HOW OUR BILLS ARE PAID IN LUXURIES

Panama Canal, the Navy *and* Other Big Projects Are Kept Going by the Smoker *and* the Drinker--Interesting Estimates *of* the Many Foolish Things People Do With Their Money--Some of the Sources of Uncle Sam's Revenue and How It Is Disbursed

MR. AGITATOR, Mr. Figures, and Mr. Easygoer, sat about a table in the club grillroom.

"I see that it costs us $8.86 per capita to run the government now," remarked Figures, as he turned the leaves of a government report.

"And what did it cost when our era of prosperity began in '96, when McKinley was elected?" asked Agitator.

"Only $6.18."

"There, didn't I tell you, Easygoer, that we were making our prosperity an excuse for extravagance? It cost us $6.18 in '96, and now it is $8.86. That's an increase of $2.68, or more than 40 per cent. Every man, woman, and child is taxed $8.86 a year to keep up a big navy and an army all over the earth, and all sorts of new-fangled departments down in Washington. It's an awful tax for the poor man to pay."

"Well, we're a rich country, and I think we can afford to spend $750,000,000 a year on the government," protested Easygoer. "Here, waiter, bring us three Havana perfectos."

The cigars were brought.

"There, Agitator, smoke up and forget it," was Easygoer's remark as he offered his friends the cigars.

Figures took a cigar and lighted it.

"No, thank you," said Agitator. "I don't smoke, and if I did smoke I wouldn't waste my money on imported cigars. Why, every time I think of our $900,000,000 public debt and the millions we are spending on the Panama canal, I try to find a new way to economize. I tell you we're a frightfully extravagant nation."

Figures was blowing rings reflectively.

Tobacco and Taxes.

"You don't smoke," mused he, "and yet you kick about taxes."

"What's the smoking got to do with taxes?"

"Oh, I was only doing a little figuring," answered Figures, as he penciled some memoranda on the page margins of the government report. "Now, my good friend Easygoer, who doesn't worry over our $900,000,000 national debt, or the millions we are spending on the Panama canal, pays 25 cents for cigars purely to gratify his taste, and I know he isn't racking his head about his share of the government expenses."

"No, the common people must pay the piper," snapped Agitator.

"Well, let's see who pays the bills," said Figures. "This cigar probably costs 9 cents wholesale in Cuba, or $90 a thousand. When a thousand of these cigars come through the custom house the government collects an ad valorem duty of 25 per cent. That's $22.50. Then there's an extra duty of $4.50 a pound. I judge that these cigars weigh 16 pounds to the thousand—that would be $72 more duty, or $94.50 altogether. Then the government collects an internal revenue tax of $3 a thousand, making $97.50 a thousand perfectos. That's 9¾ cents on each cigar; so our friend Easygoer, you see, in buying three cigars, has contributed about 30 cents to the government. How many of these do you buy a day?"

"Half a dozen."

"That's 2190 a year, and so the government collects more than $200 a year from you."

"Never thought of that before," exclaimed Easygoer.

"You see, Agitator, our friend Easygoer pays his $8.68 per capita share a good many times over. Now let us see what the tobacco smoker does in paying the country's bills.

"We imported last year 40,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco, worth $26,000,000, and the smokers paid $22,300,000 duties on that. Then we imported 775,000 pounds of cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobacco, worth $4,000,000, and the smokers paid $3,800,000 duties. That's $26,000,000 import tax paid by Easygoer and the rest of the smokers who want the best tobacco in the market.

Revenue in Smoke.

"Now take the internal revenue tax on the tobacco user. The government collects 6 cents a pound on tobacco, $3 a thousand on cigars, and 36 cents a pound on cigarettes. We used last year 7,500,000,000 cigars, 1,000,000,000 little cigars, 5,000,000,000 cigarettes, and 370,000,000 pounds of smoking and chewing tobacco. The government's taxes on these forms of tobacco amounted to $52,000,000, and, adding this to the $26,000,000 import duties, we have $78,000,000 tobacco revenue."

"Well, that isn't so much when the government spent 10 times as much," objected Agitator.

"But it went a good ways toward paying some of the bills. Let's see what the smokers' $78,000,000 paid for."

Figures dug through the government report and made this table:

WHAT THE SMOKER PAYS THE GOVERNMENT.

Import tax on 40,000,000 pounds of tobacco	$22,300,000
Import tax on 775,000 pounds of cigars and cigarettes	3,800,000
Internal revenue tax on 680,000,000 pounds of tobacco	51,800,000
Total	$77,900,000

WHAT THE SMOKER PAYS FOR.

