

AND NOW THEY'RE MAKING EGGS OUT OF MILK.



THE BATTLESHIP ILLINOIS.

She Will Be One of the Most Powerful Vessels in Uncle Sam's Navy. The battleship Illinois, which was recently launched at Newport News, Va., will be one of the most powerful vessels in Uncle Sam's navy. Her dimensions are: Length on load water line, 668 feet; beam, extreme, 72 feet 2 1/2 inches; draft on normal displacement of 11,525 tons, 23 feet 6 inches; maximum displacement, all ammunition and stores on board, 12,325 tons; maximum indicated horse power (estimated), 10,000; probable speed, 16 1/2 knots; normal coal supply, 800 tons; coal supply, loose storage, 1,200; full bunker capacity, 1,400 to 1,500 tons; complement of officers, 40; seamen, marines, etc., 440.

The main battery will consist of 4 13-inch breech-loading rifles in Hichborn balanced turrets, oval in shape, and placed in the center line of the vessel, and 15 6-inch rapid-fire guns. The secondary battery will consist of 16 6-pounder, rapid-fire guns, 4 1-pounder, rapid-fire guns, two Colt guns, and two field guns. She will carry four torpedo tubes. The 13-inch guns have an arc of fire of 135 degrees on each side of the center line, and the 6-inch an

the teeth, but two with burned coconut, covering the two excepted teeth with tin plates of gold or silver. The same tribe are in the habit of employing their old women to dress up the teeth of the youths and maidens at wedding times. The canine teeth are filed to a fine smooth edge, and the body of the tooth made concave, or they will notch the edge of the teeth like a fine saw as an additional means of beautifying.

It Looked Bad.

A certain young lady, against whom appearances certainly looked dark, once had an amusing experience of unjust judgment. She went out on a stormy day, and was unfortunate enough to have her umbrella turned inside out. Her two sisters were equally unlucky, and on the following day the young lady volunteered to take the three umbrellas to be repaired.

Promising to call for them before she returned home in the afternoon, she went about her business, part of which was to do some shopping in a large city establishment. On rising to leave her shop, she mechanically put out her hand to take possession of an umbrella that was close by. It looked like her

BEAUTIFUL AND ACCOMPLISHED

Lady Helen Vincent, the Brilliant Wife of an English Diplomat.

Whenever his diplomatic duties permit a visit to London, Sir Edgar Vincent is always accompanied by his lovely wife, who during her stay in the British capital is always voted one of the reigning beauties. In former years she and her three sisters were conceded to be the four most beautiful sisters in the United Kingdom. Their father was the Earl of Faversham. All four were as lovely of character as they were fair of face. The eldest, Lady Hermlone Duncombe, who married the Duke of Lewiston, died a few years ago. The second, Lady Cynthia, is the wife of Sir Richard Graham. Lady Vincent is the third and Lady Ulrica is the young-



LADY HELEN VINCENT.

est. The last named is yet single. She devotes herself largely to her studies at Girton College. Lady Vincent is the only blonde of the family. When just out of school nine years ago she married Sir Edgar, who has nearly ever since been stationed at Constantinople or Vienna. In each of these places Lady Vincent filled a leading position in society, not only because of her wealth, beauty and high social standing, but because of her wit and culture. She speaks and writes five languages besides her own, one of them being Turkish, that terror to linguists. Next to pride in her husband's successful career perhaps Lady Vincent takes most satisfaction in remembering that she is a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the brilliant Irish wit and playwright. The Vincents have one of the finest country places in England, Esher place.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

The "Lowly Thatched Cottage" that Inspired Payne's Song.

The "lowly thatched cottage" which furnished the inspiration for John Howard Payne's immortal melody, "Home, Sweet Home," still stands at East Hampton, L. I. It is somewhat changed since the days of the poet-



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE'S HOUSE.

diplomat, but, surrounded by roses and other garden flowers and covered with clinging vines, it is still one of those beautiful homely spots which arouse the poetic fancy. It stands in a picturesque spot overlooking the village churchyard and is visited by all strangers in town. It was here that Payne spent his boyhood.

Being Spurgeon.

The recent autobiography of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon contains an account of what may be termed an early business venture, and its influence on his character. Spurgeon was brought up on Watts' hymns; but not altogether willingly. His grandmother coaxed him with money to learn them. At first she gave him a penny, but when she saw how easily it was earned, the old lady reduced the prize to a half-penny and then to a farthing. There is no telling how low the amount per hymn might have fallen, but just at this time his grandfather made a discovery which seemed more desirable to Spurgeon. He discovered that his house was overrun with rats, and offered his grandson a shilling a dozen for all he could kill. The occupation of rat-killing gave him more money than learning hymns. "But," Mr. Spurgeon characteristically says, "I know which employment has been the more permanently profitable to me."

