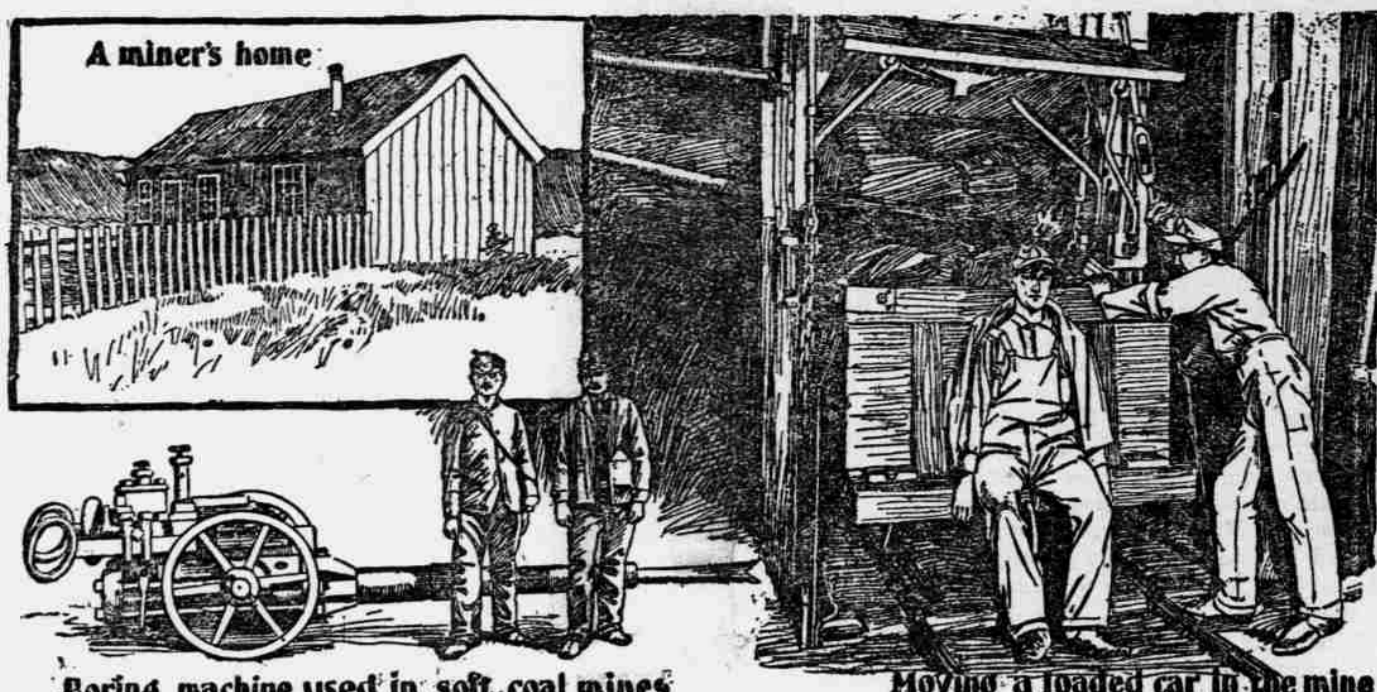


MEN WHO MINE THE SOFT COAL



Boring machine used in soft coal mines. Moving a loaded car in the mine.

It has been impressed upon the people of this country during the past few months that there is vastly more in the subject of coal mining than has ever come to light in the books of statistics. Coal, as everybody knows, is divided into "soft" and "hard," otherwise known as bituminous and anthracite. Soft coal is mined to the extent of nearly four times the anthracite.

An appeal to statistics will show that of the coal annually mined in the world, estimated at about \$40,000,000 tons, the United States produces nearly 290,000,000 tons (that is the output of last year), or not far from one-third the total product. Until year before last the United States ranked second as a coal producing country, with Great Britain in the lead, but that year our country forged to the front with an excess over Johnny Bull of some 3,000,000 tons. Last year these countries produced, respectively, the United States 288,000,000 tons, Great Britain 246,000,000 tons, and by now the Britons are left hopelessly behind, for we are supplying the world with coal and sending it to the very ports from which a short time ago John Bull was himself shipping it to foreign parts.

