



MATTHEW ELDER, editor of the Inner Circle, had gone out for half an hour to synchronize his watch, and his assistant, J. Graham Champnies, reigned temporarily in his stead. On every occasion when Elder was absent, whether he had gone out to get his hair cut (at a restaurant opposite), or was away on a two-months' holiday, or had taken a week off because he felt far from well, J. Graham Champnies reigned in his stead, endowed with plenary powers. He was ambitious, and intelligent, and hard-working, and trustworthy; Matthew Elder, brilliant and lazy, had long since recognized that. Elder thought of things to do—Champnies did them.

A clerk had just laid on Champnies' desk the form which a visitor had filled up:

NAME, Miss Cynthia Page.
TO SEE, The Editor.
BUSINESS, Private.
DATE, 3.5.99.

"Well, I'll see her," said Champnies. He had seen the name Cynthia Page in good magazines, appended to curious and interesting stories.

He was not ill-pleased, when the clerk showed her in, to find that she had youth and beauty on pale and mystical lines. Her long, raised lashes, and the lingering glance of her gray



MISS PAGE WAS A LITTLE DOUBTFUL.

eyes, seemed to say: "You do interest me." J. Graham Champnies found himself hoping that Matthew Elder, after synchronizing his watch, would find it necessary to go and see a man about a dog—or, at any rate, would delay his return. In the meanwhile he was anxious to know what he could do for Miss Page.

"I am speaking to the editor?" said Miss Page, a little doubtfully.

"The actual editor, Mr. Elder, is not in at present, but I have full powers to act for him."

"I see." She was still in doubt. "Pray be assured of it. I can make contracts with you, accept stories from you, sign checks for you, so if you have anything to propose—"

"Oh, it's not that! In fact, I came in consequence of a proposition which he had already made to me."

"Well, I shall be very glad to carry on anything that he has begun. As a rule he mentions these things to me, but this time I am in the dark."

She smiled mysteriously. "But you can't be sure that you would wish to carry on what he has begun."

"As Mr. Elder is the supreme authority here, I should have no choice. But, even if I had, what you suggest is extremely unlikely."

"Why unlikely? No two men can have minds exactly alike. It's such a funny arrangement you have here."

"It works well enough in practice. We both know the character of our paper, and what our public wants. I say it is unlikely that I should be unwilling to carry on whatever Mr. Elder has begun, for this reason and also because I know and admire your work."

"Oh, do you think it's any good?"

"Of course I do."

"Speaking frankly?"

"Speaking frankly, it's full enough of faults; some of it seems to have run away with you and got all over the place. But it's horribly interesting all the same. You see, it's original."

"Oh, yes!" she assented. "I am original. If I were not, I shouldn't be here."

"That sounds cryptic," he said. "Possibly, I shall understand it when I know the nature of Mr. Elder's proposal. He wants some stories from you?"

"No, no."

"Then what is it?"

"Do you know that I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"Very well, then; there's nothing more to be said. Mr. Elder is out at present. You'd better call again. I suppose you think it would make some difference whether Mr. Elder went on with his business, or I did?"

"I'm sure it would—the greatest difference."

"You think I shouldn't do as well?" "Not as well. You'd do better—infinately better. Oh, I must go," she blushed, rose, good-bye, and faded out of the office.

Ten minutes later Matthew Elder, middle-aged, bald and cheerful, sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Bill! Everything all right?" Mr. Elder had not found in the assortment of names provided for Champnies by the accident of his birth and the guesswork of his christening anything which took his fancy.

"No," said Champnies shortly, still irritated by his interview with Cynthia Page. "Quart into a tin pot. Plugged up with ads. and Rowse has just sent up that he'll want another half-page. We shall have to leave over everything that'll wait, and some things that won't."

"Ah! you don't keep a tight enough hand on Rowse."

"Step in and tackle him yourself. Here, this woman called to see you—wouldn't tell me her business."

Matthew Elder took this paper slip and sank down in a chair.

"Bill, this is rather bad. I ought to have been in. What with my unfortunate enthusiasms, and my wretched memory, I shall get myself into trouble. Listen. I met this girl two or three times a year ago; never gave her another thought till I came on a story by her that was perfectly magnificent—O, horribly good!—probably the best story that has been written in this century. I dashed off a letter to her at once, and so worked up myself about it that I said, to show my sincerity, that if she liked I'd marry her, and she could call at the office this morning with her answer. She'd have refused me, of course, as they all do, and perhaps I'm better single; but, none the less, it would have been more civil not to have forgotten the appointment."

