

BANDON RECORDER.

How the President is Paid. In the apportionment of the salaries of all United States government employees the year is divided into quarters and each quarter subdivided according to the number of days in each month, but the president receives practically the same amount every month. Thus, if a president should die at the end of February, after receiving his salary for that month, his successor would in reality receive less than the full amount due him in March because his predecessor had, in effect, been overpaid the prior month. Inasmuch as the president's salary may not be divided into exactly equal parts, it is necessary to pay the chief magistrate \$4,100.00 on some months and \$4,100.57 on others. On one occasion during the Cleveland administration a mistake was made, and there were sent to the chief executive three successive warrants for \$4,100.99. When the error was discovered, the treasury department hastened to dispatch to the White House a warrant on the United States government for a cent, made out in Mr. Cleveland's favor, though the president never cashed this check.—Argonaut.

The Professor, the Lady and the Cow. It is told of a certain professor whose absentmindedness about equalled his learning that he was one day, crossing the college campus, absorbed to such a degree in a book of his that had just been published that he was lost to everything else. Suddenly he bumped up against an object, and looking up he saw that he had collided with a cow that had rudely strayed in his way. "Get out of the way, you cow!" he exclaimed irritably, proferring an impolite adjective to "cow."

The next day as the professor was again crossing the campus, immersed in his reading, he again ran into an object. "Oh, that confounded cow!" he exclaimed. Then, hearing an indignant "Sir!" he looked up hastily to discover that this time he had come up against the wife of a fellow professor. It hardly made matters better to assure her that he had taken her for a cow, and it required the good offices of the entire faculty to restore an era of good feeling.

A Ludicrous Word Twister. Professor William Archibald Spooner of Oxford university has become famous as a ludicrous word twister. Once at a special service, seeing some women standing at the back of the church waiting to be seated, he rushed down the aisle and addressed the ushers as follows: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, see these ladies into their seats." Being asked at dinner what fruit he would have, he promptly replied, "Pigs peas." This is the way in which Dr. Spooner proposed to his wife: Being one afternoon at the home of her father, Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, Mrs. Goodwin said, "Mr. Spooner, will you please go out into the garden and ask Miss Goodwin if she will come in and make tea?" The professor, on finding the young lady, said, "Miss Goodwin, your mother told me to ask you if you would come in and take me."

Jim O'Brien's Epitaph. "I suppose our western country has furnished more funny things in the epitaph line than all the rest of the world," remarked a Colorado ex-congressman. "I remember one that adorned the cemetery at Leadville in the palmy days of that great mining camp. It seems that in the course of a barroom broil one Jim O'Brien, a well known character, had his existence terminated prematurely. He was a good fellow in the main and not without friends. One of the dead man's associates, in deep grief over his demise, erected a wooden slab over his grave on which he had written in large letters: "Jim O'Brien departed for heaven at 9:30 a. m." A local humorist happened along soon afterward and appended the following: "Heaven, 4:20 p. m.—O'Brien not yet arrived. Intense excitement. The west is feared."

Love of Country. For the love of country, as such, it would be difficult to decide between the highlander of Scotland and the mountain born inhabitants of the Tyrol. Both will wander in search of fortune to the ends of the world and yet look back to their native mountains as their only real home. The same is true of the Swiss, although in a lesser degree. It is a very singular fact that inhabitants of mountainous countries possess this feeling of attachment in a much intenser form than those of flat countries.

Lacked Heart. "Once there was a lawyer out near Galzburg," said an Illinois congressman, "who made a brilliant defense in a certain case. Men praised his effort. 'Will he make his mark for ability as an advocate?' some one asked. 'No,' replied the veteran lawyer. 'His ability begins here at the Adam's apple and extends upward. He must have something under his left breast.'" The congressman cited this as an example why some speeches fail in the house of representatives.—Washington Post.