Interest on the national debt	$24,500,000
Panama canal	27,200,000
District of Columbia	11,400,000
White House	390,000
Senate	1,600,000
House of representatives	3,900,000
Public printing	5,400,000
Foreign intercourse	3,200,000
Total	$77,590,000

"That's a pretty good showing for the smoker," remarked Easygoer. "When I'm buying good cigars after this, I hope my friend Agitator remembers that I'm paying nearly 60 cents a day to support the government."

"The tobacco industry is pretty well centralized," added Figures. "We raised nearly 700,000,000 pounds last year, of which Kentucky raised 250,000,000 pounds—more than three times as much as any other state. In the manufacture of cigars, Pennsylvania, with 1,900,000,000; New York, with 1,500,000,000, and Ohio and New Jersey, with 1,200,000,000, made the bulk of the product. New York led in cigarettes, with 2,700,000,000, and Virginia, with 1,100,000,000, was the only big competitor. Missouri took the lead in smoking and chewing tobacco, 73,000,000 pounds, with North Carolina, Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia producing nearly all the rest.

"You know we're the greatest tobacco-using nation in the world. We use five and one half pounds of tobacco a year for every inhabitant; Germany uses three and one half pounds and France and England two pounds each."

Agitator wasn't interested in any more tobacco statistics.

"Well, Sir Knight of the Pencil," said he, "you've charged the smoker up with about a tenth of the government revenue. Who pays the other nine tenths? Who, for example, pays the $100,000,000 the government spends on the navy and the $125,000,000 spent on the army? And who pays the deficit in the postal service? Who but the common people pay for all this?"

"The fellow who stands in front of the bar keeps the army and navy going," answered Figures.

"Well, I'm from Missouri."

"Meanwhile," suggested Easygoer, "let's help pay the coal bill of the around the world fleet by having a drink. Rye highball for you, Figures? What, are you on the wagon, Agitator? Scotch for me."

"You don't drink, Agitator," said Figures, "therefore you leave a quarter of a billion more government expenses for us fellows to pay. Now every time I take an American whiskey highball I pay a cent for the army and navy, while Easygoer, with his Scotch, pays an import duty of 2 cents. You get off cheaper drinking beer, for then you only pay a fifth of a cent tax, unless you drink imported beer. Then you pay more than a cent a glass tax.

"The whiskey drinker pays for the army. The internal revenue taxes on distilled spirits last year amounted to $156,000,000. That's the $1.10 a gallon tax that the mountaineers try to evade and get into trouble over. Then there's the $2.25 a gallon tax on your imported spirits. That brought in $8,000,000 last year, making $164,000,000 revenue from 'strong drink.' Beer isn't taxed so high. The beer drinker only pays a dollar a barrel to the government, but last year we drank 60,000,000 barrels, and that put $60,000,000 of the beer drinkers' money into the treasury. On imported beer the government collects 40 cents a gallon on bottled beer and 20 cents on bulk shipments; this brought in $1,800,000 last year. And then the imported wines added $6,000,000 more—you know the man who 'opens a bottle' pays the government 67 cents. So, you see, the man in front of the bar pays $231,000,000 out of his pocket to help run the government."

Figures took another sheet of paper and made this table:

WHAT THE IMPORTER PAYS THE GOVERNMENT.

Customs duties on imported goods	$332,000,000
Deduct duties on tobacco and alcohol	42,000,000
Total	$290,000,000

WHAT THE IMPORTER PAYS FOR.

Pensions	$140,000,000
Public lands	17,000,000
Caring for the Indians	15,000,000
Department of agriculture	10,500,000
Lighthouse establishment	5,000,000
Judiciary	9,400,000
Bureau of engraving and printing	3,300,000
Mints and assay offices	1,300,000
Public buildings	9,300,000
United States treasury	800,000
Miscellaneous expenses	60,000,000
Total	$270,000,000

"It's interesting to note where the government collects all the drink tax," added Figures. "The big distillery center is Peoria, Ill. The government collected there last year $35,000,000 from its $1.10 a gallon tax. That was more than enough to meet the entire payroll of the United States army. One Indiana district paid $17,000,000—covering all the money spent on rivers by the government. One Pennsylvania district paid $6,500,000; that covered the harbor appropriations. The other big whiskey revenue districts are in Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio. Seven districts in these five states paid $100,000,000 whiskey tax. Of course, the distillers don't pay the tax. They only collect it for the government from the whiskey drinkers, for the consumer always pays the tax.

