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VIEWS OF LITTLE MILLIONAIRE.

Billy McClintock, Aged Six, Who Has Big Fortune.

CLAIMED BY TWO GUARDIANS.

Lad Whose Fortune Is Estimated at $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 Bone of Contention—He Wants to Be an Engineer.

With the maturity that comes from having lived for six years, Billy McClintock of Chicago in an interview set forth his views on things as they are and ought to be.

Billy is the boy worth from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 for the direction of whose future two different and differing guardians are fighting. The opponents in the contest are Attorney A. F. Reichmann and Mrs. William Sheppard.

But court fights do not interest the youthful Mr. McClintock especially. During the interview he sat in a great upholstered divan, into which he sank so deeply that it seemed as if we might not be able to recover him, and his legs, instead of extending downward, stuck straight out like two fat little pins. The interview took place in the big, old fashioned house where he lives with Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard.

Wants to Be an Engineer.

"When I am older," said Billy, "I expect to be a locomotive engineer." He ran his dimpled hand through his brown locks. "And I shall not have curly hair." His hair at present is very curly.

"You will, of course, have charge of a Twentieth Century train?" the interviewer asked.

"I shall take my train over the mountains," he answered, "the high mountains, the mountains covered with snow. Then I shall go through Texas."

Having delivered himself of these remarks, he suddenly became covered with confusion and hid his sensitive, delicate little face in his hands.

"I've got a bank made like a dog, and I put pennies in it every week," he remarked after recovering from his momentary embarrassment. The reporter had half expected to refer to this part of the interview as his views on finance, but suddenly Billy became an extremely little boy, no less in look than in speech.

"I have lots of money," he said quite happily. "I buy a bat, an engine, a dolly and some candy. I spend sometimes 25 cents a week—that is, with what I put in my bank."

Has His Own Automobile.

"I suppose you have an automobile of your own?"

"Yes," he said, his childish features lighting with pleasure. "This fall I'm going to start to school," he said, disregarding continuity. "Yes, you bet I want to. Why? Well, I don't want to grow up a know nothing."

"You want to go to a school where there are all little girls, I suppose," suggested the interviewer.

"I want to go where there are all little girls," was the prompt answer.

"Is there some little girl nicer than all the other little girls?" was the natural question. After succumbing for a brief period to flushed confusion he admitted that there was. "It's Marie," he said to Mrs. Sheppard.

"She has beautiful golden curls, has she?" asked the interviewer.

"Yes," answered Billy. When Mrs. Sheppard said, "Why, Billy, she has dark hair," he answered "She hasn't," and he exhibited a juvenile imperiousness which had all of the earmarks of being of frequent recurrence.

Amount of Estate Unknown.

Nobody knows how great is the wealth of little Billy. The trustee of the estate is preparing a report which will be made public.

William McClintock, Sr., who died in an automobile accident two years ago, lived so economically and his wife dressed so simply that neighbors who lived in the vicinity of their residence could not even guess whether the family was poor or wealthy.

The little boy himself is in blissful ignorance of it all as he plays about the house built thirty years ago and wanders among galleries of costly paintings and statuary collected by the founder of the fortune.

May Be Worth $3,500,000.

William Sheppard, husband of Mrs. Sheppard, said that he believed the fortune of Mr. McClintock's former wife was $2,400,000 before she died and left it to her husband. Sheppard expressed the belief that the real estate belonging to the boy was worth $3,500,000.

"But my wife and I have no interest whatever in the estate," he said. "Mrs. Sheppard's guardianship is merely of the child, and she has nothing whatever to do with the fortune."

"Just before Mrs. McClintock died she took both of my hands in hers," said Mrs. Sheppard, "and told me she wanted me to care for little Billy. I had known her all my life, and I loved the boy. That is the reason I am fighting in the courts to keep him. I have no interest in the fortune. I have been allowed $400 a month for the expenses of the boy and have kept within that allowance."

Costs More to Feed Soldiers.