While the estimates for 1901 have not been compiled, yet the most reliable figures as a basis of comparison are those of 1900, when we produced a total of about 264,000,000 tons of coal, of which about 53,000,000 tons were anthracite and 211,000,000 tons bituminous, valued respectively at \$133,000,000 and \$229,000,000. So it seems that the tonnage of the figures award bituminous coal the palm not only for total production in tons, but for value. While the tonnage of the figures award bituminous coal the palm not only for total production in tons, but for value. While the tonnage of the figures award bituminous coal the palm not only for total production in tons, but for value.

The soft coal miners are, as a rule, more contented than the hard coal men, and this is owing not so much to any improvement in their condition as compared with the others, but somewhat to their nationality. Most of the original bituminous miners were Cornishmen, sturdy, hardworking and frugal. Of late years there has been an intrusion of half wild Poles, Huns and other immigrants, so that conditions are not exactly the same now as they used to be. But in the main the soft coalers are well housed, well dressed and good natured. Many of them have their own houses with gardens attached, and as their rents are low, their fuel is had almost for nothing and the wear and tear of their clothing, especially of their boots and shoes, nothing to be compared with that of the hard coaler, their necessary expenses are relatively small.

It cannot be denied that on the whole social conditions are more conducive to well being in the soft coal districts than in the hard. As these districts are usually near the agricultural regions, the miners are well and cheaply supplied with food.

LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

It is well to wander sometimes in the land of Make-Believe. Through its ever-smiling gardens, where the heart may cease to grieve, Where the beds are gay with roses and the paths are paved with gold, And our hopes, like floating songsters, And her laws are love and laughter, for they know not sorrow there— Never hate or pain or money enters in her kingdom fair.

So we sing the songs the children sing and play the games they play, As we wander in the golden land of Make-Believe to-day.

—St. James' Gazette.

The Overland Eastbound

HER name was Eulalie, but everyone in Elkton called her Dottie. "Old Man" Lebrun, her father, had started Elkton. He came down a hunter and trapper in the old days when the territory was as primal as his own Canadian frontier, but when the wild game was pretty well hunted out and the white emigrants and the soldiers commenced to come he turned freighter, and later, when the copper camp started at Goose Creek, he blazed a stage route thither and founded the traffic that made him rich—for a frontiersman. When Mrs. Lebrun died Dottie was a chubby, big-eyed old of 4 and so the women, who were few, and the men, who had never more than one tender side in their make-ups in those harsh days, petted the child and made life very sweet and radiant as she grew. Now she was 20, with the eyes of a doe, so lustrous and wondering; broken skin, peeling little from her oval face from the whipping sand-spattered winds of the plains, the form of a stately woman and the heart of a yearning child. She had been "through school," had taught in it for a term and was esteemed as the most learned inhabitant of Elkton "next to Parson Davies and Squire Beeno," and, perhaps, Professor Swinton, who was, however, a newcomer and therefore yet on probation.

Professor Swinton "stopped" at Lebrun's. He was a New-Yorker, frank, boyish, unaffected, gentle and generous. He laughed deprecatingly at the "professor" idea, for he was only a "principal" of the three-room school, and he had that admirable desire to be called by his given name that is strong in all young, ingenious natures. His coming had made quite a "difference" with Eulalie, and they had come along so well in their acquaintance that she now called him "Mister Maurice," and he said "Miss Eulalie." He had told her many wondrous things about New York and the world that lies beyond and apart from the sand-girt silences of her home, of the splendor and folly, of the pageantry and the mockery, of the canon-like streets, the glories, the splendor, the romance and the emptiness of the life he had left to grow up, as he said, with the free West. Sometimes he told her love stories, of which she forgot to ask him, "How do you know?" and silent and eager-eyed, like the child in the nursery at night, she only listened and hoped that his legends might never come to an end.

Sometimes, when the sun had gone, they rode their ponies away into the short grass, endless plateaus, that dip

and rise above the mesa walls of the little town; sometimes they galloped through the narrow trails of the remoter hills, but always she listened, smiling half sadly, half rapidly, and always he told his quaint jokes, his true ways he told his quaint jokes, his true tales of real fables, and his romances of the Babylons she might never see.

