

Shoveling Gold in a Siberian Mine.



The above picture was made at the Troitzk mines, which are the most important and richest of the whole district. Women are largely employed in the mills and on the surface works. "It was curious to watch them hard at work shoveling up the rich ore as it came from the shaft as though it were so much coal or rubble," writes a correspondent. "Wages are ridiculously low as compared with what is paid in other mining camps. I have visited—2 shillings a day for miners and general laborers, while women and boys get even less. Yet there is always an abundance of labor to be got at these rates. The Troitzk district is nothing more nor less than a huge gold-producing industrial center and presents a startling contrast to the dreary vista of endless forest or steppes one has to traverse to reach it. "The ore is crushed by what is known as Chilean mills." No convicts are employed in these mines.

FARM LAWS ATTRACTIVE.

INVESTORS PARTIAL TO AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY.

Life Insurance Companies and Banks Favorable to This Class of Securities—Few Mortgages Foreclosed.

Chicago. — The attractiveness of farm loans in the middle west is having a decided effect on Chicago capital, according to bankers and brokers. Considerable activity is manifesting itself in this direction, and many of the leading life insurance companies are acquiring first mortgages on farms in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, the Dakotas and the country adjacent.

The present holdings of the insurance companies considerably exceed \$200,000,000 in these securities. Farm mortgages in the country mentioned net five, five and one-half and six per cent. They are limited, as a rule, to

productive farms, and are made on a basis of 40 per cent. of the land value, closely appraised, and not including the value of improvements. Bankers point to the remarkably few foreclosures of farm mortgages in this section. The number scarcely exceeds one-tenth of one per cent.

As compared with other investments based on lands in cities, the bankers of the middle west favor the well-placed farm loans, which, they declare, contain every element of attractiveness. A farm loan is regarded as a quick asset, whereas the contrary was true not much more than a decade ago.

Many trust companies now include a separate department for the purchase and sale of farm loans. Chicago has a number of firms dealing in them, and it is estimated that close to \$15,000,000 in such securities is held by Chicago investors. A large increase in this class of investment is predicted.

Statistics show that the value of Missouri real estate, for example, is

\$2,000,000,000, while Kansas has real property worth \$1,000,000,000. Oklahoma real estate is estimated at \$358,000,000.

Missouri has \$204,000,000 invested in live stock, \$32,000,000 in farm implements, \$92,000,000 in manufacturing machinery and \$310,000,000 in railroads.

Oklahoma is a land of homes. Out of 87,000 families in 1900, more than 60,000 owned their homes. The people are engaged chiefly in agriculture. The cash value of the farms is estimated at \$233,000,000. The 1906 crop amounted to 125,000,000 bushels representing \$37,500,000. The cotton crop has a value of \$15,000,000. More than 27,000,000 bushels of wheat was harvested in 1906, and 23,000 tons of broom corn cut. Fruit of all kinds is raised in abundance.

Farm lands in Oklahoma range from \$18 to \$65 an acre, or an average of about \$30.

PREACHES BRAND NEW RELIGION

New Yorker Plans to Establish Comrade Kingdom on Earth.

New York.—John Augustus Wall has promulgated the newest of new religions. Mr. Wall formerly lived in Valley Stream, L. I. His new religion was launched at the Berkeley Lyceum amid the applause of 100 enthusiasts.

To prove that his religion is really brand new Mr. Wall sent forth a circular calling the meeting in which the names of Jesus and Moses, Mohammed and Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, Roosevelt and Emerson, Edwin Markham and Elbert Hubbard, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Darwin, Huxley and Paine, Ingersoll and Bryan, Hughes, Hearst and Brisbane are coupled. The circular reads in part:

"Do you believe in Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, et al. (as above stated)? Are you an atheist, infidel, moralist, spiritualist, Jew, Christian, or ethical culturist?"

"Are you living in a secluded furnished room, a palace, a tenement, or a brown stone residence?"

"Are you married, single, young or old, rich or poor?"

"Do you believe in the new thought, Christian Science, or just the old way that mother and father taught?"

Mr. Wall explained to his audience that the church is to be known as the National church, and that through it he hopes to establish a comrade kingdom.

A branch of the church will be established in every assembly district. Among things the new prophet hopes to accomplish is the establishment of department stores, hotels, bowling alleys, laundries, insurance companies, and skating rinks in connection with each branch.

THE BARRIERS OF WEALTH

BY VENITA SEIBERT

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Fraulein Pauline Von Engelrube flitted about her dainty room, humming a snatch of song; now she paused to arrange a dish of violets, now to give her hair a coquettish little twist, now to chirp softly to her bird.