A Paradise for Women.

In the matter of woman's rights Abyssinia is far ahead of Europe. According to an authority, the house and all its contents belong to her, and if the husband offends her she not only can, but does, turn him out of doors till he is duly repentant and makes amends by the gift of a cow or the half of a camel—that is to say, half the value of a camel. On the other hand, it is the privilege and duty of the wife to abuse her husband, and she can divorce herself from him at pleasure, whereas the husband must show reasons to justify such an act on his part.

Resisted Bravely.

Magistrate (sternly)—You're a pitiable specimen of humanity. What brought you to all this degradation and disgrace?

Prisoner (proudly)—It took three policemen.

Every new doctor believes he can cure consumption and cancer.

CRETE'S UNHAPPY POSITION.

Harried by the Turks and the Envy of the Powers.

Crete is a Greek island, traditionally and historically as well as by position. The fabled birth of Zeus, father of classic gods and men, took place on Mount Ida. Minos, the Moses of Greek law, was king of Crete. From her inaccessible gorges and her mountain peaks the spirit of liberty has never been driven. The Sphaklote shepherds, at least, claim that the conqueror has never set foot upon their native heath.

For this reason the Cretan mountaineers approach more nearly to the ideal of the ancient Greek than any of the other inhabitants of either the mainland or the isles of that ancient country. They are light in complexion, with the regular features and straight noses that one has learned to associate with classic ideals. The men attract attention wherever they appear, both on account of their splendid physique and their striking costume, which bring out to the best advantage the magnificent forms which it envelops. The women of the peasant class are fair skinned, erect, deep chested—almost as athletic appearing as the men.

Cretan cities are at present the most picturesque places in the world. Looking down a street of Candia, or Canea, one sees Mohammedan women, closely veiled; Turkish priests, with brightly colored turbans wound about their brows; groups of ragged Arabs, Greek priests in their majestic, flowing robes and queerly shaped hats and Cretan mountaineers. Donkeys driven by street vendors of fruit and vegetables and laden till their backs bend with enormous creaking baskets pass up and



STREET SCENE IN CRETE.

down. Caravans of mules and donkeys, with their high wooden saddles, stand patiently in the squares and alleys and similar caravans pass by to the sound of loud cursing and the whacking of cudgels on ribs and bones.

Soldiers of the various nations in their different uniforms are seen and every now and then a squad of regulars or of marines dashes down the street at double-quick time, the sun shining on casque and bayonet and their bugles sounding merrily. This is to let the natives know the foreigners are still there.

Crete is turbulent because Turkey cannot manage it. The sturdy mountaineers and country people of the island will never yield to Mohammedan rule. Hatred of that rule is imbibed by the babe at the mother's breast and is instilled into the heart of the child with the first words that he can understand. The Turks are massed in and around the villages, generally within running distance of the cannon of the fort.

Greece could manage Crete, because the Cretans themselves are Greeks and look upon Helas as their fatherland. Under Greek law the renegades would all turn Christian and the Turks would settle down and be quiet.

The Greeks have shown themselves capable of establishing a good government by the way they have stamped out brigandage in their own country and the efficient manner in which they have policed the entire territory belonging to them.

Why do not the powers give Crete to Greece and end this harrowing spectacle of continued revolt, murder and incendiarism once for all? Because of a diplomatic phrase: "The integrity of the Turkish empire." Crete won her freedom at the time of the revolution and has won it since, but she has been persistently given back to Turkey.

The situation is this: Certain of the great powers stand around the Ottoman empire as crows might stand around a dying horse. They know that if the horse does die they will fall upon each other over the division of the spoil and will tear each other to pieces. They say: "It is better for Armenians and Christians to be murdered than that a general European war should take place."

