advance in this troglodyte art have been distinguished by explorers, most of whose discoveries have been made within the past four years.

Queer Legend of Indians.

The Semholo Indians believed that when the Great Spirit created this world he made three men, all fair of skin. He led them to a lake and bade them jump in. The first obeyed and came out whiter than when he entered the waters; the second hesitated, going into the lake when the water was a trifle muddy, hence came out copper colored; the third leaped in last and came out black.

According to the legend the Great Spirit then led them to three bundles, asking each to choose one. The black man chose the heaviest, which was found to contain spades, hoes and other implements used in the performance of manual labor; the second found in his sack a fishing rod, a gun and warlike weapons; the white man chose the sack which contained pen, ink and paper, and this, so the story goes, laid the foundation for his superiority over other races.—Kansas City Journal.

How Animals Blush.

Animals blush as girls do, but it is fear and not modesty that in their case causes the flush of blood.

Horses blush in their ears, especially in the left ear. When a horse is frightened its left ear will be found very hot and swollen. This is also true of rabbits.

Cows and all other cloven-footed animals blush just above the fetlock. Dogs blush in their tails. When a dog is frightened its tail blushes so that it hangs limp, the dog having absolutely no control over it.

Insects blush in their antennae.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The National Game.

"The management seems to be trying to hand out a square deal."

"Still, there is some kicking."

"That's on account of the misdeeds. They're bound to happen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Swallowing your indignation will not satisfy your thirst for revenge.