

# Topic Lines

Greater London contained 924,143 inhabited houses in 1901.

At a dog show to be held in the Crystal Palace, near London, Oct. 10 to 12, the prizes will amount to \$34,500.

King Charles of Portugal has the reputation of being the stoutest monarch alive. He weighs 300 pounds, yet is wonderfully active.

A partridge shot by a sportsman in a field near Balmbridge, England, the other day, dropped into the smoke-stack of a passing locomotive and was lost.

An English police court comes to the front with an antiseptic New Testament for oath-taking purposes. The covers are guaranteed to be death to germs.

Texas, in the fiscal years 1906 and 1907, will pay \$900,000 to Confederate veterans for pensions, besides expending \$154,538 for the support of the Confederate home.

J. H. Richardson, of Anthony, Kan., has discovered that the water below a dam is much softer than that above it. He claims that falling over the dam breaks the water.

The longest-lived trees in northern Europe are the pines of Norway and Sweden, but 570 years is their greatest period. Germany's oldest oaks live only a little more than 300 years.

When an Atlantic steamship has on board what is called a "full mail" she is carrying about 200,000 letters and 800 sacks of newspapers to London alone, besides large quantities for other places.

The head stage carpenter at the Royal Opera House, Vienna, has been discharged because, during an exciting storm scene, he let a heavy thunder cloud fall on two actors, severely injuring them.

In the village of Verjux, near Chalons-sur-Saone, France, a couple, aged 100 and 90, respectively, have just celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of their wedding, which they called their "platinum" wedding.

In their latest annual report, an exhaustive document, the British lunacy commissioners say, as a result of their researches into the relation of drink and insanity: "It cannot be denied that alcohol is a brain poison."

For revenge on the editor of the Neuesten Nachrichten, Bamberg, Germany, who had published an unappreciative account of their exploits, some burglars entered his house and smashed everything on the premises.

Three railroad signalmen whose prompt action in an emergency recently prevented great loss of life on an English road, are to receive the Albert Medal, a prized decoration which is given for "acts of heroism performed by civilians on land or sea."

Judge Dickerson attended a roping contest at Ardmore, I. T., recently, for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the cruelty of the sport. He announces no more exhibitions of that kind in his district, and classes the contests on the same plane as bull fights.

In some of the English schools French is now taught by means of a phonograph. The machine delivers select specimens of French oratory and songs, and is extremely popular with the children, whose accent is said to make rapid progress. Government inspectors approve of it.

It is announced that the Villa Palmieri, Florence, is to be sold. The villa is popularly supposed to have been the scene of Boccaccio's "Decameron." Queen Victoria made the place her residence during two of her visits to Florence. Its present owner is the Dowager Lady Crawford.

The famous snail of Burgundy is so greatly reduced in numbers that the demand for it in the restaurants cannot be adequately supplied. The general council of the department of the Cote d'Or has therefore asked the prefect to authorize a close time for snails between April 15 and July 15.

## A NEW EMPIRE.

Indian Territory Soon to Be the Home of the White Man.

The next few months will bring startling changes in the Indian Territory, and the next few years will see it transformed into one of the most populous and prosperous of all the southwestern States. During the twelve years between 1890 and 1902 immigration into the territory was naturally light, as not one acre of land could be bought from the Indians. The entire territory was held in common by the five civilized tribes—the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, Chickasaws and Seminoles—and only because the tribal governments permitted the leasing of tracts of land to the whites for agricultural and grazing purposes was it possible for any of the latter to enter there and earn a livelihood.

In 1902 the United States government took the first steps towards opening the territory to outsiders—a step that was rendered absolutely necessary by the advent of the railroads, along whose lines cities and towns were springing up, for which it was evident that sites must be provided which could be subdivided and allotted on a more satisfactory basis than the leasehold plan. Therefore, certain lands at suitable points were reserved for townsite purposes, surveyed and platted and offered for sale to those who desired to purchase.

This was the entering wedge. Soon

other lines of railway began to penetrate the new land of promise, making further townsite reservations necessary. In many cases the towns on the older lines outgrew their original sites, compelling the enlargement of their boundaries. Finally, early in 1904, the last barrier was removed by agreement with the tribes, which permits the outright sale of any lands, under certain simple preliminary restrictions imposed for the protection of the Indians and having no effect whatever on the validity of the title given.

