

# CUBANS DECIDE TO YIELD.

## Evacuation Celebrations in Havana to Be Postponed.

# UNCLE SAM IS TO BE OBEYED.

The Patriotic Committee of 150 Issues a Manifesto in Line With General Ludlow's Wishes—Cuban Soldiers Are Still Excited.

HAVANA, Dec. 31.—The Cuban Patriotic league, consisting of 150 leading Cubans, lawyers, doctors and business men, at a meeting which lasted until 4 o'clock this morning, decided to yield without reservation to the wishes of General Brooke and General Ludlow in the matter of postponing the six days' celebrations they had planned for the evacuation. The committee has approved a manifesto to the Cuban population of Havana, on the lines of General Ludlow's reply on the subject of the proposed celebrations, quoting some portions of it and paraphrasing others.

An order has been issued closing the saloons, forbidding parades and prohibiting the carrying of firearms. The Cuban citizens in Havana and the Cuban soldiers outside the city are intensely excited, but the patriotic committee and the military chiefs of the Cubans think they can quiet this feeling and prevent violent incidents.

The force of 200 insurgents doing police duty at Vedado under Colonel Hernandez, has been withdrawn because the United States military authority could not recognize them except as individuals. A misunderstanding between Generals Lee and Ludlow regarding American troops made the entrance of the insurgents to do police duty necessary.

A letter from Gomez has just been received here. He said that he could not come to Havana unless he came as the commander-in-chief of the Cuban army of liberation, and if the men who had fought with him for three years were not good enough to come he preferred staying with them. He scouted the idea that the presence of the Cuban troops would result in disorder. He trusted the American people and feared the politicians were working against Cuban liberty.

The Americans are divided in sentiment, many believing that a great mistake has been made in not giving the Cubans an opportunity to celebrate the event for which they have fought so many years. General Lee was in favor of granting permission for the insurgents to parade and recognizing Gomez as the head of the Cuban army. Since General Brooke gave his decision Lee has, of course, refused to express himself.

The evacuation program for Sunday is as follows: At 11 a. m. the American commissioners, Generals Wade, Closs and Butler, with their staffs, will leave the Frocha hotel at Vedado for the palace in horseback, in full uniform, but without a cavalry escort. They will arrive at the reception room of the palace at 11:45, where they will meet Generals Brooke, Lee and Ludlow and their staffs.

Captain-General Castellanos, Admiral Minterola, and the Spanish evacuation commissioners and their staffs, will stand in the throne room, the throne having been removed. At noon General Castellanos will, in a few words, turn over the command to General Brooke.

There will then be a short reception to the outgoing and incoming generals, and immediately afterward General Castellanos will start for Cavalera wharf, escorted by General Closs. After Castellanos's departure all Americans are expected to pay their respects to General Brooke. The general will then go to the Hotel Inglaterra.

One division of Lee's Seventh corps will, in the meantime, be massed at the Lea end of the Prado, and these troops, 8,000 strong, under General Keifer, will march on review.

Three flags will be officially raised— at the palace, at Morro and at Cabanas—by Lieutenants Lee and Wade and Major Butler, all sons of generals. The saluting will be with the bronze guns of Cabanas, made in 1740. American artillerymen will first salute the Spanish flag and the Spanish artillerymen will use the same guns to salute the American flag.

Promptly at noon United States regiments will patrol the entire city.

### Retiring Spanish Coin.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—After a conference with Mr. Robert P. Porter, special commissioner of the United States to Cuba and Porto Rico, the President approved an executive order which had already been signed by Secretary Gage, to the effect that on and after January 1, all customs, taxes, public and postal dues in the island of Cuba shall be paid in United States money or in foreign gold coin. The order gives the rates at which the foreign gold coin shall be accepted. It provides for the retirement of the leading Spanish silver coins now in circulation and specifies values credited to them in the payment of taxes, customs, dues, etc.

### CUBA TO BE UNDER BUREAUS.

The Cabinet Decides to Help General Brooke Govern the Island.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Most of the long cabinet meeting to-day was spent in discussing matters in connection with the administration of the law in Cuba. It was decided to put the collection of the taxes and customs dues, the administration of the laws relating to postal matters and the courts and many other important branches of the government of the island in the charge of bureaus headed by experienced men.