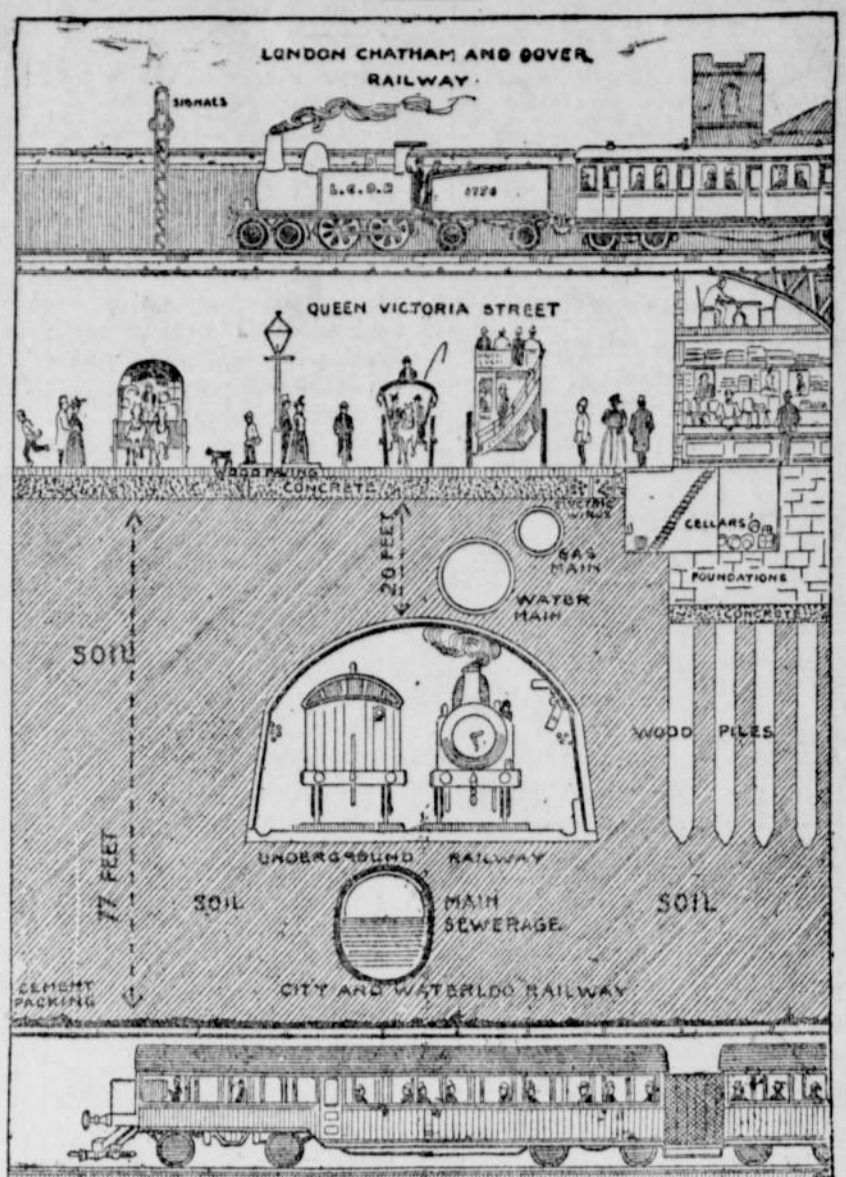
Crete is important on account of Suda



VEILED WOMEN IN CRETE.

bay, a splendid coaling station and harbor for warships. Any foothold in the Mediterranean is considered of vast importance by the powers. England now has Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus. She is particularly anxious that neither France nor Russia should gain similar

BUSY SLICE OF EARTH UNDERNEATH LONDON.



Here is a curious slice of London. If a man were endowed by his Creator with X-rays eyes this is what he would see when he looked into Slaughterhouse Corner, as the point of convergence of Queen Victoria street, New Bridge street and the approach to Blackfriars bridge in the City of London is called. These streets only furnish the surface traffic. Overhead is the structure of a great railway corporation. Underneath you come first to the electric conduits and gas and water mains, forming a labyrinth of themselves. Then, at the depth of twenty feet from the street, you come to the tunnel of the underground railway, through which so many thousands of people pass daily. A few feet under the underground railway is the sewerage system of this part of London, in itself a vast engineering work. Then, passing below the sewerage system, you come to a great channel of traffic in the new steel tunnels of the City & Waterloo Railway. Three railway systems, a busy thoroughfare and many sewers, water pipes, gas pipes and electric light wires cross each other at this spot. Nowhere else on earth can such an astonishing display of engineering skill be seen in so small a compass.

footholds. That is why the powers all maintain warships in Crete. They are not watching the islands so much as each other.

Meanwhile Crete is in a very unhappy position. It has no regular government and it is small wonder that anarchy prevails. The powers have established a joint protectorate, as they well know that a "protectorate" by any one power, especially England, means possession. When any trouble occurs the warships



PRIEST AND FOREIGN OFFICER.

all blaze away together, in evidence of good faith and friendly zeal. The European concert, so far as Crete is concerned, means a concert of cannon. It is decidedly Wagnerian music.

A Twenty-one Hundred Dollar Cat.

