

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Don't shoot the Holstein. They are doing the best they can.

The Macedonian life insurance companies must feel like a fried egg.

Perhaps we may have to dig the canal first and ask permission of Colombia afterward.

We don't need an elastic currency as much as one with a little gine on each side of every dollar.

The pension rolls have passed the great divide. It will be a gradual descent from now on to the end.

At the exact moment the proposal is made a young man actually believes that he isn't worthy of the girl.

Live shells were fired at a French warship without any apparent effect upon it. However, Dewey's men were not behind the guns.

A branch of Yale University in China would at least determine to what extent the pigtail can be taught to handle the pigskin.

When Charlie Schwab gets his tailoring trust in operation he should make a specialty of boiler-plate vests for kings and emperors.

The servant problem is a simple matter, according to Mrs. Russell Sage. Just do without any servants and you will never have any trouble.

Now the farmers want a trust. The best trust is trust in elbow grease. It is the man who works his muscles and not his politics who gets ahead in this country.

We presume that the women persist in wearing high-heeled shoes for some such reason as the men persist in wearing those hot-balled coats and circus tent trousers.

Poultry Higeow declares that there are several millions of Americans who would like to see this country annexed to Canada. Poultry evidently makes the mistake of believing himself to be several millions of Americans.

Eupatorium Rebandium is the name of the new plant that is to supersede sugar cane and the sugar beet, being twenty or thirty times as sweet as either. When used in connection with tabloid coffee and condensed milk it ought to be a great thing for picnics.

Cheap funerals are the fashion in England just now. Lord Salisbury's having cost only \$70. This will cause a large mortality among impetuous noblemen, it being a well-known fact that many of them have been keeping alive through family pride because they didn't have enough for a decent burial.

An insolvent woman has applied for relief from her debts in one of the United States courts. Her appeal, so usual as to excite general comment, speaks well for the fair sex and its least understanding of financial obligations. As a rule in insolvency proceedings woman is generally the cause of man's predicament, but is kept discreetly in the background.

The weird rumors which the Eskimo have repeatedly published about the existence of strange men and beasts, which walk abroad only during the sunless days in the hyperborean regions, may after all be founded upon truth. However, until positive proof is furnished, Professor Frazee's statement about the live mammoth must be taken as a traveler's highly colored tale.

A study of newspapers east and west, north and south, may possibly indicate a growing sentiment that, while this republic holds out hands of welcome to every useful and valuable element among immigrants, it may be compelled in self-defense at some time in the future to consider soberly whether it will be helped or hurt by the tremendous influx of unskilled laborers who have no intention of taking out naturalization papers and becoming American citizens at any time.

One consideration that is making our people impatient of hard work is the example of riches quickly made through the semi-gambling activities. Men whose fathers would have died rather than live on bread they had not earned find themselves willing to be taken care of, by the government perhaps, or by "the party," or by their more fortunate or industrious relatives. Such drones know nothing of the satisfaction of him who "scoops" who can hold his head high and say he has earned his right to live, and whose death is thus not a debt paid to nature, for he owes her nothing.

Robert E. Peary is about to make another dash for the pole. During the last twelve years Commodore Peary has made six voyages to the frozen north. It is a life of haste the minute the far north is reached. There is no time, nor is it safe to sit down and think of the work that lies beyond. These men, like the "Wandering Jew," must keep going on and on, because rest means danger from the apathy engendered by the awful cold. In this land of ice and snow and desolation, there is another element, almost appalling, and this is the intensity of the fearful silence, which seems like some gruesome specter phantom, white and ghostly, which hovers over the vast expanse of lifeless, colorless surroundings. A trip to the north pole is an outing that takes a man of absolute nerve and freedom from fear to contemplate. He who ventures into this dangerous country takes his life in his hands. And yet men have forgotten all trials, have put aside every human attachment, and, leaving the land of comfort and pleasure, have

sailed away to a region that is fraught with danger and death. And all this that science may benefit from the expense of illness, cold, hunger and loneliness. Science and scientists are, of course, duly grateful, and they have, without a question, been immeasurably benefited from these arctic explorations, but once in a while some one is bold enough to say: "Is it worth while?" And is it?