"Really," said Champnies, "you must be a little mad."

"Undoubtedly," answered Elder, cheerfully. "It's the price one pays for being so excessively intelligent."

Champnies stared blankly at the desk, trying to recall the exact words of his conversation with Cynthia Page.

"Look here, Bill," said Elder, "write and say you want to see her about a story; then when she comes do the explaining for me. Say I was called away by telegram. Say it was from motives of delicacy. Say anything."

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Tea Cup; a journal conducted by ladies for ladies:

"One of the most brilliant of our lady writers, Miss Cynthia Page, is, it is whispered, shortly to be led to the hyemal altar. The fortunate partner of her future joys and sorrows is J. Graham Champnies, a young journalist of great promise. Our heartiest felicitations. Speaking of weddings, have you seen the really beautiful designs in pearls—indistinguishable from real pearls—now being shown in the windows of * * *?—Black and White.

King of Stowaways.

The steamship Lackawanna brought into Philadelphia recently a boy who is probably the most famous stowaway on the Atlantic. The fact that the captain of the Lackawanna had involuntarily carried him thrice across the sea is a fair test of his ability to secrete himself, as on each occasion the vessel has been thoroughly searched before leaving Liverpool. Edward Murphy is only 15 years old. He hails from Birkenhead, England, and has never had a home other than the gutters of the world's largest city can afford. He began the stowaway business some years ago, when less than 10, and has made a great success of it. He has visited most of the shipping ports of the Atlantic, and many South American and African countries besides. During the past year he has traveled from Liverpool to New York, to Santos, to Rosario, to Argentine Republic, to the Barbadoes, to Southampton, to Liverpool, to Philadelphia. He is known to every skipper who sails from London, and as a rule is a favorite with officers and men. Captain Wytte, of the Lackawanna, thinks so much of him that he has offered to adopt him, but Murphy cannot give up his roving life. If he can escape from the Lackawanna—on board which ship, in accordance with the law which requires every sea captain to pay a fine for foreigners brought to America without money, he is closely confined—he will probably beat his way across America and "ship" on some Pacific collier, as he has always expressed a desire to go to the Klondike.

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE."

She Is Now the Wife of Mr. H. S. Sternberger of Cripple Creek. "The Woman in White" is married. Recently the Iowa girl who so nearly prevented the nomination of William J. Bryan for the Presidency at the Chicago convention in 1896 became the wife of



MISS MURRAY.

H. S. Sternberger, of Cripple Creek. Her maiden name was Minnie F. Murray. Miss Murray was an editor and a Democrat. She was an enthusiastic partisan of ex-Governor Horace Boies, of Iowa, and supported him at all times through the medium of the Nashua (Iowa) Reporter, of which she was editor and part proprietor. In 1896, when Governor Boies had designs upon the Presidency, Miss Murray was so ardent in his behalf that she attended the Chicago convention and electioneered in his favor among the national delegates from one end of the great hall to the other.

On Saturday, July 10, the last day of the convention, after Bland's name had been turned down and before Bryan had become the dominant factor, Miss Murray could no longer contain herself. She saw an opportunity to gain an advantage for her favorite, and acted upon it without delay.

The convention had just adjourned for dinner. Not a delegate had left the hall. Miss Murray was seated in the balcony. She was dressed wholly in white. She waved a handkerchief and shouted the name of Boies.

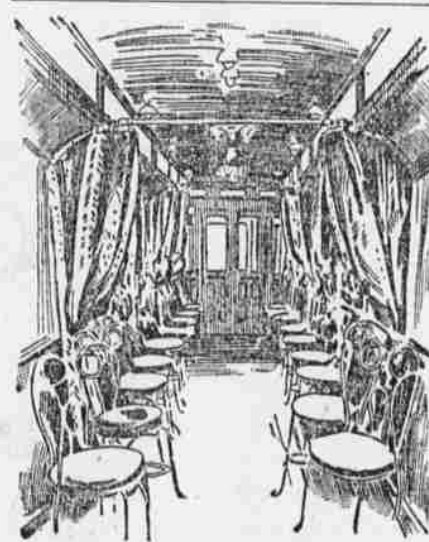
In a minute she had attracted the attention of thousands of delegates and visitors. Every eye was fastened upon "The Woman in White." For a while nobody knew her name, but even the friends of other candidates shared the enthusiasm of the fair partisan, and shout after shout went up from the thousands of throats below. Louder and louder, and soon the streets of Chicago were resonant with the name of Horace Boies, of Iowa.

