THE JUMEL MANSION

Colonial House Whose Story is Interwoven with the Country's History

Great interest is manifested by all patriotic societies in the surrender by the city of New York to the Daughters of the American Revolution of the Jumel mansion.

Desultory attempts have been made for many years to preserve to posterity this historic place, and at last the deed is done. The beautiful home of the late Gen. Ferdinand Phinney Earle, which was recently purchased by the city, is soon to pass into the care of the general committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to whom belongs the credit of having brought about its acquisition. As soon as these ladies become incorporated, and thus enabled to hold property, the transfer will be made to them. The mansion will be conducted as a free historical museum.

This house, historically known as the Morris house, was the military headquarters of Washington and his staff on Harlem Heights. Here he first met General, then Captain, Alexander Hamilton, whom he loved as a son. Here Washington received the unannounced visits of Indian chiefs, not knowing whether their intent was friendly or warlike. From the opposite shore he wept like a child when he saw the Hessians slaughter his troops. From this house he was driven by Lord Howe, and he never returned to it until after he was president of the United States.

There is much of historical national romance connected with the Morris house, later known as the Jumel mansion.

Col. Roger Morris, the ancient military companion of Washington in that fateful and awful Braddock campaign, built this mansion, which he intended to be the home of his bride, Miss Mary Philipse, whom Washington had also loved and wished to wed, but was refused.

Col. Morris remained true to the royalist cause, and after the breaking out of the war he took his family to England. His property was confiscated by the colonial government, but after peace was declared the crown made good all Col. Morris' losses as a reward for his loyalty. By an antenuptial agreement this property had been settled upon Mrs. Morris. After her death the claim of her heirs was bought by John Jacob Astor. The profit of this transaction in real estate is said to have netted the old man the snug sum of $500,000.

Subsequently the mansion was bought by Stephen Jumel, a wealthy French wine merchant, whose widow, at the age of sixty, married Aaron Burr, who was at that time a marked and ruined old man of seventy-eight. Ultimately the property reverted to a lineal descendant of Col. Morris, the late Gen. Ferdinand Phinney Earle, whose widow lived in the Jumel mansion until it was acquired by the city.

The ancients represented Time as a monster devouring his children. The march of time and the wonderful increase of property values are devouring every landmark of the struggle that made us a nation. Parcel after parcel of this old property that once belonged to Col. Morris has been sold, cut up into city lots and built upon. But the Jumel mansion, in the midst of nearly thirty lots, and the sycamore trees that M. Jumel brought from France and planted there—the only trees of the kind in the country—have not been disturbed.

If caution and modest deference to the opinions of others are faults in the character of a military man Washington possessed these faults to a marked degree, and it is perhaps due to those same faults more than to any other cause that our struggle in the war for independence ended in giving us national birth. A bold dash for freedom would have ended in prison or worse for all the leaders, but the patient policy of worrying the enemy to death won.

There was little of the frivolous in Washington's nature. From early boyhood he was orderly, methodical. He appreciated the praise of people perhaps as much as any man that ever lived, but the weakness that marks the "poser" was kept in careful rein by his scrupulous honesty and religious fervor. At no time in all the dark days of the revolution was his spirit more overcast than when the Morris house, on Harlem Heights, was his military headquarters.

Every school boy knows that Washington served his country without compensation, that he kept an account of his actual expenses, which the government was to pay; but few know that the Father of his Country was one of the richest, if not the richest, president we have ever had. Washington was a millionaire in his own time, which is equivalent to being a multimillionaire at the present day.

It is only necessary to think of this and the comforts his wealth would have given him in England, or even in France, to realize the sacrifice he made. Add to this that all his tastes led him to the life of the aristocrat, and you will get a still keener perception. If Washington made no comment upon the fact that one of the captains of his company, acting in the capacity of a barber, shaved the soldiers in front of the house in which he had his headquarters, it was because his mind was occupied by more weighty and important matters rather than that he approved of such a breach of military caste and discipline.

