

THINGS THAT MAKE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD.



The founders of Chicago did not have in view the building of a great city. What they accomplished in this direction was only incidental to the ordinary pursuit of the varied activities of life, but their efforts have resulted in the greatest material development the human race ever has witnessed in a similar length of time. The combined populations of Boston and St. Louis, two of the large cities, are not equal to that of Chicago; add Cincinnati and Indianapolis and you haven't got a Chicago; then, after adding Omaha and Denver, you still will have to throw in Des Moines to make a Chicago.

Chicago covers an area of ninety-six square miles, has 4,200 miles of streets, 1,500 miles of sewers, eight large parks, forty-five small ones, and forty-eight miles of boulevards. The 22,000 manufacturing plants, with \$700,000,000 of invested capital, paying \$240,000,000 in wages and turning out products to the value of \$1,100,000,000 annually, show that industry has not been neglected. The stock yards and packing plants occupy 600 acres of land, ship annually 12,000,000,000 pounds of beef, and other products in proportion. Chicago is the largest grain market in the world, having ninety elevators, with a combined capacity of 75,000,000 bushels. The receipts of grain amount to 450,000,000 bushels annually. Chicago's commerce by water surpasses that of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore combined. In the iron and steel industry Chicago does more than twice the business of all other cities west of Pennsylvania; she produces more steel rails than any other city in the world.

In the downtown district a spot a mile square can be pointed out in which more business is done than in any similar space in the world. By actual count the average number of drays, delivery wagons and street cars that cross the corner at Fifth avenue and Lake street during business hours is thirty-one per minute. More than forty milk companies distribute milk to the people of Chicago, and one of these companies runs 1,100 wagons in supplying its Chicago customers.

Within an area of half a mile by three-quarters in the loop district there are 116 buildings ten or more stories high, twenty-one that contain fifteen or more stories, and six in which twenty or more may be counted. The federal building does not come in this list, although it is the most ponderous structure in the city except the courthouse. It cost \$5,000,000, and the courthouse a little more. The largest office building in the world is the Monadnock, seventeen stories, which contains 1,264 offices and twenty-eight stores.

Chicago is able to boast of the largest department stores, as well as the largest mail order houses, in the

world; one of the former employing 8,000 people; the daily postage bill of one of the latter is \$6,000. In one room there are 300 girls who do nothing but open and assort letters. Chicago does more than four times as much business as the great State of Iowa. This requires the handling of vast sums of money, but fifty-seven banks, fifteen of which are national, seem to do it efficiently. One of these banks is the second largest in the United States. Its capital is \$10,000,000 and deposits \$115,000,000.

Chicago trades with every civilized country on the globe, which necessitates extensive transportation facilities. This business is divided between thirty-two railroad and twenty-eight steamboat lines. Every day it requires 1,200 trains of six cars each to carry the people who come to Chicago on the steam roads, 280 of which are through trains and 980 suburban. Twenty-four surface and seven elevated car lines run from the outskirts to the business center. Trains run every three minutes on the elevated and several of the surface lines, four or five cars each to the former and two to the latter. During sixty trips on Madison street no two were made with the same conductor; nor did the investigator remember seeing any particular passenger twice. The total daily arrivals within the downtown square mile by all conveyances amount to a half million.

The total municipal expenditures of Chicago are now \$45,000,000 a year, but the rapid growth of population and the vast improvements increase these figures every year. The 3,500 policemen involve an expenditure of nearly \$4,000,000. Chicago possesses a larger number of the "greatest things on earth" than any other city in the world. She has the largest car factory, is the largest manufacturer of telephones and other electric supplies; her commerce by water is greater than that of any other city; in every respect she is the greatest railroad center; is the largest agricultural implement market; has the grandest park and boulevard system in the world.

Chicago speaks more languages than any other city, and publishes a larger number and the greatest newspapers in the world. Chicago is great not alone in material things. She is devoted to all the activities that develop the higher ideals of life. There are 308 public school buildings, and in considering the great things of Chicago her big heart must not be overlooked. No other city has shown the humane attributes to such a degree or manifested such a spirit of generosity. She is ever ready to help the needy or aid and encourage whatever is for the public good or the uplift of humanity. She does everything on a grand scale.—Chicago Tribune.

it," he said abruptly. "I lived in a city until I was over 20, then I got mad and played the fool and came off here. The girl waited a year, and married another man."