A year ago the daily ration of a soldier cost Uncle Sam 19.65 cents; today it costs 21.5 cents. At this rate Uncle Sam's market bill for his soldier boys will be $1,540,200 bigger than last year.

NOW MRS. GABRILOWITSCH.

Mark Twain's Daughter Wife of the Famous Pianist.

Mark Twain once remarked that next to apple pie he loved music, and he is especially fortunate in this respect. He not only has a daughter with a remarkable voice, but recently became the father-in-law of one of the greatest pianists of the day. The new member of the Clemens family is Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the famous Russian musician who has toured this country and Europe.

It was while he was studying music in Vienna that he met the daughter of the humorist, who was also studying

MRS. OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH.

in that country, and of that meeting the recent wedding ceremony was the culmination. When Mr. Gabrilowitsch suffered a serious illness last spring and lay helpless, Miss Clemens attended him, and to her loving ministrations and care he attributes his recovery.

Mark Twain is very proud of his talented daughter, and her engaging personality is largely due to the influence of a doting father and a watchful mother. In this connection the description once given by Twain of the relations of his children and their mother, who has been dead several years, has a special interest:

"The mother of my children adores them—there is no milder term for it—and they worship her; they even worship anything which the touch of her hand has made sacred. They know her for the best and truest friend they have ever had or ever shall have; they know her for one who never did them a wrong and cannot do them a wrong, who never told them a lie nor the shadow of one, who never deceived them by even an ambiguous gesture, who never gave them an unreasonable command."

JOHNSON AND KETCHEL.

Two Great American Pugilists and Their Work.

No pugilistic encounter in some time has attracted as much attention as the Ketchel-Johnson bout, and every fight fan here and abroad has been keenly interested in the outcome for many weeks. Johnson is the only colored man in the history of the prize ring to win the heavyweight championship of the world, securing the title by defeating Tommy Burns in Australia.

Standing six feet one and three-quarter inches in height, weighing 203

JACK JOHNSON.

pounds and being exceptionally fast and clever in the ring, he is a glove artist with many knockouts to his credit. The big negro is thirty years of age and a native of Texas.

When it comes to knockouts, however, the record of Stanley Ketchel, well nicknamed the "Michigan Assassin," shows that he is a past master in handing out the sleep producing punch, over forty of his opponents having been defeated in that manner. Just passed the age of twenty-one, five feet nine inches tall and weighing 165 pounds, he ranks among the greatest pugilists of the day.

The Michigan slugger is a native of Grand Rapids and began his ring career in 1906.

STAGE FOLK ANGRY,

Object to Being Called Unclean by Preacher.

RESENT DR. AKED'S REMARKS

Sothern Retorts by Saying He Has Had Clergymen In His Company and Has Found Them Very Well Behaved.

In speaking of the injustice of prejudice the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church of New York, the church attended by John D. Rockefeller, said:

"Take the case of actors and actresses. All Christian people put them under the ban. All Christian people regard them as unclean, and I tell you that Christian people have no right to be surprised if they act as though they were unclean."

The statement has aroused the leading figures of the stage as few other utterances have done in recent years. The general attitude is that Dr. Aked's statement belongs to the time when the English statutes classed actors as vagabonds.

When E. H. Sothern commented on the matter Miss Julia Marlowe was present and smiled frequent approval of the actor's satirical remarks.

"Until I read Dr. Aked's statement I did not know actors and actresses as a class had been placed under a ban by all Christian people and that 'all Christian people regard them as unclean,'" said Sothern. "But if we are it is eminently proper for him to plead our cause in the pulpit, that we may get a fair chance.

Clergymen on the Stage.

"But this occurs to me. Though one continually hears of eccentric conduct on the part of persons connected with the church, there has not been, so far as I am aware, any unkindly criticism of those persons by the men and women of the stage. We have looked charitably upon these backslidings as the result of ordinary human frailties. We have never thought of ostracizing these church people as a class. I have some delightful friends among the clergy.

