

TIMELY TOPICS

Tax-dodging on the part of rich men also means that physically they are apt to stoop pretty low.

In France yellow journalism has attained its highest degree of success. And just look at France!

The people of the United States consume 133,000,000 pounds of plug tobacco every year—most of it borrowed.

Perhaps the reason why women are not photographed in China is that they can't look pleasant with pinched feet.

They call the Indian Poor Lo, but he sold over a million dollars' worth of land to the government the other day.

What is France without a crisis? would make a suitable inscription for an up-to-date wall motto over in Paris.

It is claimed that the Sultan of Sulu treats his wives well. The main trouble seems to be that it's such a wholesale treat.

The great demand for labor in the West sharply defines the tramp's labor policy. He is willing to work a farmer, but not work his field.

Suggesting that the camera be used on mobs and lynch parties is not a bad one. It could well help bring about at least a negative effect.

Those people who bring great wealth back from the Klondike nearly always manage to get lost as soon as they arrive at San Francisco or Seattle.

If the golf shoulder and the silk skirt waist and the bicycle knee, back and face should ever hold an awful rendezvous in one human frame, what a carnival they could have.

The eucalyptus tree, which grows ten feet in a year, makes valuable wood, gives the bees honey that has important medicinal properties and prevents malaria, should be planted in many other places than Cuba if it is all that it is said to be. We may expect to hear of the eucalyptus trust sooner or later.

A clergyman has been trying an experiment similar to that tried by Walter Wyckoff, author of "The Workers." The clergyman's idea was to find out why the laboring man does not go to church as a rule. He says he found out on the first prayer meeting night after he began to work in a factory, he tumbled into bed and to sleep and forgot what day it was.

Probably the most colossal mistake in recent criminal annals was made by a New York burglar the other day. He went into a dressmaking establishment in broad daylight, where twenty women were working and tried to plunder the premises. As a simple matter of course and a natural consequence the women fell upon him with hot pins, jabbed him till he closely resembled a porous plaster and handed him over to a policeman. The records in even a city like Chicago teem with captures of foolish burglars by women single handed. What fate could be expected for the man who deliberately invaded a house filled with twenty women, every one of the twenty having her hot pin handy?

A girl in a New England factory wrote her name several months ago on a bolt of cotton. Recently she received a letter from a woman in Arizona saying that the cloth had been bought by the Government, and was being cut up for garments in an Apache Indian school. It is but a few years ago that the Apaches thought more of taking scalps than of schools in which shirt-making is done. While the mill girl's act elicited this striking comparison, it was an act to be unambiguously condemned. A girl's name so represents herself that to have it lightly handled about in writing, or in public conversation, or in the mouths of strangers, reflects meretriciously upon her character. Had the bolt of cotton fallen into unscrupulous hands, the letter sent from Arizona might have been anything but pleasing to the thoughtless recipient.

Woman is steadily making her way in the business and professional world, and has become so large a factor that many sociologists are alarmed at the situation. The young woman is crowding out the young man in many avenues of activity. The Government service is no exception. The bureau of ethnology at Washington has two women ethnologists. The lobster and crab expert of the Smithsonian Institution is a woman; the most respected authority on mammals in the National Museum is a woman; so is the most skilled anatomist, and the chief librarian of public documents. The Bureau of American Republics, not long since, wanted translators and instituted examinations in order to get the best. Two slips of girls won the prize and are now getting \$2,400 a year. Besides these, many clerical positions are filled by women to the satisfaction of the chiefs of their departments. Get a move on you, young men, or your sister will distance you in the race of life.

Science seems determined to abolish the time-honored sign of an entrance cordial between lovers. At the present rate the kiss will soon survive only in novels. Marion Crawford's latest serial tells how her heroine kissed the hero on her mouth, eyes and hair, but science distinctly disapproves of such individual kiss. Having forbidden the ordinary form of osculatory salute it now releases the danger signal as to kissing on the eye. A young married woman of Boston who went to a hospital for treatment of inflammation of the eye has been informed that her sight has been permanently impaired by bacteria from the lips of the husband, who has unconsciously transferred to his eyes the microbes from her kisses.

Wheels of Location. Railway wheels made of leather have been experimented with in France.

The first five minutes after an accident a man is grateful that he is engaged with his life; after that, he is glad to be dead because his pants were torn.

The world was very near the right side of a wrong.

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THE OLD WEDDING BING.

It was made, they said, from guinea gold, Poor little ring, so frail and old; It is worn to a thread, for all it has known A world of love, and regrets outgrown.