Fraulein Pauline's sewing girl bent her head over the skirt she was altering, but not one of these careless graceful movements escaped her, and her whole soul was filled with longing and discontent. The fraulein was a young German lady visiting some American relatives; she was rich, she was loved and admired and made much of, she could fit in her dainty clothes and talk to her bird. The sewing girl stitched away fiercely.

By and by Fraulein Pauline took up a book, but her lovely eyes wandered. They studied the dark face of the girl bent over her work, noted the hollow skin, the tired droop of the shoulders, the heavy frown. Presently a soft hand was laid on the nervous fingers that held the needle, and a gentle voice said: "My dear, tell me what it is that troubles you?"

The girl looked up with startled eyes, then suddenly she burst into tears. "Oh, fraulein, I hate to be poor! I hate it so! It is always work and work and work, and I have no pretty dresses and no pleasure! I am ugly and poor—and I hate everything!"

"Poor child, poor child!" said Fraulein Pauline, thoughtfully. "You are young, and have nothing, and you are thinking that I, too, am young and have everything, am pretty and rich, and admired—is it not so?"

"My child, do you think rich people have everything they wish for?" she said, softly. "I will tell you a little story. Far away in a German city, at one of the great music concerts, an artist and a young girl were introduced to each other. These two met many times thereafter, and life was very beautiful to them. Then came a change. The man's eyes could no longer hide the love that lay behind them, but he did not speak. The girl was an heiress, and he feared to be called a fortune hunter. She was also well-born, and he was but a poor American; her wealthy relatives looked askance at him. He knew that he was not a fitting match for her. The girl did not want a fitting match; she wanted a mate. But, as she could not speak, she could only wait.

The sewing girl ventured to lay her hand tenderly on the bowed head; her eyes were filled with gentle tears. "Did you never see him again?" she asked softly.

The other girl lifted her face. "Never again," she said, quietly. "It is nearly two years ago now. I am too young not to find joy in my friends, my flowers and my birds, my books and traveling, but the best thing in life I have missed, because I am rich! And now I want you to have a holiday this afternoon. It is a beautiful spring day, and you need some fresh air. I want you to walk in the park. The skirt can wait until to-morrow."

The girl glanced dubiously at a large bundle that she had brought with her. "Those are vests," she said. "My sister sews them, and I must deliver them at the tailor shop this afternoon. It is away up on East Thirtieth street."

"I will deliver them myself," said Fraulein Pauline, her natural gaiety breaking forth in delicious smiles. "Oh, no, not you yourself. They are very heavy, and they make an ugly bundle. Perhaps you could send some one?"

"No; I shall play that I am a vest-maker taking home my week's work. I wish to see how it feels. It will be large fun."

Fraulein Pauline did not take a car. She was a good walker, and Thirtieth street did not seem far off; nevertheless the vests were so heavy that before she reached her destination she grew very tired. She glanced wearily up the street, and suddenly her cheeks grew white, then pink. A man was coming directly toward her—a tall, brown-eyed man with dark hair curling upward under his straw hat. He bent upon her an eager face.

"Paul—Fraulein Pauline! Am I dreaming that I see you here?" he exclaimed.

The fraulein stretched out to him her left hand. "No, Herr Westcott, it is only me, and not a dream at all. Ach, it is good to see you again. I would give you both hands, but you see the other is occupied."

Herr Westcott dropped the little hand he was holding. Certainly his greeting had been too impulsive, and his eyes saddened.

"May I walk with you?" he asked, courteously.

"I shall be glad. I should like to talk of home; it seems so long since I left. Ich habe heimweh. You have not forgotten the dear old city and the pleasant little garden of The Lions?"

"Forgotten!"

Fraulein Pauline was quite satisfied with the tone.

"Those were happy days," she continued.

"I was obliged to leave hurriedly, fraulein, and surely you must know that those were happy days to me, also."

Fraulein Pauline shifted the bundle on her arm, and Herr Westcott was overwhelmed with contrition. He had forgotten his manners.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Let me have your bundle! Forgive me that I did not think of it sooner! You must be very tired!"

"Yes, I am very tired." Fraulein Pauline glanced down at the bundle, and sighed deeply. "They are vests that I am taking to the tailor shop. It is a long way from where I live, and the shop is on Thirtieth street."

Washington Letter

What Is Going On in the National Capital—Perry Belmont Building Spite Fence to Shut Off View of Thomas Nelson Page—Great Demand for Ten-Dollar Bills.