When he walked on the lawn he had in his mind a picture of the half-starved, half-naked soldiers all over the country. For them he thought and worked and prayed—the democratic captain, strapping his razor, was a trifle. Washington rode about the place giving directions that the approaches to his camp should be fortified by redoubts, abatis and deep intrenchments.

During these rides he saw some work that instantly attracted his attention. Upon inquiry, he was told that they were constructed by Capt. Alexander Hamilton. This young man's talents in the military line had been previously spoken of to Washington by Gen. Greene. Hamilton was scarcely in his twenties at that time, but Washington made him a member of his military family, learned to love him as a son, and this love and confidence lasted through life.

One of the rooms on the west side of the Jumel mansion is to this day covered with an antique wall paper, which, it is claimed, General Washington and his staff hung, Washington himself mixing the paste. On the wall of this same room, when Gen. Earle's family occupied the house, hung thirteen large ears of ordinary field corn, no doubt from some nearby farm. Tradition says that Washington hung up this corn to typify the thirteen original states. Whether or not Washington placed them there, it is certain that they have been on that same wall for more than a hundred years, and are to this day nearly perfect, only a few of the grains having fallen off.

Gen. Earle once gathered up those fallen grains of corn and planted them, but not one grain sprouted into life. The general said that he did not know whether this fact indicated that the life germs of the corn were dead or that his knowledge of farming was defective.

Councils of war were held in this house by Washington and his staff. In its rooms he gave a welcome to Gen. Lee—upon whom at the time the hopes of the nation were placed on account of his successes in the south.

Washington loved the place and he hoped that if the enemy attacked him there an American victory would result.

A surprise not altogether welcome was given to Washington one day when his orderly announced that some Indian chiefs waited without, having sent in a request for a talk with the "great father." The experience of Washington's early life had taught him that the Indian is an exceedingly unreliable commodity. As these braves were self-invited guests, there was a more than strong suspicion that they might mean treachery. However, the red men had their talk in peace, took their departure, and no harm came of it.

The British soldiers were near them and an attack might be expected at almost any moment. On the morning of Sept. 16, 1776, word was brought to Washington at headquarters that the enemy was advancing in three large columns. There had been so many false reports of an attack before this that Adjt. Gen. Reed gained permission from Washington to ride forth and ascertain for a certainty what the trouble was.

The firing continued brisk, and Washington mounted his horse and rode toward the outposts. He was met by Reed returning, who told Washington the advanced post, which had been situated on the hill skirted by the wood, had been attacked by a strong detachment of the enemy. Our own troops—a company of continental rangers—were commanded by Lieut. Col. Knowlton, who had distinguished himself at Bunker Hill. Gen. Leslie, the British commander, had under him three companies of Hessian riflemen, one of Royal Highlanders, and his forces so outnumbered the continental boys that he had succeeded in capturing the outposts.

Reed was earnest in his appeal to Washington that reinforcements be fought so nobly. While he was still sent to the continental boys who speaking, the British soldiers came in sight and sounded their bugles, after the manner of those calling in to witness the death at a fox chase. Both Washington and Reed were stung to the quick by this taunting, derisive bugle call, and three companies were ordered out from Col. Weedon's Virginia regiment, commanded by Major Leitch. A sharp contest took place, in which the Virginia boys vied with one another in bravery. Major Leitch received three bullets in his side and was carried off the field. He died of these wounds about two weeks later, but not without the happiness of knowing that he had assisted at about the first victory of the Americans and with the praises of his beloved Washington to soothe his last moments.

This encounter, though unimportant in itself, was the means of cheering the disheartened troops. But Fort Washington was a veritable Naboth's vineyard to Lord Howe. He closed in on it as much as possible. Washington was of the opinion that the Americans could not hold the fort against such numbers of well fed, well clothed, disciplined soldiers; but as Greene differed with him in opinion, and Greene was in actual command—Washington having gone over to the Jersey shore—he deferred to Greene.

