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Beef Stew Smelled Good to Poverty, but It Was Disgusting When Riches Came.

"Would you like to hear a story about the effect of a winning streak on beef stew?" said an old gambler. "Yes? Well, you know one of the gamest old gamblers you ever heard of is Denman Thompson, the actor. He's a born gambler, and he's at it when his pocket's lined same as when it isn't. Den and a friend whom we'll call Jack lost a lot of money in Chicago a few years ago, and for two days they were broke. It was hard scratching for a place to sleep, and, as for eating, well, they didn't manage to get any more than enough

to keep alive on. "One night they went to Buck B--'s gambling house to see if Den could land a friend who'd stake him. They hadn't had a bite to eat all day and were pretty hungry. Buck keeps a cafe on the ground floor of his place, and the first thing that struck Den and Jack when they went in was the odor of nice, fresh beef stew.

'Gosh, ain't that great!' says Den.

Tood for the gods, Jack.' "Never smelt anything like it before,' says Jack. 'Terrapin and champagne for the fool, Den, but beef stew for you and me.'

"They stood there just sniffin' the aroma of beef stew, making eyes at each other and breaking the silence every few minutes to say something about that glorious beef stew. Pretty soon Den spots a friend and manages to borrow a ten-spot.

"'Come,' he says, 'we'll make or break on it.' "'But,' says Jack, sniffin' at the beef

"'No, sirree,' says Den, and he and Jack went upstairs. The details aren't interesting, so I'll only say that when Den quit he had \$800 in his pocket. He and Jack came downstairs together and the first thing that struck them

was that odor of beef stew. "'Phew!' says Jack. 'What is that smell? "'Perfectly disgusting,' says Den.

I should think Buck would be careful about the way he scents up the

"'I never smelt anything like it,' says Jack. 'Let's leave the place at once,' and those two old hypocrites went out arm in arm and made a bee line for a restaurant where they had a meal of liquids and solids that reduced the roll to almost \$700.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## NEED THEIR WIVES.

Some Nervous Men Would Be Lost Without Their Helpmeets.

A crowded car of an uptown-bound Lexington avenue elevated train one afternoon about three o'clock was deeply interested in a couple that entered it at Reid avenue station. The man was so nervous that he could scarcely stand, and he fairly trembled as his wife supported him to a seat. As soon as he reached it squarely his eyes closed and he appeared to be in a deep sleep. The woman carried in her right hand a saw, a hammer, and several other sorts of carpenter's tools. She sat stern and erect and looked as though life to her was a pretty tough experience. The passengers guessed that she was leading her nervous husband home from work, but how on earth he ever used the tools she carried was a puzzle. If you look about you these days it is no uncommon sight to see women careworn of countenance leading along faded men. One morning lately a silent woman walked into the barber shop on Evergreen avenue, near Cooper street, followed by her husband, a pale-faced, thin individual, who acted as though he was walking on air. He fell into a chair and the barber rapidly shaved him while the woman sat in a corner and waited until the process was complete. Then she handed over the price of a shave, with no tip, and walked out, followed by her brokendown better half. "Oh, that's nothing," said the barber, as he looked after the queer couple. "I have had numbers of men come to my place like that. Some of them are so confounded nervous that before you get half-finished they want to jump from the chair. I've got six outside customers whom I shave at their homes, and two of them I shave in two days; one side to-day, the next side to-morrow, because of their excessive excitability. When I was over in the Produce Exchange building I had men jump from my chair and run out of the shop because they couldn't sit still long enough to be shaved." - Brooklyn

Poetry vs. Prose. They were sitting on the front porch after dinner, enjoying the evening breeze. Gazing at the canopy of heaven, thickly studded with glittering stars, Mr. Pondering exclaimed: "How utterly incomprehensible is the vastness of nature! Each glittering orb we now behold is a world of greater magnitude than our own. How wonderful are the eternal laws which hold this universe of worlds in their unchanging orbits, and-" "Yes," interrupted Mrs. Pondering, suddenly giving voice to her train of thought, "and the man didn't leave us half enough ice to-day and I'm sure the beefsteak will spoil before morning. Did you order those mackerel and the ton of coal to be sent tomorrow?"-Chicago Evening News.

No Ancient History Wanted. The fair wife had been chiding her jord and master. "As far back as I can remember you,"

she said. "Oh, hold on!" he interrupted. "Let's stick to the nineteenth century, any-

The lawyers are now trying to get the trouble patched up without carrying it into the courts. Stray Stories.