# AMBASSADOR ROMERO DEAD.

## Appendicitis Fatal to the Mexican Ambassador to America.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Senor Don Matias Romero, the Mexican ambassador to the United States, died at the embassy here at 4:10 o'clock this morning. Wednesday an operation for appendicitis was performed upon the ambassador, and, although the operation was entirely successful, the resulting shock proved greater than he could bear.

For the last thirty-five years Romero has been one of the leading officials of the various governments of Mexico. As early as 1859—during the administration of President Buchanan—he was connected with the Mexican legation. He was at that time only 22 years of age. Before he was 25 he had charge of the interests of Mexico in the United States. He was secretary of the Mexican treasury during the administrations of Juarez, the first president of Mexico, and Diaz, when he succeeded Juarez; was a member of the Mexican congress, an officer in the Mexican army, and then again minister, and, later, ambassador to the United States. He was known in Washington as one of the shrewdest and ablest of the foreign diplomats. The most important treaties with Mexico were made by the United States through Senor Romero.

He had many friendships among prominent Americans. Among them was a strong attachment between General Grant and him. He also was on intimate terms with President Lincoln and Secretary Seward. In 1865, when he returned to Mexico, Secretary Seward furnished him a United States government vessel as a mark of distinction.

The legation was, by a concurrent arrangement of the two governments, within the last month, raised to the grade of an embassy, and next Tuesday had been fixed upon as the day when Senor Romero was to present his credentials to President McKinley as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary. He was a frequent contributor to the magazines of this country, confining his labors to articles relative to Mexico. During the last few months the first volume of a work from his pen appeared, entitled, "Mexico and the United States." It was a study of subjects affecting their political, commercial and social relations.

### RUSSIA AGAINST OUR CANAL.

## The Government Urged to Support the Panama Measure.

PARIS, Dec. 31.—The New York Herald's European edition prints the following: Russia is evidently beginning a campaign against the Nicaragua canal. The Novoe-Vremya of St. Petersburg publishes an article not only warmly advocating the Panama scheme, but filled with bitter dislike of the United States. The writer says the predominance of the United States would have been desirable for Russia a few years ago, but all this has changed since the last war.

The writer goes on to say that, having despoiled poor Spain, the United States has become a colonial party and an Asiatic power.

"Forgetting the Monroe doctrine of America for Americans, which implies the other doctrine that American dominion must be confined to America, the Yankees," he says, "are now entering into open competition with us in China and Korea. They have no scruples over an alliance with their traditional enemy, England, and with Japan for this purpose.

"For this reason Russian financiers and diplomatists ought to give their support to the French undertaking when it comes to seriously regarding the neutralization of the Panama canal and placing it under the general control or the guarantee of the European and American powers."

The writer declares the Panama route would be more beneficial to Russia than the Nicaragua route.

"This latter canal," he adds, "even supposing its completion possible, would be a purely American undertaking, whereas the Panama canal remains in the hands of our allies, the French or it may become an international enterprise, with the addition of a strong American element to its shareholders.

"Russia must, therefore, be on her guard against the United States, especially in view of the enormous wealth of its Pacific shores and the strategical position occupied by Americans in the Sandwich, the Philippine, the Samoan and the Mariana islands."

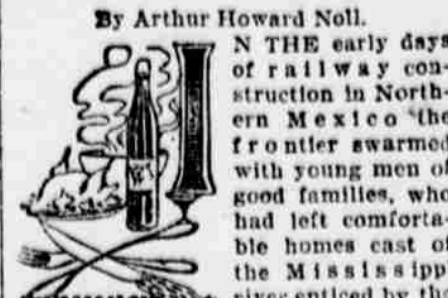
### Young Doctor Murders a Woman.

BLOOMFIELD, Ind., Dec. 31.—Yesterday afternoon Dr. F. E. Gray killed Mrs. Lizzie Skinner on the streets, within 100 feet of the depot, in plain view of many people. He stabbed her four times with a surgical knife and she died instantly. He made threats that he would kill her. He was watching for her at the depot as she was coming to take the train. After the killing he immediately gave himself up. Mrs. Skinner left a former husband on account of the doctor, and she has deserted a wife and family for her. Dr. Gray is about 30 years of age, and a son of J. W. Gray, one of the prominent physicians of the county.