One day he got a fat letter from the East, and when he had read it and laughed over it, and held up the check which it brought, he ran into the hallway and called for Miss Eulalie. She had ridden into town, her father said, "to trade." Maurice went to the corral and saddled his pony. It was Saturday, his holiday. He galloped gaily down the dusty road, sniffing the hot wind and twirling his quirt like a man with good news. He met Eulalie in the main street, just mounted upon her old white pony, and waved his letter at her.

"Aunt Von Werdon is dead, Miss Eulalie," he said, stopping and looking at her merrily.

"That one that gave the tea party to the cats and kittens? But you're sorry, ain't you, Mr. Maurice?" she asked, wondering at his levity.

"Yes—and no. You see, she had only two reasons for living—cats and me. She preferred the cats, and—then she was old beyond computation—but I will say that she did better by me than I had a right to expect. See? She has left me \$500! I shall have money to burn." And his eyes looked wistfully up the best-scoured streets, with its rocking barrooms, its empty, wooden sidewalks and its dreary sameness of frame-shanty stores. "Will you wait till I cash this check, Miss Eulalie?" he added; "I'd like to ride home with you."

She rode into the shade of the town well and let her pony drink while he went to the bank. But when he came back she said: "It's train time, Mr. Maurice," (with a pouting little grimace); "you know I love to see the train go past. The Overland did not reach here, and I'd like to look at the people. Then you might see somebody you know."

He laughed again at her childlike curiosity, and they paced down the street toward the station. The Overland whistled as they rode into the space by the depot and down by the sidetrack where the red water-tank steamed in the burning sunlight. He thought she looked very beautiful as they waited there, for she was accustomed to the rough buckskin gloves she always wore, and he knew that the grace which made her homespun gown seem picturesque and appropriate, was none of the dressmaker's art. The choking sand swept down from the red mesa and dusted her bonnet hair as it fluttered abroad in the blistering wind. The little drops of perspiration that started and trickled down her brown cheeks made muddy streaks upon her handkerchief as she wiped them away.

The train, groaning and trembling as it slowed down past them, brought with it a tornado of dust and paper that hid from him the sweet mouth of the girl beside him, but when he looked up he saw that his face was near the window of a private car. Within he could see the white and silver splendor of the traveling palace. In the sconces of the walls were cut flowers and lush vines trailing between the windows. As the hiss of the engine ceased he could hear the tinkling music of a serenade that he had not heard since he left New York.

"Let's ride up to the forward window," Miss Eulalie, he said. "Somebody is playing the piano."

When they were opposite the window they could see a woman seated at the instrument, but as their shadows fell across the light she rose and came, facing them as if to draw the shades. Eulalie saw the lily whiteness of her face, the great blue eyes,

the yellow hair, the soft light hand that rested an instant on the window's sill. She must have dreamed the smile, it was so beautiful, and the rolic, bell-like and tender, as the lady raised the sash, and beaming like the morning, said:

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, that is you, isn't it?"

Eulalie had not turned her eyes to him before Swinton was down, flushed, eager and trembling. He held out the end of his bride to Eulalie and she took it mechanically, her lips apart, wondering as she always wondered. The angelic face had vanished from the window, and Maurice had gone into the car, but Eulalie sat there in the furnace breath of the sun and held his pony. She did not hear the locomotive bell nor the voice from the platform shouting "all aboard." She was yet dreaming. But the windows slipped slyly past her, and presently she was staring after the rushing cars, yet wondering if Maurice would tell her some stories about this fairy, the first she had ever seen from that wonderland of his. But though she waited for an hour he did not come back. She asked the station master if Professor Swinton had left the train. No body had seen him since he and she had been sitting on their ponies together.

"The next stop east is Brussels," said the agent. "If he gets off there he'll be back on the night local."

So she left his pony at the depot, rode slowly home through the dust, and came back to the night local. He did not come. He never came to Elkton since, and Eulalie no longer wonders. She knows.—The Argonaut.

MARRIED A DYING MILLIONAIRE.