WASHINGTON.—Perry Belmont and Thomas Nelson Page have "a mad" with each other. Rapid-fire developments in the strife between the millionaire and the author have kept society and officialdom at the capital wondering what would come next.

Mr. Belmont won the latest round. He built a spite fence right across from Mr. Page's beloved window seat, and those who have followed the Belmont fortunes in the struggle claim easy honors for the capitalist.

Mr. Page drew first blood, and it was perhaps a stinging blow which marked the battle's inception, when he wrote some pieces for the magazines which were not highly flattering to Perry Belmont nor to his brother, O. H. P.

Directly across from the charming home of Mr. Page is a triangular bit of ground, large enough for a front yard, but too small for a city park. One of the items that gets into the "dotty" columns concerning the "home life of great authors" ascribes to Mr. Page the supreme pleasure of lingering in his window seat and peering across his own lawns into the restive bit of landscape gardening.

Mr. Belmont read the magazine articles. He also heard of the anecdote in which Mr. Page played the lead. A few days later the real estate transfer noted that the triangular tract of ground had passed into the possession of P. Belmont.

When next Mr. Page sought recuperation from literary toil his joyous landscape had degenerated into a barnyard symphony. Mr. Belmont's laborers had erected a high and unsightly wire fence and another force started in on a rock wall, which sets Mr. Page's property into a settlement by itself and with the view terminating at the lot line.

In the Belmont camp it is rumored with glee that Mr. Belmont is to build a splendid home on his side of the high stone wall, and that there will be no communicating and handy side doors between the two neighbors.

AN INDICATION OF GENERAL PROSPERITY.

Secretary Shaw has succeeded in securing the return to the treasury of 600 \$1,000 bills. The place of these in the circulation has been taken, in large part, by new ten-dollar bills. The reason is that appeals have been coming to the treasury constantly to send out more tens, because there was a tremendous demand for them.

This demand is simply a sign of the great prosperity of the country, according to financial men. Several years ago there was a constant cry for one and two-dollar bills. That cry has passed and people are waiting for tens.

The supposition is that in these fat financial days the multitudes are looking upon the ten-dollar note as lightly as they looked upon a note of one-fifth or one-tenth its value in the days when banks were breaking and people were asking the way to the soup-house.

There is probably no joke about the statement that the demand for bills of a high denomination means that prosperity is abroad. When wages are low and when people are spending little or nothing for luxuries they may want ten-dollar bills, but they don't get them.

The requests for "tens" worried the treasury department for a long while. Under the law it couldn't put these bills out except in exchange for money didn't come in as rapidly as it should, so it was that an attempt was made to get some notes of large denomination from the financial centers and to put the "sawbucks" out in their place. There isn't much use for \$1,000 bills in the paths of general circulation, and it was considered better to get them in and let the tens out. In this way the secretary managed to put 60,000 ten-dollar bills into the country practically at one shipment.

"JACK" GREENWAY DECLINES FEDERAL JOB.

Capt. "Jack" Greenway, rough rider and personal friend of President Roosevelt since they fought and camped together on the wet soil of Cuba, has been offered the position of commissioner general of the land office to succeed William A. Richards, who is shortly to go out of office. He cannot, however, accept, and greatly regrets his inability to do so, because of the affection he bears his friend and chief.

Capt. Greenway is engaged in iron mining in Minnesota and has given certain pledges to the company he is employed with. He does not think he is at liberty to ask release from any of these pledges.

The noted ex-soldier and football player of Yale has been a guest of President Roosevelt for several days. He is received here on terms of the most cordial friendship, and in past years has frequently visited the president and family. He is as much admired by the Roosevelt boys as by the president. It was Greenway's great playing and management of the Yale football team in his college days that many times defeated President Roosevelt's alma mater, Harvard. The prowess of Greenway and his victories in the past appeal to the Roosevelt boys as much as his courage in war and his manly qualities in peace appeal to the president.

It was Capt. Greenway and John E. McHenry, now a civil service commissioner, who accompanied the president on his last trip through the south, and he affectionately spoke of them as "the two Johns." He succeeded in getting McHenry to come to Washington and take an official position, and when he began to hunt for a man he thought would be bomb proof against certain influences exerted in the land office he thought of Greenway. The latter's mining ventures are paying him too well, though, to take a government office.

FEDERAL JUDGES FACING CRITICISM.

