TALK OF THE TOWN

GOSSIP FOR HOME PEOPLE

INCIDENTS AND OPINIONS

Was Long on the Way.

James W. Moffat of this city, now is to be called Major Moffat. President Johnson issued Mr. Moffat a commission as brevet major of volunteers on June 12, 1866 and sent it to him in care of the governor of Ohio, but he just received on the 11th day of this month, more than thirty-six years after it was mailed.

Mr. Moffat was captain of Company E., 123th Ohio Infantry. He was with Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley from Winchester to Lynchburg. The commission states that it was issued by the President with the consent of the senate for gallant and meritorious conduct before Petersburg. In the history of the Ohio volunteers Whitelaw Reed gives an account of the gallantry of Major Moffat and of his recognition by the president and senate. Like all other brave men Major Moffat is modest and few if any here ever knew that he had ever performed conspicuous service for his country.

The first question any one would naturally ask is how the commission came to be so long on the way. At the time it was served it was sent to the governor of Ohio at Columbus. The envelope showed the contents and the governor had stricken out Columbus and written under Canal Dover, at which place Major Moffat lived at the time. At that time a man who was not Mr. Moffat's friend, was postmaster at Canal Dover, and Mr. Moffat accused him of having held up his commission, all of which he denied. This man died of heart disease a short time ago and the envelope and contents just as it had been sent, were found among his papers, except that it had been opened.

A brother-in-law of this postmaster, who is now in the government service at Washington, found the document among the dead man's papers and sent it to Major Moffat. Major Moffat says he and the postmaster were not on very friendly terms and all the explanation that he can fix up in his own mind is that postmaster opened the envelope and was afraid to either give it to him or destroy it. The government of the United States had undertaken to carry that envelope and its contents to Major Moffat and it finally did it if it did take thirty-six years to do it.

Marshall's Glory Passed Away.

"I recall," said O. H. Hunter, "that at one time there was a place in this county on the Ninnescah river called Marshall. Bill Hays ran a mill there propelled by water power. The place flourished for a time. John Cider and Fritz Kohl were the business men at the place, and Lafe Jones was a notary public and all-round business man.

"On the 4th of July, 1881, I was induced in an unguarded moment to agree to make a speech at Marshall. I drove out there the night before. The broad expanse of the prairie rolled around us. At that time there was no Geckard or Garden Plain, no Wichita and Western railway was constructed. My wife and myself rode into Marshall under the hill just on the banks of the Ninnescah on the evening of the 3rd of July. Next day a community celebration was pulled off, and I spoke from a wagon in a grove west of the river. I distinctly recall that my head stuck out among the trees.

"Since that day Marshall has passed away; its site is like Goldsmith's deserted village. The mill by the dam site has gone. One or two cellars or mere holes in the ground show where the town was in the olden days. M. L. Carver, in an early day used to drive me across the country to Kingman, to attend court. Marshall was a half-way place where we always fed our team, and ourselves. Carver always descanted upon the fine land around us and after the custom of the average loan agent, saw great possibilities in all of that country, and more especially in the Ninnescah valley.

"The building of the Wichita and Western railway west from Wichita and the location of Cheney, sounded the death knell of Marshall. The town moved bodily to Cheney. Lafe Jones and Uncle John Coffey went with it. Bill Hays returned to the Cowskin and now lives at Hayesville. Not long since, with Joe Goode, I crossed the Ninnescah near the site of Marshall. The grove well remembered is still there. It is near Billy Anderson's house. Its trees are as large as any of the giant cottonwoods of this city. To the east of it the river flows peacefully by, and its waters are as pure as the distillations of the dew."

Walked in Ante Room.

Going up to Garfield Hall a week ago a couple of ladies made a peculiar mistake and one that caused Charlie Hunter's eyes to stick out like sancers. Instead of going up the stairway leading to Garfield Hall they climbed the one leading to the Masonic lodge and walked right into the ante-room without giving the proper knocks and signs. Charlie Hunter happened to be the tyler and not being overjealous they very nearly got into where the goat is kept before he succeeded in persuading them. Mrs. Lease to the contrary, that women are barred from the mysteries of masonry. When the ladies found where they were there was a sure enough alarm at the door and they retreated in short order.

