HOW NEW YORK'S RENT STRIKE CAME

Tipster's Bright Idea Which Grew in the Telling.

(New York Sun.)

This is the way the "East Side rent" story was started and promoted: There is on the staff of one of the East Side Yiddish newspapers a good-natured, well-educated, thrifty young Jew who pieces out his income by sending in tips on East Side news stories to the papers printed in English. This young man lives as well as works in the Ghetto, has a large circle of acquaintances and is thus able usefully to serve his patrons among the American papers. The Sun receives his tips and sometimes, upon investigation by its own reporters, has found them the basis for stories worth printing.

Something more than two weeks ago the tipster met a friend, a lawyer of the Ghetto, who told him that there was a story in a meeting, then being held in a little hall, of thirty women who had signed a petition to their landlord asking for a reduction in rent.

The tipster said to himself "If all the tenants of the East Side should sign such a petition and then refuse to pay rent there would be 60,000 evictions!"

Tipsters have peculiar mental processes. This one, on his way to the newspapers he favored with his information, framed his tip thus: "There is a big rent strike story in the Ghetto. Thirty thousand tenants—60,000—are going to refuse to pay rent, and oh, such an eviction!"

Some papers "fell," and printed stories constructed on unabridged lines, the tip serving as a yeast microbe to foment the imagination of the story writers. The Sun office managed to remain calm to the point of depriving its readers of any thrill as to the consequences of hundreds of thousands of sick women and children being ruthlessly thrust into the cold streets by the icy hands of heartless landlords.

But the tipster awoke the next morning to find that he had not less than $30 worth of space in some of the papers that "fell."

That was doing so well that he would not have worked the vein for any more gold, but the story was too good for the papers which delight in that sort of a story, true or otherwise, and the thrifty tipster was delighted to get rush orders from his fallen patrons for more rent riot stuff.

The "riot," by the way, was thrown in by the tipster's patrons for good measure; he had not thought of that. But if riots were wanted, why, all good tipsters strive to please, so there were riot tips to suit.

Another reason why the tipster could not, if he would, check the stream of space money flowing his way was that the Yiddish Socialist papers took up the story from the English papers and their distressing accounts of unjust evictions so excited the people of the Ghetto that meetings were held to protest against rent rates, little meetings needing nursing to develop into "good" news stories.

At one of these meetings a young Jewess named Mrs. Hellman spoke. This meeting was held in a vacant shop next to a blacksmith's on Cherry street, near Pike slip. At the meeting were sixteen tenants from 216 and 218 Chery street, Mrs. Hellman being one.

The tipster was on the job. "A beautiful young Jewess, a new Joan of Arc, is arousing the East Side." Such was his tip, which also gave Mrs. Helman's address.

The next day a morning paper printed a picture of "Mrs. Hellman addressing a crowd of tenants who had hanged a landlord in effigy."

The camera can't lie, but it is as easy as any other kind of lying to lie for it.

This end of the story can be told at first hand. Recently a Sun reporter called on Mrs. Hellman in room 11, one flight up, back, 218 Cherry street. She pleasantly bade the reporter enter when he knocked at her door, but "Come in" proved to be about all the English she had. So she sent for a toddler of a son to interpret, and when the interview had gone far enough for her to undestand that an American newspaper wanted to know about her addressing a mob which had hanged a landlord she became so earnestly voluble that her own startled offspring could not follow her. So Master Hellman toddled away and son returned with an eighteen-year-old matron who had fluent English. Question and answer, English and Yiddish, rapidly developed a pleasing story of a picture. Thus Mrs. Hellmuth as translated:

"I never spoke in the street. In the shop I spoke. Not for my own rent to be lowered. I do not care, for I am going away in a few weeks. I am a young woman and should enjoy myself. But for my neighbors I spoke, because they could not speak. So I told them how they should ask $2 a month each from their rent and hot water every day instead of four times a week. Well, they each got $1 off a month and hot water every day. That is something, is it not?

"But these reporters come, four, five, six reporters at a time, and I say to them, It is all over; we get our rent reduced. What you want? Then they write such common things to make me sty.