An operation that might prove fatal being decided upon as a last resort to cure Millionaire Bradford B. McGregor, New York, a Standard Oil magnate, he hastily married Miss Clara Schlemmer, a beautiful society girl, while he lay on his sick bed. They had been



MRS. BRADFORD MCGREGOR.

engaged for some time. McGregor did not recover from the operation, and his fair bride found herself widowed in a few days. Before the ordeal McGregor, it is said, had made a will leaving his wife \$1,000,000, in case of his death. During his critical illness she nursed him with devoted care. McGregor was buried at Cleveland, Ohio, his former home.

Objected to Noise.
Because they objected to noise some residents of Patterson, N. J., buried a church bell recently after it had been taken down pending repairs in the church. The congregation later dug it up.

A FABLE FROM REAL LIFE.

How Author of "Fables in Slang" Lived Up to His Theory.

There is a class of people—and they are not all women, either—who cannot be convinced that whatever an author writes isn't autobiographical. If a man writes a love sonnet, he must be in love, a theory which, if carefully applied to some of our poets, would prove that they out-Solomon Solomon. Such persons are rather vexing, for one is sure they would never read Shakespeare's sonnets if they didn't believe there was a woman involved, and they simply glory in the fact that poor little David Copperfield is said to be the boy Dickens himself. To all such this story may have interest.

It is about a fable by George Ade, the past-master of slang. The fable tells of two men, the one who wouldn't learn botany, but got out and dug for the rocks, or something of that sort; the other who said, "Nay, nay, a cultured mind is the real thing; I'll go through college, and then be it," or something of that sort. Anyway, the first who had "bloodshot hands" (that quotation is exact), got out and rustled for the cash so effectively that by the time the second was earning \$50 a week as a professor, and was still only an A. M., he came to the same college with \$50,000 he had forgotten to take out of his pocket when he changed his "pants" (that is, when he wore trousers), saw a new gymnasium was needed, gave the \$50,000, and was made a Ph. D. The laugh seemed to be on number two.

Now, according to James O'Donnell Bennett, who is well known in theatrical circles, being now connected with the business end of Miss Marlowe's productions, George Ade himself might stand for number one in some way, and Bennett and several more for number two.

"You see," said Bennett, "before Ade was famous, when he was just a newspaper man with the rest, as we used to have quarters in Chicago where we retired at night, when the day's grind was over, and studiously set about improving our minds. But Ade wouldn't join us. While we were reading the sixty-seventh volume of the 'Life of Johnson' he would be down in all sorts of joints, setting up cheap variety acts and the like to beer and ham sandwiches.

"George," we would tell him, 'you are not doing right, you're wrong. You should study, improve your mind, not waste your spare time in cheap and riotous living. Come with us; win culture, not slang.'

"But Ade kept on setting up the beer and learning slang. We cut the leaves in the sixty-eighth volume of Boswell. And now—and now, we have minds more or less improved, but Ade draws a salary of \$500 a week, and goes to the Waldorf! There's your fable, to the life."—New York Tribune.

Lives in a Fairy House.

The water spider runs about on the leaves of aquatic plants and catches the insects that live among them; but the nest in which this spider lives is a silk bag, filled with air, and it is anchored beneath the water. Its opening points directly downward, so that no air can escape when the spider enters it.

After the nest has been made large enough, the spider proceeds to fill it with air in the most remarkable way. She carries it in, just as human people might carry coal or wood or water into their houses. Going nearly to the surface, she puts the end of her body out, attached, crosses her hind legs over it, and descends to the nest, into which she then allows the bubble to escape.

This is repeated until the nest is filled with air.

The spider has chosen this singular mode to escape destruction by water. The leaves of most aquatic plants lie flat upon the water, and offer only few places where the spider could hide from enemies.

The thought of a house of silk, filled with air, says the New York Tribune, and anchored in a crystalline, sparkling liquid, would do for a fairyland story, but here it is in real life.

Where Wax is Mined.

In several parts of the world a resinous substance called ozerite and bearing considerable resemblance to beeswax is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal. There are deposits in Austria, Russia, Roumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico, but ozerite has, so far, not been discovered in sufficient quantities to pay for mining anywhere except in the district of Koryslav, in Austrian Galicia, and on an island on the west coast of the Caspian Sea.