Was an Optical Illusion.

In Geyer's restaurant there is a fan which has caused a great deal of worry among philosophers. It makes these thousand revolutions a minute but it does not look more than 100. More than that it appears to be revolving in the opposite direction to what it is. For nearly four weeks Farmer Doolittle has been figuring out the phenomena of its eccentric motion. A few nights ago the lights accidentally went out and the fan went like mad. The circumstance solved the problem. The action of the bright light on the fan had produced an optical illusion.

He Slept in Postoffice.

Charlie Smythe's new $5 dog succeeded in some way in getting his trolleys crossed Wednesday night and instead of going home, as a new dog in town ought to do, he trotted through the rear door of the postoffice and laid down in a corner for a nap. Some of the clerks knew him and wanted to take him home, but all at once he seemed to be inspired with a hate for government servants and when one of them would approach him he would show his teeth threateningly. The bravest men in Uncle Sam's service quailed before him and the result was that without being through the formality of a civil service examination he held down his position in the postoffice until the next morning.

It Subdued His Spirit.

Not long ago one of the members of a bum theatrical company was sitting in a Wichita restaurant. He was particularly sore on the town. "Wichita," he exclaimed in disgust, "It's a tank, that's all it is. It's a tank and a pile of lies. It's bum all the way, through and through. No decent company would play the place twice and I'll be happy when I'm far enough away to forget that I was ever here." Every Wichitan in the place felt properly cowed and crushed at these words. A newsboy came in with Eagles. The actor bought one. He fell to reading and became sad and subdued, and when he had finished and gone away with deep gloom depicted on his countenance, some one took the paper and read the theatrical news. The Eagle had roasted the theatrical company mercilessly and this actor in particular.

Gas West of Flint Hills.

For a long time it has been a tradition in these parts that gas would never be found west of the Flint Hills. The man who started this tradition has disappeared. Gas has been found west of the Flint Hills and he has taken flight.

Frank Daniels Here Early.

Years and years ago Mr. and Mrs. Norris of Chicago put Mikado on the stage here with local talent. It was a great success and they tried another with "The Electric Bell" which was not so great a success. They brought here for the comedy part a young actor, named Frank Daniels. This Frank Daniels is now the leading comedian of the country.

Making a Big Hit.

Young Hochmann, the pianist who comes to the Auditorium this week, is evidently destined to a great career. On November 1, that is the first of this month he scored a great triumph in Berlin. He is now in this country and the Chicago papers give him a great write-up. He is young, very handsome and is of Hebrew ancestry.

Didn't Think Much of It.

The discovery of gas at Winfield reminds Fred Richter of this circumstance. Twenty years ago he and other commercial travelers would occasionally make Iola for Sunday. After breakfast they would wander about town. Near the center of the little place was a small artesian well furnishing a mineral water. They would drink of this and then as a matter of curiosity, strike a match to some of the bubbling water. It would at once ignite. No one thought of it as natural gas. The town knew nothing and cared nothing for natural gas. Years after they went after and got one of the biggest flows on earth.

Nothing But Plain Dirt.

Ed. Fitzpatrick, when the well was being drilled on North Lawrence measured the well and bottled the find daily. He says that the well reached a depth of 1622 feet. There is no doubt about this. He said the other evening that in all that depth the drill did not strike rock once. It was just gumbo, salt water, hard pan shale over and over again. The drill got away below sea level and Fitzpatrick believes they could have drilled a mile further and never found a thing. On one or two occasions pieces of coal were found, but he thinks that somebody slipped them into the hole.

An Exciting Recital.

Madame Bloomfield-Zeisler, whom so many Wichitans know had an exciting time in Paris a week ago. She played in a certain hall where no foreigner had ever appeared before. An anti-foreign demonstration took place and it was necessary to call in the police. They quieted things. Then Mrs. Zeisler played so well that the crowd was won over and encored and encored. The applause was led by the composer Moszkowski.

Decline of Surprise Party.

