

The gold of the earth is at present Anglo-Saxon by a majority of four to one.

A Paris paper is out with an article on the carelessness of the American people, as evidenced in their failure to preserve their ruins.

More than 7,000,000 letters were sent to the dead letter office at Washington last year, the number being the largest on record for a like period. This is a case in which an increasing mortality rate denotes improved business health.

That sweet young maid of Marseilles who found President Kruger "almost handsome" might discover beauty in a bulldog's jowl and lines of pleasing proportion in the average municipal statue. Her compliment is interesting as an example of French "politesse."

The Philadelphia Medical Journal declares that "it requires no mathematician to discover that the shiftless, the thriftless, the indigent poor—the class which produces relatively the greater number of criminals and paupers, if not of the mentally deficient—is increasing out of all proportion to the thrifty, the well-to-do—the class which produces relatively few of the paupers and criminals."

The fourth census of the Dominion of Canada is to be taken soon, beginning the first week in April next. It is expected to be completed within a month. Besides the enumeration of the people, industrial and other statistics will be compiled as in the United States. In the United Kingdom the census is supposed to be taken in one day, but no attempt is made to do more than secure a count of the population.

Zadkiel, in his illustrious astrological almanac, proscribes several days in each month as days on which it is advisable to "avoid superiors." But here comes Rev. Edward Everett Hale with some new rules of conduct, one of which is, "Talk every day with a man whom you know to be your superior." Probably it will be the better part of wisdom to subscribe to Dr. Hale's precept. He is a notorious optimist, a man of unusually confident tomorrows, and his present advice is but another application of his old rule, "Look up and not down."

A Massachusetts leather man predicts an easing down of the price of sole leather very soon, on account of the invention of a New England genius. Sole leather grows on beasts in very limited quantities, and it is hard to get enough of it. The invention is to use leather scraps of all sorts for the manufacture of good, serviceable sole leather. The scraps are worthless for all practical purposes, and generally rot in the streets and alleys. But a machine has been devised that tears them into shreds and makes them into pulp, which is run out under great pressure in continuous sheets of good sole leather. A fall in the price of sole leather is predicted as the result of this discovery of a way to use the scraps.

If there were no such things in the world as time locks, the Presbyterian church at Mount Joy, Penn., would be \$8700 richer than it is. The story is queer, and therefore interesting. The Rev. David Conway, while pastor of the church in question, was thrown from his carriage in May, 1899, and received injuries which soon caused his death. When he realized that his end was near, Mr. Conway sent for a lawyer and made his will, giving among other bequests, \$5000 to his church. He was at once told that such a bequest, if made within 30 days before death, was invalid, so he signed an order directing the Mount Joy National bank to turn over to H. W. Hartman, a member of the congregation, bonds to the value of \$8700, which he had on deposit, and these Mr. Hartman was to transfer to the church. Mr. Hartman immediately endeavored to get the securities, but the bank vaults were protected by a time lock, and they could not be opened until the next morning. Mr. Conway died in the night, while the vault doors were still immovable, and consequently, though the bank gave the bonds to Mr. Hartman as soon as it could, he was forced to hold them until a legal decision as to their proper disposition could be secured. The decision has just been rendered, and it is that the securities must be added to Mr. Conway's estate and divided according to the valid provisions of his will. The Presbyterian church naturally regards the case as a hard one and its elders have their doubts whether time locks are to be numbered among the valuable inventions of the age.

It is safer to marry a thrifty woman with 15 cents than it is to wed a vain belle with \$15,000.

The allies in China should at once import the college cane rush and popularize it in the provinces. It would give the Boxers a chance to work off that gouge feeling.

Male students of the Vienna university recently resented the admission of female students to the philosophical faculty's lectures by raising a riot which stopped the lectures. Austria is evidently behind the times in educational matters.

Out of the wilderness of dietary theories in which we are now roaming bewildered—raw meat, raw wheat and all—we may emerge into a gastronomic Canaan of content. But the man who is inclined to let well enough alone will watch the other fellow experimenting and himself stick to the diet that "agrees with him."

There is no cause for immediate alarm at the statement of an eminent mathematician that in 10 centuries the population of the United States will exceed 40,000,000,000. This would be a density, counting our present area, of over 11,000 to a square mile. Even if any of us should live till that day there would possibly be no scarcity of provisions.