IT WAS EASY FOR HIM.

Johnny Learned to Swim the First Time He Went Into the Water.

This boy's mother took him down to the bathing beach the other afternoon. He had never been in swimming before. Why, of course not. She had corralled him just as he was edging away to "play ball on the lot"—that's what he always told her he'd been doing when he came in anyhow, after being away the whole afternoon, and she said to

"Son, I am going to take you down to the bathing beach. Your pa will meet us there about four o'clock and give you a swimming lesson. Boys ought to know how to swim."

The boy surveyed his mother out of the tail of his eye. He twitched.

"The fellers'll be down there, and they'll put her onto me," he was probably thinking.

"I don't want to learn how to swim," said he.

"Oh, but you must learn, you know," said his mother. "It is not what you want. It is what your pa wants. I warn you that you had better try to learn, too, when your pa is teaching

Even in the teeth of calamity the boy had to turn away his face to hide his

Five or six of his boy friends were already splashing around in the water when Johnny arrived at the bathing beach with his mother. When they saw Johnny and his mother they looked at each other and winked solemnly. Johnny, before he went into a cell to put on his trunks, tried to catch their eyes so as to scowl at them warningly, but they studiously avoided his gaze.

"Why, how sunburnt your back and arms are, Johnny," said his mother, when he emerged in his trunks.

"Yes'm," said Johny. "Was playin' ball 'ithout my coat on yistiddy and the sun burnt through my shirt." Then Johnny looked at his mother

slantingly to see if he had made his yarn stick. He had. "Well, did you ever!" exclaimed his

mother. "I do declare!" If Johnny was not thinking "Women is easy marks," he certainly looked as if he were.

He stood on the shore and looked wistfully at the water. "Come on in, Smoke," yelled his boy friends to him. "Come on out to the

"Don't you dare to try to do any such thing, Johnny," his mother called to "Just you wade around until your pa comes. He'll teach you, and after a few weeks you'll be able to go

out where those boys are." "Johnny" was a pretty disgusted looking boy. The other boys sat on the raft and grinned at him. He paddled around in water up to his ankles, and when he suddenly slipped and tumbled into knee deep water his mother

screamed. "Come right out of that water at once, Johnny, and wait till your pa gets here!" she exclaimed.

"Johnny" caught the eye of the bronzed man who looks after the kids and fishes them out when they get to fooling riskily, and winked the eye. furthest removed from his mother. The beach guard put his outstretched fingers over his face to hide his grin.

Then the boy's father arrived. He looked sidewise at the red peeling skin on the back and arms of his son and heir, and a twinkling light came into

"Just think how tender skinned Johnny is!" said his wife. "The sun burned him that way through his shirt when he was playing ball without his coat yesterday afternoon. Isn't his back a sight?"

"Um-m," said he, and went into one of the bathrooms and rigged himself out in a bathing suit. As he came out he caught the boy's eye. The boy looked at his toes and grinned. His father looked across the stream at the flats and grinned.

"I'll bet I can teach the kid to swim in one lesson," said the boy's dad to the boy's mother. "He's got the look of a natural born swimmer about him." "Has he really, Jack?" she asked. "Isn't that remarkable?"

"I'm onto you with both feet, son," said the boy's father when they got into the water together. "I suppose you can swim across the river and back, can't

"I never tried so far as that," replied the boy. He and his father were pretty thick pals anyhow, and he could see by the twinkle in his dad's eye that there wasn't any trouble in store for him.

They fooled around for awhile in shallow water, the boy's father pretending to teach the kid the rudimentary motions in swimming. Then they struck out together and swam out to the raft. They swam all around the raft for a half hour or so. When they came out the boy's mother was up in the clouds over the aptitude of her wonder-

ful boy. "Did you ever in the world see anything like it?" she asked her husband, enthusiastically. "Johhny swimming just like a dolphin the very first time he ever goes into the water! Isn't that simply phenomenal, Jack?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, gazing across the water with a humorous, faraway expression in his eyes. "He takes after me. I could swim the first time my father took me into the water." Which was probably no lie, for the coming and going of generations changeth not the nature of the boy. Philadelphia Inquirer.

Autumnal Odors.

"I believe this is the first really cold day we have had," remarked the girl in the fur jacket. "You can almost smell the coming of winter."

"I notice the odor of camphor balls in the air," replied the girl in the yellow

Whereat the atmosphere became still colder.-Chicago Tribune.

BRITISH GAMBIA.

