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While there were 6100 murders in the United States last year, the total was 1600 less than in 1898.

England will hardly go to the length of denying Croajie the right to dash off a few magazine articles.

Maud S., the queen of the turf, is dead. Probably no better horse was ever reared in America. Her famous trotting record has been surpassed by a few seconds, but the improved speed was made possible by improved accessories.

The state of Washington promises to be a large producer of beet sugars in the early future. Experiments carried on during a number of years at the state experiment station have shown that sugar beets of high sucrose contents can be readily produced.

That fine old Spanish relic, the Duke of Veragua, has been insulted in Paris by a vulgar merchant who seized his baggage for debt. Thus again the unpeevish old nobleman is reminded that the modern chivalry is a trashy sham, very much frayed at the edges.

Li Hung Chang clings to life with passionate fervor, in order to win back that peacock feather. He recently had a chance to die by poison administered by a treacherous cook—the recognized mode of departure for Oriental potentates—lat he failed to avail himself of the opportunity.

A school-teacher in England advertised for boys "difficult to manage." In response to this advertisement he got, among others, one boy who subsequently set fire to the school buildings, so great had become his desire to escape from the school. Thereupon the school-teacher sued the boy in the high court. The question at issue seemed to be: What risks does the master assume, and at what point in the relations between teacher and pupil will the law interfere? This was a matter of great perplexity to Mr. Justice Ridley and also to the special jury. The justice decided that the master assumed at least the risk of "the wear and tear of school furniture by knocking about and kicking the doors," but no more. The exact point as to kicking the doors does not appear. The jury brought in a verdict of \$2250 in favor of the schoolmaster.

Attention is called by The Electrical Review to the fact that in all the discussion of the trans-Pacific cable, little or nothing has been said about cable ships. These vessels are peculiar and expensive, and though there are something like 35 of them in existence, not one of the 35 flies the American flag. If, therefore, the Pacific cable is to be entirely of American production, we must have at least two cable ships, costing about \$600,000 each, and they cannot be built in day or a month. The expense of a plant for making ocean cables, The Electrical Review puts at \$1,000,000. It must be at the water's edge in order that the cable may pass direct from the machines into the vessel's hold. The cable itself will cost about \$12,000,000, and the total expenditure before a message is sent across the broadest of the seven seas is estimated at \$20,000,000, which is a lot of money from some points of view, though not so much from others.

Prizes for Scientists. Scientific work is greatly encouraged in France by the prizes which have been established by the Academic des Sciences, most of these being founded by legacies which have been left for that purpose. The Montyon prize is an annual award of \$10,000 to be given to the person whom the academy judges most worthy on account of an invention or improvement of instruments useful in agriculture, the sciences or the mechanical arts.

In a short time the Japanese population of San Francisco will reach 20,000. British customs and excise receipts for the fiscal year just closed yielded \$4,000,000 each above the Exchequer estimate.

THE FUNNY MAN

BY JAMES TODD.



His morning William Widger, at his desk in the Daily Record office, paused in the exercise of preparing the humorous column and groaned, gently, but with unmistakable earnestness.

Perkins, at the adjoining desk, looked at him in amazement. Never before, during his two years of professional continuity to Widger, had he observed a similar demonstration. He mentioned the fact at once.

"It is nothing," said Widger; "that is, it is nothing serious, I came near writing a real poem instead of jingle, that is all."

"I call that rather serious," said Perkins. "Heaven's Billy, you must go slow. You're on the verge of something. A chap of your talent cannot be so careful."

"So?" said Widger, lazily. "You make me weary, Perk. What do you know about poetry and its relation to nervous exhaustion. Do you consider the production of real poetry an indication of weakness at the nerve centres. Do you?"

"No; but see here Billy, I've prepared the 'Hints to Housekeepers' and the 'Food and Health' columns for this paper regularly for three years now, and—"

"You have prepared the 'Aunt Jerusha Talks With Girls' column," interrupted Widger. "You are a vice hunting, Perk."

"No more so than you, Billy. Don't wound my sensitive heart, kind friend. I pray you. The Record is avowedly the most popular paper in the Mississippi Valley among the women. Why? 'Tis I, Billy, me.

