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So many American clocks and watches are being exported that it is confidently asserted the whole world will soon be regulated by Yankee time.

Now that the Chinese Minister in Oriental robes may be seen any day in Washington in his automobile, it is about time for Occidental fossils to realize that the horseless vehicle is here to stay as well as to go.

The Social Relief operations of the Salvation Army in the United States among the poor have made such rapid advances during the past two years that they are now ahead of any other country in the world in point numbers, and the Salvation Army now provide nightly accommodation for about 16,000 persons, while about 20,000 are actually reached and helped each day.

In an appeal upon a recent damage suit against a street car company, the New York Supreme Court declared that street car conductors must give passengers sufficient time to get on and off the platform, and that "it is not negligence per se for a passenger to board or alight from a car without taking hold of the railings to guard against sudden movements of the car." This is considered one of the most important decisions of the kind that has been made recently.

Following the lead of Superintendent Andrews, the Congregation of the University of Chicago has adopted the following resolution: "Resolved, That the adoption by the Board of the University Press for use in the official publications and journals of the university of the list of words with changed spelling accepted by the National Educational Association be approved." The list of words thus "reformed" is as follows:

Program (programme), tho (though), altho (although), thoro (through), thru (through), throout (throughout), catalog (catalogue), prolog (prologue), deolog (decalogue), demagog (demagogue), pedagog (pedagogue).

The vote by which the university was thus aligned with the so-called word "reformers" was close, but the new spelling carried the day. It is said an effort will be made to induce the leading universities to join hands with Chicago and form a league—or perhaps we should say a leeg.

Geronimo a Prisoner of War.
The Chicago Tribune says: "Geronimo, the Apache chief, in capturing whom the late General Lawton won fame as an Indian fighter, still lives at Fort Sill, I. T. Ever since he laid down his tomahawk, thirteen years ago, in obedience to the fearless Lawton, the old chief has been a prisoner of war. Immediately after their capture Geronimo and his band of warriors were taken East, but the climate did not agree with them, and many died. Then they were removed to Alabama, finally returning to the land of the setting sun in 1894. At Fort Sill Geronimo and his once savage braves have settled down, and, under the watchful eyes of the United States authorities, have become at least partially civilized."

Charting Ocean Beds.
The British Government keeps eleven vessels at work sounding and charting the ocean beds to find out where dangers lurk. Last year 10,000 square miles were carefully charted in different parts of the world—Asia, Africa and the South Pacific.

Broncho and Locomotive in Collision.
A balky broncho tried to dispute the right of way on the Santa Fe tracks with a locomotive, or rather with two locomotives, for there were two of them coming in town together from Fairmount Lake. The broncho had crossed the track, but considering the railroad more to his liking returned to the track and took up a position between the rails. This position was assumed by the two locomotives, but the broncho bravely stuck to his post until it was too late to retreat. He was knocked out of this world in about half a jiffy.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

Meant Business.
Chicago News: Maude—"Did Jack kiss you when you accepted him?" Clara—"Certainly. I wouldn't consider any but sealed proposals."

UNDOING OF A BUNKO.

The boom in the bunko market caused by the easy separation of ex-Ald. French of Brooklyn from \$5,000 of his good money by two expert youths on Monday was severely offset yesterday by an occurrence in the Broadway Central hotel in which a pair of the brotherhood of bunco-steerers figured respectively second and third to John Kasser of Arizona. The pair invested a little cash and considerable time and trouble in Mr. Kasser, and though he didn't pan out, they still have cause for thankfulness that they are alive, though battered.

Mr. Kasser is superintendent of the Live Oak Copper Mining and Smelting company, with mines at Globe, Ariz., and he is here with his wife on business. They are at the Broadway Central. Mr. Kasser is of foreign extraction. He is possessed of a slight accent, a blandly quiet manner, a cooling smile, and a general aspect of material but nonmetropolitan prosperity.

When he comes to New York he doesn't follow the example of some of his western friends and cast himself madly into the embraces of a ready-made frock coat, a silk hat, and a new pair of tan shoes with white laces; he wears the same clothes that he wears at home and goes about his business, and if people infer therefrom that he is from the west, he makes no moan over that. Globe he considers to be a pretty good sort of place to come from, and he isn't ashamed of it.

For some time past there has been hanging about the corridor of the Broadway Central a gentleman possessed of a certain appearance of slickness which has not commended him to the favorable notice of the clerks. So far as they were able to discover, his sole occupation seemed to be to chew toothpicks, derived from the hotel's cigar stand, and watch the people in the lobby from the depths of an easy chair. He was middle-aged, plump and well-dressed. The hotel would have been glad to get rid of him had opportunity offered. However, he only came occasionally, and his behavior was not such as would warrant his ejection.

On Tuesday morning this person accosted Mr. Kasser, who was standing looking disconsolately out into the rain.

"Bad weather we're having," said the man. "Have much rain in your part of the country?"

"Yes, I get used to pretty much all kinds of weather," replied Mr. Kasser.



"SAY, MY FRIEND, DO YOU PLAY CARDS?"

"Going out, I see," continued the stranger, glancing at the other's umbrella. "Going uptown?"

Mr. Kasser turned upon him a beaming look, but made no answer.

"What's your line of business, any way?" continued the other persuasively.

"My business," responded the westerner, with a gentle smile, "is not yours."

"Oh, well, you needn't be offended just because I'm a stranger," persisted the other, looking somewhat hurt.

"What have you got against strangers, any way?"

"Nothing in particular," answered the visitor, "but I come from the west, you know, and I've heard that New York was full of bunco men and swindlers."

"Oh, ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha! That's rich!" cried the other, slapping Mr. Kasser on the back. "You took me for a bunco man! Why, I live right here in the hotel. They all know me. Ha-ha-ha! That's pretty good!"

"Pretty good," assented Mr. Kasser, smiling at the other as if he were his bosom friend.

"Well, if you're going uptown—"

"I ain't," said Mr. Kasser, and he walked out chuckling.

Upon his return he saw nothing of the effusive stranger, but when he came down into the lobby the next morning there stood the man, well-groomed and smiling.

"Ah!" said the stranger, as Mr. Kasser approached. "Just down? I'm just through breakfast myself. Nice day."

To this proposition the westerner agreed. Then his friend invited him into the cafe to show there was no ill-feeling, and after some conversation they went in together, the stranger saying:

"After what you said about the bunco business you can't do less than have a drink with me. Ha, ha, ha! That was a good one!"

"Yes, wasn't it?" responded Mr. Kasser. "But I don't drink."

"Well, come sit down and have a cigar," said the other, and led the way to a table where sat a young man with a protruding under jaw, a striped shirt, a glass diamond, a long drink, and certain other evidences that he wasn't a minister of the gospel. The friendly stranger gave no open intima-

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

An Odd Combination in Hats.

Chiffon was never worn more than this winter. Chiffon hats multiply, and, combined with fur, they are beautiful and stylish, though the combination seemed odd at first.

Slashed Cravats the Latest.

Silk cravats, long enough to go around the neck, cross behind and tie in front with long ends, are new and pretty where the ends are slashed into strips about five inches long, each strip being button-holed all around with black silk, or of silk of a darker shade of the same color as the cravat. Some of these cravats are slashed into five strips, some as many as ten, according to the width of the silk ribbon used for the purpose.

Such fanciful ties, of course, are more suitable worn with open-work embroidery or mousseline collars than with the mannish linen band.

A Genial Star-Gazer.

Maria Mitchell, who has been called the "Mother of the Stars," when professor of astronomy and director of the observatory at Vassar was an inspiring teacher, and, in spite of her brusque manner and severity, was adored by her pupils. Every spring, just before the commencement, she gave a "dome party" to the girls. Small tables were placed around the large telescope in the observatory, and roses from Miss Mitchell's own garden brightened the atmosphere.

Nonsense poems were a feature of these breakfasts, and the astronomer was proud of her skill in writing them. She was not without a keen sense of fun, in spite of her constant and absorbing studies, as was shown by her dryly consoling observation to an awe-stricken student whom she was leaving one day in charge of the instruments of the observatory. Looking back at the worried face of the girl, Miss Mitchell said: "And remember, if the chronometer stops and the sidereal clock stops, the universe won't stop."

A Guessing Game.

Each guest is given a numbered envelope containing a certain number of slips on which is a letter of the alphabet. These letters spell two or three words, and the guest is to guess the correct word, according to a list which is reserved by the hostess. The words on the list are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the envelopes. For example, one envelope contains the letters C A T, which spell both cat and act, and another contains the letters P E A R, which also spells pare and reap, and so on; the question is, which is the correct word, according to the hostess's list?

After envelopes are handed in bearing the names of the guests and the answers, the latter are read and the correct words also given. Those having answered correctly receive prizes.