"I have had in my companies three clergymen, and we found them very well behaved. There really was nothing objectionable about them. One clergyman came to me while I was preparing 'The Proud Prince' and asked for an engagement. He said he wished to exchange the pulpit for the stage, for just what reason I cannot now recollect. Perhaps it was his voice.

"I thought of taking him, and he hastened to friends to tell of his good luck. He returned next day and said his friends thought he had better withdraw because he might not find the people in the company proper persons to associate with. I replied in all good humor that he need not let that deter him from earning his living with us, as the important thing might prove to be whether the people in the company would wish to associate with him. 'Besides,' said I, 'admitting we are a depraved lot, this is the place for you, a clergyman, right here in our sinful midst. Redeem us, act with us, pray with us, save us.'

"He was a good natured, stupid looking sort of fellow, and he laughed and went away and left us to our wickedness. Well, he meant well. Dr. Aked means well. We all mean well. It is good to know that we are unclean—we can now begin to reform.

Clergymen and Actors in Jails.

"Some time ago a clergyman started some such discussion as this, and the next day there appeared in the records of a legislative debate a statement that 4,000 churchmen were confined in jails, inebriate asylums or kindred institutions. At that time there were but three actors in the country confined in like places."

Miss Rose Coghlan, a distinguished member of an old stage family, was incensed by Dr. Aked's sermon.

"Perhaps Dr. Aked got his idea from the fact that actors and actresses are continually before the public and their troubles are thoroughly aired. Considerable space is given by newspapers to the troubles of society folk, and if newspaper interest continues to increase in them it won't be long before Dr. Aked will be able to get up in the pulpit and say that all Christians put society men and women under the ban and regard them as unclean. It is merely a matter of publicity, that's all."

"Dr. Aked's statements could have been inspired only by a desire for notoriety," said Robert Edeson. "It is strange that a people so low in the eyes of Christians should continually be besieged by these very Christians with pleas for financial aid for charities. I know of no other class of men and women who give so freely to all worthy charities, not only of their money, but their art and their time, as do the people of the stage."

TOBACCO'S NEW RIVAL.

Chicago Students Turning From Cigarettes and Pipes to Chocolate.

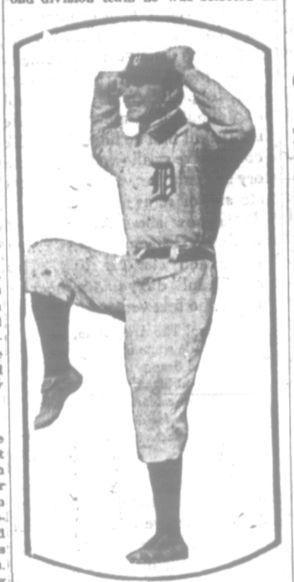
Chocolate is replacing the pipe and the cigarette as the really wicked and manly indulgence of Chicago university men if the result of the last report of the Reynolds club indicates anything. It shows that there was almost as much chocolate sold as tobacco. It is eaten right in the clubrooms and in large quantities. The club, a men's institution, has over 500 members.

THE TIGERS' MANAGER.

How Hugh Jennings Developed a Team of Pennant Winners.

That the Detroits were enabled to capture a third pennant and again figure in the world's championship series was due in a great measure to the work of the team's manager, Hugh Jennings. Although not a player now himself, he has shown year after year that brains as well as brawn figure largely in bringing home the pennant.

The man whose aggressive personality, baseball sense and indomitable spirit have played so important a share in the success of the Detroits is thirty-nine years of age, a native of Pennsylvania, and in his day was one of the famous stars of the diamond. After five managers—Stallings, Dwyer, Barrows, Lowe and Armour—had failed to whip together a fairly good second division team he was selected as



JENNINGS IN ACTION.

pilot of the Tigers. When Jennings joined his team in the training camp in Macon, Ga., in the spring of 1907, the members of the team were fighting and quarreling. Every player was at the throat of his fellow. The general opinion was that Jennings' task was hopeless. But before leaving the training camp he had welded them together into a scoring machine that has since won three pennants, and he did it by the force of his own personality. They were drawn to him, looked up to him and forgot their petty disputes. When they did a good piece of work he was always ready with a slap on the back and a cheery favorable comment. It was always:

"That's the way—ah!"

