

# Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & HENRY, Publishers.

COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON.

It is easy to induce the floating voter to make summer trips.

The man who kicks himself for having made a fool of himself only adds insult to injury.

Clothes do not make the man, but his tailor frequently gives him an expensive appearance.

Nobody can blame Gen. Miles for wanting to have a chance occasionally to do something to earn his salary.

The younger Mrs. Vanderbilt has not as yet been deprived of the privilege of employing her mother-in-law's dressmaker.

Those who are satisfied with what they have accomplished will never become famous for what they might accomplish.

Under the new code of railway etiquette it will, of course, be improper for the conductor to punch a passenger's ticket.

J. Pierpont Morgan has taken a \$12,500,000 mortgage on Chili. There are only a few back counties left for Mr. Morgan to acquire.

The man who wears on chip on his shoulder and the woman who wears song-bird feathers in her hat both lack something of good taste in dress.

Bishop Fowler says there is no life so conducive to laziness as the ministry. Still, most of the ministers seem to overcome the tired feeling sufficiently to write books between times.

The distressing news comes from Atlanta that a youngster of that city swallowed a ping-pong ball and the physicians had to work several hours before the game could be resumed.

Secretary Hay has recently induced a man not to publish a book on the Boer war. It has heretofore been supposed that nothing could arrest that disease once it got into a man's system.

The Boston Herald thinks that Peter Power is the partner of the person who picked a peck of pickled peppers. A reporter called at the Power house to ask about this but was unable to find Mr. Power in.

A newspaper man who saw a good deal of Prince Henry of Prussia puts the cap-sheaf on all the eulogies by saying that the prince is the kind of fellow with whom one could very pleasantly spend six months alone on a desert island. That is the supreme and final act of character for prince or peasant, whether a man "wears well."

Pneumonia claimed ten thousand four hundred and eighty victims in New York City last year, yet pneumonia is classed as a preventable disease. It is to prevention that modern sanitary science now devotes itself. If Havana can be purified from the seeds of yellow fever by exterminating the mosquitoes, why cannot New York and the other great cities be swept clean of pneumonia germs?

Nearly twenty-five hundred students assisted in a single year in the record of Andrew Carnegie's noble gift to the Scotch universities, as given in the first annual report of the trustees of the fund. One who knows the privations which poor Scotch students will endure for the sake of an education will be prepared to accept the statement of the trustees that the remission of fees has proved to be the greatest boon to a long list of deserving students.

It seems impossible for the average American to indulge in any sport in moderation. Excess or nothing seems to be the rule. It was so with roller skating and will be so with other forms of amusement. Wheeling may come in again after many years, but it will never rage again. Most of those who use the wheel now do it as a matter of convenience in business and not for pleasure. People of means are taking up the automobile, and soon racing will be the madness of thousands for a time. When the health of the drivers shall be affected and the cost and annoyance of accidents shall become serious that sport will in its turn decline.

It is said that the influence of the cooking schools is already being felt in domestic life, and that the standard of living, or at least of cooking, is much higher because of these modern institutions. Formerly the school girl ate, or was told to eat, what was set before her, and grumbled of a gastronomic nature were not tolerated. But now the young girl looks with a critical eye upon the cook's preparations, and she knows the reason why when these do not turn out well. Through her the family has lost much of its pathetic dependence upon the professional cook, and a cookless condition is robbed of half its terrors when there is an amateur of no mean ability within the family circle. And the effect upon the pupil herself is most beneficial, for only one who has grown brain-weary of figures and dates knows the delight of mixing up actual ingredients and awaiting material results. It is also much to be hoped that the training of amateur cooks will cause those who consider themselves professionals to look to their laurels and to give over the hit-or-miss methods of cooking, which—

So often decide if our day Shall be festive and anxious or joyous and gay.

With higher culinary ideals the mental and spiritual development of man ought to be assured.