Lord Howe's forces were encamped on Fordham Heights, from which place he sent to Gen. Greene a summons to surrender. The demand was accompanied with a threat of the extreme measures to which the British officer would resort if he were obliged to take the fort by assault.

An American is, and always was, the poorest man on earth to swallow a threat, and Gen. Magnaw, who had received the summons, returned the reply: "Assure His Excellency that, actuated by the most glorious cause that mankind ever fought in, I am determined to defend this fort to the very last extremity."

Lord Howe had planned four simultaneous attacks. The fort fell into his hands, with a loss to our cause of upward of two thousand men killed and wounded. From that time until evacuation day Fort Washington was held by the British.

It was fourteen years later that Gen. Washington next passed the portals of the Morris house. He was then president of the United States, and he made a note of this visit in his diary, under the date of July 10, 1790. In the party that accompanied Washington were the vice-president, John Adams, and his wife; Miss Smith, the secretaries of state, treasury and war, and the wives of the two latter; also all the gentlemen of Washington's family, Mrs. Lear and the two children.

This party visited the places of the surrounding country where Washington had walked and ridden on his horse when he was so weighted down with the responsibilities of war.

Here is Where Washington Planned the Victories That Won Liberty

JUMEL MANSION—HOME OF GEN. ROBT. F. PHINNEY—160TH ST. EARLE TERRACE.

An Eden in Africa

"The secretary of the Uganda protectorate, Mr. Cunningham, who has just arrived from Uganda, has given a representative of Reuster's agency the following interesting particulars concerning the present condition of the protectorate:

"The latest news that I give you of Uganda," said Mr. Cunningham, "is that there has been an extraordinary development of tourist traffic on the Uganda railway. When I was at Mombassa it had been found necessary to duplicate all the trains from the coast to Lake Victoria in order to carry tourists and intending settlers. I should say 10,000 was a small estimate of the number of tourists to be looked for during the coming season.

"The scenery is unique and there is about fifty miles of zoological gardens, teeming with wild animals. On my way down country at the Kapiti plains we passed through a herd of fully 50,000 zebras; we saw twenty ostriches, some rhinoceroses and giraffes in the distance and the plains simply swarmed with gazelles. The zebras, whose stripes shone in the bright sun, were massed on the railway line and merely divided to let the train pass, a few scampering away for one hundred yards or so. Nowhere else in the world can such a sight be witnessed.

"And then to many people the natives are still more interesting than the wild animals or the scenery. Here in London you have the twentieth century, but in Kavirondo it is only the day after the creation, with the difference that the Adams and Eves of Kavirondo have not yet discovered that they are naked, and instead of reposing in beatific leisure among apple trees Adam and Eve may be seen hoeing gardens along the railway or carrying baskets of grain to the market at Port Florence, the majority of them without an atom of clothing. But there is nothing to affect the susceptibilities of the European visitor. It is nature. You might as well object to a sycamore tree going without leaves as object to a Kavirondo man or woman going naked. At the railway stations, alas! they are gradually getting Adam into trousers; but, as a rule Eve still moves in all her native charms, wearing at most a tassel suspended from a girdle.

"The cruise around Lake Victoria occupies about a week, the steamer touching at all the German and British stations. The scenery at Entebbe and Munyonyo (the port of Kampala) is very fine, and, as the course lies among the most beautiful parts of the Sose archipelago and the Buvuma group, there is an unending feast for the eye of pretty creeks, bold headlands and banks of graceful palms, fringing broad slopes of turf. As to the Ripon falls, they defy description. I think it may safely be said that the tour to Uganda outrivals in interest anything to be found elsewhere in the world."—London News.

