

CHICAGO, OLD AND NEW

UST seventy years ago something in the nature of a "boom" struck Chicago. It has become a great metropolis. Its history was practically that of a frontier village, a trading post. In 1820 a canal connecting the St. Lawrence with Lake Michigan was under consideration. Congress set

kept a tavern, now within the memory of many a living patriarch of the West. He was the town's great musician, and just as Nero fiddled while Rome burned, he played for his guests while Chicago grew up. It is related that in those days such things as white sheets and table linen were a rare commodity, and that after a guest was asleep the specious landlord would invade his

Two years later the first street railway made its appearance—a single-track affair, quite primitive. A strong disposition was now evinced "to lift Chicago out of the mud," and paving was the order of the day. Now the city began to be the center of important political events. It was in the Chicago Wigwag that Lincoln and Hamilton were nominated, and at the same structure many momentous war meetings were held. The city became the recognized center of the West. Its progress was now all along the line of rapid advancement, balked only by the great fire of 1871, a conflagration overshadowing any in the history of the world. Then came the years of reorganization and rebuilding. With 1890 the prospering metropolis had reached the 1,000,000 mark. The most imposing structures in the world were designed and constructed. The year 1893 saw the World's Fair open and close, after scoring a brilliant success. Great crowds came to view the city for the first time from all quarters of the world, enormously swelling the already great population of the city. Electricity was advanced in its highest form in all the industries. Mechanics of every class here found the ideal field for progress. The social, literary and commercial interests had reached the highest typical plane. The city entered 1899 with a marvelous history behind it. The wonderful metropolis

about it with exactly the same nonchalance that characterizes him at present. During the last sitting, when the picture was receiving its finishing touches, it chanced that one of the Baron's ears became unusually red, a circumstance probably due to the heat of the room. Sergeant seized on it at once as a good bit of color and made the painter red redder, if anything, than the original. When Rothschild inspected the portrait he was greatly pleased. "But of course," he said, "you will tone down that left ear." "Oh, no," replied the painter promptly. "I think I shall leave it just as it is. I rather like that red." The banker was astonished and very angry, and while he paid for the canvas he never hung it. Of course, the incident raised a laugh and the artist's obstinacy was admired in bohemian, but it really did Sergeant a great deal of harm, and was one of the things that eventually determined him to move to London.

Carving Done by Kernels.

There is a curiously carved frame around a picture recently hung in the office of the Pendleton, Ore., board of fire commissioners by Secretary Welder. It is made of a board of Oregon fir, but the carving, which in places is nearly through the board, is of a queer pattern and in such a strange and peculiar style that no one who sees it can imagine how it was done. The



CHICAGO IN 1820 FROM THE LAKE.

art land to aid the project. A portion of the allotment fell within the limits of Chicago. An auction sale was made, the lots bringing an average of \$100. Deeds in the same became brisk. "Boom" was started, settlers came, Chicago began to make metropolitan history, and the years since then have been simply forward strides of majestic progress.

room with a hideous yell, suggesting "Indians" whip away the sheet from the frightened stranger—who would prudently burrow in the blankets—while the trophy was smoothed out to do service as a table-cloth.

Began to "Feel Its Oats."

By 1836 the "Garden City" began "to feel its oats!" The first vessel built in Chicago was successfully launched, and ground was broken for the long talked of Illinois and Michigan Canal. The Galena railroad was chartered. Speculation became rife, and real estate reached figures that discounted the wildest previous speculations. Chicago was now the largest town in the State, the question of incorporation was constantly agitated, and in the following year a charter was secured from the Legislature. The population had risen to 4,180 souls, there were 4 warehouses, 208 dwellings, 29 dry goods stores, 5 hardware stores, 19 groceries, 17 lawyers' offices, and 5 churches.

The young city, organized and ready for business, prepared for an immediate influx of population and wealth, but was doomed to suffer serious disappointment. A great panic presented itself, and waves of disaster and collapse swept over the entire land, in which Chicago suffered in common with other cities. A passion for investment had carried the people away, and a lack of money now led to a series of business failures. "Hard Times" held the city in its grasp. Retrench-



VIEW ON CLARK STREET, 1857.

not only astonished the world, but surprised its own people.