After many long years of earnest effort to make farmers of the Indians the government has finally been compelled to acknowledge that the experiment has proved a failure. To-day less than 2,000,000 of the 20,000,000 acres of tillable land are under cultivation, and even that small proportion is cultivated in a crude, haphazard manner that gives only a hint of the bounteous returns of which its marvelous fertility is capable. It is evident folly to longer withhold this magnificent empire of agricultural and mineral wealth from development, so the bars have practically been lowered and a new field of untold wealth opened to the advance of civilization and progress.

The result is that thousands of ambitious Americans are turning their eyes to the Indian Territory. Large numbers of them have already gone there, either to inspect or locate, or other hosts are on their way, and multitudes are getting ready to go.

The total land area of the Indian Territory is 31,400 miles, about that of the State of Indiana. The population in 1890 was 180,132; in 1900, 392,000, or an average yearly increase of 21.67 per cent. The population at present exceeds 800,000.

But one-tenth of the entire acreage is at present under cultivation, and little of that is properly farmed. The surface scratching with an old mule and a "bull-tongue," which has prevailed hitherto, cannot be dignified as plowing. Yet in all this enormous area there is practically no waste land, and such portions as cannot be profitably devoted to grain, cotton, potatoes and other staple crops can be utilized for fruit growing, with results equal to those obtained in the famous Ozark regions of Missouri and Arkansas. The territory lies partly within the great corn and wheat belt and partly in the cotton, potato and fruit belt of the United States. The northern portion is specially adapted to the raising of cereals, the middle portion to fruit, cereals, potatoes and cotton, and the southern portion to the last two products.

## SOCIALISM FOR THE RICH.

Bernard Shaw on the Superiority of the Burglar to His Victims. "Socialism for the Upper Classes" formed the theme of an address delivered recently on behalf of the potteries fund by G. Bernard Shaw to a wealthy audience at Holy Trinity parish room, Upper Chelsea, London. The lecturer, the Rev. R. H. Gamble, presided.

"First acquire an independent income and then practice virtue," Mr. Shaw quoted approvingly from the ancient Greeks, according to the London Chronicle. One could not, Mr. Shaw thought, be virtuous or decent unless one belonged to the upper classes, because in order to practice virtue, health, happiness and decency one required money, and these things were part of morality.

People often imagined dramatic situations where a person was forced to choose between poverty with virtue and wealth without virtue, but this was a false antithesis, because if a person were compelled to choose between two vices he should choose the lesser, and in his case he did not know but that he should choose the wealth. Consequently society was face to face with this predicament that they could not be decent, virtuous or happy unless they had money, and if they had the money they could not be either.

Take the case of the burglar. He obtained what he did in a manner as right and proper as the means, in many cases, whereby the people from whom he stole had obtained their wealth. More than that, he was heroic and clever, and he worked, and he showed those qualities which had made the British nation famous.

What Mr. Shaw suggested was the establishment of a minimum income, and that this might be increased by the work of the recipient. It was no good to attempt a social reform by individual effort, but it could be obtained by social effort.

**The Black Gnat Superstition.** There is a species of black gnat about the size of a young house fly that visits you at the dinner table frequently in the course of a lifetime. He is believed to be the soul of a departed friend come back to give warning of the death of some one you know. Simple folk believe in him absolutely. Whenever he appears at a certain home in New York, buzzing about the plate of the lord and master, the good wife declares, "John, who can it be next?" She runs over on her fingers the names of such friends as she can then recall. John frowns, grows about "female nonsense," strikes at the gnat, and next morning finds in the death notices announcement of the demise of one he knew.—New York Press.

**World's Greatest Libraries.** The largest library in the world is that of Paris. It contains upward of 2,000,000 printed books and 100,000 manuscripts. The British Museum contains about 1,500,000 volumes, and the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg about the same number.

# YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

## CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

And at last Yolande grew to fear the worst. One evening she had sent for her father, and she went downstairs and found him in the sitting room.