By the time the team reached Macon Jennings had pounded this expression down to the one stirring shriek—"E-e-yah!"

"That's the way" was not explosive enough to suit his fighting nature. He wanted action and action quickly. Any three syllable yell was too tame for him. And the players understood the yell just as though he had spoken English.

"E-e-yah!" it stands today and will stand. It is the keynote of the success of a man great in his chosen profession.

KING OF THE AIR.

Wilbur Wright's Sensational Flights in the East.

Once called "an American bluffer," again an "Ohio faker" and only recently derided in some quarters because he refused to give a correct imitation of an aviator breaking his neck on a windy day, Wilbur Wright has, as

WRIGHT MACHINE AFTER THE ACCIDENT, SHOWING HOLE IN UPPER PLANE.

usual, come out with flying colors. In fact, his recent remarkable flights in New York were the greatest, both in spectacular interest and personal daring, that have ever been accomplished in the history of aviation.

As Mr. Wright was about to give a last exhibition he had one of the closest calls of his career, an explosion blowing a hole through the top of machine and a chunk of brass narrowly missing the inventor. Mr. Wright, however, only smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

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WORLD'S BANKNOTES.

Shape, Size and Color of Paper Money of the Nations.

The only paper money that is accepted practically all over the globe is not "money" at all, but the notes of the Bank of England. These notes are simply printed in black ink on Irish linen water lined paper, plain white, with ragged edges. The reason that a badly soiled or worn Bank of England note is rarely seen is that notes which in any way find their way back to the bank are immediately canceled and new ones are issued. The notes of the Banque de France are made of white water lined paper printed in black and white, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures. They are in denominations of from 25 francs to 1,000 francs.

Bank of England notes are of a somewhat unhandy size—5 by 8 inches. South American currency resembles the bills of the United States, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors. German currency is printed in green and black, the notes being in denominations of from 5 to 1,000 marks. The 1,000 mark bills are printed on silk fiber paper.

It takes an expert or a native to distinguish a Chinese bill from a laundry ticket if the bill is of low denomination or a firecracker label if for a large amount, the print being in red on white or yellow on red, with much gilt and gorgeous devices. Italian notes are all sizes, shapes and colors. The smallest bills, 5 and 10 lire, are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks.

The most striking paper currency in the world is the 100 ruble note of Russia, which is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow blended as when a sun ray passes through a prism. In the center in bold relief is a finely executed vignette in black. The remainder of the engraving on the note is in dark and light brown ink.

The American practice of scattering strands of silk through the paper fiber as a protection against counterfeiting is unique.—Harper's Weekly.

POLAR PHENOMENA.

The Mirage and the Mock Sun of the Arctic Regions.

In the spring of 1900 I changed over to the steamer Corwin and sailed for the Arctic ocean to establish a trading station somewhere on the northern shores of Alaska. Although we went on a purely commercial venture, there was a good deal of talk about the pole during the seven months we spent in the almost continuous sunlight.

Dr. Cook relates instances of seeing mirages above the ice fields—mountains passing in solemn review and sometimes inverted and standing on their peaks—but he goes on to say that there were no forms of life. Mirage is a common sight even in lower latitudes than those mentioned by Dr. Cook. I have seen the spires and domes of well defined buildings, whole cities, in fact, appear above the horizon, sometimes lingering for several minutes, or, again, with their towers reaching up higher and higher, attenuating apparently to a mere thread. The "mock sun" is a common phenomenon in the Bering sea. On the evening of June 2, 1900, perhaps 100 miles south of St. Lawrence island, about 9:30 o'clock and past sunset, the sun was visible as though half an hour high, but appearing as a much flattened oval. Then another sun more nearly round emerged from the horizon beneath the "goose egg," rising quite rapidly until it blended with the descending orb. Thereupon, instead of settling below the horizon, the light was quickly dissipated in the air. This phenomenon was probably due to the unequal density of several superimposed stratas of air producing refraction of the sun's rays from below the horizon.—Captain Edwin Coffin of Ziegler Polar Expedition in National Magazine.