She was accustomed to spending an hour or two each day at the office, and I had not talked with her many times before I experienced a strange sensation. I did not know what to call it. I suppose it was love, but I never said a word about it to her. I reasoned that it would be too presumptuous—might lose me my situation.

"I did not know then that I was qualified to do anything better in the newspaper line than to grind on the Gazette at ground pay. I made myself wretched at times wishing she would keep away from the office, so that I might forget her. But I drew a long breath of relief the next time she appeared, and answered her questions about this and that thing journalistically, and listened to her blissfully when she told me what a glorious profession she thought it and what an ornament to it she considered me.

"I put it into my pocket. No one noticed, for other victims were brought in then, and the place was in a turmoil. Then I went out into the rain, and walked and walked, kissing that bubble over and over again. It was daylight when I saw her again, and she was being assisted to the train that was to take her home. She seemed little the worse for the shock she had suffered. Her face was very white—that was all."

"Didn't you speak to her?" "Yes, I spoke to her; but Jones was with her, his arm about her waist, and her father was close behind her, laden with wraps, and I only said 'How do do, Miss Smith?' and swallowed my heart."

"The Gazette nearly got scooped on the story of the wreck. They depended on me to fix it up, and for some reason or other I forgot it. I resigned my position the next day, and came down here to do humor. I did not dare to attempt anything else, for fear of going into a decline. I have been fairly well contented, but once in a while, Perk, I get down in the papers from up there this morning."

"He drew a clipping from his pocket and tossed it upon the desk. Perkins read it: 'Um—'Born, a boy to Mr. and Mrs. John Jones,' eh? Well, what of it, Billy? Didn't you think it possible?"

"Yes, but, Perk"—and there was a note of genuine sorrow in Widger's voice—"she—she will forget me entirely now."

Perkins laid his hand lightly upon Widger's shoulder for an instant. "Go to work, Billy," said he, softly. "It is better so."

"He breathed deeply and turned again to his jokes and jingles.—Philadelphia Press.

"Never mind that, Billy," interjected Perkins. "You don't know what she was doing incidentally. Come to the point."

arms and felt my way onward to the station. It was a long walk and a hard one, not unfringed with danger, for there was a bridge to be crossed, but I reached the end at last and passed into the light of the waiting-room, and—and—and, Perk, it was she. I had been carrying her in my arms all that distance.

"I believe they considered me insane when I laid her upon the operator's bed and looked into her face. For an instant my strength went from me to the last ounce and I all but collapsed; then it came back in a mighty wave, and I suppose I did act like a maniac."

"She had an old-fashioned lock of her hair, fastened about her neck by a ribbon, and she held it to her lips rigidly, as she had held it when she was fainting in the long, wet grass. Perk, I cannot tell you how I felt."

"Don't try, Billy. Keep to your story."

"A train arrived shortly with doctors, and one of them pushed me from her side by force—he had to use force—and cut the ribbon and removed her hand from her mouth. He said something about respiration as he did it, and looked at the lock curiously."

"I put it into my pocket. No one noticed, for other victims were brought in then, and the place was in a turmoil. Then I went out into the rain, and walked and walked, kissing that bubble over and over again. It was daylight when I saw her again, and she was being assisted to the train that was to take her home. She seemed little the worse for the shock she had suffered. Her face was very white—that was all."

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

PREACHING IN THE PULPIT.

Over Three Hundred Women Ministers Now in the United States.

The Pauline edict "Let your woman keep silence in the churches" has been a lively source of controversy ever since it was uttered. For many generations a literal adherence was insisted upon, and it finally came to be regarded by the majority of mankind as an actual article of faith. All through the ages, however, there has been an occasional woman whose genius has triumphed over prejudice and who has become not only a preacher, but a founder of a new religious body.

Ann Lee and Mrs. Hutchinson are well known examples.

Within the last two hundred years there has been a gradual change of opinion on the question of woman's place in the church. The earliest English Methodists permitted women exhortors, or outdoor preachers, and Quakers have always held that the Spirit was as likely to move one side of the meeting house as the other.

American having no established church, has really done more than any other country toward destroying the old tradition, and for many years women have been seen in pulpits and pastorates, leading useful, happy lives, beloved and approved of by the community. In the Unitarian, Congregational and Methodist churches they have long been appreciated, and lately the Baptist, Presbyterian and other conservative denominations are beginning to invite women to ministerial duties.