The Man of Habit

It happened in a Fulton street restaurant that contains by actual count seventy-two tables. At 3 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon five of these tables were occupied. That left sixty-seven for the accommodation of late arrivals. At a few minutes past 3 a man entered. He was thin, had short gray hair, a stubby gray mustache and stony, staring blue eyes. He came in at the south end of the room, walked stolidly past the sixty-seven empty tables and the four that were occupied by solitary diners and sat down in the end chair of the seventy-second table, at which a man and a woman were seated.

The couple were engaged in a conversation which, to all appearances, was tender as well as confidential. They stopped talking when the man sat down and looked at him and at the empty tables suggestively. But the man's mind was not in a receptive state. Subtle hints were lost on him. Calmly he studied the bill of fare, from which he finally selected a meal of clam cocktail, sirloin steak and coffee. The woman in the case looked desperate.

"Is there no remedy?" she said.

"None short of actual murder," replied her companion.

"Under the circumstances we would be justified in that," said she. "Any jury in the land would acquit us."

"We might move," she suggested a moment later.

"No," said the man; "let's hang on and see what he does."

"He" apparently had no intention of moving. When his luncheon was served he ate it slowly. Presently the man and woman went away. After their departure curiosity got the better of the man at an adjoining table who had watched the proceeding throughout.

"I am going to find out," he said, "what that white-livered pelican meant by freezing that couple out."

In slightly modified terms he put the question to the solemn diner.

"Why," said the "pelican," "I didn't mean anything by it. This is my table. I've eaten luncheon at this table every weekday for the last fifteen years. You don't suppose, do you, that I am going to be thrown out of gear at this late day by a pair of sentimental lallygaggers?"

"Good Lord," said the inquisitive man, "were you never mushy yourself? Couldn't you tell? Couldn't you see?"

"I saw nothing," was the reply. "I reiterate, this is my table and I am a man of habit."

"May Heaven deliver me," groaned the inquisitive man, "from people who have 'habits'!"—New York Press.

"Chink" Pet of Whites

"Did you ever see a one-armed or one-legged Chinaman?" asked George W. Otterson, the hydraulic engineer yesterday. Of course, you never did. They are rare. I have lived in California, in the Hawaiian Islands, and in China, in all of which places there are some Chinese, but I never saw a crippled Mongolian until I went to Quesnelle, B. C., last winter.

"There one of the chief characters of the town is a one-armed and one-legged Chinaman, the pet of the town. He is the Quesnelle city waterworks. Being without a pipe line of any character, the people of Quesnelle have to draw their water by bucket from the Fraser river. This old Chinaman has built up a substantial trade drawing and carrying water for them. His regular customers number the inhabitants of nearly every house in town.

"There is a quaint little story in his being there. As all who have lived among the Chinese know, they object strenuously to a crippled member of their race being allowed to live. It is said they invariably make away with a cripple, on the theory that he is taking the place in the world of a better Chinaman. This old fellow at Quesnelle was working in a mine some years ago, when he was blown up in an explosion of dynamite. One leg and one arm were so badly mangled that they were amputated. Knowing the peculiarity of the Chinese, and liking the old fellow, the whites of the town served notice on the Chinese colony that if the man was molested in the slightest there would be a general running out of all the Chinese in the camp. Then the whites took the man under their protection and started him in the water business. He seems afraid to go near his own people, and consorts entirely with the whites.

"Last winter he accidentally fell into the river through the thin ice and came near drowning. The whites heard his cries, formed a rescue party and saved their waterworks. When I left there the old cripple was still doing business, healthy and happy."—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

