Triumph of Iron Horse. GIRDLING THE GLOBE. Tracks Follow the Sun.

THE twentieth century will witness some remarkable triumphs of the steam horse. It will likely see in this country through cars labeled "New York to Norton Sound, Alaska," "Boston to Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic," and "Chicago to Circle City, British Columbia." Across the Atlantic ferry one's gaze will be arrested, in all probability, by something of this kind: "Pullman Cars, Paris to Pekin," or "Brussels to Bombay." Moreover, if one takes an Eastern excursion he will be apt to behold this placard: "Cairo to Cape Town Without Change of Cars."

Of course, all this seems fanciful, and yet few people realize how near a fact it is today. The truth is, only one chapter in the triumphs of the steam horse has been turned. To use the words of Browning, "The best is yet to be." It needs only a rapid survey of the railroad situation on the globe to convince the most skeptical.

The steam horse is fast annihilating space on the earth's surface. Already the globe is a gridiron of steel. From nearly every country under the sun come reports of the silent, but none the less significant, revolution that is being wrought in nations by new railroads. The world has evidently entered upon an era of railroad enterprise, for America (North and South), Asia, and Africa seem vieing with one another in attempting the construction of great trunk line systems.

It is impossible in the compass of a couple of columns to give an account of what has been already accomplished in the two Americas other than to say that there are now some half dozen transcontinental lines in the United State, and that in South America the water and steel rail systems are being brought more and more into close connection, so that the day is not far distant in the coming century when Mr. Blaine's cherished dream, a Pan-American railroad, stretching from the American republic to the Argentine Republic, will be fully realized. Moreover, a passing reference is only necessary to the proposed plans for building railroads into the Klondike and Yukon River Valley. Unless all signs fail, it will not be more than two or three years until there is an all rail route to Alaska.

But less is known of railroad operations in the far East—the lines that are being constructed across the steppes of Siberia, the sands of Sahara, the arable fields of Africa, and the proposed all-rail route from Constantinople to Calcutta through the territory of the "unspeakable Turk" via Armenia and Afghanistan.

And first as to the Transsiberian trunk line. As is generally known, the great road, when finished, will stretch half way round the globe. In round numbers, it will make the distance between St. Petersburg and Vladivostok just 11,000 miles, and the idea is to make the trip in less than a fortnight. The significance of this great enterprise is apparent when it is known that Russia will connect Port Arthur, its southern harbor on the Chinese coast, with the transsiberian system by a line now being built through Manchuria. In other words, the Czar will be able to take a hand in the affairs of the Pacific Ocean.

The road is one of the great engineering feats of the present century. It crosses submerged marshes, pierces mountains, climbs along frowning cliffs, and takes its course in one place in the very channel of a river. As soon as it is opened to travel, Europe will be brought into close touch with 40,000,000 "Japs" and ten times as many Chinese; moreover, it will undoubtedly change the course of trade on the Asiatic continent.

There are comparatively few railroads in China at the present time, the total mileage being less than 300 miles. But there are plans on foot for a comprehensive system of railways which it is reasonable to expect will be carried out very soon. With Russia, Germany, and England each anxious to carve up the Flowery Kingdom, the chances are that the Chinese Emperor will be compelled to adopt modern methods of transportation. Curiously enough, the empire is as large as the United States and Mexico, has nearly six times the population, and yet its commerce does not equal that of Switzerland!

It will be readily seen that it is only a few years at most until Pekin will have overland communication with Paris, and that through cars will eventually carry travelers between China and the continent of Europe.

Meanwhile Great Britain has its eyes on the main chance and is anxious to establish a route from Europe to India by rail, in order to keep in closer touch with her possessions there. Had such a line been in operation in 1857 the siege of Lucknow and the Sepoy mutiny would never have occurred, for the British troops could have been mobilized and moved with greater rapidity.

English engineers have already examined three routes for a proposed rail line. The most northerly begins at Constantinople, keeps along the shore of the Black Sea, cuts across Armenia and southern Russia, follows the cañons of the water courses in Afghanistan, and is aimed to connect with the Indian system of roads at Peshawur, on the head waters of the Indus River. On this route are the cities of Trebizond, Erzeroum, Teheran (the Persian capital), and Herat and Cabool, two big towns in the Ameer of Afghanistan's domains.

The second proposed line begins near Antioch, in Syria (on the Mediterrancan), strikes Aleppo, in Asia Minor, crosses the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers, passes through Bagdad, thence into Persia via Ispahan and Kirman, next touching at Kelat in Baluchistan, and finally connecting with the India system on the Indus River.

