

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

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MEAT FOR THE MILLION

HOW IT IS SUPPLIED BY CHICAGO'S BIG THREE.

Causes Which Have Led to the Enormous Growth of the Dressed Beef Business—It Seriously Injures the Business of the Retail Butcher.

Dressed Beef.
HAT Chicago is the greatest meat market in the world, everybody knows, yet few have a conception of the vastness of the dressed beef business done in the Western metropolis.

Some idea of the enormity of the dressed beef trade in Chicago, writes a correspondent, may be gained from the statement that \$70,000,000 pounds of dressed beef were forwarded from this market in 1901, while 1,260,000 cases of canned meats were shipped during the same period. As the dressed beef business was only founded about twenty years ago, its rapid growth is remarkable.

The father of the industry was the late George H. Hammond, of Detroit, but Armour & Co., Swift & Co., and Nelson Morris & Co. are now the recognized leaders in the trade, among which they are known as the "big three," because of their gigantic operations. Messrs. Swift and Morris Co., in addition to their domestic trade, a large export business, but Armour's house confines its attention solely to the home markets, in which it has immense interests. All of these dressed beef shippers have their own refrigerator cars, the number owned by each ranging from 2,500 to 4,000 cars.

Naturally, these houses named are the heaviest buyers of the cattle arriving daily at the Union Stock Yards, where they take probably three-fourths of the cattle sold for slaughter. In addition to these purchases in Chicago, the concerns noted buy the majority of the

stock marketed at Kansas City and Omaha. As is well known, all cattle are sold by live weight, except in the case of milch cows or calves. The purchaser, therefore, has to be a better judge of quality than of quantity, hence it is not surprising that the buyers for some of these big houses command a larger salary than many a bank president. The classes of cattle shipped in may be defined as follows: First, the "exporters," which includes cattle suitable for Eastern markets, as well as for English ports. Second, the "dressed beef" steers, designed for the Chicago

beef business. Third, "butcher stuff," composed of light steers and the better grade of cows. Fourth, "canners," which includes everything not good enough for butchering. Then, as an extra class, there are the range cattle, many of which are either put to feed or taken by the dressed beef men for a second-grade beef, while an enormous number of them, and more especially those from Texas, are put into cans.

The movement of cattle is almost entirely eastward. San Francisco, which is a large market, draws quite a number of cattle from California and the adjoining States, but otherwise there is a continual movement toward the East, beginning at the Gulf of Mexico, extending to the barren plains of Arizona and from the sage brush valleys of Nevada northward into Montana, from which distant points the work of shipping is a laborious task. Prior to the introduction of the palace stock cars cattle in transit were unloaded at suitable halting stations situated from 300 to 500 miles apart, where high-priced hay was supplied to feed the stock. But within the past four years improved stock cars have been introduced, in which cattle can be run practically any distance, as they are constructed to allow animals to be fed and watered without

unloading. On their arrival in Chicago the cattle brought for shipment are driven over to the shipping divisions, where they are loaded into cars and forwarded to their respective destinations. The dressed beef men generally allow their cattle to remain in the pens over night, driving them to the slaughterhouses next day after purchase.

Arrived here they are driven into large pens, thence along narrow pas-



INSIDE REFRIGERATOR CARS

sageways into separate compartments just large enough to hold one bullock, where a man standing on the narrow foot-path at one adroitly knocks the animal out of time by a well-directed blow on the skull. Between each compartment and the slaughter-house is a lifting door which slides up mechanically, and through this aperture the steers are dragged by means of a chain passed around his horns. He is then properly bled and is passed along the iron runs

to the floormen and skinner. All the work in the slaughtering department is done by trained experts, each one having a single division of labor to perform. No part of the animal is wasted. The hides are removed so carefully that they bring a higher price than the common butchers' hides; the guts are thoroughly cleaned and sold for sausage casings; the contents of the entrails are converted into fertilizing substances; the livers and hearts are shipped with the beef to different markets, where they are sold to good advantage; the bladders are dried and disposed of to druggists and other parties; the stomach makes tripe; the tongues are always in demand; the horns sell readily to the comb and knife-manufacturers, while the shin bones are usually in good request for knife handles and backs for tooth and nail brushes.