A New York judge has decided that a diamond collar button is an article of jewelry and not personal attire, and that it must be left in the safe if a hotel is to be responsible for it. If New York City is shocked by the appearance of men without collars in transit from hotel offices to their rooms this judge will be entirely to blame.

In Europe there continues to be considerable discussion of the exhaustion of forest resources. A late review of the wood imports and exports of France and other countries, in the Revue Scientifique, leads to the conclusion that a wood famine is soon coming. The problem is less acute in the United States, where reforestation is urged chiefly for climatic purposes, but the prospect of a wood famine has been considered even here.

While naval authorities in Europe and America are cogitating over and experimenting in desultory fashion with wireless telegraphy, little Japan has bought two complete Marconi plants, with an effective radius of 125 miles for immediate installation on two first class Japanese cruisers. Among nations, as in lesser political or domestic organizations, it sometimes happens that the latest comes most swiftly and eagerly in the unending race of material progress.

Through investigations by the United States fish commission, conducted on the New England coast, it has been shown that the cultivation of clams for the market, as oysters are cultivated, is, under certain conditions, a practicable and profitable industry. This is valuable information, in view of the rapid depletion of the soft, or, as it is commonly known, the long-neck clam, along the New England shores. Success in the culture is largely a question of a proper food supply, and much depends also on the nature of the ground. Clams will not thrive in a purely sandy bottom; neither will they grow in a soft mud. The bottom must be a mixture with just sand and mud enough to make a firm bed. They will set best, it was found, where there is a rapid current, which keeps any sediment from settling. The current, too, brings more food.

The assertion of Professor Nathaniel Schmidt of Cornell university at the New York State Conference of religion in New York City that he did not believe that the average Sunday school teacher was competent to teach a Sunday school class calls attention to the plan, already in operation to some extent, of employing paid teachers for such work. Within a few days the pastor of a Boston church, where the system of hiring trained teachers for Sunday school instruction has been tried, reported enthusiastically in its favor. In some of the wealthy congregations in and near New York City, there are already paid Sunday school teachers, especially those who have charge of infant classes. By the Boston experiment it was found that good story tellers were the most successful of the paid teachers. The hearty applause that Professor Schmidt received would seem to indicate that an effort to train or secure really competent Sunday school teachers would be a move in the religious field that would command instant approval.

HJORTH HJORYESEN'S ADVENTURE.

BY HUGH W. BEAL.

The Pine Mountain Side, a mile long, carries logs from the summit to Beaver Basin, a small, deep pond, 30 miles above Blomfield.

The slide is a little over three feet wide. Where its steep trough is straight the sides are about two feet high. They rise to four feet on two curves, where the flying logs rise as they "trash around" and a new direction. Logs usually run the Pine Mountain Side in from 70 to 80 seconds.

Their friction on its smooth and close-jointed bottom is lessened by a stream of water about one inch deep at the head. This is conducted to the slide from a large spring high on the mountain. Because of leakage this rivulet is not more than a quarter of an inch deep at the lower end.

Through and over this shallow stream the logs fly with spurts of spray. The little current does nothing to propel them, only serving to save the bottom of the slide.

During the highest third of its length the trough, here straight and very steep, crosses two tremendous gorges on trestlework. Touching the face of the mountain, it runs close to the ground on a gradually lessening slope. Then, turning to the left, it renews the quickness of its fall while being carried along the wall of a precipice by iron supports clamped to the rock.

Again touching solid ground, it passes a promontory, runs 300 yards straight, and again turns to the left. Thence it runs straight out on a trestlework and shoots its logs into Beaver Basin from a height of 30 feet.

Here is an amazing spectacle when the logs follow one another quickly. Some far outjump the rest, some turn over and over as they fall, a few "skitter" on the water as do flat stones thrown swiftly near the surface. Many, after disappearing, spring out to nearly their whole length, and slap loudly down.

On the shore near the mouth of the slide there is a log shanty where five raftsmen live, and near the head of the slide is another shanty occupied by the gang employed in canting logs into the entrance of the chute.

The foreman of the gang was big Peter Hicks. Sober, Peter was a peaceable, generous man, with no worse fault than a turn for rough joking. Drunk, Peter seemed to delight in bullying and cruelty.