The third route has been surveyed via Jerusalem and Damascus, in Palestine, thence along the valley of the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf, and from there following the seashore through Persia and Baluchistan to Kurrachee, at the mouth of the Indus. It starts with the branch from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and would practically be a trunk line through Palestine. It takes from three to four months to travel by caravan from India to Constantinople, and a railroad would cut down the time to almost as many days.

The "Dark Continent" is showing a remarkable degree of enterprise in railway building within the last decade. Already England has the nucleus there of a "spinal cord" of steel that will eventually connect Cape Town with Cairo. It is only within the last month or two that Buluwayo, in Matabeleland, some 1,400 miles from Cape Town, was reached by Cecil Rhodes' railway; and the great Englishman has announced that he will go to the Zambesi with his tracks before he dies. The overthrow of King Lobengula, the African warrior, is familiar to every one. Four years ago Rhodesia was sunk deep in barbarism; today enterprise and exploration are making it an El Dorado.

When one thinks that only on March 31, 1859, was the first sod of the Cape government railroads cut in Cape Town, and now a trunk line reaches exactly 1,360 miles inland, he can form some idea of the extent of railroad construction going on in Africa today.

Indeed, Mr. Rhodes has begun to construct his transafrican telegraph line from Cape Town to Cairo, so that it will not be long before the Lion's Head and the Delta of the Nile will be on the same electric circuit. And it is only a question of time until steel rails will keep company with strung wires across the English settlements and the Egyptian sands.

There are two other railroad systems which are reaching westward in Africa, and which will become trunk lines in time. One of these is the line from Beira, in Portuguese Mozambique, running north of the Pungwe River, which has for its present terminus Fort Salisbury in Mashonaland. The other line starts from the west coast at Mombasa, in British East Africa, and is now nearing completion at Victoria Nyanza, 500 miles away.

Turning to the north one finds that the French are endeavoring to conquer the sand dunes of the Sahara by a steel track. Already they have succeeded in getting a good grip on the work. Their lines run southward from both the provinces of Oran and Constantine, and pierce the desert 150 miles away. The route follows the track of caravans to Lake Ichad and the central Soudan, and will eventually touch at the Oases of Biskra, Tuggurt, and Warglia. Already the former place has been reached. Of course, the winds are the great obstacle against which the railroad constructors have to contend. For they raise mountains of sand in their track, some of which are 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height.

Such is a short résumé of the peaceful revolution being accomplished by railroads. Every day that passes brings the people of the earth nearer together. It will not be long now before it will be possible to make the trip around the globe in a month. Nations are bound to come into closer contact with other nations, for they will be at their very doors. Who knows but that the steam horse may pave the way for the "federation of the world—the parliament of man."

LINES THE RAILROAD IS FOLLOWING.

MAY WOMEN BE UGLY

Question Propounded to Many Experts in Beauty.

OPINIONS DIFFER WIDELY

Good Judges Deny Her Right to Appear Unlovely.

RIGHTS OF RACE INVOLVED.

Appearance Not Wholly a Matter of Face or Form.

REASONS FOR VARIOUS VIEWS.

HAVE women the right to be ugly? This is the question which was gravely discussed by the members of the New York Rainy Day club not many days ago, and the opinions expressed by the women of the club and their visitors were extremely varied. Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead of Westfield, N. J., who was the principal speaker of the occasion, expressed in no measured terms her conviction that women had every right to be ugly if they so chose. "I am a firm believer in a woman's right to be ugly at certain times and places, under certain conditions, and for certain purposes," she is reported as saying. "Can I prove this right? No, not exactly; nor can I prove that a woman has a soul, yet I believe it."

Of the dozen or so of representative Chicago people, men and women, to whom the question, "Have women the right to be ugly?" was recently put opinions were about evenly divided, some replying in the negative, while others returned an emphatic "Yes." The reasons given for these contradictory replies were almost as varied as the answers themselves. The responses ranged all the way from laughing and frivolous to serious and thoughtful, and all sorts of moral, artistic, and ethical regions were searched for facts upon which to answer to the momentous question could be based.

Opinion of an Artist.

Ralph Clarkson, whose large experience as a portrait painter, with many sitters among the ranks of the "obstinate sex" reckoned among his clientele, must certainly have endowed him with no small amount of knowledge concerning the beauty and ugliness of women, said in reply to the question: "No, I think they have not. Upon second thoughts I should say they certainly have not that right. Why? Because beauty consists so much of color, harmony, and those corresponding qualities which are certainly more or less under the control of the individual that I think a woman may practically decide for herself whether or no she will be ugly or charming. There is an ugliness which fascinates and charms, you know; then it is ugliness no more. A so-called ugly woman always has some good point from which to work out. By following this idea she often makes herself really beautiful. Then, also, women are sadly hampered at the present time by the standards of beauty which they have set up for themselves and which have been set up for them. By taking a correct standard and resolutely living up to or towards it most women can acquire a certain degree of beauty, so I should certainly say that they have no right to be anything but beautiful. It is expression, carriage, and manner which make or unmake real beauty, and these are within the reach of all. So long as this is so women certainly have no right to be what is called ugly."

