

## SOME RECORDS OF 1900.

### REMARKABLE CASES OF MARRIAGE, COURTSHIP AND DIVORCE.

**Quick Time in Finding and Losing Matrimonial Ties—Great Prices Paid for Cattle—The Shortest Murder Trial on Record—The Prize Servant Girl.**

Ambitious record breakers in divorce and curious fields have had their busy days in the year 1900. Many achievements outside of sports and athletics seem to have established high-water marks that may serve to inspire emulation in the first year of the new century.

For one thing, Dan Cupid was busy. In the cream-colored city of Milwaukee, where the best families speak the language in which Heine once scoffed and Schopenhauer sighed, Louis Hirsch, one fine July day, fixed a new criterion on the perilous side of matrimony by wedding his mother-in-law, Mrs. Albertina Abrahams. It was said that he had learned to love her cooking before he proposed and she accepted him. Many of the wise and learned have married their cooks, but Hirsch, waiving disparity in ages, outdid the old-time philosophers and solved the mother-in-law problem by one bold stroke of genius. The bridegroom was 30 and the bride 60.

In Minneapolis, the other day, Edward Roth shattered conventional ideas by marrying his stepdaughter, who is 18, this proceeding having transposed his former wife, from whom he was divorced, into his mother-in-law. The latter is said to have been as indifferent as if she had never met her son-in-law.

From Chicago, long noted for its surprising statistics in marriage and divorce, comes the record for the swiftest courtship of the year, though not the speediest divorce. One cold, inhospitable February day Charles Korpes stepped into a Chicago saloon. Now it happened that the owner of this particular bar was a buxom widow. Korpes sized up the comfortable surroundings. After 15 minutes of wooing he proposed and was accepted. The sequel was told in court one month later, when the erstwhile buxom widow was seeking relief from her husband's extravagance and his habit of drawing a revolver on her to enforce his demands.

More marriage licenses were issued in Chicago in June, 1900, than in any previous month of Cook county's history, 2150 couples obtaining permits to wed. Chicago's Gretna Green is St. Joseph, Mich., across the lake. All Sunday matrimonial records were broken there on Aug. 12, when 78 couples were joined together for better or for worse—mostly worse, probably.

Courtship and marriage implies divorce to a greater or less extent. The blue ribbon for sundering the greatest number of tangled hyemal ties in a single day was proudly taken by St. Louis. Yet people sometimes will sneer at St. Louis as a slow town. Poor little overworked Cupid was battered and hammered and twisted out of all recognition, on Nov. 26, when four circuit court judges took off their coats, figuratively speaking, and after hearing the total of 100 divorce cases granted 50 decrees.

San Francisco contributes the record for the speediest divorce, and a neat and workmanlike job it seems to have done. Edwin W. Evans, a wide-awake commercial traveler, with the timely aid of a swift California court, got his decree of legal separation from an incompetent partner of the maiden name of O'Brien in precisely 20 minutes. At 10 o'clock on the morning of July 21 he filed his complaint the wife's answer; at 10:20 the judge signed the decree, and the liberated husband bolted from the court room to catch a train. But Mr. Evans, it is proper to add, brought to his aid in preparing the case, the knowledge of a professional. He was no amateur. He had been in the divorce mill before and had carefully written out a copy of an old decree, which the judge obligingly signed so that he shouldn't miss his train.

The record for the largest aggregate business in divorces still is held by Chicago, the great centre of the industry. The Chicago divorce mill grinds with a steady all-the-year round motion. The average gist is about a dozen divorces a day, or, say, 4000 a year. About 2000 petitions were granted in the first six months of 1900. William Bateman Leeds paid the record price for a Chicago divorce. It is said that he gave his wife \$1,000,000.

Mrs. Charles Reeves, a patient at the Michigan asylum, at Kalamazoo, talked herself to death on Sept. 28. She talked incessantly, and when her vocal organs refused longer to respond she died of spasm of the glottis. Mrs. Anna Mitchell obtained an injunction from a Chicago judge in November to restrain her husband, from whom she had separated, from talking her to death. Mary Novak, another Chicago woman, was arrested last May for talking on the street. She talked when a policeman took her in charge, she talked in her sleep, she was still talking when she awoke, she talked in the police court and his honor offered to let her go if she would be silent only five minutes. A fine of \$100 made her still more talkative, and she talked as she was led back to her cell, and her verbal speed was steadily increasing as she disappeared behind the portals of the bridewell. From such reports it is seen that the talkers of 1900 have made a fair showing.

