

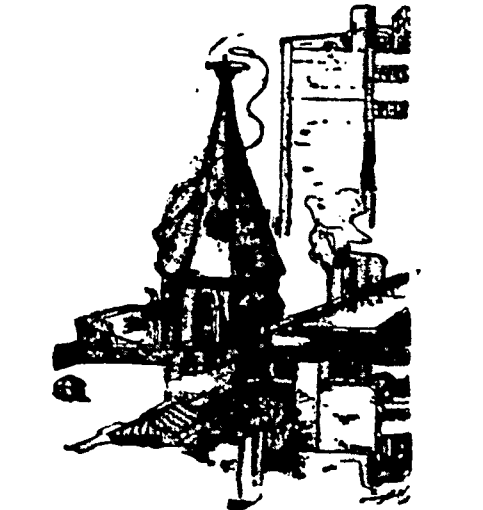
NOTES FROM GOTHAM

HEALTH AUTHORITIES LOOK FOR GERMS OF DISEASE

A City Farm—The Dark Side of Life—Love Encounters Difficulties—Popular Moving Pictures—A Wizard and a Steeple—How He Performs His Work.

The health authorities have commenced the work of hunting for germs of disease and disinfection in the crowded quarters of the city. President Murphy fears no particular disease, but thinks it wise to purify the worst portions of the city and the work is now in progress. The disinfectant is carried in two barrels, loaded on a truck. Two watering carts from the Park Department were on hand to help in the work. The disinfectant was thrown into the watering carts and water then poured in until the carts were filled. Then the mixture was drawn off through a spigot into shining sprinkling cans. It resembled a compound of oatmeal water, but the doctors declared that, though its appearance was against it, it would make short work of germs. Before the wielders of the cans began their task the policemen started off to prepare the way for the disinfectant by a thorough inspection of the tenements. In many cases it was apparent that the coming of the brigade had been heralded. Scrubbing brush and broom had done uncommon feats in many a hall and cellar.

The Wizard of the Steeple
The Wizard of the Steeple came to town the other day. His name is George V. Wing and he is from Zanesville, Ohio. To see him working on the lofty belfry of St. Andrew's Catholic church, City Hall place and Duane street, it was plain that besides his own laurels, the Wizard has won those of the late Steeple Bob, who lost his life in falling from a steeple in Cold Spring, N. Y. Father Evers, rector of the church, looked on and marvelled at what he did. First the Wizard climbed up inside the tower as high as he could squeeze his body. Then he used a hammer and battered a hole through the slated side, far above the street. It was the Wizard's job to get down the weather-beaten cross on the tower-top and put up a new one. Soon from the hole he had wriggled a rope. Down on the church's roof stood a helper. Slowly the rope dangled down till it reached the helper's hands. Then he made it fast, while the Wizard, the belfry the Wizard was also doing the same thing. A few moments later



he reappeared on the roof, wearing rubber-soled shoes. On his back was a lot of lassoes. In a twinkling he had the rope's end in his hand and was testing its strength. On the street the big crowd gaped in wonder. Then the Wizard began to climb, and the way he went up the side of that steeple would have put a fly to blush. He just grasped the rope and walked up as if he had been on the sidewalk, a hundred feet below. Soon he reached the end of his rope—where the hole in the belfry was. Then he wrapped the rope twice around his leg for a hold and untied the lassoes from his back. With one hand gripping the single strand that held him he grasped the lasso in the other and put the end between his teeth. Then he tossed it dexterously right over the top of the steeple. The rest was easy.

In a twinkling he had other lassoes around the spire's point and was up there himself, smiling at the crowd below. He let down a cord to his helper and hauled up a boatwain's chair, with block and tackle. This he made fast to the top of the tower, and soon he was sitting comfortably there while his helper held him up with a rope. It was simple work getting the cross down, and just as easy building a scaffold from which he could work.

Many Pictures
The attractions of the machines which, for the small sum of a nickel, exhibit wonderful moving pictures to the seeker after novelty, were formerly confined to upper Broadway. But lately several of the establishments having these for a chief feature have started up down town. The show windows are generally too small to admit of an automatic piano, which always forms one of the features of the up-town places, so a machine which produces pictures at the rate of one every two seconds takes the place of the musical instrument as an advertisement of the establishment. That these devices do not fall of their purpose is amply evidenced by the fact that a group of lookers-on is never wanting. Probably the most attractive of the scenes shown are those of a fire-engine, at full speed, and the interior of a horse mart. At any rate these have been the series most generally in use.

