

SOUTH WATER STREET CHICAGO



Most of the streets of a great city, regardless of how widely diversified their interests may be, hold some few things in common. But South Water street, Chicago, is an exception. There is nothing else like it in any particular, certainly nothing in Chicago that can parallel its jolly, hearty cosmopolitan atmosphere, its ever-present good fellowship, its deafening battle and roar during the day and its unearthly stillness and unbroken solitude at night. Here are no undemocratic frills. Along the street many men of large wealth and some millionaires do business, but they are guarded by no private office raised off from the inquisitive eyes of the crowd, nor is there any ceremony to be observed if you want to approach them. These heads of South Water street stores are nearly all at work before 8 in the morning and it is very little short of 6 when they leave for home at the close of the day. During all of this time, with the exception of a scant hour for lunch, they are right down in the heart of the yelling, bustling crowd with their eyes on every detail and with more than a nodding acquaintance with every drayman and operator on the street.

South Water street is the one thoroughfare in Chicago in which no family lives over night. Every block of its length is crowded tight with two or three story brick buildings, but there is not an inch of these utilized for living rooms of any character. There is no space even for the cot of a night watchman, for here, though millions of dollars' worth of business is done in a week, there is very little if anything to attract thieves. It would certainly be a bold robber who would try to get away with potatoes or beets or cabbages enough to pay him for the risk.

The coming of daylight and the starting of business are simultaneous. Long before the sun struggles through the mist of the lake, steamer whistles that daily announce the arrival of hundreds of tons of fruit and produce begin to scream and soon freight trains are rolling in from California along the tracks bordering on the north side of the river, loaded down with grapes, melons and garden truck, and bound for the warehouses where a few hours later auction sales are held to dispose of them. There is no gradual growing of the bustle. It seems to spring into life within half an hour and the transformation is a wonderful one. By 6 o'clock the wagons are on the move and a few minutes later the din of clattering hoofs on the slippery cobblestones is deafening.

When 7 o'clock comes the wagons that have been pouring continuously into the narrow street for over an hour, till one wonders how any more can possibly squeeze in at all, begin to back up in front of the stores, either full of great heaps of produce from the trains or boats or waiting for their turn to be filled with goods destined for hotels, restaurants, department stores, groceries and fruit stands all over the city.

You would hardly expect to find very much of an artistic touch among such matter-of-fact surroundings, and yet there is no thoroughfare in the city that has such beautiful color contrasts as this. Almost from one end to the other the eye lights everywhere on great masses of color of every conceivable shade—the bright yellow of bananas, the fragrant green of great barrels of watercress bunching out between big lumps of ice, the variegated kale, golden pumpkins, the tens of thousands of baskets of grapes with the bloom of freshness still over them, the quinces and peaches and plums and pears, the varying shades of green represented in unripe tomatoes, heaps of cabbages and young onions, the barrels of glorious red and pink and yellow apples, boxes of carrots and parsnips and snow-white Chinese radishes, mountains of peaches in all their bewildering sun-kissed shades, bundles of fragrant horse-radish done up so fearfully tight that you feel sure its circulation must be seriously interfered with; brown plantains, the glaring, glossy red of enormous peppers, thousands of crocks of golden butter, and cheese in its many delicate shades of yellow—all these things mingle in one long revel of color that makes a sight of this street a delight to one who sees its beauty and mingles with its bustle for the first time.

Here and there the sidewalks, instead of being burdened with heaps of grape baskets or orange boxes, are filled with crates of clattering chickens or stately geese that stick their heads through the slats of their cages and survey the scene with a solemnity that makes us believe they know what is in store for them. The meat men crowd out everything else in the block between 5th avenue and Franklin street, and you can see nothing but a wilderness of carcasses, butchers, drivers in white and blue jumpers, and hundreds of the well-known stock yards wagons, with their magnificent teams of gray and their clanking trappings.

Up and down the narrow alleys, between the piles of goods, men with loaded trucks race along, passing one another, in some miraculous way, without upsetting anything or running over anybody. Though the wagons are continually moving off from the front of the stores and going out of the street loaded with merchandise, half a dozen seem to be coming in for every one that leaves, and there is no abatement in the rush and stir. In this indescribable confusion, with the thoroughfare choked and with wagon wheels interlocking each other everywhere, there are fewer accidents and alterations between drivers than on any other street in the city. The reason for this is simple enough. Every driver who ventures into South Water street knows the unwritten rules for the guidance of himself and his team by heart, and, being fully aware of the disastrous consequences if he transgresses any of them, he is extraordinarily careful.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON

Speaker of the House of Representatives.



SPEAKER JOSEPH G. CANNON.

