

# Syracuse Journal

WALKER & FANCIL.

SYRACUSE. IND.

Few people can envy the job of the man who has to give Emperor William a call down.

A cat had been to Connecticut town that voted dry. It probably was scared away by a blind tiger.

When a soulmate hits a man with a chair does it hurt as much as the old-fashioned rolling-pin?

Rather than have any more trouble, with his loving subjects Emperor William will drop his conversational habit.

On second thought the Shah decides that Persia can get along comfortably without a constitution for a few more thousand years.

Porto Rico, after the most prosperous year in the island's history, is getting so cocky that she wants to cut the traces and try it alone.

Nat Goodwin is married again. A few weeks ago Nat said he was through with matrimony, but he had his fingers crossed when he said it.

Mr. Rockefeller says that the Standard Oil Company is "a hazardous undertaking." Most of us would be willing to take a chance in it.

A California man has obtained a divorce on the ground that his wife cleaned kids with gasoline. The kids, however, happened to be their children.

A husky Pennsylvanian of 97 years has just sworn off the tobacco habit. The average smoker will cheerfully accept that age as the nicotine deadline.

Something has been gained by establishing the principle that when a wife washes her children in gasoline she furnishes sufficient ground for divorce.

The general introduction of cobless corn, recently discovered in Illinois, would settle that long-discussed problem in etiquette of the proper way to eat the roasted ear.

If Kaiser Wilhelm can make it convenient to visit the United States he may be assured of a grand reception, with full permission to do as much talking as he pleases.

Two subjects of Austria are said to have celebrated their 10th wedding anniversary. They are humble people, lived modestly, and had the advantage of never having heard of Dr. Osler.

Most of us would if we were to make millions be able to remember perfectly how we did it. John D. has so many millions, however, that it is perhaps too much to expect that he should be able to recall how he got them all.

When the officers of the American battleships arrived at Tokyo they were welcomed by crowds of school children, who sang "Hail Columbia" and other American songs in English. When have American school children ever welcomed foreign visitors by singing songs in their native tongue?

The recent refrigeration congress in Europe has reminded a student of history that Francis Bacon made the first experiment in the use of snow for the preservation of meat. The people of New Zealand, who have been largely dependent on refrigerated meat, have shown their appreciation of Bacon's discovery by erecting a statue of him suitably inscribed.

Ministers may regain something like their old authority in civil matters if they will only use the discretion entrusted to them. A Boston clergyman has announced that he will not marry persons with incurable diseases, or men who have not an income of at least fifteen dollars a week. Whether his position is sound in these specific restrictions, it is right in its general recognition of the clergyman's responsibility.

Phonographic records of hymns sung by Ira D. Sankey were used at a private service in one of the Brooklyn churches on the last Sunday evening in October. Among them were "The Ninety and Nine," "Hiding in Thee," and "Simply Trusting." Just before the benediction the lights were turned low, and there came from the shadows the song, "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes." Thus through the wonders of modern invention the voice of the dead was heard by his friends.

Folly is a fertile plant and bears fruit for a long time. The French are discovering the truth of this in the demoralization of their navy. Mons. Gaston Thomson, the minister of marine, has resigned from the cabinet after the Chamber of Deputies condemned his department because of the explosion on the warship *Iena*, in 1907, when more than a hundred officers and men were killed. There have been more than thirty explosions on French warships within the past two years, and the officers and men are said to be completely demoralized. The demoralization, however, did not begin under the administration of Monsieur Thomson, but under that of his predecessor, who issued regulations which destroyed discipline on the ships. For the good of all, the commander of a battleship, even more than the commander of a merchant ves-

sel, must be an autocrat, and any policy which undermines his authority weakens the efficiency of the ship's crew.