Before the winter is over considerable is likely to be heard about federal judges who overturn laws on constitutional grounds after the ablest lawyers among the nation's statesmen have spent weeks and months in perfecting the same. Recent decisions with respect to the employers' liability act have already started the discussion.

In his last annual message to congress the president referred to the almost monochalant ease with which federal judges declare unconstitutional measures which have been "solemnly" considered by congress.

Almost everybody has forgotten that Judges Evans and McCall were once members of the lower house of congress. Neither of them made a mark as a constitutional lawyer. The fact is being pointed out that many occupants of the federal bench in the lower courts today are men who, if their terms were to expire this coming spring, would be known as "lame ducks." Most of them have been appointed simply to take care of them when they get out of a job. Judges Quarles of Wisconsin, McComas of Maryland and Pritchard of North Carolina were all senators who had lost out when elevated to life positions on the bench. Aside from Judges Evans and McCall, there is Judge Dayton of West Virginia, who was a member of the house. Few, if any, of these judges when in congress ever cut any figure in constitutional debates. Inasmuch as President Roosevelt has freely criticised judicial decisions in the recent past, it is probable that the policy of rewarding so-called "lame ducks" also may come in for criticism from other sources of public life.

A SAVING SOUTH AMERICAN DIPLOMAT.

There is a well-known South American diplomat here who is rather niggardly in his expenditures. He was the President's reception to the diplomatic corps the other night, and fairly ablaze with gold lace. Because of his rank he was well toward the end of the line. Every one noticed that he wore no gloves, but carried a package carefully wrapped in tissue paper in his hand. As the line filed past the President this diplomat, when only four or five files away from the President, unwrapped the package and pulled on a pair of white gloves. After shaking hands with the President he carefully removed the gloves, wrapped them in the tissue paper, and put them in his pocket to await the next reception.

MAN HAD PECULIAR HEART.

The post-mortem examination upon the body of a man of about 35 years of age, who died recently in an English hospital from heart disease, revealed a singular state of things in connection with that organ. Instead of possessing, like every other human being, a heart with two ventricles, one to propel pure blood throughout the system, and the other to send impure blood to the lungs, there to be purified, the heart of the individual in question possessed but a single ven-

PRODUCTS OF THE MINES.

Country's Output for the Year 1905 Worth \$1,623,877,127.

Washington.—A most interesting chapter in the volume entitled "Mineral Resources of the United States, 1905," published by the United States geological survey, is that which contains a summary of the mineral production of the United States during that year.

In 1905, for the seventh time, the total value of the country's mineral production exceeded the enormous sum of \$1,000,000,000. The exact figures for 1905 are \$1,623,877,127, as compared with \$1,360,883,554 in 1904.

As heretofore, iron and coal are the most important mineral products. The value of the iron in 1905 was \$382,450,000; the value of the coal, \$476,756,963. The fuels increased from \$584,043,236 in 1904 to \$602,477,217 in 1905, a gain of \$18,433,981, or 3.16 per cent. Anthracite coal showed an increase in value of \$2,904,890 from \$138,974,020 in 1904 to \$141,879,000 in 1905. The increase in value of the bituminous coal output over 1904 was \$29,480,962, a combined increase in value of coal of \$32,385,942 in 1905, or 7.3 per cent.

The gain of \$262,993,573 in the total value of the mineral production is due to gains in both metallic and non-metallic products, the metallic products showing an increase from \$501,999,950 in 1904, to \$702,453,108 in 1905, a gain of \$200,453,158, and the nonmetallic products showing an increase from \$859,353,604 in 1904 to \$821,024,019 in 1905, a gain of \$61,640,415. To these products should be added unspecified products, including molybdenum, bismuth, tungsten and other mineral products, valued at \$100,000, making the total mineral production for 1905 of \$1,623,877,127.

Besides the usual table and summary of quantities and values of the country's mineral output by products, the volume contains this year, for the first time, a summary, in tabulated form, of the value of the mineral products by states.

Sometimes.

It sometimes happens that the black sheep of the family turns out to be the whitest one of the bunch. This is always the case in books and dramas.

Whist is Sinful Says a Champion.