The surprise party as an institution has about disappeared. It was a rank fade. No one was, in the memory of anybody living, really surprised. The harmless fiction however was kept up. The guests gathered at somebody's house and then went en masse to the house of the hostess who was to be surprised. She always acted surprised, but proved later that she was not by putting up a great spread for the company. She had usually worked a week beforehand on the said spread.

Like a New Dollar.

The Carey Hotel is now certainly a thing of beauty. It has been entirely repainted, both the brick and stone parts. The fifth story has been entirely changed and a new cornice added. It is as handsome a structure as can be found anywhere.

Will Bracken a Doctor.

Mention was made the other day in the Eagle of the fact that Mrs. Will Bracken had become the soloist of the Apollo club. Mr. and Mrs. Bracken live in Chicago. Both are singers, but Will in later years has drifted away from vocalism and has been studying medicine. He is now a full fledged physician.

Her Feet Ache.

A little girl in this town, while at the table, insists that some one get her a glass of water. No amount of persuasion or argument can get her to wait upon herself. The other day she came home from school beaming and said:

"I passed the water bucket today at school."

It was explained to her at length that she wouldn't get her own drink at home and yet at school she seemed to take great delight in passing the bucket. She was asked to explain the discrepancy.

"Well, here at home," she explained, "My feet just naturally ache."

A Painter's Sign.

The other day on East Douglas avenue a very neat cottage was completed and the painter had put on the last coat on the front porch when he concluded to paint a sign and hang it across the front steps. He painted the word "Please," and started to print "Stay," but he got it "Say." He had intended to paint "Please Stay Out." But finding he had "Please Say" he added "O. K." and hung it up.

Calvary Officers Scarce.

Captain Jacob Balderston, one of the shrewdest observers who went through the Civil war says that cavalry officers are rare. He says that the regulars most of them kicked during the war was dash. Most of them wouldn't jump their horses and at the head of their men call in with spirit and eclat. When one was found he was loved by his men.

Match in the Wind.

Major Jinks says that when he was in the cavalry out in Arizona, he won several bets on this. He would bet a man he could ride on a windy day a half mile or so away, never stop galloping and come back with his cigarette lighted. The wind would be blowing a gale. He would gallop away and come back with his cigarette going and win his bet. He says he never gave his secret away. It was this. While he was galloping, he would take out an envelope, spread it open, strike a match and hold it within the envelope and light his cigarette.

The Doctor Knew Best.

Alderman J. Giles Smith always has some remarkable story ready when he desires to impress his logic upon his friends. At the Cemetery meeting a few days ago that essential masonic doctrine "Faith" was under discussion and Giles told this story:

"When I lived back in Indiana my neighbor was a lady who had remarkable faith in whatever her physician said. One day her husband fell off the house and stretched out stiff. She hastily summoned the physician and when he arrived he pronounced her husband dead. Just then the husband revived and protested that he was not dead. "Lay down and be quiet, John," said this good woman—"The doctor knows best."

John Has a Grievance.

John Swaine, in Paul Eaton's news and tobacco store, has passed the half century mark, and for more than forty years has carried a grievance, and a sure one, against an unknown newspaper correspondent of a church paper. When John was a lad he was of a stern disposition and went to Sunday school. One day he brought home with him a paper thrown out to the pupils and he found a great story in it. He read and re-read it. The correspondent was a New Jersey man and his story in effect was that a man in his neighborhood lost a cow or something else of value and cursed God for sending him his ill luck. An angel descended and confronting the man, said: "For cursing God you are sentenced to sit in that chair you are in as long as time shall last without dying or being able to move." The man thought it was all right, that it was a wise enough thing to live forever sitting in a nice chair. Four or five days rolled on and the man began to wish that he could leave the chair and knock about a little. He couldn't move. The neighbors came in and tried to pry him out of the chair but to no purpose. Then they got a team of horses and tried to drag him out of the chair with a two-horse power. It was no go. They put on two extra horses, but their strength was unavailing. Nothing could move him out of the chair. John believed every word of the piece and dreamed night after night about that poor man living forever in a chair as a punishment. When he became older and mingled more with the people of the world he gradually began to understand that that New Jersey correspondent simply spring a pipe dream.

