

HATCHED!



—Chicago Inter Ocean.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

Man to Whom San Francisco Looks to Lead in Reconstruction.

In its affliction San Francisco is fortunate to have such a man as ex-Mayor James D. Phelan to look to for leadership, says the *Utica Globe*. Not only is he at the head of the relief work, but quite naturally the people turn to him for guidance in their plans to reconstruct the city.

James D. Phelan has been a unique figure in municipal politics. He is the son of a man who amassed a great fortune in business and real estate ventures in San Francisco, received a college education and was trained for business. But the great problem of gov-



JAMES D. PHELAN.

erning cities appealed to him and he made a study of it, turning aside from business to enter this sphere. He lectured upon the subject not only in San Francisco, but elsewhere. Finally he was nominated for Mayor in 1895 and he received a big majority. He was re-elected in 1897 and in 1898 was chosen a third time. He was diligent in the performance of his duties, despite the fact that his independent income per month was ten times as much as the Mayor's annual salary. He could have had a steam yacht or a newspaper, or live in London, or enjoy any of the many other forms of millionaire sport, but he preferred to labor for municipal reform. He is not picturesque in appearance, being an apotheosis of neatness and good taste. His creased trousers and delicately tinted gloves do not suggest a broad democracy, but that is the spirit which dominates him and the humble stvedore is as welcome in his office as Claus Spreckles. As Mayor, he did much to beautify San Francisco. Out of his own purse he gave to the city the Native Sons' monument, and as president of the Native Sons he has led in the movement to preserve historic objects. The Battle of Manila monument is also a reminder of his liberality and energy. Although himself a very heavy property loser in the San Francisco disaster, he contributed \$1,000,000 to the relief fund. John D. Rockefeller, reputed a billionaire and said to be the richest man in the world, gave \$100,000, or just 10 cents on each thousand dollars of his wealth.

At 44 Mr. Phelan is in the prime of life and splendidly equipped to lead in the most gigantic task which ever confronted an American city.

SHATTERS JOSIAH'S ROMANCE.

Father of His Sweetheart Mistakes His Gift for a Bomb.

"Rap! Bang-whang!" went the fancy brass knocker on the front door of a wealthy contractor who lives on Washington avenue in the Bronx Saturday night, says the *New York World*. Then there was a scamper of feet away from the door, while something fluffy and white was left hanging to the door plate.

Little Josiah Gracelon, 11 years old, living at 887 Kingsbridge road, is a

New England boy. Up in that happy clime youthful lovers make up baskets of tissue paper, inclose several pounds of confectionery, and hang them at night on the front doors of their sweethearts. Then they ring the bell and run. The girl, coming to the door and finding the May basket, is supposed to rush out into the moonlight, pursue her lover down the road, catch him and kiss him.

Josiah worked over a beautiful May basket many hours, decorating it with long tissue-paper streamers. Then he hid two pounds of chocolate creams in the basket and stole out just after dark to attach the love token to the door of his little sweetheart, daughter of the contractor.

The contractor was smoking his pipe in the parlor and reading an evening paper.

"Bang-whang!" went the knocker. The little girl in the kitchen, who had never heard of a May basket, looked up from her doll clothes and cried: "Papa, there's the knocker."

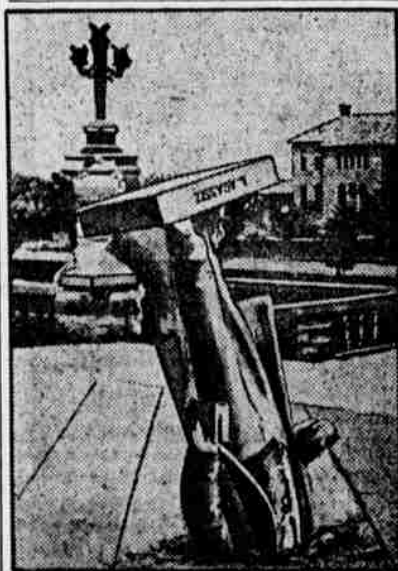
The contractor went cautiously to the door. He opened it a crack and his eye caught the queer thing attached to the knocker. His blood ran cold for a minute. Going through the house to the kitchen, he filled a bucket with water, took his pistol and went into the yard, reaching the front door by a circuitous route. Here he carefully cut the delicate, filmy basket from the knocker, sunk it in the pail of water and carried both to the back yard.

Around the corner the young lover awaited the pursuit of his sweetheart in vain. The next morning, his curiosity getting the better of him, he appeared at the house and made inquiries which brought him an explanation from the contractor.

"I thought it was the Black Hand," he said.

FREAK OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

There were some almost comic incidents associated with the tragic affair at San Francisco, and this is one photographed in the Stanford University grounds at Palo Alto. On the facade of the front buildings of the outer quad-



STATUE OF AGASSIZ AT PALO ALTO.

rangle at the university were a number of marble statues set in niches on the second story. One, a statue of Agassiz, as seen pictured in the accompanying illustration, was hurled to the ground head downward with such force that it made a hole two feet deep through the concrete pavement, and remained erect there with its feet in the air.