In mining this mineral wax shafts are sunk until a bed or "nest" of ozerite is struck. Then connecting galleries are driven. There is considerable danger and many lives have been lost in consequence of the sudden forcing up of the soft wax into the shafts by the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. It is used largely for manufacturing ceresin, says the Brooklyn Citizen, which is employed, together with beeswax, for making wax candles, as well as in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, and for many similar purposes.

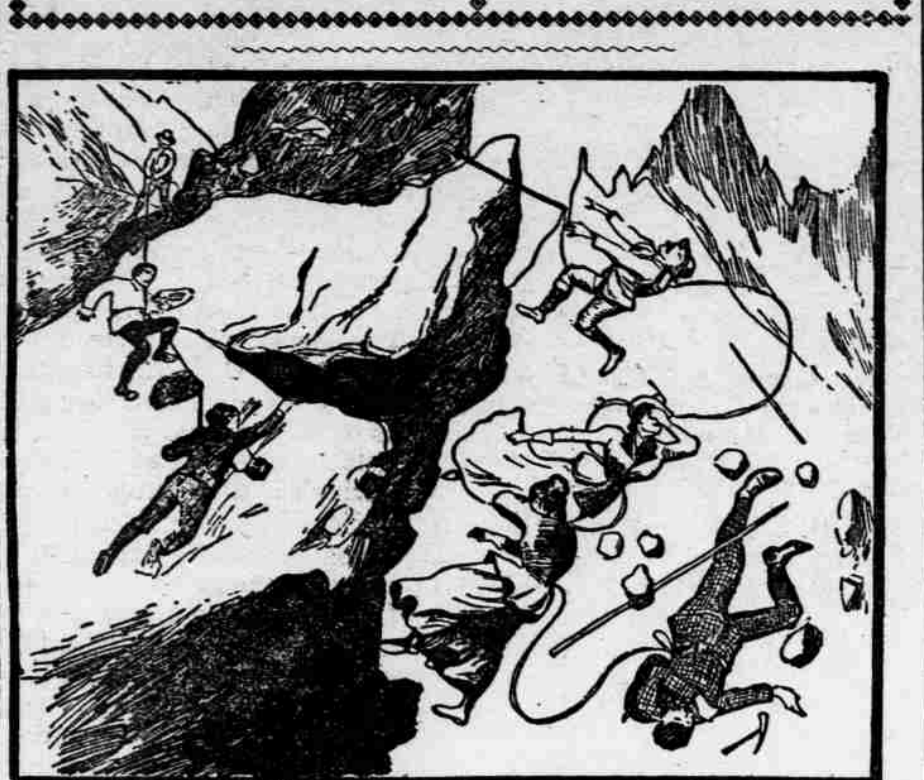
Progress of Cremation.

That veteran advocate of cremation, Sir Henry Thompson, has published in the Lancet a statistical account of the progress of this movement which should interest those who regard cremation as the only satisfactory mode of disposing decently of the dead, having regard to the safety of the living.

At Woking, 2,007 cremations have taken place, beginning with 3 in the year 1885 and ending in 1901, with 273. In 1901 there were, besides 95 at Manchester, 40 at Liverpool, 18 at Glasgow, 17 at Hull and 2 at Darlington. Leicester will have a crematorium in a few months, and the Institution in course of erection in the north of London will be ready before the close of 1902. The United States has 26 crematoriums, of which 24 are in use. At Fresh Pond, N. Y., 654 bodies were cremated in 1891, 606 at San Francisco (Old Fellows), and 182 at Chicago. In Paris, from 1890 to 1901, 2,299 private cremations took place.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ALPINE FATALITIES

Last Year While Mountain Climbing 119 Persons Perished.



During last year, according to a report recently issued by the Alpine Club, 119 persons lost their lives while climbing the Alps—more than double the number for the previous year. Most of the accidents occurred in the neighborhood of Chamounix and were due to carelessness and inexperience of tourists. The number of accidents suffered by experienced climbers was comparatively small.

Switzerland and the Tyrol are becoming the holiday ground for more and more people every year, and it may be expected the lives lost will be in the same proportion. The increased number of accidents is therefore exactly what might have been expected. When one tourist attempted to scale a rocky mountain side or a glacier ten years ago there are twenty or perhaps fifty nowadays with the delusion that anybody with an alpenstock and a pair of

hobnailed boots can do either, and what is worse, most of them are so confident of their own ability that they will not take the precaution to employ a competent guide.