"Next come the photographers. Nine times they take my picture. But one more comes. I am tired. I offer him a picture of myself. No, he would have me stand in the street and hold up my hand. It was Friday, too, and I was cooking for Saturday! But he would have me stand in the street; so I did. He had an old pair of pants and a coat and stuffed them full of papers. The children think it is a joke and gather about. Then he hangs up the old pair of pants and the coat, and gets the children to crowd about me. He told me to hold up my hand and I did, and he took my picture.

"But such a trouble I have got from that. Pay! No, not a cent he paid me, but such troubles come!

"The next day two detectives come here and ask the landlord where is the woman who led the mob who hanged him (the landlord). But the landlord told them he was not hanged ,and there was no mob.

"Then the detectives find me and tell me to do no more such foolishness. That it made trouble. So I had that paper brought to me and read to me. Such a common woman they made me! And made fun of me that I had little English.

"Is that all? No, my people come, my cousins, and they say how could I make such a common woman of myself as to make such speeches in the street and make the mob hang the landlord? I cannot see how any people could believe I would be so common.

But Mrs. Hellman's cousins were not the only ones deceived by that picture. Many excitable socialists of the school which believes the tenant should fix the rent rate were greatly encouraged by that picture of a landlord hanged in effigy. Indeed, it was a great success, and so well done it really must have added materially to the paper's day's circulation figures.

When the Sun reporter went to the seventh precinct police station and asked the desk lieutenant what he thought of the rent strike situation. The precinct includes Rutgers square, the centre of the nightly response to the yellow press morning scream, and the desk lieutenant was an intelligent and experienced officer. He said:

"We are having no trouble worth speaking of. The thing happens every winter, and it will all quiet down now as it has before unless the Yiddish Socialist papers and the other with their big headlines and pictures keep the agitation up until the nightly crowds give us trouble. But I guess not. Some of our men were telling me a funny thing. It seems that there is a reporter on a Yiddish paper who started all this with some stories he sent out to the American papers. He must be a pretty smart lad, for our men hear that he is making $20 to $30 a day out of plugging the game along. Our men say he only expected to make a little holiday money with one short story, but the papers won't let go of it.

"But I guess we can handle the crowds without much trouble unless the excitement is stirred up too long."

Justice Roesch, of the Municipal Court, sitting in the new second district, which is the old first, on Madison, near Clinton street, had something to say on the rent strike. It was at the close of the call of landlord and tenant cases, and the space in front of the bench was filled with young Jew lawyers representing clients on both sides of the controversy.

These made a decidedly interesting group of men, very true to a distinct type physically and mentally. They were short in stature, smooth and dark of face, with keen, observing eyes. They could all talk—and did talk—well and fluently. Their relations with the justice appeared notably friendly and for a reason it is worth while explaining.

Justice Roesch was born in the east side 52 years ago; he went to school and studied law there, represented the district for several terms in both branches of the State Legislature, and for fourteen years has been deciding cases there. He speaks to those having business before him in English, German, Italian and Yiddish. The court house where he sat yesterday was originally St. Mary's library institute, and, said the justice, "Forty years ago I spouted my first little speech in public in this very building."

The justice announced that as the next day would be the Jewish Sabbath he would issue no warrants of eviction until Monday and Tuesday following. Warrants against those who had been inciting tenants not to pay would be served on Monday, the others on Tlesday.

Having made this announcement the justice added:

"A word or two before I finally dispose of these cases. With the economic conditions I have nothing to do. It is unfortunately true that the east side is suffering from a species of absentee landlordism. The owners of the fee in many cases have moved away. They sublet their properties. In some cases this has been done several times over, and each succeeding lessee handles the rent to make a profit. And the original owner stands aside and looks with open-eyed astonishment at the profits the subsequent lessees are making on the property.

"The result has been that this second and third squeeze has raised the rent in many cases to an extent not warranted by natural conditions.

"Now there is another reason (for the controversy) which is a bit political, which concerns neither the Democratic nor the Republican party, but it offers political capital for the Socialist party.