"Why do you call yourself a fool?" asked Phillips, looking at him curiously.

"Because I am one," harshly. "I didn't think so for a year, until I heard she was married, then I knew. And I have been living in the woods for thirty years, and knowing it more positively every day. I have never spoken of it before."

"Why do you tell me?"

Bat looked him square in the face. "I found a photograph in the bushes today, up above the rapids," he said, his voice softening. "I saw you throw it away. There is nothing but goodness in that face, and the girl's soul is in her eyes. I am an old man, and you are young and hasty. One fool in the world is enough. Here is the picture. The girl's eyes are looking for somebody, and you and I both know who it is. Go back to her."

Jack Phillips hesitated, then held out his hand.

"Give it to me," said he, his voice trembling. "I have been trying to convince myself for a month that I wasn't a fool, but it has been a losing fight. I am sorry—for you."

Bat Pinaud stood on the bank as they pulled away, then went back up the slope to his cabin. And so the moon rose up from the far bank of the river, sending its spiritual light into the under spaces of the forests, the music of his fiddle rose and swelled out through the swaying aisles and across the water of the river, bearing on its plaintive tide the past of the bowed figure whose gray beard was bent close, close to the responsive instrument, as though listening to its own heart throbs there.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SUNDOWN DOCTORS.

Peculiar to Washington and Practiced Only After 4:30 P. M.

"Sundown doctors" are an institution peculiar to Washington City. They are an amiable company of medical practitioners who ply their trade only after nightfall.

Not that these gentlemen prefer darkness to light if they had their d'ruthers, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, nor are their deeds of a questionable complexion that looks best in the shade.

Sundown doctors have no ways that are dark or tricks that are vain. They are as open as the day that they may not utilize. If they practice their profession by candle light rather than by sunshine that's Uncle Sam's fault, not their own.

Sundown doctors begin to get busy only after 4:30 in the afternoon. From 9 to that hour, poor souls, they are holding their noses to the grindstones over the government desks, for one must live, don't you know, however soaring one's scientific ambition, and Uncle Sam's wages do come in mighty regular and handy. So that in a pigeonhole is the story of the origin of the struggling fraternity of sundown physicians at the federal capital.

There are thousands of instances. Young physicians with their careers yet to carve secure clerkships in some of the governmental departments of Washington in order to keep the pot bubbling while they are getting their medicinal education after office hours. Their diplomas thus laboriously achieved, they hang out their shingles tentatively, holding fast, however, to their government positions until securely established professionally. A job in the hand, you know, is worth a whole city directory full of unaccepted patients. Never let go a sure thing till you are of a surer.

American Temperament and Art.

The majority of the men and women who gave American life its form and direction were not the children of an artistic race, though they were the heirs of a great literature. They descended from a people who have never pursued art as an end and whose first instinctive expression in meeting great experiences has never been artistic, but who have never divorced action from vision nor failed in the long run to match power in action with some kind of beauty in speech. From its English ancestry the country has inherited an ingrained and ineffaceable idealism of nature, which enormous tasks and hitherto incredible prosperity have at times smothered and blighted, but never destroyed. From other races have come richer temperament, quicker sensibilities, craving for joy and love of beauty for its own sake, which have already immensely enriched American art and are subsolving American life.—Hamilton Mable in Atlantic.

Old Faithful, or Something.

Gentleman—Who is that talkative man spouting away over there on the corner?

Newsboy—That's only a plain, ordinary guy, sir.—Harvard Lampoon.

As a rule, the farmer who spends a great deal of his time in town, doesn't spend very much money.



Pium Pudding.

One-half pound of stoned raisins, one-half pound of currants, well cleaned, one-half pound of beef suet, chopped fine, two ounces of powdered sugar, two ounces of flour, one-half pound of bread crumbs, one dozen blanched almonds, chopped fine, half a nutmeg, grated, two ounces of candied citron, the peel of half a lemon, chopped fine; put all in a bowl and break over four eggs; mix all well the day before wanted, cover over till morning, then add half a gill of milk and stir vigorously; butter a cloth slightly, flour it, tie up the pudding in it, boil for two hours and a half and serve.

