

FRANCE AND WORLD'S GOLD

Gain in Amount of Bank Holdings in Europe in the Last Year.

It has been pointed out that while nine great European banks now hold \$1,619,000,000 gold, against only \$1,750,000,000 a year ago, the same banks held in October 1899, when the Boer war was just beginning, only \$1,407,000,000.

Which of these banks have benefited most in the \$403,000,000 total increase in gold reserves since 1899? The question has some bearing on the existing situation, and the results of the comparison are rather startling.

This throws an odd light on the continued increase over last year, in the case of the Bank of France. How does it command this gold? Russia sells bonds and pledges its public credit for what it gets, and the United States, where the New York banks have gained \$43,000,000 gold since October, 1899—not to mention the treasury's great hoards—has drawn the gold by its enormous expansion of credit resources and productive energy.

The only obvious explanation is, that as England for years gained power over the world's markets by its monopoly of manufacture and its maritime transportation profits, so France, since the Boer war started, has secured a similar power by its monopoly of ready capital and its profits as a lender.

Why, of Course.

"We are always striving to keep our goods before the eyes of the public," said the storekeeper.

"What is your line?" asked the man addressed.

"I'm in the eyeglass business,"—Yonkers Statesman.

Frank at Least.

"You haven't married me just to spite somebody else, have you?" the heiress asked, looking anxiously up into his honest blue eyes.

"No, dear," he absently replied. "I took you for your money alone."—Cassell's.

An Extraordinary Cow.

"When we go to live in the country, James, we must buy an extraordinary cow."

"An extraordinary cow? What for?" The doctor says that baby mustn't be fed on ordinary cow's milk.—Judge.

Nothing equals the arrogance of some men's so-called humble opinions.

It's lawful to fish for compliments in any and all seasons.

RACE SUICIDE IN ENGLAND.

There Is Imminent Danger to the Empire from Decreased Birth Rate.

England's birth rate is declining. It touched its highest point, since registration began in 1838, in 1876. To-day it is at its lowest. The children of the most prolific mothers—those of 1876—are the most unproductive mothers.

The reason assigned for the frightful decline is "the decay of the maternal instinct." Only 75 per cent. as many little ones see the light now, or remain in it, as saw it 30 years ago. No one factor, however, can account for the entire falling off.

The fact is there are many causes. Notably among the most prominent is the advanced age at which persons marry and the fact that a great many never marry. Previous to 1876 the marriage rate was 16 to 17 1/2 per 1,000. To-day it is 15 1/2. The claim made for years by leading economists that population was supposed to vary with the food supply is being doubted. It fails to hold good in England, for at no time in the past was food so cheap or so abundant as it is to-day.

THE REASON.

Possibly, says one writer, "rent, the rates and taxes have more to do with the question than the price of wheat."

The fact of the matter is, the question is beyond the best men in the empire. It baffles everybody from the humblest to the highest. In the fight for first place that is on, it means, or may mean, a great deal to England whether her birth rate is small or large. A short crop of little ones in 1905 and in each succeeding year means a short crop of men for the army, navy, militia, shops, farms, ships, factories and colonies of England 25 or 30 years hence.



Guest (at country hotel)—On my bill you charge \$6 for a rabbit.

Landlord—I know, en it's worth it. I strained my back and swore myself out of the church catching that rabbit.—Chicago Journal.

Money in Imitations.

"There is a man who has piled up a fortune by a career of deception."

"Then deception does pay? Is he a grafter?" "No, he manufactures false teeth."—Cleveland Leader.

"What's the botanical name of that pretty vine of yours, Billy?" "I don't know the 'anical name, miss; I call it the Bouncer vine." "What a queer name. Why do you call it so?" "Because, you see, miss, it's allus a-thrown 'out a lot o' suckers."

PUTS SAIL ON HIS SLEIGH.

Young Farmer Extricates Himself from Predicament by His Great Ingenuity.

Tolley, N. D.—A remarkable adventure befell a Tolley man recently. While the Tolley papers did not have a reporter on the spot, they secured and printed the story, but without those sidelights and highlights that the incident seems to demand.

Michael Pattison, a young farmer near Tolley, was driving home in his sleigh across the prairie. The wind had beaten down the snow, the warm waves had melted the top layers and the cold nights had frozen them until there was a crust on the snow that would bear a man's weight. The horse, remembering the barn, was making rapid time for home when the sleigh went into a tank-you-mam and remained there. The horse and shafts went on home.

Pattison stood in the road, stamped his feet and cursed the luck. A fierce wind was blowing in the direction of home and he had about made up his mind that it would be fairly easy to walk the ten miles when an idea struck him. It was a life saver.

Pattison pulled the sleigh out of the rut and dragged it out on the prairie. The wind was so fierce that the sleigh would almost skid along of itself. But Pattison, with two slats and some wire, rigged up the lap robe as a sail, gave the craft a running start, jumped in and was at once slipping across the prairie like an iceboat. The only trouble was that there was no certain way to guide the craft. But Pattison hung one leg out behind and did some little steering with it. Fortunately the wind was in exactly the right quarter or it would have been necessary to do some lying about how Pattison "sacked."

The wind was right. The craft quickly overtook the astonished horse, who had now reduced himself to a trot, and soon left him huddled in the distance. In fact, the sleigh and occupant arrived home 20 minutes ahead of the brute and in snubbing up banged into the barn so hard that it frightened the cow.