A Soft Answer. Dilbs (rather shortsighted, overlooking total stranger and slapping him on back from behind)—Hello, old fellow! How are you? So glad to see you again. Who'd have thought of meet— Stranger—Confound you, sir! How dare you strike me in that backward manner? You ought to be more careful that you've got the right person. Dilbs—Really, sir, I must apologize, but I took you for the Earl of—. The likeness is really won— Stranger (greatly mollified)—Say no more, sir, I retract. I quite see how the mistake occurred. Magnificent weather, isn't it? Good morning to you; good morning to— London Answers

Close Resemblance. "Contentment," said Uncle Eben, "is a mighty fine thing. But de trouble about it is dat it is kin' o' hand to 'stinghus f'm plain laziness."—Washington Star.

POLLY LARKIN.

"What in the world are you doing?" asked a little lady of a friend whom she found pouring over a book and at the same time attending to some sewing. "Trying to keep pace with my children," she replied as she smilingly closed the book and prepared to enjoy her visit. "You see," she continued, "my school advantages were very limited. We lived on a farm, and you know how much opportunity farmers' sons and daughters had to go to school in those days, don't you? Little or nothing. Still I always managed to try and keep up with the more fortunate children, even when I had to stop when the summer rush of harvesting and sheep-shearing, the fruit season, etc., came on. I craved an education and always shed many bitter tears when the order came to bring home my school books and assist in the drudgery of farm work. How I envied the girls who could attend a whole term without any interruptions. I used to pour over my books long after the rest of the family were wrapt in slumber and then get up before dawn to get the men's breakfast so they could get an early start. My hands have been more or less tired since my marriage attending to the wants of my little flock and I did not realize fully my scant knowledge of books until they began to advance in their studies. I was rusty in what little I did know and so began to try and brighten up a little bit, but the modern methods are much better than they were in our day and more thorough, and I found my little folks passing me and getting to a place where I could no longer assist them when they came to me with their studies. I was ashamed for them to know that their mother was so far behind the times, so after they retired for the night I would take up the books and study for their lessons. Instead of studying their lessons at night I would put them to bed early and call them in the morning in time to get their home work before breakfast. They were fresh and bright and their minds active, and I was ready to help them and answer the questions put to me. Yes, there was 'method in my madness,' for they never found out what a stupid woman their mother was. I got so I enjoyed the lessons, and particularly as they advanced. It keeps me studying all my spare minutes, but I enjoy every moment spent with the books, and besides it keeps me in touch with my children.

"There is more in common between us than you will usually find between mothers and their children. To use my oldest boy's expression, he always says 'Mother is my chum,' and he makes me his confidant, as indeed all my children do. I have not allowed them to drift away from me. We now have our study hour every evening together and it is one of the happiest hours of the day, studying, arguing and commenting on the work of each other. I don't believe they will ever see the day when they will say, 'Oh, mother is such an old fogey,' as I heard one of their schoolmates remark the other day in regard to his mother, and when someone reproved him for it he replied, 'Well, she doesn't know about anything else but styles and fashions.' I felt sorry for the boy, for he was really estranged from his mother by her total indifference to anything pertaining to her boys beyond seeing that their clothes were of the latest cut and that they were always well clad. They hungered for something else rather than for this vain glory. They wanted her sympathy and encouragement as well as her interest in what they were doing in their school life, but such things made her tired. One of the boys, who frequently joined our little family circle around the study table whispered to one of my boys not long since as he was taking his departure, 'Say, Rob, your mother is a 'Joe Dandy.' Helps a fellow lots, doesn't she? Wish my mother was like her.' If his mother could have heard him I am sure she would have tried to make his home-life a little happier. As it is, while she is studying the fashions they are wandering on the street or spending the evening at the house of some neighbor. They are nice children, but they are sadly lacking in the home training that is one of the stepping-stones in life's journey and gives our little ones a sure foothold. If you knew how much I enjoy the companionship of my children you would not wonder at my desire to keep pace with them in their studies and everything else in which they are interested."