A Prosperous Country Which Offers An Excellent Opening to American Manufacturers.

At a time when so many parts of the world send news of little but turmoil and unrest, it is pleasant to read of a country where peace and plenty reign and the people are seemingly contented. Its area is small and the population only some 15,000, yet it raised a revenue last year of \$218,585, of which it spent but \$145,175, and had at the beginning of this year, with a balance left from the end of 1897, an available surplus in hand of \$145,000. That happy country without a debt is the British Gambia settlement in West Africa. It is governed by an administrator assisted by four officials, and two unofficial members nominated by the crown. Its export trade is large, the staples being groundnuts, better known with us as peanuts, and india rubber. The value of the exports of the former last year was \$1,001,545, and of the latter \$153,240. Of the imports the largest item was cotton cloth for \$303,935, all from Manchester. As regards the patterns of the cloth The English manufacturers appear to be rousing themselves, for they are now closely imitating the native patterns and consulting the native taste. The native cloths, however, are the more lasting.

Rice and sugar are also largely imported; so are salt fish and cornmeal. It is interesting to know that a considerable import trade is done from further down the coast in Kola nuts. These are consumed entirely by the natives, especially the Mohammedans, who offer them to friends calling just as a European or American host might offer cigars or some kind of refresh-

The administrator, reporting on the social condition of his little state, gives some interesting details. One is that Mohammedanism is increasing, and with it temperance and decency. The women, he says, are growing averse to marrying drinking men, and the suitors become Mohammedans to gain their wives. He further says that Christianity is making no advance into the interior, and that at Bathurst, the capital of the colony at the mouth of the River Gambia, it is stationary, fully half the population being Mohammedan. The late Sir Richard Burton, when traveling in that part of Africa more than 25 years ago, made the same observations. Whatever the reason, Christianity has made but little progress among the negro populations of that part of Africa, probably owing in some degree to the surviving traditions of the days when the white Christian was only known to the then pagan natives

as a slave trader. As regards the Gambia trade, there certainly appears to be an opening for the manufactures of this country, particularly in cottons. There should be no difficulty in procuring some of the more popular patterns of the native cloths, and giving the river traders goods of high quality and nearly as durable as those of the strong and coarse native make. Cornmeal, too, of the color and grades most suited to the market, could be furnished in any quantity; and if a little trouble were taken to find out the patterns and quality of the tools and implements used by the natives in their agriculture and ordinary industries a brisk trade might be created for them, not only in that particular part of the west coast, but, through it, with the interior. When so small a population and territory as that of the Gambia settlement is found capable of developing so large a trade as shown in last year's report, it seems well worth making an effort to secure a foothold for the trade which must come with the growth of population and the spread of civilization into the interior of that particular part of Africa where the people are industrious and born traders.-N. Y. Sun.

## IN "MERRY ENGLAND."

A Long Gone Time When People Were Not Allowed to Read the Bible.

But few people know that in the sixteenth century an Englishman was not allowed to read the Bible, yet it is perfectly true. Henry VIII, issued a decree prohibiting the common people from reading the Bible. Officers of state were exempt from this law. Probably the king thought these officials would be none the worse for perusing the sacred work, and a noble lady or gentlewoman might read the proscribed volume if they did so in their gardens or orchard, but no one was

allowed to read it to the lower classes. During the reign of Queen Mary even more rigorous restrictions were enforced. Dr. Franklin, in his own "Life," preserves an anecdote which admirably illustrates this. His family had early adhered to the reformation and they possessed an English Bible, which they concealed by fastening it beneath the lid of a close-stool. When the doctor's great-grandfather desired to read to his family he reversed the lid of the stool upon his knees and passed the leaves from one side to the other, each portion being fastened down with packthreads. One of the children was stationed at the door on the watch to see if an officer of the spiritual court came in sight. When such an individual hove in sight the lid, with the Bible beneath it, was quickly replaced. This was in "Merry England."-Scottish Nights.

Earned Applause. Hewitt-I sat at the table next to yours at the restaurant yesterday, and I don't see how you could laugh at the table stories that Grewitt was telling. Jewitt-He was paying for the dinner.

-Stray Stories. Gets Lots of Help: Too much help has started many a man on the road to ruin.-Chicago Daily News.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Chrysanthemum salad is a popular delicacy in Japan. London firemen have been forbidden

to flirt, whether on duty or not. English vegetarians are disputing as to whether or not it is right to eat cheese.