A complete explanation of the outrages in Macedonia is not easy to frame, because there are so many reasons for the conditions in European Turkey. In the first place, it is inhibited by hostile and jealous races. Turks, Albanians, Serbians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and a few others live side by side, each with peculiar customs, and each dissatisfied with the rule of the Sultan. Then they have not the same religion. The Mohammedan looks down on the Christian and the Jew; the Greek Christian cannot tolerate the Protestant, and the Catholic regards the Armenian as a heretic. The task of governing a population of hostile races, with differing religions, all within a comparatively narrow area, is difficult at best. But Turkish government is bad. The administration of justice is so uncertain that the foreign powers have insisted that their citizens accused of crime shall be tried in consular courts. But the Turkish subject must submit to the judicial imperfections of the native courts. Consequently justice, as the American understands it, is unknown to the average subject of the Sultan. Along with the corrupt and procrastinating courts the people have to endure the extortion of the tax-gatherers, who levy what taxes they choose without interference from any superior so long as the required sum is sent to Constantinople. Out of the uncertainties of the financial administration have developed the complications arising from an unpaid and dissatisfied army, to say nothing of unpaid officials in all other departments. Then, to cap the pyramid of folly, the Sultan attempts to look after all the details of administration, a task beyond the physical power of any man. Important matters are delayed, and the impatient people take things into their own hands. On this fertile field of discontent the political agitator sows his seed of insurrection. It was the Macedonian revolutionary committee which held Miss Stone, the missionary, for a ransom, that it might get money to carry on its work. The patriots on occasion pose as brigands, and brigands, when it serves their purpose, call themselves patriots. In the hope of bettering matters, Austria and Russia prepared a plan last winter for improving the financial, judicial and civil administration of the district, and the Sultan accepted it. So far as the plan was applied it failed to pacify the discontented, and serious insurrection began in August. What the outcome will be is useless to prophesy. We know only that trouble will continue until the district is governed by a strong man who does justly and loves mercy.

Money is a very important factor in the world, and the possession of great wealth is what gives the employer class its influence, but labor does not seem to realize that it possesses a capital which is quite as important as money. The capital of labor is skill in the trades which make the industries of the country. But the strength of this capital has been scattered, through improper organization.—Brooklyn Times.

Common Sense in the Ministry. BISHOP ISAAC JOYCE said to the Methodist conference at South Bend, Ind.: "I do not wish to be put down as against the theological schools, but I do wish those schools would introduce a few chairs and call it the chair of common sense. It is needed in the training of young men for the ministry."

Standing alone, this seems harsh. But Bishop Joyce went on to explain that something more than a theological education was needed to make a good preacher. He contended that in a good many cases too much book learning eliminated the traits of character that made the old-fashioned preachers of the Methodist Church strong in the pulpit and a power outside.

He urged that there be a cultivation of the spirit that would make the preacher in fact the shepherd of his flock; that would enable him to appreciate that those who come to hear him have heartaches and are looking for consolation, for comfort in affliction, for something to strengthen them in well-doing, as well as for a correct theological presentation of church doctrines.

There is force in this. Certainly the preacher should have common sense, sympathy, and power to console as well as to teach tenderness in the treatment of transgressions, but they understood human nature, and they preached the gospel in a way to be effective.

Their experience in life enabled them to take a common sense view of conditions on the frontier. They were preachers not always because of their educational equipment, but because of their fitness for their work and their zeal in it. Education makes the preacher only to furnish a better equipment to reach the hearts of men.

The old preachers were at a disadvantage through lack of training. The preachers of the later day have what was denied to the pioneer preachers, but they must have also those traits of character and that zeal and common sense that made the pioneer pulpit a power.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Longevity is increasing. STATISTICIANS men who make a study of statistics relating to life and death, say that man's years are gradually growing longer.

These statisticians declare that a person now living may reasonably expect to have a longer period of life than those of even a decade ago.

Better hygiene, more thorough knowledge of self-care, purer water, more thorough drainage, less drinking of liquor—all these things and many others have combined to make the twentieth century man a finer physical product than existed a generation ago. The American people are becoming more temperate and more intelligent. It is no longer the fad for our women and girls to be puny and delicate. Short skirts, wheeling, riding, golfing, walking, swimming, fencing, even boxing, have contributed to make the coming mothers of the race fit to bear strong sons and daughters. Physical culture is now a part of our public school system and a part of the daily life of most men and women of Europe and America.

Hence, we are gradually beginning to live longer. We may do even better, if we will.—New York Daily News.

Teach the Girls to Cook. THE average woman a practical knowledge of the art of cooking will be worth a dozen "ologies." Such an accomplishment will make her the unquestioned mistress of her own household, instead of the helpless servant of an incompetent servant, as many women are nowadays.

