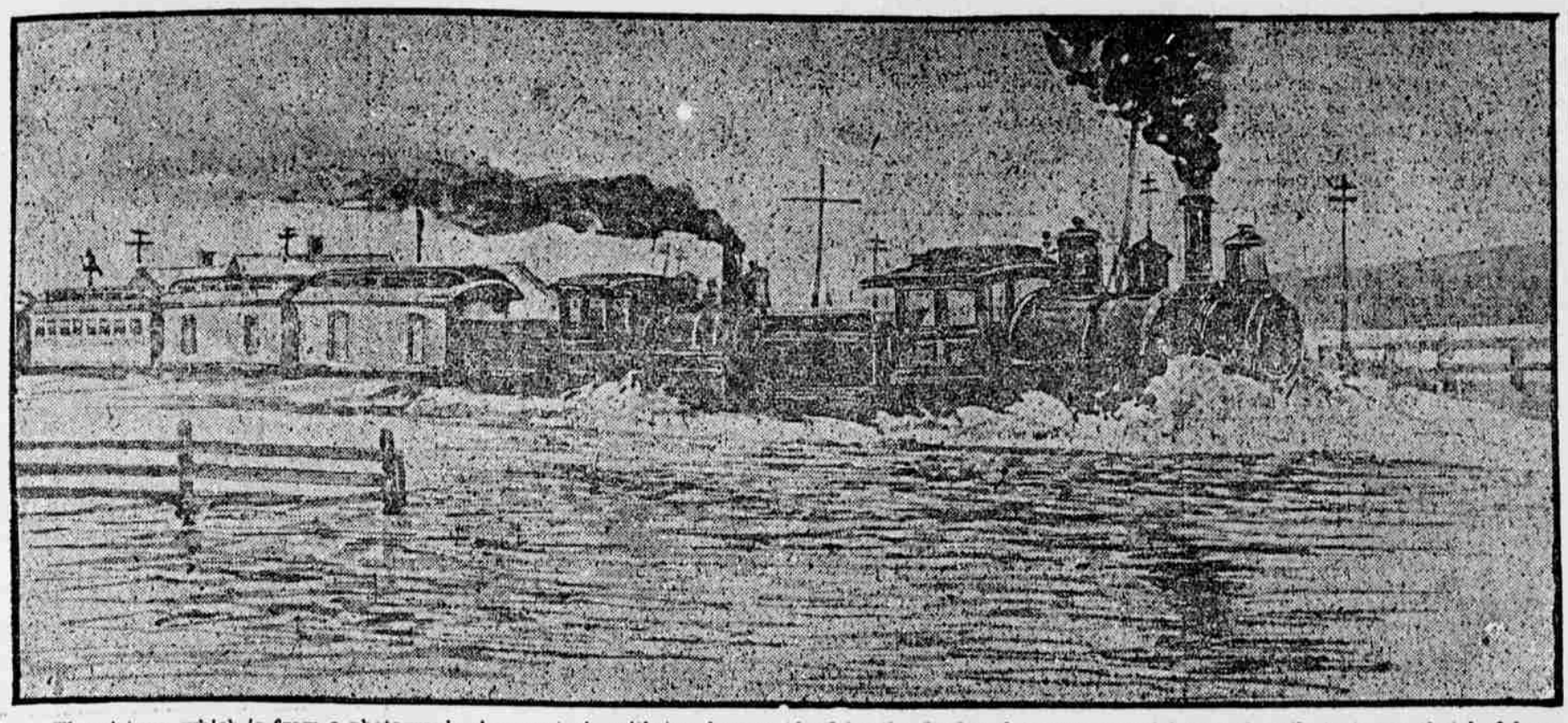
"DOUBLE HEADER" FORCING WAY THROUGH FLOOD TO RESCUE ARKANSAS REFUGEES



The picture, which is from a photograph, shows a train with two locomotives working its way over an unseen track along the Mississippi in Arkansas to pick up people who had been driven out of their homes on to higher land by the flood and to carry provisions and mails to towns that had been isolated by the high waters. At points the water was so high it reached the fireboxes of the locomotives, making it impossible for them to pass through it.