The average profit of the municipal works in Great Britain-gas, water, electricity, tramways and workmen's dwellings-last year was 41/4 per cent. Egypt is not so poorly supplied with periodical literature as is commonly.

assumed. There are about 100 peri-

odicals altogether. Fifty-two are polit-

ical, of which 30 are printed in Arabic

and 22 in European langauges. In September, 1900, under the patronage of the French government, an international congress will be held in the Palais du Congres of the exhibition, on questions concerning Sunday as a legal-

ly and socially recognized day of rest. The czarina has a shawl which she values very highly. It was sent her by the ladies of Orenburg, a town in southeastern Russia. It reached her in a wooden box with silver hooks and hinges, the outside being embellished with designs of spears, turbans, whips, etc., on a ground of a blue enamel, that being the color of the Cossack uniform. The shawl is about ten yards square, but it is so exquisitely fine that it can be passed through a ring and when folded makes a small parcel of a few inches only.

A pair of joined twins resembling the Siamese twins were recently presented before the Academy of Medicine of Rio Janeiro, Brazil. According to the Medical News, they were united by a band of soft tissue at the upper part of the abdomen, posteriorly and laterally. It was thought that an operation for the division of the band seemed feasible. but incision into the band revealed the fact that the kidneys of the twins extended through it and that this division might prove fatal, and the operation was abandoned.

THEY ARE GREAT BLUFFERS.

Central Americans Are Not Sensible to Any Argument But Force.

"The key to the situation is this,"

said a veteran shipper, discussing the crisis in affairs at Bluefields: "A Central American invariably takes it for granted you are bluffing. That's why it is so easy to skin them alive at poker. When a native official says one thing, he always means another, and, therefore, when he wants to tell the truth he is obliged to tell a lie. The thing sounds paradoxical, but it's a cold fact. Ethics are topsy-turvy down there, and the only way an American can arrive at the native point of view is by standing on his head. Now, Torres, for instance, has supposed all along that our government was joking, and if the Detroit was to pitch a shell into his custom house he would be greatly astonished on two counts. First, that the cruiser really had any ammunition, and, second, that it meant business. This was illustrated in 1894, when the Nicaraguans arrested an Englishman for fun and put him in jail. His home government promptly demanded an indemnity of \$75,000, and the Nicaraguans nearly died laughing. 'How droll are these Britishers,' they exclaimed, and went off again into fits. In a few days a warship appeared at Corinto and the captain sent word that he would give the officials 12 hours to fork over the cash. Again there were roars of merriment. It was regarded as a solemn, ponderous Anglo-Saxon jest. When ten hours elapsed the captain sent word once more, suggesting that non-combatants hunt cover, and with that he cleared the ship for action. The officials were thunderstruck. 'Why didn't you tell us you meant it?' they demanded. 'I did,' said the captain. 'But, ah, senor,' they protested, 'you should have added that you meant that you meant it, and also that you intended to carry out your intentions.' The upshot of it was that they hustled like blazes and paid the money. Since then they have never molested an English-"They do all their fighting on bluff,"

continued the veteran, "and find it cheaper than gunpowder and just as effective. Take the last revolution, for example. Reyes' small army, mostly Americans, was marching up from Greytown. They could have annihilated the few ragamuffin soldiers under Zelaya's general, and the latter knew it. What did he do? Why, he simply put up a bluff. 'I have 800 men behind that hill,' he said through a messenger, 'and also a quantity of artillery. I am about to slay you, but if you surrender quietly I will refrain. Being unused to such tactics the Americans surrendered. The way Reyes lost his gunboat was also exceedingly amusing. He sent it out to eat up a small tin-clad which had been loaned to Zelaya. The tin-clad came along, picked up the gunboat and sauntered off with it, and that ended the war. The incident reminds me of the old story of the starving mechanic, who in desperation resolved to turn highwayman. Securing a section of lead pipe, he hid in a doorway, and when a strapping big fellow happened to conse along he hit him a terrific blow on the back of his bull neck. The lead pipe wrapped around the big man's throat like a scarf, and he walked off with it whistling 'Annie Laurie.' 'There goes my last chance,' said the honest mechanic. That was the way with Reyes. To return to the Bluefields affair, all that is necessary for us to do is to convince Gen. Torres and his friends that we mean business. To that end threats, messages, correspondence and diplomacy are perfectly useless. It is absolutely essential to use a club, but one light swipe will be sufficient. Trouble will then instantly end, and all thereafter will be peace, harmony and brotherly love."—N. O. Times-Democrat. THE OUEEN'S WEALTH.