THE NIGHT WAS DARK

And Old Sleuth Lived Up to His Reputation.

(From the New York Sun.)

CHAPTER I.

Old Sleuth crept along the rafters like a cat.

The night was remarkably dark.

Hark! What is that?

It is the clock striking the hour of midnight.

The time has come.

Old Sleuth carefully took a small vial from his pocket. He uncorked it with a precise, graceful movement, and extracted something pink and something blue.

First he swallowed the blue pill. Then the pink tablet.

Ah! He feels better now.

CHAPTER II.

Old Sleuth proceeded along the rafters again. Despite his utmost caution he made a slight noise.

"Hush!" sounded a hoarse voice below.

A number of fiery eyes turned up to the ceiling. Old Sleuth quickly assumed the disguise of a rafter and counted the eyes.

Twenty-three.

"Hush!" sounded again from below. The fiery eyes were again turned upward.

"Boys!" said a voice, "I am going to take a shot up there just for luck."

It was the voice of Beefy Ben the Bandit.

CHAPTER III.

Not for one instant did old Sleuth's presence of mind desert him.

"Katy-did!" he chirruped.

"Katy-didn't," he also chirrupped in flat contradiction.

Beefy Ben laughed ashamedly.

"It's only a couple of Katy-did's a-scrappin'," he confessed, sheepishly.

Sliding hastily down a waterspout, Old Sleuth disappeared in the night.

CHAPTER IV.

"Ah, ha!" cried Beefy Ben the Bandit. Anon he changed the respective positions of the aspirants. "Ha, ah," he then said.

Old Sleuth, turning quickly around, gazed with an eagle eye up to the barrels of two seven-shooters.

Beefy Ben scowled fiercely.

Old Sleuth stood stanch.

The night was very dark.

"They are dum-dum bullets," explained Ben, kindly.

"It makes no difference," coldly remarked old Sleuth.

"Why not?" snarled Beefy Benjamin. "Why not, I'd like to know?"

"Because your guns will flash in the pan," calmly replied the famous detective, with a majestic attitude of derision.

"Devil!" hissed the bandit, lowering his murderous weapons.

With a haughty stride Old Sleuth turned on his heel.

CHAPTER V.

"I'll try it anyhow," muttered Beefy Ben to himself, hoarsely. He aimed both revolvers at the figure of the retreating detective.

"Dum, dum," spoke the guns.

"Dum, dum," spoke Old Sleuth, acutely identifying himself as the injured party.

The ambulance ambled along some two hours or later and the surgeon promptly diagnosed the case as alcoholism.

It was not until they proceeded to lift Old Sleuth's recumbent form into the waiting wagon that the doctor discovered from the tremendous weight of the body that the man was stuffed with lead at every pore.

CHAPTER VI.

After a decent interval the ambulance driver turned his horses into the hospital courtyard. The doctors gathered around and examined the wounded man within. "Ha, ha!" they cried to glee to the ambulance surgeon. "He's a dead one. The drinks are on you."

Walking the hospital is verily thirsty work.

The surgeon, with a gaze of disgust, swallowed his cigarette.

He was clearly dissatisfied with the grin.

"Foiled again!" he exclaimed bitterly. "But to whom?"

The dead man slowly and impressively raised his head. "By Old Sleuth the detective," he replied in sepulchral tones.

Under the heading "Couldn't Beat Even a Dead Man," the Belleville, Kan., Telescope gives an account of a grim circumstance of the election in Republic county. The republicans of Fairview had nominated B. Rundus for constable, a few days later Mr. Rundus was killed by lightning. The local committee neglected to put up another man for the office, however, and the name of the dead man appeared on the official ballot. "The republicans of Fairview," says the Telescope, "are stalwarts and they didn't propose to take any chances. They preferred to vote for a dead republican rather than a live democrat and so they elected the dead man by a majority of twenty-four."