The Clubman.

Mrs. McCall—I'm so sorry I shan't meet your husband, Mrs. Clubb. I'm told he's a man of such fine presence. Is he not?

Mrs. Clubb—Well, really, I know very little about that. I'm more familiar with his absence.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

GRACIE IS MARRIED AGAIN.

This Makes Six Times for Millionaire Snell's Daughter.

Grace Snell is married again. This would be nothing remarkable except for the fact that she has been married five times before this. With such a good start at her age she promises to eclipse all records. She is a daughter of Amos J. Snell, the Chicago millionaire, who was murdered in his home in 1888 and whose murderer was never captured. Here is Gracie's record:

1884—At 16 years of age ran away with and was married to Frank Nixon Coffin, formerly coachman and dancing master. Forgiven by her father, she lived with her husband for ten years. Three children born.

1894—Divorced on grounds of incompatibility.

1898—Reunited to former husband by plea of eldest boy, who was ill. Married at bedside of dying child.

1899—Obtained second divorce from Coffin on ground of intoxication.

1899—Married to James C. Walker, then clerk in Virginia Hotel. Gave



MRS. GRACE SNELL COFFIN, ETC.

him \$50,000 with which he purchased an interest in the Fountain Hotel, Waukesha, Wis.

1901—Obtained divorce from husband in September on charges of cruelty. Asserted that he burned many scripts representing her literary labors.

1901—Married for third time to Frank Nixon Coffin, Oct. 17. Honey-moon in Metropole Hotel lasted four hours. Divorced Coffin Nov. 11 of the same year.

1903—Married to Perkins A. Layman, clerk in Vannuys Hotel, California.

1906—Married to Hugh M. Love, a young California newspaper man who is a graduate of the University of California.

Exonerating Venables.

Once when W. Holman-Hunt, the English painter, was dining with Thackeray, he noticed a marble bust of the novelist as a boy. The bust was well modeled, says Hunt in his recently published volume of reminiscences of "Pre-Raphaelism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," and admirable for its open expression. It registered the form of the nose, the sinking of the bridge which distinguished his handsome, dignified face.

As Hunt gazed he recalled the reported remark of the housekeeper at Charterhouse, after Thackeray's pugilistic encounter with Venables, and on seeing the bruise which Thackeray's face had received:

"You have destroyed the looks of the handsomest boy in the school."

When Hunt had silently decided this, Thackeray noticed him, and exclaimed:

"I know what you are wondering at. You want to know whether the bust was done 'before or after.' Well, it was done before."

His Winning Way.

"I don't see," began an argumentative citizen, "why, if that member of Congress is as unpopular and generally obnoxious to everybody as the newspapers say he is, he gets so many things from the House." Then, says the *New York Tribune*, a man who knew explained.

"Suppose," he said, "you were a business man having imperative business to attend to, and a man came in and sat down next to you and began to file a saw—wouldn't you give him what he wanted?"

No Back Action.

Mr. Gladstone knew how to admit that he was in the wrong. On one occasion he did so, candidly and handsomely, as becomes a gentleman.

But he preferred to keep clear of the necessity for apologies, and had scant belief in their efficacy.

"You can't unpull a man's nose," he once said to his private secretary, Sir Algernon West.

Obesity a Nervous Disorder.

Dr. Gabriel Leven, a Paris physician, says obesity is a nervous disorder, caused by a form of dyspepsia.

After all, flowery eloquence never attained a compliment as pleasing as this one of three words: "You suit me."



Typhoid Fever.

Although there is always more or less typhoid fever in most of the larger cities of this country, the late summer and autumn are the seasons when it is most to be feared.

The disease is not so formidable, as regards the mortality, as some others, but its great length and the evil consequences which sometimes follow it in the form of weak heart, weak spine, or nervous disorders make it quite as serious as some which are more fatal but far less protracted.

Unless one knows how the disease is usually spread one cannot hope to avoid it, and so it may be useful to consider in what way the germs of the malady find their way into the system.

Water is the usual vehicle for typhoid germs, as is well known, and probably all great outbreaks of the disease in cities are due to an infected water supply. This has been strikingly shown in Philadelphia, where some parts of the city are supplied with filtered water and others with unfiltered or mixed water. Comparing two parts of the city in which the conditions, except as to water supply, are almost the same, it was found that in the one supplied with filtered water the occurrence rate of typhoid fever was one in five thousand, while in the others, in which the unfiltered water was drunk, it was one in sixteen hundred.

But a city with an ideal water supply may be scourged with typhoid fever, although less severely, through the medium of impure ice, and it is almost as important to know where the ice is cut, or with what water it is made, if artificial, as where the city water comes from. Not long since a number of officers on one of the United States ships in the Mediterranean squadron were taken down with typhoid fever. When the source of the infection was traced, it was found to be some ice bought at Athens, the ice-machine on shipboard having broken down.