Lorado Taft, the clever sculptor who is fast winning international fame for both Chicago and himself by his strong and versatile work, responded to the mooted question of a woman's right to be ugly in a manner and spirit diametrically opposed to Mr. Clarkson's reply. "Have women a right to be ugly?" he said, smiling, and with laughing eyes. "O, yes; I think so. It is hard on other folks, of course, but I suppose they have the right, just as one has the right to eat onions and garlic. Moral beauty may so suffuse and transfigure physical plainness that we forget and are attracted in spite of it, of course, but moral beauty does not atone for the bad taste which is responsible for so much seeming ugliness. The externals, such as dress and household surroundings, are more or less under our own control. It is in these things that taste, good or bad, reveals itself—when it exists. I am reminded, in this connection, of the bon-mot of a friend who, in speaking of a wealthy Chicago man, remarked feelingly: 'He has a great deal of taste—some of it good.' There is a great deal of taste in our city—and some of it good. Most of it, however, is not. I walk down State street frequently, meeting its gorgeous tide of femininity, and everywhere I see a display of tawdriness and vanity, but how little good taste! Discordant colors, imitation furs, flaring, pretentious hats, dead birds; display everywhere, but comparatively little charm. And I recall a country fair which I once saw in a village of Brittany where the peasants were all in their beautiful Breton costumes; modest, harmonious, and perfectly fascinating. Every figure there was a picture. The contrast between these two scenes is certainly to the advantage of the simple peasant folk, and explains, at least in part, why so many of our women have the appearance, if not the right, of more or less ugliness.

Ada Sweet Says Yes.

Miss Ada Sweet, Chicago's woman patent lawyer, agreed with Mr. Taft in affirming a woman's right to be ugly if she so chose. "Why, certainly; every woman has an inalienable right to be ugly if she likes," she responded, with energetic decision. "Most of us can't help being ugly, anyway. I think that the majority of average women are ugly; God made them so, and they can't alter the fact. Besides, I don't think beauty matters so very much one way or the other. Ugly people are often so fascinating and good that one never notices their looks at all after the first meeting or so. I believe that for a naturally ugly woman to spend much time or attention upon the effort to be beautiful is foolish, if not worse. She might just as well allow herself to be ugly in peace, and forget all about it; the only beauty which can be acquired, and which is worth the effort, in my opinion, is that which comes from disposition and temperament. Ruskin says that the first duty of every woman is to be beautiful and happy, you know, but I don't agree with him at all, at least in regard to his first qualification for a dutiful woman. If a woman likes to be ugly she has every right to be ugly, according to my ideas. There is no earthly reason why she shouldn't be."

Miss Mary Partelline, public guardian of Cook County, holds opinions on the subject exactly opposite in their basic principles to those of Miss Sweet.

"Women should certainly not look ugly voluntarily, but nature is not always generous either in the bestowal of beautiful features, form, or of the mental and moral qualities that are so influential in making woman appear ugly or otherwise," was the dictum of this clever woman. "Nor is every woman gifted with the ability to choose the dress within her means that is most becoming to her face and figure, and tasteful and appropriate dress has much to do with woman's appearance.

"No woman has a right to habitually look peevish, fretful, and discontented, for if she does it shows a lack of self-control and training of her higher self, which is not excusable.

"With few exceptions, a woman, however homely, cannot be ugly if she has a bright, sunny, honest face, that cheers and gladdens those with whom she comes in contact and inspires them with confidence in her sincerity. I would therefore say that women (and I would include men) have no right to be ugly.

"A great effort should be made to cultivate the habit of cheerfulness. We owe it to our fellowmen."

Full Dress at Fights.

In London Judges, artists, Lords, and gentlemen attend prizefights in evening dress. When Croot was killed by Barry by a blow in the twentieth round, most of the spectators were of the upper class.

Some Curious Statistics. EAT ACRES OF PIE. Chicagoans Revel in It.

CHICAGOANS eat 118 acres of pie a year—and pie isn't indigenous to the city, either.

This isn't mere guesswork. It is a matter of accurate calculation. The returns of the bakeries, with a small allowance for the product of the household, show that the daily consumption is about 32,000 pies. The regulation article is nine inches in diameter and has a surface area of 63.65 square inches. Thus 2,036,800 square inches, or over 14,144 square feet, of pie disappears down the throats of the pastry-eating community every day. Carried out for the year this would give a grand total of 5,162,722 square feet, or about 118 acres.