An interesting and significant ceremony took place in Chicago recently, on which occasion Mrs. Vandelia Varnum Thomas, wife of the pastor of the People's Church, was ordained "a liberal and independent minister."

Every denomination of the Congress of Religions was represented, and the officiating minister was the present pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which twenty years ago excluded Dr. Thomas from its membership.

Of other women who are in pastoral places, the Rev. Frances Kimball was lately ordained to the Universalist ministry, three other women ministers taking part in the ceremony. Mrs. Kimball has charge of the churches at South Barre and Williamstown, Vt.

The Congregational Church at Condon, Ore., on the death of its pastor unanimously invited his wife to fill the vacancy. The Rev. Hannah Jewett Powell was recently installed as pastor of the Universalist Church, at North Jay, Me., Congregational and Methodist ministers officiating. The address of welcome on behalf of the parish was given by Mrs. Silas Wright.

Speaking of the ministry as a profession for women, Mrs. Florence Kollock Crooker, of Michigan, expresses her belief that women generally should, and will, choose a domestic life, and that the proportion of women ministers will never be large, there being only three hundred now in the United States; but the few who are irresistibly called to the work will always have qualifications which men lack. Their power for good, granting an equal equipment, will be greater than that of their masculine colleagues. Women, Mrs. Crooker believes, have the power to enter more fully than men into the lives of the people, and are able to gain their confidence with comparative ease. They also know how to deal with young people and children.

Mrs. Crooker was a minister before her marriage, and since has acted as State missionary of the liberal churches of Michigan. She organized churches, selected and ordained ministers, supplied pulpits, and in too many ways fulfilled the duties of the bishop of the older denominations. At present her time is divided between assisting her husband in his parish work and lecturing on educational and philanthropic subjects.

chiffon and a black scarf of liberty silk drawn from under the bolero and tied in front.

The sleeves are coral chiffon mousquetaire, shaped in tightly at the wrist and out over the knuckles.

Your Fortune in a Cup. For curious students of occultism we append the accepted code of fortune telling by means of tea leaves or coffee grounds. After finishing your maternal beverage and finding a sediment in the cup, drain off all the moisture and read the figures made by the grounds or leaves as follows:

- Serpentine lines, future troubles. Straight lines, long life and prosperity. A ring, marriage. A leaf of clover, good luck. An anchor, your business will be successful. A letter, welcome news. A coffin, a long illness. A star, happiness. A dog, you have faithful friends. A lily, a long and happy life. A cross, misfortune. The sun, the greatest luck. The moon, high honors. Mountain, you have powerful enemies. A tree, lasting good health. A child, you will have great expenses. A woman, great joy. A heart, you will receive some money. Birds, trouble. Fish, you will travel some distance.

Unassuming Miss Wilson. Miss Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, in point of years, should be considered as one of the "Cabinet girls," but by reason of her position as the head of her father's household and his hostess, she is more often quoted among the matrons.

With the exception of Mrs. Gage, Miss Wilson is the only Cabinet woman left of the original assistants at the first White House reception of the present Administration.

This only maiden hostess among them has worn her honors easily and gracefully. She presides over the home of one of the capital's chief officials with grace and dignity. Her manner is cordial and she has the happy faculty of saying the right thing on all occasions. Miss Wilson is endowed with personal charms of looks and manner, although when asked to say something about herself on one occasion, she modestly wrote: "I am my father's housekeeper, have literary tastes and I am not pretty."—National Magazine.

Black and White Combination. Black and white are again to be combined in both costumes and millinery. Black broad cloth with white moire trimmings is effective and chic in the former, and black Neapolitan straw with feathers and bows of black and white tulle in the latter.

Jeweled Hairpins. Rather long hairpins with jeweled heads are a new fancy.

Frills of Fashion. Sashes arranged around the waist like a Swiss belt are fastened with a rosette and finished on the ends with silk fringe.

Lace boleros with black velvet ribbon run through them are a useful as well as effective addition to the bodice needing a fresh touch.

White and tinted chiffon in the form of various kinds of flowers, some with jeweled centres, are used on dresses and bonnets this season.

THE SUMMER WAIST.