HIS WAYS UNAFFECTED — ROOSEVELT HATES WHISPERS — HIS SPEECH IS FRANK

Washington, Nov. 29.—The President does not intend to afford any cause for criticism on account of impulsiveness, which is generally supposed to be his greatest fault. He is consulting everybody about his message and with the greatest candor in order to obtain an accurate idea of public sentiment. The chief points of inquiry are tariff revision and reciprocity. No person of importance calls at the White house without being questioned as to public sentiment on those subjects, and naturally a good deal of advice of more or less value is being handed out by the statesmen who are coming to town to attend the session of Congress. The President has written several senators and members in whose judgment he had great confidence, asking them to come early so that he may be able to confer with them before he finishes the recommendation for legislation in his message, and he wants to send that document to the printer next Friday.

No President of recent years, none since Lincoln, has consulted so freely or has been so anxious to "get next to the people," as President Roosevelt. He has great respect for public opinion, and while he does not go so far as to accept the theory that the voice of the people is the voice of God, he realizes that this is a representative government, and that he is and should be merely the selected instrument for expressing the popular will. McKinley had a good deal of the same feeling but had more confidence in his own ability to judge public sentiment than Roosevelt has. Lincoln's great strength as a politician lay in the same belief. He knew the value of popular support, and his lowly birth and early experience were of great advantage to him in understanding human nature. He looked to the masses of "the plain people," as he called them, for guidance with full faith in their honesty and capacity. He took no steps without admitting the nation to his confidence. Before he acted on any important question he felt the public pulse ,and when he had thought the people were ready he acted, and not before. While he was a great leader and shrewd manipulator of public opinion, he often asserted that "while it was possible to fool a part of the people all of the time and all of the people a part of the time, no man could fool all of the people all of the time." With this great common-sense and all-comprehending sympathy he endeavored to discover what was in the public mind and how the public conscience would regard them before he assumed any great responsibilities.

President Roosevelt has been criticised for using a hair trigger, and is trying to correct that fault. He has very positive views on every subject and is never afraid to express them as an individual, but as President of the whole United States and both political parties he feels that he ought to know what is wanted as well as what is needed by the people before he draws a bead upon it. He has changed very much during the last year in his habits of thought and methods of work. He is growing into the practice of collecting data from all points of view upon important subjects before he forms his own conclusions, and while he is not as deliberate as McKinley was, he does not propose to give occasion for people to charge him with "going off half-cocked."

If everybody were as disinterested and as patriotic as the President, it would be better for the country, and he is having a good many illustrations of human selfishness and provincialism. He discovers that everybody is in favor of reciprocity provided it does no unfavorably affect their own personal interests. They do not care a rap for the interests of anybody else. And assuredly anybody would object to the revision of the tariff if they could select the paragraphs to be revised. With this divergence of views and conflict of interests the President is having great difficulty in finding his own path of duty. For example, Senator Lodge told him Saturday that he would fight the Newfoundland treaty, but would give Cuban reciprocity his earnest support, while Senator Burrows promised to use his best efforts to secure the ratification of the Newfoundland treaty, but he would have to look over the Cuban treaty very carefully before he could agree to support it.

The democratic ways of the President are a never-ending source of amazement to Americans as well as foreigners who come to Washington. There was never a President like him. We had a period of Jeffersonian simplicity a century ago, which did not compare with that which now prevails, for President Roosevelt puts on no more airs than a college student, and is accessible to everybody, old and young, poor and rich, small and great. Instead of inviting his callers into his office, as President McKinley and his predecessors used to do in almost every case and giving them private interviews, President Roosevelt reserves that privilege for senators and a few representatives only, the allows the rest of his visitors to accumulate in an anteroom until it is filled and then he goes out and circulates among them, shaking hands with everybody, and answering questions and saying what he has to say in a tone of voice that can be heard by everybody in the neighborhood, as if he had no secrets and did not propose to be a repository for the secrets of others.

The hearty candor is usually a little embarrassing to his guests and sometimes embarrassing but every one is the President. He is perfectly willing that everybody shall hear all he has to say. One day a well-dressed gentleman of mysterious appearance endeavored to whisper a few words into the President's ear. The latter drew away from him and said sharply:

"Speak out loud, sir; I hate whispers."

The caller continued to talk in a low tone, and the President's replies grew sharper and louder.

"I decline to hear anything further on this subject," he finally remarked, with a good deal of emphasis. "I cannot talk with you any further; there are other people here on business of greater importance."

