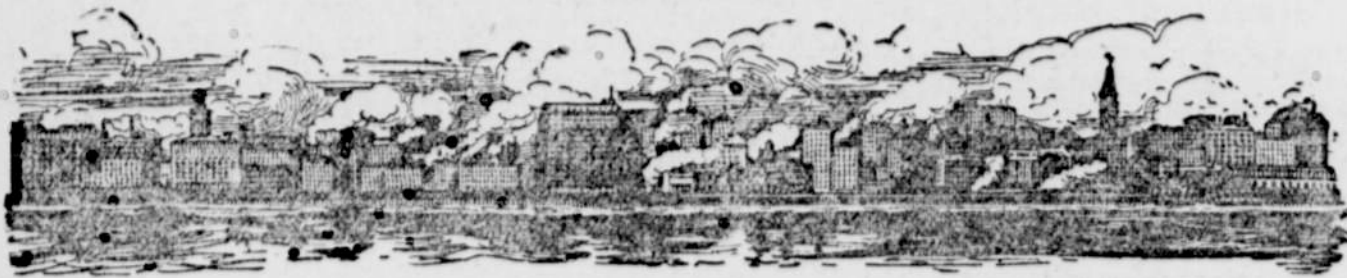


THINGS THAT MAKE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD.



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 of the human race ever 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 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 989 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.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR
Influenza.
 This is an exceedingly infectious disease, often confounded with a common cold, but really an entirely different affair. It attacks young adults more frequently than the very old or children, but no age is exempt, especially during severe and wide-spread epidemics.

An attack confers immunity for a variable period, from a few months to a year, but after that there appears to be an increased susceptibility. Many persons suffer from the disease every year.

Influenza prevails chiefly in late autumn and winter, although epidemics may occur in the summer, especially if the season is cold and wet. The disease assumes one of three special forms, called from the parts chiefly affected the respiratory, the digestive and the nervous. In each case the onset is sudden, with a chill, headache and mental depression, muscular pains, dizziness and high fever. Sometimes there are premonitory symptoms for a day or two, such as lassitude, mental torpor, dull headache and pains in the arms and legs. Soon after the onset catarrhal symptoms—sneezing, running at the nose and watering of the eyes—make their appearance. In the respiratory form these increase in severity, and there are also cough and shortness of breath. It is not uncommon for this form to develop into pneumonia.

In the digestive form the most prominent symptoms are nausea and vomiting, or diarrhoea and severe abdominal pains, the first two indicating involvement of the stomach, the second two that the intestines are involved; sometimes all are present at once, indicating a very severe attack.

In the nervous form the headache is usually intense, and the muscular and neuralgic pains are very severe. Depression, both physical and mental, is a prominent symptom, the despondency often passing into real melancholia and sometimes leading to suicide. Insomnia is a common symptom, both during the attack and following it.

Convalescence is tedious, the body regaining its strength very slowly and the mind throwing off its depression only after weeks or months.

The most important part of the treatment is absolute rest in bed. The sick room is to be, if possible, on the sunny side of the house, with windows kept open both day and night. The patient should be protected by light but warm bedclothes, and by a silk nightcap. The diet should be greatly restricted, especially while the fever lasts, but water should be drunk in abundance. The medicinal treatment naturally varies with the form which the disease assumes and the parts which it attacks.—Youth's Companion.

Wonderful Uses of the Magnet.

Electro-magnets are much used in connection with cranes and other conveyors for lifting heavy pieces of iron and steel. The Illinois Steel Company has a magnet weighing 1,200 pounds which lifts six tons of hot metal in foundries and rolling mills.

The power of the electro-magnet is regulated by the switch controlling the current. The magnet is lowered to the object needed with the current turned off. When the switch is closed the magnet becomes active, holds the articles to be lifted while they are raised and transported to their destination. When they are lowered the switch is opened and the magnet immediately releases them. As the operator of the crane controls the action of the magnet through the switch, this one man can attend to all the details of transferring heavy metal objects. No assistant is needed to attach them to the conveyor or to release them when they reach their destination.

Another use to which the electro-magnet is put is in breaking old castings so that they be melted and utilized. To accomplish this the magnet is made to lift and drop a steel ball weighing from one to six tons.

The Only "Merry-making."