"Beer is more the drink of the people, and pays a much smaller tax. You were wildly asserting, my dear Agitator, that the common people had to bear the burden of an extravagant government. Well, the beer drinkers do pay a good tax, but it is spread out over a good many billion glasses of beer—and then, no one is obliged to drink beer, you know. The New York state breweries head the list of beer tax collectors. They turned in more than $11,600,000 to the government last year—enough to pay the expenses of the marine corps, the Annapolis Naval academy and the navy docks and yards. The Chicago district contributed $4,600,000—that paid for the naval ordnance bureau. The Milwaukee breweries collected $4,300,000; the St. Louis breweries $3,500,000. These four brewing centers raised nearly half the beer tax. You might put it that these breweries collected all the millions of money we spent last year on new fighting ships."

"Now that we have been smoked for the Panama canal and the president and our ambassadors, and a few other things, and we have drunk highballs for the army, I think we ought to have some beer for the navy," suggested Easygoer. "But how is our friend Agitator going to pay his share of running the government?"

"Perhaps he wears some English clothes," said Agitator, "or puts his money in diamonds. It's the man who buys foreign made goods who contributes the rest of the government revenue."

"No, sir; I'm a home market man. I don't believe in sending good American money to Europe. I buy American goods every time."

Something in Sugar.

"Then, my poor fellow, since you neither smoke, drink, nor buy foreign goods, you don't contribute a penny to pay the country's bills. The customs duties last year amounted to $332,000,000. Cutting out the duties on tobacco and drink, there was collected $290,000,000. Some of the big items were: Cotton goods, $39,000,000; woolen goods, $36,000,000; sugar, $60,000,000—"

"Oh, of course, I use sugar," interrupted Agitator.

"Then you do contribute your mite. I did hate to believe that you were going to saddle the whole expense of the government on us. Some other big items in the customs duties last year were: Iron manufactures, $12,000,000; china, $8,000,000; chemicals, $7,500,000; fruit and nuts, $7,000,000; leather goods, $6,000,000; precious stones, $3,000,000; silk manufactures, $20,000,000. Now, with the help of our friend Agitator, who uses sugar, and, I imagine, a few other things made by the heathen, we have quite a bit of money to pay the country's bills. Let's figure it out."

After a few minutes' scribbling Figures made this calculation:

WHAT THE DRINKER PAYS THE GOVERNMENT.

Import tax on beer	$1,800,000
Import tax on wine	7,900,000
Import tax on spirits	6,000,000
Internal revenue tax on brewing	58,500,000
Internal revenue tax on distilling	150,000,000
License duties on brewing and distilling	500,000
Total	$224,700,000

WHAT THE DRINKER PAYS FOR.

War department	$124,800,000
Navy department	97,800,000
Postal deficiency	8,500,000
Total	$231,100,000

"Here we have $20,000,000 more than we need," said Figures. "The $60,000,000 duty on $92,000,000 of imported sugar paid nearly half the pension money. So every time the old soldier puts a bit of sugar in his tea he's helping to pay his pension. The silk dresses of the women of fashion paid for the entire Indian service and the lighthouses. The duty on leather goods paid for the whole currency system. The duties on precious stones and chemicals paid all the bills of the department of agriculture."

"Well, Figures, I guess you're right about it," admitted Agitator. "But do you mean to tell me the smoker, the drinker, and the buyer of foreign goods pay all the country's bills? Aren't there any other sources of revenue?"

A Few Other Revenues.

"Oh, there are some scattering sources of income. They amounted all told last year to $61,000,000. Some of these items were $9,000,000 profit on coinage, $13,500,000 from land sales, $6,000,000 from the District of Columbia, $6,500,000 from the Pacific railways, $2,800,000 from the sealskin tax, $7,800,000 consular, patent, and land fees, $2,600,000 tax on national banks, and then a lot of little items. But we didn't need this $61,000,000, with the $20,000,000 surplus from our three big sources of revenue. You see I don't count the postal service as a government expense. It is run as a business institution. It took in last year $183,500,000, and paid out $192,000,000 leaving a deficiency of $8,500,000. The smoker paid that."

"So it appears, Figures, that our friend Agitator's $8.86 for every man, woman and child doesn't mean very much," suggested Easygoer.

"No, the per capita figures look pretty to the statistician, but since there is no per capita tax, and the smoker, the drinker, and the buyer of foreign goods pay all the taxes, the per capita is a delusion. Here is the way the government statisticians figure out the cost to each American for running the country:

PER CAPITA GOVERNMENT EXPENSES.