Now whiskey was easily obtained from the owner of an illicit still in a gloomy ravine halfway up the mountain. Hence Hicks frequently began the morning with a dram.

Among the men placed under Hicks by the general overseer was one Hjorth Hjoryesen, a Norwegian not 20 years of age. He was too reserved and laconic to be popular, but he was respected for his frugality and strength.

As his mind was sternly bent on improving his English and gaining enough money to buy a farm, the fair-haired blue-eyed youth spent none of his time or means in dissipation. When the day's work was done he devoted his himself to his English reader and grammar, never disturbed by the talk in the shanty, but sometimes interrupted by a vision of his old mother and Ingeborg and Hans and the baby.

Hjorth never lay down to sleep without reckoning the day's wages in with his little savings, and thinking how all those yellow heads at home were so much nearer the wide farm in the west that he meant some day to own.

Big Peter Hicks, drinking whenever he had a chance, felt rebuked by the severe sobriety of this youth. On first arriving, Hjorth had silently refused several invitations to drink. He had not even returned thanks. Being taunted with this apparent rudeness, he had gravely explained that he did not believe any man should give thanks for the offer of poison. From that hour Hicks resolved to drive Hjorth out of the gang.

With this object, the foreman "piled" work on the lad. Hjorth, in the pride of his strength, regarded this as a compliment to his powers, and encountered every task with good humor.

Then Hicks imposed on Hjorth the duty of inspecting the slides. It needed petty repairs two or three times a week, and all these were not likely to be noticed on one inspection trip. In finding something overlooked by the lad, Hicks expected to get an excuse for discharging him.

Nearly all day logs were running in the slide. Then nobody could walk in it. But it had to be inspected while moving logs gave indications of loose ends or bolts. Therefore a line of planks was laid outside on the ends of the crosspieces that supported the bottom of squared timbers. No man of weak nerve could walk along these single planks across several deep chasms.

The triweekly inspection usually began about two hours before time to stop work. During the last hour no logs were launched. This enabled Hjorth to walk back inside the trough and drive loose bolts, or make any other necessary repairs.

One Thursday evening in November Hicks and four of his gang left the camp cabin, and were absent all night. The next morning only four men, one of whom was Hjorth Hjoryesen, presented themselves to launch trees.

The general overseer thereupon

gave the Norwegian the office formerly possessed by Hicks.

At noon the missing men appeared, bearing unmistakable signs of having spent the night in carousing. Hicks was enraged when told that the foreigner was now the leader of the gang, and that he himself could either leave or go to work as a common laborer. As he had flung away all his wages, he could not afford to leave. So he suppressed his rage and went to work.

Big Peter felt his degradation keenly, and with his boon companions regarded Hjorth as a usurper.

Toward evening of the following day, Saturday, the men expected that their new foreman would appoint one of them to inspect the slide, and thus avoid the disagreeable duty himself; but he told them to quit work at the usual time, and then started upon his tour of inspection.

After Hjorth had disappeared, Hicks and four of his companions, leaving the other men still at work, walked away southward, plunged down into a thick growth of saplings, and disappeared.

They were absent for more than an hour. When, flushed and boisterous, they returned from the illicit still, the sun was disappearing and all the other lumbermen had left the scene.

Sitting down on a large log that was awaiting its turn to be launched, they fell into talk about Hjoryesen, and vilified him without stint. Remembering that the object of their wrath was still below them, some one proposed to frighten him by launching the log down the slide.

They rose, seized the untrimmed log upon which they had been sitting, and brought it round to the slide. Then they lowered it, large end first, until no more than four feet projected above. Still they held on, half afraid to let it go.

Was Hjorth in the slide? If so, the log would give him a fright, provided he were far enough away to get out on hearing it coming at him.

"Wait, there he comes now!" Hicks exclaimed.

Picking up a bough about seven feet long, he laid it horizontally across the end of the slide in such a manner that it caught on a projecting knot of the log and held it in place.

Through the gloom of early evening Hjoryesen could be discerned about a hundred yards below.

When he stepped from the slide, he found the men grouped in his way. Hardly noticing them, Hjorth attempted to pass. But Hicks placed his burly hand upon the youth's shoulder, and thrusting a bottle under his nose, said:

"Have a drink?"

Hjoryesen drank calmly into the eyes of his enemy. Then he shook off the offending hand.

