

DIVIDES PROFITS

Wichita Railroad and Light Company a Fair One

PAYS EMPLOYEES BIG WAGES

The Amount Employees Receive is Governed by Faithful Services and the Smallest Per Cent of Mistakes

The employees of the Wichita Railroad and Light company received their fourth dividend, which is the largest ever distributed so far and amounts to \$665.37. This sum was divided among fifty-eight men, as a special reward for good and faithful service. This is based on their earnings for the past six months, which amounted to \$12,968.10. This only includes the regularly employed men who have been in the service of the company for the last six months. Of the men on cars Amos Grable of the stock yards line receives the largest dividend, \$19.86, which includes a premium for most excellent service without a single accident of any kind during the year. Of the late men Frank Clark of the Topeka avenue line receives the largest dividend, \$16.71, as his record was free from accidents of any kind during the year.

Of the swing men E. W. Hell of the College Hill line receives the largest dividend, \$14.47, his record also being free from accidents. Besides these four others will receive special premiums for especially good service during the past year. They are George Seward, Charles Gill, Jerry Brown, and Ira Giddings.

The company during the year just past paid out for labor \$40,694.64. In addition to this sum the company paid several thousand dollars indirectly for labor to contractors who did work at the power house, built bridges and paving on West Douglas.

During the year 1903 the company carried 2,764,353 passengers, counting cash fare, tickets and transfers. The total car service for the year was equal to one car operated for 5,710 days and a distance of 828,497 miles. To operate these cars an electric energy of 1,730,000 horse power was required and to produce this electric current 4,427 tons of coal were consumed under the boilers at the power house.

STATE OIL PRODUCTION

More Than One Million Barrels Were Obtained from the Field

The pipeline report of the Kansas oil field, including Bartlesville, I. T., shows that the total production of the field in 1903 was 1,071,015 barrels of crude petroleum. By months the runs of the pipeline were as follows:

Month	Runs	Average per day
January	44,528.47	1,436.40
February	42,128.17	1,504.58
March	29,504.30	951.75
April	27,168.69	906.69
May	63,706.47	2,056.95
June	52,771.81	1,759.06
July	60,421.74	1,949.00
August	93,777.46	3,025.08
September	114,712.16	3,823.73
October	127,997.71	4,228.96
November	175,751.45	5,658.21
December	238,488.11	7,693.17

Total 1,071,015.00

Monthly average 88,419.69
There were in operation in the field December 31, 1,590 producing wells and 229 new wells were under way. The price paid for the best Kansas oil, or "South Nodessa," in December was \$1.40 a barrel. The price was more than \$1 all the year. The total paid by the Standard company for December was, in round figures, \$340,000.

Attention Given Up the Claim

It is believed in Atchison, Kan., that that city has lost the proposed Missouri Pacific railroad shops and that Sedalia will get them. B. P. Waggener, who returned from New York, believes Sedalia will get the shops if it complies with promises made the company. These promises are understood to be \$200,000 in cash and 125 acres of land. Mr. Waggener says the matter has not been definitely settled in favor of Sedalia, as it must also be demonstrated that the water supply there is sufficient. Two summers ago the water was so scarce at Sedalia that this question became a serious one with the railroad.

Russians Becoming Americanized

Many Russians from Russian settlements north of Emporia, Kan., are getting out naturalization papers. They went there in the last year. They fear that should Russia and Japan engage in war, Russia might conscript them into the army, as they are subject to the car until they take out naturalization papers.

Typewriter Record Broken

John A. Shields, who lives in Jackson county, broke the world's typewriter record at Ottawa, Kan., by writing 218 words a minute in a dark room. Shields is an Ottawa university student and is 19 years old.

An Old Resident Passes Away

Mrs. Hannah Summerfield, for more than forty years a resident of Lawrence, Kan., died at her home at the age of 83 years. She was the mother of Elias Summerfield, of New York, and Dr. M. Summerfield, of Denver. The latter formerly lived in Lawrence.

Very Respectable Joint Keepers

The recent trials of the jointkeepers at Dodge City, Kan., have been society events of deep interest.

The six jointkeepers are mostly young men, well liked by men, and popular with the ladies, and the town is in two factions over their incarceration in the jail for thirty days.

It is stated that several are studying law in jail with the intention of entering politics as opponents at election of the present county attorney who stuck them.