As I look at the ring, so fragile, so frail, That shines on my hand while I whisper my tale, I stoop, the delicate thread to kiss, For it breathes anew of its lived-out bliss.

And could I go back to the years that have passed, With the tender look that she wore to the last, My grandmother's face, uprising fair, Would smile, as if lis'ning to love's sweet prayer.

By the ocean she lived, and loved, and wed, And beside it her first glad vows were said, While mid chorus of billows that singing broke, It was there the voice of her fortune spoke.

Ah! well—he vanished a long time ago; She had joys and regrets that we all must know. But she rests with her lover, in changeless repose, And perchance remembers it all. Who knows? —Philadelphia Inquirer.

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CULPRITS FOR HEROES

THE Rowland boys were the terror of all the other residents in the big city apartment building to which they had lately been transplanted from the country. But for the fact that Mr. Rowland was part owner of the Boylston Flats his sons would not have been tolerated in them for an instant.

Not that either Teddy or Oliver intended to be troublesome to those around them; they were merely two active, healthy boys, accustomed to fields, woods and the open country, rather than prim corridors, spotless marble stair cases, and never a place to play.

The sultry August day upon which the crowning incident of their city experience happened was so rainy that the daily trip to the park was given up. So the boys amused themselves as best they could; teased the elevator man until he drove them from the elevator, and told them to keep out for a week, played "hunter" with every pet cat in the building, and flushed by throwing their caps down the open space in the center of the curved stairway, sliding madly down the polished iron rail in order to recover them, and tramping

hung in order to swing his body across the court.

Twice he failed to reach the window opposite him, and the baby, interested in the floor of the court, did not look up. The third time he approached her she saw him and crowded with delight, stretching out her baby hands toward him and trying to rise to her unsteady little feet. But Teddy was swifter than she.

With a desperate lunge he flung himself against the window sill, let go his hold of the rope and snatched the child just as she tottered on the slippery edge of the polished stone. The sudden and violent movement, combined with the jerky action of the rope, which swung sharply across the court again on the rebound, upset his balance completely. The eager spectators at the window high above, their hearts still thumping wildly from the excitement of the baby's danger, gasped with apprehension as the boy, firmly clutching the baby, fell heavily backward, slipping out of the loop on which he rested entirely, and dropping to a horizontal posture.

But Teddy was game. "Wind me up—quick!" he shouted to Oliver, and up he came, with only the loop around his waist to keep both him and his charge from the stone floor below. The baby, who fancied the whole affair a new kind of play, kicked, crowed and squirmed in his arms. But the loop held firm. Teddy managed, after a few efforts, to catch hold of the other loop with his feet, and presently he was being drawn in through the Rowland window, red in the face and breathless from the partially inverted position in which the upward trip had been made. Mrs. Stacey snatched her baby and fell to wildly kissing it, and the other ladies hugged Teddy, in spite of his objections.

"I'm all right, mamma; indeed I am!" he cried, wriggling away from his mother's affectionate embrace, "and you needn't cry, I'm sure. My jacket split when the rope slipped, but you can mend it, I know, and we won't ask you to let us keep the swing now, if you feel so badly about it. But I told you it might come in handy. And say, mamma! Can't I have a piece of jelly cake?"

"I'm hungry, too," remarked Oliver, plaintively, "and, really, mamma, I was the one who first thought of fixing up the ropes like that, and I've done most of the work, anyway. Can't I have some jelly cake, too?"

Before Mrs. Rowland had time to answer Mrs. Browning was trying to kiss both boys at once, and laughing heartily as she did so.

"You dear, funny, blessed little an-bels!" she exclaimed, drawing them out into the corridor and downstairs with her, "I've got a great, big, lovely jelly cake in my pantry, and I'm going to make you eat every bit of it!"

Teddy and Oliver, being simple, natural, jolly urchins, said not a word to any one about the afternoon's doings, but the story spread through all the building, and they have had many champions since that time. True, as they have become more accustomed to city life, they have grown less noisy and boisterous, but the other occupants of the Boylston Flats are far more gentle in their judgment of them than of old, and it is doubtful if Mrs. Stacey could ever again bring herself to the point of calling Teddy a "bread-and-butter" even should he chased her pet cat as often as he caught sight of that interesting animal.—Chicago Record.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

