

AMERICAN SMOKERS.

BURN UP HUNDREDS OF TONS OF TOBACCO ANNUALLY.

Some Interesting Figures Presented by an Authority on the Subject—Cost of the Weed.

The habitual smoker is occasionally reminded by his abstemious friends that smoking is an expensive habit and a wasteful one, and he is asked to consider how much money he could save annually by a discontinuance of the habit.

Whoever the conclusion of the individual smoker, however, it must be admitted that the habit of smoking, as indulged in by Americans, costs, in the aggregate, a lot of money. Tobacco Leaf presents some interesting figures on this subject.

The value of all this tobacco product is not given with exactness, but is estimated at over \$300,000,000. The last three census returns were as follows: For 1880, \$116,772,631; for 1890, \$195,536,862; for 1900, \$263,977,514.

An interesting fact in connection with these statistics is that the great bulk of the product is raised here, manufactured here, and consumed here. Compared with the grand total, our imports and exports are relatively insignificant.

The New York Sun estimates the American population of males who may be regarded as "cigar age" at 24,000,000. At that rate the domestic product of cigars last year was sufficient to allow each smoker 320 smokes during the year.

Perhaps the most formidable view of the tobacco habit in America is obtained when we look at the annual consumption by weight. A cigar is not a heavy object; neither is a pipeful of tobacco or a cigarette; but American smokers burned last year about 300,000 tons—enough to make quite a smudge.

An ingenious time-keeping arrangement exists to-day which was designed by the famous duke of Bridgewater, who laced South Lancashire with canals and died over 100 years ago.

St. Helena, the lonely Atlantic rock on which Napoleon lingered over his last years, was once a regular calling place for ships from England to the Cape of Good Hope, India, Australia and the east.

Mrs. McSosh—Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you were sober when you came home last night? Mr. McSosh—Absolutely, my dear.

RED STREAM IN CAVERN.

Mysterious Cave in British Columbia Which Was Explored by Two Women.

Daring the superstitions of the natives and braving the dangers of an unexplored cavern at Ross peak, British Columbia, two Philadelphia women, Miss Elizabeth Wain Vaux, a daughter of the late Mayor Vaux, and Mrs. Charles Schaffer, had an exciting experience lately.

The trip was fraught with many dangers. None of the natives ever ventures more than a hundred feet from the mouth of the cave. It is their belief that the place is inhabited by gnomes and creatures of magic power.

After making their way along a narrow ledge for about a hundred yards from the mouth of the cavern, the explorers found themselves in a large grotto, the roof hung with beautiful stalactites, which glittered in the flickering light of the candles.

OUR FIRST GREAT HIGHWAY It Was the "Shod" Mulepath from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico.

The first great commercial highway in America, and for more than three centuries incomparably the most important, was that romantic cañada or "shod" mulepath from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico.

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There are reasonably well-known railroads in the United States which to-day do not haul half as much value in freight in a year as yearly shuffled down the Vera Cruz calzada 300 years ago.

In the Art Gallery. Softleigh—I feel great reverence when I stand before one of these old masters. Don't you?

Cruel Thrust. "I can't see why it is that some men will go in raptures over a silly woman," said the fair girl to her chum.

Up in Maine. "Do you believe all sixes fall in a dry season?" asked the hunter.

THE CZAR AS TOYMAKER.

Russian Autocrat Is Clever at Dressing His Children.

The czar does not let the untoward state of his empire weigh heavily upon him. Lately he has been employing his time in making toys for his children, some of them pretty and ingenious.

Their majesties have finished their cruise among the islands of the Gulf of Finland, where they led a pleasantly irresponsible life. Sometimes they fished, sometimes they went ashore for a hunt after otter or badger.

For every little service it is said the emperor and empress lavish presents, watches, scarfpins and rings being distributed in profusion.

PAPIER-MACHE STAGE FOOD

Actors Demand Real Estates and Fake Articles Are Being Sold.

"Papier mache food won't be seen on the stage this season. Everything—chickens, chops, cutlets, loaves—will be real."

And consider its expense. I know of one comedy, with a banquet scene in the second act, where a bottle of champagne and a real lobster salad are used every night.

OLD QUAIL HEN'S COVEYS.

Single Bird That Brought Off Fifty-Four Young in One Season.

An interesting incident in reference to the breeding of quail was told recently by a gentleman living in the vicinity of Cypress, states the Houston (Tex.) Post.

A thing of beauty may be a talisman forever, according to the Moors, whose celebrated carpets originated in magic ward off the evil eye, dreaded along all the coasts of the Mediterranean.

Of Course. Gerald—What does she want with a copy of Burke's Peerage? She hasn't money enough to buy a count, let alone a duke.

Barely Longer. We pardon as long as we love.—Rochefoucauld.

CORPSES HELD IN PAWN.

Agitation Against a Practice That Has Been Prevalent in England.

Rev. H. Pitt, the vicar of St. Mary's, Southwark, has started an agitation against the practice of undertakers of holding corpses in pawn.

"It seems almost incredible," observed Mr. Pitt, "that a body should be seized and held as security for expenses entailed by the deceased's relatives in connection with the funeral that had not then taken place."

OLD PUMPS AS FENCEPOSTS The Unique Fence That Was Built by a Hoosier Well Contractor.

Commodore Perry Rogers was the name of a man who built the oddest fence in Hoosierdom.

There are probably ten miles of pump post fence. There would be more if the commodore had not met an untimely end while on a hunting expedition.

ABOUT ELECTRO MAGNETS. Interesting Facts Concerning the Workings of the Electrical Current.

The familiar horseshoe magnet is made of highly tempered steel and magnetized so that one end is a north pole, the other a south, or perhaps more commonly known as a negative and a positive.

The Salt in the Ocean. If the ocean did not have salt it would freeze somewhat more readily than it does now, but there would be no very marked difference.

Family Secrets. "I hope you'll grow up to be a good, and intelligent man like your father," said the patronizing relative.

Emergency Case. Bacon—The young doctor uses his dress-suit case for carrying home bot tied beer in.

IN MODERN MINING.

ELEMENT OF CHANCE

Obstacles of Primitive Methods Have Been Done Away With—Up-to-Date Hunt for Gold.

Placer mining came to a stop in Egypt and Spain when their gold fell to the level of hand labor.

What is this "goldship"? It is simply a dredge that floats in a pond of its own making—pond which accompanies it wherever it chooses to go, and which enables it to move over the land in any direction.

THE WAITER'S LARGEST TIP It Was Raised a Fiver by the Splurging Diner Who Gave It to Him.

It was in a Chicago restaurant. Two handsomely dressed young women entered, accompanied by modestly attired youths, one of whom bore every evidence of a recent and thorough plunge into the depths of dissipation.

Strength of Katydid. "Enormously strong are the katydids," says a man who trained one of these insects—a kind of grasshopper.

His Qualifications. Senior Partner—I think that office boy of ours would make a good policeman.

Coming Presidents. The chances are that the presidents after 1932 and up to 1944 are now preparing for college.

In Our Boarding-House. "You don't taste any veal in these chicken croquettes," said the landlady, her face beaming with conscientious pride.

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