The knuckle-bones are prepared for making acid phosphate, and for this design have a fair merchantable value. The blood is all utilized for different commercial purposes; the ox-tail trade is now a regular part of the traffic; the heads, after being trimmed, are sold for glue stock; the fat taken from the interior of the bullock is converted into oleomargarine, under which name it is sold to fair advantage. Neatfoot oil is made from the feet of the horns and is ground and mixed with the other fertilizing substances. It is this advantageous utilization of the refuse and offal of the bullock that has been largely instrumental in the wonderful success of the dressed beef trade in Chicago.

The processes of dressing and cleaning the carcasses of the cattle slaughtered for the dressed beef trade are most interesting. After leaving the main slaughtering house, from which place the visitor is glad to escape, the carcasses are taken along the iron runways into the immense refrigerators, where they cool off in a temperature of 36 degrees Fahrenheit. One is impressed by the degree of cleanliness maintained in the establishment after passing from the blood-stained floors of the butchering department. There is

neglected, the hoofs and shanks thrown to the hog pen, the entrails went the same road, and waste was apparent in every direction. Is it any wonder that the dressed beef trade, built up on this reversed order of things, has made such remarkable progress? It is a division of labor as well as a division of products; it finds for the producer a ready market at any and all seasons, and it undoubtedly benefits the consumer in all parts of the country by giving him cheap as well as good beef that he could not obtain under the old system.

A Simple Way to Avoid Dust.
Here is a hint in regard to the prevention of dust that is well worth attention. Dutch artists of old, who had a perfect taste of dust, always chose, if possible, to have their studios in close proximity to a canal. If this was not practicable they got over the difficulty by keeping a large tub of water in their studios, most of the dust flying about the room being caught in this receptacle. The neighborhood of a river, the substitute for the Dutch canal, may not always be desirable at the present time, but a bowl of water, especially in these days, when we rejoice in any excuse for multiplying the bric-a-brac in our rooms, is within everybody's reach.

Lotus-Eaters.
Lotus-eaters, according to Homer, were a people living of the northern coast of Africa, visited, in his wanderings, by Ulysses, who endeavored to detain his companions by giving them the lotus to eat. Whoever eat of this wished never to depart. The Arabs call the fruit of the lotus the "fruit of destiny," which they believe to be eaten in paradise. The lotus is a shrub two or three feet high, and its fruit, which is produced in great abundance, is a dwarf the size of a wild plum, and has a pleasant, sweet taste.

Ancient Idiosyncrasies.
In talking medicine due regard was formerly paid to the superstitions to the positions of the moon at the time—different parts of the body, they supposed, being under its influence according to the zodiacal sign through which the planet happened to be passing at the time.

refrigerator cars are loaded three times, a corps of experts being stationed at the supply-houses along the various lines of road for this purpose. A train loaded with dressed beef starting from the Chicago yards on Monday will arrive in New York the following Friday, and the Brooklyn or New Jersey householder may have for his piece de resistance at six o'clock dinner Friday night a tender, juicy roast of beef that six days previous was part of a lively steer cavorting around in the pens adjacent to the Chicago slaughter-houses.

The dressed beef business can only subsist, in a wholesale way at least, at the great central markets of the country. The system is to a great extent an enlarged butchers' business, as it is supported by a host of retailers, who, instead of being butchers on the old style, have become merely meat cutters. In San Francisco there are no butchers, the city drawing its retail supplies of animal food from the hosts of meat cutters who buy their goods from day to day from the wholesale slaughterer. So it is with the dressed beef interests in Chicago. So much meat is forwarded daily north, south, east and west, to be distributed at the different points where the beef, veal, pork or mutton is in demand. The work is thoroughly systematized, for those engaged in it must be prepared to meet the demands of their customers. The "big three" have wholesale supply houses in every city of any size in the country, and it is said that within the past six months one of the trio has established upward of one hundred of these depots in the principal cities of the United Kingdom, where the dressed beef interests are rapidly growing.