While it is true that mothers should teach their daughters the mysteries of the culinary art as well as how to perform other household duties, it is unfortunately quite as true that many mothers cannot do this because they do not themselves know how to cook, while others do not from motives of false pride.

While in the interest of the better physical development of the girls in the public schools, fewer rather than more studies should be required, the study of cooking is of so practical a nature and its acquirement so necessary to their own welfare and that of their future households, that it deserves attention.

No other land under the sun is so bountifully provided with the necessities of good living as the United States, yet it is probable that in no other country there is so much waste as among ourselves; while bad cooking is responsible for the existence of a host of dyspepsias. Good cooking should mean not only a marked decrease in the expenditure of multitudes of homes, but an equally marked improvement in the health and comfort of their inhabitants.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sugar as an Article of Diet. AS there is always a peculiar satisfaction in the consciousness that duty agrees with inclination, and that the action which is pleasurable is at the same time advantageous, people with a sweet tooth will be glad to learn of the high rank in respect of its food value which the modern physiologist accords to sugar. For many years the idea prevailed that sugar was a luxury, serving no other purpose than to please the palate, not supplying any substantial nourishment to the body, and more likely to impair than to promote the health. Experiment and observation have demonstrated the unsoundness of these opinions, and scientific physiology now teaches that sugar is a substance whose nutritive qualities are incomparable, and that it is an indispensable aid to annual labor and one of the best agents for maintaining the body in health and vigor which a bountiful nature has provided.

This is the conclusion to which the scientific investigator has been led by much patient research, supplemented by experimentation on men and animals.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Engagement Bracelet. Designers have been busy with love affairs and their symbols. The engagement ring will probably never lose its favor, but there are now several novelties in the way of engagement gifts that vie with the ring for popularity. A pretty idea is the curb bracelet with the heart clasp in which reposes the portrait of the giver.

Mr. Upjohn—When you would tell Kathleen that she cooks her steak too much. Mrs. Upjohn—You are three kate, John. The name of the present one is Mollie. What has become of the old-fashioned woman who referred to her enemy as "an old gump?" When a mother lays down a rule, its effect is about as lasting as the curfew law.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Practical Good Roads Move. PRACTICAL good roads movement has been inaugurated in Venango County, Pennsylvania. Judge Critwell called the attention of the constables to the poor condition of the roads and instructed them to return the road commissioners if they did not comply with the law in repairing them in repair. This instruction did not fall upon deaf ears, and as a result the road commissioners of four townships were returned as negligent in their duty. Following these returns indictments have been prepared against these township road commissioners. At the same time the district attorney has prepared an indictment against the county commissioners for negligence in making repairs upon county roads.

There is an excellent precedent which can well be followed generally in other counties. It is a practical good roads movement which is sure to produce excellent results. The township road commissioners or supervisors and the county commissioners are charged with the duty of seeing that the roads are in good condition. They are liable to punishment if they fail in their duty. When a number of them have felt the hand of the law because of their neglect of duty, their fellows everywhere are likely to make haste to avoid a similar fate. The importance of good roads cannot be over-estimated. Those who voluntarily assume the office of securing them and then fail to properly fulfill their duties are entitled to no consideration. They are guilty of an injury to the public of no light character, and their malfeasance richly deserves punishment.—Pittsburg Press.

Labor and Capital. IT goes without saying that neither capital nor labor can be turned to any practical or lasting good unless there is co-operation. One cannot be successful without the help of the other, but labor has regarded itself as "ground down" for so many years that many workmen have been educated to the belief that the employer is the arch enemy of the laboring man. This belief is due largely to the fact that capital has been wise, while labor has been ignorant. Capital has grasped opportunities and strengthened its position, while labor, through poor advice and narrow-minded animosity, has spent its best efforts in glorifying a martyrdom which is mostly of its own making.

Capital is stronger to-day than it has been for some time, because it has combined its strength, and worked toward a common end. Labor has combined and has worked at cross purposes with its own best interests. An evidence of this is the silly, expensive and disastrous sympathetic strike system. If labor line profited in a small way through this system, it has lost in a large way by it, because the principle which denies one man the right to earn a living because another man thinks he has a grievance, is utterly wrong.

Money is a very important factor in the world, and the possession of great wealth is what gives the employer class its influence, but labor does not seem to realize that it possesses a capital which is quite as important as money. The capital of labor is skill in the trades which make the industries of the country. But the strength of this capital has been scattered, through improper organization.—Brooklyn Times.