"Finally there is another reason—and I am not saying this with enmity to any one: Some young lawyers have a chance to indicate to some people the way they should go to arrive at some law office.

"While I will not allow any warrants to issue to-day, I will have no patience with any tenant who incites to disrespect for the law. Such tenants must move at once."

Justice Roesch said to the reporter that tenants were no more restless or rebellious this winter than two and five years ago, and that he looked for no serious trouble unless the Socialist agitators cause it. He did not like the police action in preventing anti-rent meetings. "I would let these people meet in every hall and park in the district and talk themselves out. That would be a great relief to them," he said.

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BREAKING A YOKE OF STEERS.

A Strenuous Experience City Boys Do Not Know.

"Dramas of the ox yoke variety are not so popular now in New York as they were a few years ago," said a man who came dow from the hills when the Western Union building was on the skyline of lower New York from every point of view. "In those days any drama of country life that introduced a yoke of streers was a go.

"The theatres relied, as they do now, considerably upon the patronage of country visitors in town, and it is a queer fact that anything somewhat resembling what they were used to seeing every day up country interested them greatly when shown on the stage of a New York theatre. I can account for this only in one way.

"To-day I happen to be near by when some minor street accident occurs. I know pretty nearly all about it; but the most interesting things to me in to-morrow's newspapers are what they print concerning the accident that I know almost all about. In the same way those of us who came from the ox yoke regions were always interested in the ox yoke drama, poor as it was as an imitation of the real thing.

"Perhaps our interest was due to the fact that there was enough of realism in the play to recall to our remembrance what we had ourselves experienced. Did any one of you ever break a yoke of steers?" the talker abruptly asked.

There was no affirmative nod or utterance.

"Then you have missed one of the strenuous experiences of boy life on a farm," said the man who was doing most of the talking. "In the spring, when the calves come along, the farmer's boy used to be—and still is, up among the hills—permitted to pick out two bull calves that were to be the making of a yoke of steers.

"He knew their pedigrees, and could make a good guess as to what they were likely to turn out to be, as to size and disposition. He selected them with some notion also as to appropriateness of marking—two white noses, a white star in the forehead of each, or something like that.

"From the time of this selection they are the boy's yoke of steers. When winter comes he sees that they have extra feed and are bedded with clean straw every night.

"He pets them and curries them as he would a fine colt, and in the spring they come out two fine yearlings. It is then that the strenuous part of his experience with them begins.

"He has a light cedar yoke with slender bows of hickory. He has decided which of the young steers is to be the smaller. That one is to be driven on the left side, the nigh side to the driver walking at the left side of the team.

"He begins the operation of breaking with the other steer, the larger one. He puts the right end of the cedar yoke over the neck of this one, slips the bow in from beneath and keys it. Meanwhile the pet steer is chewing the leather straps on the boy's cowhide boot tops and wondering what it is all about.

"The boy holds the other end of the yoke, taking the place of the nigh steer, switches the poke street on the back with a small ox whip and says 'Geddap.' The steer looks around and tries to take the switch in his mouth. But at length the boy manages to make the steer understand what the game is, and they mog sedately around the barnyard—a team composed of a nigh boy and an off steer.

"The same instruction is given to the other steer, excepting that the boy has the off end of the yoke and the steer the nigh end.

"Then the steers are ready to be yoked together and the trouble begins. The boy has no difficulty in getting the steers side by side and putting the yoke over their necks save that there are two steers nibbling at his boot straps while he is slipping in the bows and fastening them.

"Then he steps back and looks at his yoke of steers. At the same time the steers edge their hind quarters apart and look at each other.

"The yoke prevents them coming face to face, and they do not understand the situation. Each seems to think the other is to blame, and they begin to spin around like two tops.

"It is then up to the boy to do something. He tries to quiet them and line them up again side by side. But they break into a run, going sidewise like two tangled crabs.

"They kick up the barnyard straw and bang against the board fence. They fall in a heap and roll over each other, and when they get to their feet the yoke is turned.