Is To-day a Wonder.

To-day Chicago is a wonder to survey. Its vast area, immense population, magnificent buildings and enormous industries are known to and appreciated by all. The city comprises in its limits about 100 square miles of territory. It is twenty-five and one-half miles from its extreme north to its extreme south limit.

From absolutely nothing to a city of 2,000,000 people within the narrow limits of a single century, it has come to lead the world in many things—as a railway center, port, lumber market, grain market. In live stock of all kinds Chicago takes the preference. All this is not the result of chance or fortune. Good luck seldom has a run of sixty-one years. Chicago's present and prospective greatness rests upon her location at the gateway of a fertile country as large in extent as Europe. All outside territory has been tributary and helpful to Chicago, and the Iowa farmer, the Michigan miner, the Indiana merchant, the Wisconsin lumberman, have all helped to build up the metropolis in a way. A century ago the advantages Chicago utilized were counted trivial, but close application and shrewd enterprise have annihilated distance, bridged rivers, and tumbled mountains, until, for all practical purposes, Salt Lake City is nearer to Chicago than Boston was to Phila-

delphia the year Fort Dearborn was built.

nearest guess anyone makes is that it is Japanese work. The fact is, the board was part of a grain chute, and the quaint and curious carving as well as the polishing was done by kernels of wheat passing down the chute. Just why the wheat cut such curious curves is difficult to imagine, as the wood does not appear to be any softer where the cuts are deepest.—San Francisco Examiner.

Victoria's Income.

From the time that she was crowned, Queen Victoria has been in receipt of an income from the Government amounting to about \$3,000,000 a year. From this she pays all the expenses of her household, charities, pensions and other charges imposed upon the sovereign, be they more or less. She has \$300,000 per annum for pocket money, of which no account is ever asked.

The salaries of her household amount to about \$600,000, and the other expenses to about \$750,000 per year; \$90,000 is given her for "bounties and alms," and \$90,000 for annuities and pensions. In addition to this, the other members of the royal family receive annuities amounting to \$865,000. From the Duchy of Lancaster the Queen receives about \$450,000 a year, which she has no need to touch at all, and probably invests in bulk as fast as it comes to her. This income of itself since she has been upon the throne,



STATE STREET—1860.

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AN OBSTINATE ARTIST.

He Painted a Red Ear on the Baron de Rothschild. A portrait painter can't afford to be entirely independent unless he has a tremendous vogue," remarked an artist who has spent a number of years in study abroad to a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I remember when I first went to Paris, Sergeant, who is probably the greatest master in his special field that America has ever produced, was just beginning to attract attention. He had painted a portrait of his preceptor, Duroz, that was generally applauded, and the artist created led to his getting a commission from the Baron Rothschild. It was his first big job, but he went

with interest, would aggregate \$40,000,000.—Philadelphia Press.

The Great Pyramid of Cheops.

The great pyramid of Cheops is the largest structure ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimensions at the base were 794 feet square, and its perpendicular height in the highest point 481 feet. It covers four acres, one rod, and twenty-two rods of ground, and has been estimated by an eminent British architect to have cost not less than \$165,000,000.

Mosquito Bite Pain.

The pain of a mosquito bite is caused by a fluid poison injected by the insect into the wound in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through the mosquito's throat.

A BUSY WOMAN.

had a Good Reason for Not Calling on Her Neighbors.

One day during that period in the feud history of the mountains of West Virginia when for several years the blood of the mountaineers circulated freely over the face of the earth, I was asking dinner at the house of one of the families that were in the thick of the feud and had lost a number of its men folk. However, it was not according to the best form of mountain society to mention those things, and I talked about something else. A woman in a black alpaca gown was the presiding genius of the table and I did my talking to her. That she had lost two husbands I was sure, but I had understood she had married a third and had hopes of keeping him.

"Don't you find it rather lonesome out here at times?" I inquired, for it really was a house in the midst of everlasting solitude as far neighbors were concerned.