Nothing attests the nerve and the courage and endurance of a man as much as a science as any other form of athletic sport. Experienced men can tell at a glance the safest and the most accessible paths and where and between what hours there will be the least risk of falling stones. Swiss guides who have been taken to the Andes and to the Himalayas and even to our own American mountains have never failed to accomplish ascents which men without experience have considered impossible. It is simply a matter of ability acquired by long and patient study, yet an ordinary tourist imagines that because one man can accomplish the feat another may do the same even if he has never seen a glacier. The greatest number of accidents occur upon Mont Blanc, because that is the easiest to reach and most fashionable of all the Swiss mountains, but at the same time it is the most dangerous because of meteorological conditions. The weather is likely to change at any time, and when a snowstorm comes the danger is greatest.

While a party of American tourists were descending the Matterhorn some time ago a mass of rock fell and hurled several of the party down an ice gorge, killing them instantly. The illustration to the right shows how the accident occurred. The party was descending the mountain when the slip which occurred the fatality occurred. The lower illustration shows a party leaving Zernatt to climb the Matterhorn.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, WHO CREATED A SENSATION BY RETIRING.

CONGRESSMAN DAVID BREMER HENDERSON, who refused to try for re-election in the Third District of Iowa because of opposition to the tariff views of some Republican colleagues, has served his constituents ten terms. He was born in Old Deer, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, March 14, 1840. The family came to America in 1846 and settled on a farm in Winnebago County, Ill. Three years later the family acquired a large tract of government land in Fayette County, Iowa, which became known as Henderson prairie. Young Henderson attended country school, and at the age of 18 he entered Upper Iowa College and remained there and in the harvest field until the Civil War began. One morning he spoke in the university chapel and asked the students to enlist. Twenty-one followed him. He went out into the country and, within a week enlisted 104 men and was made lieutenant. He fought at Fort Donelson, where his jaw was fractured by a bullet. In the battle of Corinth Henderson lost a leg. He returned home and worked in the Iowa enrollment board.

In 1865 Col. Henderson was appointed internal revenue collector, but resigned to practice law, becoming successful in Dubuque. In 1882 the congressional nomination was unanimously offered him, he accepted and was elected. In his ten consecutive terms he was nominated each time by acclamation. He was elected Speaker of the House Dec. 4, 1899, and was re-elected in 1901.

A FAMOUS JURIST.

Former United States Supreme Court Justice Horace Gray.

The death of Horace Gray, at his home in Nahant, Mass., removed one of the most eminent of American jurists. Justice Gray had been in failing health for some time. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy a few months ago, and from this he never sufficiently recovered to resume his duties in the United States Supreme Court. Upon his retirement he was succeeded by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, also a resident of Massachusetts.

Justice Gray came of a family long noted in the legal profession in Massachusetts. He was born in Boston seventy-four years ago. He graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1846, and from the law school in 1849. He was shortly admitted to the bar and rose rapidly in his profession. In 1854 he was appointed reporter of decisions of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and served till 1881. Three years later he was chosen associate justice of the same court and chief justice in 1878. Here he gained an enviable reputation as a jurist. He was named as associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States Dec. 10, 1881, by President Arthur.

Justice Gray was a great all-around lawyer. He was a recognized authority in admiralty cases. During recent years he rendered the opinion of the court in many important cases. He was with the majority of the Supreme Court justices in the income tax and insular cases and decided that the Uni-

Proof of Her Beauty.

Barnes—Is the girl pretty?
Shedd—Beautiful! That is to say, my wife doesn't like her a bit. I haven't seen her myself, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Hard on the Baby.

The Philadelphia Times is responsible for the following:
A Canadian firm recently placed with the Montreal and Toronto newspapers an advertisement of a new nursing bottle it had patented, and was about to place on the market. After giving directions for use, the "ad." ended in this manner:
"When the baby is done drinking, it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place, under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."



A home remedy: "Do you think coal oil is good for mosquitoes?" "I think a hard sile is better."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Mannish sort of girl." "Is she really?" "Very. She used the telephone for the first time in her life to-day, and she didn't giggle once."