"Yolande, you are as white as a sheet," she said, keeping a tight guard over herself. "I want you to come upstairs with me. I have told my mother you were coming. She will see you; she is grateful to you for the kind messages I have taken to her. I—I have not asked the doctors—but I wish you to come with me. Do not speak to her—it is only to see you that she wants."

He followed her up the stairs; but he entered first into the room, and he went over to the bedside and took his wife's hand, without a word. The memories of a lifetime were before him as he regarded the emaciated cheek, and the strangely large and brilliant eyes; but all the bitterness was over and gone now.

"George," she said, "I wish to make sure you have forgiven me, and to say good-by. You have been mother as well as father to Yolande—she loves you—You—you will take care of her."

She closed her eyes, as if the effort to speak had overcome her; but he still held his wife's hand in his; and perhaps he was thinking of what had been, and of what—far otherwise—might have been.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Now, it is not possible to wind up this history in the approved fashion, because the events chronicled in it are of somewhat recent occurrence—indeed, at the present writing the Winterbourns and John Shortlands are still looking for

squawk to their hearer's content. I should be sorry if they didn't."

"But you know, Archie," said Sheena Van—who had her own little share of worldly wisdom—"If you don't get reconciled to your friends, people will say that you only got married out of spite."

"Well, let them," said he cheerfully. "You and I know better, Sheena—what matters it what they say? I know what Jack Melville will say. They won't get much comfort out of him. 'No one has got two lives; why shouldn't he marry the girl he's fond of?'—that's about all they'll get out of him."

And so at this point we may bid good-by to these adventurers and come along to another couple who, a few weeks later, were walking one evening on the terrace of the House of Commons. It was a dusky and misty night, though it was mild for that time of year; the heavens were overclouded; the lights on Westminster Bridge did little to dispel the pervading gloom, though the quivering golden reflections on the black river looked picturesque enough; and in this dense obscurity such members and their friends as had come out from the heated atmosphere of the House to have a chat on the terrace were only indistinguishable figures who could not easily be recognized. They, for the most part, were seated on one or other of the benches, standing about, or idly leaning against the parapet; but these two kept walking up and down in front of the vast and shadowy building and the gloomy windows, and they were arm-in-arm.

"A generation hence," said one of them, looking at the murky scene all around them, "Londoners will not believe that their city could have ever been as



DUNCAN WILL PLAY 'MELVILLE'S WELCOME HOME.'

ward to their flight to Allt-nam-be, when Parliament has ceased talking for the year. But at least the story may be brought as far as possible 'up to date.' And first, as regards the Master of Lynn. He is in a hotel in Princess street, Edinburgh, in a sitting room on the first floor, lying extended on a sofa, and smoking a big cigar, while a cup of coffee that had been brought him by affectionate hands stood on a small table just beside him. And Sheena Van, having in vain edged her brains for fitting terms of explanation and apology, which she wished to send to her brother, the professor, had risen from the writing desk and gone to the window; and was now standing there contemplating the wonderful panorama without—the Scott monument, touched with the moonlight, the deep shadows in the valley, the ranges of red windows in the tall houses beyond, and the giant bulk of the Castle Hill reaching away up into the clear skies.

"Shena," says he, "what o'clock is it?"

"A quarter past nine," she answers, dutifully, with a glance at the clock on the chimney piece.

"Capital!" he says, with a kind of sardonic laugh. "Excellent! A quarter past nine. Don't you feel a slight vibration, Sheena, as if the earth were going to blow up? I wonder you don't tremble to think of the explosion?"

"Oh, yes, there will be plenty of noise," says Sheena Van, contentedly.

"And what a stroke of luck to have the Grahams at Lynn! Bagging the whole covey with one cartridge? It will soon be twenty past. I can see the whole thing. They haven't left the dining room yet; his lordship must always open the newspapers himself; and the women-folk keep on to hear whether Queen Anne has come alive or not. Twenty past, isn't it? 'Hang that fellow, Lummer!' his lordship growls. He's always late. I'll send him about his business—that's what I'll come to! Then Polly thinks she'll run upstairs for a minute to see that the blessed baby is all right; and we'll say she's at the door when they hear wheels outside, and so she stands and waits for the letters and papers. All right; don't be in a hurry, Polly; you'll get something to talk about presently."