"Not for the last few years," she replied. "It's been a heap sight livelier than I like for everyday doin's. It might do for Crismus or Fourth or July, but hit ain't w't a quiet natered body bankers for reg'lar, seven days in the week."

"I presume," I said at a venture, "that your husband is some company?" "Not ex much ex he wuz," she answered dubiously.

"No?" I said; "why not?" "Mostly caze he's dead," she said with a smile as if the late lamented were better off, and that she also might be.

I was just a little disconcerted by this unexpected revelation of her domestic deprivation, but I hastened to set myself straight.

"Well," I said consolingly, "you must be the best you can under the circumstances and keep your mind engaged as much as possible."

"It was lame, of course, but a man can't always be at his best. 'I reckon so,' she responded cheerfully enough, 'but I don't worry. What with buryin' husbands and makin' black dresses 'tween times, I'm so busy I couldn't go to see neighbors of they suz thicker'n blackbirds. Won't you have some more uv the greens?'"

"I don't care if I do, thank you," said I, handing up my plate.—Washington Star.

What He Saved. "You take a man that's got real pumpkin, and it'll come to the front, no matter what he's undergoing," remarked John Low, of the Hulby Fire Company, as he unwound a muffer from his neck and prepared for a belated breakfast.

"Now there's Ned Stone," he went on hurriedly, waving his hand to deprecate any possible interruption from his helpmate. "I went over there this morning just to see how the ruins were, and I declare, they're complete! Job Saunders was there, and we walked around, seeing how complete they are!"

"When you think that even all the clothes that Myra had put out on the line yesterday morning went, and that within two hours' time there wasn't so much as a spool of thread left in the Stone family, it seems as if Ned had reason to feel discouraged."

"They'd laid in a good stock of pork and beef and so on, but every mite of it was spoiled. I said to Job that for all Ned's thrifty ways I guessed when he came home from Keating last night and found he hadn't any home, he saw there was no use trying to make the best of such a job."

"I hadn't more than got the words out of my mouth before I saw Ned coming across the meadow with the wheel-barrow. He smiled at us just as cheerful, and said he:

"Glad to see you, boys! Last night I couldn't see to sense anything, but I said to Myra this morning that as the stuff in the cellar would make excellent green when 'twas tried out, I might as well come over and hook up some of the pork to give me a kind of an appetite for breakfast."

"Job and I left him standing there, looking up pork and so on out of the barrels, apparently just as easy in his mind as he was yesterday morning. And I reckon if there's anybody in the neighborhood next six months, Myra Stone will be able to supply 'em—at ire-proof rates."—Youth's Companion.

He Should Have Saluted. The ordinary seaman's respect for rank and station when not connected with his beloved vessel, is decidedly meager. When the President of the United States visits one of our men-of-war he is received at the gangway by the admiral, commanding officer, and all of the officers of the ship, in full uniform, the crew at quarters for inspection, the marine guard drawn up with the band on the quarter deck, the national flag is displayed at the main, the drummer gives four ruffles, the band plays the national air and a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. The same ceremony also takes place on his leaving. On one occasion the President visited one of the ships informally, dispensing with the salute and ceremony, when one of the men rather indignantly asked another who that lubber was on the quarter deck that didn't "douse his peak" to the commodore.

"Choke your luff, will you," was the reply; "that's the President of the United States."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

MUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Johnson—What do you do when you have any stomach trouble?
Thompson—I just keep still about it. In that way I escape advice from everybody I meet.—Boston Transcript.

Her First Trip. Old Lady (on ocean steamer)—Mercy me! Is this all one ship?
Traveled Granddaughter—Why, yes, grandma, and we haven't walked a quarter the length of it yet.

"Gracious! How near will we be to the land when we get to the other end?"—Boston Traveler.

Consistent. "Bill the Gambler's always up to date."
"How so?"
"His wedding cards are all Queens of Hearts."—Philadelphia North American.

What the Minister Felt. Jingo—What did the minister say when the plate came up?
Hingo—He said he wouldn't mind so much if the buttons were all alike.—Syracuse Herald.