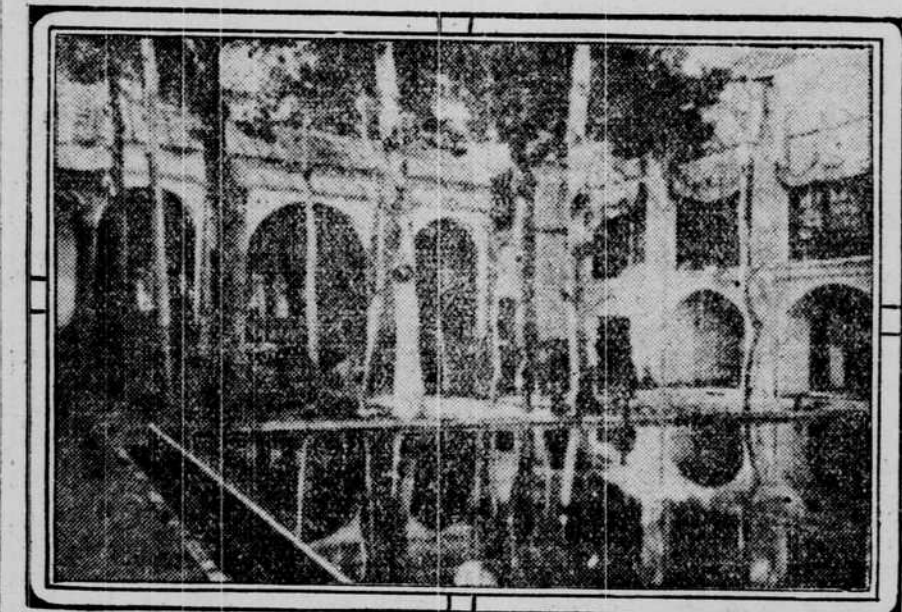
Woman Steps Sermon to Renounce Game in Which She Excels.

Des Moines, Ia.—Before a congregation of nearly a thousand persons, and while the preacher was in the midst of his sermon, Mrs. A. B. Sims, a society woman and holder of the national woman's whist championship, arose in the University Church of Christ and denounced card playing as a sin.

Mrs. Sims is one of the most prominent women of the city. For many years she has been an active member of women's clubs which affect whist and other card games. Two years ago Mrs. Sims won the first prize for women in the whist tournament held at Cleveland. Last year at St. Louis she won the national woman's championship.

It is said that recent evangelical meetings held in the city are responsible for the change in Mrs. Sims' ideas. She attended all of these meetings, which lasted for three weeks, and since that time has come to the

Harem of the Shah at Teheran.



Infant Death Rate Reduced.

Novel Scheme of an Englishman Lessens Mortality.

London.—Alderman Benjamin Broadbent, M. D., the retiring mayor of Huddersfield, England, has just announced the result of the two years' test of his novel scheme for the prevention of infant mortality in his native part of the borough—Longwood.

On taking office as chief magistrate, two years ago, Alderman Broadbent offered five dollars to the parents of each child born during the period of his mayoralty that reached the age of 12 months.

Instructions to mothers—some of which were suggested by the princess of Wales—were sent out, and the mothers were visited by voluntary women visitors, who reported progress.

The Huddersfield rate of infantile mortality had averaged 139 for ten years, and in Longwood itself the average for ten years was 122.

In Mayor Broadbent's two years 112 babies received the promissory note card for five dollars. Of that number

107 had actually received the gift he had offered. Out of the five left four had died and one had been removed from the district and he did not know whether the child still lived or not.

If he counted only the four deaths the figures were 35 per 1,000, and if he counted the missing baby as dead the figures were 44. These figures compared very strikingly with the previous figures of 122 per 1,000 for Longwood and the average of 139 in the whole town of Huddersfield.

The experiment has reduced the death rate to much less than half. His own estimate of the result was that it was astounding. For exactly 12 months—from October 9, 1905, to October 9, 1906—not one of the babies on his list died under the age of one year. The babies belonged to all classes and there was no selection, some living in places hardly better than slums.

Very great general interest has been taken in Alderman Broadbent's experiment and inquiries, including one from President Roosevelt, have been received from municipalities all over the world.

NEW POST OFFICE FOR LONDON.

Will Be Finest Building of Kind in World When Completed.

London.—The plans for building a new post office in this city on the site of the ancient Christ hospital in the Strand have just been completed, and the building, which is to be one of the most magnificent in the metropolis, will be made of armored cement, not a brick or a single piece of stone entering in its composition.

The grounds to be utilized cover a surface of two and one-half acres, and the whole of the enterprise is in the direct charge of the treasury. Already workmen have started to excavate the grounds for the foundations, which will be laid at a depth of 30 feet, and which will probably be the cause of many engineering complications because below the level of the Thames river.

When finished the building will be the best specimen of cement construction in the world, even the chimneys, stairways, partitions and light wells having to be cast in moulds.

Remember that care killed a cat, and the man who has no more than nine lives can't afford to worry.