Of course the curiosity of the bystanders was sharpened, but it was not satisfied. The stranger followed the President to the east room, but, being unable to attract his attention again, slipped quietly out of the door before anybody could find out what he said to make the President impatient.

Not long ago a group of congressmen were talking to President Roosevelt in low voices, when, to their astonishment and that of every other person in the room, the President exclaimed:

"What! Is that scoundrel in office yet? I got onto his tricks when I was Civil Service Commissioner ,and tried to have him fired, but your influence was too strong for me. It's up to me now. I'll not reappoint him under any circumstances or for any other reasons. Nothing you can say will persuade me, because I know him to be a bad man, and I'll fire him tomorrow. Cortelyou," he yelled to his secretary across the room, "make a note to the Attorney-General to have So-and-So removed immediately."

It appears that a congressional delegation had called to secure the reappointment of a certain United States marshal in a western state whose term had about expired; and that was the result of their visit.

A newspaper correspondent happened to enter the anteroom at the White House one day while the President was talking to a group of strangers. Colonel Roosevelt's eye caught him, and he waved his arm in recognition as one schoolboy might do to another. Calling across the room he said:

"Jones, I want to see you. Don't go away until I have finished with these gentlemen. The correspondent sat down to wait, and the President having dismissed the last of his callers, said: "Look, here, Jones, I saw what you said in your paper about the promotion of So-and-So, and I want to explain to you that I don't think much more of him than you do. I sympathize entirely with your criticism, but you must remember that he is an old man. He has been in the service a long time. In his early days, when he was in his prime, he was a very valuable and competent officer. He goes on the retired list in three months, and I thought it was only justice to him that I should make some recognition of his early record. Now, wouldn't you have done that yourself? His time is out in December, and then I am going to promote one of the two men you mentioned as more competent."

"Which one?" asked the correspondent.

"I am in favor of Blunk," replied President Roosevelt. "Root wants the other man, but Root has got to give in to me this time."

No other President ever talked so freely as that about official appointments.

And the informal way in which the President goes about things is even more amazing. Not long ago I was sitting in the ante-room with a couple of strangers who wanted to pay their respects to him, when his head appeared through the half-open door of the cabinet room, and he called out in a loud voice:

"Is Jimmie Wadsworth here?"

Representative Wadsworth of New York sitting from a chair in a corner and followed the President into the cabinet room. Any other president would have touched his bell and sent a messenger to summon the congressman in a quiet manner.

Two Englishmen, one of them a member of the house of commons, and the other wearing an ancient and honorable title were stopping at the Arlington hotel. A resident of Washington who had received some courtesies from them while in England, called to offer his attentions during their stay in the city, and, after making some plans, one of them remarked that he was very desirous of meeting the President, but realized, of course, that it would be impossible, for he had read in the newspapers that His Excellency was leaving for Pittsburg that night and would not return until October. The Washingtonian remarked that it would be possible to see him that morning, went to the telephone, called up Mr. Cortelyou, and an interview was arranged.

Within five minutes after his desire was expressed his lordship was on the way to 22 Lafayette Square, the temporary office and residence of the President. He and his companion were shown into the back parlor, where Mr. Cortelyou had a desk, and were offered seats. They had not been waiting three minutes when the door was suddenly opened and the President appeared and said:

"When Lord So-an-So comes, show him right into my room."

Mr. Cortelyou arose and presented the gentlemen. The President grasped their hands with the vigor of an athlete, led them into his office, and handing each of them a fan, sat down and talked for ten minutes about King Edward, the postponed coronation ,the shipping combine, "The American invasion of England," the prosecution of the trusts, laid out an itinerary of a western trip for them, and called a stenographer and dictated several letters of introduction to people out west he wanted them to know.

The Englishmen were almost overcome with amazement and admiration for the President, and will never cease talking about their interview, although they declare that nobody will believe them they describe it truthfully.—William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald.

GROWTH OF NEW YORK CITY

Rate of Increase now Doesn't Equal that of Chicago.