Tough: "Oh, Henry, don't cut your pie with a knife." "Eliza, you ought to be thankful I don't call for a can-opener."—Chicago Record.

Briggs—What's your idea of heaven?
Griggs—Well, it's the way a man feels the first three days after he is home from a summer vacation.—Life.

Las Object: Citiman—See you raise your own vegetables. Suburbanite—No! I simply plant a small garden so as to keep the chickens at home.—Life.

Reporter—You are so confident of catching this criminal you must have a strong clew. Detective—We have. He didn't wear a Panama.—New York Sun.

"The singer has made great strides in the profession, hasn't she?" "Yes, indeed. Formerly, when she received an encore, she sang; now she usually smiles."

A Clever Lawyer: "Is he a good lawyer?" "A good lawyer! Why, say! I have known him to prove the truth of what isn't so, and not half try."—Chicago Post.

Making love: "As a mere matter of curiosity, sir, I should like to know how long you have been making love to my wife?" "I began, sir, when you left off."—Life.

Mother—Did the professor propose?
Daughter—Dear me, mother, he was on the very verge of it, and I foolishly happened to mention bacteria.—Detroit Free Press.

"Papa, what is the difference between the smart set and the four hundred?" "Why, my son, the four hundred is limited to twenty-six hundred, but everybody is in the smart set."—Life.

Our Two Great Classes: The world seems to be divided into two classes; those who board, and envy those who keep house, and those who keep house, and envy the boarders.—Acheson Globe.

"And you still insist that your flying machine is a practical commercial quantity?" "I do," answered the business-like inventor, "if you don't believe it I can show you the gate receipts."—Washington Star.

Magistrate—Now, I'll let you off this time, but it must be a lesson for your future, but it is in bad company again. Prisoner—Gee whizz! It ain't my fault that I'm here; the cops made me come.—Philadelphia Record.

Lawyer Brief—I see that case of yours is on. Jury drawn yet? Lawyer Skinner—Yes, and it's a splendid one. Lawyer Brief—Above the average in intelligence, eh? Lawyer Skinner—No; by below it.—Philadelphia Press.

At Two Dollars a Visit: "Yes, the doctor has put me on the strictest kind of diet." "Indeed. What is it?" "Well, he says I mustn't eat anything I don't like, and not any more than I want of what I do."—Baltimore News.

"What are you doing?" asked the justice as the defendant's counsel began his argument. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides," replied the justice. "It has a tendency to confuse the court."

Driver—Did you mark the spot where your comrade fell out of the boat and was drowned? O'Laflerty—Shure, O' did. O' took a piece of wood an' left it floatin' on th' water at th' very place he went down, sor.—Ohio State Journal.

The Real Thing: "Are you a real Indian?" asked the investigating youth of one of the painted Indians who accompanied Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. "Sure," replied the Indian; "I was born and raised in Indianapolis, Indiana."—Exchange.

Mrs. Wederly (unmasking after the fancy ball)—Oh, but didn't I fool you, though? You had no idea that you were flirting with your wife all the evening. Mr. Wederly—No, I hadn't; you were so very agreeable I was completely deceived.—Tit-Bits.

The danger of a little knowledge: "Don't you sometimes regret that you did not devote more time to your education in early life?" "No, sir," answered the politician; "if I had learned to talk grammatical the voters in my district would think I was puttin' on airs and driftin' away from the hearts of the people."—Washington Star.

"Why did you insist on getting me an upper berth in the sleeping car?" asked the habitually austere lady. "Well," answered her irrepressible niece, "you have been expecting for so many years to find somebody under your bed that I thought it might relieve your mind to have all doubts on the subject removed at once."—Washington Star.

"Yes," said the young wife, "Henry and I had some words this morning, and I can't deny that he got the best of it." "That will never do," returned the experienced neighbor. "You can't afford to start in married life that way." "I know it," answered the young wife. "I've thought it all over, and when he comes home to-night I'm going to bring him to terms so quick that he'll hardly know what's happened." "That's right, my dear. Show some spirit. What are you going to do?" "I'm going to bring up the subject again and then cry."

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