One can also place in envelopes letters spelling the name of some noted book or play. It is better to choose rather short words, for, if too long, it requires too much time and thought to place letters correctly. Other available words are rat, stud, heart, net and tea.

Children and Their Studies.

The cramming system and its accompanying evils are characterized as "A National Crime at the Feet of American Parents" by Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "No child under fifteen years of age," he contends, "should be given any home study whatever by his teachers. He should have not more than from one hour to four of schooling each day, the hours increasing with his years. Outside of school hours he should have at least three hours of play. After fifteen the brain has another period of rapid development, with special increase of the higher faculties. Four hours of schooling, then, is not too much, provided the child's physical being is capable of it, and in time an hour of isolated study may be added. But that is enough. Five hours of brain work a day is the most that we should ask of our children, and the child should pass at least two hours a day in the open air. Our boys and girls do not get enough fresh air and sunshine into their bodies and natures. The higher institutions of learning understand the need of physical development for brain growth far better than do our lesser schools and our homes—sad as it is to admit it."

A Wasted Reprimand.

From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.—Little Dorothy isn't quite two and a half years old yet, but she has developed some very mischievous tricks. If she isn't hungry she plays with her food. Sometimes she surreptitiously flings portions of it at her brother. Occasionally she bathes her busy fingers in her bread and milk bowl. Of course these naughty tricks displease her mother, and Miss Dorothy gets a severe talking to quite often. The other day she tried to convert her bowl into a head decoration and her mamma favored her with a very warm opinion on such breaches of table decorum. Dorothy sat perfectly still during the scolding, staring at the wall above her mother's head. When the reprimand was ended Dorothy let her eyes drop to the level of her mother's face and mildly remarked: "I can't hear a word you say, mamma." And that ended the incident.

When Mrs. H. Was Absent.

Little Willy—"Papa, what is a pessimist?" Mr. Hennepeck—"A married man, my son."—Puck.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Unnecessary—The Voice of Experience—Evidence of Courage—Not Forgotten—Quite Surprising—Out For His Daily Bread—The Light of Love, Etc., Etc.

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Young Wife—"Tom presented me with a lovely pair of diamond earrings this morning."

Her Mother—"Indeed! I wonder what he's been up to now?"

Evidence of Courage.

"That photographer is a brave, heroic man, Clara."

"What do you mean, David?"

"Why, he told you to look pleasant—and I never dare to."—Detroit Free Press.

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"Did your grandmother remember you in her will?"

"Yes, she had a clause in there instructing the executors to collect all the loans she had made me."—Baltimore News.

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Miss Haddum—"I don't believe you!"

Delbette—"That's funny! All the rest of 'em did."—Puck.

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Miss Bunsby—"I don't think it's necessary, Pa. That's what he comes after."

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"The light of love," murmured Omed, with a faraway look, "is generally the gas turned down to a mere blue spark."

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"Worse than that! He expects me to laugh at his."—New York Journal.

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The Young One—"Well, the 'kicking' is done in baseball now."—Youkers Statesman.

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"My wife seldom eats breakfast with me."

"Why is that?"

"By the time she has succeeded in making me get up she is so worn out she has to go back to bed."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Secret Out.

"It is wonderful how you catch the child spirit in your stories," said the lion hunter. "You seem to understand the child nature perfectly. Tell me how you do it."

"Well, you know," replied the great author, "I was a child once myself."—Philadelphia North American.

Unquestioned Seriousness.

Lilian—"Mr. Waverly has been calling on you regularly for some time, hasn't he?"

Lucy—"Yes, indeed!"

Lilian—"Do you think his intentions are serious?"

Lucy—"Serious? Why, I never experienced anything more serious in my life; he doesn't seem any nearer proposing now than on the occasion of his very first visit."—Boston Courier.

Behind Their Backs.

"You have moved three times this winter."

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torbins with a sigh. "It was a dreadful lot of work, but we had to do it. We have had so much trouble with servants. When I discharged them they got angry and when Charley discharged them they just laughed. So the only thing to do was to wait till their afternoons out and move to another neighborhood."

Those Inquisitive Youngsters.

"Papa, you took the scientific course in college, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear; I spent two years on science."

"When you look in a mirror the left side of your face appears to be the right side, and the right side seems to be the left. The looking-glass reverses it, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why doesn't it reverse the top and bottom of your face the same way?"