Victoria's Income Is Enormous But How Great Is Not Generally Known.

We have often heard that the queen of England is an exceedingly rich woman, but few people are really aware of the enormous wealth she possesses. Its full amount will never be known, for the wills of royal personages are not disclosed. As mere items of her present income, however, may be mentioned the yearly sum of £30,000 which parliament allotted to her spouse, Prince Albert, and which has been paid her since his death as the widow of that pensioned personage. Her mother, the late duchess of Kent, left her £8,000 a. year. Thus, nearly \$200,000 annually goes to swell her private purse, wholly outside of her royal revenues, which nobody mentions in any exact terms and of whose real amount nobody save certain reticent officials are perhaps aware. Individuals, it is well known, have on several occasions bequeathed the queen large fortune. Her property in jewels alone is something prodigious. Her gold plate, stored at Windsor castle, and brought to London for use at court festivities at Buckingham palace, is of vast value. It chiefly consists of dishes, flagons, stands and shields, and has been accumulated, through many past generations, by the monarchs who preceded her. Other treasures in the way of furniture, apparel, household ornaments, tapestries, rugs, carriages, horses, etc., would reach huge sums if reduced to pounds, shillings and pence. Unless I am greatly in error, all the royal palaces are exempt from taxation, and the state defrays the huge expenses of maintaining each.

It is now and then affirmed, and not without truth, that a president of the United States has more power than the queen of England. But his yearly £10,-000 makes a piteous showing beside that copious stream of gold which pours continuously into the coffers of Windsor. And when one thinks of the £100,-000 per annum given the prince of Wales, and the smaller, yet regal, incomes distributed among his brothers and sisters, one realizes the tremendous financial benefits which royalty obtains in one of the richest nations of the world.-Edgar Fawcett, in Collier's Weekly.

## PHILANTHROPY A FAILURE.

Zionism Can Be Promoted Only by Determination to Make It

Self-Sustaining. There are nearly 30 colonies in Palestine and Syria, and if the majority do not pay, they will. If the Rothschild and Hirsch colonies have made such little headway, it is because they have been philanthropic schemes, not the outcome of self-sustained enthusiasm. "I started colonies, not to promote Zionism." Baron Edmond de Rothschild told me, "but to give work to the Jews I saw starving in Palestine, and also to disprove the notion that Jews could not be agriculturists." All honor to the noble pioneer, but his millions have naturally impeded the work they have made possible, and, sustained and weakened by this boundless reservoir, his colonies have had more officials than laborers, while rumor hums with far graver instances of maladministration. Baron Hirsch was even less a Zionist. His object was not to integrate Israel, but to disintegrate it; to break up the vast congestions of Jews in Galicia and Russia. He was less Moses than the Destroying Angel, who, according to the Talmud, is also a messenger of love. The report of the Hirsch Colonization association-with its beneficent activities diffused all the world over-is a pathetic record of a heroic effort to roll a rock up a mountain. It may be prophesied that whatever portion of the Herzl \$2,000,000 goes to persuade Jews to be what they are naturally inclined to be, will be as profitless in the first generations at least. It is a waste of force to yoke a winged creature to the plow; and if 20 centuries of artificial selection have made the Jew an organizing and impatient brain, one must await the equally slow processes of reversion to the rural temperament by force of the new life in the open air .-I. Zangwill, in Lippincott's.

NEW ZEALAND CUSTOMS.

Women May Vote and Often Are Elected Mayors of the Towns.

So far as climate and scenery go, New Zealand is a delightful country to live in. The views are often magnificent. Every woman over 21 has a vote, but as a rule this does not matter, as all vote to please their male relatives. Anyone who has lived in the country 25 years and has no income can claim \$90 a year pension from the state. Some of the

mayors are women. The Maoris of New Zealand are a curious mixture of the old and new order. There is a Maori princess today, for instance, who was in her youth very handsome. She and her cousin, whom she was to marry, won great praise many years ago by swimming out to a wreck through a terrific sea, carrying a life line. She is quite a personage in society, dresses as well as the white women, does her hair elegantly and has a beautiful house. But if anything brings a concourse of natives to her vicinity she at once becomes a Maori and may be seen with her hair, so lately beautifully coiffured, tangled about her face and shoulders and wreathed with willow, crouching on the ground smoking a pipe or joining

the tangi, or nose-rubbing. The young Maori men who have been to college apparently become as white men in all their ways, but after a couple of years at home drift back into their gypsy customs.—St. Louis Repub-

FARMER AND SFORTSMAN.