RE-ELECT ALL OLD OFFICERS

State Meeting of Short Horn Breeders Held at State Farm

The Short Horn Breeders of Nebraska met in the stock pavilion at the state farm and held a short business session in which they re-elected the old officers of the association for the coming year, listened to the report of special committees and revised parts of the constitution of the organization. Immediately after the session the agricultural students joined the meeting and Prof. Henry of the agricultural school at the University of Wisconsin gave a short address.

A preliminary meeting of the Short Horn breeders was held at the Windsor hotel, at which three committees, on resolutions, amendments to the constitution and nominations for new officers, were appointed. Mr. Riley, chairman of the nominating committee, reported that the committee, after due consideration, had concluded to advise the re-election of the old officers, in consideration of the good work which they have done in the past, and for the thorough knowledge they have of the affairs of the society. The meeting accepted the recommendation and the nominations, placing the official work of the organization in the hands of the following men: President, L. C. Lawson, Clarks, Neb.; vice president, L. J. Hitchcock, of Falls City, Neb.; secretary, A. B. Heath, of Republican, Neb.

AN \$80,000 ROBBERY

Safe on the Sunset Route Near San Luis Stolen by Thieves

Train robbers stole the iron safe from the express car of the Sunset limited, northbound, near San Luis Obispo, California, and it is reported the robbers secured a large amount of treasure from the stolen strong box, the sum being placed as high as \$80,000. Train No. 9, of the Sunset limited, was traveling in two sections, and it was in one of the express cars of the second section that the robbery occurred. The express messenger, T. Sullivan, had two cars to look after, and shortly after the train left San Luis Obispo and while they were near San Marqueto he discovered the loss of the safe. He had been working in the forward express car and as soon as he went to the rear he made the astounding discovery that the safe had been wrenched from the corner of the car, where it had been secured by heavy steel bars, and carried away. The messenger immediately gave the warning, and the train was stopped and word was wired along the line to look out for the robbers.

Three Battles and 500 Killed.

According to a cable report to the state department from United States Consul Finch at Montevideo the revolutionary disturbances in that country are much more serious and extensive than has been supposed. The minister cables as follows:

"There has been three battles, all won by the government, the last one being on the 18th. The total number of killed and wounded was about 500. The government forces were estimated at 28,000 and the rebels at 7,000 to 9,000. The opinion is that the insurrection will be suppressed in a month, unless aided by near neighbors. The press and telegraph censorship continues; also martial law."

Decrease in Revenue Receipts.

The monthly statement of the collections of internal revenue show that the total collections for December were \$20,577,790, a decrease for the month of \$166,061. For the six months of the present fiscal year the receipts exceeded those for the corresponding period last year by \$2,554,065.

Cotton Went "Out of Sight."

Cotton price surpassed all previous records since war times again when March sold at \$14.48, May at \$14.54 and July at \$14.61 in New York. The further advances were attended by considerable activity and excitement, but the market soon became quieter and it seemed that the trading was largely professional, rather than for public account. The opening was firm at an advance of from 12 to 23 points, following cables, about 10 points better than expected, reports of a continuance of the good spot demand and estimates pointing towards continued light receipts. The initial advances, however, in addition to the gains of the last two days, meant an advance of nearly 3-4 cent a pound.

Largely Attended Institute

The annual session of the Brown County Farmers' Institute began at Hiawatha, Kan., in spite of the bad weather with a good attendance. The institute and corn show continued four days, closing with a big banquet for only farmers and their wives at the armory.

Big Milk Trust in Chicago

Under the name of the Chicago Dairy company, Chicago capitalists are forming a corporation designed to control the milk supply of Chicago. Organized under the laws of the state of Maine, the company has an authorized capital of \$4,000,000.

Panama Treaty Will Pass

It has been practically determined in congress to drop all the amendments to the Panama treaty. Assurances have been received that Panama concedes that the treaty will be interpreted as the amendments provide in regard to th harbors, sanitation and the limitation of the cities of Panama and Colon.

Exonerated for Killing a Thief

By verdict of the coroner's jury Axel Stratton of Lincoln, was exonerated from all blame for the shooting of William Lewis, while the latter was taking corn from a crib at the state farm. Lewis died and Coroner Graham empaneled a jury and listened to the witnesses who told the story of the affair.

County Superintendent Arnot of Dodge county, issues formal warning to all school board officers and teachers against the wiles of canvassing agents for school supplies.


SUMMER SUNSETS.

Spaced there are of silver, spaces of
hazy green,
Fading blue and deepening rose the in-
dian boughs between;
Subdued thrushes calling while twilight
veils are falling
Across the western roses their fervent
flame to screen.

A whitethroat sings his vesper, while
far-off pigeons draw,
Moths quit the shadowy shelter of ivy
on a wall,
The spider stops her spinning, for her
lustrous time's beginning,
And flung across with dewdrops are the
handbags of her ball.

Gray clouds invade the silver, the green
they overrun,
There is no stain of scarlet where lately
died the sun,
Time's finger that was lifted falls; and a
point has shifted
Upon the dial of the earth. Another day
is done.

—Westminster Gazette.



THE LAST HOPE

By LURA VINE SMITH.
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"Ruthie, do you think James will come to-morrow? Will I see him once more before I die? He will come, if he knows, won't he?"

"Oh, grandma!" answered the girl, "don't don't talk that way! Maybe we will keep you with us a long time yet. Yes, I think James will come, and really, I believe you look better to-day. Now try and sleep a bit, and when you wake up I will make you some nice soft toast and we will have tea together."

Tenderly drawing the bed cover up over the shoulders of the old lady and smoothing her pillow, Ruth stepped softly to the kitchen and sinking into a low chair buried her face in her apron and sobbed bitterly. She knew her grandmother could live, but a few days at the most. The dear, helpless, old lady had passed her ninety-seventh birthday, and now it was only a step to the beyond where all sorrow and care would cease.

But this was not all the cloud that darkened Ruth's sky. Poor child! so young and frail to bear such a heavy burden! Drawing it from her pocket, she read for the hundredth time, perhaps, that crumpled letter:

"Dear Ruth: I am more than ashamed to beg you to help me out of another scrape, but I swear if you can fix me out this time, it shall be the last. Here I am, three hundred miles from home, grandma dying—asking for me, and I am in trouble again. It's a fine of ten dollars or—jail. The professor says he will see me go there this time, before he'll help me out, and I don't know as I can blame him. Sis, I haven't one cent! I've got that pass for home, but I can't leave here until I have paid the fine! Ruthie, I am a scoundrel, and I hate myself; but if you can get me out this once, so I can go home, I'll promise to come back and finish this year and be the steadiest fellow you ever saw. I mean it this time, sure, for I'm tired of the whole business, and I'll pay you back, for you shall have a good deal more than half of what grandma has to leave us. You will, won't you, Ruthie? Don't let her die till I get there! Your loving brother, JIM."

Ruth wasn't really his sister, though she loved him with all her big heart—perhaps more than she would if she had been. Grandma Hall, who had raised James, taking him when he was a little fellow in dresses, had adopted Ruth Wells and brought the two up as her own children.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" cried the girl. "She must not, must not guess the truth—it would break her heart, for she thinks him perfect, and she is—dying! How can



Smoothing her pillow.

I get the money without letting her know? O Jamie, Jamie! Why will you? I love him, anyway, and if it's in my power I'll get him home!"

She sat and pondered—it seemed for hours, but the problem remained unsolved.

"Ruthie! Ruthie!"

"Yes, grandma, I'm coming; do you want your tea?"

"No, not now, dearie. Child, I want you to go up into the attic—here, take this key, unlock the big chest and bring down the music box you will find there—if you can carry it. Wait! let me tell you about it," and the dy-

ing woman's face lit up with a bright glow.

"It was years ago—one cold night in fall. Your grandpa and I lived right here, just as you and I do—and the wind howled just as it does to-night—perhaps that is what made me remember—that and—There came a sound of music out under that old ironwood tree; it came nearer, and O, it was so sweet! It was 'The Last Hope,' the boy said, for father opened the door, and there stood the poor thing, cold and shivering, and sick. We took him in and put him to bed; I guess you would call him a 'Dago,' now, but he had a sweet soul.



For there was money!

The next morning his dark, curly head lay against the pillow—so quiet, but his eyes roamed over the room and he whispered, 'The Last Hope! Wind it up! Your grandpa wound it, faintly, 'Again!' I was busy in the kitchen and thought it must be nearly run down; I came in just as the last sweet strain was dying and with it went the spirit of the little Italian boy. We never knew who he was, but we buried him and took the music box for our own—not for general use, but when dark places came we would wind it up and listen, and it always seemed to comfort us with the assurance that there was still one more hope. I need it now, so get it, dearie, and we will listen to it together; it will be the 'Hope' that Jamie will come before I go."