Congress, congressional library, public printing, etc.	$ .137
Executive expenses proper	.320
State department	.043
Treasury department	1.064
War department	1.450
Navy department	1.137
Interior department	2.098
Department of agriculture	2.260
Postoffice department deficiency	.117
Department of commerce and labor	.128
Department of justice and the judiciary	.110
Total	$8.86
Deduct postoffice revenue	2.13
Balance	$6.73

The government's revenue on the per capita basis figures out like this:

PER CAPITA GOVERNMENT REVENUE.

Customs duties	$3.86
Internal revenue taxes	3.14
Postal service	2.13
Miscellaneous receipts	.71
Total	$9.84
Deduct postal revenue	2.13
Balance	$7.71

"So it appears that last year we paid to the government just about a dollar more per head than was needed. I like to figure out the revenue this way:

SOURCES OF GOVERNMENT REVENUE.

Taxes paid by tobacco users	$ 78,000,000	12%
Taxes paid by alcoholic drinkers	231,000,000	35%
Taxes paid by buyers of foreign goods	290,000,000	43%
Taxes paid by all other persons	61,000,000	10%
Total	$660,000,000	100%

"You see by this table that the fellows who smoke and drink pay about half the country's bills, and the buyers of foreign goods nearly all the rest. So, I think, it's up to Agitator to buy a drink for us to help on the good work."

"I'll buy. But, speaking of the customs duties, Agitator, what are the chief ports of entry?"

"New York stands away at the top of the list. Last year the New York custom house collected $218,000,000, a third of all the money received by the government from all sources. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans and Baltimore brought this up to $300,000,000. These seven ports account for nine out of every ten dollars of duties."

"And what are the chief internal revenue contributors?"

"Seven states pay three quarters of the taxes. They are: Illinois, $55,000,000; New York, $32,000,000; Indiana, $30,000,000; Kentucky, $28,000,000; Pennsylvania, $23,000,000; Ohio, $22,000,000; Missouri, $9,000,000. This accounts for $200,000,000 out of $270,000,000 internal revenue collected last year."

Where Revenue Comes From.

"If you'll look at a map of the United States you'll see that the great bulk of the government's revenue is collected in the prosperous manufacturing belt from New York to St. Louis. Of course, the consumers have spread all over the country, but this little stretch of highly developed country is the revenue collector of the treasury."

"Well, Figures," said Easygoer, "you certainly have entertained us with your somber looking government report. Agitator has discovered that he isn't paying his share of the country's bills, while I find I'm a big contributor, and we're both wiser citizens. Here's hoping the smoker and the drinker and the buyer of imported goods retain their large appetites."

"Yes," concluded Agitator, "and now I suppose you'll propose adding a cent to the cigar tax, half a cent to the glass of beer tax, and a cent to the highball tax, and build a few more battleships."

"Yes," added Figures, "we could build 100 battleships with that money."

UNCLE SAMUEL'S THREE SCHOOLS

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

THERE is a public impression that an enlistment in any branch of the service is an abandonment of ambition. It is claimed that association with the desperate characters who are supposed to make up the majority of the ranks and the imagined dissipated habits of many of the officers is sufficient to demoralize the steadiest of young men.

The life of a soldier, seaman or marine is thought to stifle all aspirations, and to destroy moral and studious habits. The fact that incorrigibles are frequently sent to the army, the navy or the marine corps, naturally creates an adverse view of the service. It is doubtless true that there are many undesirable men wearing the uniform of the United States, but that they are in the majority, either in the army, navy or marine corps, is a mistake, and the probability is that the discipline they receive is a restraint upon those of evil predilections and keeps them from recklessness in which they would otherwise indulge. As in civil life, some are hopelessly degenerate and could not be reformed by any treatment. On the other hand, methods have been adopted in every branch of the service that tend to develop the very best that is in every enlisted man, and if they have any natural disposition to improve themselves there is no reason why they should not make as rapid advancement as in civil life.

Employment has been arranged for every hour of their lives, and if they are in any sense inclined to obey regulations and accept discipline they surely can be made efficient and noble men. The very principle upon which they enlist should be a stimulant to their ambitions. Patriotism is supposed to promote enlistment in the defense of one's country and with the adoption of progressive ideas there is nothing to prevent the study of the science under the most favorable auspices. They have everything provided—clothing, food and sufficient pay for everything necessary, and nothing to hinder them from devoting much of their time to the acquisition of knowledge in any line for which they have a taste or talent. Every provision is made for the conservation of their health and for mental and physical development. In illness they have the best of care in all respects. So that they have no occasion for anxiety in the matter of finance. They have the opportunity afforded them to travel on land and on sea, and the experience of coming in contact with representatives of every county which would not be possible in the humdrum life of civilians.