And still Chicago seems to thrive and the doctors are not kept half busy.

These figures are something stupendous when one stops to consider them. The improved part of Oakwoods Cemetery comprises about 120 acres. A year's pie for Chicago would virtually cover the entire cemetery with dyspepsia an inch thick, leaving scarcely room enough for the office building in which to keep the records. The various minor parks of the city could in a year be transformed into veritable paradises for the small folk. The whole of Jefferson Park could be overlaid with pies twenty-two thick. Campbell Park could be made a solid block of pies ninety-one thick. The Midway Plaisance might be paved with pies, and there would then be enough left to treat in the same way Gage Park, Ellis Park, Douglas Monument Park, Vernon Park, Wicker Park, and Logan Square.

Their Sidewalk Possibilities.

Put side by side the pies consumed in Chicago in a year would make a sidewalk down the 1,075 miles of paved streets in Chicago, and there would still be 625 miles of pies left for the streets not improved. Used differently, they would make a single pie sidewalk nearly half way around the globe, or a double track sidewalk almost to New York and back.

In spite of such data, Boston insists that Chicago is no place for pie.

The pie trade in this city is of recent development and its enormous proportions are a surprise even to the men in the business. There are six concerns that alone turn out about 26,000 pies a day. There is scarcely a little bakery that does not have an output of from 25 to 100 a day. Add to this the pies not like mother makes, but that mother makes, and the showing is such as to be a real pleasure to the man who invented crust and filling.

Pie is a pretty good criterion of popular taste and the men in the business have to be close students of other men and the weather. To begin with, the demand fluctuates with the season, and there isn't a pie on the list—the list, by the way, comprises twenty-one varieties—that doesn't have its ups and downs. Apple is the most stable of them all. It has its votaries the year round, with peach a close second. During the winter months mince is the prime favorite, but its reign is marked by the thermometer. In summer it is given a back seat in the pie wagon. Pumpkin, squash, and cranberry are also popular in the fall and winter.

Currant Not Popular.

Currant pie is a branded article. It is declared to be no good, and some pie-makers have excluded it from their lists entirely. Rhubarb has its day of glory in the spring, and is followed by gooseberry. Grape does not have its inning till about August, but it holds its own fairly well till late in November. Whortleberry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, and cherry are all very popular summer pies. Among soft pies cocoanut, custard, and lemon cream hold their own the year round, and stand practically on a par. Lemon, apple, and plum are held in contempt, much as currant.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said F. R. Barnheisel, President of one of the pie producing concerns. "They seem to be constitutional. Of course the season has a good deal to do with the fluctuations of the demand, but certain pies seem to have the faculty of winning their way to an eater's heart or stomach. You couldn't sell some people anything but apple pie to save your life. Then some are in love with what we call soft pies—cocoanuts, custards, and lemon creams—and there is no use showing them anything else. Some pies are as popular as certain authors. Waiters soon get accustomed to customers and know what to expect. A man will often order one kind of pie day after day for weeks, and then he will seem to have a change of taste and will start on a new tack. I don't think the number of pies eaten varies much from month to month, but there is a marked difference in the kinds asked for."

CHICAGO'S PIE AND THE NORTH END OF GARFIELD PARK.

Mr. Barnheisel was asked to furnish a sample order for 1,000 pies at the present price, the list to be representative of the popular demand. With the assistance of an employé in whose judgment he had confidence he furnished the following:

Apple	185	Lemon cream	70
Apricot	25	Mince	275
Cocoanut	60	Peach	100
Custard	25	Plum	15
Cranberry	20	Pumpkin	150
Lemon apple	25	Whortleberry	50

These figures represent the relative popularity of the various kinds of pie now in the market at an establishment that daily feeds thousands of people.

C. E. Waters, another leading pie man, was inclined to vary the list considerably. His concern, he said, supplied several downtown eating houses, and the sale of apple pie, he thought, was fully 40 per cent of the gross sales the year round. Mince, of course, took the lead now, but then mince pie and December and January were known to have an unhealthy intimacy.

"You would be surprised," said Mr. Waters, "to not how convention pure and simple cuts into the pie trade. It is recognized as the proper thing to eat certain pies at certain seasons. With modern methods of preserving fruit we can, by using canned goods, supply every kind of pie at all seasons, but lots of the pies that are popular in the spring and summer would be given the cold shoulder now.

"Take rhubarb, for instance. It comes with the spring, and in popular opinion is connected only with the spring. The man who would make up a big batch of pies from the best of canned rhubarb now would undoubtedly have the major part of them left on his hands a dead loss. Most people would say that the pies that bloom in the spring have nothing to do with the winter. Mince is now so far in the lead that even apple pie is ignominiously distanced, yet as soon as it begins to warm up a little in the spring you couldn't get some people to take mince pie any more than you could get them to take medicine.