Six lines in the official directory of Congress comprise all that "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the new speaker of the House of Representatives, has to say about his career. The most of that is devoted to an enumeration of the fourteen Congresses to which he has been elected. Many others devote half a page to the story of their lives, and yet Mr. Cannon's memory sweeps the period of almost half the existence of the American republic. He has long been a leader in his party. It is said that Cannon has never set out to get a thing without putting into the effort everything that could be honestly adjusted to the end in view. He was born in Greensboro, N. C., in 1836, but his parents moved to Pike County, Indiana, when Joe was 4 years old. The elder Cannon was a farmer, and when he died his son, who was then 14, continued the work of supporting the family until he was 23. He had long been determined to become a lawyer, and in pursuance of his purpose entered the Cincinnati Law School. After graduation he went to Terre Haute, where he remained until 1860, when he removed to Tuscola, Ill. He set out to get the office of prosecuting attorney, and he got and held it for seven years.

Those who have heard, or perhaps it would be more to the point to say seen, Mr. Cannon speaking in the House will appreciate the humor of the situation. When he begins, he interlocks his two little fingers. As he progresses he struggles vainly for some time to get them apart. Suddenly they separate with a jerk, and Mr. Cannon then begins a violent assault upon the palm of his left hand with the index finger of his right. He pounds it, he digs it, and finally, possibly when he can no longer stand the pain, he puts



"UNCLE JOE" AS WASHINGTON KNOWS HIM.

the palm out of commission and depends entirely upon his index finger, which, in turn, he points in the most aggressive manner at the various members of the opposition. That is the beginning of the climax. Gradually working his way to a desk, he begins to pound it in emphasis with his left hand. The temporarily relieved right hand is not long permitted to rest, for as the finish approaches it alternates with the left in the pounding, until when the grand climax is reached Cannon is stooped over, his head the hub of a rapidly revolving wheel, of which the spokes are his rapidly grating arms. It makes a convincing spectacle, though Mr. Cannon's warmest admirer will not contend that it is a graceful one.

It would take a book to hold all the stories told of Mr. Cannon. This of itself indicates that he is good-natured in private life, though he frankly admits that he likes to have his own way. Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, on one occasion, angered by Mr. Cannon's objections, said, "There are some men, Mr. Speaker, who would break up a funeral if they were not selected to drive the hearse." But Cannon never winces when the laugh is turned against him. He merely tries harder to have things different next time, and, what is more, he generally succeeds.

As chairman for many years of the appropriations committee Mr. Cannon's influence on legislation has been greater than that of any man in Congress save the Speaker. In appearance Mr. Cannon is unassuming. He gives the impression of being "as tough as a pine knot." He detests being referred to as "the watchdog of the treasury." He declares that he only listens to the barkings of the numerous self-appointed "watch dogs" and then investigates for the purpose of learning whether or not their growlings are worthy of investigation. That Mr. Cannon is sturdy honest even his detractors have never denied, and he is a concededly able parliamentarian and forceful debater, though, technically perhaps, rather a poor speaker.

A Valuable Cherry Tree.

Sometimes the fruit on a single tree is worth more than two or three acres of wheat. There is a tree in Northern Delaware 70 to 80 years old that has produced an average of \$50 worth of fruit annually for nearly twenty years. One year the cherries sold for \$80. Six years ago this old patriarch bore fifty-four peach baskets of delicious fruit, or about 1,100 pounds. And all of this

fruit has been a free gift from nature, as the old tree has stood in a dooryard all these years, unattended and uncared for except in cherry time.—Ohio Valley Manufacturer.

It sometimes happens that the woman who is disappointed in love isn't disappointed in marriage.

Don't believe all you hear; but be sure to believe all you say.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Smith—Say, do you know Long? Tall chap with a spare figure?
Jones—Yes; he's tall, but he hasn't a spare figure.
Smith—What's the reason he hasn't?
Jones—Don't know the reason, but when I asked him one day last week if he had a spare five he said he hadn't.

Poor Proof.
"Where have you been this time of night?" asked the stern woman.
"To an oyster supper given by the church," replied the little man.
"I don't believe you."
"Well, I've brought an oyster home that I found in the stew to prove it."
"Another fib. Who ever found a real oyster in a church supper stew?"

Mind vs. Matter.



"Uncle William, do you ever pause to wonder where those clouds are going?"
"I think maybe they're going to thunder. I'm glad I brought my umbrella."

Highly Accomplished.
Ida—Jack says the girl he marries must be accomplished.
May—Well, Ernie would suit him. She can play "Hawatha" on the violin and make fudge.

At the Head of the Class.
Ethel—What makes you look so pleased?
Edith—Oh, Jack says I'm the first girl he ever proposed to on his automobile.

An Infalible Rule.
"He's a son for a mother to be proud of."
"Did you ever know a son whose mother didn't think him a son for a mother to be proud of?"

Woman of It.
"But," protested the man, "I have admitted that I was wrong. Isn't that enough?"
"No," replied the woman. "You must also admit that I was right."