This industry has naturally created a revolution among the retail butchers' trade. All the butcher has to do now is to repair to the slaughter-house, select his beef from the refrigerators, or contract for a daily or weekly supply to be sent him. At outside points he calls at the refrigerators where the meats are unloaded from the cars, and there makes his purchases. Formerly the retail butcher who did his own killing had to have a much larger capital invested in his business than is now required, nor could he get his supplies so reasonably as he is now enabled to purchase them. In the first place, he had to employ a trained butcher to kill and dress his stock, which assistant was idle a good share of the time. If he killed at the yards the hides had to be shipped back to Chicago, the offal could not be utilized, and if his trade called only for fine meats he had to dispose of the rough stuff and least desirable parts of the animal as best he could. Under the present system he can do a larger business on a much smaller capital; he need buy only that which can be sold at advantage, and he can make arrangements to have his particular grade of meats left hanging in the big chilling rooms to suit his own convenience.

Every one who has visited the great packing houses at the Chicago Stock Yards has heard of the old joke told about the hog that the only part of him wasted is his "squeal." The steer is not provided by nature with a squeal, and he loses little breath by bellowing, so that the waste with him should be somewhat less than with the hog. The perusal of the following table will show in what proportions a 1,200 pound steer will dress:

Pounds.	Pounds.
Sides.....560	Hoofs.....5
Ribs.....350	Skinner's waste.....4
Tallow.....60	Stew's waste.....4
Fertilizer.....1	Tail.....2
Liver.....1	Testicles.....2
Heart.....1	Total.....101
Tongue.....1	Weight of steer.....1,200
Drumhead.....1	Net.....91
Hot bones.....1	Net.....91
Horns.....1	Waste.....339

What chance has the old-style method of local butchering against this perfect system? Where the blood was allowed to run away, the head partially



DRESSING

neglected, the hoofs and shanks thrown to the hog pen, the entrails went the same road, and waste was apparent in every direction. Is it any wonder that the dressed beef trade, built up on this reversed order of things, has made such remarkable progress? It is a division of labor as well as a division of products; it finds for the producer a ready market at any and all seasons, and it undoubtedly benefits the consumer in all parts of the country by giving him cheap as well as good beef that he could not obtain under the old system.

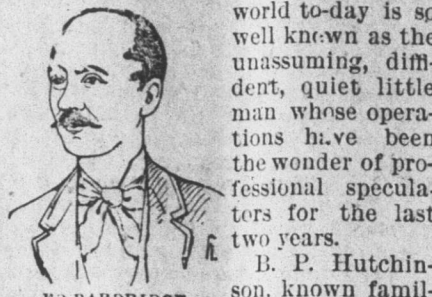
Proud and Patriotic.
All the talk about Chili has least proved that she is a brave and valiant little nation, ready to fight and die in defense of her flag—a flag somewhat like our own, composed of red, white and blue, with a lone star in a blue field. Their hymn is the out-gushing of this patriotism, its musical air the symbolism of its valor. In regard to the national hymn, Chili gives an example that would be well for other nations to imitate, and that is the outward respect and reverence shown upon its performance, whether in a private parlour or public assembly. Upon the first chord being struck all present rise and remain standing until its conclusion. Upon all occasions of ceremony you hear its stirring strains. I saw two ladies' Independence Day, after the diplomatic dinner at the "Moneda," the President and Cabinet, with the diplomatic body, adjourn to the opera, where, in the meantime, a vast assemblage has gathered. As soon as the President and his guest appear in the boxes the curtain rises, the proscenium is beautifully decorated with flags and streamers, singers and chorus are formed in a semi-circle on the stage, the orchestra strikes up the prelude, the whole audience rise from their seats, the prima donna and tenor advance to the footlights, each with a Chilean standard in the left hand, the prima donna sings the first verse, the chorus take up the "Dulce patria," after which the tenor sings the second verse. The applause, the waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, and general enthusiasm, is something a stranger present will never forget.

"Trapping" Siam.
Weensy that we "shell" peas when we unshell them, and for the same reason of contraries, probably, we speak of a steam-trap when it is a

ED PARDRIDGE.

Said to Be One of the Nerviest Men on the Short Side of the Market.