The above calls to mind a brave little woman who never had much schooling, but had stood behind a counter in her father's little grocery store from the time she was able to look up over the top and serve the customers. Lame from her babyhood she had anything but an easy time in life. Finally she married a man who proved to be a "ne'er do well" sort of a fellow and only served to make her life harder and take the last bit of brightness out of it. It was a struggle for a bare existence. She stood it for years until he ceased to seek work and spent his time lounging around saloons, coming home in a quarrelsome mood night after night and abusing herself and the children. The little woman was doing some quiet reasoning all to herself. Why should she continue to live with this man, who had not given her a kind word in years and who had not contributed a cent to the support of the family, allowing her to make the living as best she could and demanding money from her hard-earned and badly needed wages to squander in the saloons? Why should

CHOICE MISCELLANY

An Intelligent Horse. One day not long ago two girls, Agnes and Pauline Bain, were fording Cicero creek near Tipton, Ind., on horseback. The horse caught his foot, stumbled, and the girls were thrown into the water. Neither girl could swim, and both were in imminent danger of drowning when the horse, a great pet and a most intelligent animal, swam to them, as if conscious of their danger. Around and around them the animal swam until Agnes finally caught hold of his tail. Then she fortunately caught her sister's hair, and the horse towed them both ashore. The first news of the accident that the family had was the appearance of Tom, the horse, at the door, neighing as if in trouble. Mr. Bain went out. The moment he appeared the animal started away on a trot. Then, seeing that his master did not follow, he galloped back, neighed again and then went off as before. By this time Mr. Bain had concluded from the conduct of the horse that something was wrong and hurriedly followed the animal. He met the two little girls making their way homeward. The horse ran up to them and rubbed his nose on their shoulders as if to show how glad he was to find them alive.

London Dines at Noon. Except in certain circles, from the upper middle class or the lower upper classes upward, among whom the custom of evening dinner prevails, the respectable English custom is to serve dinner at noon, the evening meal ranging all the way from the workman's repast of tea with waffles, bladders or jam to the heavy supper of game and pastry for the rich. To this custom the restaurants cater, but to the large floating colonies of foreigners to whom an evening dinner is a necessity they pay no heed, says the Outlook. They continue complacently to serve "dinner from 12 to 3," after which hour one may whistle in vain, for no dinner will be got. As a natural result an army of French and Italian restaurateurs are doing a brisk business and amassing fortunes, not only in catering for their own people, but in bringing comfort to many an English bachelor emancipated from tea and jam. Not only in the matter of service, but also in the menu, does the village restaurant cling to old custom.

"Ceil J—": Your question is one that cannot be answered in this column.

BRIEF REVIEW.

Cause of Baldness. Among the common causes of baldness—those which stand apart from actual disease of the hair—Dr. Andrew Wilson places in the first rank the habit which many men acquire of wetting the hair every morning in their bath or when washing the face. What happens in such cases, he says, is that the natural oily secretion of the skin of the head is removed by the water, and the hairs are therefore deprived, to a large extent, as also is the skin, of the natural pomade, as it were, which the skin supplies. There are thousands of little glands in the skin called sebaceous glands, which produce an oily substance, keeping the skin supple, and as these glands open into the sheaths of the hairs we may very naturally believe that they contribute to the hairs some substance intended for their nourishment and preservation. If, therefore, through any cause the natural oil of the scalp is removed—say by too frequent washing—the hairs, being deprived of their nourishment, tend to fall out.

Utilization of Wastes. The census bureau has issued a report on the utilization of wastes and by-products in manufactures. The report declares that any very such profitable employment of wastes in manufacture has reached its highest degree of attainment. Instead it predicts further developments even to the extent of converting by-products into the main product of industry. The most conspicuous instance of such reversion in the last decades of the nineteenth century is in the revelations of a far and the highly developed utilization of its many by-products. In the course of the report says, among other things, that from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000 worth of wool fat and potash are run down the streams and wasted annually in the United States, and similar lost opportunities for utilizing waste material are pointed out.

An Intelligent Bird. The yakamuk, or trumpeter of Venezuela, a fowl of the crane species, is a bird of extraordinary intelligence. The natives use it instead of sheep dogs for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that, however far the yakamuk may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driven before it by all the creatures intrusted to its care.

Coconut trees grow in large plantations close to the shore all over the Philippine islands. Within the last twelve years the trade has increased tremendously. The product is periodically affected by heavy typhoons, but it requires only a few years to pick up again.