On the advance sheets of the forthcoming quarterly issue of Federation ,the organ of the Federation of churches and Christian organizations of New York City, subjects are discussed which are seemingly remote from the immediate purpose of that body, but which are really included in its larger interpretation. Many tables of figures are included, embodying the results of a careful study by the Executive secretary of Rev. Dr. Walter Laidlaw, of the mass of statistics in the last annual bulletin of the United States Department of Labor. The work was undertaken in order to compare the principal official statistics of New York with those of other cities especially the five other largest cities in the country—Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, and Baltimore.

Following are extracts, with some slight emissions, from that part of the publication which deals with the statistical regarding population:

New York officials claim an increase of the city's population from June 1, 1901, to January 1, 1902, of 56,128 persons, Chicago claims an increase in the same elapsed months of 50,425 persons. Neither New York nor Chicago claims to be containing its percentage of growth from 1890 to 1900. New York's growth in that decade was 37.1 per cent. If New York grew, June 1, 1902, at the rate of 37.1 per cent per decade, it should have added to that period 270,761 persons to its population, or 2,332 persons more than its officials claim. Similarly Chicago should have added 55,622 more persons than are claimed for it. Chicago claims an increase of 5.9 per cent in nineteen months; New York claims 4.2 per cent, and while modesty might forbid our city to claim as large a proportionate increase as does Chicago, it is justifiable to say that New York's officials have probably figured so conservatively as to be below the actual level of the city's increase. Considering, however, that New York grew, June 1, 1900 to January 1, 1902, only 4.2 per cent, and that only the same growth have been preserved to October 31, 1902, the increase of the city since the Federal returns of 1900 must be at least 210,000 persons, making the present population 4,565,132 persons.

"The question for the churches of New York is: How have they kept pace with this increase?"

"The marriages of New York during 1901 were almost twice as many as in Chicago, and the divorces were fewer than in Chicago or San Francisco. The divorces in Cook county, Ill., in 1901, were nearly 11 per cent of the recorded marriages of the same period, and in San Francisco were 8 per cent, while in New York there were but 3.4 per cent. Marital relationships in New York are bad enough but it appears that the laws of New York state do not lend themselves so readily to the dissolution of marriage contracts as do those of other commonwealths and in sympathy with western commonwealths, as in the defense of her own family life, whose stabilities are undermined by the ease of securing divorce elsewhere, New York's churches owe cooperation to the efforts which are being made to enact a national marriage law, or if this be unconstitutional, to the substitute movement for comparative uniformity in the various states.

"The birth rate in New York in 1901, 22.32, was higher than that of any American city of over 100,000 population, except Boston, but is still far below the birth rate of those smaller cities, four-fifths of which are in Massachusetts, six in other parts of New England, three in New Jersey, one (Yonkers) in New York state, four in Pennsylvania, two in the south, one west of the Mississippi, and only one, Joliet, Ill., west of the Rocky Mountains.

"ARE YE WUTH IT?"

Old Scotchman and the Salary His Boy Received.

Old Brown owned a big farm in the north of England and was the father of a dreamy, thoughtful boy named Steve. The lad never seemed to "take to" the old farm. He did not exactly feel he expected to be educated. When he should have been holding the plough he was peering over his shoulder at the dusty road that ran in the valley where the train sped daily.

Finally one December took the lad from his task and Mr. Brown went to market. When he returned he was in high dudgeon and swore.

So Steve wandered away and began work in a railway office in a little village he was promoted. He kept plodding along at the farm, but somehow he could never be spared and so the time went on until he needed rest and the general manager suggested a holiday. Then Steve started for the old farm.

One warm midsummer day he found himself seated under an apple tree, with a ripe, juicy specimen of its fruit in his hand. Old Mr. Brown, busy with another one, paused now and then to ask him about his work, how many cigars he smoked in a day, what they cost, and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called the boy on the railroad—guard, driver or what.

"They call me the goods manager, father," said Steve.

"That's a big name, Steve."

"Yes, father, it's rather a big job too, for me."

"But ye don't do it a ill, Steve? Ye must have hands to help ye load and unload?"

"Oh, yes. I have a lot of help."

"How much do they pay ye, Steve? Ten shillings a week?"

Steve almost choked with suppressed laughter and the old gentleman saw that he guessed too low.