Influence of Convention.

"This is not because the pies are not as good then as now. It is a matter of conventional notion. The pie man has to cater to popular prejudices or he will soon be left in the race. You can educate people's tastes in matters of art, music, litrature, dress, manners, and that sort of thing, but they eat pie by instinct and their tastes go back of the baker to nature."

Caste lines are as sharply drawn in the pie bakery as they are in India. There is the fat, aristocratic pie that sells for 12 and 13 cents wholesale, and the lean, plebian pie that only brings 9 cents. They have little in common save name and surface area—they're all pies and they're supposed to be nine inches across any way you want to measure them. But the higher caste article has a little more shortening in the crust, a little more filling, and a little more sugar in the filling. From start to finish neither class is allowed to break over fences into the other fold. If this should happen by mistake or through carelessness the vagrant pie would immediately be "spotted" and returned to its own case.

The two kinds or classes travel over different routes, when they finally get into the pie wagon. You will find few 12 or 13 cent pies on Blue Island or Milwaukee avenues and you will find just as few of the 9-cent article wandering around the better class residence districts.

"It's just like life," said Mr. Waters. "Their lots are different, but they all come to the same end."

"The pie business in Chicago, like everything else, is the growth of a day," said Mr. Barnheisel. "A few years ago the specialist in pie was practically unknown. Now there are a number of houses that turn out nothing else, and you will find scarcely a bakery that doesn't make pies for its own trade. The output of the bakeries, of course, is the greatest in the summer, for the reason that a great many families from June to September virtually do no home cooking of pastry. They are willing to leave the heat, and trouble, and annoyance centered in the bakeries.

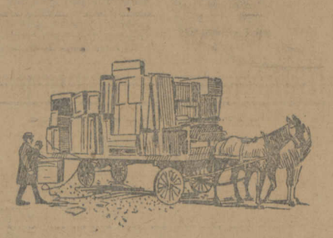
"It is a wrong notion that the bakery pies are consumed largely in restaurants and eating-houses. It might be difficult to get exact statistics, but if such were obtainable it would be found that by far the greatest number of factory-made pies go right into the home."

Cruelty of Chicago Drivers. EVIL OF BIG LOADS. Legal Limit Is Needed.

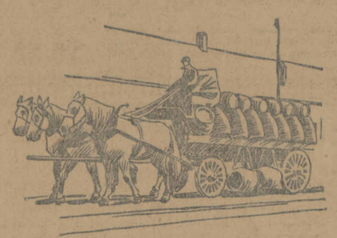
ON the back platform of a Chicago street car the other day a roughly clad man startled his fellow-passengers by crying out against the cruelty of a teamster. The wagon, of the common express type, had mired in a deep rut near the opposite street car track; the tires were narrow and the wheels had sunk deep. The old horses were doing their best, but without avail. The driver, fearing, no doubt, a "roast" from his superior should he be late with his load, was flurried and had lost his temper. The marks of the whip already showed on the flanks and sides of the unfortunate animals, which suffered patiently, as though such punishment was no new thing to them.

Such incidents are common in Chicago—so common as to pass unnoticed by the vast majority. It needs only some one to cry out against them, and indignation once expressed proves contagious. Few people seem willing to raise this first cry. And yet, in every annual report of the Illinois Humane society, spread by the members of the society through all other channels possible, is the following:

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
Report all cases of cruelty to animals or children at once to us or to our agents, whether requiring prosecution or not.
Give name and residence of offender when known, and the name or number upon the vehicle, if licensed.
Get name of owner or receiver of animals driven or carried in a cruel manner; name of owner and driver of horses or other animals used in unfit condition, or otherwise abused.
If prosecution is required, furnish names of two or more witnesses, and a full statement of facts.
All communications are regarded as confidential by the society.



ONE OF THE BIGGEST LOADS IN CHICAGO.



HEAVIEST LOAD OF BEER POSSIBLE.

HEAVY BURDEN FOR ONE HORSE.

WAGONLOAD OF MERCHANDISE.

What Might Be.

What if that grand human conceit, the belief in brute annihilation, were an error after all?

What if animals should prove to be not alone immortal, but the chosen instruments of divine justice, for the punishment of their earthly tormentors?

What if the cabdrivers were to meet all the wretched horses they have lashed to death, transformed into wild steeds of the celestial plains—were to see them coming against them in a furious phalanx, with consuming fire in their nostrils and eternal retribution in their heels?