When the hero of this tale told it on the streets of Tolley the Tolleys started a little and looked surprised. Some of them whistled softly and looked meditatively away at the horizon. Others doubted.

Proof.

Mrs. Knicker—I dreamed I was at the opera.

Knicker—I knew it; you were talking in your sleep.—N. Y. Sun.

A Pertinent Question.

"Mrs. Gaussip is a perfect crank on ventilation."

"Of what? Houses or other people's affairs?"—Chicago Sun.

The Important Question.

"It was a great banquet; 200 sat down at the tables."

"How many of them were able to get up?"—Town Topics.

The Truth of the Matter.

The teacher was hearing the grammar class recite and gave them this sentence: John can ride the mule if he wants to. "Put that sentence in better form," said the teacher. One experienced urchin responded: "John can ride the mule if the mule wants him to."

A waiter—is a chap who has learned to labor while he waits.

GOTHAM BANKER'S PRESENT

Jacob H. Schiff Gives Substantial Christmas Remembrances to "Kitchen Jewel."

New York.—Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, gave his cook, Lena, \$5,000 for a Christmas present, which proves that Mr. Schiff is very lucky to have such a cook and that Lena is equally lucky to have such an employer. Every one in the Schiff family has the highest regard for Lena. There is not a dyspeptic stomach in a hundred dinners she prepares. Indeed, it is said that the only reason Mr. Schiff wanted to fight Cornelius N. Bliss at that famous meeting of the Equitable directors was because Mr. Schiff was late for a dinner Lena had cooked.

Mrs. Schiff gave Lena a cluster diamond ring which, as she mixes mayonnaise will at once dazzle and encourage the scullery maids who obey her orders in the Schiff kitchen. Mrs. Felix Werburg, Mr. Schiff's daughter, presented the cook with a gold watch and a neck chain, and Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Schiff sent Lena a handsome check.

Lena has served the Schiffs for 25 years. She is a most intelligent woman, who came to this country to teach German and who found it more profitable to cook in the German fashion. Twenty-five years ago she fell off a Christmas tree, so to speak, into the Schiff household, a gift that would have delighted Lucullus—had he ever lived in Germany. She is independent financially. She cooks for love of the Schiffs and of her art.

The Winter of His Discontent. American Bank Official (shivering)—Fleeing to Canada was the mistake of my life—the mistake of my life.

Canadian Hotel Keeper (consoling ly)—Here you have freedom. Bank Official (with teeth chattering)—Ah, but you don't know how nice and warm our American prisons are.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Brilliant Success.

First Actor (on the Rialto)—Why, how do do, Buskin? Where have you been?

Second Actor—On a western tour.

Second Actor—Glorious! Immense! Brilliant success! Why, sir, we came back by rail.—N. Y. Weekly.

Obeying Orders.

Fortune—What's the matter, dear? You look excited.

Mrs. Fortune—Excited! Why shouldn't I? The new chambermaid complained of a headache, so I sent her upstairs and told her to take things easy. She did. She's gone off with all my jewelry.—Judge.

When Tact Is Needed.

"That politician takes great credit to himself for keeping his promises."

"I don't see why he should," answered Senator Sorghum. "Anybody can keep a promise, but it sometimes requires an artist to break one."—Washington Star.

A Substitute.

Patience—This paper says that Spanish women play with their dolls even after they are married and have children. Isn't that ridiculous?

Patrice—Oh, well, perhaps they haven't any dogs in that country!—Yonkers Statesman.

Philadelphia Ledger: "Senator, do you think the railroads get too much for carrying the mails?" "Too much! Aren't they getting the same they were before they stopped our passes? Of course they're getting too much!" Burning with indignation, he sat down to draft a slashing bill.

Whisky blossoms are often on the bum. Redd—How's your friend getting on with his new alreahp? Greene—Badly; he can't get the thing to go up. "Not at all!" "Well, he can't even get it up high enough to get under it to see what's the matter with it."—Yonkers Statesman.

High—So you have given up your high ambitions and are going to live low a routine life? Jinks—Yes; I decided it would be lonesome up there on the top rung of the ladder of fame. I'm going to stay down with the push.—Detroit Free Press.

Only a very lazy man is afraid to earn money because it may be tainted.

TOWN LOTS AT WYE

On Picturesque Lake Upsilon

The Coming Summer Resort of the Northwest

WATER Clear as crystal, pure and fresh, fed by never failing mountain springs.

FISH In abundance and of splendid size. Muscallouge, Mountain Trout, Pickerel. The sportsman's Paradise.

The townsite of Wye extends for nearly two miles along the lake front. Just high enough to be dry, with a beautiful rolling surface, it is an ideal location for a summer resort. A natural amphitheatre, a race track made by nature's hand, a beautiful boat landing as though made by the gods for their amusement, are here. The entire townsite is covered with a heavy growth of young and vigorous timber. It is an ideal spot for a summer home where relaxation and recreation can combine.

It will be within a mile or two of the St. John extension of the Great Northern, and a spur into the townsite is almost a certainty. Lots are selling rapidly and a chance to get a location in this beautiful resort will soon be gone. They are cheap now because the owner wants to build a town with all conveniences rather than sell a few lots that will leave the owner more isolated than on the farm.

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