Speaking of the disturbance the Russian students are making, the Pull-Mall Gazette remarks: "After all, it is the younger generation knocking at the door, and if the door is not opened it stands a good chance of being

kicked in." The Russian police, in other words, are wrestling with the incorrigible. No doubt the police would sooner deal with Anarchists or Nihilists, whose heads they could batter and whose lives they could shorten without exciting the animosity of any one except the professional King-killer, but the gentlemen at St. Petersburg say to the police: "Go ahead! Put down that rebellion!" and the police must either obey or resign. The severity of their task may be understood by imagining the police of Cambridge and New Haven trying to suppress the indignation of the students at Yale and Harvard—and at Radcliffe, in addition. For we read that the young women of the Russian universities are as eager for reform as are the young men, and that they suffer just as much in their eagerness. Now it is an extraordinarily serious thing for any government to be openly at war with its young men and young women—with the younger generation. In a spirit of fun or in a moment of reckless enthusiasm our own college students may lightly mock some municipal ordinance; but as for defying the police, and through them the officials of the government, and as for being flogged into submission and bundled into jail by the score—that's a matter of darker hue. It seems that all those who represent Russian youth in the arts and the sciences are in a state of sedition. We fancy that Nicholas and his coadjutors are not giving all their attention to the Manchurian question. The younger generation is inflammable, and Russia is foolish to be indifferent to that fact.

The congestion of population in cities is not peculiar to this country alone, though it is probably more marked here than elsewhere. It has prevailed in Great Britain, but has been less noticeable on the continent. It is interesting to observe that it is most prevalent, generally speaking, where commercial and industrial activity prevails. The growth of the German capital, Berlin, for one example, has been exceptionally rapid—for the continent—since German industrial activity set in within recent years. Until a dozen or fifteen years ago it was rather a sleepy city, even after the consolidation of the empire, but by 1890 it had advanced to 1,800,000 population, and stood fourth among the world's cities, London, New York and Paris outranking it and Chicago pressing close behind it. Recently a new census has been taken and it now numbers 1,901,567, showing growth at the rate of about 30,000 per year. This rate has been surpassed in Chicago and no doubt this city now ranks fourth in the world. It is a curious fact that of the four cities of the world the population in each of which exceeds 2,000,000 two are in the United States, the youngest in the list of considerable nations. One might think it accidental in some way, but it is also true that the United States are the only one of the world's nations that has more than one city of more than 1,000,000 population. The last census gave us three and in equity should have given us four, for the populous suburbs cluster closely about Boston as truly Boston as the Back Bay and Beacon street regions themselves. Within a radius of twenty-five miles around the capitol on Beacon hill there must be considerably more than 2,000,000. The development of street railway lines has checked the congestion or rather spread it over wider space for each city, and that, together with the "good roads" movement, will tend to send a return flow from the urban into the rural regions, but it will remain that urban growth will attend industrial activity and the grave and abiding problem will continue to be how to keep it as nearly healthful as possible.

How She Raised the Fee. A poor couple living in the Emerald Isle went to the priest for marriage and were met with a demand for the marriage fee. It was not forthcoming. Both the consenting parties were rich in love and in their prospects, but destitute of financial resources. The father was obdurate. "No money; no marriage."

"Give me love, your riverence," said the blushing bride, "to go and get the money."

It was given, and she stepped forth on the delicate mission of raising a marriage fee out of pure nothing. After a short interval she returned with the sum of money and the ceremony was completed to the satisfaction of all. When the parting was taking place the newly made wife seemed a little uneasy.

"Anything on your mind, Catherine?" said the father.

"Well, your riverence, I would like to know if this marriage could not be spoiled now?"

"Certainly not, Catherine. No man can put you asunder."

"Could you not do it yourself, father? Could you not spoil the marriage?"

"No, no, Catherine. You are neat me now. I have nothing more to do with your marriage."

"That allows me mind," said Catherine, "and God bless your riverence. There's the ticket for your hat. I picked it up in the lobby and pawned it."

Naming the Child. Now, necessarily, when the new girl baby arrived there was much discussion among the members of the family as to what her name should be.

"We will call her 'Catherine,'" said the first grandmother. "I saw that name in a story once, and always wanted to try it on a baby."

"Oh," murmured the second grandmother, "that would never do. Let us call her 'Fanchon.'"

"But don't you think 'Eltessa' is a pretty name, and so odd, too?" put in one of the aunts.

"Excuse me, ladies," ventured the poor father, who sat nearby, "but you seem to forget that we are trying to find a name for a human being, and not for a five-cent cigar."—Baltimore American.

## DO NOT READ DICKENS

FEW YOUNG PEOPLE KNOW HIS FAMOUS CHARACTERS.

Expensive Illustrated Editions of His Novels Are Still Frequently Called For, but Cheap Editions, Which Have Been Popular, Are a Drag on Market.

"The sale of the works of Dickens has been gradually but surely diminishing during the last ten or fifteen years," said a book dealer. "The finely bound editions are, of course, still in fair demand by persons engaged in assembling libraries of their own, but the cheap, popular editions have for some years been more or less of a drag on the market. The young people, even those who are omnivorous readers of fiction, scarcely ever ask for a book of Dickens."