While countless strictures are launched against the strenuous daily life of the present day business man, and the fast artificial existence of the young of both sexes is bemoaned, it is nevertheless true that the average of human life is now greater than in times past, when the pace was more leisurely, and Ben Franklin's adage, "early to bed, early to rise," etc., had a greater vogue. In the time of Caesar nineteen years was the average span of life; to-day it is about thirty-five. That people live to greater age than formerly, notwithstanding the many pernicious vices of the period, vices unknown to those of few generations back, and notwithstanding the ceaseless, daily grind for existence which is the lot of most men, is indisputable. And that the stretch of life is destined to even greater length in the future, no one who is abreast of the times as to the wonderful discoveries in medical science, surgery and all that pertains to modern day hygiene can doubt. Many learned men contend that man is intended to live a hundred years, and but for his indiscretions would do so. Many do attain this age even now, and that, too, to credit the statements of some of them, without any especial care as to their daily habits, though certainly in regard to the latter a wise discretion and temperance must militate for longevity. No universal rule, however, can be prescribed for all people. What is poison to one, another may enjoy with impunity. That the next fifty years are to witness wondrous accomplishments in the furtherance of physical health and consequently life, is the confident prediction of men now foremost in the medical profession. All people may never live equally long, but all will live longer than at present, just as people now live to greater length than they used to. The same nervous, restless spirit of the age that is responsible for the marvelous strides in other professions will undoubtedly be responsible for feats in surgery and medical science that are now unheard of. While the great business activity now the rule is oftenest than otherwise condemned and deplored, it is proven that the brain worker lives longer than the farmer, whose monotonous existence wears him out early. The recent assertions of medical men and scientists lead to the belief that many of the heretofore fatal diseases may soon be conquered. Though people may live faster than formerly, it is also true that they now inject more pleasure into their lives than hitherto. When the many partial discoveries and inventions having for their object the prolongation of human life—some of which are now in a nascent state of development—shall have been brought to a condition of perfection, and these benefits augmented by a wiser general plan of existence, then, perhaps, the world may look for the hundred-year-old man or woman; then perhaps, a hundred years of life will be the rule, and not as now, the rare exception. Some animals even pass the century mark in years. Why should not man?

## KONGO FEARS ROOSEVELT.

Officials Hard at House Cleaning in Anticipation of His Visit.

President Roosevelt's coming trip to Africa has started a general house-cleaning among the administrative officers of the Kongo Free State, according to S. P. Verner, who was active in the exploitation of the rubber and mineral concessions of the Belgian king, which are now being commercially developed by an international syndicate in which Thomas F. Ryan and the Guggenheims are largely interested, says the New York Times.

Mr. Verner explained that the recent annexation of the Kongo Free State by Belgium will add greatly to the value of all commercial enterprises in the country through the greater stability it will secure. In this connection he spoke of the effect of President Roosevelt's African trip.

The mere announcement of the President's proposed visit has already produced a regular panic in the Kongo," he said. "It has set them to a furious housecleaning. They may have thought that the financial interests of Americans interested in that country would cause them to be careful about what they said and did in relation to this question. They were mistaken about this, for on the field we gave them distinctly to understand that we would not stand for any such implication.

At the same time, no doubt, it was felt that the American interests in the country would be somewhat of a safeguard against international interference.

"The visit of the President, however, has thrown the fat completely into the fire. They will have the eyes of one man on them of whom they are more afraid than anybody else in the world.

Of course the President may not at all interest himself in the question, but I doubt much whether he will be able to shut his eyes and stop his ears if he gets only within a few hundred miles of the Kongo frontier. That is why I say the anticipation of his trip to Africa is leading to a pretty general straightening up of things all around.

I regard it as the best thing for Africa and the bravest and most beneficial in its influence on world-wide conditions of any of President Roosevelt's actions with the possible exception of the peace of Portsmouth."

The man who gets the short end of a lawsuit is willing to bet that the scales of justice have been tampered with.

## MUSIC AS A DIVORCE CURE.



DAMROSCHE SAYS MUSIC TAKES THOUGHTS AWAY FROM THE PRICE OF BACON AND EGGS.

## LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing. With your hand on the door to go, But it takes the venom out of the sting Of a thoughtless word of a cruel fling. That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare. After the toil of the day; And it smooths the furrows plowed by care.

The lines on the forehead you once called fair

In the years that have flown away.

Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind; I love you, my dear," each night; But it sends a thrill through the heart.

I find—

For Love is tender and Love is blind—As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;

We take, but we do not give;

It seems so easy some to bless, But we do the love grudgingly, less and less.

Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—Andrew Lang.

## TELLING FORTUNES

The girl broke the silence that had fallen upon the two persons in the rather formal room known as the "parlor."

"I want so much to read your palm," she said. "I've been studying palmistry for nearly a week and I know just lots. Of course I'm not like a professional, but, anyhow, I think it's funny. You won't mind, will you?"

The young man, who seemed rather anxious than otherwise to submit his fate to her judgment, yielded his palm.

"My, what a nice big hand!" she cried admiringly. "It's better to have big hands than little—or is it little than big? Anyhow, you have a splendid line of life. It looks as though you might live to be 90. Aren't you glad?"

"That depends," the young man said. "Is yours a long one?"

"You'll be very successful in the law," she went on. "And even make money in it."

"Look here!" broke in the young man. "You're reading from what you know. I've been a lawyer for a long while."