In the Forest.
They were hunting chestnuts.
"Dear me," said the pretty girl, "it is chilly. I wish I had something around me."
"I'll let you have my coat," spoke up the gallant young man. "Perhaps just the sleeve would do."

Poetry vs. Prose.
"Oh, for the wings of a dove!" sighed the poet with the unbarbered hair.
"Order what you like," rejoined the prosaic person, "but as for me, give me the breast of a chicken."

Bubble Reputation.
"They say dat professor of mathematics kin carry 80,000,000 figures in his head at once!"
"Den I must be a wonder! I just beat him out of 8 cents' change for a paper!"

Undoubtedly.
"Yes," said the sickly looking party, "I came from New York, hoping to improve my condition, but I haven't succeeded as yet."
"Why, my dear sir," rejoined the Chicago man, "being here is a decided improvement."

The Dear Girls.
Miss Elderleigh—The mountain air is certainly exhilarating. I feel like a 2-year-old this morning.
Miss Younger—And you look it, dear; twenty times over.

He Never Smiled Again.
"I know an idiot," said the masculine boarder in the flashy apparel, "who believes in spiritual marriages."
"Huh!" rejoined the female on the opposite side of the mahogany as she fixed her optics on his neckwear, "I thought you were inclined to lean that way yourself."

"Because why?" asked he of the gaudy garments.
"Because you seem to have a penchant for unearthly ties."

Thought He Owed It.
"That's all right," said the hotel guest as he paid his bill, "and to begin with, I'll discharge you."
"Discharge me?" exclaimed the clerk; "why, what do you mean?"
"Mean just what I said. Didn't I just buy the hotel?"—Baltimore News.

Very Assuring.
They were returning home and the glamour of the elopement had somewhat worn off.
"Marry in haste and repent at leisure," said Jack, just the least bit worried.
"Oh, don't worry, dear," assured Ernie, "I'll see that you don't have any leisure."

Very Suspicious.
Ernie—I am not so sure that Mr. Crisp had any good wishes for us when we were married.
Ida—Didn't he throw old shoes at the back?
Ernie—Yes, but he threw them just like he was throwing at a cat.

His Wit Won.
Jack—I'd like to kiss you. Turn your head.
Ernie (in pet)—I won't.
Jack—Then I'll try a compliment.
Ernie—What good will that do?
Jack—A compliment will turn any girl's head.

Great "Graft."
"If I had to work," said Dusty Dennis, "I'd rather be a street-cleaner in Wall street den anything else."
"Why so?" asked Timothy Ties.
"Because de paper says der are thousands of dollars dropped in Wall street every day."

Raising Cane.
"It was the most sensible cane rush I ever saw."
"But you told me that no cane rushes were sensible."
"This one was. The dean of the old college rushed out with a cane and scattered the whole bunch."

Giving Him Away.
LaMont—Dudley is at college. They say he is half-back now.
LaMoyn—I guess that's right. He has paid only fifty of that hundred-1 he owed his tailor.

He Objects.
Eva—Dear, there is a little space in my ring for a photograph. Won't you give me your own?
Tom—Do I look like a pugilist?
Eva—Of course not.
Tom—Then I don't belong in the ring.

There to Stay.
The old Kansas farmer was sitting on the fence looking at the dark funnel-shaped cloud in the distance.
"No, these cyclones ain't no good," he grumbled.
"How's that?" asked the stranger.
"Wal, they take the chimney, shingles and everything else off the roof but the mortgage."

She'd Been Rung.
Ethel—You seem happy. Anything on hand?
Edith—Sure. Don't you see this ring?

How He Got Out.
Gyer—Well, poor Peckem is out of his misery at last.
Myer—When did he die?
Gyer—He didn't die; he got a divorce.

Those Balloon Specials.
"Where have you been?" asked the friend.
"I've been down to the wholesale house to get enough cloth for three or four pairs of trousers," responded the small tailor.
"Why, you only have an order for one pair?"
"Yes, but it's a dude."

As Explained.
Mrs. Naggsby—A man who was more or less handsome called at the house to see you this morning.
Naggsby—What do you mean by a man being more or less handsome?
Mrs. Naggsby—I mean that he was more handsome than you and less handsome than the man I was foolish enough to throw over for you.

One Important Change.
Halsted—What do you suppose Chicago will be like one hundred years from now?
Walsh—Oh, it will be quite different in some respects.
Halsted—Doubtless; but in what particular?
Walsh—Well, there will probably be an entirely different set of contractors working on the government building, for one thing.

From Bad to Worse.
"It is ad," remarked the moralizer, to think that every man has his price."
"Yes," admitted the demoralizer, "and it is sadder to know that more than half the time he can't get it."

Becky Sharp's School.
The building in Chiswick, Mall, London, known as Walpole House, familiar to lovers of Thackeray as the school where Becky Sharp was a rebellious pupil, is now being furnished as a residence for Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who has obtained a long lease of it.