The Former is Usually Ready to Meet the Latter Half Way in Trespass Cases.

"There is an inseparable relation between the sportsman and the farmer that may be strained or strengthened, according to its abuse or respect. I look upon the farmer as the sportsman's best and indispensable friend, for it is he who furnishes the land and through whose courtesy the sportsman. is permitted to hunt upon it. I have always found the farmer willing to meet a man more than half way. Rowdies he will not tolerate. Nearly all farmers like to hunt, and they. possess a keen sense of its enjoyment, although they may, to some extent, be lacking in appreciation of some of the minor details that go to make the city man's outing enjoyable, because an everyday association with his surroundings makes them less noticeable to him than to his city brother, who comes in contact with them only when enjoying the farmer's hospitality. Just so is the case with the city man, who sees much less at home than does his country friend when visiting the city. My friends from the country often point out things to me that I have never seen before, and which are equally interesting to me after I have found them. Most farmers are naturalists in a general way, if not scientific. The seasons of vegetation are of necessity well learned by them, and the habits of common animals and game are generally well understood. From boyhood they have associated with these things, so that they are as able to judge of what is good for one and another as average humanity. And contact with the rapidly increasing army of sportsmen adds greatly to their knowledge of human nature."

"When you spoke of the farmer meeting the sportsman half way I was reminded of an incident in my own experience," said the neighbor. "Adjoining the farm of my host was one belonging to a man who was considered in the community as a hard man to deal with, in that he was severely strict in his business transactions with his neighbors, even to the minutest detail, yet obliging and charitable when occasion required.

"His farm was posted, and I was cautioned against encroaching upon it. One morning while covering a field on my friend's land a bevy of quail went over into the forbidden territory. I marked them down in a small brier patch, where the shooting would be easy, and after studying awhile I determined to take chances and go over. My dogs soon pointed and I got a brace of birds. Then I heard a shout and saw a man coming toward me. Resolved to face the situation like a man, I went to meet him. His face was stern, but there was no sign of anger, and I considered that a point in my, favor. "'Didn't you see that notice?' he

said. 'Yes, sir, I did; but those birds flew over here and I couldn't resist the temptation to follow them,' I replied; but if you insist upon my going out I will do so, but I would like to have another chance at them.'

"I have kept even my neighbors, from shooting here, and you couldn't expect me to break the rule in favor of a stranger,' he said.

"'No, sir, I don't ask you to, and I am sorry I intruded.'

"He scanned me closely without a. word as I started for the line fence, but had not gone far when he called: 'Say!' As I stopped he came up and continued: 'Ain't you the man who visits Spiker?' I said I was. 'I thought so,' he said. 'I've seen those dogs over there and I've heard of you. Spiker is a good neighbor, and I don't want to offend him or his guest. You can hunt here, but don't shoot near the house.

My daughter is sick and nervous.' "I thanked him and sent the dogs after the scattered bevy. He followed me around and seemed delighted with watching the dogs work, and when I made a double shot he was captivated. After I had killed half a dozen birds I engaged with him in conversation, complimenting him on the order in which his place was kept, and finally offered him the birds I had shot, of which he would accept only a couple for his daughter, and as I left he gave me a cordial invitation to hunt there again."-Forest and Stream.

Makes Most Glass Botfles.

Alton, Ill., a city of 18,000, has the distinction of having the largest glass bottle plant in the world. There are 14 factories, of which four are continuous tankhouses, working night and day crews. The company's report to the state factory inspector last June showed the number of employes to be 2,450. Of these 485 were blowers. Since this report was made the company has built a new continuous tank factory. which will increase the total force of employes to 2,700. The plant has grown from a small beginning in Alton 25 years ago, and its wares are distributed through all the west and south and old Mexico. The glass blower is much the highest-paid wage-earner in the Mississippi valley. He works eight hours a day and makes from \$35 to \$45 a week. His trade union is one of the most powerful in the world. It permits of the admission of but a limited pumber of apprentices each year and eooperates with the manufacturer in unionizing the employes of competitors and keeping wages up. This year the manufacturers have granted the bottle blowers a ten per cent. increase in wages .- Chicago Tribune.

He Knew One Burden. "I'll bet I know what's one White Man's Burden!' " exclaimed the bad

"Willie!" exclaimed his elder sister indignautly, "if you don't stop peeking into the parlor when Mr. Jones calls I'll never give you the money to buy any more marbles."-Chicago Post.

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