"I re-read two or three of Dickens' books every year for the fun of the thing, and I know of plenty of other people of my age who do the same. The young people who fail to familiarize themselves with Dickens deprive themselves of a lot of diversion. The Dickens characters are around us everywhere. There are very few odd or quaint eccentricities of human beings that Dickens didn't touch upon, and one who has these characters in the works of Dickens stored away in his mind scarcely ever gets through a day that he doesn't meet up with somebody or other in the flesh who recalls some corresponding or similar type in Dickens. Who, for instance, doesn't know any number of Micawbers, who, like the original of the species, are always waiting for something to turn up? Haven't we all been thrown into contact with numerous Dick Swivellers? Haven't every one of us with any experience in the game of life met and loathed at least one Pecksniff? Haven't we all been imposed upon and bored by 'Charlatans'?"

"And yet, if you mention the name of one of these wonderfully portrayed characters of Dickens in the presence of a roomful of young people of to-day it is 5 to 1 that they will stare at you and wonder what you are driving at. Just try it on and see if I am not right. I'll just mention an example of this. My sister-in-law, a quiet, elderly woman, was humorously describing at dinner a few evenings ago the garrulousness of a trained nurse whom she had employed a short time before. There were eight young men and women, their ages ranging from 18 to 22, and all of them considered pretty well educated for their years, at the table.

"That nurse must have been Salrey Gamp re-incarnated," said my sister-in-law, in concluding her narration.

"Well, the middle-aged and elderly folk at the table all chuckled at the comparison, of course, but every one of those eight young people looked blankly at my sister-in-law, plainly wondering what in the world she meant.

"Who was Sarah Gamp?" finally asked one of the young women.

"My sister-in-law, realizing the utter hopelessness of endeavoring to draw a proper portrayal of Sarah Gamp for the benefit of persons who had never become acquainted with that amiable character, was forced to recommend the young woman to read 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' The young woman solemnly made a note of it, and she got the book from me the next day, concluding that she had never read a solitary work of Dickens from cover to cover. She found Dickens so dull, she said! And I have heard many young people of the present generation say the same thing—that Dickens seemed stupid and prosy to them. How they can say such a thing, much less experience the feeling, is quite beyond me.

"Thackeray, too, perhaps a keener, if less mellow, writer of fiction than Dickens, is sadly neglected these days. There is little or no call for his books. The uprising generation seem to have no interest whatever in Thackeray. They all know about Becky Sharpe because a play written about that demirep has been produced in recent years, but they appear to know no more about Arthur Pendennis, or Capt. Corcoran or Barry Lyndon, or even Henry Esmond, than they do about the characters in the mystery plays of the middle ages.

"If the young people were to devote themselves as assiduously to Dickens and Thackeray as they do to the balderdash which seems to form their mental staple," concluded the book dealer, according to the Washington Star, "they would develop into better men and women for it."

THE BIG FISH THAT HE LOST. A California Fisherman Declares It Was a Giant Striped Bass.

John George, a fisherman of Point San Quentin, Cal., was given a battle for his life the other day by a giant fish, which he declared was a striped bass. The fish overturned his boat and George would have been drowned had not help arrived.

George dragged his net for bass near San Quentin point on a recent morning. When he commenced to haul his catch aboard his heavy salmon boat he found that he had captured a giant bass. For more than an hour he clubbed and gaffed the monster, and at last succeeded in getting a rope through its gills. He then started to row his catch to the wharf.

After he had gone a short distance the fish revived and in its desperate efforts to free itself the boat was overturned and its occupant thrown into the water. Charles Allison, the agent at San Quentin, saw the fisherman's peril, and procuring a boat went to the rescue. George and Allison made every effort to right the former's boat or tow it ashore, but owing to the current they failed, and at last were compelled to cut the foundering fish loose in order to save the boat and nets.

George, who is one of the best-known fishermen on the bay, says the San Francisco Call, insists that the immense fish was a striped bass.

service of a fashionable church, after which I boarded a car. The old woman, whose clothes indicated great poverty, got in and sat down beside me, her face fairly shining with pleasure as she recognized me.

"Lady, I want to tell you how I like your voice," she exclaimed in rather broken English. "It goes right to my head, and makes me so happy, just as if I'd heard the angels sing. I thank you."