New York, Dec. 31.—A dispatch to the New York Herald from Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, by way of Hayti says: It is reported here that ex-Captain Dreyfus, who for the last three years has been kept in solitary and close confinement on Devil's island, one of the Salut group a few miles east of here, was removed from his island prison to Cayenne, French Guiana, and sailed from there for France, December 4, on a convict transport. Cayenne is about 2,500 miles from France, and with fair weather the transport should already have reached a French port.

# A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By Arthur Howard Noll.



IN THE early days of railway construction in Northern Mexico the frontier swarmed with young men of good families, who had left comfortable homes east of the Mississippi river, enticed by the promise of wealth and adventure, to the wild life of the "country awaiting development." They became members of surveying parties or served in other capacities on the line of railway which daily stretched out southerly from Paso del Norte towards the City of Mexico. Camping out during summer months in some of the eastern forests had partially prepared them for the rough life they had chosen; and enjoying, for the time being, their freedom from the restraints of society, they contented themselves with the hope of gathering up enough experience and money to enable them to live advantageously in "God's country" after a few years of roughing it on the frontier.

Open air life in that wonderful climate is wont to develop the heartiest of appetites, and these young men disposed of three meals per diem with a zest far superior to that which they had manifested at daintier boards in a more refined civilization. For, be it remarked, the cuisine of the frontier was of the crudest character imaginable. In the engineer camps, "the boys" lived on such fare as could be secured from the railroad's commissary, varied by occasional purchases of provisions of the class afforded by the scattered ranches and Mexican villages. For the sustenance of the track-laying and bridge-building gangs, "boarding trains" were established. Box cars, placed upon a temporary siding, were fitted up with appliances for cooking meals and serving them to hungry and not-over-fastidious workmen. As the "end of the track" rapidly advanced into the interior of Mexico, the "boarding train" also advanced, leaving behind it, at each removal, immense piles of tin cans, to testify to subsequent occupants of the locality as to the kind and quantity of food devoured by American railroad builders. In the provincial towns through which the railway passed, "boarding tents" were spread, wherein, upon rude tables, covered with marbled oilcloth, meals were served, at three for a dollar, the score being kept upon tickets containing the numbers 1 to 21. These tickets were purchased for 7¢ cash, and a number was punched out by the proprietor as the satiated holder left the tent. A few Americans experimented with the cuisine of the Mexicans, and cultivated a taste for frijoles (black beans), chile-con-carne (red pepper and dried meat served in a stew), tortillas (corn cakes), ensiladas, tamales and the like. There was little ill-natured grumbling over the fare in any case. Dissatisfaction was usually expressed by changing about from one "boarding tent" to another, or from boarding tent to Mexican household. The ill-natured grumbling was heard only from those who had never in their lives before known anything better than what the boarding facilities of railroad construction afforded.

The result of these conditions was democratic. The wide social differences of past years were wholly lost to sight in the patrons of the boarding train, boarding tents or Mexican boarding house. At any meal time there might have been found, in corduroy suits, surrounding the rough planks of the boarding train tables or the oilcloth covered boards of the boarding tent, young men who used steeler or German silver spoons and steel forks, drank out of tin cups and ate off of tin plates, who in times not long past had donned broadcloth dress-suits; whose knees had felt at home under elegant oaks and mahoganies; men who appreciated cut glass and sevvres, and who had not been unfamiliar with napkins and finger glasses. It is even admitted by one of them, who was subsequently reclaimed from the degradation of the boarding car cookery, that after he struck the frontier he learned to convey beans from his tin plate to his mouth upon a knife blade, before he learned to handle his shooting-iron. And there were men who made their boast that they liked nothing better than chile-con-carne and frijoles, seasoned with conversation in Mexican Spanish; and that they got a better three meals for their dollar than the patrons of the boarding tent; who were nevertheless suspected of stifling memories of elegant theater dinners in eastern cities and of public banquets at world-famous hostilities.

About the middle of December, in 188-, several of these sons of the civilized Orient met in Paso del Norte (the border town goes by the name of La Ciudad Juarez now), and gathered around the cheerful blaze of mesquite stumps burning in the adobe fire-place of one Dunlap. This man had just accomplished the first stage of the evolution of the hotel from the boarding tent, by renting a one story adobe building where he could furnish beds as well as meals, and where one room was set apart as a general lounging place and was dignified by the name of "the office." It was in this "office" that the men were assembled. Their conversation became reminiscent. The near approach of the season of good cheer prompted a discussion of the gastronomic opportunities of other days.