"Why—er—ah!"—Trained Motherhood.

FRESH TRADE DEVELOPMENTS.

Graphite is being mined near Cranston, R. I., and some parts of the deposit yield an ore with fifty-three to fifty-eight per cent. of graphite.

Packers of fruits, vegetables and other foodstuffs say that owing to the increased prices of tin for cans they will be obliged to mark up the pack of 1900.

It is predicted the souvenir spoon craze, which raged a few years ago, is to be equalled by the popularity of souvenir pins. The fashion was started by Louisiana jewelers, who offered a prize for the best design.

London papers announce that the orders given to home manufacturers of locomotives has steadily increased this year, in spite of the business that went abroad. The chief builders are now so situated that they can take no further orders for delivery in less than fifteen months.

From Anderson, Ind., a chain of local trolley roads has been formed that affords a route thirty-four miles long, not counting numerous branches to towns off the main line. Another chain is about to be formed between Anderson and Indianapolis, thirty-five miles in length. The whole system, including local lines, embraces 133 miles.

Steps have been taken to establish in Saxony an industry hitherto known only in Southern France and Northern Italy. This is the removal of wool from the skins of slaughtered sheep by purely mechanical means (scrapping) and without any chemical agent to loosen its hold. The product of the new method is called "skin wool," as distinguished from "glover's wool" and "pulled wool." It is regarded equal or superior to sheared wool.

A long, thin sea grass, found in large quantities on the flats of the lower St. Lawrence, especially on the south shores of Gaspe and Bonaventure bays, is said to make good material for carriage cushions and other upholstery. When dried it is strong, curly and elastic. A considerable amount of it is being sent to Chicago and Cincinnati, and its average price in these cities is \$5 a ton. It is believed that as soon as this stuff becomes known in the East it will prove equally popular there.

Comparative Distances.

The distance in the South African scenes of operations can be better estimated if they are compared with those between New York City and outlying places. Taking the route of the British from Durban, their landing place, to go to Pietermaritzburg, seventy miles, would be approximately the same as to go to Poughkeepsie from New York. From Durban to Ladysmith, 180 miles, is about the distance from New York to Baltimore; from Durban to Laing's Nek, the Boer frontier on the Natal side, is 301 miles, or New York to Concord, N. H.; Durban to Johannesburg or Pretoria is about 500 miles, or New York to Wheeling, W. Va.

On the western side the distance from Cape Town to Kimberley is 647 miles, New York to Springfield, O.; from Cape Town to Vryburg is 774 miles, New York to Ann Arbor, Mich.; from Cape Town to Mankato is 870 miles, New York to Atlanta, Ga.; from Cape Town to Johannesburg and Pretoria, 1014 miles, New York to St. Louis, Mo.—Army and Navy Journal.

Prophetic of Lawton's Death.

The following letter seems almost prophetic in view of the news of the death of General Lawton the day after the letter was received in Washington. The writer is Lieutenant Caldwell, of Kentucky, who has been in the Philippines for some months. He was a friend of the Lawton family. He says: "I have seen a good deal of the Lawtons recently, especially during a protracted illness, when they were especially kind to me. The next news which will shock old friends in the United States will be General Lawton's death. He has had thousands of narrow escapes, but one of these days a bullet will find its mark in the breast of the bravest and most popular officer here. Such indifference to danger I have never seen. His wife fully understands the risks he runs, and I feel deeply for her when he is on the firing line."—Washington Correspondence New York Mail and Express.

A Bird of Paradise.

Their parrot had died, and young Master Tommy, with his little sister Jennie, had just concluded the funeral services over the grave of their feathered pet. "I s'pose Polly is in heaven now," remarked Jennie, tearfully. "Yes," returned Master Tommy; "I s'pose he is." "He—he's got wings, but he wouldn't be an angel up there, would he?" inquired the little maid, anxious about his present status. "Oh!" cried Tommy, "he wouldn't be an angel; only people is that." "Then what do you s'pose he is now?" persisted his sister. Tommy thought for a moment. "Then the light of inspiration dawned on his beaming countenance. 'I guess Polly is a bird of paradise now,' he announced joyfully.—Crypt.

British and Boer Officers.

We should bear in mind that there is probably not an officer in South Africa fighting on our side who ever took part in campaigns prosecuted against white men according to modern tactics. On the side of the Boers there are scores of trained European officers who know from military education, and many from experience under great captains, what the authorities recommend and admonish.—London Shipping World.

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