He raised himself and sat up on the sofa, so as to get a glimpse of the clock opposite; and Sheena Van—whose proper title by this time was Janet Leslie—came and stood by him, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Will they be very angry, Archie?" she says.

"My dear girl," said he, "I don't care the fifteenth part of a brass farthing which of them, or whether any one of them, is on our side. Not a bit. It's done. Indeed, I hope they'll howl and

world of London, and when they were in Palace yard Yolande said she would just as soon walk up to the hotel where her father and herself were staying, for it was no further away than Albenmarle street.

"Did you hear what Mr. Shortlands said?" she asked, brightly. "Perhaps, after all, then, there is to be no romance? I am not to be like the heroine of a book, who is approved because she marries a poor man. I am not to make any such noble sacrifice."

"Don't be too sure, Yolande," said he, good-naturedly. "Companies are kittle cattle to deal with; and an inventor's business is still more uncertain. There is a chance, as I say; but it is only a chance. However, if that fails, there will be something else. I am not afraid."

"And I—I am I afraid?" she said, lightly. "No! Because I know more than you. And perhaps I should not speak; for it is a secret—no, no, it is not a secret, for you have guessed it—do you not know that you have Monaglen?"

He glanced at her to see whether she was merely making fun; but he saw in her eyes that she was making an actual, if not amused, inquiry.

"Well, Yolande," said he, "of course I know of Mrs. Bell's fantasy; but I don't choose to build my calculations for the future on a fantasy."

"She has bought Monaglen," Yolande said, without looking up.

"Very well. I thought she would do that—if she heard it was in the market. Very well, why shouldn't she go there—and send for her relatives, if she has any—and be a grand lady there? I have met more than one grand lady, who had a half her natural grace of manner, nor half her kindness of heart."

"It is very sad then," said Yolande, who was afraid to drive him into a more decided and definite opposition. "Here is a poor woman who has the one noble ideal—the dream of her life—it has been her hope and her pleasure for many and many a year; and when it comes near to completion, no, there is an obstacle, and the last obstacle that one could have imagined. Ah, the ingratitude of it! It has been her romance, it has been the charm of her life. She has no husband, no children. She has, I think, not any relation left. And because you are proud you do not care that you disappoint her of the one hope of her life—that you break her heart?"

"Ah, Yolande," said he, with a smile, "Mrs. Bell has got hold of you with her old Scotch songs—she has been walking you through fairyland, and your reason has got perverted. What do you think people would say if I were to take away this poor woman's money from her relatives—or from her friends and acquaintances, if she has no relatives? It is too absurd. If I were the promoter of a swindling company, now, I could sharp it out of her that way; that would be all right, and I should remain an honored member of society; but this won't do—this won't do at all. You may be as dishonest as you like, and so long as you don't give the law a grip on you, and so long as you keep rich enough, you can have plenty of public respect; but you can't afford to become ridiculous. No, no, Yolande; if Mrs. Bell has bought Monaglen, let her keep it. I hope she will install herself there, and play Lady Bountiful—she can do that naturally enough; and when she has had her will of it, then, if she likes to leave it to me at her death, I shall be her obliged and humble servant. But in the meantime, my dearest Yolande, you and I have got to face the world together."

When they got to the hotel they paused outside the glass door to say good-by.

"Good-night, dearest Yolande."

"Good-night, dear Jack."

And then she looked up at this broad-shouldered, pale, dark man, and there was a curious smile in her beautiful, sweet and serious face.

"Is it true," she asked, "that a woman always has her own way?"

"They say so, at all events," was the answer.

"And if two women have the same wish and the same hope and only one man to say no, then it is still more likely he will be defeated?"

"I shouldn't say he had much chance myself," Jack Melville said. "But what's your conundrum, now, sweetheart?"

"Then I foresee something," she said. "Yes, I see that we shall have to ask Mr. Leslie to be very kind, and to lend us Duncan Macdonald for an evening. Oh, not so very far away—not so far away as you imagine; because, you know, when we have all gone up to Monaglen House, and we are all inside, perhaps seated in the dining room, having a little chat together—then what will you say if all at once you heard the pipes outside, and what do you think Duncan will play, on such an evening as that, if not Melville's Welcome Home?"