"Twelve shillings," he ventured.

"More than that, father."

"I don't mean to say they pay ye as much as fifteen?"

"Yes, father, and more than thirty-five."

The old man let the apple fall to the ground, stared at his boy and whistled.

"Say, Steve," he said, earnestly, "are ye worth it?"—Tit Bits.

LOST CHILDREN IN NEW YORK

Only a Few Who are Never Claimed by Anyone.

New York, Nov. 29.—If your little one should some day wander away from your doorstep and be lost, what would you do?

Doubtless your first step would be to go out through the neighborhood and look for it, and inquire of others if they had seen the child. But after a careful search and inquiry had failed to restore to you the lost one, what then?

You should go to the police station of the precinct in which you live. It is a hundred chances that the patrolman walking his beat has picked the child up, or it may be, some stranger finding that the child is lost, has called a policeman and given it into his keeping.

You need have no fear if your baby is in the hands of the police. Lost children in New York are well taken care of. As soon as one is picked up by the patrolman he carries it to the station house, where it is given into the motherly keeping of the matron, who watches over it, gives it food and attends to its little needs as tenderly and carefully as you would if it were at home with you.

You may find of you call at the station house in the morning, 9 or 10 o'clock, that your baby has been transferred to police headquarters at No. 300 Mulberry street. The office remains a long while at the precinct station until it is clock at night without doubt it is claimed, the prisoners who it to headquarters where more comfortable beds are provided in the matrons department to which the little wanderers are taken quietly and safely.

They are children who have strayed from a good home and parents who love them not further than yesterday perhaps, or they may be the children of vagrants, who care little for their children, who have left their children to shift for themselves while they go about their business, or they may be children who have run away from their parents because they have been cruelly treated, children who are not called for, however ,and after being held at headquarters a reasonable time, usually about forty-eight hours are taken before the Magistrate in the Childrens Court and he decides what shall be done with them.

The children picked up as lost and held the usual length of time without being claimed are turned over to the Gerry Society for the prevention of cruelty to children and placed in one of the homes of that society.

The percentage of children picked up and lost is very small, however, not more than two per cent. Only fifty-seven were intrusted to the care of the Gerry Society out of 2,762 children picked up during the year 1901. Of the children claimed 2,195 were called for by parents or guardians living in New York and seventy-three by parents or guardians living out of town.

A further examination of the police reports show that at the month of June is the record for lost children. The number picked up that month last year was 262, the rate of a little over thirteen a day. The report for February shows the smallest number of cases, only fifty-five children being picked up during that month.

ORIGIN OF SLANG PHRASE

What "Thirty Cents" Means and How it Came About.

The origin of slang has always been a puzzle to philologists, but now in a while a current phrase can be traced to its source. The colloquialism, "To feel like thirty cents" is apparently nonsensical, but it certainly the most forceful expression of the day for denoting small means, and contemptible in more ways sight. Its origin is thus explained by a Philadelphia lawyer who sometimes practices in New York.

"There is a regrettable law in New York, under which a person having no visible means of support may be placed in durance. It has also been decided in that state that a person having so small a sum as thirty cents in his possession has "visible means of support." Now, there is no law in New York, except the regrettable law, under which pool-sellers and gamblers of that sort may be held. Sheriffs after the decision last mentioned was promulgated, two gamblers were arrested in a raid and taken to the Tombs police station. They held, for a lawyer, who came and had a talk with them. He was closeted with the prisoners for a time, and then he came out and said to the police: "It will never do to make any show of money here," he said. "Give me your pocketbook." They handed their wealth over to him, and he gave each of them thirty cents, with instructions to produce the coins when asked to do so.

When their cases were called, the lawyer got them all on the plea that they were not vagrants, with having the least amount of funds in his possession. Just as the decision was rendered in favor of the clients, a messenger entered the court room and required the lawyer's presence at the Hudson house. He left without making his clients and they walked their way to the nearest saloon.

"How do you feel?" I said one to the other, "like thirty cents?" and the other said probably will until I get my roll back, or what's left of it.

"And that is how that new phrase was started on its travels."—Philadelphia Telegraph.