

The gifted inventor of the "gold brick" is dead, but his brick goes marching on.

Twenty million dollars' worth of jewels were worn at Mrs. Astor's ball. Harry Lehr was dazzled.

Edna Wallace Hopper proposes to endow a home for newsboys. Tremendous applause from the gallery.

At this late day it doesn't matter much whether it was an apple that Eve ate, or a quince. We're all outside.

Concerning that decline in marriages last year, there may have been an unusually large number of declinations.

Uncle Russell Scrooge's Christmas may have been a Dickensian affair; but there are no reports to that effect as yet.

The medical congress at Panama declares for the extinction of mosquitoes. Let's make the movement universal.

It really seems a shame for the whisky trust to start a price war when so many good men are still on the water wagon.

A tornado sneaked into Mexico and did considerable damage the other day. President Diaz must not allow this to happen again.

It takes a mighty level-headed man not to consider himself a great financier when the stock he is holding on margin happens to go up.

The scissors grinder who died and left an estate of \$30,000 had not attracted the attention of the kings of finance. Obscurity is wealth.

Incidentally, Andrew Carnegie's establishment of nearly 1,300 libraries has added 1,300 copies to the guaranteed sale of every important book.

Mr. Takahira says that Japan is too busy fighting now to talk of peace. It must have bothered the minister a lot to have to stop to have the appendicitis.

By order of the De Beers syndicate, the value of the supply of diamonds has been increased \$50,000,000. That \$50,000,000 may properly be spoken of as fat money.

The Harvard medical commission pronounces cancer to be hereditary, and a European authority says there is no such thing as hereditary disease; and there you are.

A Christmas bard warbles pathetically about Nan Patterson's "empty stocking," though Miss Patterson's stocking was not as full as usual does not appear.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake says it was not an apple that Eve ate. It was a quince. This makes Eve's conduct all the more reprehensible. Ever try to eat a raw quince?

The learned scientist who explains the price of beef on the supply and demand theory adds that it is just possible that combinations of packers also exist. What a shrewdness!

The siege of Port Arthur is compared with the siege of Troy. There was a Helen connected with the siege of Troy, and there was something very like hell in Port Arthur.—Boston Globe.

An Iowa woman who smokes tobacco has celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her birth. But why should a woman wish to live 100 years if she has to smoke a pipe to get there?

A Massachusetts pastor left the stub of his cigar in his study the other day, the result being a fire which destroyed the church. Here is another strong argument against the use of tobacco by ministers.

Mr. Barney Oldfield has just bought a new mile-a-minute automobile. With this instrument at his disposal, Mr. Oldfield should be able during the coming season to make several more notches in his axle.

The sum of six cents has been awarded by a jury to a New York woman who sued for damages done to her heart by a man who said he would and then decided that he wouldn't. Oh, she must be homely.

A Michigan professor says no woman should marry until she is able to support her husband. He does not go so far, however, as to insist that it must be according to the style in which his mother supported him.

New York is looking with amazement at a Danish wrestler who has performed the feat of getting under a 1,400-pound automobile and lifting it, with its chauffeur seated in the car. Wouldn't you like to have him help lift the mortgage on your house?

In a speech to his son's Bible class John D. Rockefeller said he believed in newspapers and in extending the widest freedom to the press. Mr. Rockefeller needn't expect after this to stand very high in the estimation of Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania.

Senator Depew's New Year punch is said to have been a mixture of calves foot jelly, rum, champagne, green tea, claret and liqueurs. Naturally it was a great deal more effective than any of the doctor's jokes.

The Hans Wagner who has made a mile and an eighth in 5:52 1/2 at Los Angeles—a new record for the Ascot track—is not the famous ball player. If Hans could run as fast as that, every base hit would be a homer, and Pittsburgh would stand a better chance to win the championship.

Lullaby. Now the evening shadows fall on the mossy garden wall. And the birdies, soft and sweet, sleep within the cherry tree.

AT THE RINGING of the CHIMES A NEW YEAR'S STORY BY MARY MORRIS

The man behind the little half-moon window in the "Impecunious Loan Office" glanced at the pathetically old-fashioned peculiarly carved brooch he held in his hand, and with a swift but fleeting look into the sweet face framed in the window, dropped his eyes suddenly, and exclaimed in a business-like tone, "three dollars."

"Very well." The words were so quietly spoken, so low, the man scarcely heard. "Three dollars," he repeated again in a slightly raised voice, and was rewarded by a nod in the affirmative, as he again absorbed in that fleeting glance the beauty and sadness of the young face before him.

"It is the very last thing I had to pawn," the woman murmured as she sped swiftly homeward through the snowy streets. "What the future will bring—I dare not think."

The crowd that jostled and pushed her hither and yon was a good-natured crowd, elated and cheered by some Divine thought of the approaching New Year.