It is said that flint which forms the substratum of London is nothing but petrified sponges. An examination of the fossil sponges or flint shows its structure.

One of the greatest drawbacks in Mexico is the scarcity of fuel. Hopes are placed in the probable discovery of oil in paying quantities.

If the best you can say about your neighbor is in reply to the worst he said about you, don't say it.

One-third of the United States proper is vacant land.

If you cannot be clever, be careful.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

His Last Will. The white robed nurses quietly busied themselves at the patient's bedside. He was plainly breathing his last. "Have you anything to say?" tenderly asked the attending physician. "Nothing—nothing," gasped the dying man. "It is only this regret—this remorse—this terrible blow to my self respect!"

He breathed now in a labored manner, and they bent lower to hear his story divulged. "Oh," wailed the unfortunate, "to think—to think—that I have smashed all the antiseptic laws in Christendom against automobiles and then—and then—to be run over by an ice wagon!"

It was too much, and he gave up the ghost in mortal agony.—Baltimore News.

Quite Excusable. It was at the literary club reception. "Which do you consider the best novel of the year?" said the guest of the evening to the long haired young man whose name he had failed to catch.

The long haired youth hesitated. "Perhaps I'd better not commit myself," he said, with a slight hesitation. "Why not?" queried the guest. "Because," replied the youth, "I wrote it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Careless Girl. "Such carelessness is little short of criminal," thundered Dr. Price-Price angrily. "Oh, doctor," sobbed Mrs. Sassetty-Lieder's nursemaid, "do you blame me for the baby's illness?"

"Most assuredly. You should know better than to leave it alone in the care of its mother even for a moment."—Philadelphia Press.

Destitution. "No; the general prosperity did not much lighten the labors of the sewing circle. There was always want to be relieved.

"Just now," added the pious woman, "we are particularly busy making up clothes for members of the church left destitute by the last rummage sale."—Puck.

"Light Literature." "You say Cabbage is worth a clean million?" "Yes."

"Is there a special reason for the use of the adjective clean?" "There is. He made the money in the soap business."—Detroit Free Press.

Mere Pleasantly. Customer (furious)—Excuse me, sir, but you have been sitting on your hat for the last ten minutes. Photographer—Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me before? Photographer—I wished you to look pleasant, sir.

Unforeseen Results. Dolly—I believe Judy Gibbs is a mesmerist. Polly—Why? Dolly—I went to sell her a ticket to our picnic and she sold me one.—Detroit Free Press.

Last. "Yes, sir," said the builder gleefully; "every house in that section is rented now but one."

"Ah! And that one," remarked his friend, "is last, but not least."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Vacation. "But why are you taking your doctor with you on your trip?" he asked. "There is to be so much going on," she answered, "and you know I am not very strong anyway."—Town Topics.

Another Sad Blow. Enepck (excitedly at 2 a. m.)—Wake up and listen, my dear. I'm sure there is a man in the house. Mrs. Enepck (sleepily)—Do keep quiet, Henry. You flatter yourself.

The Rule of Golf. Redd—Can you always tell a beginner on the golf links? Greene—Well, as a rule, you can't tell him much.—Yonkers Statesman.

IN MANDALAY.

Thousands of Pagoda Bells Ring at the Setting of the Sun. Mandalay has its own sky, soft and gray and incurving like a tent, with white cloud lines that seem meant for scrolls if one could read. It is the Very Sacred City, the city of contemplation, the city of all the monks. A thousand pagoda bells give tongue to the wind there when the sun goes down; a crumbling thousand more give up to time the testimony of outworn things.

It lies in a curved arm of blue hills, and something broods over it with solitude. This you suspect from the air of the place and the way the shrill talk of the parrots and the complaint of the goats and the laughter of the people come to you wherever you are sitting. Afterward you go out, as I did that morning with the commissioner, and see under the very zenith, where the low gray sky is caught up, the square of the dark red crenellated walls of the old royal city, three miles each way, and outside the walls the parallel clear moat thinking back at the sky, and then you are sure that over and above the government of India some spirit is in possession here, some spirit that bends in affection over finished and forgotten things.