Hicks, drunk enough to be wicked, seized the lad by the collar and tried to force the bottle into his mouth. Hjorth sent it spinning into the air.

Big Peter tried to grapple the Norwegian, and received a stinging blow in the face that sent him tumbling dangerously near a steep embankment.

Then the other four rushed at Hjoryesen. He knocked one down and struggled furiously with the other three, but was soon overpowered by the united attack and borne to the ground. A rope was passed round him and his arms tied in front of his body. Hjorth made no outcry.

"I'll fix you, you young panther!" said Hicks, wiping the blood from his face. They seized the prostrate youth and carried him to the edge of the precipice.

"No, don't throw him over! Send him down the slide!" shouted Hicks.

"Hooray!" cried another.

They threw Hjorth backward on the log already in the slide. A second rope was passed round his waist and knotted to the log.

"Now will you drink?" said Hicks.

"Never!" said the boy, white with rage.

"You'd sooner have a ride over the slide, would you?"

"Murder me! You've got the power to do that! But drink with you I will not!" said Hjorth, in his own tongue.

Hicks had meant to frighten, not to kill the young foreman.

"I'll pry your teeth open!" he cried, and strode furiously back for a stick.

The words were hardly out of Hicks' mouth when his leg struck the retaining branch. The log was off with Hjorth in an instant.

Hicks shrieked with horror and flung himself to the ground. The others stared at where the log had in three seconds disappeared. Far down the chute they heard it roaring away into silence. Hicks rose. All looked at him in terror.

"We'll hang for this!" he cried.

With one impulse they took to their heels to find a hiding-place.

As the log shot away it swayed, jumped back to its first position, and fell over a little to that side. It ran on the short ends of the branches. The men had not trimmed them away, as they would have done had the log been put on the slide in the usual course of work. Back and forth it hopped on the points.

The air shrieked in Hjorth's ears and the slide roared under the enormous and rough log. It shook the boy to this side and that, torturing him at every change. He had given himself up for lost, but terror did not paralyze his senses.

"Another moment," he thought, "the log may turn right over, and tear me and strew me in shreds, along this trough." But he set his teeth hard to bear the pain, and uttered never a cry.

At ten seconds on its course, the log had reached an equilibrium. Hjorth lay as if half-turned on his right side.

"I shall be smashed at the turn," he thought.

Even then the log half-canted over and tossed him as far on his side as he had been on his right. It was now flying round the first curve out of its equilibrium, as a sleigh swiftly turning a corner rises on the inner runner.

Against the longer side of the curving trough it slashed, then raced on almost free of the bottom. It was pressed against the side timbers, and carried Hjorth on the other side.

The knot on the rope round the young man was thrust against the timber. Its particles began to be plumed off as those of a candle might be if held against a revolving grindstone.

Farther back, where the side of the log touched the slide, bark flew away in strips that dropped behind and were whirled along for some yards in the vortex of air following the rushing timber.

The air through which Hjorth was forced came against his almost senseless body with such solidity as to push him farther into the rope. His chest was so wedged into it that the constriction almost stopped his breathing. So great was his agony that he must have died had it endured long.

Again the log lifted for a straight run of ten seconds, then canted and rose to hurry round the final curve.

Once more the knot was ground against the side timbers. The strands had been almost worn away when the log lay down for the straight stretch to the water. Still the rope held Hjorth although the thrust of the air against him was so strong that the knot must have fallen apart had the run been twenty seconds longer.

Then the log shot straight out over Beaver Basin. Hjorth's legs flew up like rags tied to a descending arrow, and the log, plunging at an angle into the pond, went out of sight.

Neither Hjorth nor the rope that had bound his body rose with the timber when it jumped half out and splashed heavily down. The remaining strands had parted under the strain of the plunge. The log rose, and little waves went away trembling with reflections of the last rose color after sundown. Their circle had widened far before Hjorth's head appeared.

Too much racked and exhausted to struggle, he rose as a corpse rises. But the icy water had restored him to full consciousness, and he tried to strike out "dog fashion" with his bound hands. But the effort was agony. He understood that some of his ribs must have been broken, and with an agonizing breath he sank again.