Pursued Under Difficulties
The enjoyment of love's young dream is sometimes pursued under difficulties in New York. The maidens whose homes are in a house or an apartment of respectable size are able to receive their callers in a parlor or sitting room, where a reasonable freedom from the curious eyes of the rest

of the family is assured. But some of the poorer families have but one common living room, and there is a natural reluctance on the part of a young man who is "keeping company" with a girl to pay his addresses before parents and other relatives. For such the parks offer inducements which cannot be ignored, and many a troth is plighted 'neath the eyes of the stars. The weather does not always favor outdoor courtship, however, yet "love will find a way," and it is no uncommon thing to see a cooling pair exchanging sweet confidences beneath the friendly shelter of an umbrella, which protects them from the rain-drops. It is not always a "summer shower" that the young people brave, either, for in the early spring and late autumn the parks have their quota of lovers whom a pelting rain seems not to daunt.

The Dark Side
One of the sights of the dark side of city life may be seen in New York's small public parks almost any night during the mild weather. There is ever a good-sized number of unfortunate men in the metropolis who are out of work and out of pocket—or maybe out of favor with their families and friends. For many reasons, then, such unfortunate men have no place to sleep. Possibly they have been to the



city lodging house so often that they do not care to repeat the visit, and so no refuge is left them but a bench in the public park. The accompanying sketch is a true picture of what was seen not many evenings ago in one of the small parks in the centre of the city. The man lay asleep on the bench while his faithful little dog kept watch. If curiosity prompted any one to draw near, a warning growl and a showing of white teeth sufficed to keep the intruder at bay. And so the homeless one slept on, ragged, maybe hungry, with no shelter save the green leaves and no coverlid but the silent stars, yet happy in the possession of such a brave and faithful little friend.

A Farm in the City
From a crowded city street on one side, with its tall flats, to the beautiful country within a stone's throw across the way, is the transformation which greets the eye as you come along the Southern Boulevard, in the Bronx, from 149th street to 166th street and Prospect avenue. Here there is a fine stretch of meadow, with cows grazing, farmers working in the field, and the stimulating odor of new-mown hay. This glimpse of green fields, which comes like an oasis, is the farm of Edward Scholium, and comprises twenty-five acres of cultivated land. Mr. Scholium is a sturdy, healthy man of about middle age. He was engaged in filling a basket with some appetizing salad from a large bed when I called upon him. He is proud of his little farm, and hopes to be able to hold it for the rest of his life. He told me that he employs ten farm hands to look after the crops, has eight cows, four horses and four wagons. He and his men are kept busy all day, and there is seldom a day that he does not send a big load of fresh produce to Gansevoort Market.

The old farmhouse is built of stone, without any ornamentation, but is roomy and cool throughout. The house has been standing about fifty years. It is shaded by many tall trees which shut out all view of the city surrounding it, so that there is everything to remind you of the country, and even the city noises are shut out.

Fruits in Cold Storage
Nearly all kinds of fruits are kept nowadays, on occasions, in cold storage and they may be kept for practically any period; winter pears, for example, are kept from October to May; oranges are kept six months, and so on, and the list of fruits thus stored has been all the time lengthening. One added within recent years is the cantaloupe, the cold storage of which was begun, with the wide extension of the area and latitude of its cultivation in large quantities for market, and the consequent extension of its season, about six years ago. Cantaloupes come in large quantities from as far west as Colorado, and as far south as Florida. With the great lengthening of the season of this melon in the market, and the vastly increased receipts cold storage has been resorted to to save fruit that must otherwise have been lost or practically given away. At one cold-storage warehouse in New York there were but in last year, in the course of the season, fifty carloads of cantaloupes.

A fruit not cold-stored is the banana, which is shipped green, in keeping condition, to be sold as it ripens. Another fruit, a good keeper, which is not cold-stored, is the watermelon, though what is perhaps as new a wrinkle as any in cold storage is one in connection with the watermelon. While the watermelon is not cold-stored for its preservation, it is nowadays put into cold storage to cool it. A big restaurant, cutting up and selling in the season many watermelons daily, sends fifty or a hundred melons to the nearest cold-storage warehouse, where the fruit is brought down to a temperature agreeable to the palate of the consumer more economically and conveniently than by putting them in ice boxes or by icing them in restaurants.

In living together, our main duty is to compromise, not principles, but those things especially our own, which yet cannot be indulged in without injury or to others.—J. F. W. Ware.

THE HEART OF THE TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants a friend of sun and sky; He plants the flag of breezes free; The shaft of beauty towering high; He plants a home to heaven and earth For song and mother-croon of bird.

In hushed and happy twilight heard— The treble of heaven's harmony— These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants cool shade and tender rain, And seed and bud of days to be, And years that fade and bush again; He plants the glory of the plain; He plants the forest's heritage; The harvest of the coming age; The joy that unborn eyes shall see— These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree? He plants, in sap and leaves and wood, In love of home and loyalty, And far-cast thought of civil good— His blessing on the neighborhood Who in the hollow of his hand Holds all the growth of all our land— A nation's growth from sea to sea, Sure in his heart who plants a tree. —The Century.

A Matter of Comparison.

The manager of the theatre attached to the Casino at Rochester-Bain was well satisfied with himself and his affairs.

His present programme was a success, and the theatre was well-filled nightly. The special feature was an idea of his own, and it had "caught on" at once. It was called "The Dream of a Salad," and the dresses were especially designed to represent the component parts of a very comprehensive salad.

"Queen Lettuce" was a trifle too plump, and her accent was detestable even for a variety artist. But she stepped higher than any of the others, so her accent did not matter.

Some one knocked at the door. He gave permission, and, at the first glance, his customary "Well, my dear, what is it this time?" was strangled in utterance.

The woman was young, very dainty looking, with the unmistakable cachet of the Maison Doucet or Worth stamped upon her attire.

"Please excuse me, monsieur, for calling without an appointment. I will explain my visit." The voice was clear and the intonation refined. It, quite as much as her appearance, proclaimed the owner to be as far removed from the members of the manager's company as the Rue de la Paix at 6 P. M. from the Quartier Latin at midnight.

"I am listening, madame."

"It is my wish to play in your theatre to-night."

The manager waved his hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"Let me finish, please. It is absolutely necessary that I play to-night."

"But it is impossible."

"The part of Queen Lettuce in 'The Dream of a Salad,' as played by Mademoiselle—what is her name? Louise Coudert, I believe?"

"Yes; but really, madame—"

"If you will do me this favor, you will have something besides thanks. I will pay one thousand francs just to play that part to-night."

She drew a note from her purse with the slenderest of fingers, covered with pearl-gray suede, and placed it at the manager's elbow.

"There will not, I think, be any difficulty about that," said the lady, significantly glancing at the note; "although it is necessary that she should not know until an hour beforehand; and, if you will accompany me on that piano, I will go through the lines. Queen Lettuce follows the radish, I think."

She unfastened her long, light cloak of shimmering gray, lined with silk of a pale-rose shade, and revealed such an enchanting vision that the hardened manager was completely bewildered.

The lady was dressed as Queen Lettuce, with the difference that her costume was of real silk and lace and the finest gossamer, instead of the coarser materials used by the costumier to the theatre.

"Play the opening bars, please, and I will take my entrance from the door."

The manager went to the piano and struck some chords. The visitor fluttered gracefully into the centre of the room, curtseyed to an imaginary audience, and began the first verse of Queen Lettuce's song in a voice which though not powerful, was deliciously sweet and well trained.

"There," she smiled brightly after the first verse, "I need not finish now; but I know it by heart, I assure you."

woman had the usual appearance and manner of the café-chantant artist. Her bold black eyes singled out the Comte immediately, and she gave him a dazzling smile.

The orchestra started a fresh motif, and a dance was performed which proved highly satisfactory to the audience.

At its conclusion a very stout lady, clad in scarlet tights and a scarlet, sleeveless bodice, came forward and announced natively and with an undulating movement of the hips—

"I am the lobster, juicy and fresh," "And I the crisp little cress," chirped a second. "And I the mayonnaise," sang a third. "And I the delicious beetroot," declared a substantial fourth. "And I the garlic," and I the chervil," "And I the radish," and so on until the whole gamut was reached. At this point a radiant apparition appeared, approached the foot lights, and, with a smile and the most graceful courtesy, broke into the song of Queen Lettuce.

The count looked stupefied. There was not the slightest doubt. In Queen Lettuce he recognized his wife! And standing there, in the blaze of the footlights, with her lovely hair and sparkling eyes, her charming costume, her exquisitely proportioned and rounded limbs, he appeared so pretty, so fascinating, so mischievous, that involuntary applause rang out from every part of the theatre, and it was some moments before she could commence her song.

This passed off with a success which was phenomenal, and the Comte found himself making comparisons between his wife and Mlle. Coudert, which were certainly not in favor of the latter.

On coming out of the theatre the lady was confronted by her husband. He was looking very grave and cold, and she burst out laughing.

