

LITTLE BROWN HANDS



They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistle loud in the wheat fields
That are yellow with the ripening grain.
They find in the thick, waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate seaweeds
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land;
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

To those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wife of the land—
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hands.

denly my companion gave a scream and began beating the air and fighting the tarantulas. We were pressed so close to the roof of the car that we could scarcely move, and as I lay there not daring to even turn a hand or foot it was fearful. The odor from the insects that he had crushed and from the ripe fruit was in itself overpowering, and it is not surprising that I soon became unconscious. And that no doubt saved my life and reason.

"It was some time the next day when I awoke, and there was daylight in the car. I looked about and there was not a tarantula in sight. I called to my companion, but there was no answer, and I was too weak to get over to him. After a time I heard people



"Tarantula!"

moving outside and made an outcry that attracted attention. At last the car was opened and I was released. I won't trouble you with all those details, but they found the body of my companion. It was swollen to horrible size and a fearful thing to see. I lay in a hospital three weeks and when I came out my hair was like it is now, although you know, Shaff, I am less than thirty."

"I have had some darned queer stories told me, Joe Jordan, but that takes the cake. Who told you that Mary Parr was married?"

"Nobody; just knew it was all."

"Well, you are the blindest idiot. That girl has just been sitting around waiting for someone, and most people think it is you. My wife was saying to me only the other day that if Mary was pining for that Joe Jordan she better look out or she would end up an old maid, because the Lord only knew whether he was in the land of the living."

"Reckon most people would think she was losing time waiting around for an old whitehead tramp, Shaff."

The queer looking tramp sat a long time watching the scenery rushing by, but it is doubtful if he saw any of it. When the conductor came along the next time he looked up and remarked:

"Say, Shaff, do you reckon I could get back on the old I. N. & W.?"

"Ain't done nothing to queer yourself, have you?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, the old man always spoke mighty well of you, and if there is nothing doing for you on that road, I have got a pretty good pull over here myself. You drop off at home with me, and we will see about fixing you up a bit before you tackle him."

Friederichshof Is Here.

Friederichshof, at Cronberg, the palace wherein the late Dowager Empress Frederick died, is one of the most beautiful country seats possessed by the royalty of Europe. It is natural, therefore, that envious eyes should be now cast at Princess Frederick Carl of Hesse because, by the will of her deceased mother, she comes into possession of this estate. It is a spacious and sumptuously furnished palace, surrounded by a magnificent park, set in some of the most romantic country scenery in Germany. Upward of \$1,000,000 was spent by its recent occupant in improving house and grounds. The young princess who is soon to occupy it is one of the sweetest-faced members of German royalty. She is the fifth and youngest child of the late Empress Dowager, and was the favorite during the last few years of her life. She was born April 22, 1872, and was named Margarethe. Her marriage to Prince Frederick Carl of Hesse occurred in January, 1893, and she has three sons.

Some Hotel Figures.

Statistics are not very entertaining, but there are some stories of hotels that they alone can tell, and that of the supplies is one of them. For instance, during the year 1900, one of those big hotels spent for meats, \$200,000; for poultry, \$113,000; for vegetables, \$80,000; for fruit, \$42,000; for eggs, \$12,000; for butter, \$57,000, and for the flowers used in decorations—and there are flowers on the tables every day—\$39,000. The initial investment in silverware was \$250,000, and with losses that, charitably, are credited to the souvenir craze, and the general wear and tear on table service, about \$40,000 a year is spent in keeping this supply up to the hotel's standard.

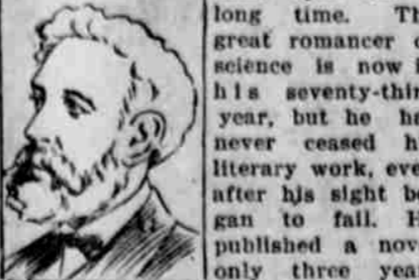
Progress in Ocean Travel.

In 1840 the Cunard steamship Britannia, built of wood, propelled by paddle wheels, maintained a sea speed of about 8½ knots. Her steam pressure was 12 pounds per inch. She was 207 feet long, about 2,000 tons displacement, her engines developed about 750-horse power, and her coal consumption was about 40 tons a day, or about five pounds of coal per indicated horse power per day. She carried a full spread of sail. In sixty years speed has been increased from 8½ knots to twenty-three knots; the time on the voyage has been reduced to about one-third of what it was in 1840.

As the World Revolves

Verne Reported Blind.

Jules Verne, who is reported to have become totally blind at his home in Amiens, has been a sufferer with deficient eyes for a long time.



The great romancer of science is now in his seventy-third year, but he has never ceased his literary work, even after his sight began to fail. He published a novel only three years ago, and, although this did not bear the vigorous stamp of his early work, it was by no means weak. M. Verne recently distinguished himself by declining a seat in the French Academy for the second time. He began his literary career as a dramatist and for thirteen years labored successfully in that field as a writer of comedies. It was not until 1863 that he published the first of the stories upon which his fame was to rest. This was "Five Weeks in a Balloon." Its immediate and rebounding success induced M. Verne to continue to exploit himself in this direction and the result was that widely read series of romances which have delighted the world, young and old, for thirty years or more. M. Verne's chief amusement since his youth has been yachting. He owns a fine steam yacht and his happiest days have been those spent on its decks.

Executed Lincoln's Murderers.

Captain Christian Rath of Jackson, Mich., is a candidate for a singular



CAPT. RATH.

position. He desires to be the official executioner of Leon Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley. Captain Rath advances as his claim to this distinction that it was he who officiated at the death of the conspirators who were condemned for the murder of Abraham Lincoln. It was this veteran who supervised the execution of Mrs. Surratt, Paine, Herold and Atzeroth, the persons who were found to be guilty, with John Wilkes Booth, in the plot to take the life of the great liberator. The captain is an old soldier of the Union. At the time of the trial of the conspirators he was provost marshal of the Washington prison. He assisted with his own hands in the erection of the scaffold on which the assassins died. He placed the ropes about their necks and in other ways facilitated the work of execution of the law's mandate. He says he is willing to turn on the current which will end the life of Czolgosz, and will ask no pay for the service save his expenses to the place of execution.

Famous Family of Restaurateurs.

Charles Crist Delmonico, the noted caterer, who has just died at Denver from a complication of heart and lung troubles, was a member of a family of restaurateurs whose public dining rooms have been an institution of gay New York for upward of seventy years. The late Charles Crist Delmonico was the nephew of Charles Delmonico, who was himself a nephew of Lorenzo and Siro Delmonico, brothers. These two latter succeeded their uncles John and Peter, founders of the house, in 1848. Delmonico's first restaurant was at 21 William street and was established in 1827. Since then the plant



CHARLES C. DELMONICO.

has been removed to successive uptown locations, improving in grandeur with every fresh change. The deceased caterer unfortunately inherited not only his family's great capacity for serving the public's gustatory wants, but also the affliction of which many of its members died. Not long ago he returned from Europe, whither he had gone in a vain search for health.

The Weekly Panorama.

New Comptroller of Currency.

President Roosevelt, in conformity with his policy to carry out as far as possible the plans of President McKinley, has appointed W. B. Ridgely, of Illinois, as Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Ridgely, who is the son-in-law



WILLIAM BARRET RIDGELY.

of Senator Cullom, was the choice of the late President for the post made vacant on October 1 by the retirement of Charles G. Dawes. In fact, the commission was signed by Mr. McKinley just before the journey to Buffalo, but formal announcement of the appointment was delayed.

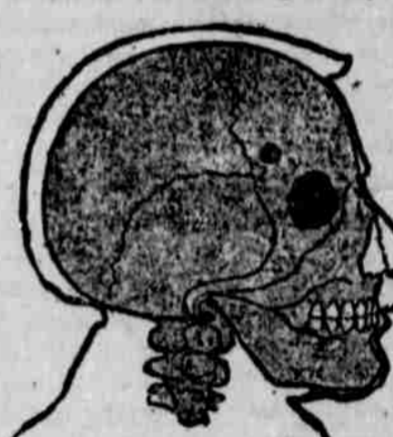
Can the Kitchen be Abolished?

In offering solutions of the servant girl problem it is a singular fact that scarcely anyone thinks of suggesting the plan of elevating cookery to a science that is worthy the attention and study of the brightest American women. The solutions that are now being proffered all tend toward one end, the complete abolishment of the kitchen as an adjunct of the modern home.

One of these kitchen exterminators, recently outlined his plan in the New York Sun and commended it to the consideration of American housekeepers. His plan is to incorporate a company with sufficient capital to establish in various districts of a city large kitchens under the management of competent chefs, with a properly organized force of assistants and helpers. These various district kitchens are to be controlled from a central station and are to prepare and distribute meals at the residences of subscribers, the meals to be served in properly constructed, self-heating receptacles, the necessary dishes to be sent with the food, and, if desired, an assistant to arrange the table, or a waiter to serve the meal.

Lives With Bullet in Brain.

James Callan, an inmate of the Altoona (Pa.) hospital, is probably the



RADIAGRAPH SHOWING BULLET HOLE IN A LIVING MAN'S SKULL.

only man living and in apparently good health with a bullet in his brain. He attempted suicide August 14 and fired a 38-caliber bullet into his head. For a time he hovered between life and death, and no attempt was made to probe for the bullet. Then he began to rapidly recover. His mind became clear and his normal health returned.

The physicians placed him under an X-ray machine and procured a photograph of the man's skull, showing that the bullet was imbedded in the middle of the brain. The photograph is reproduced above. Callan, according to a Philadelphia Enquirer special, says the bullet causes him no inconvenience. He was discharged as cured last week.

Out of Woman's Sphere.

Woman's advent in the learned professions is a comparatively modern development in the United States. Sixty years ago no woman in this country, so far as known, had ever been regularly accredited as an authorized practitioner in law, medicine or theology. Indeed, it seemed then far more likely that women would be allowed to preach than vote. When Antoinette L. Brown imparted to her classmate, Lucy Stone, at Oberlin, her intention to become an ordained minister, Lucy, who already aspired to become a voter, exclaimed, "You can never do it!" Yet Antoinette was ordained and ministered to an orthodox congregation some fifty years ago, while Lucy, after half a century of heroic effort, died a disfranchised citizen. Of the three learned professions, medicine has proved the most generally available for women. There are now many thousand women physicians of every school practicing medicine successfully in America.

People and Events

Astor Is Sorry.

William Waldorf Astor, who has just apologized for his self-expatriation by saying that the bitter criticism of American newspapers drove him from the country, became a naturalized British subject in 1899, about one year or so after it became known that he was intending to renounce his allegiance to the United States. Mr. Astor was born in New York city on March 31, 1848, the oldest son of John Jacob Astor. He was married in 1873 to Mary Dahlgren Paul, of Philadelphia, who, through her mother, was descended from the American naval hero, Dahlgren. Mr. Astor occupied a few public offices under the American government. He served as a member of the New York legislature in 1875 and in 1881, and he was United States minister to Italy from 1882 to 1885. He had lived much in England, and about ten years ago he started The Pall Mall Magazine and purchased The Pall Mall Gazette. Since then he has lived almost entirely in the British Isles.



Director of Construction St. Louis Exposition.

Isaac S. Taylor, who has just been chosen director of construction and maintenance for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1851. He was graduated with class honors from the St. Louis University in 1868, and at once adopted the profession of architect.



ISAAC S. TAYLOR.

After six years study under George I. Barnett, the dean of western architects, Mr. Taylor was taken into partnership with his preceptor under the firm name of Barnett & Taylor. In 1879 Mr. Taylor severed his connection with George I. Barnett, and since then has been in business for himself. He has erected fifty of the biggest and best buildings in the city and has done much work in Illinois and Texas. While planning and erecting public buildings and residences which have added to the beauty and attractiveness of the city and to its metropolitan aspect he has done much to elevate and improve public taste.

Seth Low Again.

Seth Low, who is again a candidate for mayor of Greater New York, this time at the head of the ticket named by the committee of eighteen of the fusion forces of the city, has come to represent the independent element of New York citizenship by a kind of tradition. Mr. Low's name, in a way, is a synonym for good government and an antonym for corruption. Since 1899 he has been at the head of the Columbia university, and is one of the very few prominent educators of the country who have found time to take an active part in politics and stand as a candidate for mayor in a city of the first class. Mr. Low was elected mayor of Brooklyn in 1881 and re-elected with gratifying results. In 1897 he was nominated by the Citizens' Union



SETH LOW.

party for first mayor of Greater New York. The only public office he has held since his majority of Brooklyn is that of the delegate to the peace conference at The Hague in 1899.

England's Coming Coronation.

Owing to events preceding the coronation King Edward will spend most of the next year in the metropolis, only going to Windsor, it is expected, for the week ends and for Ascot race week. Therefore only just sufficient staff will be kept at the castle to attend on his highness at these periods. It is thought that the king will make most of his journeys to and from London by automobile. The horses in the royal stables have been reduced by about thirty and a number of stable hands have been discharged.

Whitened Hair.

BY H. S. ROGERS.

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Conductor Shaffer of No. 5 let himself down from the rear end of his train as it came to a standstill. He cast an inspecting glance along the line of cars and at first hardly noticed the white-haired man who came creeping out from under the car near which he was standing. It was evident that the stranger had been stealing a ride, and he was dirty and begrimed; but in spite of the unattractive appearance of the man there was something unusual in his appearance that would cause anyone to look at him a second time. The skin had the pink tint and smoothness of youth, yet the hair above the face was as white as winter snow. The men looked at each other a moment and then the stranger turned quickly as if about to move away. Said Conductor Shaffer:

"Joe Jordan, by thunder!"

"Hoped you wouldn't know me, Shaff."

"I'd know you in the kingdom come, Joe. But, Lord, how you have changed!"

Joe appeared a bit uneasy and moved from one foot to the other restlessly.

"What you doing under that train?"

"Riding the rods."

"From where?"

"Other end of the division."

"Where were you going?"

"Didn't know and didn't care. Just got out because I was getting cramped."

"You are a regular bum, then?"

"Yep, pretty much."

"Just you get right in the smoker there and after I work the train I will come in and talk to you."

After Conductor Shaffer had done his work he went forward and sat down by the side of the queer looking tramp.

"Kind of getting up in the world some, ain't you, Shaff?"

"How?"

"Kind of elevated from a freight run to this."

"Yep, made up my mind three years ago that the old man on the I. N. and W. would never give me a chance, so I took the first offer and transferred over here. Had not been here six

months until I got this passenger run. You seem to be still on the slow freights in your line, Joe. What on earth has happened to your hair?"

"It's a pretty long story, Shaff, unless you have got time to listen."

"Twenty miles to the next stop."

"Well, you see, it is like this, Shaff. It's five years since I dropped out. Not