"Ever see steers turn their yoke?" the story teller asked. "No? Well, it's like one of these puzzles that you bother with for an hour and can't do, and that suddenly comes out all right and you don't know how.

"When the yoke is turned the beam is under their necks and the bows are on top. I have tried to figure out how they do it, and the only way I can fetch it is this: They get around facing each other as nearly as the yoke will let them, and one of them does a somersault, landing on his back; the other describes something like the spiral of Archimedes and also lands on his back; then both turn their necks in the bows and get up with the yoke under their chins.

"No boy can straighten out a yoke of steers after the yoke has been turned except by taking off the yoke and lining them up again side by side. Usually two or three times turning the yoke satisfies the steers, and they submit gently to the rest of the breaking process.

"During the summer the boy drives his yoke of steers to a stone boat and draws slabs and posts down to a small dam in the pasture where he is putting up a mill to saw pumpkin vines into cordwood. When winter comes his steers are so well broken that he puts a hole in the old cutter, gets in, tucks the blanket around his legs and drives his team over to the post office for the mail, driving them by his gee-hawing or by a touch of the whip.

"By the next winter the steers are fine big fellows with brass buttons on their horns and can pull many times their weight in sawlogs on a sled through the snow."

Effects of the Flurry.

"Of course you've heard about this financial flurry, Mr. Snobleigh?"

"Yes, Miss Rockies."

"Isn't it awful the way everyone is affected?"

"Why what difference can it make to you?"

"What difference? Why, its dreadful. Father says I can only run the automobile twenty-five miles a day, that I mustn't give more than two lunch parties a week, that I can only go to one matinee, that—that—that—oh, you havn't any idea what this all means to me!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FREE

$200.00 in Cash

500 VALUABLE PREMIUMS

You need not Spend ONE CENT in order to Enter this Contest.

In order to introduce our goods into homes where they are not already known, we have decided to give away the above-named sum and 500 handsome premiums. The cash and premiums will be given in order of merit to persons sending in the best ending to the Limerick Verse that is written in part below.

1st prize	$50.00 in cash
2nd prize	$40.00 in cash
3rd prize	$35.00 in cash
4th prize	$25.00 in cash
5th to 9th prizes—Five prizes of $10 each	$50.00 in cash

10th to 14th prizes—Five Ladies' or Gents' Gold Filled Hunting Case Watches.
15th to 19th prizes—Five Family Dinner Sets (97 pieces).
20th to 24th prizes—Five Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Plated Watches.
25th to 29th prizes—Five Sets of half a dozen Silver Plated Knives and Forks (Rogers).
30th to 34th prizes—Five Ladies' or Gents' Solid Silver Watches.
35th to 39th prizes—Five Handsome Violins and Bows.
40th to 44th prizes—Five Hardwood Accordeons.
45th to 49th prizes—Five Magnificent Fur Ruffs.
50th to 59th prizes—Ten Ladies' Toilet Sets.
60th to 159th prizes—One hundred Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Filled Rings.
160th to 259th prizes—One hundred Waterton Fountain Pens.
260th to 359th prizes—One hundred Sets of 6 Silver Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers).
360th to 399th prizes—Forty Ladies' Hand Bags.
400th to 510th prizes—110 Sets of Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (Rogers).

Below will be found the Limerick Verse WITH A MISSING LINE, which line we expect our competitors to supply:

In giving good prizes we take pride,
They make known our goods both far and wide.
Why delay?
Call or write to-day,

.....
(Fill in the line above.)

Please note that the last line should rhyme with the first two lines.

As a last WORD for the missing line, we would suggest the use of any of the following words: "divide," "applied," "lied," "simplified," "provide," "confide," "supplied," "denied," "beside," "sighed," "tried," "decide," "bride," "cried," "dried," "bride," "side," "compiled," "dyed," "implied," "spied," "inside," "died," "tried," "ride," "tied," "abide," "aside," "deride," "astride," "belied." These words all rhyme with the endings of the first two lines in the verse.

Below will be found two examples of Limericks that can be made by adding ONE LINE to the four lines given above. There are many other endings to be made. Try and make one yourself. It is easy.