A Horse on Somebody. First American—Bicycles and automobiles. What show has the horse here in Paris? You seldom even see him on the boulevards.

Second American (who has just dined)—No, he's in the soup.—Chicago News.

Generally Speaking. "Here's an ad dat says dey wants a man to do general work."
"What kind of work is dat, beau?"
"Dunno, but I bet it's dead easy, for who ever heard of a general doing any 'ard work?"—Chicago News.

Logic of the Dental Office. "I don't care if I do, thank you," said I, handing up my plate.—Washington Star.

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Can This Be True? "Hix—I wonder why a doctor never prescribes for himself when he is ill?"
"Dix—Don't know, unless it's because he can't send himself a bill."

How True. Dick—These church fairs are deuced bodes.
Helen—Why so?
Dick—They bore such deuced big holes in a fellow's purse.

Not Necessarily an Aristocrat. "Muss Bunk must be a thoroughbred; she has a lofty, scornful carriage."
"Oh, I don't know! Some girls get that air by refusing to help their mothers with the work."

Rose to the Emergency. "So sorry to have kept you waiting, professor. I hope you have not been bored?"
"Ah! no, madame. I was by myself."
—Moonshine.

A Considerate Son. "Willie, I hate to whip you. It hurts me worse than it does you."
"Let me do it, then. She can't pound hard 'nough to hurt me ner her either."

Hot Weather Criticism. "All things come to him who waits."
"Yes; we get nearly everything we want after we get through waiting it."

Our Climate. "What does the forecast bulletin say?"
"Threatening weather."
"Threatening what—sunstrokes or chilblains?"

Thought It Meant the Boots. St. Hardacre—You can polish my boots, boy, but jes' remember to polish them on the outside.

Boy—Yer didn't think I could polish dem on the inside, did yer, boss?
St. Hardacre—Sartinly I did. Ain't thar your sign over the door: "Boots Polished on the Inside?"

An Explanation. He—I wonder why it is that men's pockets are so easy to get at, while women's are so difficult?
She—Oh, that's easily explained. A man has no business with a woman's pocket, but a woman has with a man's.

Suspicious Conduct. "Ma, I don't like pa's taking us on so many boat excursions."
"Why, daughter?"
"It looks as if he was getting ready to say he can't afford to let us go to the seashore."

An Impossibility. "You'll excuse me, sir, but I can't possibly waive you if you hold your head like that."
Old Brandy Drop (who has dozed off)—All ri', don't; cut me hair instead.—Fun.



Naturalty. This story, relating to a young pork packer in Kansas City, is circulated quietly among his acquaintances: A new baby had arrived in his family, and he was very proud of it. While several friends were congratulating him in his office and smoking cigars at his expense, one of them asked him: "By the way, how much did the cherub weigh?"

"Ten pounds, dressed!" exclaimed the delighted father.—Youth's Companion.

Like Hamlet Is Now. "Wilkins said he acted the part of Hamlet last night as well as if Hamlet had been there acting it himself."
"I believe him."
"You do?"
"Yes, there wasn't a bit of life in him."

All That Allied Him. "Oh, Absalom!" wailed Mrs. Rambo. "You've been drinking again, after all your promises!"
"Nansy, n'dear," replied Mr. Rambo, "only had one lil' drink. Fell'r to me 'f I'd eat raw onion take whiskey 'ol me 'f breath. 'Smatter 'tth me is I eat too many raw onions—can't you seee?"—Chicago Tribune.

Impressive. "So ye've got back from New York, Hogan? Phwat struck ye th' most?"
"Will, th' mounted cops made a vry dape imprisonment on me."
"Did they?"
"Yis; put yer hand here on me head; ye kin fale the imprisonment yit."

A Logical Conclusion. "You didn't even pay the minister who married us!" cried Mrs. Peck.
"He deserved to be 'hung up,'" shouted Henry, savagely.—Philadelphia North American.

Painfully Well Informed. "I'd be afraid to marry a girl who had just graduated, wouldn't you, Billy?"
"Yes; too much like going in for a civil service examination."