With the aid of a track laying ma-

chine contractors in Wyoming boast of having beaten the world's record by laying 18,000 feet in one day, the best previous record being on the Colorado division of the Rock Island road, where 288 miles of track were laid in five months and 10 days.

All the ocean sailing experts will recall the records for speed made by the Hamburg-American steamer Deutschland in 1900. The Deutschland's greatest triumph came early in September, when her time from Sandy Hook to Plymouth was five days seven hours and thirty-five minutes. The average speed was 33.36 knots; the greatest day's run was 549 miles.

The total foreign commerce of the United States in the fiscal year ending in June surpassed by \$319,729,250 that of any preceding year, and for the first time in our history exceeded \$2,000,000,000.

The largest lumber deal of the year was scored by a Wisconsin dealer. He sold to a Chicago concern the season's product of two mills, 45,000,000 feet, the consideration being \$1,000,000.

Beef at \$1.50 a pound on the hoof was the record price for this product, established in December at the International Live Stock show in Chicago. A fancy steer, 4 years old, and weighing 1430 pounds was sold for \$2145. Queen Victoria, it is said, held the previous record in this line when she sold a prize steer for \$750. At this show the highest price in the world's history for a car lot of steers was recorded when 15 head were knocked down at \$15.50 a hundred weight. At this same auction Dolly, a 4-year-old Hereford, brought \$3150, the highest price ever paid for a cow of that breed. In April, at a prior sale, Dale, a Hereford bull, brought the record price of \$7500, the top figure previously paid for a bull in any country being \$5100 for Sir Bredwell at a Kansas City sale.

In March the queen mother cow, Lucia Estill, an Aberdeen-Angus, was sold there for \$2800. Chicago also set a price on shorthorn cattle in August, when Mayflower VI. was sold for \$2600.

The shortest murder trial on record took place in Chicago last May. In one hour and nine minutes a jury was obtained, testimony heard, arguments made and a verdict of acquittal rendered in the case of Hiram Zee, accused of killing a man of the name of Miller by kicking him out of a third-story window in a lodging house.

Mrs. E. M. Holland of Kansas reported the prize servant girl record for the year. She has had her servant, Ann Mason, for more than 21 years. This paragon of house servants cooked the first meal Mr. Holland and his bride ate when they went to housekeeping and has cooked every one since then.—New York Sun.

### GULF STREAM MYTH.

Mildness of Climate Attributed to Whole Atlantic Ocean.

All who still have implicit faith in the familiar teachings of physical geography, relating to the beneficial effects of the Gulf Stream on adjacent countries, will be shocked to learn that eminent authorities now speak of this theory as an "exploded myth." Such, however, is the case, and the United States department of agriculture, through the official organ of the weather bureau, gives its implied sanction to this startling disclosure. Modern meteorology asserts that the climatic mildness attributed to the inherent warmth of the Gulf Stream, is really due to the heat conserved by the whole Atlantic ocean. According to this method of reasoning the Gulf Stream, which is itself a result of the practically constant atmospheric drift, has no appreciable effect. On the other hand the fundamental factor, in the climatology of the north temperate zone, is that the atmospheric circulation is unflaggingly from the west toward the east. It is the breaking up of this general drift into two eddies, the cyclonic and anti-cyclonic, that produces the weather and seasonal characteristics over this vast region. The entire surface of the North Atlantic ocean, north of the trade winds, has a set from west to east, somewhat to the northeast. It is this drift, and not the ocean currents, that carries the beneficent influences of the ocean over the European lands. Similarly, the Kuroshio, or Japan current, is belittled by the meteorologists of today and practically disregarded in its influence on climate. The modern teaching is, therefore, that both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans as a whole, and not any particular current, influence the climates of the countries east of them, owing to the perpetual west to east drift, which distributes the heat conserved by their waters. Could these circumpolar currents be reversed, the eastern coast of the United States would have the mildness of Bermuda. In substantiation of this teaching it is pointed out that the reversal of seasons which are variously known as "Indian summer," "green Christmas," "anticipations of May" and the present unseasonable weather are directly traceable to the intrusion of the Atlantic anti-cyclonic aerial currents on these coasts. This sets up a circulation from the south that produces remarkable climatic effects.