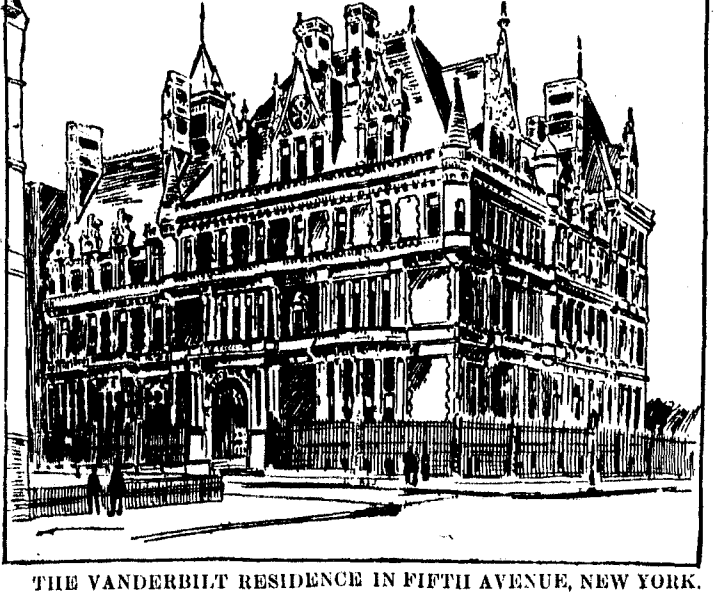
The Head of the Famous Family Who Died Recently.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, head of the great family of railroad magnates, died recently at his residence on West 57th-street, New York. He was the eldest son of William H. Vanderbilt and was born on January 17, 1792.

He was one of the great financiers of the country, and the name of the company, it has never been mentioned in the history of the world, to have a son of his name.

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his father became the head of one of the greatest railroad systems in the world. Until recently he headed the operations of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad and Harlem, Michigan Central and other roads. Because of failing health his place as chairman of these boards was taken recently by Chauncey M. Depew as representative of the large Vanderbilt interests. His fortune, consisting of the controlling interest in the New York Central, Chicago and Northwestern, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Ontario and Western, New York, Chicago and St. Louis and other railroads; the Wagner Palace Car Company and at least \$40,000,000 in United States bonds, is estimated at not less than \$100,000,000.



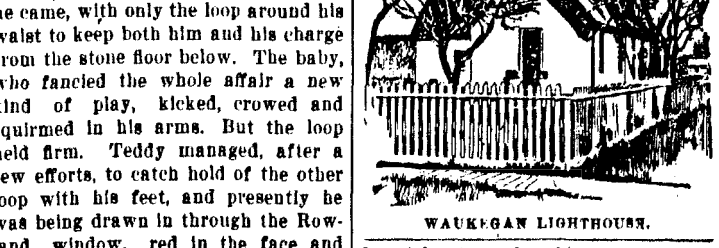
THE VANDERBILT RESIDENCE IN FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

charitable, his gifts amounting to half a million yearly.

OLD WAUKEGAN LIGHTHOUSE.

The One Which Was First Established Back in 1849.

The extinguishment of the lamp in the old lighthouse at Waukegan marked another step in the history of that port. The lighthouse was established in 1849 and was rebuilt in 1880. In earlier years, when there was much shipping carried on from piers, the light was of great local value aside from its use as a coast light. This new light, which is of the fourth order and much more powerful than the old one, is both a coast and harbor light.



WAUKEGAN LIGHTHOUSE.

for at least one beaching over twenty years ago, when lumber was received at a pier in front of the lighthouse. The captain of a small schooner coming over from Michigan with a load was told he could sail up and knock at the lighthouse door. Arriving at Waukegan late at night, he tried to do this, but found himself beached, with the light still afar off. When morning came the townspeople saw the schooner high and dry and were hilarious when they learned how it had happened. The lumber was unloaded and the schooner, scarcely hurt, was launched again. John Williams, a kept-arm veteran of the civil war, kept the light from 1865 until his death thirty years later.

To a Horseless Carriage.

Smooth, sleek and oiliest of wheeling things, In nature or in my imaginings, I cannot find in me supernatural ways, The slightest reason to prolong thy day.

Of all the vain conceptions of the mind Thou art the vainest that the ages find, Except for those whose blood doth chase to flow In dull and melancholy-wise, and slow.

What is the joy of driving? Is it mere Transport of the flesh from there to here? A method whereby sluggish man may be Removed from A to B speedily?

Or is it pleasant for the eye to view, And hand to master steeds, or one or two, When prancing o'er the hard and well-watched street, With champing bits, and lithe limbs running feet?

Avant! thou horrid of modern things! Vainsoot! Unto thy ugly self I'll give wings! Think not in all thy gaud and glitter course, 'Tis th' er' supplant that best of friends, the horse, the horse.