What if the Italian mountain guides were confronted by long-suffering mules and donkeys—now august shades impervious to sharpened sticks — the long-established "raw" healed forever, but a strange, vengeful light in the once patient eyes.

What if the surly Siberian sledge-driver should find himself tossed on the horns of unforgiving reindeer?—the cruel Hindoo elephant-keeper see around him a forest of gleaming ivory?

Most interesting of all: What if the Chicago teamsters, who urge overloaded and struggling horses up the steep bridge approaches or through the foot-deep mud of unimproved or unrepaired streets, were to pass through a purgatorial state in the companionship of the animals they have abused?

Some such final retribution they might have cause to fear, had not Providence bestowed upon and preserved in most animals natures more gentle and patient than those of the teamsters.

Work of Humane Society.

The Humane society endeavors to reach such cases, whether cruelty with the whip or through too great loads; but the Humane society can do nothing without definite evidence—the name of the teamster, the number of his wagon, or the name of his employer.

"We receive many complaints of abuse of draft horses," said J. Campbell Forbes, assistant secretary of the Humane society. "The yearly average will show from forty to fifty cases every week, and at this season of the year we have between fifty and sixty more in winter than in summer.

"In the first place, as the winter season sets on, a number of small industries are ... The laboring man who is unable to ... and who can get together a capital of $10 to $15 goes to the horse market, buys an old, worn out horse, ... wagon, and goes into the ... trade.' If he does not ... the management of horses he is apt to be cruel; yet if the society were to place him under arrest and the court fine him it would work a great hardship to his family. Thus the society has a collateral responsibility thrust upon it and must exercise discretion in its discharge."

"Do you often fail in obtaining conviction of an offender?"

"Very rarely. Experience has taught the society to bring its cases into court only with sufficient proof, and the sympathy of magistrate and jury is nearly always on the side of humanity, although we often find the fines imposed quite inadequate."

"How are the majority of these cases brought to your attention?"

"We have five special officers with police power, who are always on the lookout, every one of the army of police is supposed to be likewise on the lookout and to report all such cases to the police authorities, who, in turn, notify us; and, finally, it is the duty of every good citizen to inform us of any case which might otherwise escape the observation of the police or of our men."

"Is a legal load defined by Illinois law?"

"No, but it should be. The last session of the Legislature rejected nearly every measure we presented from pressure of what was considered more important business, and I am doubtful whether it could be brought to make a legal load for a single horse less than 2,000 pounds. Yet that would be beneficial.

"Other cities—some of them—have such a limit set. Mobile, Ala., is of an even surface like Chicago. Here is the definition there, as fixed by law:

'A full load is 3 bales of cotton, 5 barrels or 20 kegs of lard, 1 hogshead of tobacco, 30 bushels of corn, 1 hogshead or 5 barrels of sugar, 2 tierces of rice, 3 barrels of molasses, 10 coils of bale rope, 3 sacks of coffee, 12 pieces bagging, 5 barrels pork or other salted provisions, 8 barrels of loaf sugar, 5 barrels mackerel, 8 barrels flour, 8 barrels coal, 4 bales hay, 8 barrels potatoes, 4 bales moss, 8 barrels beans, 12 kegs nails, 10 boxes tobacco, 2 casks bacon, 5 barrels tar, 7 sacks salt, 6 barrels resin, 40 bushels oats, 1 pipe brandy, 8 barrels apples, 2 casks claret or other liquor, or 4 barrels whisky or other liquors. And a load of any article not enumerated, or of which only a part is enumerated, shall not exceed in weight 1,500 pounds.

"Such a legal definition is of great value in court prosecutions, and the society would be heartily in favor of it. Let some municipal legislator introduce an ordinance and the best people will gladly support him."

"With what class does the society have the most trouble?"

"Unquestionably with the Polack and Russian peddlers. I speak now of the immigrant class. The younger generation has imbibed new ideas in America, and is now more progressive.

"'May not a man do what he will with his own?'