"Just think of the good things being made up for Christmas back in Massachusetts about this time," remarked one of them, who had been reared in the heart of the Great American Pie Belt. He reached over and playfully nudged a pair of legs inclined grateful-

ly from the seat of a chair to a point upon the adobe chimney considerably higher than the fire-place; and with a tantalizing twinkle in his eye, he continued, "I say, Parvin, how would some of your mother's mince pies strike you just now?"

"Don't speak of it," answered Parvin. "I was just thinking of going down to our boarding tent and ordering a turkey stuffed with chestnuts and served up with cranberry sauce for my Christmas dinner, and inviting you all down. I used to think that was pretty good eating, when I couldn't get any other grub. But how a fellow's tastes do change! I might not like turkey now, after all the high living I've been getting down to the end of the track."

"Well, a good Virginia ham, basted with champagne as it roasts, would about fit my appetite now," remarked the son of an ex-Confederate Brigadier. "Or some fried chicken and waffles make a pretty good meal, when you're hungry and there isn't any 'possum and sweet potatoes in sight."

"I reckon some of our New Orleans people are laying in a stock of mighty fine things to munch at Christmas time," said a young man from the Crescent City. "I don't like to complain, you know, but while we are on the subject I might remark that they don't make their coffee at our boarding train precisely as our Creole cooks make it at home. But, then, since I've been tracklaying this country, I've had to suspend my custom of having a small cup of black coffee with a lump of cut-leaf sugar in it before I get up in the morning. I shall have to speak to our track boss about it. He likes to have us mention to him anything that doesn't suit us." And the gentleman from Louisiana sighed.

"Before I left New York," said a young Gothamite, "some of my friends gave me a complimentary dinner at Delmonico's. Let me endeavor to stimulate your failing appetites by reading to you the way-bill on that festive occasion. It may suggest some things you'd like to have for your Christmas."

From his pocket he drew forth an artistically-written menu card, evidently preserved with greater care than his best girl's photograph. He read it aloud with such elocutionary efforts as he might have been expected to bestow upon an epic poem. His auditors applauded with an occasional "Yum! Yum!"

"Speaking about good things to eat," drawled the sixth member of the group, "I'll lay out a good spread for you on Christmas. How would you like—"

But he got no further with his proposed menu. Not until then had any of the speakers observed the presence of a grizzled tramp, who at the beginning of their conversation was seated in a far corner of the room, apparently unconcerned about the sayings and doings of the young men. From all the characteristics of Eastern civilization he was removed by at least thirty years of rough frontier life. With each remark of the young men

his interest had deepened, and he had moved his chair nearer to the group. During the reading of the menu he had become greatly excited, and when the last speaker began, he stood before the young men and cried, "Stop!" They glanced up and saw him pale and trembling.

"Now, boys, stop right there," he pleaded, piteously. "I haven't seen any of those things you're talking about for nearly thirty years. I used to have them all when I was a young man. For Heaven's sake, don't let me hear any more. If you say anything more about good things to eat I'll fall right down dead of starvation."

The young gentleman whose proposed menu had been thus interrupted looked at the old fellow and drawled out:

"We're sorry if our conversation awakens tantalizing memories of your past life and makes you feel hungry, my venerable friend. That's the way I feel myself. But you know we haven't forced ourselves upon you, and we won't insist upon your staying in the room while we arrange the minor details of our Barmecide Christmas repast." And he might have gone on with increasing sarcasm and precipitated a shooting affair, but Parvin stopped him.

"You've gone about far enough, Jones," he said. "There's no use of rubbing it in. I know just how the old man feels. In fact I feel so myself. I reckon we all do, and it ought to give us a little sympathy for the old man here. This is about as near starvation as I ever got. Not but what we all get enough to eat, but it's not what we've been used to, and it's making us all decidedly homesick and hungry to think what they have to eat back home now, and compare it with how we have to grub here. Never felt so much like the prodigal son in all my life before, only I haven't been very prodigal, and I'm not penitent enough to go back before I've made my stake."

And we'll all drop down dead. And we've got to have it in style."

"I'd like to know where you're going to get it," replied one of the boys. "Taint money that'll get it. I'd put up all I've saved since I've been here to get one good meal, if that would fetch it. But there's no one in these parts that knows how to go 't up."