There are today a number of commissioned officers who worked their way from the ranks to the highest position attainable in the army, the navy and the marine corps. In comparing military, naval and marine service with civil life and its opportunities, one must admit that the service presents equally advantageous chances for all men who desire to achieve anything. The fact that they must make sacrifices and encounter dangers tends to make them better men and to cultivate self denial and unselfishness in their character. A good soldier is almost without exception a good man.

It is admitted that our services are too much dominated by foreign element and that we have not as many natives in either service as we should, but when comparison is made we recognize that there is a large number of foreigners everywhere—in schools of all kinds and in all vocations. Native Americans are really scarce in the United States, a fact that is deplored by every loyal American. That these foreigners have made good soldiers, sailors, marines and citizens there is no denying. While it is not a pleasant thought that adopted citizens are rapidly attaining a majority in our country, it is nevertheless true to some extent, and we would that some legislative plan could be devised by which we could have less rivalry with the foreigners who are coming to the United States in such hordes. It has sometimes been claimed that the native Americans were not inclined to enter the service, but when one remembers the great number of foreign born citizens it is not surprising that the quota of natives is so small.

We should be proud of the record of our army, our navy and our marine corps, because of the wonderful advancement which they have made in all respects. It is reported that the moral status of every branch of the service has been marvelously improved within the past decade. A much better class of men has entered the service, and in the reports from the fleets the morality of our sailors has been universally commended. There has been no objection to the location of military posts, naval and marine stations at any place in the United States on account of a fear of demoralizing influence of the men, but on the contrary there have been many requests made to congress urging the establishment of these various posts. Prejudice against the colored race has caused trouble in the south, but it is a grave question whether or not these objections are not the natural results of previous conditions of the colored soldiers and not due to any overt acts on the part of these men.

If the services continue as they have recently there will be little criticism in the future and few objections to young men enlisting as a stepping stone to success and preparation for usefulness after the expiration of their term of service if they are inclined to take up vocations in civil life.

Exit Abner.

A rural cousin arrived in New York when the frost was on the pumpkin and the price tag off the sleighbell and announced to his city cousin that he desired to visit Coney Island. The city cousin, eyeing him as one who would say, "How green! How extremely verdant about the edges!" remarked coldly:

"No, Abner, Coney Island is for the rollicking month of July and the torrid month of August, but not for November or December."

The rural cousin's face fell so hard that it bounced.

"But," he wailed, "of all the things one can do in New York what appeals to me most is shooting the chutes!"

The city cousin laid his hand on the country cousin's shoulder.

"Abner," he said, gently, "sh! You mustn't talk about shooting chutes. This is winter, my boy. It is the close season for chutes. Not a single one may be shot until the late spring! The game laws — Abner — remember the game laws!"

Of course there was nothing to be said after that. Abner consoled himself by seeing "The Old Homestead," getting violently homesick, and taking the next train for Troy and way stations.

Cleaning French Gloves.

This excellent cleanser is used principally for the medium shades of kid gloves. It is as follows: Gum tragacanth, one half ounce; white castile soap, one ounce; rose water, one pint, and tincture of musk, 10 drops.

SHOULD WIDOWS BE LABELED?

By M. Wyckoff.

SHOULD husbands wear wedding rings? is a question that is frequently debated in the correspondence columns of the press, and undoubtedly the topic is an interesting and debatable one, though there would seem to be many good reasons why a married man should proclaim his estate to the world, and no particular reason why he shouldn't.

But, so far as I know, none has yet publicly advocated what appears to me to be an even more necessary social innovation, namely, that widows should bear some distinguished mark of their forlorn condition.

Of course, in the early days of her widowhood, the poor woman, of whom I have no wish to make fun, does announce her sad lot to all and sundry. And for long after the weeds have been put aside, she will wear colors which, to the seeing feminine eye, speak as plain as words of her widowhood. But what does the average man, enraptured of "divinity," met at dance, dinner, "at home," or hotel, reck of the fact that the said "divinity" is a dream in mauve, or gray, or black and white? Nothing, sir; absolutely nothing.