Seven roofed kiosks stand at intervals along the gates in the wall; they are called pythats, but they strike the eye like powerful conclusions—and low white stone bridges raised in the middle span the moat. The buttresses of the gates are painted deep gray and white, and the bank that slants steeply from the wall to the water has here and there a low, twisted, spreading tree on it, purely for decoration. You may stop at a corner and look two ways along the reflecting water, with bridge after bridge receding across, and pythats after pythats diminishing above, and each red and gray and white vista so picked out and finished under the quiet light slipping adarably into the near blue of the hills.

Mandalay seemed aware with hunting that day, flags and arches of welcome everywhere and crowds flocking—aware and almost awake—but you looked again and saw that she only turned in her sleep and smiled, as at a dream.—Exchange.

JAPANESE JOTTINGS. Chrysanthemums served as a salad are a favorite article of diet among the Japanese.

At a Japanese banquet it is considered a compliment to exchange cups with a friend.

Japanese cooks are the most cruel in the world. They cut every atom of flesh off a living fish piecemeal without first causing death.

The lower class of the Japanese employ hardly any other material than paper for their clothing. Where wages are exceedingly low, cloth is an impossible extravagance.

Every hotel in Japan has a fan, special to itself, containing a view of the hotel and a blessing from the writings of Confucius. One of these is always given to the departing guest.

Many Japanese women are undergoing the slight surgical operation necessary to straighten the slant of the eyelid, which distinguishes them so unmistakably from Caucasian women.

The Japanese eat more fish than any other people in the world. With them meat eating is a foreign innovation, confined to the rich, or, rather, to those rich people who prefer it to the national diet.

Birds' Eggs Too Much For Science. It is not often that science acknowledges herself at fault in an apparently simple matter, but she frankly does so in regard to the color and marking of a large proportion of birds' eggs.

A reason there must be for their infinite diversity; it cannot be an aesthetic one, and all we can say with any confidence is that the ever pervading instinct of distrust is probably exhibited in eggshells as in more important things, and the main idea in their scheme of coloration has been the securing of safety from many enemies by harmonizing them with their surroundings. But it is a scheme full of perplexing exceptions, which any one can study for himself.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Preaching Monkeys. The author of "The History of Brazil" tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest and makes a signal with his fore paw. At this signal the others sit around him and listen. When they are all seated, he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries, he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings.

A Ruskin Thought. To be content in utter darkness and ignorance is indeed unmanly, and therefore we think that to love and find knowledge must be always right. Yet wherever pride has any share in the work even knowledge and light may be ill pursued. Knowledge is good, and light is good, yet man perished in seeking knowledge, and the moths perished in seeking light, and if we who are crushed before the moth will not accept such mystery as is needful to us we shall perish in like manner. None but the proud will mourn over this, for we may always know more if we choose by working on, but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people. In knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible.—Ruskin.

Hurrah. "Hurrah!" It used to be "Hurrah!" and the cry is as old as England. It is the battlecry of the old Norse vikings as they swept down to burn and murder among the peaceful British. "Hur, ale," was their warcry, which means, "Thor, ale!" an appeal for help to Thor, the god of battles.

Left Helpless. Mrs. Brown—So your girl has left you? What for, for mercy's sake? Mrs. Black—Absolutely for nothing. Mrs. Brown—Oh, that's it. I remember you told me she wouldn't leave you for anything.—Boston Transcript.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.) The work of the newly organized and increased bicycle squad of the local police department is proving wholly satisfactory to Major Sylvester, who has long advocated an improvement of that particular branch of the police service. Since the new squad has been on duty on the principal thoroughfares of the city it has corrected a large number of abuses of the police regulations.

The charge of maintaining the handle bars of his bicycle on a plane four inches below the plane of the saddle was preferred against Charles A. Smith in police court the other morning, and upon conviction the defendant was compelled to pay a fine of \$1. The regulation was made several years ago to prevent scorchers from colliding with pedestrians by riding head down at a high rate of speed. Very few arrests have been made lately for this violation of the regulation.