Had the convention then been in session it is more than likely that Horace Boies and not William J. Bryan would have been nominated for the Presidency.

T. O'LEY CAR FUNERALS.

Threaten to Supplant Those of the Old Style in Chicago.

Trolley car funerals threaten to supplant the old style in Chicago. A saving of expense is one of the chief arguments in favor of the new plan. The



INTERIOR OF A FUNERAL CAR.

undertakers dislike to give up the liberal commissions from livery establishments they once enjoyed, but popular feeling is too strong to withstand. It costs but \$11 for a motor car and a trailer, with an extra charge of \$3 for every additional car needed.

On the line of the Chicago Electric Traction Company, a special funeral car, the Virginia, is provided. It is dark-green in color. At each end is a vestibule, having a door in its front for the admission of the casket. In one of these vestibules the casket remains during the journey to the cemetery, screened from the rest of the car by heavy curtains. The car proper is richly furnished, and accommodates twenty persons.

The Calumet company has no special funeral car, but the back is removed from the seat of an ordinary motor car and on this the casket is placed. On either side of the casket the pall-bearers take their places while relatives and friends occupy the remaining seats. On the Calumet line, which covers a wide stretch of territory, south of 63d street, the number of trolley funerals sometimes reaches five a day. Arrangements with the undertakers in suburbs along the line are made by the company.

Worse than a Dentist.

There is in Toledo a young grocery clerk who would like to meet the inventor of the self-coiling string-holder. That man is responsible for the grocery clerk's undoing.

The clerk got into the habit years ago of biting off the string instead of breaking it, after tying bundles. Naturally his teeth protested against the practice. At length they gave up and wore out.

He bought false teeth. Before he fairly got acquainted with them, so to speak, the patent string-holder was es-

tablished in the store. Then, as fate would have it, a young woman whom he secretly admired came in to buy five pounds of sugar.

With the activity of an anxious lover he made up the package and tied it. Then, according to his old custom, he bent forward and severed the string with his teeth.

But he forgot the holder, and he did not realize the end of the cord had wedged itself between two of his new teeth—until, as the spring rolled up the slack, his "plate" was hoisted from his mouth and triumphantly waved aloft at the end of the string.

HOLY MAN OF BENARES.

Dead After Many Years of Self-Imposed Suffering.

The famous Hindu holy man is dead. His name was Swami Bhaskarananda and he lived in the city of Benares. This devout Brahmin, who kept himself naked and self-immured, was visited by nearly all the Indian tourists during their stay at Benares, including the Prince of Wales. He spent his life in a rigid posture, giving no heed to his visitors and patiently waited for death in the holy city which, according to Hindu belief, means life everlasting. Swami Bhaskarananda's whole life was devoted to one object—that of ob-



HOLY MAN'S POSTURE FOR YEARS.

taining emancipation for the imprisoned spirit by such bodily austerities as he believed would annihilate its conscious connection with the body and with material things. To attain this end he forsook his kindred and turned his back upon society. He sought out a filthy cave and there sat in a painful posture of the body for many years. That there could be no greater martyrdom than that which this devotee chose for himself is attested by the fact that tourists in India were not content with viewing the Golden Temple, the shrine of the monkeys and the cesspools of the gods, but almost without exception directed their footsteps to the cell of the heathen saint seeking reunion with God. Even Christian martyrology tells no more pathetic tale of the sacrifice of the body to save the soul.

DR. JOACHIM.

Recently Celebrated the 60th Anniversary of His Debut as a Violinist.