Inhaling some of its spirit, the woman quickened her steps, and stopped pantingly at last in front of a decidedly squalid-looking house in a poverty-stricken quarter of the city.

"I'll get the things first," she smiled faintly, and when she ascended the stairs a little later her arms were filled with sundry mysterious packages, topped by one great paper parcel, from which protruded frivolously some toothsome chocolate eclairs and other dainties, interspersed here and there by New Year's candies of varicolored hues.

THE ONE GREAT PROBLEM.

Question of Distribution That Has to Be Solved. George L. McNutt, the preacher-laborer and social economist, otherwise known as "The Dinner Pail Man," told recently of a conversation he once had with a multi-millionaire.

"What's the matter with this old world, anyway?" he asked. "Did the Creator overlook something in his plans?" "That's not it at all," was the reply. "It's all a question of distribution. I made my money by handling just one of the world's many products—just one—but every item of waste was eliminated from the handling. This wasteful duplication in distributing is what picks our pockets and keeps the poor man down."

"You will say that our method of handling products makes work for many men, but the high prices they are obliged to pay for everything makes it a game of taking in with one hand and paying out with the other. There's no doubt of it, much of the world's misery hinges on this one thing—the question of distribution."

"Mrs. Not Put on Tombstones." "How often one hears the expression, 'She just got married because she wanted to have Mrs. put on her tombstone.' Now, this seems a very natural statement to the natural listener, says the Philadelphia Record, but, as a matter of fact, there are few tombstones that have 'Mrs.' on them, as very recent interviews with grave-diggers and church sextons have demonstrated, so the woman who intends plunging into matrimony with the idea that she is going to be known as Mrs. Jackson or Mrs. Blackson after death had better hesitate before she takes any desperate step.

Maximilian's Officer Saw Him Shot. A beneficiary of the will of Ferdinand Maximilian, emperor of Mexico from 1864 to 1867, lives in Vineland, N. J., in the person of Rudolf Stinert, now 62 years old. He was a captain of artillery on the ship Penosola, and was sixty-five miles off shore the night Gen. Lopez betrayed the emperor. He started on land for his beloved commander with 11 guns and 940 men, and cutting his way through surrendered with 400 men and 3 guns. Stinert, with other officers, saw his commander shot. He differs with historians in describing the death scene. He says Maximilian refused to have his eyes bandaged, and stood up with one hand on his heart, marking the spot where the four soldiers were requested to fire, and with the other hand outstretched fell back and expired immediately. Maximilian left each of his officers \$100 a year in his will. The only other officer Stinert knows to be living is Baron Fulmer of Philadelphia.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Warning in a Sneeze. "As a general thing, sneezing is Nature's warning to get warmer in some way or other and quickly," is the gist of an article by Dr. W. R. Conant in Modern Medical Science.

To a Critic. I sometimes wonder which the earliest thrived, the mind creative or the analytic; whether the writer first arrived, or first the critic.

Fitz Now After Corbett. Not having heard from Jeffries in regard to his recent challenge, Fitzsimmons wants to meet Jim Corbett. Ruby Robert says that Corbett says that Fitz is the one man he wants to meet before he goes into pugilistic retirement. Fitz thereupon reiterates that he is ready to sign articles when Corbett deposits a forfeit of \$5,000 to bind the match. Corbett may dictate the conditions.

Rejects Automobile Records. It is announced by Chairman Partridge of the American Automobile association that the racing board had rejected the claims for mile records made by Earl Kiser and Barney Oldfield. The former made 52 1/4 at Cleveland and the latter 51 1/5 at Denver. The action was taken owing to difference of the timers' figures.

13 Rostand's Lucky Number. Edmond Rostand, although superstitious like many of his countrymen, yet considers thirteen his lucky number, and with reason. His own name, by which he conjures fringes from the pockets of the French publishers, contains 13 letters; "LAIGON" and "CYRANO," his two greatest successes, contain 13 letters between them; the day he was received into the Academy (the greatest honor a Frenchman can conceive) was June 4, 1903—6, 4, 13—234 he was assigned to the thirteenth chair in that august body, of which he was the thirteenth occupant.

THE WORLD OF SPORTS

Chess Match Hangs Fire. The proposed Lasker-Marshall match for the world's chess championship is still in a tentative stage. While Lasker demands that Marshall put up \$500 deposit, he does not consider that he should put up a like amount, and regards his title as champion as equivalent security.