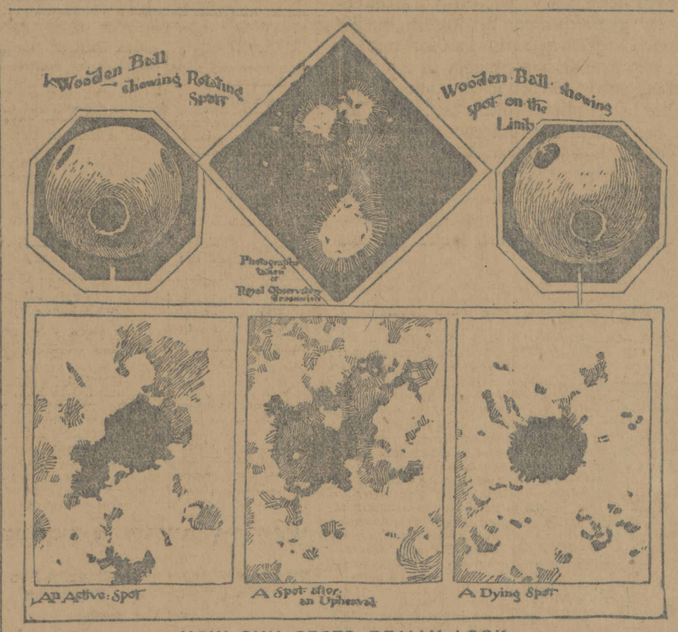
"This is the substance of the inevitable defense of the class in question. These peddlers buy old and wornout animals and load their wagons with all their goods. If they drove only over asphalt streets there would be no trouble, but their business is in those portions of Cook County which are not provided with the better kinds of paving. Then the teamsters who haul heavy loads often get their wagons stalled in the rough places about the docks and railroad yards, so that a load which on a level street would be easy for a team is very trying to the poor beasts as they make their start or ascend an incline or work in and out of railroad tracks or upon rough, broken, uneven surfaces.

"Let me give you an instance of the difficulties and annoyances with which we have to contend. Just a few days ago a prominent physician sent in a call for our ambulance, which we have always in readiness and send under the direction of a superintendent. Our officer found a horse in a terrible condition. The animal was placed in the ambulance and the address of the owner, a Polack peddler, given. On arriving there our officer spent two hours in a vain effort to find the owner. An old woman at the house where the owner was supposed to live, denied all knowledge of the horse, which she supposed to be dead. A crowd gathered, but no one seemed to know anything about the horse or its owner. Our officer telephoned to headquarters for instructions. He was instructed to place the horse in a livery stable, where the owner might recover it on paying its board. If the owner did not do this the society would assume possession and sell the animal to pay charges. The officer informed the crowd of this course of action and was about to drive off. Just then the wounded animal lifted its head and neighed. There was an instant and electrical change in the demeanor of the people. The old woman came forth and claimed to own the horse which a few moments before she had denied knowing anything about, and there were two other claimants among the group of peddlers. These are the people who give us the most trouble."

Buffalo in Canada.

A Canadian traveler who has spent a couple of years in the far Northwest, part of the time along the Peace River, says that there are in that country at least four herds of wild buffalo, numbering altogether not less than 2,000.

Remarkable Photographs. SUN SPOTS PICTURED. What They Really Are.



HOW SUN SPOTS REALLY LOOK.

SPOTS on the sun! There is now much talk about them, and on fine days men can be seen studying them through smoked glass, trying to make out the darkened outlines on the orb's surface with the imperfect human eye. More than once the camera has shown its superiority over man's senses. Again it shows it by enabling the photographer to take excellent pictures of the sun spots that are the cause of so much excitement.

These remarkable photographs can be classed among the greatest scientific work that the camera has accomplished. With the photographs of the sun spots are shown photographs of wooden balls, which give a good idea of the form which the spots take on the sun's surface.

What is a sun spot? What do the presense of these shadows on the sun's surface portend to the people on this planet? Should the earth's inhabitants fear them, or should they regard them merely as harmless solar phenomena? These are the questions that many people are now asking. This is written with the intention of answering the questions quoted above.

First, let us get at what a sun spot really is. Imagine a tremendous explosion, of so vast a magnitude as to be almost beyond the power of human imagination; an explosion that leaves on the surface of the sun a yawning cavity that can be plainly seen without the aid of a telescope on the earth, ninety-three million miles away; a cavity into which this earth could be dropped without coming anywhere near touching the sides, and making so more impression as regards filling up the cavity than would a pumpkin dropped into the crater of Mount Ætna. The cavity thus caused by the explosion in the sun's interior must necessarily shoot forth a gigantic mass of something. But what?

Here is where the learned men wrangle and are likely to stay wrangling. Their questions take these forms: Does the mass of material shot forth by the explosion which forms the cavity called a sun spot send whirling into space a new world like this earth? If so, is there a chance that some beneficent providence will keep an eye on that whirling mass and guide it so that it won't hit this poor, old earth revolving on its axis and minding its own business ninety-three millions of miles away? If the mass does hit the earth what kind of a reception will be given it? Was this world formed by a similar explosion?

From the mass of arguments regarding the important questions referred to there may be taken the most competent answers, and these may be condensed into the following interesting explanation of just what the sun spots mean:

That this earth was formed by such an explosion as that which has created the sun spots seems to be the generally accepted view among scientists. Millions of years ago, they say, the earth was thrown off by the sun in one of its periodic convulsions and sent to find a place for itself among the other planets that form the solar system. From a mere shapeless mass the earth took form on its journey through space, and, halting in the place it found for itself, proceeded to cool off, to harden, and become a solid world. How the shell born of the sun came in its turn to give birth to the life that covers it now, and at what particular time the conscious child awoke and looked upon its unconscious mother, will be argued about until the end of time.