"Yes, but look at this line!" she cried triumphantly. "That means the law."

"That isn't a line. That's where I cut myself on the sardine can last month at the picnic," he said. "I nearly had blood poisoning and nobody paid any attention to it. Wasn't there a lonely moon, though?"

"Looks as if you were going to have lots of trouble," she murmured. "Here's a line of influence that's awfully strong, but I don't see any divorce or anything."

"I don't see any wife yet," he said, gloomily. "How's anybody to get a divorce if he hasn't even got a wife?" "Oh, but you're going to get married," she assured him. "But, of course, a palmist can't tell what she's like."

"If you can't nobody can."

"Please don't interrupt. You have a hollow hand and that means disappoint-

ment, but you have a perfectly lovely fate line, and that means you're never going to be disappointed. You'll never be a social success."

"I am crushed to learn it," he said dolefully. "Can't I take a course of correspondence school lessons on 'How to Be Liked?' Don't you have to hold my hand to read it?"

"It isn't necessary."

"It keeps slipping off the chair arm," he said. "Besides, when you take it the psychic circuit or something like that seems more complete, more satisfactory."

"You have lots of humps in your hand," she went on, unheeding. "It looks as if those that ought to be large are small and those that ought to be small are large, but I'm not sure. You are going abroad."

"Ask fate to make it the wedding trip," he said. "Go on."

"One journey ends in a disappointment and on one you are going to be left."

"I'm always seasick. Go on."

"You've always been strong, but your nails seem to indicate heart trouble and nervousness."

"That's right," he confessed. "One causes the other, but neither is incurable if given proper care."

"You've had lots of flirtations."

"There you know you're wrong."

"Well," she hesitated. "I'm not sure

"And all alone? Is there no one who will throw out the life line to me?"

"Don't be foolish, for this is serious. I wish I could remember whether or not it is a good thing to have sticking out lines on the line of head."

"Give me the benefit of the doubt. Now, tell me more about the heart."

"I never go back," she said definitely.

"I've finished with your heart."

"Really?" he asked, drawing away his hand. "What are you going to do with it—chuck it?"

"Please give me your hand again."

"No, I'd rather have yours," he said.

"I know I could read you a first-rate fortune. Let's see it."

Reluctantly she held her palm out and he took it in his own.

"These wiggly lines under your middle finger show you are going to marry a lawyer," he said. "And your fate line says there's no use you squirming for, I'm going to keep this hand no matter what you do. May I?"

"I—I don't seem able to help it," she faltered. "I can't get it away."

"And don't want to?"

"Not—not awfully much."

"Come on, let's go out on the porch," he said softly. "I can tell fortunes better out there."—Chicago News.

## A Substitute.

Irish wit is as excellent as it is proverbial. A writer in the Mariner's Advocate tells the story of a ship doctor on an English liner who notified the death watch steward, a Hibernian, that a man had died in stateroom 45. The usual instructions to bury the body were given. Some hours later the doctor peeked into the room and found that the body was still there.

He called the matter to the attention of the Irishman, who replied:

"I thought you said room 46. I went in there and seen wan of him in a bunk. 'Are ye dead?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'but I'm pretty near death.' So I was getting ready to bury him."

## History in July.

In at least four countries perhaps the most important event in their histories was recorded in July—namely, the establishment of their independence. In our own history we have the memorable Fourth of July, while the patriotic efforts of the liberator Simon Bolivar for the independence of Venezuela were consummated on July 5, Colombia ridding herself of the Spanish yoke on July 20. Then there is France, with her July 14, marking the date when the suffering French people stormed the famed and fearsome Bastille. The Spanish forces at Santiago, Cuba, capitulated on July 16.

## A Lesson of Defeat.

Oh, the way won't be so gloomy when you've learned to say good-bye! To take your leave of buried hopes with clear, undaunted eye;

To stand beside the grave of dreams where sorrow laid your heart,

Determined, though the heavens fail, to make another start!—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Inconsistency.

"Pa, what is the meaning of inconsistency?" asked Freddy.

"Inconsistency, my son," exclaimed pa, "means a man who grows all day and then goes home and kicks the dog for barking at night."

"As soon as yellow shoes stop squeaking, they begin to look as though Noah had worn them in the ark."

"I seem to possess all the planets. I suppose you think I want the earth?"

"You can make speeches and you are going to die a long way from your birthplace."

"If you can't nobody can."

"Please don't interrupt. You have a hollow hand and that means disappoint-

ment."

"Well, maybe," she went on. "Jupiter, Mercury and the sun are all nice and big."

"I seem