Now doth the Summer waist appear upon The scene, In every shade From white to red, and Hundreds in between; It dazzleth every manly eye, And stretcheth Every neck And maketh am'rous fellows Haste to follow

At her beck As down the street in glad array Fair Doris lightly trips, A vision rare From ankle neat to Dainty finger-tips; And there are Hosts of others—all most Gleefully parade, With some in stripes And some in plaids and some In checks arrayed, And some are silken, some Are wool, some linen, Some pure

And e'en on the fannel and Nearsilk are seen In the array; And some do blaze like Goals of fire while some are Verdant quite, And every shade of Yellow, brown, blue, red, green, is in sight; And thus, when warning expires Kiss the early-leaving; Tree, the streets And the kindling of Of femininity; And marvel of all marvels! Each Bright daimel feels that she Doth wear by far the Sweetest waist Of all That company!

All maidens love the Summer waist, the waist of Giddy lute, and Laddies love to love the maids, who Love this loving, too! So here's a toast, a merry toast, To maidens sweet, uncaused Within the Gay, alluring, neat and giddy Summer waist! — W. W., in the New York Sun.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Askin—"Would you consider the occupation of a baseball magazine a profession?" Tallor—"No; it's usually a trade." Procrastination is the thief of time, but time does not despair. In turn he steals, the woman's grace. Her beauty, and he gets his square. — Philadelphia Record.

"Why should we worry, Jack? Surely the world owes us a living." "I'm afraid, though, that we are not on the list of preferred creditors." — Brooklyn Life.

"I'm afraid my blood is out of order," complained the lobster as the cook drew near. "In fact, I fear I am going to suffer with a boil." — Philadelphia Record.

"Some people just naturally can't help being stylish." "That's so; there's Belinda, if she got bitten by a dog it would be sure to be a dachshund." — Washington Star.

"Mary," said the great man, swelling, "this paper speaks of me as a Presidential possibility." "John," said his wife, anxiously, "how much did that cost you?" — Puck.

Bacon—"Man are always looking for an exalted lineage." Egbert—"Unless they are traveling on the railroad; then they are after a lower berth." — Youkers Statesman.

"We do not stop to think," he said. The lady, with a smile, remarked: "If some did stop to think They'd stop a long, long while." — Detroit Free Press.

Rev. Dr. Joyner—"And so you two are making life one grand, sweet song?" Replies—"Yes, Doctor, a regular opera with frantic calls for the author when the baby cries." — Brooklyn Life.

Asotic and gourmand are like after all, For each has the very same aim. One's always forgetting the good things of life. The other's for getting the same. — Philadelphia Press.

I-I-I s-a-y," stammered the stranger, looking about at the lamp-post confusedly "c-can you t-t-tell me where I-I am?" "No, I really can't," was the reply of the passer-by; "you know, he who hesitates is lost." — Youkers Statesman.

The Laugh Was on Reed. A good story is told in West Virginia involving two of the Congressmen from that snug little State and Thomas B. Reed, the gigantic Speaker of the last House. The two West Virginians are Hon. Blackburn B. Dovenor and Hon. Romeo Hoyt Freer. Both are small in stature and wonderfully alike in their general appearance. Together they went up to the ponderous Maine man to be introduced.

"Humph!" said Mr. Reed, "is that the best the Persimmon State can do?" "What do you mean?" asked Mr. Freer.

"Nothing," drawled the elephantine Speaker. "I was only wondering at the uniformity of things down your way. I suppose the horses are all ponies and the persimmons all dwarfs."

"Well," interrupted Mr. Freer, "there is one thing in our favor, the persimmon has more taste than the pumpkin."

The laugh was on the Speaker, and he acknowledged it by cordially grasping the hands of the Lilliputians and joining in the merriment.—Success.

A Missouri Man's Old Violin. A unique violin has been made by a Missouri man. The back is of cherry from a table more than a century old, which formerly belonged to the Howard-Payne College. In the centre of the back are inserted twenty-one pieces of wood from the Holy Land, one being from a grapevine that grew in the Garden of Gethsemane. Around the margin are set in a row small pieces of wood, diamond shaped, gathered from all over the civilized world. In one end of the back is inserted a horseshoe made of castor wood, and in the other end is the image of a rabbit carved in cherry. There are, in all, over one hundred and fifty pieces of wood, and the only tools used in the manufacture of the instrument were a pocket-knife and a half-inch chisel.