The school record kept by an old-time teacher of "Number 6" in a New England village contains at least one item which moved a chance reader to smiles. It is this:

Special honor badges were given to Flora and Minetta Lovett for the best attendance. During the entire school year they were not once absent to attend any picnic, reunion, excursion or merry-making, the only exception being the afternoon of May 10, when their twin brothers were ill from the effect of something they had eaten, and not expected to live, although they soon recovered.

An Index.

Knicker—What is their social standing? Bocker—Do they call it a barn, stable or garage?—New York Sun.

How hard it is to convict a guilty man in the courts; and how easy it is to convict an innocent man in the newspapers and reform meetings!

Man learns from experience, after all; when the oldest girl in the family is given a musical education, the other girls are not.

The MOTHERS.

By Jessie M. Parton.



Of all the sorrows common to suffering humanity, I know none surpassing that of a mother whose son has gone wrong. Can there be anywhere on earth a more heart-breaking spectacle than the endless procession of mothers who besiege the doors of workhouses, prisons and correctional institutions of every kind, seeking the son who has sinned? The entrance to every prison is a Via Dolorosa, a Way of Sorrow, indeed, to hundreds of mothers. Some in widow's weeds, some luxuriously dressed, but all in tears, they come to weep over the graves of lost opportunity.

Not every boy who goes wrong could have been saved, even by careful training, for there is always a residuum, the pound of flesh claimed by heredity, but fortune favors the boy who has been started right. When you teach your son to lie, innocently, thoughtlessly, as many mothers do, you do not see the effect on his after life—but it will be there. Such a little thing! But that first untruth makes a deep impression on sonny—mother quibbles and evades the truth, so it can't be very wrong! Then you run down his companions and praise him before company, and he quickly learns to hide his wrongdoings from you, his mother, who should know the worst and the best of him. You have taught him duplicity, shown him that it isn't so much what a boy does but what is found out by the other mothers in the block that counts.

As he gets older you nag at him and chase him out of doors to play, so that you may be undisturbed—he has no corner in the house he can call his own. I have always been amazed at the number of forbidden things a boy can do without his mother finding it out. He is pestered and laughed at, his healthy appetite and awkwardness made a butt for family jokes, and his mother knows so little about boys, and his father is so "busy," that he lives practically alone.

If you enter into your boy's life, not as a monitor, but a companion, you will know when he "watches" or shows a streak of yellow in his sports; you'll be there to speak the word of grave warning, laugh at his silly ideas of "manliness"—furnish the ballast where it is most needed. It is a mother's duty to be on hand while her son's character is being formed.



The importance of the charcoal industry in the United States is described in Popular Mechanics. Originally valued only as a heat producer, charcoal is now used as an ingredient in the manufacture of gunpowder, a deodorizer of solutions, a medicine for dyspepsia and a purifier of water. As an antiseptic and cleanser its power is universally recognized. In a hospital a piece of charcoal will soon absorb and decompose obnoxious gases and sweeten the atmosphere. All these are but a part of its uses.

What man has learned by dint of thought and experiment some of the lower animals appear to know through instinct. An instance is furnished by the "spiral swimming" of certain organisms, such as the spherical-shaped volvox and several elongated infusorians. As they revolve about the axis of progression, as does a projectile fired from a rifled gun, the consequence is that they are able to travel in a straight line, as they could not do otherwise, the revolution compensating with absolute precision for any tendency to deviate from a straight course. Without such a device many of these minute creatures would simply describe circles, making no forward progress.

The Size of the Sea.—This refers not to the area of the oceans only, but to their total cubic content, which is reckoned by Edward A. Martin of the Geological Society at thirty times the cubic content of all the land lying above sea-level. In other words, if all the land of the globe were scraped off down to the level of the sea and thrown into the ocean, it would fill only one-thirtieth part of the enormous abyss which is occupied by the waters. According to Lyell, the mean height of the land above sea-level is 1,000 feet, whereas the mean depth of the ocean is 12,600 feet. There are mountain peaks which rise as high above sea-level as the depressions of the ocean sink below it, but the average height of the land is slight compared with the average depth of the sea.