Even in that extremity the youth's firm Northman soul forbade him to yield and die. A twist of his legs brought him upward. He let his feet sink, became motionless, laid his head back, and so rose till his nose and lips were above the surface. Although ears, cheeks and forehead were submerged, he could yet catch breath.

But the pain of his gasp for air was unendurable. He convulsively moved his bound hands. That slight disturbance sank him once more.

Still Hjorth kept his senses. Treading water with his feet, he thrust his head well above the pond. Then he heard a voice cry out near by:

"There's his head! Pass me that pike-pole."

"Where?" cried another man.

"There! Here, don't you see? Ah, he's gone down! No—I've got him!"

As Hjorth went under he felt the sharp hook of the pike-pole catch in his coat. Then he was lifted, groaning, into the boat of the men who had their cabin near the mouth of the slide.

Hearing the roar and splash of a log at so unusual an hour, they had run out of their shanty. On seeing Hjorth's head appear on the rose-tinted water, they had hurried to his aid.

Before morning, after stripping him in their shanty and wrapping him in hot blankets, they had taken him to the doctor at Blomfield.

There his young ribs quickly knit, but his nerves were shaken and he could not go back to work on the slide. He drew his little earnings from the bank and went to Dakota. There he has prospered so well that all the yellow-headed Hjoryesens are with him.

He refused to lay an information against Hicks.

"What good would it do?" Hjorth asked. "Let him go. If I put him in jail, he'll take to the bottle worse than ever when he comes out."

When the news that Hjorth refused to prosecute was brought to him, Big Peter hastened to the man he had wronged, cried like a child, and swore he would never taste liquor again. He kept that pledge, and is now an industrious, respectable citizen of Blomfield from whom I had most of the particulars of this narrative.—*Youth's Companion.*

Postmistress Shut Up Shop.

The postoffice department at Washington has been trying since June 30 to secure an official report from Postmistress Robey of the Jayann postoffice, in Marion county, West Virginia. Nothing could be heard from there, so an inspector was sent out. He found the postoffice closed and learned that the postmistress had moved away several months ago leaving the building. The property was removed to Fairmont and the office at Jayann temporarily discontinued.—*Washington Star.*

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Going Through the Mill—Though It May Seem to Stand Still, the Cause of Temperance Moves Forward at a Gratifying Pace—Seven Steps Ahead.

A dusty miller, white as snow, With thought lines on his honest brow, Fell asleep on his sacks one day, And dreamed he saw across the way Scores of neighbors coming to mill Without a bag or sack to fill. He said to himself, "I will not trust, They can't get flour without the dust!"

There was a rollicking toper, Jim, Whose hat had neither crown nor rim; He hated monarchies and that is why he wore a crown-less hat. At least he said so, but the "fix" Of that chapeau was caused by "bricks." Shoeless, he climbed the steps "pell mell," Headforemost in the hopper he fell.

He was followed by Dandy Zack, A friend of art and applejack. His taste, I fear, was taste for wine, And not esthetic taste divine. His linen had neither stain nor blot, His boots reflected, if he did not, Into the hopper he softly slid, And under the rags of Tim was hid.

Tipplers and toppers tumbled in, Smelling of whiskey, beer and gin. Moderate drinkers in dress genteel, Drunkards down at the mouth and heel, Gents of fashion who sip the wine, Stained of logwood, not from the Rhine, And bums boasting strength of will, Passed quickly through the murmuring mill.

The miller in dreams went to the bin, To see the grist it had within; Judge his surprise when jolly Tim, No longer tipsy, greeted him. As a man who is sober should, Smiling, well dressed, erect he stood, His cheeks were touched with healthy rose.

The red had faded from his nose.

There, hat in hand, stood Dandy Zack, Gone was the odor of applejack. Ex-drinkers in their senses stood, Like a brave band in brotherhood. They'd given up gin and wine, And talked of charters they could sign. A team came clattering down the hill; The miller 'woke and worked his mill. —George W. Bungay, in the National Advocate.

The Work of Fifty Years.

When our temperance friends begin to grow discouraged—as the very best of us must at times—let us remember that it would be well for them to remember that though apparently at a standstill, the cause of temperance still moves forward. During the past half century, for instance, in spite of all opposition, we have made some strides toward betterment. Our readers' attention is directed to the following facts to prove this:

1. The geographical area within which prohibition is not only nominal, but actual, has been greatly enlarged through the operation of local option laws, even in States under the license system.