"Of course I thanked her, but the funny part was when the conductor came for our fares. The old lady counted out ten pennies before I could pass over my nickel.

"Two! Two!" she said to him, as she nodded to me. "I want to, lady, for I like your voice so much; I like your voice."

"So, while I felt that perhaps the poor old soul could ill spare her extra pennies, I let her make the sacrifice because of the evident pleasure it gave her, and no compliment I ever received has touched me more deeply than her oft repeated words, 'I like your voice.'"

THE SINGING VOICE. The Best Rules for Keeping It in Good Condition.

The greatest choir in the world is said to be at a monastery at St. Petersburg, erected in honor of Alexander Nevski, patron saint of Russia. It consists of about thirty monks, chosen from the best voices in all the Russian monasteries. It is really worth a journey to St. Petersburg to hear that choir sing.

A contemporary speaking of them announces that they believe that the eating of carrots has much to do with sustaining the strength and sweetness of their voices. Great singers are of ten great cranks. A list filling a column might be made of the things which they have credited with having a fine effect upon their voices; and the list would be very contradictory, some warning others against what their equals have commended. If it be true that carrots tend to make such singers as these or to improve voices, there are many reasons why the fact should be made known in this country, where from the climate or other causes voices are undergoing an unfavorable modification. Really fine basses are difficult to find, and a great musical authority affirms that tenors are growing scarce. If this continues predominant voices will be of the class which a poor, ignorant woman whose husband was a good singer but very ill-tempered, tried to describe. Being asked whether his voice was tenor or bass, she answered: "He says it is baritone, but at home it is tenor-tono." The best diet for the voice is that which keeps the digestion perfect and all the organs and muscles employed in respiration unimpeded.

They Left. "It does me good to see a smart Aleck get the worst of it," said the communicative conductor to the man on the back platform. "There were two of them on my car yesterday, and their game was to scare people into thinking that they were just recovering from smallpox. They talked loudly about it for the benefit of the other passengers, and the more nervous ones, especially the women, began to grow apprehensive.

"Yes," said one, "my case was a pretty bad one, the doctors said."

"So was mine," replied the other fellow. "It seems good to get out of the Municipal Hospital, doesn't it?"

"That's what it does," said the first one.

"Sitting next to them was a man who had been taking it all in. At this point he leaned over and said: "Say, when did you fellows get out?"

"Only yesterday," loudly remarked one of the kidders.

"Is that so," exclaimed the man, "so did I. What ward were you in?"

"Well, say, those fellows jumped off the car as though it had been struck by lightning, and you couldn't see their heels for dust."

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

VALUE OF A VACATION.

By Hon. J. B. Foraker. We hear a great deal of talk about the value of a vacation, and the value of a vacation being in the sense of "doing nothing." I don't believe in that kind of a vacation. I think that the great majority of business and professional men derive their greatest pleasure from keeping busy. If a man is in good health the keynote of a vacation should center around the mind. The ideal vacation is one that rests and improves the mind at the same time.

Now the best thing for mental rest is a change of scene. I speak, of course, of myself now, but every man must choose for himself his own idea of recreation. What would be a very nice vacation for one might prove very stupid and fatiguing to another of opposite temperament and tastes.

The successful or hopeful man who is interested in his business gets real stimulation from his business. He gets real enjoyment from it, obviously, unless he runs his system down, all he needs is a change of scene. The man who takes good care of himself, has the proper amount of sleep and is not run down, has no special need of a vacation. A change of scene and air will refresh him and have the effect of making him see life from a new viewpoint.

COURTS LIKE SLOT MACHINES. By Clarence S. Darroch. There are a good many tricks in the legal profession. Some people imagine that the law was made by wise men for the purpose of dealing out justice to all men alike, but there never was a greater mistake. The law furnishes no remedy for the poor. You cannot get into court in the first place without money, and once you get in, you certainly won't get out with any money. The lawyer will see to that, but you'll get justice if you pay enough for it.

There is no commodity that I know of that is regulated so much by what you pay for it as justice. I don't mean by that that you can get a great deal of justice for a great deal of money, but you will get very little justice for a little money.

The courts are like a nickel-in-the-slot machine—you put your money in and you get results. Suppose a poor man gets his legs cut off by a street car. The rich never get their legs cut off, because they can afford to wait and let the car get out of the way. The first thing the poor man has to do is to hunt up a lawyer who will take his case for one leg, or half a leg, according to agreement. Then the money is dropped in the slot and the man sits down to wait.