From the era when the earth was born, say the scientists, the sun continued to give birth to planets until the time when the orb became sterile and the planet-bearing stage of its existence passed. The explosions that make sun spots no longer make planets, so that those who are fearful that the present outlines on the sun mean calamity to the earth may breathe freely. At its best the sun is impotent to send to the earth anything more formidable than a meteorite—such, for instance, as the one that descended in the arctic regions and was found by Explorer Peary.

Mass Composed of Vapor.

Of what then is the mass composed that has just been shot off by the sun? Of vapor. It is probable that the mass is considerably larger than this earth, but it is only harmless gas, composed for some parts of solids, say of iron, but whether of solids or liquids, of material so heated that it floats around like a cloud, and is harmless to hurt this earth.

But supposing this cloud of vaporized metal were to be projected earthward by some means, would it not be cooled on its journey and strike the earth in solidified form? Yes, but it would contract so much on the trip that instead of a metal world striking the earth, and shattering it to fragments, the mass that actually fell would be only a harmless little meteorite, big enuogh to smash anything that it fell on, and to bury itself deep in the earth by the velocity of its fall, but not enuogh to do any more damage than that.

There is a strong probability that a sun spot may have shot one of these meteors, or several of them, earthward, but there is also a strong probability that they will never reach this planet. Various things will conspire against them. Ninety-three million miles is a long trip, and the atmosphere may cause the meteor to disintegrate and dissolve long before it reaches earth. Then a meteorite sent to earth by the sun with the best of intentions may be switched off in some other direction on the way, and lost in the boundless firmament. It will take a long time coming, months, years, maybe centuries, and when it comes it will not kill more than one man or one woman at the outside. And the earth's surface is a great stretch of territory, so that it will have plenty of opportunity to fall where it will do no harm at all. Besides, meteorites have shown a kindly tendency about their choice of a place to hit the earth in the past, so that no one need sit up nights to be ready to dodge any meteorites that are coming from the sun spots.

HOW TO CARE FOR CUT FLOWERS

Best Methods to Keep the Floral Beauties Fresh and Pretty—What Good Taste Dictates.

If there is a blessing always ready for the man "who invented sleep" there should surely be another at hand for the one who first thought of hothouse flowers.

Here we are in midwinter and old mother nature's face is as grim as it ever will be, and yet as we go shivering in and out of almost every public place we come to we are suddenly met by a breath of midsummer that warms our very heart's core.

There is the hothose flower man or woman, and for a few pennies we can fasten a fragrant bit of loveliness into a buttonhole and go on our way rejoicing.

The fashion of wearing a bunch of violets or a rose or two on the street certainly originated in some mind of an altruistic turn, since the dainty maid who floats past you on Chestnut street and leaves behind her a delicate odor of fresh sweet flowers on a cold, biting day, is more than a thing of beauty—she is a joy forever.

But alas! these frail, fragrant blooms are short-lived, and twenty-four hours will make them lose their loveliness unless they are most carefully watched. They are worth the care they need, however, and not every one knows that if any flowers begin to droop a good plunge into hot water that contains a little sal volatile will wonderfully revive them.

If a box of cut flowers arrives and the buds and sprays are put into a generous bowl of water they will do very well for a time if some of the leaves as well as the stems are under the surface of the water; but each morning the entire group should be separated, bathed in tepid water, the stems cut off about an inch, and then replaced in the bowl, where they will astonish you with their vitality. If they are in a warm room and it can be arranged, a fine, mist-like spray thrown over them several times a day will be most grateful to both flowers and owner.

If the buds are to be worn in the corsage, the belt, or the hair, put a bit of wax on the end of the stems and they will keep fresh twice as long as if untouched.

It is time for those far-seeing ones who planted violets and pansies in the early fall to reap their reward now, but even among those who must depend upon the street vender or the public stand the day need not dawn that sees them without a soft bloom on their breast if they can afford a bit of silver now and then and will take a little trouble to keep their bouquet fresh.

One thing more. If floral decorations are not too luxurious they give a better effect as flowers, like people, show off best in uncrowded places and grow distrait in freedom.—Philadelphia Record.

Wonderful Loom.

Recent improvements in the Millar loom will, it is claimed, revolutionize the weaving industry, as, with less attention than ordinary, it will turn out from 140 to 200 yards worsted coatings in ten hours.

Glass Brushes Used by Painters.

Glass brushes are used by the artists to decorate china.