Work of Sixty Years

The Electrical World and Engineer, in an article on "Sixty Years of the Telegraph," says: "The past week has witnessed the sixtieth anniversary of the electromagnetic telegraph, it being May 1, 1844, when Prof. Morse was able to demonstrate the use of his invention in reporting at Washington the proceedings of the Whig convention at Baltimore. Since that time the history of the telegraph in this country and elsewhere has been one of universal benefit. It is certainly a moot question whether of late years the telegraph has advanced as rapidly as it might have done, and whether it has not become more or less crystallized and fossilized in its apparatus and methods. Yet even this statement must be made guardedly, for, while the great telegraph systems the world over appear to look askance on automatic and machine methods, the wireless telegraph inventions have been generally taken up and pushed with great success; and if there is anything more wonderful and more stimulating in the domain of electrical advance at the present time than the wireless, we do not know what it is. The amount of service rendered to the public by the telegraph sixty years after its practical inception may be gauged from the fact that in only four or five of the leading countries 400,000,000 or 500,000,000 authentic messages are dispatched annually, exclusive of those handled by leased private wires. In this country, the record is now probably about 100,000,000 a year, while Great Britain does not fall very far behind that. Germany and France together are good for another 100,000,000, while Russia, Italy, Austria and Spain will probably account for another batch of equal magnitude. The telephone to-day has asserted for itself the function of knitting closely together the various communities in which it is used, but it is still the proud boast of the telegraph and the submarine cable that they have been the great instrumentality in annihilating distance, promoting intercourse and commerce and bringing the nations together."

The Soul's One Hour

All day I have toiled in that busy mill
Where souls are ground and money is made;
All day, till my temples throb and thrill
With the whirring grind of the wheels of trade.

All day I have gripped the trenchant steel
And grappled with columns black and grim;
Till to-night I am faint and my senses reel,
And the glory of God seems far and dim.

And so I have come to this quiet room
To sit in the dark and touch the keys—
To wake the ghost and the lost perfume
Of the soul's dead flowers with my harmonies.

And here, alone, for a single hour
I can dream and life and drift away;
I can touch the ghost of a passion-flower—
I can catch the gleam of a vanished day.
I can gather the lilies of long ago
That bloomed by the path where a baby trod;
And love's first roses, as white as snow,
That are blossoming now at the feet of God.

Oh, stainless lilies, and roses white!
Oh, passion-flower, with your petals red!
You are mine once more for an hour, to-night,
Tho' the heart be dumb and the years be dead.

Oh, scented summer of long ago!
Oh, vanished day with your gleam of gold!
Oh, blood-red lips and bosom of snow!
You are mine once more as in days of old.

Just for to-night, for at early dawn
I am back to the grovel of greedy lust;
Where the wheels of traffic go whirring on,
And souls are ground into golden dust.

—Albert Bigelow Paine in Ladies' Home Journal.

Washington, Pendleton and Henry on Their Way to the First Congress

PROOF THAT MATRIMONY IS NOT A LOTTERY

Marriage is not a lottery.

So far from it that a man with a statistical bent and the ever ready sources of compiled information may take up the subject of marriage on a piece of paper and with a pencil outline its conditions, probabilities, and possibilities to a surprising finish.

For the average man who has hopes in his affinity it would be a poser under certain circumstances for him to attempt to figure his own one chance of marriage at any age. With the statistician, however, it becomes easy, and, bunching men and women in groups of thousands, he is able to make the individual age calculation in a moment. Not only this, but he may give the best of pointers on the probable month for the marriage, how long the married state will exist between them, and just what percentage of the future population will be expected of the union.

There are figures in general bearing upon several nations of Europe, but those of the United States will be given the first place. Here, perhaps, one of the most striking first statements that can be made is that, in taking up a section of the country having just 1,000 people in it of all ages and all shades and nationalities as they run, 579 of the individuals will be unmarried, 365 will be living in a state of wedlock, while 56, for one reason or another, will have been widowed. In the group of the widowed, too, there will be twice as many women as men, due to the fact that the women marry much earlier in life and lead a much less hazardous existence.

The figures on how much earlier in life women marry than do men may surprise the reader. Considering the ages from 19 years to 54 years, in periods of ten years each, one may get an idea of the chances of the two sexes in the United States to find partners, early and late. Out of the 1,000 weddings, representing a thousand men and a thousand women, 109 women have been married at 19 years, while only ten young men will have found the heart and the means to accomplish the evident wish. This will mean that at the least ninety-nine young women at this age will have married men older than themselves. Indeed, it may be taken for granted that 100 of them did so, for at the age of 19 years and under the young man's fancy always runs toward a woman much older than himself.