THESE LANGUAGES ARE SPOKEN IN CHICAGO.

[illegible]	Persian	Ezen nyelveta beszelik Chicagoban	Hungarian
[illegible]	Singhalese	Deze taal word in Chicago gesproken	Flemish
[illegible]	Magadika	Mingaita au Chicagon hitzeguin da	Basque
[illegible]	Arabic	Esta lingua se fell a Chicago	Portuguese
Այս լեզուն կը խօսուի Շիքակոյի մէջ	Armenian	Petlad mál er talad i Chicago	Icelandic
[illegible]	Turkish	Waloda kurą ruua latweefchi Chicagō	Lettic
On parle cette langue à Chicago	French	Si kalba yra varlojama Chicagoje	Lithuanian
Η γλῶσσα αὕτη λαλεῖται εἰς Σικάγον	Greek	Duesse Sprak ward in Chicago sproken	Low German
Diese Sprache wird in Chicago gesprochen	German	Dege teel wordt in Chicago gesproken	Friesian
Detta sprak talas i Chicago	Swedish	Gnei Lungac win stanchau in Chicago	Romanic
[illegible]	Chinese	Ha chainlsa gá labhairt ana Chicago	Scotch Gaelic
Tym językiem mówi się w Chicago	Polish	Tatä kieltä puhutaan Chicagossa	Finnish
[illegible]	Syrian	This language is spoken in Chicago	English
[illegible]	Yiddish	Tato řeč je hovorená v Chicagu	Slovak
[illegible]	Japanese	Deze taal wordt gesproken in Chicago	Dutch
Этим языком говорят в Чикаго	Russian	Tato řeč se mluví v Chicagu	Bohemian
Questa lingua si parla a Chicago	Italian	Dette sprog tales i Chicago	Norwegian
Esta lengua se habla en Chicago	Spanish	Тази езикъ се говори въ Чикаго	Bulgarian
Acest limbă se vorbește în Chicago	Irish	Y gwir yw erleyn y byd	Welsh
Ta jezik se govori v Chicago	Slavonian	Dette sprog er talt i Chicago	Danish
Hrvatski jezik se govori u Chicagu	Croatian	Говорит се језик у Чикагу	Servian

A Professor in the University of Chicago Says Forty Languages Are Spoken in Chicago. Here Are Forty-three of Them.

MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF BARON VON KETTELER

Recently the Chinese government dedicated a noble monument to the memory of Baron von Ketteler on the very spot where the baron, then the German minister to Peking, was murdered by the Boxers on June 20, 1900. The erection of this monument was insisted upon by Emperor William in the protocol of Sept. 7, 1901, to serve as a warning to unruly Chinese rebels. The ceremonies of dedication are described by Minister Conger in a report to the State Department. They took place in the presence of high Chinese officials, the diplomatic corps, the German garrison, an equal number of Chinese soldiers, and an immense crowd of general spectators. Prince Chung, the Chinese Emperor's brother, poured libations and made a speech, and Baron von der Holst, German charge d'affaires, replied. The monument is an impressive structure of granite bearing inscriptions in German, Latin and Chinese. The inscription, dictated by Emperor William, reads as follows: "This monument has been erected by order of his majesty, the Emperor of China, for the imperial German minister, Baron von Ketteler, who fell on this spot by heinous murder on the 20th of June, 1900, in everlasting commemoration of his name, as an eternal token of the Emperor's wrath about this crime, as a warning to all."

MINISTER CONGER.

MONUMENT TO VON KETTELER.

THE COTTON KING.

He Has Made Millions in the Advancing Prices Since Last Fall.

Daniel J. Sully, who won renown in a night, as the bull leader on the New York cotton exchange, who made $100,000 a week for six weeks, is a Providence, R. I., man. A rather mild mannered, unobtrusive person is this new cotton king, whom his followers and the delighted cotton growers of the South now hail as the greatest operator ever seen on the New York exchange. He is 42 years old. He is businesslike in manner, prompt in action, well groomed and courteous. He has light-blue eyes, a blonde mustache and waving sandy hair, which he parts in the middle.