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GOOD Short Stories

A little girl thus described a dachshund she had seen: "It was one of those funny ones—you know, the ones that are a dog and a half long and half a dog high. You must know the sort. It is a dog that only has four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six."

Luigi Arditi, under the guidance of his pupil, Mme. Valleria, and her husband, once paid a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, where he was shown all the relics connected with the immortal Shakespeare. "Ah," exclaimed the enthusiastic conductor, when matters were explained to him, "Shakespeare, Romeo e Giulietta, Macbet, Hamlet, Ah! I understand, so librettisti!"

When the skeleton of the first gorilla brought to Europe by Paul du Chailu was on show in London, the public was admitted on presentation of cards. The late Duke of Argyll wrote to Du Chailu that on such and such a day "the Duke of Argyll proposed to visit the gorilla." Du Chailu, who was of a very quick temper and refused to be patronized, at once wrote back that the gorilla was to be seen every day between certain hours, and that if the Duke of Argyll presented his card he would no doubt be admitted like the rest of the public.

An amusing story is told of President Loubet's humble brother-in-law, whom an enterprising interviewer called upon directly after the French President's election. "How did you take the news?" asked the interviewer. "Oh, fairly well; without any rejoicing, of course. Now, here am I, for example, an ironmonger; in what way do you suppose it will benefit me that my brother-in-law is President of the republic? Why, this very morning I received three letters from people begging me to get them government tobaccos. That is the only advantage the election will bestow upon me. People fancy that I have influence, and I shall therefore be worried."

During his last years, Pope Leo, who had done so much for his relatives in a financial way, found it necessary on several occasions to refuse the requests of his nephews for further aid. The wife of one of these nephews is said to have undertaken to get some money from him. She solicited an interview, and, having obtained it, said: "Holy Father, I come to seek your advice. I am poor. I have a large family, and, alas! I am in debt. I have been gifted by heaven with a good voice, and the proprietor of a music hall has offered me a large salary to appear on his stage and sing a few simple songs. Ought I to accept the offer?" "Certainly," replied his Holiness; "and I only regret that my official position will not allow me to be present at your debut."

Trapped on a ledge. A member of a party sent out by the Smithsonian Institution in the early eighties to explore the canon of the Colorado, recalls an experience the memory of which, he assures his friends, still makes his hair tingle at the roots. "This is his story: I had left the party for an all-day exploration on my own account, and at four o'clock in the afternoon I was working gingerly along a ledge which projected from the wall of the canon. It was a dizzy spot, with the rocky walls running straight down to the river bed. I came at last to a break in the ledge—a sort of vertical split in the wall of the canon. It was about five feet across, and a tree grew on the other side, rooted hard and fast among the crannies. "Lucky thing," said I to myself, "that this tree is here, and grabbing a branch that stuck out in my direction, I swung myself across to the ledge on the other side of the gap. Well, I started along all right, but inside of two minutes I came to the end of the ledge. There was nothing to do but go back, and back I went. When I got to the gap once more, I felt just the way an animal must feel when it is caught in a box-trap. The tree by which I had swung myself across was now on my side of the ledge, and furnished me no more help in getting back than if it hadn't been there. I knew that no human help would ever reach me, so I just had to cling to the rough wall and try to make up my mind to jump across from one narrow ledge to the other, right across an open space with a drop of four hundred feet and nothing but rocks below me. A hundred times I had my mind all made up, but every time I looked down into the canon my courage failed. It was very nearly dark before I jumped. I can remember even now how my nails scraped across the rocks when I attempted to retain a foothold on the other side. My feet were all alive with tingling nerves as they slipped over the gravel on the ledge, but when I found that I was standing safely on the other side, I felt warm all over at first, and then, although it was a hot day, I had a real chill, and shook as if I had the ague.

Puss in the Lion's Den. Little Cat insisted on Being Friends with Her Big Cousin. Tiny, a pet cat at Glen Island, was seen one morning mewing piteously under a cage containing a large lion. She had been injured, and a hopped about on three legs. For comfort, or perhaps companionship, she crawled into the lion's cage and began to make herself at home. The lion opened his eyes wide with wonder at the presumption, then for a time paid no more attention to her than if she had been a fly. A keeper took a long-handled broom and tried to shove her out of the cage. The lion snarled and his eyes shone wickedly. Tiny started toward the lion, when the big cat threw out his paw to push her away. Taking the lion's act only in play, she was up in a second, and, clasping the huge paw between her tiny fore feet, she began to lick it affectionately. From that moment the injured kitten and the lion were friends. She afterward took a shine to the polar bear and crawled between the bars of the den, but the bear looked at her askance and then climbed up the rocks in the rear of the den, where it was safe. The only cage that puss keeps away from is occupied by a black monkey, which thrust its paw out and clutched the end of Tiny's tail and bit it.—New York Mail and Express.