Free Quarters For Veterans. A large number of letters are received from day to day by the officials of the citizens' committee in charge of preparations for the coming national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic asking as to free quarters for veterans. To all these communications reply is made that the allotment of free quarters is exclusively under the control of the national headquarters of the G. A. R. at Minneapolis, and that all applications for such quarters should be made there.

In a circular letter sent out some time ago by the committee to the department commanders of the G. A. R. and division commanders of the Sons of Veterans, attention is called to this matter. The citizens' committee is earnestly desirous that all the old veterans who wish to come, but who may be debarred through inability to meet the expense of quarters while here, may be provided for, and so expresses itself in all replies to letters on the subject.

The District a Territory. The District commissioners have received from Secretary of State Hay a letter similar to those sent to all governors of states and territories in the United States representing the scholarships offered to Americans under the terms of the will of the late Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Macfarland has moved that the papers be referred to the board of education for its report, and after the receipt of that the commissioners will formally reply to the communication of Mr. Hay.

The receipt of the letters settles the mooted question as to whether the District of Columbia came under the head of a state or territory within the meaning of the will or was merely a city. The letter being sent to the commissioners by the secretary of state is accepted as evidence from high authority that legally the District of Columbia exists in the status of a territory of the United States.

District Pays Union Wages. In response to a recent communication from James E. Mitchell, acting secretary of the Building Trades Council, regarding the rate of wages paid to employees in the District repair shop, the District commissioners forwarded to him the following memorandum from G. Coleman, superintendent of repairs: "The following mechanics employed by this department are receiving union wages: Carpenters, \$3 per diem; painters, \$2.00; tanners, \$2.80; bricklayers, \$4.50, and laborers, \$1.50 per diem. The only mechanics who are not paid union wages are the plasterers. Last summer only two applications were received for this class of work, and in each case \$2.50 per diem was asked. As a very small amount of plastering (patching) has to be done the two men who made application were employed and gave entire satisfaction."

Night Work at White House. A night force of carpenters has been put to work on the interior of the White House. For the first time in the history of the old building workmen are driving nails and manipulating saws and other tools by electric light. The night force began work in the ancient attic.

Four bedrooms, presumably all for servants, are being built in the attic, which, before the Roosevelt administration, had been used for storage purposes only. A driveway is building from the White House to the executive avenue, between the White House and the treasury.

Estimate For Deaf and Dumb. The initial one of the District estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, has reached the commissioner, coming from Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, president of the Columbia Institution For the Deaf and Dumb at Kendall Green. Dr. Gallaudet asks that the commissioners include in their estimates to congress an item of \$10,500 for the expenses attending the instruction of deaf and dumb persons admitted to the institution from the District of Columbia. This amount is the same as has been appropriated by congress annually for several years past.

Not One Objectionable Picture. Two women were walking through the corridors of the Congressional library the other day leading a little boy between them. They were evidently from the interior and were very much interested and edified by all they saw. After they had carefully studied the exquisite mural decorations and the symbolic pictures between the arches and over the doors, they sat down on a bench to rest, and one of them remarked: "I ain't seen a picture in all this place that ain't fit to frame and hang in a house."—CARL SCHOFIELD.

Molasses. The molasses which is left as a residue from beet sugar manufacture is utilized in Germany to make alcohol.

No Rash Remarks. "Mrs. McSmith is a very queer widow." "Queer in what way?" "No one has ever heard her say she wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived."—Puck.

Accidentally. Hoax—How did he make his money? Joak—Quite by accident. Hoax—How was that? Joak—He lost a leg in a railroad wreck and recovered damages.—Philadelphia Record.

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Molasses. The molasses which is left as a residue from beet sugar manufacture is utilized in Germany to make alcohol.

No Rash Remarks. "Mrs. McSmith is a very queer widow." "Queer in what way?" "No one has ever heard her say she wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived."—Puck.

Accidentally. Hoax—How did he make his money? Joak—Quite by accident. Hoax—How was that? Joak—He lost a leg in a railroad wreck and recovered damages.—Philadelphia Record.



It Fits.