One of the first questions asked by a Chicago Board of Trade man on reaching the floor of the exchange is usually: "What's Ed doing this morning?" Of course he means Ed Partridge. No man in the speculative



ED PARDRIDGE.

world to-day is so well known as the unassuming, dim-dim, quiet little man whose operations have been the wonder of professional speculators for the last two years.

B. P. Hutchinson, known familiarly as "Old Hutch," once said of Partridge that he was the nerviest man on the short side of the market who ever traded in grain. This opinion is now shared by a large proportion of speculators the world over, and wherever there is a speculative market for grain the operations of the Chicago plunger are the subject of daily comment.

What manner of man is this who can play with hundreds of thousands as other men play with dollars? To one who has heard much of Mr. Partridge there comes a feeling of disappointment upon seeing him for the first time. He does not dress like a prince, nor has he the manners of a "high roller." On the contrary, he is one of the most ordinary looking of men; no one would look at him twice in a crowd. His face gives slight indication of his character. He looks as if he might be a fairly well-to-do proprietor of a crossroad store. There is no particular style about his clothes, his trousers bag slightly at the knees, and are innocent of the crease which fashion prescribes for them. He affects nothing gaudy in neck-wear, a plain black "shoestring tie" or soft summer silk tied in a plain bow knot are good enough for him.

His most pronounced characteristics—nervous and dogged determination—would never be guessed from the guileless expression of his face. He spends most of his time during the session of the board on the main floor of the exchange, close to wheat pits. He always has anywhere from five to a dozen brokers to execute his orders.

Mr. Partridge is a native of the State of New York, and for years was identified with the dry goods business, first in Buffalo, and later, early in the seventies, at Chicago. As a dry goods merchant he was eminently successful, a substantial fortune having been built out of his Chicago business, and he was reckoned a wealthy man long before he began paying attention to the grain market.

Woman's Thrift.
"If men were as economical in their social relations as women are we would not be such a nation of spendthrifts," said T. B. Rose, of Minneapolis, at the Lindell. "I was impressed with the force of this idea to-day by an observation begun in a cable car and pursued through a dry-goods establishment and a restaurant. I saw two ladies chatting to each other intimately, and when the conductor approached them to collect the fares one of them had no change. The other offered to pay for her companion's ride, but the latter wouldn't submit to the proposition. Instead she borrowed a nickel from her friend, remarking as she did so that she would break a bill as soon as she got down town and repay her. My curiosity was excited to see if women really dealt that way with one another, so I followed the two after they got off the car. They entered a dry-goods store, where the borrower made a small purchase and as soon as she got her change she handed her friend five cents, which was received without the slightest protest. Then they went into a restaurant to get lunch. Each gave separate orders and the bill of each amounted to thirty cents. They marched up to the cashier and each paid her own bill. Now, these are small transactions, but they are indicative of the difference in the character of men and women. Had the objects of my observations been men instead of women, the man who offered to borrow a nickel for car fare would have insulted the other, and one of them would have ordered that dinner for both and paid the bill, which, I may as well say, would have amounted to dollars instead of cents."

Judge Waxen's Political Proverbs.
A candidate may think he is buying a man's vote, but he ain't, he's only rentin' it.
Whimsey suffragists ain't good for much else.
Gettin' elected once ain't a shore sign of havin' the dose repeated.
Farmers ain't got no business tryin' to raise crops in the political field.
When a congressman is as big in Washington as he is in his own deer-trail, he begins to hanker for the White House.
The difference between a partizan and a patriot is the partizan gits the Government job.
A man never gets too old to vote.
Gettin' drunk on the Fourth of July is a mighty poor kind of patriotism.
The Prohibition party uses so much water it gets a washtub two or three times a year.—Free Press.

An Astor's Way.
William Waldorf Astor, who is or is not the head of the house, always wears his overcoat collar turned up about his ears in winter, even on days that are clear and bright. His eyes are usually bent upon the ground. Occasionally he wanders into Delmonico's with a preoccupied air, sits down at a table in a far corner, and eats an extremely modest lunch flanked by two bottles of ginger ale. He does not look up at all, though the eyes of half the people in the place are upon the man who owns \$200,000,000 worth of property. When he has finished his lunch he tips the waiter liberally, pulls on his overcoat, turns up the collar, tilts his hat very far down over his eyes, and wanders forth with the Astor air of preoccupation.—New York Truth.