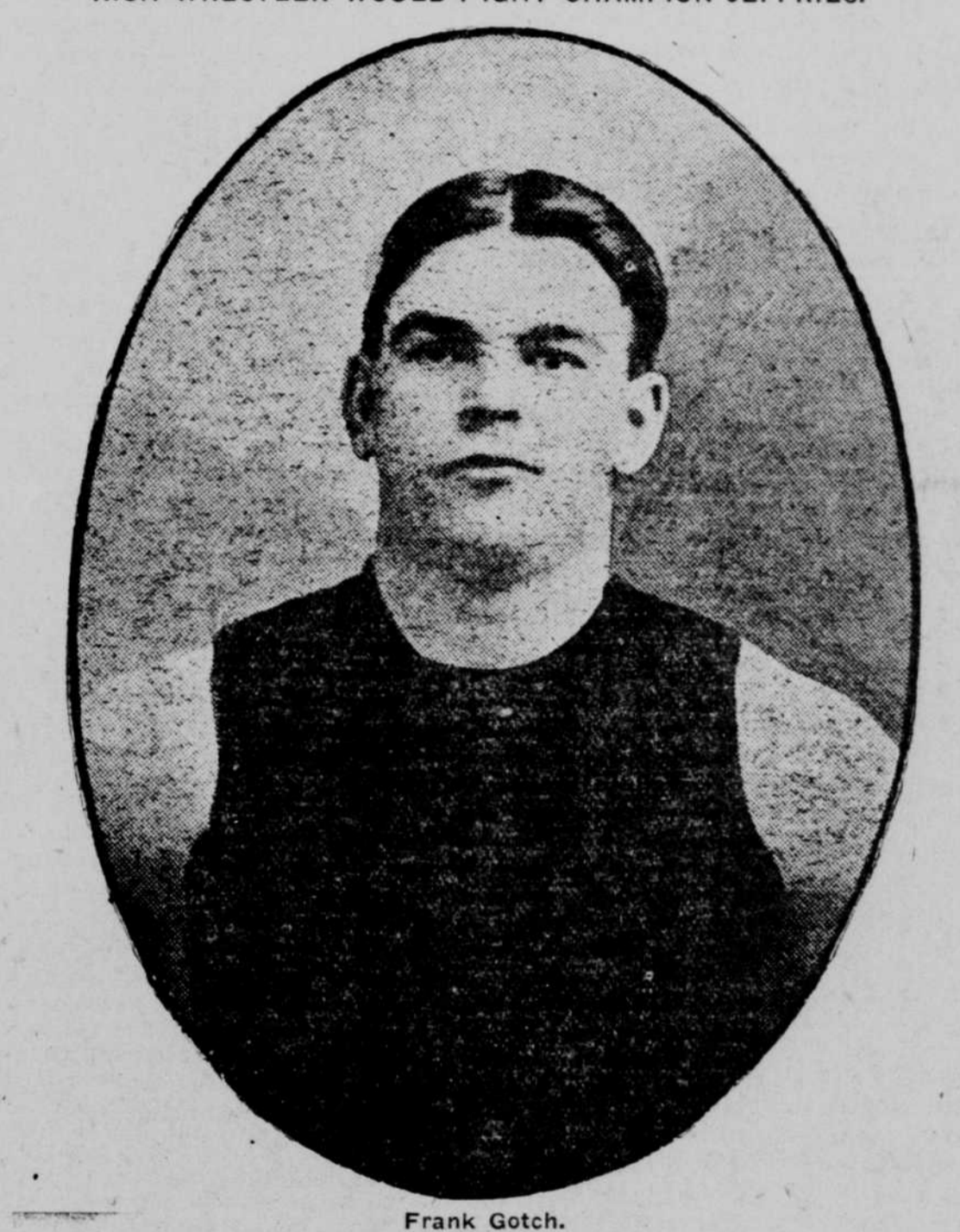
Murphy Will Not Fight Neil. Tommy Murphy will not meet Frankie Neil at San Francisco before the San Francisco Athletic club the last of the month. Manager Greggins of the local club has been confident of obtaining the two boys for this month's show after two futile attempts to secure an attraction.

Says Jeff Is Best Man. In discussing his ring experiences recently Bob Fitzsimmons said: "I have fought a good many fighters, but Jeffries, in my opinion, is the greatest fighter in the world and the best man I ever fought. As for the cleverest fighter, Corbett carries off the honors for science. I don't like Corbett. I never did. But you have to give the devil his due, so I will put Corbett down as the cleverest man I ever faced in the ring."

Murphy and Nelson Part. Teddy Murphy will in all probability have to go on a still hunt for a new "meal ticket," while his former protegee hunts for bear in the hills around Richardson Springs. Battling Nelson told a reporter that he had severed his relations with the "boy manager," as he felt that, after all that had passed between them, it would be utterly impossible for them to get along together harmoniously in the future.

Medler a Great Sire. The get of imported Medler won more money on the running turf last season than the get of any other

RICH WRESTLER WOULD FIGHT CHAMPION JEFFRIES.