Even at 29 years old the women lead the men in marriage, the record showing 580 to 515 in comparison. At 44 years, however, the chances of the man improve materially in his showing of 255 to 208, while at 54 years he has 220 chances of finding a bride where the woman has only 103 chances of some husband taking her.

In contrast to these figures are those of Great Britain, from which there has been so much emigration of the males in years past. At 20 years old 149 women and thirty-five men will have married; at thirty years the figures will be 680 women and 731 men; at 40 years the chances are for 111 women and 144 men; at 50 years they are 41 women and 52 men; while at 60 years they are only nineteen of her own. For instance, few confirmed bachelors having the poetical ideas that go with spring would make a guess so seemingly wild that May is the poorest of all the months for wedding festivities. But, grouping the thousands again, the figures are conclusive that the slowest month and the gayest month of the year are side by side on the calendar.

"Marry in May and repent for aye," may be an old couplet that has influenced Cupid, but in 1,000 weddings only forty-one have been celebrated in May, as compared to the 145 to the credit of June, the month of roses. July, with its summer resort opportunities and its outings and picnics, cuts a considerable figure in the accompanying chart, while December, with 119 weddings, and January, with 139, rank next to June.

Once married, the prospects for married life of long duration are good, taking the 1,000 representative group. In the United States the average term of wedded life is a little more than twenty-eight years. Counting the differences in the ages at which women and men marry, the proportion of the life period for the married may be approximated in the United States as at least half of the individual life period.

How this compares with the wedded periods in other countries may be shown in the figures from Holland and Belgium, giving only twenty-three years as the period of married life, twenty-six years in France, twenty-seven years in Great Britain, and thirty years in Russia. In this respect the dominion of the czar shows a longer wedded period for its subjects than does any other European country, accountable to the fact that marriages are made earlier there than in any of the other countries quoted.

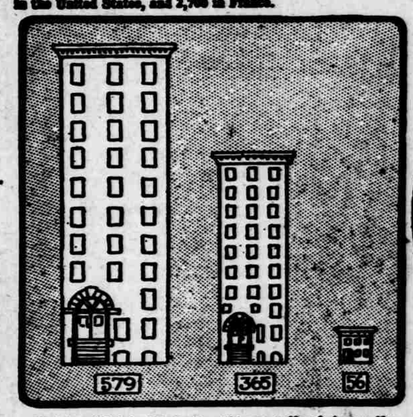
As to married life in the United States, more than one economist has made his observations upon the decreasing number of children in the homes of the nation. In the last ten years, despite the increase in the immigration to this country, the birth rate has dwindled distinctly. Taking the occupants of homes, the enumerators of the last census found only 4.7 persons to a home. Accounting for the loss of father or mother in a home, this probably would give to the United States an added population of 3,000 for each 1,000 couples married.

This may be compared to most of the countries of Europe to the disadvantage of America. For instance, in Russia these 1,000 couples would add to the population 6,500 souls, in Scotland there would be 4,000 children, in England 3,600, and in France only 2,700 children of the 1,000 marriages.

Of the marriages in general in the United States it is discovered that out of the 1,000 considered 139 men will have been married at least once before the celebration under consideration, while the 861 will have made the vows for the first time. Of the 1,000 women in the case only ninety-eight will have worn widow's weeds before the wedding. Thus out of the 2,000 individuals parties to the 1,000 marriages 237 will have bought or have worn wedding rings before, leaving in the chart proportions the band represented by 1,763 previously ringless fingers or undisturbed purses.

Illustrative of the married, the unmarried, and the widowed, we present some comparative apartment buildings on a scale to house all that are considered. In the unmarried figures of 579 in 1,000 it must be remembered that the young and old "unmarried" of both sexes, from babes to octogenarians, are there included.