Great Sport.
Rabbits are becoming a pest in California, as well as in the northern States of the West, and rabbit drives, similar to the wolf drives in Kansas, are resorted to as a means of abating the nuisance. A drive near Traver resulted in the destruction of several thousand rabbits.

Big Stars Have Little Stars.
Uranus has four satellites, Saturn has eight, and Neptune one.

trap intended to catch the water and let the steam go free. Be that as it may, however—and they say that a rose would smell as sweet by any other name—steam-traps are very useful and sensible affairs, where there are long lines of pipe between boiler and engine or heating apparatus. They save cylinder heads or pistons being smashed by the water, which is either carried over from the boiler or formed by condensation of the steam against the cold walls of the pipes. They stop the hammering which is heard in steam-heated buildings where the steam comes a long way, particularly if it comes on horizontal lines. If they are properly constructed and mounted they will return to the boiler the water of condensation, and thus prove equal savers, for the hotter the feed water is the more cheaply steam can be made. Furthermore, it is much better to run back into the boiler the water that has dropped its scale or other deposit, than to introduce new feed with new quantities of material which tend to coat the sheets.

Boys' Clubs.

One of the most useful of recent philanthropic movements is the organization of boys' clubs in many of the principal towns of New England, which provide for lads who are not properly cared for at home a pleasant, well-guarded place of resort. A few rules are given for the guidance of those interested in the work: First, do not have more boys than you can take care of. Second, begin with a few whom you can rely on, and enlarge that number slowly. Third, if a boy behaves so well that you want to see him again, give him a ticket to return with. Take the ticket away at his first act of disorder (not the second). Fourth, you can have for amusements, jackstraws, dominos, tee-tum games, parlor croquet, checkers, chess, but not pool, billiards or cards. Fifth, the bait by which you will take them the most easily is to be found in the pictured papers, old and new. It is better to have these bought in volumes. The boys will be utterly indifferent whether they come from Boston, London or Paris, whether they be old or new. Their thirst need not be great, therefore. Pick up old files at auction rooms wherever you can find them, and harass your friends until they have emptied their attics for you. With such appliances you can bring your boys together and keep them in some order. If then you have a hearty working force of people who want to "enlist them on the side of order," you can do so. You can enlarge your club by classes, lectures, evening schools or what you will.

An Old Institution.

It is to the trade guilds of Rome that clubs owe their origin. So numerous were they that even the slaves of great houses formed societies of their own. The purely social clubs of the Roman Empire were formed chiefly of Romans employed in the more distant parts of the universe, in order to lessen the feeling of isolation which their exile involved. Notwithstanding that military clubs were prohibited by the state, they were tolerated among the officers of regiments employed in foreign service, as a compensation for the social disadvantages entailed in a long residence abroad. Another form of the social club was the ladies' club. Although we are accustomed to look upon ladies' clubs as institutions especially characteristic of our own times, they are, in fact, far older than English civilization itself. Ladies' clubs of Rome were very numerous, and met for religious as well as social purposes. The most distinguished of them was known popularly as the "Senate of Matrons." Its title was derived from an imperial edict. Attached to it was a debating society in which momentous questions of etiquette and dress were discussed with becoming gravity. Sometimes the fair women so far condescended as to interfere in municipal questions, and when a man who was so fortunate as to gain their good will died, the ladies erected a statue of their hero.

Story of an American Oak.
Concerning the American oak growing in the imperial gardens at St. Petersburg, this story is told: When Mr. Dallas was in St. Petersburg as American Minister, he was one day visited by a tall, awkward American, who, being requested to state his business, immediately said that he wanted to see the Emperor. He was assured that obtaining an interview with the Emperor was no easy task, but not being disposed to take a refusal, he was requested to leave his name and return in about a fortnight, when his application would probably be considered and determined. A week or so later the American Minister was surprised by a visit from the tall American, and beginning to assure his visitor that an interview with the Emperor could not be obtained, the American responded that he had already seen the Emperor and had just called in at the embassy for the purpose of saying good-by, as he was on his way home. Mr. Dallas was dumfounded, and inquired into the particulars, when he found that the man actually had, by sheer force of brass, succeeded in passing the guards at the palace and seeing the Emperor. "I gave him a present, too," "What was it?" inquired Mr. Dallas. "An acorn from Mount Vernon from a tree that grew over Washington's tomb. The Emperor planted it in the garden with his own hands. I followed him out and saw him plant it." Strange as the story was it was true, and the oak now growing in the imperial gardens at St. Petersburg sprang from the acorn carried thither as a present to the Emperor by the long, awkward American.