"Oh, there you are!" "So you have decided to go on the variety stage?" he said quietly.

"Oh, no! I have merely tried an experiment. When a husband deceives his wife there are two courses before her—either to sit down and cry, which is silly; or to laugh, as I have done, in any case she ought to compare her self with her rival."

"And your experience?" "Has taught me that I have the advantage. Has Mlle. Coudert ever gained such a success as I have gained to-night? You know she never has."

"And what is your decision, then?" "This. Had you given me a rival who was my superior I should not have excused your fault, but it might have been compromised. As it is, I have eclipsed Mlle. Coudert. You have humiliated me and I shall obtain a divorce. Good bye!"

"The program is waiting. Will you let me take you to the hotel?" he said. "Oh, very well," she answered, differently, and, disdaining his arm, got up in a carriage, seating herself in a corner, where she remained silent and motionless.

His principal feeling was a desire to strangle Mlle. Coudert, to blot her out from his memory. His eyes rested all ways on that delicious little figure in the corner, dressed so perfectly, so becomingly, and in his ears rang still the delighted applause of the theatre given to Queen Lettuce. Heavenly! What admiration she had received! And there she was, close to him, the delicious perfume of white lilacs, which she always used, delighting his senses.

He moved nearer, but she appeared to be asleep.

He coughed slightly. She did not stir.

He took her hand, and, as it was not withdrawn, put his arm round her waist. Then she awoke.

"Stupid! You are making a mistake."

"I am making no mistake."

She took away her hand, pushed his arm from her waist, and drew her cloak around her as though to mark a boundary between them.

But he not possessing of her hand again, and the next minute his face was touching hers.

"No, no! Let me alone. It is ended. I do not care for you now!"

But he persisted gently though decisively, and she cried petulantly: "How silly you are! You worry me! Oh, Raoul, my hat! Take care! Don't you see it is impossible to kiss me? My veil!"

And whilst she was speaking she was laughing inwardly at the success of her experiment.

After all, it was easy enough. Simply to make a comparison. And she had triumphed—completely. Her resistance gave her an added charm, and as she looked into her husband's eyes, brilliant with love and admiration, she laughed aloud.

After all it had only entailed a little trouble.

"You must understand," she said, as the carriage stopped at their hotel, "that to-night's entertainment has cost me a thousand francs. Do not put me to this expense every day, for my dot would not hold out!"

But she was not obliged to repeat her experiment.

There is one significant fact which bears on the question of college education for girls. It is that all the American women who have won the distinction in original work of any kind received the old-fashioned training. College-bred women, so far, have been successful only as teachers. It is because the women in one case was nurtured to develop naturally like a growing tree, and in the other was moulded artificially the same as is one brick in a heap of bricks? I cannot answer this question.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The oldest known law report has recently been discovered by Prof. Sayce in the Tigris and Euphrates valley. The tablet tells of a suit by a widow to recover her husband's property which was tried in Babylon before six judges in the ninth year of the bonaparte, and decided in favor of the plaintiff.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE

Trains leave from and arrive at Central Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE
A. M.—12:00, 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45.
P. M.—12:00, 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45.

EAST BY AUBURN ROAD
A. M.—5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 11:45.
P. M.—12:00, 12:15, 12:45, 1:15, 1:45, 2:15, 2:45, 3:15, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, 8:45, 9:15, 9:45, 10:15, 10:45, 11:15, 11:45.

WEST BY MAIN LINE
A. M.—11:50, 12:00, 12:10, 12:20, 12:30, 12:40, 12:50, 1:00, 1:10, 1:20, 1:30, 1:40, 1:50, 2:00, 2:10, 2:20, 2:30, 2:40, 2:50, 3:00, 3:10, 3:20, 3:30, 3:40, 3:50, 4:00, 4:10, 4:20, 4:30, 4:40, 4:50, 5:00, 5:10, 5:20, 5:30, 5:40, 5:50, 6:00, 6:10, 6:20, 6:30, 6:40, 6:50, 7:00, 7:10, 7:20, 7:30, 7:40, 7:50, 8:00, 8:10, 8:20, 8:30, 8:40, 8:50, 9:00, 9:10, 9:20, 9:30, 9:40, 9:50, 10:00, 10:10, 10:20, 10:30, 10:40, 10:50, 11:00, 11:10, 11:20, 11:30, 11:40, 11:50.
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WEST BY FALLS ROAD
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CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO BEACH
Leave Rochester Daily.
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LEAVE WEST
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