Walpole House once belonged to Barbara Ferrars, Duchess of Cleveland, the favorite of Charles II. After her death it passed into the possession of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, and it is also associated with the name of Daniel O'Connell, "the Liberator," who lodged with a Mrs. Rigby at Walpole House in 1796.

Inhabited Volcano.
A little Japanese village, some thirty miles from the town of Kumamoto, is situated in the crater of a volcano, which may some day become active again. The village, lying 900 feet below the top of the volcano, the walls of which are very steep, is quite hidden from sight. Its 2,000 inhabitants seldom leave this place.

Like attracts like; an empty purse usually means an empty stomach.

SHARK MADE A QUICK TRIP.

Traveled from the African to the Florida Coast in Two Days.

A prominent government official, who has returned from a visit to Palm Beach, Fla., tells about seeing a huge man-eating shark that was captured at that place, says the New York Tribune. It was one of the biggest sharks ever caught in Florida waters and was evidently a sailor of many years. The animal measured over 18 feet in length, had a sword attachment that was as long as an arm and was of the leopard variety, stamping it as one of the man-eating variety—a dangerous beast.

The shark was caught by a shark fisherman. He used a large rope for a line and had a windlass as a reel. At the end of the line was a huge steel hook and this was baited with a large bright tin can. The shark bit at the bait and was entrapped. He was landed after the roughest time the fisherman ever experienced. It was the interior of the fish, however, that excited the greatest interest. When he was cut open a whole porpoise was found in the stomach. There was also a large piece of partly digested shark and the head of an ostrich. The piece of shark inside the monster was out of the back and contained the backbone of the dead animal.

A careful examination showed that the backbones were larger than the backbones of the captured shark. A number of scars on his body showed that he had been in conflict with another shark and the finding of a piece of the adversary showed that the conflict had ended in the death of the opponent—that the victor had then swallowed a juicy portion of his adversary. The presence of the ostrich head in the stomach of the man-eater was regarded as undoubted proof that the shark had probably just arrived in Florida waters from Africa and that he had made the trip in two or three days. The head was not digested and the process of digestion had only just begun. There is only one ostrich farm in Florida and when that institution was communicated with the owners said they had not lost an ostrich in a year. The ability of a shark to pass a fast steamer in one minute's time is well known to travelers and there is no doubt that the shark had been in African waters and had captured a stray ostrich or the head of one that

had been killed and then started across the Atlantic, reaching the Florida waters before the ostrich head had begun to digest.

AN UNFAMILIAR DIALECT.

An American woman who was lately in London for the first time is convinced that whatever the language may be which the cockneys speak, it is not English. One of her experiences is related by the Washington Post.

The woman who wished to see the city all by herself. Somebody told her that if she went to the temples of some bus lines—it did not matter which—and waited a little, she would hear the conductor call out the places on the route, and then could choose that which she wished to visit.

She found a place where buses were arriving and departing, and waited. She heard many curious names, but failed to understand much that the bus men said. Every now and then the man on the step of a bus would call out, "Moblitch! Moblitch!" and she wondered what part of London "Moblitch" might be. She had never heard of it before, and she had been studying London for six months. At last she ventured to address a conductor who looked approachable.

"Will you kindly tell me," she said, "where one takes the bus for Marble Arch?"

The man looked at her pityingly. Her American accent was thick upon her, and he perceived also that she must be deaf. He leaned toward her and drew a long breath. Then he bellowed, "This is your bus, ma'am! Moblitch!"

The visitor had let seven "Moblitch" buses go because she never once guessed that that is the way Marble Arch is pronounced in London.

Brave in Face of Death.

One of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena is recalled by the recent feat of the Spanish torador Reverte. It occurred at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third, of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued to career wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. Wound-

ed to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident.

The wounded beast charged full up on him, but the matador, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reverting his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

Changed His Mind.

It is a wise father who knows just which story to tell in regard to his own child. Jackson, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. One day he met his friend Wilkins, who greeted him with:

"Hallo, Jackson! What do you think my little girl said this morning? She's the brightest 4-year-old in town. She said—"

"Excuse me, old man," exclaimed Jackson. "I'm on my way to keep an engagement! Some other time—"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Cannon is the handsomest man I know! Haw, haw! How's that for precocity, eh?'"

And Jackson replied:
"Wilkins, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy shop and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."

Tolerates Nothing Home Made.
Mrs. Gaddie—I see you're going in for society. Has your daughter made her debut yet?

Mrs. Nurich—Well, I should say not. She got all them things made to order in Paris.—Philadelphia Press.

"I've know, Hooligan, you look like the devil wid a mustache!" "Yis; I'm goin' to shave it off." "Lave it on; ye'll look worse widout it!"—Life.