The Rhinoceros' Horn.

The horn of the rhinoceros is nothing more than a protuberance composed of agglutinated hair. Cut it in two, and, examining its structure under the microscope, it will be found that it is made up entirely of little tubes, resembling hair tubes. Of course, these are not themselves hair, but the structure is the same. The horns of the African rhinoceros sometimes grow to the length of four feet. From them the Dutch boers make ratrods and other articles.

RELIQS OF THE DRUIDS.

Interesting Reminders of a Departed Age and Religious System.

There are in England a number of ancient ruins which are believed to be relics of the druidical age. The most important of them is Stonehenge (from the Saxon Stenhengist, banging or uplifted stones), a very remarkable structure, composed of large artificially raised monoliths, situated on Salisbury plain, two miles from the town of Amesbury in Wiltshire. When entire, it consisted of two concentric circles of upright stones, including two ellipses, the whole surrounded by a double mound and ditch circular in form. The



STONEHENGE ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

outer circle consisted of thirty blocks of sandstone, fixed upright at intervals of three and a half feet, and connected at the top by a continuous series of imposts, sixteen feet from the ground. The blocks were all square and rough-hewn, and the horizontal imposts dove-tailed to each other, and fitted for mortice-holes in their under sides to knobs in the uprights. About nine feet within this was the inner circle composed of thirty unheaven granite pillars from five to six feet high. Inside this circle was the ellipse and again a second ellipse and inside the whole a large slab of blue marble, supposed to have been the altar of sacrifice. If this is indeed the remains of a druidical temple it stands an interesting relic of a departed age and a religious system of which little remains but the most meager and unsatisfactory tradition.

In the Blue Ridge.

An important North Carolina industry is the collecting and preparing of roots and herbs for sale to wholesale druggists and exporters. This industry gives employment to over thirty thousand people in the Blue Ridge. On the Atlantic slope of the Blue Ridge grow no less than two thousand two hundred varieties of plants known to materia medica; this fact coming to the notice of two shrewd business men of Statesville, they began the business of collecting, preparing, and exporting them. It is interesting to go through the immense warehouses of this firm. There are forty-four thousand square feet of floor space in all, and on this are stored several hundred tons of roots, herbs, barks, gums, and mosses, some varieties in lots of many tons each. The yearly business of the firm amounts to one million five hundred thousand pounds. This mass is bought in by collectors or sent in by country merchants who act as agents for the firm. A certain knowledge of herbs, how and what season to secure them, is a necessary outfit for the collector. The greater part of the gatherers live in mountains in small log cabins of one room, and pursue their novel calling in the shadow of the deep cliffs, under the mighty forests, on the open summits of the lofty peaks, or in the deep gorges of the great Appalachian chain. In these almost inaccessible solitudes the ginseng, snake root, lobelia, blood root, mandrake, unicorn root, and scores of other varieties are found in abundance. These mountaineers collect, takes to his cabin, and dries. When he has a sufficient cargo for his large, canvas-covered wagon, he hitches up his ancient mules and transports it over the mountain roads to the nearest town or settlement, where he exchanges it for tea, sugar, snuff, and tobacco.

Not Many Like Him.

He is a man original.
For it has been his way
To keep his tongue from wagging when
He's got nothing to say.
—Detroit Tribune.

She Still Lectures.

Mr. Tile—Your wife used to lecture before she was married; has she given it up now?
Mr. Mills—Well-er-yes, that is in public.

Mistaken Identity.