He perceives her wedding ring, and concludes that she is a married woman with whom it will be quite safe to indulge in a little mild flirtation. Too late he learns that she is a widow, and a widow bent on marrying him. That, sir, is the class I sing. The fascinating widow who has forgotten or stifled her woes and is looking out for No. 2.

I need not dwell upon the "fatal charm" of the widow. "Beware of the vidders," said Tony Weller, epitomizing the accumulated wisdom of mankind in regard to love affairs.

Suffice it to say, that, if a widow of average attractions means to marry a man, his only chance is to drown himself or to start immediately for the north pole. The former, however, is the only certain method of evasion.

But the whole point is that, as a rule, the victim has no chance of escape. He is ensnared, fatally ensnared, before he knows where he is. A couple of dances, a tete-a-tete in a "cosy corner," a short railway journey alone, and, if the widow knows her business—and which of them doesn't?—within a few weeks the once gay and careless bachelor is gasping at the altar.

And all because he had no warning in the first instance that she was a widow. If he had known, and if he were a sensible man, he would have fled from the dance, he would have made hay of the cosy corner, he would have hurled himself out of the train window.

I do not plead only the cause of the marriageable man, bachelor or widower; every unmarried woman should support by crusade. What chance has the maid against the widow? None, sir; absolutely none. The former must give the man warning that she is "unattached," the latter need not, and frequently does not until the victim is inextricably in the coils.

I submit, then, that in fairness to men, in fairness to unmarried women, widows should be distinctively and unmistakably labelled as such.

The next question is, what form should the label take? I do not think there should be much difficulty about this.

Savage races usually oblige their widows to proclaim themselves by slitting their noses, or pulling out all their teeth, or painting themselves green or Prussian blue, or in some way disfiguring their persons.

I do not, of course, advocate such extreme measures as these; but still widows might be obliged to wear a small black patch over the left eyebrow, or on some other conspicuous spot.

Or, again, they might be required to wear a hat of distinctive shape. The former course, however, is open to the objection that patches are removable; the latter to the still more forcible restraint that, if the hat or head dress were unbecoming, no widow would wear it, while if it were becoming every woman would want to be seen in it.

But, surely, something could be done with the wedding ring or with a special ring. The former might be worn on another finger, or have a black, pearl or black diamond set into it, or, better still, every widow should be compelled to wear on the little finger of her right hand a silver band. This would be readily distinguishable from other rings, and in its color would prettily symbolize the wearer's widowed condition.

Something, too, should be done to make widows disclose at first sight the number of their progeny, but I have no space to go into this subsidiary reform.

None the less, something of the kind is urgently required. A short while since a young friend of mine married a widow, and one the return from the honeymoon he was rather surprised to be greeted by the children, of whose existence he had not previously heard—and, like the little girl in the poem, they "were seven."

Progressive.

Bobby—God made you, didn't he?
Mother—Yes.
Bobby—And he made papa, didn't he?
Mother—Of course, dear.
Bobby—And me, too?
Mother—Certainly.
Bobby—Then he's improving all the time, isn't he?

It May Be.

It may be, of course, that some turbaned and bloomered Hearst is in the Balkans reading letters. — Houston Post.

According to the story told by New York retail tobacco dealers, there are 5,000 more cigars being smoked daily in the metropolis than there were six months ago. They say that this is one of the signs of prosperity's return.

OLD LONDON TREE OCCUPIES SITE WORTH MILLIONS--Its Location Protected by Acts *of* Parliament

LONDON, Nov. 7.—There is a tree in Cheapside, London, that may literally be described as the most expensive of its kind on earth. If $5 gold pieces filled the entire trunk and $5 bills fluttered in the place of every one of the leaves, it would not buy the terra firma it occupies. For the land on which it stands, the northwest corner of Wood street and Cheapside, is worth $4,500,000 an acre. The tree has stood on this spot for more than 200 years; while its site has augmented in value to almost fabulous proportions.

There have been several hard-fought lawsuits over this plot of ground, the fight having been carried even to the house of lords, but so far the lawyers have never been able to break through the phalanx of legal enactments which preserve the tree. In the first place, there is a law in England which prohibits builders from putting up a structure which shall keep out the light from windows which bear the mysterious words, "Ancient Lights." This tree in Cheapside is literally surrounded by a number of "Ancient Lights" proprietors whose consent has never been obtained when it came to cutting down the tree and putting a modern structure on its site. For the same reason, the storekeeper who rents the tiny two-story structure on the corner just in front of the tree has never been able to put his building up beyond its present height. Some years ago, one builder who thought himself more "cute" than the others, started to take the law into his own hands and put up a building, thinking to "arrange" with the owners of the "Ancient Lights" afterwards. But he was met with a perfect shower of injunctions, proceedings, writs, and indictments, more than would have covered the tree in its full spring bloom, and it is said he has never been able to pay the thousands of dollars of law costs which his little experiment resulted in.