In London and Paris cats are more highly prized than in the United States, and there are frequent sales there of tabbies at two hundred and fifty dollars each. Some choice cats, with rare "markings" and "points," are disposed of at five hundred dollars each.

One of the most famous cats in America is Ajax, owned by D. W. Stevens, of Westfield, Mass. His actual value has been estimated, says the Philadelphia press, at from one hundred to three hundred dollars, yet it is doubtful if the owner would take several times the larger sum for him.

The famous cat Nicodemus, which won the first prize for beauty at a New York cat show, cost its owner, who purchased it of a street urchin in Hester street, New York, the sum of ten cents. After the close of the exhibition the gentleman received a dozen offers of fifteen hundred dollars for it, and one woman bid twenty-one hundred dollars. A lady who controls a cat farm in California paid \$1,000 for a cat in Paris and considered it a bargain.

Having It Understood.

Mistress—And, remember, Mary; I never allow my girls to entertain their beaux in the kitchen.

New servant—Very well, ma'am. What nights does your daughter use the parlor?

The National Game.

"Oh, yes," I understand the game now," exclaimed the girl on the grand stand, beaming on her escort with a glad smile. "The man you call the umpire says something. Then everybody yells at him. It's very simple."

After a man is left a widower, you can hear as many things about him as about Cuba.

A woman knows exactly where to find everything except her pocketbook.

THE WESTERN FARMER.

It is a Great Race that is Peopling the Plains and Prairies.

Dr. Albert Shaw contributes a fully illustrated article on "The Trans-Mississippi and Their Fair at Omaha" to the Century. Dr. Shaw says: When one bears testimony to the fitness and beauty of all this array of machinery—a beauty that lies in the ever-increasing perfection of its fitness for the conditions that have to be met—one is really paying a tribute to the brains, energy and character of the Western farmer. I have been on the Hungarian plains and witnessed the costly attempts of a progressive Government to teach the landowners and peasants the use of improved farm machinery imported from America or else adapted from American types. And I have also observed—what is confessed by the Government and noted by all who visit those regions—the persistent fact of scores of men, women and children in the cornfields with old fashioned hoes, while long rows of white-tusked men, in the hayfield or the ripe grain, are swinging sickles and short scythes. And a little later in the season it is common enough to see the oxen treading out the grain, or to hear the thud of the descending fall. Meanwhile, the new-fashioned corn plows are rusting; the rejected mowing and reaping machines rot in their neglected corners; and the threshing machine is viewed askance as an ill-omened monstrosity.

It is all simply a difference in men. It is a great race that has peopled our prairies and plains, and that is producing corn, wheat and oats by the thousands of millions of bushels where only a few years ago there was the ancient matted sod of the prairies, unbroken for centuries. The men who drive the gang plow, ride the sulky cultivator, manipulate the twine binder, and send millions of horned cattle, hogs and sheep to the packing establishments of Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago, are to be credited with a series of achievements worthy not merely of respect, but even of enthusiasm. I cannot for a moment doubt the ability of such men to rear a fine and varied fabric of civilization upon so great a material foundation.

His Strange Resemblance.

A certain farmer, who is by no means noted for his resemblance to Apollo, has a son of seven, who possesses more wit than pedigree. One day a stranger came to the farm, and, seeing the lad, asked:

"Sonny, where's your father?"

"In the pig pen," was the reply.

"In the pig pen? Thanks!"

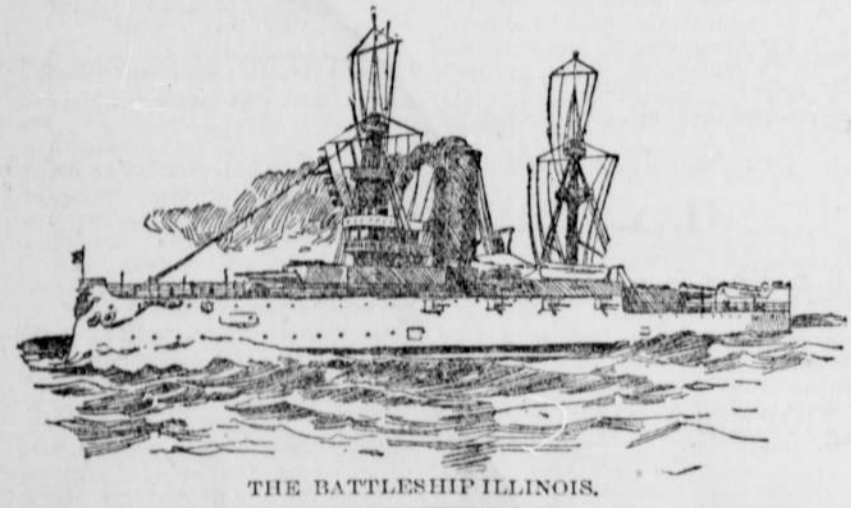
And as the man moved in the direction indicated, the boy shouted:

"I say! You'll know him, 'cause he's got a hat on!"—Tit-Bits.