A Texas man is the owner of a very fine imported Kentucky jack, and stockmen are continually calling to see it. One day he happened to be upstairs when a friend called to see the animal. His little son called:
"Father, come down, a gentleman wants to see you."
"What did you say, my son?" shouted the father.
"I said come down—a gentleman wants to see our big donkey."—Texas Siftings.

Blowing His Way.

Young Man (who eats onions)—Which way is the wind blowing this morning, Cholly?
Cholly—My way, I guess.

Preparation.

Facetious Caller (who finds his friend exercising with the dumbbells)—"What's the matter? Getting ready to write another spring poem?"
Literary Aspirant—"No; I'm getting ready to sell one."—Washington Star.

Not a Bootless Wooling.

Charlie—Edith Grigson is a nice girl, but her father is a regular old pirate.
Chapple—A pirate? How do you make that out?
Charlie—Well, I know from experience that he is a free-booter.—Exchange.

Considerate Pupils.

Professor A. O. Reese, of Carrollton, Ga., has been teaching school fifty-six years. He says he has taught nearly 5,000 pupils, and never has had but two die in school time.

It Was the Style.

In the days when wings and powder were fashionable, ladies are said to have paid as much as \$200 for having their hair dressed for special or state occasions.

A Small Army.

The theaters in London regularly employ over 12,000 people.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Joke-lets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Told—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable.

His Idea of It.
Miss Tomax—Do you think it possible for a man to love two women?
Van Cure—Not if either of them should catch him at it.

That's the Girl We Want.
Mrs. Bumpus—I don't think you will do, because you are not as tall a girl as I want.

Katie—Phwat Difference Does that make, mum, so long as I do me work?
Mrs. Bumpus—Well, you see, I want a girl tall enough to light the gas without standing on a chair.

A Mistake Somewhere.

Sophie—I hear Mr. Geizenzfuke drinks to excess.

Mr. Jones—No; I guess there must be some mistake. He told me he drank XXX's.

He Wasn't Snowed Under.

Eastern Man—I heard you were snowed under for about six weeks last winter; was that so?

Western Man—No; snowed over.

Easy to Prescribe For.

Druggist—"What did that man want?"
Clerk—"He wanted something for the grip."

Druggist—"What did you give him?"
Clerk—"Don't know; didn't look! Everything is good for the grip!"—Puck.

Man's Reasoning.



She—"You men are so changeable! Before we were married you didn't go to the club every night."
He—"I couldn't, my dear, when I had to call on you every night. I'm not away from home any more now than I was then."

Her Stationary Age.

Her Father—"But, my boy, surely you are too young to marry Aurelia. How old are you?"

Her Suitor—"Eighteen, sir."
Her Father—"And she is 24—too great a disparity. Why not wait half a dozen years? Then you'll be 24, and she'll probably be just about the same age as you."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Her Way of Putting It.

"There was a cake-walk at the Auditorium last night," observed Amy to her friend Mildred.
"Yes," replied the high-school girl, "I believe there was a biscuit pedestrian contest or something of that nature."—Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Queer Place.

Mr. Sharp (the tragedian)—"Denver is a queer place to play in."
Mr. Flat (the comedian)—"How so?"
Mr. Sharp—"I was doing Richard there last week and when I came to the lines: 'Who has seen the sun to-day?' everybody in the audience got up and shouted: 'We are all subscribers!'"—Exchange.

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Blowing His Way.

Young Man (who eats onions)—Which way is the wind blowing this morning, Cholly?
Cholly—My way, I guess.

Preparation.

Facetious Caller (who finds his friend exercising with the dumbbells)—"What's the matter? Getting ready to write another spring poem?"
Literary Aspirant—"No; I'm getting ready to sell one."—Washington Star.

Not a Bootless Wooling.

Charlie—Edith Grigson is a nice girl, but her father is a regular old pirate.
Chapple—A pirate? How do you make that out?
Charlie—Well, I know from experience that he is a free-booter.—Exchange.

Considerate Pupils.

Professor A. O. Reese, of Carrollton, Ga., has been teaching school fifty-six years. He says he has taught nearly 5,000 pupils, and never has had but two die in school time.

It Was the Style.

In the days when wings and powder were fashionable, ladies are said to have paid as much as \$200 for having their hair dressed for special or state occasions.