### Diplomacy Wins.

"Yes, that cheery young Wintergreen made a friend of the haughty Mrs. De Young the very first time he met her!"

"How did he do it?"

"He asked her if her hair wasn't prematurely gray."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Latin phrase "E Pluribus Unum" means one out of many; one composed of many. As the motto of the United States it means that ours is one government formed of many independent states.



### Company Manners.

When we have company to tea, I am as good as I can be.

I never 'zactly understood Just why I am so very good.

I think it's mostly mother's sake, But partly plums and citron cake. —Christian Register.

### Watching the Wasps.

Among my favorite insects, writes Charles B. Bennett in St. Nicholas, are the common social wasps, especially those that do not make any coverings over their nests. One reason is because I like to study insects in their wild state, and the social wasps are almost the only active insects that can be kept, and yet remain entirely free.

By carefully bringing a nest, with all the wasps on it, to a good place for observation, as just outside of a window which is seldom opened, the habits of the wasps can be easily watched without confining these insects at all. And there we may watch them without any danger of getting stung. The wasps that do not make any covering over their nests are preferable to those that do, because then we can see so much more of their habits; then, in fact, all of their domestic habits can be easily seen, which is not the case with most insects.

Wasps also have the advantage of not being rare, so that generally it is not hard to procure a nest of some kind; and if it should not happen to be just the kind spoken of here, it will be all the more interesting for different ones to tell about the history of the different wasps when it comes to next autumn.

And if anyone should fall in love with these bold and truly very interesting little neighbors of ours, it may be a satisfaction for him to know that these little insects are our helpers, even if they do like to taste fruits, for every year the different kinds of wasps make deadly war on the troublesome flies and on the destructive caterpillars, besides on many other insects that annoy the farmers, and gardeners, and us.

### How Monkeys Hunt for Land Crabs.

"Most monkeys have a liking for land crabs, and the beasts when in their natural element in the jungle will often travel for miles to some marshy region in search of a crustacean meal," said a dealer in all sorts of wild animals to a Washington Star writer. "Some years ago, when I was in Singapore trading with the natives for monkeys, I was one day greatly amused to see the artful methods practiced by jocko to trap crabs. The monkey, having located the whereabouts of the crabs, lies flat down on his stomach, feigning death. Presently from the countless passages piercing the mud in every direction thousands of little red and yellow crabs make their appearance, and after suspiciously eyeing for a few minutes the brown fur of the monkey they slowly and cautiously slide up to him in great glee at the prospect of a big feed off the bones of Master Jocko.

"The latter now peeps through his half-closed eyelids and fixes upon the biggest of the assembled multitude. When the crab comes within reach, out dashes the monkey's arms, and off he scampers into the jungle with a cry of delight, to discuss at leisure his cleverly earned dinner.

"Rarely did the monkeys seem to miss their prey. I saw, however, an old fellow do so, and it was ludicrous in the extreme to see the rage it put him in. Jumping for fully a minute up and down on all fours at the mouth of the hole into which the crab had escaped, he positively howled with vexation. Then he set to work poking the mud about with his fingers at the entrance to the passage, fruitlessly trying now and again to peep into it."

### The Dance of the Lapwings.

The naturalists tell us of many peculiar habits that some birds have, among them that of dancing. The movement to which they apply that term is not an irregular darting to and fro, to which the observer must lend the influence of his imagination to make it appear as dancing, but is a well-ordered, deliberate and graceful act, in which sometimes a few and sometimes many birds take part.

Opinions differ as to why they dance. Some writers think that it is, so to speak, merely an interchange of compliments and courtesies between the sexes, particularly at the mating season; others that it is wholly playful, originating in bright and cheerful spirits.

Be that as it may, the dance of the spurring lapwing is certainly an act of play, for the birds indulge in it all the year round and at frequent intervals during the day, and also on moonlight nights.