Chocolate Caramels.

One pint brown sugar, one gill of milk, one-half pint of molasses, one-half cake unsweetened chocolate, one generous teaspoonful of butter, and one tablespoonful of extract of vanilla. Boil all except the vanilla over a slow fire until the ingredients are dissolved, and stir occasionally afterward, as it is liable to burn. Test it by dropping a little in cold water, and if it hardens quickly remove at once from the fire, add the flavoring extract and pour into buttered tins. When cool, mark the caramels in squares with a buttered knife.

Broiled Oysters with Bacon.

Place thinly sliced breakfast bacon in a broiler over a dripping pan and place in hot oven until cooked. Remove to brown paper and keep warm. Wash and dry good-sized oysters and dip them, one at a time, in the bacon fat. Place in a broiler, sprinkle sparingly with salt and pepper, and broil over a hot fire until they are plump and the edges curled. Turn once while broiling. Arrange on small pieces of toast on a hot platter, and garnish with the bacon and some parsley.

Apple Butter.

Boil good cider until reduced one-third, then put into it as many sliced peeled apples as will cover and simmer, stirring frequently, until the fruit is tender. Take out the apples with skimmer and put more into the cider, continuing in this way until all the cider has been absorbed by the fruit. Turn all into a stone crock and leave until the next day, then return to the fire and boil gently until reduced to a soft mass. Pack in stone jars.

Johnnycake.

Two tablespoonfuls sugar, one table spoon butter, two well-beaten eggs; stir all together, add one cup sweet milk, three teaspoons (level) baking powder and three-fourths cup corn meal, then add flour to make it quite stiff. Bake in a square tin in a quick oven. If directions are followed this never fails to make a light, delicious cake. Unlike most johnnycakes, this is also good cold, but is best eaten while hot.—Mary Foster Snider.

Pineapple Cake.

Take two eggs, one cupful of white sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of sweet milk, a pinch of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in layers. For the filling whip one pint of cream, one cupful of shredded pineapple, which has been cooked a little. Sweeten to taste and spread between the layers just before serving.

Oyster Fritters.

Wash well in their own liquor a dozen oysters. Chop them a little and add one cupful of flour, two well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half cup of milk. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry a golden brown on both sides. Drain carefully and serve very hot. Garnish with parsley and serve with butter and sliced lemons.

Apple Pudding.

An apple pudding is a delight to children. Pare, core and quarter as many tart apples as will fill two-thirds of a pudding dish. Sprinkle with sugar and flavoring, dot with butter and moisten with a little cold water. Fill the dish with a nice cake batter and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

Acidulated Water.

Many recipes call for acidulated water. This is water to which either lemon juice or vinegar has been added. Allow one tablespoonful of acid to one quart of water.

Poor Cake.

One pound pork chopped fine, one pound raisins, three cups sugar, two cups milk, three eggs, five cups flour, two teaspoonfuls soda and spice to taste.

THE CONQUERED.

We who so eager started on life's race, And breathless ran, nor staid any whit

For aching muscles or the parching grit Of dust upon the lips; who set the face Only more desperately towards the place Where the god's altar smoked, if runners knit

With stronger limbs outran us; we who sit

Beaten at last—for us what gift or grace?

Though we have been outstripped, yet known have we

The joy of contest; we have felt hot life

Throb through our veins, a tingling ecstasy;

Our prize is not the wreath with envy rife,

But to have been all that our souls might be;

Our guerdon is the passion of that strife.

—Century.

The Photograph

The door of his cabin stood open and a shaft of light stole in over his shoulder as though to examine the fireplace, and the pans and kettles hanging picturesquely about the walls and the two or three extra bunks for possible visitors, and the floor and quaintly carved tools—all as bright and immaculate as though presided over by a woman; and another shaft came down through the foliage and rested upon the bowed, whitening head, and upon the rough knotted fingers that were unconsciously betraying the longings of a repressed soul to the familiar, responsive strings of his violin.

A boat came noisily up the river and was fastened to the bank below the cabin; then two men hurried up the slope, leaving a third to follow more leisurely. But still Bat Pinaud played on unmindfully, unconscious.