DANIEL J. SULLY.

Though he has been a membes of the New York Cotton Exchange two years it was only last October that the aggressive bull leader actively impressed himself upon the metropolitan market. His home is in Providence, R. I. There he has been a leading factor in the cotton market for a dozen years, but none of his neighbors until recently suspected him of being cast in the mold from which cotton kings or Napoleons of finance are made.

Mr. Sully made an extensive study of cotton and passed two years in the South studying its culture. He knows the business from A to Z. He is called Napoleon by his intimates.

A Young Captain of Industry.

The crowds at the station of the elevated railroad in Herald Square, New York, are placed under tribute by a newsboy who has an eye to business. He is 16 years old, and sells newspapers at the foot of the elevated stairway. The secret of the boy's rapidly increasing business is explained by the New York Evening Telegram:

With every paper the boy sells he offers to the purchaser an elevated railroad ticket. There is scarcely a person who does not see the advantage of buying his ticket beforehand, and in consequence the little red slips are sold just as fast as the papers. While people crowd about the ticket-seller's window, the exclusive individuals who patronize the little newsboy hurry by the struggling mass and board their train in peace and comfort.

To make the arrangement all the more satisfactory, some of the boy's regular customers pay him at the end of each week, and paper and ticket are received every morning without the bother of hunting for change.

The boy has doubled his trade by his enterprise.

Canada's Timber Belt.

The impression that British North America is covered with valuable timber is fallacious. Black walnut, red cedar and white oak are not found north of Toronto. A line drawn from the city of Quebec to Sault Ste. Marie will designate the northern limit of beech, elm and birch. The north shore of Lake Superior will mark the northern boundary of sugar hard maple.

Followed Instructions.

Mr. Subbubs—Why, what's the matter? Where's the new servant girl?

Mrs. Subbubs—It's all due to a misunderstanding. I told her to dust this morning, and the first thing I knew she had dusted.—Philadelphia Press.

No Longer His Own Master.

Stilphree—Well, now that you're married I suppose your wife expects you to live up to your ideals?

Tidemann (sadly)—No; to her ideals.—Brooklyn Life.

Does Not Persist.

"How is that new word, 'manywhere,' taking with the writing public, professor?"

"Well, it isn't used muchwhere."—Chicago Tribune.

HOLDING A CABINET POSITION AT WASHINGTON NOT MUCH OF A "SNAP."

THERE is not a member of the President's Cabinet, with possibly an exception here and there, says a Washington official, who gets out of the game for less than $20,000 a year and no one under $10,000 or $12,000. To properly maintain the position of a Cabinet officer, to live upon the salary paid, would entail the practice of economy which would be quite unusual. A member of the House can live, and many practically do, upon his mileage, but not a member of the Cabinet upon his salary. I have known of many members of different Cabinets who have spent from $30,000 to $150,000 a year. In the Senate and House combined there are scores of men who have practically no income other than their salary of $5,000 a year. These men work for what may be properly termed their wages.

Cabinet officers do not work for their salaries; they merely accept what the Congress decided a century or two ago, in stage coach days, to be adequate compensation; the salary of the office did not enter into their calculations in 99 cases out of 100 when their portfolio was tendered them.

Where a Cabinet officer is a wealthy man, as most of them usually are, they work for a variety of reasons. Some have wives who have social ambitions and tastes which cannot be gratified in their former environment. Others work for the personal pleasures, the privileges and the honors the position bestows, the last being more or less passed down to their posterity. Others give up $100,000 a year income, toil like messengers over their desks by day and eat official dinners at night for reasons past finding out. Some believe, usually erroneously, however, and occasionally correctly, that service in the Cabinet may prove of future use to them in presidential conventions or in senatorial elections. Dozens of members of the Cabinet have become sick of their task and have resigned before the end of the first two years.