The lapwings live in pairs and any one who watches them will presently see one bird of a neighboring pair rise and fly to them. It is always welcomed with many signs of pleasure, just as we greet a guest whom we are glad to see. Advancing to the visitor, they place themselves behind it and then all three, keeping step, begin a march, uttering loud drumming notes in time with their movements.

In a little while the march is over and then the leader, elevating his wings and uttering loud cries, stands erect and motionless, while the other two, with puffed-out plumage and standing exactly abreast, stop forward and downward until the tips of

their beaks touch the ground. They remain for some time in this posture, giving utterance all the while to a low, rhythmic murmur. This ends the dance and the visitor goes back to his home, to receive there a visitor in turn.

This dance of the lapwings is unique among bird habits, and, though it may be considered as purely a play, no one has yet suggested a reasonable explanation of its remarkable resemblance to an act of human beings.—Chicago Record.

### Uncle Sam's Helpful Little Book.

Uncle Sam has a large, growing family to look after—80,000,000 or 90,000,000 people of all colors, spread over half of the world—and some of the ways he has of looking after its best interests are most practical and helpful. For one thing, he firmly believes in study and investigation, for he keeps some dozens of our calculating friends, the scientists, at work or him all the time—botanists, geologists, statisticians, weather experts, chemists, pomologists, entomologists, anthropologists and others with exceedingly hard names, who are continually busy with the hard problems that rise every year in his family economy. When one of them succeeds in solving a knotty question or finds a new way in which the great household can be improved he writes a little book about it and Uncle Sam prints it for free distribution. These books are issued by the agriculture, department and are called "farmers' bulletins," but they really cover many subjects that are of interest to people who do not live on farms. Breadmaking, ways of reducing swarms of house flies, new methods of cooking, insects that attack shade trees—these are matters of interest to a thousands of folk who live in cities, and Uncle Sam knows it and sends them free to all who apply.

One of the most recent of the booklets gives a list of weeds that are good for food—weeds that very few people would ever think of eating. Charlock is one of them, a weed of the mustard variety that grows in wheatfields and is very troublesome until pulled up, put in the pot and boiled. Then it becomes savory and nutritious. Black mustard, a sort of wheatfield brother to charlock, is another common weed that cooks up into delicious greens. Pigweed, pokeweed, dock, purslane, marsh marigold, kale, chicory and a weed called orach, hailing from the steppes of Asia, are some of the field pests which Uncle Sam's botanist has put upon the list of new foods. The little book contains illustrations of these candidates for table honors, tells how to identify them from poisonous varieties and urges everybody to give them a trial.

### Babies Who Live in the Sky.

A very strange family lived up in the sky—Mother Cloud and her Raindrop babies.

One day she called them all about her and told them of a wonderful journey which they must take, away from her. At first they cried (for babies do not like to leave their mother), but soon they began to smile when she said that some day they would come back when they had finished their work.

She told them that she was going to put them on a train in care of Conductor Wind, who would help them off with care at the stations where they wished to go. This made them very happy, for all children love the "choo-choo cars."

So saying, Mother Cloud bade her Raindrop babies goodbye, and the train started, whistling and bustling through the air.

Very soon Conductor Wind came along and shouted: "All passengers off for Brookville!" Several of the Raindrop children got off at this station. Mother had told them to do whatever work at hand they found to do, and to do it well. At Brookville they found some very thirsty cows who wanted a drink and some poor little flowers just parched with the heat, so they were kept very busy giving them refreshment.

The train rolled on, and whistled louder than ever. The next station was Riverdale. Here a large number of Raindrops were helped off by the conductor. Very near the station was a mill, whose wheels were turning very slowly, as the water was low, so the little helpers set to work to turn the great mill wheel which sawed the logs into boards. Oh, how hard they had to work!

The train moved on to the last station, Oceanside. There were only two little passengers left to get off here, and they were met by a great many little Raindrop cousins. The mother had told all the children when their work was finished to go to Oceanside and wait there.

Mother Cloud felt very lonely one day for her little children, so she went to see her friend Mr. Sunshine, and told him how she longed to see her babies. He was a very genial, kind-hearted man, so he said: "All right, I'll take my golden chariot and go for them." So he started off in his beautiful coach, drawn by fiery steeds, with the rainbow for harness, and all the Raindrop children clapped their hands with joy when they saw him coming, for they knew they were going home to Mother Cloud.—New York Tribune.