Ruth made her way to the attic and found the unknown, hidden treasure, though her eyes were blinded with tears so that she could hardly see, and she shivered and kept repeating, "O what shall I—what can I do?"

With difficulty she brought the box down the narrow stairs, for it was large and heavy, but it was finally placed on the round, old-fashioned table and wound up. Slowly—softly—the tune that had slept for years awakened and filled the room with its rich, sweet melody; once, twice it played the tune and they listened in silence, then—the music stopped. Ruth wound it tighter—still no sound; she tried to turn the sheet, but it refused to move. She tried the sprocket, pressed the pin wheel, but all to no purpose.

"I will take it to the kitchen and un-screw the cover and then I can surely find out what is the matter. You shall have some more music, grandma, indeed you shall," said Ruth, as she once more lifted the big box and bore it away.

The old screws were loosened with but little trouble, the cover raised, and there—Ruth almost screamed in delight and amazement—for there was money! nickels—nickels—nickels without end! No wonder the thing was so heavy! She counted; forty-two nickels! and there in one corner was a little leather bag with just one hundred more! One hundred and forty-two nickels—seven dollars and ten cents!

"And I have four dollars and eight-cent cents; eleven dollars and twenty-eight cents! And it will only take ten to get James out of disgrace and bring him home! Poor, little, dead Italian boy! You did not know how happy your treasured nickels would make three hearts!"

In her joy Ruth almost forgot that her errand was to fix the music box.

She didn't know any more what to do than the big cat who watched her, but she touched something, she could n't tell what, and lo! the wheel turned and once again came the sweet tune. Carefully she laid the money in the table drawer, but the cover in place, closed the box and carried it back to the bedroom, saying cheerily:

"Well, grandma, the last hope is surely not dead. A card from James says he will be here to-morrow morning—and God and the angels forgive her for the lie."

The sweet, wrinkled, old face wore a happy smile, but the soul was gone. Softly the music-box played "The Last Hope." The door was closed; the dead woman was alone with the music she loved.

In the next room a boy and a girl—may—a man and a woman stood side by side. Gently his arm stole around her waist.

"Ruthie, but for you her last hope—yes, and my own, had died. Had I not got here before she went I should never have forgiven myself."

He raised her sweet face to his and there were tears in her eyes.

"Why, my darling, is it so? Is there one last hope for me still?" and the girl replied:

"How I have loved you, James!"—and sweetly, softly, "The Last Hope" played—for the dead and for the living.

IT WAS UP TO BROKER TAYLOR

Whether Beggar Should Take Lord's Name in Vain or Not.

Talbot J. Taylor, son-in-law of James R. Keene, is noted for his kindness of heart. Few are the beggars who, appealing to Mr. Taylor, are dismissed empty-handed.

One bright morning not long ago a gray-beard with one leg hobbled humbly up to Mr. Taylor on Broadway.

"For God's sake, sir—" he began but the broker interrupted him with some severity.

"Don't take the Lord's name in vain, my friend," he said.

The beggar's rather intelligent face was illuminated with a talent smile.

"It will be your fault, sir," he said, "if I do take it in vain."

Thereupon the broker also smiled, and his hand went quickly to his pocket.

His Opinion of Wagner.

Augustus Thomas has a friend—a real Kentucky Colonel of the type one reads about in novels—who is very fond of the lighter music, but who has always entertained the opinion that the music of Wagner, Bach and other of the so-called classical composers is mere "sound and fury signifying nothing." When he was expressing his views on the subject of Wagnerian music it developed that he had never heard a Wagner opera. Thomas pleaded with him that it was hardly fair to condemn a thing without a hearing, and persuaded him to listen to a Wagner opera at the Metropolitan. The Colonel went, and the next day when Thomas met him, he asked:

"Well, Colonel, what is your opinion of Wagner now?"

"What do I think of him? Why, I think he was nothing short of a scoundrel, Suh! He could write a tune, but he wouldn't."—New York Times.

Queer Case of Forgetfulness.

What is pronounced by physicians to be a case of double consciousness was brought to public notice by a suit filed by David Charters against the city of Denver for \$15,000 damages for injuries to his head, sustained by falling on a defective sidewalk, says a dispatch to the Philadelphia American. After the accident, which occurred Dec. 30, 1901, Charters proclaimed himself "Daniel the Prophet," and wrote a book, entitled "Daniel's Vision and Mission; Is Heaven Real? Is Hell Real?"