HERE ARE TWO EXAMPLES:

In giving good prizes we take pride,
They make known our goods both far and wide.
Why delay?
Call or write to-day.
And with full particulars be supplied.

In giving good prizes we take pride,
They make known our goods both far and wide.
Why delay?
Call or write to-day.
And declare with the judges' decision you'll abide.

CONDITIONS

There is another simple condition with this contest about which we will write you as soon as we receive your answer to the above. THIS CONDITION DOES NOT INVOLVE THE SPENDING OF ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY.

The judging of the Limericks will be in the hands of a committee of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity who have no connection with this office. No employee of ours or any of their relations will be allowed to compete, and the committee's judgment must be accepted as final.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of three appointed by the Bovel Manufacturing Co., and enter this competition on that distinct understanding.

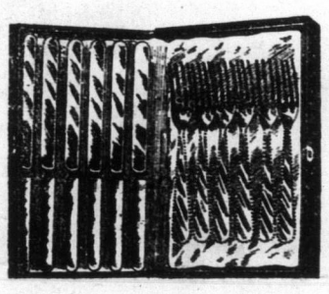
Signature .....

Address .....

.....

(State whether we are to address you as Mr., Mrs. or Miss .....

Please write very plainly. Cut out this advt. and send it to us after filling in the blank line. The filling in of the missing line may take a little thought and time, but it should be time and energy well spent. There are over five hundred prizes, any one of which is well worth the time and energy that we ask you to expend. Surely this is enough for everyone! Write to-day. Do not send any money. We will answer your letter immediately, and tell you of the simple condition that must be adhered to. Address very plainly,



BOVEL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 47, Montreal.

Oregon Post Office Names

Albany, Ore.—For queer names of towns, Oregon excels any State in the Union. Natural statistics and freaks of fortune made many names, and the pioneers who settled in this Far Western State often selected a name for their new location from the very first chance occurrence in connection with it.

Indian names and some drawn from the classics appear in Oregon's post office list, but predominant are the names indicative of the life of the West. Animals, birds and trees have also contributed their names to settlements.

The part chance has played in forming Oregon's post office list is illustrated in Bakeoven. In early days a Frenchman started from The Dalles, which, by the way, takes its name from the dalles or falls in the Columbia River, with a cargo of flour for the mines at Canyon City, another town named from its geographical location.

The first night he went into camp a band of Indians came along and drove off all his mules. Unable to move his flour, he gathered some rocks together, built a big oven and then gradually baked his flour into bread.

The bread was sold to passing miners and travellers along the trail at a much greater profit than he would otherwise have received. As a result of this occurrence the little town which now stands on the site of the Frenchman's camp is named Bakeoven, and residents yet point out the blackened rocks which were a part of the original bakeoven that gave the place its name.

Similar in origin to Bakeoven are Haystack, Tanks, Echo, Box and Apiary. Haystack was named for the only thing standing on the ground when the post office was established, and Tanks is a station on the O., R. & N. Railroad in Umatilla County, where the watering tanks of that division is situated.

Gooseberry, Looking Glass and Mule all appear on Oregon's map. When a post office was established at Gooseberry the Department told I. R. Esteb, who was appointed postmaster, to select a name different from any other in the United States. His inspiration came from an immense gooseberry bush. There is also a post office in Oregon named Strawberry.

The name of Looking Glass comes from the clear stream which runs near this post office. Among other names chosen on account of surroundings are Juniper, which stands among the juniper trees of eastern Oregon; Peak, located near the foot of Mary's Peak, the highest point in the Coast Range; Fossil, county seat of Wheeler county, and near fosil deposits, and Lime, Lava, Mineral and Meadow, all named because of the chief characteristic of their natural surroundings.

The post office of Mule is in Harney county. It draws its name from the fact that its postmaster, J. F. Mahon, in whose residence the post office is located, conducts one of the largest mule ranches in the West.

There is no town at Mule, but the ranchers wanted a post office. When Mahon, who headed the petition, was asked to select a name he suggested Anderson, as his ranch is in Anderson Valley. But the Department replied that there were too many Andersons in the country already, and a shorter name would be advisable. So Mahon suggested Mule, and it was accepted.