### Odd Privileges.

Some of the privileges of members of foreign legislative bodies are unique. Danish M. P.'s can have a free seat in the Royal theatre at Copenhagen whenever they like. The lawmakers of Norway receive free medical attention and nursing if they fall ill during the session. The M. P.'s have extended their privilege to include courses of gymnastics, massage, baths, drawing and stopping teeth—all gratis!—London News.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS



### For the Turkish Corner.

No cozy corner that attempts to be Turkish is complete without its silk scarf in gay colors, spangled with big shining scales and draped across the top or side. This scarf is supplemental to the heavier bit of color and ornamentation that is highly desirable. A few Turkish cushions in similar silk and with spangles in the embroidery should be a part of the Turkish corner too, though they are decorative rather than useful.

### The New Lampshades.

Lampshades for small lamps are made of softest silk and chiffon, in the shape of a large open rose, whose petals turn downward instead of up. The shade hangs well down over the light, and thus the softest glowing light is obtained. Pink, yellow and red are the favorite shades. A dainty green one is beautiful, but immediately suggests a head of lettuce. These shades are the newest thing for fancy lamps. The texture is as fine as any flower for millinery use, and the price averages from two to three dollars.

### New Use for Geranium.

The fragrant geranium, the old fashioned rose geranium, so desirable for all window gardens, is said to possess still more desirable characteristics than are usually credited it. A suggestion comes from abroad that it may be used to keep flies away. A moderate sized plant is said to be so disagreeable to flies that they avoid its neighborhood, and two or three of these plants in a room will keep it entirely free from pests. This is surely a pleasant remedy for getting rid of the flies that linger so provokingly after the fire drives the chill from the various rooms.

### A Modern Clothes Closet.

A modern clothes closet is a great improvement over the old wardrobe with hooks fastened against the wall on a strip of wood. In the new closets for clothes, stout hooks of perfectly smooth metal are fastened in the underside of a shelf at regular intervals. On each of these hooks a heavy polished wire shoulder form or hanger is hooked. On these forms coats or other wraps and dress skirts and waists can be hung, stretched out so that they cannot wrinkle as they did when several were hung together from the old-time hook at the side of the wall. The advantage of this arrangement of the clothes closet is evident. Each garment is hung by itself, and is stretched out when hung. Considerably more clothes can be hung in a closet of this description than in the old clothes closet with hooks at the sides. The shelf in which the hooks are placed is useful for holding hand-boxes and other articles. There is almost always a low base shelf raised from three to four inches from the floor, which is useful for shoes, boots and some boxes.—New York Tribune.

### A Preparation for Removing Paint.

The French method of removing paint is far superior to such an old-fashioned, clumsy method as burning it off. A white, thick liquid, of such consistency as to remain in a thick coat over the surface, but sufficiently thin to be easily applied with a brush, is employed. It is quite free from any acid and gives off a slight odor of ammonia, which betrays the presence of alkali.

The way in which it is used is as follows: It is applied with a brush over the surface which is to be cleared, and is left there until the paint is soft enough, which can be easily ascertained by testing it with the thumb nail. It generally takes from 10 to 15 minutes. It is then scrubbed with a rough, hard brush and plenty of water, and the coat of paint comes off completely. For the crevices of mouldings and corners a second application is sometimes necessary, and this is, in case of necessity, left on for several hours before the washing.

This preparation is called French dressing, and its employment means a saving of 50 percent in labor and 20 percent in time over the old method. It also has the advantage of not staining the fingers.



Oyster Patties—Roll puff paste one-quarter inch thick, cut with a patty cutter and remove centres from one-half with a smaller cutter. Brush over the edges of the larger pieces with cold water and fit on the rings. Chill, bake and remove the centres and fill with oysters.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes—After the potatoes are baked remove the contents, whip them lightly with two well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of rich milk, dusting of salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of butter. Refill the skins, stand on ends in a pan and brown in a hot oven.

Vanilla Cream Cookies—Cream together one cupful of butter and one and one-half cupfuls of fine granulated sugar; add one beaten egg, one-half cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one teaspoonful of baking powder and just enough flour to roll without sticking. Cut into fancy shapes, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake a delicate brown.