Some interest has been created in the athletic line by this champion athlete's announcement that he would like to meet the big California title-holder in a battle for the championship. Gotch comes from Humboldt, Ia., where he owns a considerable amount of property, and, having taken good care of his money, is reported to be in excellent circumstances.

Calls Jabez White Dub. "I'll take on Jabez White and agree to knock him out in ten rounds," said Young Corbett at San Rafael, where he is going through a course of severe training.

May Match Kelly and Schreck. An effort is being made by the promoters of the Dubuque Athletic association to match Hugo Kelly of Chicago and Mike Schreck of Cincinnati for the wind-up of the next card to be offered by the association. Eddie Kenny of Chicago and George Mullholland of Dubuque, light weights, who fought ten rounds recently, may be rematched for fifteen rounds.

Pigeon Club Elects Officers. The American Pigeon club, at its annual meeting re-elected these officers: Vice presidents, Rudolph Schweisfurth, Philadelphia, and L. A. Janssen, Milwaukee; secretary and treasurer, E. C. Duffy, Washington. The American Barred Carrier club chose Pennock Powell of Wyncotte, Pa., as secretary.

Tells One on "Cy" Young. "I was standing in the dressing room of the old Cleveland team one day," says Jimmy Welsh, "when Cy Young came in from a near-by drug store with a bottle of mineral water and started to loosen the cork with his knife. 'Be careful, there,' said Pat Tebeau, 'that water's charged, ain't it?'" "Charged nothing," replied Cy, as the cork flew out and the water went splashing into Pat's face. "I never had a thing charged in my life; I gave 20 cents for this water.—New York Sun.

GOT EVEN WITH CRITIC.

Wife's Arrangement Effectually Muzzled Captious Husband. A certain well known politician's daughter has a husband who is disposed to be critical. Most of his friends are men of great wealth, who live extremely well, and association with them has made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask, after tasting an entree his wife had racked her brain to think up. "What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on. "Is this supposed to be a salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served.

The wife stood it as long as she could. One evening he came home in a particularly captious humor. His wife was dressed in her most becoming gown and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner. The soup tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a card containing the information in a big round hand: "This is soup."

Roast beef followed, with a placard announcing: "This is roast beef." The potatoes were labeled, the gravy dish was placarded, the olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice cream came in a card announcing "This is ice cream" came with it.

To PRESERVE A HUSBAND. Advice That Combines Humor and Common Sense. For this purpose select a nice, kind, amiable, industrious, generous man. The American variety is far better than the foreign kind. Prepare him by having him go through a long engagement, which effectually renders a man a soft thing and makes him easy to handle. Gently detach him from all of his old friends and acquaintances and remove any habits he may have. He is then ready to can, preserve or make jam, as you choose.

Willie Warned His Deposits. Rogers has a small grandson, of whom he is very fond. The boy one day last week copied in a toy shop a savings bank in the form of a rooster, sayily painted in yellow and red. He asked for and obtained from his grandfather the coveted toy. Before dropping his pennies in the slot made to receive them in the back of the toy he examined it critically and inquired: "Do the pennies go straight into the rooster's stomach?"

After the Votes Were Counted. The editor of this paper met the enemy last Tuesday and we are theirs in carload lots. We lost out and our opponent won in. The only way we can account for this is that he got more votes than we did. We are not lame, maimed or sore over the result. A number of voters promised to vote for us, but made a mistake on election day. The voters between are long and their haunting specters throng. Yet I hear 'em 'ere olden song: By-low, by-low.

Hereafter this paper will be more of a religious paper than a political one. We have to do something to square ourselves for the lying we have done in behalf of ourselves and others. We find ourselves now without friends, influence, money, credit or a meal ticket, and those owing us will come to our relief at once. No apologies or excuses will be received unless it bears the mark of the sender—that is, gold, silver or currency. We will be found at the Gem office during business hours, unless we are dodging our creditors.—Flagstaff Gem.

By-Low, By-Low. Here's the way she sang to me, By-low, by-low. As she held me on her knee, Long ago, long ago. Oh, the years between are long And their haunting specters throng. Yet I hear 'em 'ere olden song: By-low, by-low.

I have wearied on the way— By-low, by-low— And the sunset is but gray, Well I know, well I know, yet, my mother, through the stress— Comes your song, like a caress— By-low, by-low.

Hold me, mother, as of old— By-low, by-low— 'Tis your song of love untold Ebb and flow, ebb and flow; Hold me to your loving breast— Sing the songs of songs the best: By-low, by-low. —A. J. Waterhouse in Sunset Magazine.

Fox in a Dining Room. A fox, being hard pressed by the Tidworth Hunt, waded through the large window of the dining room of the residence of Major Foyle, R. E., at Netheravon, escaping through the front door.—London Express.