Other animals or birds whose names decorate Oregon's postal list are Cayuse, Crow, Grizzly, Grouse, Antelope, Fishhawk, Hare, Fox, Pelican and Salmon.

There are several names which, while they may seem strange for post offices and towns were really natural selections. Such are Reuben and Rufus. Each was named for the man on whose land the town was established, the former for Reuben R. Foster and the latter for Rufus C. Wallis.

Shake is another post office of the same class. The name implies nothing as to cordiality or the lack of it as might be supposed, but it stands in a southern Oregon sugar pine belt and when the office was named a great many shakes, a kind of shingle, were manufactured there.

Bridal Veil might hint of a romance. But there is no tradition to live up to the name. The post office stands near a beautiful water fall in eastern Multnomah county resembling a spreading white veil.

Steamboat is also a misnomer, for it stands on a creek not big enough to float a canoe. But in early mining days the creek was named Steamboat Creek and the post office name came from that of the creek.

There was a village in Oregon named Push. It was a misnomer, too, for if any town ever lacked push it was this one. Appreciating that fact and believing that possibly the name was a hoodoo residents have changed the name of the town to Necanicum, after a river on which it is situated.

Asbestos is the name of a thriving Oregon settlement and one might suppose it to be the hottest town in the State. But it stands well up in the mountains of Josephine County and secured its name from the asbestos mine near by. Other Oregon towns which were named after nearby mines are Greenhorn, Greenback and Lucky Boy. There are also Mineral, Promise, Agate, Nugget, Oretown and Prospect.

A historic name is Grant's Pass, county seat of Josephine County.

When U. S. Grant was a young lieutenant in the regular army he led a detachment of soldiers from California northward through Oregon to Vancouver barracks. In crossing the southern Oregon Mountains the soldiers wandered away from the regular trail and found their way down out of the mountains through a new pass. In later years when Grant led the Union armies to victory and became famous his name became associated with this pass, and the city which grew up in the pass between the hills took the name.

In early days the settlers in order to be near wood and water went well back into the hills to take donation land claims, ignoring the rich valley lands, which are now the scene of trade and wealth. A party thus seeking new homes found a pleasant little valley in what is now the eastern part of Linn County. Believing they had found a Utopia, so far as natural conditions were concerned, they named their settlement Sweet Home. But though thriving cities now dot the valleys far below it Sweet Home is yet a foothill village.

San Francisco capitalists founded a town near the mouth of the Siuslaw River and thinking they had an ideal location for a sawmill town, both in timber supply and shipping facilities, they named it Acme. It has never attained the dignity of a city.

Anidem secured its name in an unusual way. When a post office was established in the Quartzville mining district in Linn County, Lawler, the London capitalist who owned the mines, wanted to name it for his friend Medina. But this name was so similar to Mehama which is only a few miles away, that the Post Office Department rejected it. Lawler reversed the letters and called the post office Anidem.

Corvallis, county seat of Benton County, is Latin in origin, meaning the heart of the valley. It was originally named Marysville. About 1870 this town and Salem, the capital of Oregon, and Albany, the county seat of Linn County, desired names which were not so common. Marysville became Corvallis, Albany changed to Taknah and Salem became Chemeketa. The first town kept its new name, but the latter two soon changed back to the old names.

Billsburg got its name thus: A few years ago only seven men lived there, all being miners or homesteaders. They met one evening to choose a name for their settlement, and it was then discovered that the first name of all seven of the men was William. That settled the discussion of a name and Billsburg was at once adopted.

TIPS NECESSARY IN MEXICO.

A Nuisance That Even the Government Cannot Suppress.

There is no city in the world where what may be called "tip mania" has become so deeply rooted as among the people of the city of Mexico.

The tipping habit is becoming a law, which, of course, is better observed by those who are to receive the tips. If you fail to tip any one who has rendered you a service, even if you have already paid a high price for it, you are liable to be insulted and abused.