If he is lucky his case may come up in two years. It may take three or four, but I have known instances when it did not require more than two years. The case is tried in the Circuit or Superior Court, and if the plaintiff recovers the price of his legs, the matter goes to the Appellate Court. The function of that court is to pass judgment on what the lower court has done, and the poor man's case may be reached in two years. Of course it will then go to the Supreme Court, unless the man loses, and it will take another year there. If everything is

THE SHAH CAME TO ENGLAND IT COST £20,000 to entertain him for a week, and there was not "much dough" at that.

The little visit of the Czar of France cost the republic a pretty penny. Special messengers were sent to invite him at a cost of £1,000, and £10,000 was expended in cleaning up Dunkirk, where he was to land, and putting it in a presentable shape. The government erected triumphal arches at a cost of £10,000, and spent £1,000 for flags. Then there were 5,000 picked troops to be got ready, besides the regular review troops. These picked troops were specially trained, drilled and quartered for over six weeks at a cost of £20,000, and twenty-five military bands were put down in the estimate at a cost for food and extra expenses at £2,500. The naval review held for the decoration of the Czar cost £50,000, the item for coal alone being £20,000. In saluting powder to the value of £5,000 was burned, and the cost of guarding the Czar was estimated at £10,000. On housing and feeding him and his suite the sum of £15,000 was spent, and there was an extra appropriation of £10,000 for "sundries."—M. A. P.

IN HIS WOODEN LEG. Was Found \$15,000 After the Junk Dealer Died.

For twenty-five years Gideon Mason, a junk dealer of Trenton, carried his savings around in his wooden leg, and when he died he was worth \$15,000 in cash. Mason lost his leg in a railroad accident years ago. He never would tell whence he came. He had known better days, he said, and had run down caused his downfall. When he was able to get out on crutches he took the pledge. Friends bought him a wooden leg and a push cart, gave him a few dollars, and he began buying and selling junk. Mason prospered. When the first wooden leg was worn out Mason appeared with one of his own manufacture. It was very clumsy, bulging at the top. During the past six years Mason was accompanied on his rounds by a dog that was equipped with a wooden leg made by Mason to take the place of one it had lost. The dog and the man were inseparable. Mason was found stretched on his bed, dead, the other day. The county physician found a cavity in Mason's wooden leg, in which were concealed a will, \$15,000 in bills, and the pledge he had taken and kept for twenty-five years. The will was holographic; it set aside a certain amount to pay the expense of a burial, and provided for the care of the dog as long as he should live, gave \$5,000 to a friend, and the residue to be spent in buying artificial limbs for worthy cripples in Mercer County. Two days after the death of Mason the dog was found dead on the grave of his master. In accordance with Mason's

Two-Thousand-Year Sentence. To be sentenced to an imprisonment for the term of one's natural life is hard enough, but to be sentenced to a dungeon for a couple of thousand years is indeed barrowing. Yet foreign judges not infrequently impose sentences of several centuries without it being considered anything remarkable.

A young man was arrested in Vienna a couple of years ago who, upon his own showing, should have been sentenced to two thousand five hundred years' imprisonment. A total of four hundred charges was brought against him, and he was convicted and sentenced on all of them. But the judge was a merciful man, and in passing sentence he threw off one thousand years in consideration of the man's youth.

Millions Live on the Ocean. The population of the ocean is estimated at 2,000,000. That is to say, the number of sailors and others whose business is on the high seas equals the inhabitants of the thirteen original colonies. Last year more or to be more exact, 550,000 officers and men, of 4,343 vessels, entered the port of New York.

Trees on Western Prairies. In some of the Western prairie trees are now being planted for shade, protection and beauty, in areas of various sizes up to hundreds of acres.



running smoothly the man stands a chance of recovering for his legs in about five years, if he is not dead before that time. Then, when he divides with his lawyers after having existed five years without being able to work, I want to know where he comes in, in the matter of justice.

Take my advice, and don't try to get justice; you are better off without it, unless, of course, you have plenty of money.

CUBAN GOVERNMENT'S OPPORTUNITY. By Hon. Leonard Wood. The Cuban government will have the finest opportunity to show what they can do that any people have ever had before them. They come into a government with \$500,000 in its treasury and with its people loyal and law-abiding, who will do all they can to support Estrada Palma and his cabinet.

The income of the island is fully equal to its financial demands at this time, and I believe the Cubans will keep it so. I think they are capable of governing themselves now, and if it is shown that if they fail it will not be because they did not have the opportunity to show what they could do. The people are depending upon the United States providing them a market for their two principal crops, sugar and tobacco, and they have every reason to expect that this government will give them the relief.