"Well, we'll manage it somehow," said Parvin. "You just follow me and do as I say, and we'll see how well we can do. And the old man here is to be our guest. Sabe? And," he turned to the old man and said kindly, "If we give your stomach such a surprise that you never get over it, you won't have any hard feelings against us, will you?"

By this time the old man's equanimity was restored, and he manifested considerable interest in the preparations which went on forthwith for the Christmas dinner.

"You say this Christmas dinner has got to be in style," said one of the boys. "Full dress?"

"Well—yes," said Parvin, hesitatingly. "At least you must all wear billed shirts and stiff collars, and it wouldn't hurt if you blacked your shoes. Let's try to imagine ourselves back in civilization for a little while on Christmas day. Do you think you could raise a billed shirt for the occasion, old man?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, yes," said the old fellow. "You fellows mustn't think that I am a pauper. I'm going to do my share toward this Christmas dinner. I'm not as rich as I hoped to be, but it ain't lack of money that made me feel so bad and make a fool of myself a little while ago. I've got a hole in the ground down here in Mexico, and I reckon you boys know what that is."

"Of course we do," said Parvin, laughing. "But you're not so bad off if you only have one hole in the ground. It's the man that has lots of holes that's poor."

"Trouble is," said the old man, "I've got several, and more has gone into them than will ever come out. But I'll keep up my end of the log."

The preparations for the Christmas feast went gaily on. All the groceries in El Paso were ransacked for edibles, and each of the boys telegraphed home for a Christmas box. A telegram to the nearest market town brought a turkey. As good luck would have it, Parvin secured for that day the services of the general superintendent's private car cook, and being a sort of Ward McAllister himself he was able to give explicit instructions as to how everything was to be done. A draughtsman in the chief engineer's office prepared menu cards in a most artistic style. The crockery stores in El Paso lent dishes of Parvin's selection, and Parvin imported them into Mexico under bond. He had to buy napkins and sell them afterward to a hotel for one-third what he paid for them. He secured the use of a pleasant patio in Paso del Norte, and all sat down to the Christmas dinner at 5 o'clock.

When their plans became known they received applications from a large number of their fellow exiles to be allowed to join them. And they learned that they might have made a big financial profit by selling covers at their dinner at ten dollars apiece. But that was not their object, and they politely refused to extend the number of participants in their dinner beyond the six boys who had originated it and the old man who was to be their guest.

And it was a great success. The men who sat down to the table were all well dressed and well behaved. They took pride in dropping the uncouth habits of the frontier and resuming the habits of refinement to which they had been accustomed in the East. The old man looked as well and behaved as well as any of them. Parvin presided with grace and dignity. The talk was naturally reminiscent, and each of the boys revealed himself and his history in a story of his early days. The old man contributed but little to the conversation, though he told his story when his turn came. It was a funny little episode that had occurred to him in Mexico twenty years before. It escaped attention at the time what deep interest he had taken in Parvin's story.

But the dinner and the conversation that went on there would make a long story in themselves, and we must hasten to relate a curious sequel to his Christmas episode. The party broke up and the boys went back to their work, well fortified against homesickness until the time of their exile should be over.

"We can't do this every Christmas," said one of the boys, rather ruefully. "If we did we'd never get back home. For it cost us about all we saved during the year. But, boys, it was worth it. I wouldn't have missed it for twice what it cost. And I'm ready to tackle frijoles and chile-con-carne all the rest of my time in Mexico."

After the party broke up Christmas night the old man sought Parvin alone and said:

"Young man, you needn't give it away to anyone, and I won't. You may treat me in any way you please, and I'll understand it. I am going to tell you who I am, but I don't want you disgraced by anyone else's knowing that I am related to you. I suspected it all along, and knew it all when I heard your story tonight. Did you ever hear your mother speak of having a brother? No? Well, I don't blame her for never speaking of me. I was never any credit to her. Perhaps she has forgotten all about me. I know she believes me dead these thirty years. No, there's nothing particularly romantic in my history. There are lots of men in Mexico whose cases are just like mine. I had to leave home when I did, and going back even now would be sure to bring disgrace upon some one. All I want to say to you is this: I'll keep out of your way and not compromise you. Don't let your mother know a word of this. But if ever

I can help you or her out in any way, don't fail to call on me."