A few years ago, some gardeners were ordered to lop off certain limbs of the tree which hung over Cheapside. It was done really to save the life of the tree and with the consent of the parish clerk and church wardens of St. Peter's, Cheapside, the ancient little Norman church in Foster Lane, nearby, who guard this tree from the vandals' clutches. When the men began to work on the tree, however, it created a big sensation in Cheapside. "They are chopping down our tree," went up from a thousand angry throats in the district. Policemen were called and doubtless there would have been another shower of writs, injunctions and proceedings had not the minister of the parish explained the real reason for the lopping operations.

Another almost impassable barrier which protects the tree in its position is the fact that it grows in sacred ground. There is a law in London that no building can be erected on sacred ground without special act of parliament, and woe betide the unhappy man who dares to put up even a shanty within the sacred precincts of a graveyard in England.

This particular corner of Cheapside has been immortalized by Wordsworth:

At the corner of Wood street when daylight appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud; it has sung for three years.

This bird was wont to perch in the now famous tree and it attracted the attention of Wordsworth, who used to breakfast in a little shop nearby. As far back as the year 1392—just 100 years before Mr. Columbus discovered America—another tree stood in this graveyard, and is spoken of by Chaucer:

That whosoever ploynes it away,
He shall have Chrystis' curse for aye.

This tree is, therefore, a direct descendant of perhaps the oldest tree on record in England, and it may almost be described as an English institution.

This particular corner of Cheapside is back of the general postoffice and one of the finest pieces of real estate in the world. With the tremendous difficulties that stand in the way of its being built over—the sanctity of the land itself and the power of the "Ancient Lights" statute—it is very probable that this piece of ground will remain "unimproved" for another century or two. In a recent interview the manager of the real estate agents, who control nearly all the land in the district, declared that "the old tree in Cheapside occupies a position which is likely never to be built upon. There would be a perfect howl of execration from all sides if anyone were to attempt to put up a modern building there, for Wood street itself is so narrow that the people on both sides of the street have a right to claim 'Ancient Lights' and the builder who went in for improving this property would have to 'square' so many people that he would never be able to get any profit out of his building."

MOST VALUABLE TREE IN THE WORLD.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S GAME

By Cara Reese.

YOU are playing the other fellow's game when you snap so hungrily at the alluring bait which he adroitly holds before you.

You are playing his game and the yield of hook and net will be his when the finish comes, including you and your poor backbone, your scales, fins and what treasure you happen to possess. When the spirit is over you receive no reward as a participant, other than a "well-done brown" in the frying pan or fish kettle.

And the older you grow the less sense you appear to have in this respect. Just playing the other fellow's game all the time and struggling in the seine yourself as part of his fun. If you would do a little angling yourself, casting the line, drawing the net, experimenting with the bait, and improving the tackle, you might occasionally have a fish basket of your own to carry to market or enjoy a fish meal, or be able to tell fish stories at corporation banquets.

But there you go, always playing the other fellow's game, adding to his wealth and laurels, biting a bait which conceals a hook, shaking hands with velvet gloves wherein claws are hiding, warming into life a frozen adder which will turn and sting you. There you go, shoveling out your saving every time a dazzling scheme appeals, parting with your cash under brilliant persuasion and exhortation, obliging strangers by loaning them of your substance, or holding their infants until the said strangers return from ticket windows and postal stations.

You are just a tool, or an instrument or marketable stuff for the other fellow's use, and without wit enough to see through or know this. Or, if you happen to have wit enough, then you bluster and grow indignant when it is entirely too late, and instead of learning your lesson, you straightway wriggle off in search of a new hook on which to hang yourself. You are a goose or a fish, all right. But leaving the finny tribe aside, do you suppose for an instant that the shore angler who is after you in the wholesale has any soul interest in you as a part? Do you imagine he is putting forth effort simply and solely to improve the fortunes of one to whom he has never been introduced, and whose face and name are as unfamiliar as a relative 40 times removed? Oh, no, small fry, he is looking out for himself, and the game he has started is all for his own ends and purposes; he has no use for you except as a factor in giving extra zest to the sport.