2. There is a marked tendency to throw additional restrictions and safeguards around the liquor traffic, one of which consists in raising the license fee.

3. A method of dealing with the question has been found in applying to the saloon the law of nuisance, under which it can be suppressed, in a court of equity, by the use of the writ of injunction.

4. It is also noticeable that the general course of legislation is in the direction of a firmer control of the traffic by the police and by the courts.

5. It comparatively rarely happens that amendments to the existing laws are made in the interest of intemperance.

6. The attitude of the police to the traffic is undergoing an obvious change for the better. There is a general movement for the suppression of dance halls where liquor is sold; of concert saloons, "stall" saloons, private wine rooms, saloon theatres, gaming in saloons, "preedy waiter shops" and all similar practices.

7. The number of arrests for public intoxication is asserted to be less than it was, and such arrests tend to diminish the offence.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Early Temperance Society.

The increase of drunkenness in many parts of the United States led to the formation of societies intended to counteract this evil, and an American temperance society was mainly the result of dram drinking, a pledge against the use of spirits was adopted. The movement spread to this country, and the British and Foreign Temperance Society was formed on that basis, and many local societies came into existence in 1829 and 1830. In the latter year the Government passed the mischievous Beer bill, and before the end of the year 24,000 beerhouses were licensed. "Everybody is drunk," wrote Sydney Smith; "those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state of intoxication. In the latter year the natural result was an increase of drunkenness, and those who had engaged in the crusade against spirits had to face the obvious facts that people can become intoxicated on wine as well as on whisky, and that beer as well as brandy makes people drunk. Hence a new pledge against all intoxicants was introduced. The abstinents were zealous propagandists, and after a time the temperance societies that adhered to the old anti-spirit platform died out or adopted the more thorough-going basis, and the temperance movement became what it is to-day—a crusade against all intoxicants.

The only exceptions are the Church of England Temperance Society and some other sectarian organizations, established at a much later date, which have a "dual basis"—one section of "total abstinents," and the other of non-abstinents who are desirous of promoting temperance. The earliest instance known to me of the use of the word temperance is the title of the Young People's Temperance Society of Hætor, in the State of New York, formed August 23, 1829, whose pledge is against "intoxicating liquor."—*Notes and Queries.*

It is interesting to note that the Church of England Temperance Society and some other sectarian organizations, established at a much later date, which have a "dual basis"—one section of "total abstinents," and the other of non-abstinents who are desirous of promoting temperance. The earliest instance known to me of the use of the word temperance is the title of the Young People's Temperance Society of Hætor, in the State of New York, formed August 23, 1829, whose pledge is against "intoxicating liquor."—*Notes and Queries.*

The only exceptions are the Church of England Temperance Society and some other sectarian organizations, established at a much later date, which have a "dual basis"—one section of "total abstinents," and the other of non-abstinents who are desirous of promoting temperance. The earliest instance known to me of the use of the word temperance is the title of the Young People's Temperance Society of Hætor, in the State of New York, formed August 23, 1829, whose pledge is against "intoxicating liquor."—*Notes and Queries.*

The only exceptions are the Church of England Temperance Society and some other sectarian organizations, established at a much later date, which have a "dual basis"—one section of "total abstinents," and the other of non-abstinents who are desirous of promoting temperance. The earliest instance known to me of the use of the word temperance is the title of the Young People's Temperance Society of Hætor, in the State of New York, formed August 23, 1829, whose pledge is against "intoxicating liquor."—*Notes and Queries.*

New books of rules and regulations recently issued by the government of the province of Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad contain specific body blows to intoxicants and tobacco. One of the rules provides that the habitual use of intoxicants or the frequenting of places where intoxicants are sold is sufficient cause for dismissal from the road's service.

Temperance News and Notes.

Drink—the poor man's curse.

Legalize liquor selling, and you legalize evil.

At Lafayette, Ind., recently, about 100 saloon keepers were fined for violating the law by selling on Sunday. The fine and costs were \$11 in each case.

The German navy costs each inhabitant of the empire less than 2½ marks a year, while the amount spent by each for alcohol and tobacco is between fifty and sixty, or twenty-four times as much. The amount spent a year for beer, wine, whisky and tobacco is 3,000,000,000 marks.