The feminine members of a Cabinet officer's family are the ones who enjoy the position. They get about $1,000,000 a year each out of it in the gratification of their personal ambitions and desires and the fun they have.

A Great Hand: Mike (teaching Pat poker)—Well, what hov yez got? Pat—Four trowels and a black shamrock!—Puck.

She—Doctor, is Squeedunk a good place to go for rheumatism? Doctor—Sure. That's where I got mine.—Detroit Free Press.

Frightful: "Pat has got an awful gash in his face." "Does it seem to hurt him much?" "No. He uses it to eat with."—New York Sun.

"When Mr. Casey died he left all he had to the orphan asylum." "Indeed! That was nice of him. What did he leave?" "His twelve children."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Sunny South Item: "Where in thunder are you going with that stove and all those overcoats?" "I am going, my friend, to spend the winter in Florida."—Atlanta Constitution.

Phrapper (after his tenth miss)—Oh, hang the birds! Keeper—Sorry, sir, but we ain't got no string; but if you likes to let me have the gun I'll shoot 'em for you.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Quickest Way: Mr. Kidder—People say that it is impossible to find a needle in a haystack—but they're wrong. Mrs. Kidder—How would you go about it? Mr. Kidder—Walk across the stack in my stocking feet.—Denver Republican.

Dr. Smarty—Had a very delicate surgical operation at my place yesterday. Removed an arm from a lady's waist. Dr. Synnex—If it was your arm the operation could not have been very painful to the lady.—Boston Transcript.

"And now," said the teacher, at the end of a long description of the brain, "where is the seat of memory? Can any of you tell me?" "Yessum," replied Johnny Brighteyes; "in the little finger, where you tie a string around it to make you recolect"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Restful Rawlins—Dat new hobo hez jess completed his first "century" ride on de trucks in a freight train! Narrow-Gauge Nevins—Did it please him much? Restful Rawlins—Not a bit! He said de dust an' jolts reminded him uv de days when he wuz rich an' owned an' "auto!"—Puck.

Shopkeeper (whose patience is completely exhausted)—Snippers, call the porter to kick this fellow out. Importunate Commercial Traveler (undaunted)—Now, while we're waiting for the porter, I'll show you an entirely new line—best thing you ever laid eyes on.—Glasgow Evening Times.

"Are you sure the course is clear?" she whispered, sliding down to the arms of her lover. "Yes," he responded; "I succeeded in boring a hole in the waterpipe. Your father has discovered it, and will keep his finger over the hole until the plumber arrives. Come!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Somewhat Broken: "Was Mrs. Murphy pleased when she heard her husband's voice on the phonograph?" "Very much so." "But the record was scratched and his speech sounded incoherently." "Yes, she said it sounded just like him talking when he came home from the club."—Chicago News.

The Self-Effacing Act: Myer—In olden time it is said that it was possible for a man to render himself invisible. Gyer—Pshaw! that's not at all remarkable. Men in this country are doing it every day. Myer—You don't tell me! How do they manage it? Gyer—By marrying famous women.—Chicago News.

Mr. Mulhooly—Phwat fur are yez makin' such a noise on that pianny? Y'r drivin' me distracted wid y'r racket, an' me head achin' loik it wud split in two paces! Daughter—Them new neighbors nixt door has been complainin' of my playin'. Mr. Mulhooly—Begorra, hammer harder.—New York Weekly.

Not So Bad: Mrs. Henpeck—I read this morning about a man who was arrested twenty minutes after his wedding and sent to prison for fifteen years. Isn't that awful? Mr. Henpeck—Oh, I don't know. The law doesn't compel him to take his wife to prison with him, does it?—Baltimore World.

Taken at Her Word: "Now," said Mrs. Biggleson's cousin at breakfast on the morning after her arrival, "don't make company of me. I want to be treated just as if I were one of the family." "All right," replied Mr. Biggleson, helping himself to the tender part of the steak, "we'll try to make you feel right at home."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat, we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript, and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—Chicago Evening Post.