Many projects are now under way, or under consideration, for the utilization of the numerous sources of electric power that are furnished by the streams descending from the Andes in Chile. Everywhere in that country there is an abundance of water, sufficiently constant in volume, and presenting almost any desired amount of fall. The city of Santiago is developing a scheme for supplying 20,000 horsepower from a plant located between sixteen and seventeen miles from the town. Engineers have recently reported in favor of the electrification of the new railroad which the Chilean and Bolivian governments have undertaken to construct between Arica and La Paz, and which passes through the Andes. There is something stimulating to the imagination in the thought of those mighty mountains lending a hand to help man surmount their slopes.

It was the invention of the seismograph for the study of earthquakes that led to the discovery of the surprising sensitiveness of the crust of the globe to forces that might have been thought too insignificant to cause distortion. Among these forces is the alteration in the pressure of the atmosphere during the passage of storms, causing a perceptible tilting of large areas of ground. A curious case of such tilting in an unexpected direction has recently been recorded by Prof. Omori in Japan. A storm passing over the sea east of Tokio caused the bordering land to tilt downward, notwithstanding the fact that the atmospheric pressure is lessened within a storm area. This is explained by the fact that the sea rises

with release of atmospheric pressure, and the accumulation of water more than sufficed to counterbalance the decrease in weight of the air.

YUKON MINERS FIND MASTODON

Huge Animal in Perfect State of Preservation Is Dug Up.

John Froling has just returned to his home in this city after an absence of nearly seven years in Alaska and the Yukon territory, says a Tacoma dispatch to the New York Herald. During his absence Mr. Froling traveled over the mountains and followed the river and creek valleys of the far north for years, in a fevered search for the yellow metal.

Mr. Froling brings the facts of the finding of the remains of a mastodon in an almost complete state of preservation. The body of the mammoth was found forty feet below the surface, Mr. Froling says, seven miles up Woodchoppers' creek, a small stream that flows into the Yukon about forty or fifty miles above Circle City.

Several miners there had staked out claims and were going through the frosty earth in an effort to strike pay dirt. They were operating a steam plant, running down points, and were one day surprised by noticing a peculiar smell of flesh emanating from the excavation.

Upon investigating they found that they were immediately upon the carcass of some immense animal, which the almost red-hot steam was rapidly decaying after it had lain in the frozen clasp of its earthly bed for untold years.

By great effort they got the carcass out of the earth, the task proving a most disagreeable one, owing to the fetid odors arising from it. Much of the meat was still in a good state of preservation and was eaten by the dogs and wild animals that came about the camp at night. The bones of the mammoth were all intact and the last Mr. Froling heard arrangements were being made to preserve the skeleton.

In his long travels over the Yukon country Mr. Froling found many spots where the bones of the mastodon were numerous, everything pointing to a time when some sudden cataclysm had brought unexpected death upon all the animal life. He says these spots where the mastodon bones are found so plentiful are invariably sheltered valleys, where the animals undoubtedly congregated in their extremities to shelter themselves from the hardships of the weather.

Word Derivations.

"Disaster" is an astrological term meaning "unfavorable star," one of the many words that astrology has bequeathed to the English language. "Predominant," "ill starred," "in the ascendant," are other instances, not to speak of the expression "My stars!" Even "influence" is really astrological, signifying the flowing in upon human affairs of the power of some heavenly body. "Petrel" and "petrol" both descend from "petra," a rock. "Petrol" comes directly enough through "petroleum," rock oil, but "petrel" through St. Peter, after whom the bird was named because it appeared to walk upon the waves.

Not Half Through.

"Well," said the obedient husband, "now that I am in politics, I hope you are satisfied."

"Getting in politics," replied his ambitious wife, "is comparatively easy. Getting out again gracefully is what counts these days."—Washington Star.

Courage.

"Henry is a brave man. The other night his wife thought she heard a burglar."

"No. He had the courage to tell her he was afraid."—Circle.

The best way to stop a wagging tongue is to stop your ears.

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 an 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 monieur?"

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

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 rub-



"DEUCED BAD LUCK."

bed 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 unnoted. 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 crashing 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— 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 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 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.

Millions in Sight.

It is estimated that 21,000,000 acres are available for rice growing in Louisiana and Texas, and the value of such a crop would be \$400,000,000. This would make the rice crop fifth in point of value among the cereals of this country.

The Turning of the Worm.

Mollie—I wish you were more like Mr. Simpson. Coddle—My dear, if I were more like Mr. Simpson, I should have married a woman more like Mrs. Simpson.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.