Dr. Joseph Joachim, who recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his debut as a violinist and was signally honored at Berlin, is not so old as his long career would lead one to believe. Joachim, it must be remembered, came before the public, like Rubinstein, when he was a child. He is now 68 years old. He was born in Hungary and studied music at Vienna under Joseph Boehm. Later he was under the care of David and of Moritz Hauptmann. His first visit to Paris was in 1850, by which time, although he was only 19 years of age, he was already celebrated. In the same year, while still in his teens, Joachim was appointed director of the concerts at Weimar, and three years subsequently master of



DR. JOSEPH JOACHIM.

the Chapel Royal at Hanover. His title of musical doctor was conferred upon him by the University of Cambridge in 1877. Although his fame is chiefly due to his rare mastery as an instrumentalist, Joachim is a composer of the Schumann school. In 1882 he was appointed conductor of the Royal Academy of Music at Berlin and musical director of the Royal Academy of Arts. Oxford has given him her degree of doctor of civil law.

The summer girl should not extend her gadding beyond the age of twenty.

PREHISTORIC MAN.

He Had a Third Eye on the Top of the Head.

Deep researches as to the structure of the human body have recently furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically.

It is believed that man was formerly endowed with more teeth than he possesses now. Abundant evidence exists that, ages and ages ago, human teeth were used as weapons of defense. Unintentionally traces of such use are often revealed by a sneer. The teeth are sometimes bared, dog-like, ready, as it were, for action.

The practice of eating our food cooked and the disuse of teeth as weapons are said to be responsible for the degeneration that is going on. The wisdom teeth, in fact, are disappearing. Human jaws, found in reputed Palaeolithic deposits have wisdom teeth with crowns as large, if not larger, than the remaining molars.

In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eyes formerly regarded the world from the two sides of the head. They are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position.

In the dim past the ear-flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists.

Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organ. But the nose still indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

Trees Suggested Skeeters.

'Tis not often one runs across a loquacious street-car conductor. Usually they are just about as talkative as graven images. But there was a new man on the Indiana avenue line and he was hungry for a talk. Along about Forty-seventh street a man took a standing seat on the back platform and the conductor fastened on him instantly.

"That's a fine grove of trees," he remarked, pointing to a grove of maples, "but whenever I see trees I say to myself 'skeeters.' Yes, sir; that's the very first thing I say to myself—'skeeters.' I hate skeeters. I can't abide 'em. Consequently I don't like trees. No, sir; I'm a treeless plain man. I am—a boundless prairie feller. Why, sir, I had a good job and as nice a little home as you ever see down East an' I wuz fixed for life right there. But it was down in Jersey. An' the skeeters bit me till I didn't know my own name; would have answered to the name of Smith or Jones just as well. Well, sir, I throwed up my job an' sold my home and I started for New York. But, Lord love you, sir, I got into trouble quick. They stopped me 'fore I could get into New York. They said I had the smallpox, I was bit up so frightful. But I finally got West, an' here I am. An' whenever I see trees I think skeeters. Why, sir, down in Jersey many's the time I've seen them skeeters flyin' about smokin' clay pipes; yes, sir, smokin' clay pipes—to keep the other skeeters off 'em. Once I—"

But here the passenger jumped off between two blocks.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Colorado's Gold Exhibit.

A solid gold nugget miniature of Pike's Peak, weighing over two tons and worth a million dollars, will be Colorado's gold exhibit at the Paris Exposition. It will reach New York City under guard in a special car, and thence the government will convey it to Paris. The exposition commissioners have guaranteed its safe return. It is purposed to duplicate the mountain in its natural features, so that visitors to its summit will recognize it in the nugget. The signal station on the summit, a squat building only eighteen feet high, but perhaps forty long and fifteen wide, will appear. Climbing up Engleman's Canon will be seen the famous cog road, with perhaps an engine and a coach, the regulation train on the highest railroad in the world.

Travel in Dancing.

An average waltz takes a dancer over about three-quarters of a mile, a square dance makes him cover half a mile. A girl with a well-filled program travels thus in one evening: Twelve waltzes, nine miles; four other dances at half a mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, two miles more; the intermission stroll, and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate her gown and complexion, half a mile; grand total, eleven and a half miles.

Madrid's Slums.

Madrid abounds in slums, which are even greater eyesores than those of Whitechapel. There are labyrinths of narrow old streets, bordered by the most uninviting hovels; and from the squalor of these abodes spring the components of the ferocious mobs which are the bane of the city.

There is a great difference in women, but even are nearly always the same.