A Temperance Thirst Quencher.

Rev. George Charles, the clerical secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society in the Diocese of Canterbury, states that the best "sustainer and thirst quencher" he knows of is made of this formula: "Four ounces of white oatmeal flour, six ounces of lump sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Four one gallon of boiling water upon it in a large jar. Drink when cool. It is best made overnight for the next day."

If a girl has them, she puts on her furs the next day after she discards shirt waists.



THE BATTLESHIP ILLINOIS.

are of 90 degrees on the broadside, with the advantage of those on the upper deck of a direct fire ahead and astern. Any injury to or near either of these six-inch guns will be confined to its own compartment, as a 1 1/2 steel splinter bulkhead separates each of these guns from its neighbor.

Four powerful electric searchlights are also provided—two on top of the forward charthouse and two on each side of the after military mast—all having an elevation of 25 feet above the water line and commanding a complete all-round range.

Russian Marriage Ceremonies.

In Russia there are some quaint marriage customs. The ceremony, as performed by a priest, includes the blessing of bread, after which he joins their hands, asking each in turn whether they will vow to be good to each other and to keep house well. A wreath of wormwood is then placed on their heads, symbolizing that even amid the happiness of married life there is a possibility of bitterness, and a concluding benediction is pronounced. A striking custom follows. The priest drinks their health in a gilt wooden bowl, and is imitated by husband and wife, the former of whom subsequently dashes it upon the ground, crushing it under his feet and shouting terrible imprecations: "Let them be trampled upon and confounded who maliciously endeavor to create ill-will and do ill office between us." Yet another quaint and somewhat characteristic Russian custom follows. On reaching home the bridegroom orders his wife to take off his boots, at the same time saying there is a whip in one and a purse in the other. Upon the fortune of her first choice the poor wife forecasts the severity or liberality of the man to whom her life is committed.

Mutilation of Teeth by Savages.

Mutilation of the teeth is practiced by many of the savage or uncivilized nations of the world. In the Malay Archipelago the natives file their teeth into points like those of a saw, or pierce them with holes into which they insert studs. The Macassar people sometimes pull out two front teeth, in order to supply their place with teeth of pure gold or silver. Some African tribes knock out their front teeth on the ground that they do not wish to look like wild beasts. On the Upper Nile four front teeth are always knocked out, but farther south only the two upper incisors are dispensed with. The Sunda Islanders sometimes blacken all

own, and for the moment she had forgotten the accident. She was soon brought to her senses.

"That is my umbrella," said a sharp voice at her side, and a hand was laid on her arm to detain her.

Apologizing for her thoughtlessness, she left the shop, did the rest of her business, and called for her umbrellas. In the street-car she met an indignant pair of eyes. Where had she seen them before? They scanned first her face, and then the burden she carried. "Three of them!" muttered the owner of the eyes, and it was evident that she referred to the umbrellas. "Three! She's d'n no bad the day!"

As she spoke she grasped her own umbrella tightly, and moved farther away from the dangerous young lady. The color came into the cheeks of the latter. The speaker was her friend of the morning, and she evidently believed that the umbrellas had been stolen from different establishments in the city. And the worst of it was, it looked as if it might be so.

Only One Way.

An exchange tells a story of a judge who could not control his temper, and so could not control other people. One day there was unusual disorder in the court-room, and at last the judge could endure it no longer. "It is impossible to allow this persistent contempt of court to go on," he exclaimed, "and I shall be forced to go to the extreme length of taking the one step that will stop it!"

There was a long silence; then one of the leading counsel rose, and with just a trace of a smile, inquired: "If it please your honor, from what date will your resignation take effect?"

Victoria's Views Broader.

Queen Victoria, as she grows older, becomes broader and more liberal on many questions, especially concerning the observance of the Sabbath, much to the distress of many of her worthy subjects. Last spring, in going to and from Riviera, for the first time in her life she traveled on Sunday.

Double-Entry Bookkeeping.

The double-entry system of book-keeping, now in common use, was first practiced in Italy in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

If Justice is like most women, she drops her scales every few hours to get in them and see how much she weighs.