He preached on the streets, and established a prosperous mission. He also traveled about the country as an evangelist. Charters, a few weeks ago, recovered from his injury, and the attendant aberration, and declared that the interval following the accident was a blank to him. He had no knowledge of having written a book. After reading the book he pronounced its contents idiotic.

A Budding Romance.

They stroll away from all the rest—To talk of Gilton, Golf and Gissing, Till, by some strange caprice, at last The conversation turns on—kissing.

He claims, with that convincing air Of one whose knowledge is completest, That kisses won beneath the rose Are far the tenderest and sweetest.

A pause ensues. He begs her thought, Her glance no gleam of guile discloses, "I was just wondering," she observes, "if this year would be good for roses."

—Beatrice Hanscom in Ainslee's.

Now is the Time.

To-day is the time for laughter;
To-morrow the time for tears,
Whatever may come hereafter,
Whatever of woe with years;
To-day is the time to borrow
The best that the gods can give,
We can sorrow if need be to-morrow,
But to-day is the time to live!

—Boston Traveler.

Americans in Australia.

In all the larger cities of Australia and New Zealand you will find some Americans. Melbourne especially has many, whose fathers voyaged from San Francisco when gold was first discovered.

Mountain Cranberry.

Mountain cranberry is one of the best remedies for kidney troubles. It grows wild on poor soil, but is not as plentiful as many of the herbs.

Giant Spiders.

In the East Indies there are spiders so large that they feed on small birds.

THE WEEKLY PANORAMA

SHAW'S SON GOES TO WAR.

Young Iowan Will Be Correspondent if Japan and Russia Fight.

Earl Shaw, the young son of Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, has graduated from the Culver Military academy, at Eldora, Iowa, and his parents have allowed him to accept a position as special war correspondent for an Eastern magazine. He is now on his way from San Francisco to Japan. He will send feature matter from Japan to the magazine, and in the event of war between Japan and Russia will be given an opportunity to go to the



EARL SHAW

front, an ambition which the young man is said to cherish.

The lad was born in Denison, Iowa, and there received his first schooling. He passed a few days at Denison this month before leaving for the Orient.

POPULAR WITH THE LADIES.

Gen. Sickness a Pronounced Favorite of the Fair Sex.

Every woman who knows him admires Gen. "Dan" Sickness. He is a gallant of the old school and has made a study of those arts of flattery and deferential attention, combined with the occasional demonstration of superiority in the mental processes of men that almost invariably win the feminine heart. Gen. Sickness is an excellent listener when he has a pretty girl as his vis-a-vis, and it has been said that in his younger days there were few men who could enter or leave a drawing room with such courtly grace as he. That was before he lost his leg, but even now with his crutches he is a rhythmic, regular and soldierly stumper. Matrons who are beginning to show wrinkles at the tail of the eye are amazed at the general's youthful ideas, and there is a general desire to know the location of the spring of perpetual youth of which he drinks.

TO SEEK POWER IN FRANCE.

Bonaparte Pretender Expected to Become Active.

The death of Princess Mathilde will probably result in a revival of the Bonapartists to regain the throne of France, according to the Lokal Anzeiger. The princess, who was a niece of Napoleon Bonaparte, has left her



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON

entire fortune to Louis Napoleon, who is a general in the Russian army.

He is generally accepted as a pretender to the French throne in preference to his elder brother Victor, who is less suitable for enterprise and intrigue. It is probable that he will marry a princess of one of the ruling families, who will aid him to carry out his project.

Little Only in Stature.

Andrew Carnegie is only a few inches above 5 feet in height. Henry W. Phipps, his old partner, is not an inch taller, and John Walker, the other member of the trio who revolutionized the manufacture of steel, has perhaps a little the better of both Carnegie and Phipps. As for Henry C. Frick, his head would just about reach to the shoulder of a man of ordinary height. It is said that one day when these four steel masters were walking together on the streets of Pittsburg a bootblack called out to his business rival further down the block as the millionaires passed: "Eh, Jimmy, git onto der rants!"

Princely Flatterers.

The women of New York have been making much of Prince Mohammed Barakatullah. Recently he delivered a lecture before the professional Women's league on the standing of the Mohammedan women in their own country, and touched upon the subject of polygamy. After his lecture one of the ladies became personal and asked him: "Prince, would you be contented with one wife?" "Madam," declared the Oriental, "I never had a desire for more than one until I met the American women."