Another source of infection is found in oysters that have been fattened in streams contaminated with sewage. Not only has typhoid followed the eating of these fish, but the typhoid bacilli have been found in the stomachs of the oysters.

Raw vegetables used for salads may have been grown in soil contaminated with slops used as fertilizers, or may have been washed in infected water.

Unless a water supply is above suspicion, all that used for drinking, tooth-cleaning and in the kitchen should be boiled, and the drinking water cooled by putting vessels containing it on the ice, not by putting ice in the water itself.

Finally, great care should be taken to screen all food from flies, for if there is a case of typhoid fever in the neighborhood flies may become most active distributors of the poison.—*Youth's Companion*.

BOMB IN A BOUQUET.



A bomb concealed in a bouquet, similar to the missile thrown at King Alfonso in Madrid, is shown in the illustration. Incased in steel and filled with deadly liquids, the terrible machine when used is certain to cause devastation and death. An arrangement of interior tubes prevents the mixing of the liquids until the bomb comes sharply in contact with some object, and the explosion follows. In Paris a special detail of the police has charge of bomb outrages, and in this department are six chemists. These six men are on duty a week at a time, for when one is called to remove a bomb it takes him five weeks to recover his nerve, the danger of being blown to pieces is so imminent.

If a woman has no intention of buying anything but calico, she collects samples of silk at the silk counter on her way.

Have a good time—but don't make it your business.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

Francis Lewis, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Llandaff, Wales, and educated in the city of London.



FRANCIS LEWIS.

On coming of age he at once embarked to the American colonies, establishing himself in a commercial business in New York. At the time when the colonies were in a state of unrest and war seemed the inevitable solution of the difficulties and wrongs of the colonists, Lewis, although aware of the fact that war was certain to wreck his business and to endanger his personal interests, at once threw his lot with that of the revolutionists. He aided their deliberations with his good business judgment. He freely distributed his money to aid their cause. His own house at Whitestone, Long Island, was burned by the British and his wife imprisoned in the city.

Lewis was one of the first to join the Sons of Liberty. He was a member of the New York committee in the first Continental Congress and served on several advisory bodies. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

He was commissioner of the board of admiralty and held several important and honorary offices under the new government. He was a man whose opinion was held in such value by his townsmen that to his influence and example was due the loyalty of many a citizen of New York.

THE STORY OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Area, 18,045 square miles. Population, 500,000; language, Spanish.

Population, mixed race of white, Indian and African blood. Slavery introduced in 1502; abolished in 1822.

Chief cities, Santo Domingo, capital; population, 20,000; Puerto Plata, 6,000; La Vega, 8,000; Santiago, 8,000; Samana, 1,500.

Term of President and Vice President (according to the constitution), four years.

Congress, a single house of twenty-four members.

State religion, Roman Catholic.

Municipal schools, 30; pupils, 5,000; newspapers, 8.

Debt, \$32,000,000 gold; annual revenues, about \$2,000,000.

Products, sugar, rum, cacao, tobacco, coffee, tropical fruits, fine woods.

1492—Island discovered by Columbus.

1496—Santo Domingo city founded.

1795—Spain transferred island to French.

1801—French driven out by Toussaint L'Ouverture.

1802—French reoccupied island.

1809—French driven out by English and entire island of Santo Domingo given to Spanish.

1822—Revolt succeeded and the two island governments united under President Boyer of Hayti.

1844—Santo Domingo republic separated from Hayti.

1861—Santo Domingo republic ceded by President Santana to Spain.

1865—Spaniards driven out.

1870—Treaty of cession to the United States rejected by the American Senate.

1880—Gen. Ulises Heureaux elected President.

1890—Heureaux assassinated by Ramon Caceras.

1899 to 1905—Presidents Figueroa, Jimenez, Vasquez, Wos y Gil and Morales.

He Wasn't Afraid to Try.

C. W. Raymond, Chief Justice of the United States Court of Appeals of Indian Territory, was a factory hand at Onarga, Ill., at 90 cents a day, twenty-five years ago. He resolved to become a lawyer, and made application to Henry A. Butzow, the county clerk of his county, for employment. The clerk wrote him that at that time he did not need any further assistance, but that the future might bring a demand for additional help. He closed his letter as follows: "Our work is adding, adding, adding, all day long. Did you ever try it?"

Young Raymond was equal to the occasion, and answered the clerk on a postal card, as follows: "No, I have never tried adding, adding, adding, all day long, but I can try, try, try, and I won't fail."—*Success Magazine*.

Very Likely.

"What's the old lady doing now?" asked the old stocking of the work basket.

"She's getting out her needle and yarn," replied the scissors.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the stocking.

"I'll be darned."—*Philadelphia Press*.

An honest man may be the noblest work of God, but only women ever return borrowed umbrellas.