"Oh, I say," called one of the men impatiently, "that's awful fine, but will you please stop just a minute?"

The bow poised in the air and then flashed a final staccato across the strings.

"Are you Bat Pinaud?"

"Oul, and monsieur?"

"Oh, I'm Doc Willets, and my friend here is Col. Case. We and Jack Phillips down there have been camping on the big lake for the last two months. What we want with you is this," lowering his voice and glancing over his shoulder to see that their companion was still beyond hearing; "we're up for

a day's fishing in the river, and Case and I have each bet \$100 with Phillips that we'll get the biggest creel. Now we understand that you're intimate with every fish in the Penobscot, and what we want is for you to place us on the river tomorrow so our bets will be sure. See?"

Yes, Bat saw—perhaps more than they intended, or would have liked. He had heard of Doc Willets and Col. Case, and of reckless, good-natured Jack Phillips, who allowed the sharpers to bleed him on every possible pretext, and in a way that was patent to everybody but himself. "Oul, surement," he saw.

"Everything all right?" asked Jack Phillips, as he joined the group, "supper and breakfast accommodations for the night, and all that sort of thing?"

"Haven't had time to ask yet, you followed us up so close," rejoined Doc Willets, tipping a wink of secrecy to Bat and at the same time jingling some coins in his pocket, "but I suppose there'll be no trouble, eh, guide?"

Bat rose slowly and carried his fiddle into the cabin. When he came out he was again the obliging, matter-of-fact trapper and guide.

"I s'pose maybe I fixed up all those things," he said graciously. "Now, you go in the cabin or sit down under the trees, whatever you like best. Soon's



"DEUCED BAD LUCK."

I bring things up from the boat we'll have supper."

It was dark before the supper had been prepared and eaten, and then, at their request, Bat took them down to a deer run to try their luck at flashlight.

The next morning they were out with the day, and after a hasty eating of breakfast and a careful preparation of lines, they followed Bat a mile or so up the river to where he said the fishing was good. As they paused on the bank, Doc Willets and Col. Case tried

to catch Bat's eye and again audibly fingered the coins in their pockets. Bat looked up and down the river critically.

"I s'pose maybe Mr. Willets better go to that little cove there and fish from the point back to the big white rock," he said at length. "I've caught more fish there than I could carry. Mr. Case I will take up round the bend. Plenty fish there. And Mr. Phillips," looking at him as though somewhat in doubt, "maybe I'd best show him beyond the rapids. I catch fish there sometimes and sometimes not. Maybe he'll do better. That suit?"

"Oh, yes, that's just the thing," cried Doc Willets, and "just the thing," echoed Col. Case. Then they both rubbed their hands and looked at Bat approvingly. Jack Phillips did not even hear. He was gazing gloomily across the river, his thoughts evidently elsewhere.

An hour or so later, as Bat was circling from one to another, watching and giving bits of advice from his own experience, he came upon Jack Phillips beyond the rapids. The young man had drawn something from his pocket and was looking at it hungrily, oblivious of everything around. His rod and line lay upon the bank unnoticed. As Bat turned to steal away he heard Phillips utter a stifled groan of renunciation and despair and saw the object cast into the underbrush. Then Phillips caught up his rod and went crushing through the bushes along the river. When he was beyond view Bat went to the place where he was standing and found the photograph of a beautiful young girl, whose eyes looked up at him wistfully and appealingly, Bat thought. He gazed at the picture for some moments, his face whitening; then he nodded reassurance to the eyes.

When darkness brought them together it was found that Jack Phillips, in spite of his desultory fishing above the rapids, had caught more than both the others.

"Well, I suppose it's all luck," Doc Willets grumbled despondently. "Deuced bad luck, thought, I think." Then: "Say, Jack, old man, you'll have to wait a week or two for your money—I'm broke."

"Me, too," Col. Case admitted gloomily. "I was counting on this to—"

He flushed recollecting and was silent. Jack Phillips smiled satirically, but said nothing. Presently he turned to Bat.

"Pretty lonesome life here in the winter, isn't it?" he asked. "When snow shuts you away from everything. Still I suppose you have always been used to it."

"Folks can get used to anything and like it," Bat replied shortly.

But a little later when Phillips moved down the river he followed.

"No, I haven't always been used to