## THE IRASCIBLE SECRETARY.

Confusion in the Department on Account of His Deafness.

There was a remarkable mix-up in the corridor of the state, war and navy departments last week that involved a messenger, an electric bell and an assistant secretary. The assistant secretary in question is an exceedingly able official, but very deaf and somewhat irascible. The messenger is a model of devotion to his chief and thoroughly inured to his ways, while the electric bell is just a plain electric bell and nothing more. To understand the situation thoroughly one must understand that the ordinary solid doors to the secretary's offices are reinforced on the outside by Venetian slat doors which may be locked from the inside, denying access to the room although the inner door is still open.

On the morning in question the electric bell started with a few short, sharp rattles to call the messenger. Then the staccato rings grew into a long roll as though a drummer were endeavoring to beat up a whole army from its midnight slumber. Finally the bell got tired and took a rest. Then it started again and rang as though the wires had got crossed and never intended to untangle themselves. Meanwhile the messenger, ordinarily attentive to his official duties, sat quietly outside of the door with one foot on the table and his napkin spread out on his lap, eating his lunch. One might have imagined that he had caught his chief's oral affliction, but this was not the case. Several diplomats passing down the corridor toward Secretary Hay's office took in the scene with wondering glances, smiled and passed on. Half a dozen messengers and as many newspaper men, attracted by the racket, stopped to inquire what was the matter and why the ordinarily attentive messenger did not answer the bell. He explained between mouthfuls of sandwich that some time previously his chief in a fit of temper at being interrupted on some important work, had dashed out from his desk, locked the slat door on the inside, and going back to his desk had promptly forgotten about the occurrence and was at that moment using untold volts of good government electricity in trying to call his messenger.

The door was locked, the messenger was on the outside, and the under secretary was too deaf to hear any knocking or rattling of the knob of the door. This comedy of errors continued for about 15 minutes, when the messenger was struck by a brilliant idea. He doubled up a large blue sheet of blotting paper, stuck it through the slats of the door and wigwagged violently to his impatient chief on the inside. The under secretary caught the signal of distress, there was a creak and a rattle as a swing chair shot half across the room and the irate official rushed across the room to unlock the door. What happened to the messenger when he got on the inside no one waited to see.—Washington Star.

### London Jack.

In a quiet part of southeastern London there is what is known as the "L. and S. W. Railway Orphanage." In this home there are 150 children whose fathers have died in the service of the London and Southwestern railway. Eight thousand dollars must be found each year to meet the expense of feeding, clothing, and educating these boys and girls. Among the friends of the charity there is one who gives his time so willingly to the work of securing the means to carry on the enterprise that he has become famous. His name is London Jack.

London Jack is only a dog, but he has many times collected the money which has bought food and clothing for these fatherless little ones. He is provided with a brass collecting box, which is strapped on his back, and he looks not unlike a small pack-horse as he makes his way through the crowded streets of London.

Since he began the work of collecting, Jack has returned over \$800. In one month he secured \$30 for his little friends, and on the one afternoon which is called "record day," he returned with \$19 in his little knapsack.

But all work and no play would make Jack a dull dog, so he has his time for sport. He is what is known as a retriever, a breed of dogs which have been trained in swimming and recovering things from the water. After his day's work Jack is taken down to the wharf by the river Thames and is allowed to splash in the water to his heart's content. It is a pleasant sight to see him swim far out in the river among the barges, grasp a stick which has been tossed there, and return and lay it at the feet of his master. This he does as faithfully as he brings back his daily contribution for the children of the orphanage.—Our Animal Friends.

### A Good Subject to Forget.

Scientists themselves reluctantly admit that not all germs are harmful; they even more reluctantly admit that in the present state of science it is quite impossible to tell just what are harmful and what are not. Let us not, then, indiscriminately abuse them, for even a germ may turn. Then what is there to do? Forget about germs; don't worry about them; just pay attention to sensible rules in regard to dressing and eating and drinking, and let that suffice. A prominent scientist was telling a story of Pandora's box to his little son. He was telling it with all possible dramatic effect. "And she slowly lifted that lid and peeped within, and then, what do you think came out?" "Germs!" cried the little son promptly. Let us put that very idea of germs back in that box and close the lid.—Saturday Evening Post.