You are playing the other fellow's game when you allow yourself to be made a convenience of time after time to accommodate a selfish acquaintance, or when you place your gifts at the disposal of an ambitious but cold-blooded comrade; when you indorse for some one, when you allow a wilful advantage to be taken of your good nature.

You are playing the other fellow's game when you knowingly permit imposition to be practiced against you and yours, when you abrogate the rights that should be your own, when you go threadbare in order to keep the profligate well clothed. And you are playing the other fellow's game when you snap at every alluring scheme which comes along, when you break your neck to enroll as charter member of some new organization under the delusion that this is the "real thing," when you rush unthinkingly with the crowd, or when you feverishly talk of getting in on the "ground floor." Mind what you are about, for you will be caught sure as fate.

You are playing the other fellow's game when you accept repeated favors, when you place yourself under obligation, when you wine and dine too often and too freely at his expense. You think you are a free agent as you frisk about in deep waters. Beware, maybe you are not!

Gauze Morning Glories.

As a rival to the cloth of gold rose with its beaded center, and the black gauze rose with its gold rim, comes the morning glory of gauze.

This is to be worn in the hair as an ornament at the side of the Grecian knot. It is also to be used, as the other flowers are, in the front of the corsage for all social and evening affairs.

It is in perfect coloring, and gives a charming touch to filmy gowns of white or cream or pale blue.

If a girl wonders just what little new touch she would like to have on her winter frock, she should get one of these flowers. The morning glory goes with youth better than the black or the gold rose.

POSTMEN WHO CAN PAINT

LONDON, Nov. 7.—"Wanted—An artistic telegraph pole," such is the unique and childlike announcement of the British postmaster general, Sidney Buxton. The postmen of England have demonstrated the possession of an extraordinary amount of artistic ability, and they will probably fill the wants of their chief.

A few years ago, several postmen whose souls were not altogether absorbed in the delivery of letters, put their heads together for the purpose of developing their artistic tastes, and after one or two meetings, it was found that a large number of postoffice employes could not only paint, but paint well. Several of them succeeded in getting their works of art recognized both in the press and by the committees of a number of important art exhibitions. The art club in the general postoffice, though only founded two years ago, now numbers 150 members, and the exhibition of the works of its members at the parcels department in the London postoffice has attracted a great deal of attention.

This year the exhibition was opened by the postmaster general, accompanied by his wife, and so successful have the postmen been in their efforts that "paintings by postmen" are quite in demand, and have already won not only fame but shekels for the artists.

Those who do not know the strenuous life led by the ordinary English postman might imagine that the pictures are painted between the delivery of letters, which is one way of accounting for the occasional mail delays which occur in London. When a letter fails to arrive the postman is supposed to be round the corner somewhere studying landscape effects. This is far from being the case, however, for no one works harder than the postmen in the big English cities. Their wages are never over $7.50 a week, and when they have finished paying rent, taxes and the various tolls on industry which burden the worker in England they have precious little with which to develop their artistic faculties.

When the postmaster general opened the exhibition he spoke of the great advantage derived from this class of work.

"Such a recreation," he said, "not only takes those who engage in it away from their every day tasks, but brings out other capacities and other personalities. I am inclined to think that the least rest of all for the busy man is to do nothing, and the greatest rest is to have a recreation which really does exercise his mind, his intelligence, his brains, in other directions than his ordinary avocations. I do not know any form of recreation that is better for the individual than the recreation of artistic work."

It was in the course of this address that the postmaster general offered his prize for the most artistic telegraph pole, and next year London will doubtless witness a fearful and wonderful exhibition of poles of every variety, for despite the postmaster general's humorous way of looking at the question, many of the postmen have taken him seriously and propose to do their best to meet his conditions, which are as follows:

The pole must be one which would really add to the beauty of the scenery; it must meet the varying views of all the local authorities; it must please individual land owners on whose property it will be placed, and lastly it must satisfy the rigid artistry of the most captious engineer.

It will doubtless be a somewhat difficult task to design a telegraph pole that shall thus prove itself to be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Many prizes were won by the postmen this year and art critics described the work as "extremely creditable." The medals were distributed by Mrs. Buxton, the enthusiastic wife of the postmaster general.

Deduction.

Two little children, being awakened one morning and told that they had a new little brother, were keen, as children are, to know whence and how he had come.

"It must have been the milkman," said the girl.

"Why the milkman?" asked her little brother.

"Because," replied the sister, "it says on his cart, 'Families supplied.'"

But How Different.

Admiral Togo entertained Admiral Sperry at Tokyo. The last admiral Togo entertained was Rojestvensky.—Arkansas Gazette.