Every 1,000 marriages mean an increase to the population of 6,500 in Russia, 4,000 in Scotland, 3,600 in England, 2,700 in France, and 2,700 in the United States.



Matrimonial facts, illustrating the proportion between the married, unmarried, and widowed in this country.

Ages at which 1,000 men and 1,000 women marry.

Her Little Aside.

She was an intelligent, well-dressed, sweet-faced, motherly woman, but she looked in well simulated amazement at a Madison avenue car conductor when he handed her seventeen cents in change for the quarter which she tendered.

"Y's'm, one whole and one half fare," he explained.

"One half fare?" she murmured, questioningly.

"That boy's more than seven years old, isn't he, madam?"

"Why, sure. I'm eight," volunteered the youngster in question.

His mother flushed perceptibly, but, womanlike, she would have the last word. "I never paid for him before."

"Oh, yes, you have, ma," said the lad. "Don't you remember?"

His mother settled back in her seat, her face the battleground of emotion. Presently the boy spoke again:

"Quit nudgin' me, ma. I only told the truth."

His mother leaned over and whispered something in the boy's ear that made him turn pale. But it quieted him, too.

How $200 Became $40,000.

Fifty years ago Charles and Anna H. Girding were married in New York. They were poor but the groom owned a small lot valued at $200 and situated at what was then way out in the country, but which is now on Third avenue and One Hundred and Forty-seventh street. He gave the lot to his bride as a wedding gift. During these fifty years she has paid the taxes on it. This week she sold the lot for $40,000.

A Clever Minister.

"To the town of Norridgewock, in Maine," said the Rev. Minot J. Savage, "a strange minister once came to preach. He preached duly, and, after the sermon was over, he mingled with the congregation, expecting that someone would invite him to dinner.

"One by one, however, the congregation departed, offering the hungry minister no hospitality, and he began to feel anxious. Where was he to eat?

"As the last deacon was leaving the church, the minister rushed up to him and shook him warmly by the hand.

"'I want you to come home and dine with me,' the minister said.

"'Why, where do you live?' said the deacon.

"'About thirty miles from here.'

"The deacon reddened. 'Oh, you come and dine with me instead,' he said."

As to Wearing of Collars. . .

A seedy individual in a Broadway car the other day greeted a faultlessly dressed passenger effusively. The greetings became more and more personal, to the entertainment of the other passengers. Casting envious eyes on the other's raiment the seedy one inquired in loud tones who his tailor was, what haberdasher he patronized, and who made his shoes. Finally he asked:

"And how many collars do you wear a week?"

His better dressed acquaintance surveyed him critically for a moment. Then:

"I don't know, I'm sure, he drawled. "How many weeks do you wear a collar?"—New York Sun.

Japanese Give Up Gold.

It is now accounted a disgrace for any Japanese of any class to retain any articles of gold. All have been sent to the treasury to be converted into coin for the emperor.

Canadian Railways.

The length of the railways in Canada on June 30, 1903, was 19,836 miles. Of this 19,077 miles were operated by steam and 759 by electricity.

Clothes Make the Lady.

A certain well-known school teacher who resides in this city, but who is teaching in San Jose, is telling a good story on herself. It appears that she comes up from the Garden City every Friday night and remains over until Monday morning. Because of the shortness of the interval between the hour when her school closes and the time the train leaves for this city she is compelled to don her best raiment Friday morning and prepare for her trip before going to school. One of her bright pupils, a little boy, noticed that on Friday the teacher was always dressed a la mode, and it apparently bothered him a great deal, particularly as on all other days she appeared before her class clad in neat but plain attire.

One Friday at noon this observing little fellow walked up to the desk of his teacher while she was eating her lunch and attracted her attention by calling "teacher."

"What is it, Willie?" said the teacher.

"Why don't you always dress like a lady?"—San Francisco Call.