Shirts Made in 6 1/2 Minutes. At Troy a linen shirt is made in six and a half minutes; the working of the buttonholes occupies one-quarter of a minute.

The Young Men's Christian Association of America is composed of only a small portion of the American public, but it spent during 1902 over \$3,000,000 in its work in this country. The actual figures show that on an average the society spent in one Sunday \$97,968, or almost twice the amount spent by the above newspaper's "American public" on the San Francisco fight.

It can be safely estimated that on the Sunday following the Corbett-Jeffries fight the American public went to church and deposited in the money collection box hundreds of times the amount paid the pugilists.

It is reasonably certain that on the night of that fight the American public—the greater portion of them being utterly indifferent to the San Francisco affair—were paying admissions to concerts, lectures, high-class dramatic performances hundreds of times in excess of the amount fought for by Corbett and Jeffries.

There isn't the faintest doubt in the world that on the night of the ring contest in question hundreds of thousands of American people, most of them oblivious of the pugilistic encounter, took trolley car rides for which they paid a greater aggregate sum than was carried off by the contestants.

It would not be straining the truth to say that good, wholesome American girls and young women, innocent of pugilistic lore, ate enough ice cream on the night of that fight to net a sum far in excess of the \$44,000 which the above paper is so mournful about.

In comparison with what the American public is really spending in a legitimate way the pecuniary item of the San Francisco prize fights sink into ridiculous insignificance. And by contemplating the comparisons the injustice of the statement above quoted is realized.—Burlington Hawkeye.

WOES OF THE MILLIONAIRE. Dealers Try to Charge Him Three Prices for Everything. "To be a millionaire is not all joy," he said, getting out of his \$12,000 motor car. "The deuce it isn't!" "Well, it isn't!" "Why isn't it?" "On account of the way everybody piles it on you in the matter of prices. For instance, this morning a dentist sent my wife's bill for \$150. He hasn't done much to her teeth, and the bill seems exorbitant. I am on my way now to get another dentist's opinion on it, and this other fellow will certainly charge me for his advice, and he may be, furthermore, a friend of the first man's, and on account of friendship he may say the bill is all right."

"How provoking!" "Isn't it? I have to bind everybody I do business with down to a contract. Unless I say, 'Now how much are you going to charge?' Draw up a paper. But I don't want to back and write—unless I force myself in with every precaution, I am fleeced on all sides. Because I am a millionaire people take me for a fool. They think they can charge me double, triple and quadruple. I'm in hot water with them all the time."

"Remember," he went on, "that \$8 pair of shoes you showed me last month! Well, I went to your boot-maker and ordered a pair just like them, and when the bill came home it was for \$15. I had made no contract. Hence I had to pay up."

"Doctors and lawyers charge me tremendous rates. They don't gain anything by it, but they gain more than I do, at that. I keep changing from one to another. But it does me no good. They're all alike."

"When I go to buy a horse I leave my own carriage three or four blocks away, and I make my purchase before revealing my name. How mad the dealers look when they hear my name—when they perceive that they have given reasonable rates to a well-known millionaire! But it's seldom I get the better of a bargain in this way."

Philadelphia Record.

FEW PAY THE PUGILISTS. Their Large Incomes Do Not Come from the Public at Large. "When the American public will pay \$33,000 to one man for the sake of seeing him hit another man in the pit of the stomach and will pay the other man \$11,000 for the sake of seeing him receive the blow it is evident that there is ample field in which the civilizing agencies may exercise their most strenuous endeavors. Think of the good causes that \$44,000 might have promoted."

The above paragraph is going the rounds of the Iowa papers, credited in some cases to the Des Moines Register and Leader and in others to the Dubuque Times. The trouble with the item is that the American public did not pay that \$44,000. It was a very insignificant and really inconsequential portion of the population of the great republic which contributed to the pecuniary welfare of the face-beater at San Francisco. The American people as a rule are too sensible to squander