Parental Severity.

The children of two centuries ago fell on stern times, if one may believe that the spirit of family life was accurately expressed by an excellent mother of that day who said, without humorous intent, that her children "loved her as sinners dread death." There is little doubt that parental control at that date was as rigorous as this anecdote indicates. It is said that when little Andrew Elliot, afterward lieutenant governor of New York, objected to boiled mutton his father, Sir Gilbert Elliot, frowned.

"Let Mr. Andrew have boiled mutton for breakfast," commanded the stern parent, "cold mutton for dinner and cold mutton for supper till he has learned to like it."—Youth's Companion.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS.

The Many and Varied Duties They Have to Perform.

As a conductor he will probably begin in the freight service. His caboose will be a traveling office, and, more than that, it will carry all the gossip of the division up and down the line. It may be a homely little car, but it is just as sure to be a homelike place. From its elevated outlook he may command a good view of the train away ahead to the engine, and he will be supposed to know all the while that the brakemen are attending to their duties, that the train is in good order, particularly that there are no hot boxes smoking away and in imminent danger of setting fire to the train and the valuable contents. There is a deal of bookkeeping to be accomplished in that traveling office. The conductor will receive the waybills of the cars of his train and their contents, and he is held responsible for their safe deliveries to their destination or the junction points where they are to be delivered to other lines.

When he comes to the passenger service there will be still more bookkeeping to confront him, and he will have to be a man of good mental attainments to handle all the many, many varieties of local and through tickets, mileage books, passes and other forms of transportation contracts that come to him, to detect the good from the bad, to throw out the counterfeits that are constantly being offered to him. He will have to carry quite a money account for cash affairs, and he knows the mistakes will have to be paid for out of his own pocket.

All that is only a phase of his business. He is responsible for the care and safe conduct of his train, equally responsible in the last respect with the engineer. He also receives and signs for the train orders, and he is required to keep in mind every detail of the train's progress over the line. He will have his own assortment of questions to answer at every stage of the journey, and he will be expected to maintain the discipline of the railroad upon its trains. That may mean in the one instance the ejectment of a passenger who refuses to pay his fare—and still he must not involve the road in any big damage suit—or in another the subjugation of some gang of drunken loafers. The real wonder of it is that so many conductors come as near as they do to the Chesterfieldian standards.—Edward Hungerford in Outing Magazine.

Waiting For the Children.

An old woman hobbled up to the conductor of the train and said excitedly: "Vondt you to pleece holdt on yet, Meester Gonduckitor, vile my two grandtkinder comes by the drain? I runs off midoult dem undt dey is goming so vast dey can, yes."

The conductor looked impatiently at his watch, then at the woman's pathetic face. Then he consented to wait a little, as the train was on time.

Five minutes later two blue eyed, chubby cheeked children came on the run, rushed up to their grandmother, kissed her, helped her on the train with her birdcage and basket and then hurried away.

What the conductor thought is none of a refined person's business.—Chicago News.

Selling Baked Potatoes.

The baked potato merchant is a comparatively modern institution in the London streets, the first potato can having made its appearance, according to Henry Mayhew, about the year 1846. Fifteen years later, when Mayhew published his "London Labor and the London Poor," he estimated that there were 200 hot potato venders in London, each selling on an average 300 halfpenny potatoes a day. "In cold weather," adds Mayhew, "the potatoes frequently are bought to warm the hands. Indeed, an eminent divine classed them in a public speech among the best of modern improvements as forming an excellent medium for diffusing warmth into the system by being held in the gloved hand.—London Chronicle.

Logical.

"A disease should be attacked at its source."

"Then if a man's disease is hereditary I suppose you'd doctor his father for it, eh?"—Exchange.

As the births of living creatures at first are ill shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of time.—Bacon.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA