



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
Theodore P. Shonts is head of the body in control of the work of digging the Panama waterway. Mr. Shonts was formerly president of the "Cloverleaf" railroad.

FIRST SCHOOL IN WEST.

OLD DOCUMENT GIVES CAHOKIA, ILL., UNIQUE HONOR.

Log Courthouse Recently Brought to Chicago from St. Clair County Recalls Pioneer Days—Built of Black Walnut.

Chicago.—Cahokia, the quaint little "deserted village" way down in St. Clair county, almost on the banks of the Mississippi, is now claimed as the cradle of the great free school system of Illinois by members of the Chicago Historical society, who have brought to light an old document dated May 6, 1794, in which the citizens of Cahokia request "the judges of the honorable court of Cahokia" to allow them to hold their first public school in the courthouse. The old courthouse, said to be the oldest in the west, is now situated on Wooded island, in Jackson park.

The old document, which fixes the time of the founding of the Illinois schools, was discovered a few weeks ago after it had been hidden from human eyes for almost 100 years. It is written in French. Translated it reads as follows:

"To the Honorable Gentlemen, the Judges of the Honorable Court of Cahokia:

"The inhabitants of the parish of the Holy Family of Cahokia have the honor to express to you at their assembly that they have the desire to establish a school in the said parish (or town) for the instruction of their children.

"As they are obliged to do many necessary public works in the parish, they cannot at once undertake the construction of a building necessary to hold the said school, so these representatives ask you gentlemen that you allow them to hold the said school in your audience room of the courthouse until they construct a building which will oblige all the inhabitants whose children have their instruction in the school, and in which case should there arise any defacement of the said audience room, they will leave it in the best condition which you judge necessary and proper.

"That is why they supplicate you to accord them this request as being necessary for the public good. In this cause they submit themselves to your good will and have the honor to be, very respectfully,

"Your very humble and very obedient servants,
Louis Sebrun,
"Louis Grand."

"Cahokia, 6 May, 1794."

This, according to the historians, was the first request for a public school in Illinois after the revolutionary war, when, under one of our first laws, one section in each township was set aside for school purposes.

With the erection in Jackson park of the old courthouse in which the first Illinois schools were held, Chicago now possesses the only original historic public building west of Boston or north of New Orleans. The structure was the seat of local gov-

20,000,000 TONS OF ORE.

New Deposit in Canada Equal to Holdings of the Steel Trust.

Cleveland.—The new deposit of ore recently discovered in Canada upon examination is shown to contain almost as much ore as all the holdings of the steel corporation, with the exception of the Hill properties lately purchased. This information has caused much comment among iron men, and it is said that independent interests in Buffalo and Pittsburgh are negotiating for the property. This new ore-bearing property is situated about 20 miles east of Port Arthur, and is about three miles in width and six miles long. According to recent tests the body will contain slightly upward of 20,000,000 tons of ore.

Estimates of the grade of this ore

ernment in Cahokia, in what is the oldest county in the state.

It was under the royal regimes of King Louis XV. of France and King George III. of England and finally under the American stars and stripes during the administration of the first president, George Washington, after the expedition and bloodless victories of George Rogers Clark in 1778, when he captured the Northwest Territory from the British.

The little building is constructed of square black walnut logs, about ten inches square on the ends and one story high. The logs are set up on end in the style of the construction of the French period. The overhanging roof makes the top of the porch, which extends all around it. At the end is a chimney and fireplace, with the old hand-wrought andirons.

The ancient town of Cahokia was the settlement of the Cahokia tribe of Indians, one of the Illinois confederation, and the village was possibly located as early as 1682, but the beginning of the history of the village practically dates from the founding of the church of the Holy Family about 1700 by Father Francois Pinet, S. J., who also founded the Guardian Angel's mission at Chicago about 1696.

Father St. Cosme, in the journal of his voyage in 1699, states that his party conducted from Chicago by Mr. De Tonty was rejoined at Peoria by this same Father Pinet, who was accustomed to spend his summers at the Chicago mission.

The Cahokia courthouse was built about 1716, according to local history, and was the next oldest building to the church. It was early used as headquarters for the notary and civil officers and local military officers under the French, British and Americans when in Cahokia. It was also called the "garrison," occupying the most commanding corner of the public common in the center of the village, where it overlooked all the roads and approaches to the town.

Pontiac, the great Indian chief, was assassinated in Cahokia about 1709 while engaged in one of his conspiracies. The building occupied the middle of a small plot of ground and formerly was surrounded by a stockade fence. A small iron cannon occupied each corner. These were swept away or buried in one of the great floods.

Elevator Ride Is Fatal.

New York.—Medical skill was unable to check the nervous decline of Mrs. Frank Hennion, which developed after her return from a shopping trip to New York, and she died at her home at Morristown, N. J. Mrs. Hennion received a severe shock while taking her first ride in an "express" elevator in New York. She entered the elevator on the tenth floor of a skyscraper occupied by a furniture company. After returning home she complained of a headache and a painful illness set in. Physicians diagnosed her ailment as lockjaw. They concurred in the opinion that the disease resulted from the terror experienced in the elevator ride. Mrs. Hennion was 26 years old.

OLD COLONY ON WANE

LAST REMAINING SETTLEMENT OF FRENCH PASSING AWAY.

With Decline of Fisheries little Town on Island of Miquelon, Off Mouth of St. Lawrence, Fast Becoming Depopulated.

Sydney, C. B.—The last remaining settlement of the once vast domain of France on the North American continent, the little fishing town of St. Pierre, on the island of Miquelon, off the mouth of the St. Lawrence river, is fast becoming depopulated. Grave concern is felt by the French government over the serious condition of affairs. The feeling of the French government over the shrinkage in this tiny island possession is not due to pride alone. From the intrepid marines of Miquelon she picks the men from whom she builds the fighting strength of her navy.

The exodus of the inhabitants of Miquelon has long been noted. Canada is striving to build up her great northwest and is offering strong inducements to immigrants. The fishing industry of St. Pierre has been a failure for the last two or three years, and with the sole means of sustenance taken from them the descendants of the hardy French explorers have faced actual starvation. Government steps have been unequal to relieving the privations endured by its colonists. Recently 100 immigrants landed at North Sydney from one schooner in charge of Dr. T. A. Brisson, head of the colonization department for the province of Quebec. Dr. Brisson says that on the next trip 200 more will come, and that the end will not be even then, and the population of Miquelon is numbered only by hundreds.

The hardness that has made the men of Miquelon famous in romances of the sea will now be employed in new ventures. Nearly all the able-bodied men have been promised employment in pioneer railroad construction, and others will seek some-thing in the wheat belt.

France has made determined efforts to maintain this foothold in the west. When the tide of emigration set from the island she filled up the gap with colonists from the fishermen of her own shores. But with the decline of the fisheries and with the ceaseless struggle for a meager existence growing continually harder, the colonists have refused to remain.

WORLD'S MOST POLITE MAN.

Many People Would Probably Regard Him as a Crank.

Clarksburg, W. Va.—Never guilty of having said a cross word to anybody is the record of Robert Wilder, of Clarksburg, and, furthermore, he is highly respected by his relatives, which is saying a great deal. No Frenchman or Japanese could be more polite than he.

When Wilder was held up by a highwayman near Dugan's Dam, Mr. Wilder handed over \$13.26 and apologized for not having more with him.

He was working on the roof of a tall building when a fellow employe struck him. Wilder, without the least display of anger, picked up his assailant, and, after begging his pardon for the annoyance he was subjecting him to, dropped the man head first upon a pile of rocks. He showed his forgiving spirit by writing a nice obituary for the local paper.

Wilder smiles when a person tramps on his corn, and congratulates his wife on her discernment when she calls him names.

Taken ill one day, he insisted upon telephoning the undertaker, expressing regret at the trouble he might cause him.

UNCLE SAM PAYS MINNESOTA.

State Allowed \$67,000 for Indian War During Rebellion.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The national government will pay the state of Minnesota \$67,000 to defray the expenses of the Indian war in this state in 1862-3. The uprising came just at a time during the civil war when it looked as if the north would have England to fight as well as the south. Thousands of armed Indians rushed over the border from Canada, and the national government was unable to protect the settlers.

The state raised militia under Gov. Ramsay and the invaders were chased beyond the borders and hundreds of them were slain, but not before many settlers had been massacred.

After the close of the war the state made a claim on the national government for the cost of the war, and it has been hanging fire ever since.

Auto Runs Printing Press.

New York.—The electric motor which is used to drive the press in the office of the Staten Island Advance in West New Brighton, broke down the other afternoon, and an expert from Manhattan found it could not be repaired without being sent to Philadelphia to be rewound. John Crawford, Jr., the editor, found no other office in Richmond borough could print his 16 page paper, so he took his 35 horse power direct drive automobile up alongside the building, had a hole knocked through the side of the wall, and the shaft of his press run out through the building. A belt then was adjusted to the shaft of the automobile and the paper was run off successfully.

SECRET OF GOOD COFFEE.

Best Ingredients and Proper Making Are Necessary.

The secret of good coffee lies in having the best ingredients and in the proper making, says a writer in the New York World. By the best ingredients are meant those delightful coffees grown on well-watered mountain slopes, such as the famous Java and Mocha coffees, the Mocha and Java mixed half and half. It is best to parch the coffee grains just before making the coffee, but if this is not convenient the coffee can be bought parched in the grain, but never ground. It should be ground immediately before using, in order to preserve the delicious flavor.

Good coffee should never be boiled. Bear this in mind. The good Creole cook never boils coffee, but insists on dripping it in a covered strainer, slowly, slowly, drip, drip, drip, till all the flavor is extracted. The water must be freshly boiled, and must never be poured upon the grounds until it has reached the boiling point.

It is of the greatest importance that the coffee-pot be kept perfectly clean. This point is only too often overlooked, and yet the coffee-pot requires more than ordinary care, for the reason that the chemical action of the coffee upon the tin or agate tends to create a substance which collects and clings to every crevice and seam, and, naturally, in the course of time will affect the flavor of the coffee. Very often the fact that the coffee tastes bitter or muddy arises from this.

DESSERT FOR THE LUNCHEON.

New Way in Which Apples Can Be Cooked and Served.

A change in a luncheon dessert may be made by cooking apples in this way and using them on occasion: Allow to every pound of peeled and cored fruit three-fourths of a pound of sugar, the rind of one lemon and the juice of half a lemon. Put the apples into a stone jar in a pan of boiling water, and boil until the apples are tender. Then put them into the preserving pan with the sugar, lemon juice and the rinds grated. Let these simmer gently for half an hour, remove the scum, and put into jars, covering when cold.

Good Housekeeping says: Oysters seldom are breaded and fried at home successfully. The mistake which most cooks make is to encase them in egg and bread crumbs. This rarely is a success. The coating comes off, giving to the oysters a piebald appearance, and they usually are overcooked in the attempt to brown them evenly. Select sound oysters which have just been opened. Flatten each slightly and lay them in fresh milk. Prepare a mixture of equal parts of flour and sifted cracker crumbs. Oyster or rich butter crackers are good for this purpose. Let the fat be very hot. Drain the oysters one by one and dip them in the cracker mixture. Lay them in a wire basket and fry in deep hot fat two or three minutes. Drain on brown paper. Garnish with parsley and lemon.

Fruit and Cheese Together.

It is said that a little cheese at the end of a dinner acts as a digestive agent, but whether or not this is true, no well-appointed dinner is without it. In many homes a bit of cheese with an accompanying fruit or jelly, is used as a dessert instead of some pudding or pie. It is just a sufficient finish to a family dinner without dessert. If there is a dessert, the cheese is frequently served with the salad, Roquefort cheese with lettuce or tomatoes. Connoisseurs do not cut a Roquefort cheese until it is well advanced in decay and therefore it is not well to set before a man of this sort a new bit of the cheese. It is more advisable to leave it out altogether and give him brie or cheddar, both of which are favored cheeses with men.

Lemon Sponge.

Soak one-half ounce good gelatine in one-fourth pint of cold water; dissolve it in another one-fourth pint of boiling water, add one-fourth pound lump sugar and the peel of half a lemon; pour into an enameled saucepan, and let simmer for one-half hour, then strain and allow it to stand until cool, but not so that it sets. Add to it the juice of one large lemon, and whisk or beat the mixture until it is perfectly white and thick. Dip a mould in cold water, drain it, put in the sponge-mixture, and stand aside in a cool place until the next day. When required for table, dip the mould into tepid water for one-half minute, loosen the edges carefully with the top of a spoon, and turn out on to a glass dish.

Deviled Sweet Potatoes.

Bake six or eight medium-sized sweet potatoes. They must be dry and mealy; scoop them out of the shell and mash finely, then add one tablespoonful melted butter, a little cinnamon, or nutmeg, a rounding teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of cream and one beaten egg. Beat all together until light, then heap roughly into the shells and bake to a rich brown.

Brown Bread.

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful sweet milk, one cupful molasses, one teaspoonful each of soda and baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt. Add enough graham flour to make a stiff batter. Lastly add one-half cupful each of seeded raisins and chopped walnuts. Turn into pound baking powder cans and steam two and one-half hours.



When pigtail and school were her fashion, Penelope was always awakened from indolence by the possession of a new text-book, its resplendent cover, its crisp, clean pages the incentives to an ambition that the discarded old volume could never have called forth.

In just such manner the Great Teacher stimulates the grown-up Penelope to new thought, new purpose, new endeavor, by again and again placing a bran new year in her eager hands.

The new-year idea is almost as old and universal as the instinct of immortality, but the first of January has not always been the starting point for the procession of months, and even now by no means the whole world follows the Gregorian calendar.

The ancient Egyptians, Phoenicians and Persians began their year on September 22, the Greeks of Solon's time on December 21, and the Greeks of the Pericles period on June 21.

From Julius Caesar on, the Roman civil year commenced January 1, but the Jewish ecclesiastical year had always begun at the vernal equinox, March 25, and this spring opening day—of bud and blossom and universal hopefulness—became the honored one with Christian nations generally throughout the medieval period.

In the latter end of the eleventh century, England, which had strangely enough been starting its annual records on December 25, began quite accidentally to pay homage to the old Roman divinity Janus, for by chance William the Conqueror's coronation took place on the first of January, and the birthday of the Norman rule became the birthday of the year as well. Remembering the loyal old Saxon spirit—conquered but not tamed—we are not surprised to learn, however, that soon the inhabitants of England fell into the more general habit of indulging in new-year festivities upon the 25th of March.

The Gregorian calendar, formulated in 1582, restored January 1 as New Year's day. The Catholic countries enthusiastically accepted it, but the Protestant ones adopted it slowly, and it was not until 1752 that conservative England fell into line.

The ancient Romans honored the whole of January by offering sacrifices on 12 altars to the god with two faces, whose namesake the month was.

"Janus am I; oldest of potentates; Forward I look, and backward, and below I count, as god of avenues and gates. The years that through my portals come and go."

While the whole month was kept, the first day was the gala occasion. Litigation was suspended, reconciliations effected, impressive processions made to the capitol, offerings laid on the altars, the emperor surprised by magnificent gifts, visits exchanged everywhere, feasts spread in hospitable houses, streets ringing with laughter and music of masqueraders.

The giving of New Year's gifts was not confined to old Rome. The Persians always exchanged New Year's eggs, and it was the pretty custom of the Druids to give a sacred sprig of mistletoe to the faithful on their New Year's morning, while the bestowing of presents upon the monarch became an absolute obligation.

Queen Elizabeth, the people's favorite, was simply showered with New Year's contributions—"gold for her purse, chains, necklaces, bracelets, rings, embroidered gowns and mantles, petticoats, smocks, stockings and garters; and for the royal larder fat oxen, sheep, geese, turkeys, swans, capons, fruit, preserves, marchpanes and sweetmeats."

But soon this custom was regarded as a tax rather than a privilege, and during the rule of the austere Cromwell it died a natural death—never bobbing up again to make a popular bow, as sometimes happens to a dead stage hero recalled to life by the audience's applause.

Closely associated with the new year season is the wassail bowl, its name derived from the old Saxon phrase: Wass Hael—"To your health!"

Until Queen Elizabeth's reign, one wassail love-cup was handed about the charmed circle gathered round the great bowl, but afterward the health was more hygienically, if less picturesquely, drunk in individual cups.

The poor carried an immense wooden bowl, decorated with gay ribbons, around the neighborhood, begging small coin to pay for the precious ingredients that made up the festive concoction.

"Wassail! wassail! over the town, Our toast it is white, our ale it is brown. Our bowl it is made of the maplin tree; We be good fellows all; I drink to thee!"

In Scotland, on New Year's eve—for some unknown reason called Hogmanay—the doors of the houses were thrown open at midnight to let the old year out, and the new year in, while in some of the towns, early in the evening poor children—"swaddled" in sheets so folded up in front as to form an inviting pocket—went from door to door after bread and small coin, announcing their arrival by some naive song, shrilly given in childish treble and enthusiasm.

"Rise up, gude-wife, and shake your Dinna think that we are beggars; We are bairns come to play, And to seek our hoagmanay."

Much excitement was manifested over another Scottish custom. The first person who entered a house after the clock struck midnight New Year's eve was called a "first footer," and often parties of first footers went about calling on friends and making merry generally.

In striking contrast to this frivolity, was the habit the next morning of opening the Scotch Bible at random, a verse in the chapter read containing a prophecy to be made good by fate during that New Year.

At all the courts of present-day Europe the New Year is celebrated with great impressiveness, it being the official feast, just as Christmas is a family one.

In Belgium, on New Year's eve, the children have a special frolic tingling with the thrill of suspense. Early in the day, all the door keys in the house are spirited away from their locks into small boys' pockets. A pet relative, called a "sugar aunt" or "sugar uncle," is then beguiled into a room, and while her or his attention is diverted, a key is whisked out from its hiding place and click-a-ty-click the door is locked! Of course the prisoner, confronted by a hard-hearted, giggling jailer, is glad to negotiate freedom at any price—a ransom's possibilities no doubt ranging from a candy cane to a rocking horse, according to auntie's indulgent humor or the size of uncle's pocketbook.

The Germans have a very impressive old custom. At Frankfurt-on-the-Main in almost every house is a family party, and at the first strike of midnight from the cathedral all open wide the windows, and—filled glasses lifted in their hands—cry: "Prosit Neujahr!"—"Happy New Year."

France practically makes a Christmas of New Year's day. All Paris is en fete, and the Latin Quarter jubilant with song, fiddling, and droll farces, while the poor, starved art student splurges in all sorts of culinary extravagances. In fact, even the beggars are merry, singing instead of whining their appeals for charity, and "dancing a jig for a sou."

The French children find their stockings filled by good St. Nicholas, who in his Christmas rush must have thanked his lucky star that these young clients would not expect a professional call until seven days after he had attended to the impatient American youngsters over the sea.

After a midday dejeuner a la fourchette, the younger members of the family call on the older, and in the evening there is a grand reunion for dinner.

Amid all this French gaiety there is that one pathetic little touch that so often creeps into this rainbow world of ours, where tears mingle with the sunshine of our smiles. If a member of the family has died during the past 12 months, early on New Year's morning the near relatives meet at the grave and lay upon it their offerings of love and remembrance.

The Russians, following the Julian calendar, do not celebrate their New Year's day until January 13.

The grown-up, not to be outdone by the small fry, now form a gorgeous procession to pass under the critical nose of the nobleman's upper window. Oxen, cows, goats and hogs, adorned with evergreens and red berries, are driven past, while old women bring up the rear bearing tawily decorated barnyard fowls as presents.

In our own country we Americans, "half-pagan, half-Puritan" take our New Year characteristically. With flashing eyes and smiling lips we greet its dawn; dancing, feasting, uproariously blowing our little tin horns. And at the same time in our secret hearts—the curtains of pride and conventionality closely drawn—we sadly sit beside the dying embers of the past year's hopes and shiver at the knocks of the unknown future at the door.

MAY C. RINGWALT.