He gave Parvin little chance to inquire into the particulars of his career and set aside his protestations of readiness to acknowledge him as an uncle, be the consequences what they might. And during the next six months he was out of Parvin's ken. And Parvin often wondered if all he said were true, or if the old tramp were not a little crazed.

But one day a package of papers reached Parvin which cleared up the whole matter. The old man had struck a pay streak in one of his mines. But the good luck had come to him too late. What was the use of wealth to him then? He carefully wrote out instructions regarding the location and condition of the several pieces of mining property he held, and executed papers transferring it all to Parvin. He placed all these documents in the hands of someone whom he felt he could trust, to be delivered to his nephew after his death. That event was not long delayed. With the papers Parvin received a brief account of the old man's death and burial in a remote part of Mexico.

Parvin made a careful investigation of the mines and found that he was the possessor of one invaluable piece of mining property. This he reserved for himself. For the management of the other mines, which might or might not prove valuable, he organized a stock company among his companions of the Christmas dinner, and they floated shares in the East. "We can get enough out of it to give the directors an annual dinner, anyway," Parvin told the boys.

And Parvin was himself rich—rich enough to choose any city in the world as his residence. And yet such a fascination does the wild life of the Southwestern frontier come to possess, even for those who found it most repulsive at first, that he has deliberately chosen to make his home there and content himself with annual visits to his New England home. But in the years that have passed since the Christmas dinner in Paso del Norte facilities for travel between all parts of our country and the sister republic have increased so rapidly that he is now wont to call his residence in Northern Mexico, "A suburb of Boston."

### HEROES AND HEROISM.

#### A Few Salient Facts That Are Not Into Thorough English.

Heroes is folks What has their Names in the Paper every day, and their Picture on Sunday, says the Boy in the Cleveland Leader. Some Heroes is Lucky to Be Where they ain't no girls to Git them in Corners and Kiss them Before you Can Say Jack Robeson that's Where Dewey showed his good Sents if them girls over to Manila got after him He could yell to one of the Boys to turn the hose on Them. Every time a Hero goes down street Everybody wants to Set them up Fer Him, and He Don't haft to do Nothin fer a Livin Becos He can Board around if He wants to and The theaters all lets Him in Free. He rides in one of the Front Carriages in the Procession, too, and Everybody Cheers Him and I bet he feels Blame stuck up only He tries not to show it. I wish I would be a Hero with a sord and a uniform with Them things on your shoulders what Hang over in tassels. They look fine in a body's photograff, and Then mebby Ethel Wharton wouldn't Think so much of tom barlow jist becose He stole a little old measley pup and give it to her.

### To Protect Old Documents.

Collectors of old documents, rare engravings, stamps or other valuable papers that ought to be protected from the noxious influences, of the air and from moisture can easily preserve them in their original condition by covering them with a 3 per cent solution of colloidion. This solution can be applied with a soft brush without the slightest danger to the objects thus treated. This proceeding is mainly applicable where delicate colors that are soluble in water are to be preserved in their pristine freshness and beauty. The colloidion covering is, therefore, most excellent for preserving water-color paintings and pastels.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

Russia is going to abolish the difficulties of navigation at the Volga by cutting a canal from the river to the Caspian. Work on it began last summer.

The oldest house in America is St. Augustine, Fla. In 1564 it was built by the monks of the Order of St. Francis and the whole of the solid structure is composed of Coquina, a combination of sea shells and mortar, which is almost indestructible. When Francis Drake sacked and burned the town this was the only house left in the trail of destruction. It has been purchased by the well-known antiquarian, J. W. Henderson, who will make it his winter residence.

The way in which the United States is being Anglo-Saxonized may be gauged from the immigration statistics of the last year: Austria-Hungary, 59,797; Belgium, 695; Denmark, 1,946; France, 1,990; Germany, 17,111; Greece, 2,339; Italy, 58,613; Netherlands, 767; Norway, 4,938; Portugal, 1,717; Roumania, 900; Russia (proper), 27,221; Finland, 2,607; Poland, 4,728; Spain, 577; Sweden, 12,398; Switzerland, 1,246; Turkey in Europe, 176; Mexico, 107; Central America, 7; Cuba, 1,877; other West Indies, 247; South America, 39; Turkey in Asia (Arabia and Syria), 4,275; China, 2,071; Japan, 2,230; Ireland, 25,128; England, Wales and Scotland combine to furnish 12,893.

The originality of some wags is all picked up in the street.