(The end.)

## Circus Now Degenerate.

Once the circus consisted of a magic inclosure under a tent, in which trained animals, clowns, and wondrous ladies and gentlemen jumping through tissue-paper hoops created the whole atmosphere of the enchanted place, says a writer in Collier's Weekly. Now these elements are almost sunk in the grandeur and complexity of the spectacle which the circuses offer in the larger cities. Personal relations between the clown and his audience are impossible—for he is legion and the place is great.

As adults are now most catered to difficulty in what is done is sought more than simple charm, and danger, real or apparent, is exploited in aerial leaps on bicycles or automobiles. A little of the exhibition is catalogued as special children's features. Once the whole circus was for the children. The result of the new system on a youthful mind is confusion.

Unless we are mistaken the children of to-day will not look back upon the circus with the same feelings of romance that most of us have in memory. The change is probably inevitable and due not to a preference in anybody for the newer kind of circus, but to the same economic laws that lead to big combinations in every line. Individuality disappears in the circus for the same causes that are putting an end to the little shopkeeper and manufacturer all over the country and replacing him with the impersonal octopus.

## CARRIES 400 POUNDS OF ICE EASILY.



C. Chavanka, a Cleveland iceman, has recently demonstrated remarkable strength, at least for a workman, to the wonderment of all who have seen him on his daily routine. Himself but 160 pounds in weight, he lifts and carries upon his left shoulder with ease a 400-pound cake of ice. In the large iron works and in warehouse demonstrations of great lifting and carrying strength are frequently seen among the long-experienced employes, but seldom one to equal that of the iceman in the Forest City. Also, while in iron works and warehouses great weights are usually carried on a level and in the straightest possible line, Chavanka often carries his great loads up several flights of stairs. While he has never carried 400 pounds up three flights, it is not unusual for him to shoulder 250 to 300 pounds when furnishing his customers on the upper floors of some of the tenements.

## GARY'S LONG RECORD.

Chicago Jurist Is Oldest Superior Court Judge in the World.

Judge Joseph E. Gary of Chicago is the oldest continuous Superior Court Judge in the world, having served continuously since 1863, a period of forty-two years. Among the prominent citizens of Chicago, noted for their rise from a humble station to the topmost round of the ladder of mercantile or professional life, no one person offers a more inspiring figure for emulation than does Judge Gary.

The record of occupying the position of Judge of the Superior Court for the longest consecutive time of any Judge in the world is a distinguished honor in itself, but to be universally commended for having never swerved from the path of duty through all those years, to be respected for his learning and loved for a wholesome and genial nature that always has discovered the brighter side of things and



JUDGE JOSEPH E. GARY.

distributed happiness with a generous and disinterested hand is something more than honor. It is the record of a man.

Judge Gary is in his eighty-fifth year, but hale and hearty, with a mild active and sympathetic, a keen wit, a delightful humor and as lively an interest in the affairs of the world as though he were but just brushing the dew of morning from the path of life, instead of following it into the sunset shadows. Like the majority of Americans who have climbed high, Judge Gary started as a country boy.

## Overcomes.

Timson—I never fainted away but once and that was just a few days ago.

Timson—What was the cause.

Timson—My wife told me that she had trained herself so she could walk through a store full of bargain-counter sales with her purse full of money and never buy a thing.—Detroit Free Press.

## An Optimist.

The story of the laziest man yet discovered comes from the Atlanta Constitution.

"Yes, sir, he was the laziest man on record. What do you reckon he did when his house was on fire?"

"Dunno."

"Warned his hands at the blaze, and said he was thankful he didn't have to split the wood for it?"

## What's the Use.

Miss Passay—I don't see why any woman should try to conceal her age. Now, I'm willing all the time to let people know I'm 25.

Miss Pepprey—But does it do any good? You know, Lincoln said: "You can't fool all the people all the time."—Philadelphia Press.

## The Opportunity Lacking.

The man who has never been able to participate in a graft deal is usually loudest in his expressions of joy when the other fellow is caught.—Washington Post.

When it comes to romance, the kind found in books is very superior to the real thing.