Youthful Dagger Wielders.—The art of self-defense is inaugurated early among some of the wilder tribes of the Great West; they instruct their children, as soon as they can walk, in the use of the dagger. First, the little ones are taught to stab water without making a splash, and, in the course of time, this innocent practice gives them an extraordinary command over the weapon.

We have often wondered that to the cause of reform, and the cause of humanity, it has never been thought of to cut off a thief's hand, to cut him of his hand.



She—If I were to die you would never get another wife like me. He—What makes you think I'd ever want another like you?—Wasp.

Hitting the Air. Stubb—Cleveland is a great place for strikes. Penn—Yes; their base-ball team is responsible for most of them.

As the Understood. Pearl—What are those colors you have over the mirror? Ruby—Those are the colors of our college boys. Pearl—Good gracious! Red and black boys?

A Question in Geography.

"Say, teacher, where are four corners of the earth that they talk about?"—Pollehnelle.

Changed Color. Larry—Ye say after th' fight at Finlay's ye saw many new faces? Denny—Yis; th' faces that were an' an' red before th' scrap were black an' blue.

A Peasant's Condition. Hyde—I see where Finston's in favor of peace. Park—Why, certainly. He's married, you know.—Kansas City Independent.

He Doesn't Family Think So. May—Do you believe that man should be classed as an animal? Fay—Of course. Aren't the most of them perfect bughbears?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another Champion. "What is that there medal, friend?" asked the sociable barkeeper. "I win that," answered the man who was leaning against the bar, "for being in' everybody out by listenin' to a plan for thirty-eight hours."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Chance to Refuse. "Won't it be terrible when women propose to men?" "I don't know; I think we will be safer then than now, when they lure us on to say the word."—Detroit Free Press.

THE LIMIT.



Disgusted party in background—Great Neptune! She doesn't believe in the sea serpent, but she believes that fellow when he tells her she is the only girl he ever loved!—New York Journal.

A Handy Answer. "I am so ambitious," said the egotistical man, "that some day you may see me bring the earth home." "If you bring it on your feet," cautioned the meek wife, "don't forget the door mat stands in the vestibule, and that the last time these halls were scrubbed I did it myself!"

Didn't Like It That Way. Reggy—Aw, Maud, to me you are real gold—Maud—Hold on, Reggy! The other day you said I was a "brick." Now, I want you to understand that I am no gold brick.

Anticipation. Billy—When dey pinched Jimmy dey foun' a list of names marked: "Well-to-do citizens." What did dat mean? Micky—It meant dat dey wuz well to "do."

Another View of the Matter. "I firmly believe," she said, "that woman should have the right to propose." "Of course, if woman proposes," he replied, "she would give an engagement ring and other presents instead of receiving them."

Accustomed to It. Van Gabbler—I see the fashion is coming in again for ladies to wear ear rings. I suppose now you'll need to have your ears bored. Miss Emmel—I'm used to that.—Tribune.

For What We're Worth. "Her fiancé is English. He owns a number of old castles and such." "Dear me, how can she marry a man whose fortune is in ruins?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Kept Your Mind—Give Co. Man. "I ain't only got but one objection to bein' moved about, house an' all, by these 'ere cyclones," remarked the old veteran farmer. "What is that?" asked the Eastern tourist. "Why, I've got t' dig a new cellar under my house about ever' two months."—Ohio State Journal.

A Satisfactory Question. "A satisfactory shirt is a new invention. It was probably invented by a witness man." "Is a man too fly to be apt to get his shirt wet?"



Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say, "Yoc can't learn me nothin'?" Patsy—Yes'm. Teacher—Why? Patsy—'Cause you can't.—Boston Traveler.

Not the "Space Writer's Opinion. Johnny—Pa, what is meant by "descriptive writing?" Pa—Descriptive writing, my son, is that part of a book that is generally skipped.—Stray Stories.

Just Homened So. "And now," said the man, as he folded up his paper and turned to the passenger on his left, "if you've got through with my watch I'll take it back." "Certainly—of course," replied the other as he extended it. "And my card case, cigar case and handkerchief—?" "Here they are. Sorry to have troubled you, but—"

"No excuse, I understand. It simply happened so." "Simply happened so. Good-day."

He Knew Him. "Boreome spoke for nearly an hour at the meeting last night." "Yes, I left when I heard him say that there was really nothing new to be said upon the subject. I knew that meant that he would go on indefinitely."—Boston Transcript.

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