WIFE'S SHARE IN HUSBAND'S INCOME. By Mrs. Wm. Ted Helms. The married woman has a right to a certain proportion of her husband's money. When he gives it to her he is not granting her a privilege, but acknowledging a claim. The amount that should come to the wife must, of course, be decided by circumstances.

Though the husband may pay the butcher and grocer, the milliner and the dressmaker, he should not run into the binder of fencing that his wife has no call for any money beyond the occasional dime or quarter he grants her. There is convincing testimony that the majority of women have to ask their husbands for spending money, or hypothecate their household accounts in order to get it.

I know one ideal husband who has never in a married life of thirty years obliged his wife to go to him for money. There is a certain drawer in her desk where he places what he can afford to let her have every week. The drawer is never allowed to get empty. More over, he never asks her to account for a cent of it. That man should have a halo for his daily wear.

Plenty of other husbands make a household allowance, or even a dress al-

lowance, to their wives. But many more do not what they think will be needed, and apparently imagine that their wives can get what change they need in some mysterious, unexplained fashion, without having resort to the ordinary money-making means.

If women were not long suffering creatures there would have been an organized revolt long ago. No man has a right to submit his wife to the humiliation she must often undergo when she is obliged to decline to make small contributions in church or club, because she has not the ready money. She may have an account in half a dozen shops. Her clothing may be the envy of her friends, her house may be finely appointed, but when it comes to a call for a chance quarter or half dollar she has not the cash in hand.

Let the husband, at any rate, give the wife a chance to prove whether or not she is to be trusted with money. There are few women who are unworthy of having the charge of their own spending money. As a rule, they are quite as careful as their husbands in the matter of small expenses, and have a horror of bills that is often unknown to the lords of creation.

NEEDS OF THE NEGRO. By Booker T. Washington. Negroes should be taught that their salvation is in learning to work and to be industrious and skillfully the soil. Agriculture will prove our salvation, and the race should be slow to abandon the farm. Just now a large proportion of the race needs that education which will make the youth return to the farm and produce fifty bushels of corn where only twenty-five grew before, rather than yield to the temptation to go to the city and attempt to live by their wits. For 200 years the negro was worked. What he wants is leisure time to consider the great work that is honorable and to be idle is dishonorable is at the foundation of civilization.

It is not the negro who has been properly trained in hand, head and heart who commits crimes. It is the ignorant, shiftless negro who has no regular occupation, who has not learned to love labor and who does not own a home who is usually the criminal. When a man becomes the owner of a piece of land and a decent house and has a bank account, he becomes not only a conservative, law-abiding citizen.

GREAT COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION. By W. Bourke Cockran. The modern newspaper in editing the news assembles the civilized world in mass meeting every day to consider the great or unusual importance that have occurred in the preceding twenty-four hours. When the newspaper undertakes to do more than collect the news, it becomes intrusive. When it represents the opinion of the editor, it falls short of collecting the news, it is inefficient. The great court of public opinion, with all the facts before it, is abundantly able to reach its own conclusions, and its judgments are irrevocable and irresistible.

The newspaper that attempts to forecast them or control their falls, and brings discredit upon itself. The newspaper that records them becomes an effective instrument in enforcing them. The moral of all this is that the newspaper that collects the news assiduously and publishes it faithfully is performing a function of the highest importance to civilization.

Expensive Coronations. It may be of interest to point out at this time that the most expensive coronation on record was that of the present Czar of Russia, upward of \$15,000,000 was spent by the government alone, and fully another \$5,000,000 by the public authorities of various Russian towns. The representatives of other powers view with each other in lavish outlays, and counting the sums spent by other persons, the coronation of Nicholas II, cannot have cost much less than \$25,000,000.

The coronation of Czar Nicholas I, was also a very expensive affair. He then Duke of Devonshire was the British representative, and he spent fully \$250,000 of his own money in connection with it. The coronation of George IV, was the most expensive British coronation, and this cost only \$1,250,000. Of this amount \$125,000 was expended on the coronation robe and \$225,000 on the crown.

The cost of the coronation of George III, did not amount to half that of the coronation of George IV. The whole cost of the coronation of William IV, amounted to only \$150,000, and that of Queen Victoria to \$350,000.

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Because a man's wife is jealous of him, it doesn't follow that he is a favorite with the women.