Summon a cargador, arrange with him for the transportation of a bundle, and if after the work is done and the price agreed upon is paid you do not give him his "aguital" you will be insulted, and that cargador, nor any of his friends, will ever do any work for you.

Restaurant waiters, barbers, coachmen, bootblacks, porteros, mozos—everybody wants a tip, and they all have special names to call those who do not give tips. For instance, at a restaurant, they are called "jamones" (hams) or beefsteaks; at a barber shop "musicos" (musicians); by coachmen something that would not look well in print; by bootblacks "chivos" (bucks) and by porteros "sinverguenzas."

Such warning is enough. No one in the group will render services, giving as an excuse that he is very busy (mi jefecito, estoy muy ocupado ahorita).

However, all these people have found an easy way to compel pepole who have not fallen into the habit of giving tips to exploit them, and "volis nolis" they have to open their purse.

After 10 o'clock at night cabs charge double fare. Any one who takes a cab at, say, ten minutes to ten, and discharges it fifteen minutes after ten, is compelled to pay half an hour at regular rates and another half an hour at night rates.

If a cargador is sent on an errand he sometimes will spend half of the day at a pulque joint, and will return saying that either he could not find the house or the person whom he was to see. Then he exacts additional payment for "time lost."

Restaurant waiters double the price of articles consumed, especially if they are not included in the bill of fare, which happens very often.

Bootblacks seldom have change, and if sent to get it one often never sees them again.

As to porteros, their most efficacious means to compel people living in their houses to give them a tip to refuse to open the door.

In barber shops "musicos" are compelled to wait for a long time, and when in the chair they are either tortured by dull razors or barbers take more time than would be required to shave the entire body of a bull.

Besides these tips there are the gifts which have to be made on different days of the year to servants or people who in any capacity render their services. New year, the "ano nuevo"; January 6th, the "santos reyes"; February 2nd, the "candelarita"; March 19th, the "San Josesito"; Holy Saturday, the "Judas"; June 24th, the "San Juanito"; feast of Corpus Christi, the "mulita"; August 15th, the "Ascension"; September 15th, the "Independencia"; November 1st, the "Calavera"; December 12th, the "Guadalupe"; and Dec. 25th, the "Aguinaldo."

On all these days servants, newsboys who deliver the paper at home, letter carriers, butchers, tailors, shoemakers, evedybody expects to receive a gift of some kind, preferably in cash.

The tip question has become such a nuisance in Mexico city that some months ago the government of the Federal district announced that cabmen, cargadors, mecapaleros, etc., who accepted tips would be discharged. Unfortunately the public prefers to tip all these people rather than to hear themselves called by the far from sweet names that such people apply to non-tipping persons.—Mexican Herald.

Women Defied Church Rule.

Six splendidly clad young women, not the least of their grandeur being represented by the latest examples of millinery art, swept into the First Presbyterian Church last night and seated themselves in the most advantageous seats of this the most selected house of worship in the city. The six did not resemble conspirators bent on revolutionary and rebellious tactics, but they were and they won their point.

"Ladies will please remove their hats," commanded the Rev. Dr. Matthews, when his calm glance over his congregation revealed the fact that one of the standing rules of the church was being violated right under the ministerial nose.

There was no responsive action on the part of the six. The request was repeated in a still firmer tone, but the rebels sat firm, and after a pause of a minutes's duration the divine began his sermon while the six sat straight with their plumes flaunting a paean of victory.—Seattle Times.

Wilful Waste.

"Don't it make you angry to see a pretty girl waste a kiss on a Teddy bear?" asked the tall young man.

"Indeed it does," replied his chum.

"And it is always a bashful girl."

"Sure! A girl too shy to bear a kiss will kiss a bear."—Chicago News.

To Her Credit.

Miss Diggs—"Yes, he said you did show your age."

Miss Passay—"The idea! The impudence of him."

Miss Diggs—"Why I'd call that a compliment. It simply proves how skilful you've been in concealing it."Philadelphia Press.

Many a fellow prides himself upon getting the dearest little wife in the world, but a little later on he wishes he had a little cheaper one