Jests from the Jokers. "Did you ever find that when you stood up to talk before an assemblage you forgot everything you ever knew?"
"No," answered Senator Everghum, "I never was investigated."—Washington Star.

Quite contented. "Doesn't it make you feel a little blue to find yourself getting old?" inquired the strictly fresh egg of the somewhat doubtful one.
"No, it doesn't," replied the latter; "when I get a little older I'm going on the stage."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Metal Bird's Nest. In the Museum of Natural History at Soleure, in Switzerland, there is said to be a bird's nest made entirely of steel. There are a number of clock-making shops at Soleure, and in the yards of these shops there are often found lying disused or broken springs of clocks. One day a clockmaker noticed in a tree in his yard a bird's nest of peculiar appearance. Examining it, he found that a pair of waxwings had built a nest entirely of clock springs. It was more than four inches across, and perfectly comfortable for the birds. After the feathered architects had reared their brood, the nest was taken to the museum, where it is preserved as a striking illustration of the skill of birds in turning their surroundings to advantage in building their nests.

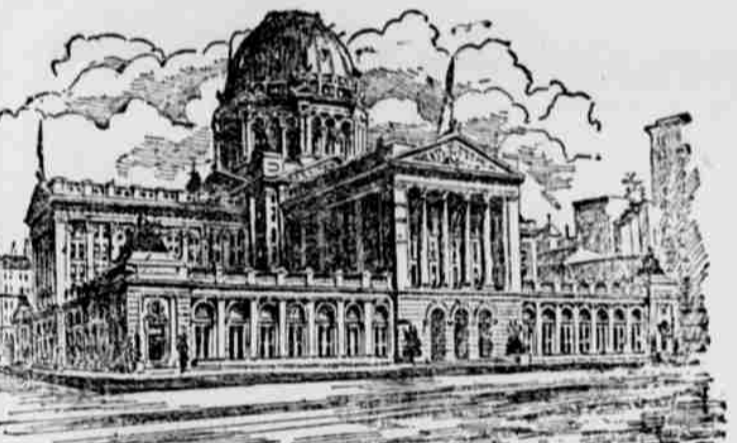
Centenarians in Servia. Of all the countries in the world, Servia contains the most centenarians. In that little country, with fewer than 1,300,000 inhabitants, there are 575 persons whose age exceeds 100 years.

Every married woman travels under an assumed name.



FIRST COURTHOUSE, 1832.

ment to 1850. The first permanent structure was made in 1800, when a dourly Scotch-American named Kinzie bowed in the tracks of French missionaries and explorers, and took possession of a rude squared hut, erected by a San Domingan negro named an Baptiste, who had drifted into the northwest twenty-six years previous. Kinzie established an Indian trading post, and as the pioneer merchant and business man laid the foundations of the greatest commercial city in the West. The government once built Fort Dearborn, and here visiting visitors and settlers sought



NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

protection, and the Indians exchanged pelts for trinkets, general merchandise and whisky. In 1812 the savages practically destroyed the fort, and massacred fifty-two persons. In 1816 it was rebuilt. Within the next ten years churches, ferries, stores, hotels of a primitive character appeared on the scene, and the settlement became a town. Nearly all the new arrivals came to start in business. Competition became an immediate element, and as early as 1825 there was evident that keenness and foresight which made commerce the keynote of one of the greatest manufacturing and distributing cities in the world. In 1820 the government rewarded a resident for services rendered in negotiating peaceful relations with the Pottawatomies by building for him free the



SECOND COURTHOUSE.

ent frame house erected in the district. Chicago's most lordly cloud-racer does not to-day attract such universal attention as did the owner of this princely structure. Up to that time everything was imported, and some idea of the progress attained during the past seventy years may be gleaned from the circumstance that the carpenters, sash, nails and brick used in constructing this modest little house were all brought from Cleveland, then much larger city than Chicago. Four years later the first bridges across the river were constructed—one of these was made of floating logs tied together, and the Indians in its vicinity voluntarily contributed one-half of its cost, which was in the neighborhood of \$400.

The Sagamash was the grand hotel in those early days. Here a half-breed