



CUPOLA SKETCHES BY BYRON WILLIAMS

The farmer on sandy soil is thinking some of following the banded-knee practice. Year after year less water falls to make it yield a harvest. The continued dry spell is making him pious. His lot is becoming so serious and his face so attenuated that even the lightning-rod man passes him by.

Time was when he looked across at his neighbor's low, wet ground where the frogs were playing tag and straining their obligate afflatus singing favorite sonatas, and thanked the Lord his ground was high and sandy. His crops flourished like a fair lobbyist in a senatorial ante-room while those of his neighbors were sickly and sunken in the swamp like the center of a new wife's sponge cake.

Lo! All is changed. The two men have changed places, the sand man is talking out of the other corner of his mouth while the low land fellow is feeling the pride the jingle of the guinea makes. The calf is bunting his hired man now and he is thinking of buying an automobile by which to market his \$1.25 potatoes, his 33 cent oats, his 50 cent corn and his \$88 vegetables.

As the time approaches for the anemone to blossom in the budding woodland, we grow less timorous of the coal man. The fact that our coal bins have become more or less heaped, does not awaken in us that cold and apprehensive dread common to a man who is being ground under the heel of a ponderous monopoly.

A box-elder bug got flat on his back—by mistake. His feet waved frantically in the air and his legs were as useless as Curly Lock's old baesque pattern. His acrobatic floundering for a stable position made his organs of propulsion ache to the marrow. His back was chafed and shiny ransacking around the glary plane on which he struggled, for the terra-firma on which he lay was a polished oaken window-sill.

Finally when the box-elder bug was almost gone, wavering between life and the huzzing of the bug-angel, a friendly Fate softened the heart of an onlooker. At first the observer was merely observant of the topsyturvy transgression from Nature's law as exemplified by the box-elder bug. Curiosity to see if the struggler could win against odds was the next motive that held his attention.

"It's only a box-elder bug," said the devil, looking over his shoulder. "A box-elder bug is of no account. There are millions of box-elder bugs. It's none of your business; let him die."

"I know there are myriads of the little pests here," answered the man. "One of them crawled into my ear this morning and spoiled my beauty sleep, but this bug is alive, it is one of God's creatures and it suffers."

"Wait a minute," interjected the devil, "you are too kindhearted, much like a woman. This bug had just as good a pair of legs as the other bugs, his wings were as strong and his ball last as well arranged as those of his fellow bugs. It is his own fault that he blundered. He transgressed the law of self-preservation; he is an iniquitous sinner against the divine power that formed him a thing of beauty and put red on his wings. What he is, where he is, is his own fault; let him work out his own salvation. What manner of use is a box-elder bug?"

"Give him a bit of a lift," suggested Fair Play, who arrived at this moment. "I'll do it," broke in the man, "for it may be the bug will profit by experience and after all, his father may have been a drunkard." So saying the observant man tossed a slip of paper beside the box-elder bug. Bugs think! Of course they do. That box-elder bug wriggled and twisted toward that paper, put his foot against it and with one superhuman effort threw his body from this brace to an upright position. For a moment he seemed dazed, then he began rubbing the benumbed feeling from his limbs and antennae. Flushing his wings he flew away joyfully, once more upright before the world.

Man is like this box-elder bug. Often he gets on his back by the transgression of the physical or moral law. Inaccuracy, oversight, over confidence, self assumption, desire for that which is not his, may throw him, like the box-elder bug, flat on his back. Unless he wins in the struggle to right himself he dies and men look upon his memory briefly in pity. Then he is forgotten. It is not necessary to compare the figure. His suggestions are many. Man is as much Fate as Fate is abstract. Though low and repulsive every man in whom the heart beats is a living thing worth helping. To speak a word, to lend a hand, to smile instead of frown at the box-elder bug man is the true spirit of doing unto others as we would be done by. "All men are brothers." From Adam and Eve we sprang. They were our common parents and although they monkeyed with the apple, we should reverence their name. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." "Rescue the perishing; care for the dying!"

WHITAKER WRIGHT ARRESTED BY NEW YORK DETECTIVES



WHITAKER WRIGHT

Whitaker Wright, promoter of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, limited, the failure of which two years ago, brought ruin to thousands of persons in Great Britain, who are believed to have lost at least \$100,000,000 directly and indirectly in the crash of other companies which went down in the wreck, and who is wanted by the London police on a charge of having falsified the accounts of the company, was arrested at New York, March 15, upon the arrival of the French liner La Lorraine. He was first taken to the Tombs police court, and later placed in the custody of the federal authorities. After being arraigned Alexander he was committed to the Ludlow street jail without bail.

Wright's Meteoric Career. Whitaker Wright is accused of losing to British investors more than \$100,000,000. He promoted forty-one companies, having a total capitalization of \$111,775,000, and all have failed or gone into liquidation.

For several years Whitaker Wright was the meteor of the financial world in London. When he began his career as a promoter in the British capital no one knew him. He was reputed to have made millions in the mines in West Australia. He began business in no small way. He astonished all England by inducing the late marquis of Dufferin to accept the presidency of one of the first companies he floated—the "London and Globe Finance Corporation." The company was capitalized for \$5,000,000 and offered its stock for sale. The investing public, lulled into security by the name of the Marquis of Dufferin, purchased the shares with avidity. The London and Globe invested the money thus poured into its treasury in many enterprises. Worst of all, it paid \$3,750,000 for the Baker Street and Waterloo Underground railway—and it failed.

While the London and Globe company was at the apex of its popularity with the investing public Wright organized the "Standard Exploration Company." Both companies were capitalized for millions. Both paid one or two dividends on a magnificent scale, and the public simply threw its money into Whitaker Wright's lap. Then one company after another was organized. The public bought stock eagerly. Money was paid into Wright's hands by millions. He was at the pinnacle of his success. He spent millions of dollars for his own personal gratification. He owned almost a palace in Park lane next to the famous mansion of the marquis of Londonderry. He purchased a country home upon which he spent money like water. He filled it with rare works of art, paintings and statuary. He owned steam yachts and gave lavishly to charity.

Then came the crash. The London and Globe company failed on Dec. 29, 1900, dragging down nearly a score of London firms with it. Then, one after another, the remaining forty companies organized by Whitaker Wright crumbled. Investors lost everything.

Queer Method of Restriction. The queerest contribution on record to the treasury department's conscience fund was received this week. It is an old-fashioned watch with a gold-filled case and Swiss movement. With it was this note: "Such as I have I give unto you for the conscience fund. The money I gave for the watch is more than I consider I owe the government." The timepiece is worth only a few dollars. Secretary Shaw does not know what to do with the contribution. A watch cannot be turned into the general fund and Mr. Shaw does not know whether he has the authority to sell it and turn in the proceeds. That question is being looked up by the department's solicitor.

The shame and disgrace of the collapse of the London and Globe, which had invested more than \$15,000,000 in various enterprises, killed Lord Dufferin.

For two years Whitaker Wright held off prosecution, but the clamor of the public became so strong that two weeks ago parliament compelled the authorities to move. A warrant for Whitaker Wright's arrest was issued, and he fled. On March 6 he went to Havre, where on the following day he sailed for the United States, only to be arrested as the steamer touched the dock.

The early life of Whitaker Wright is a sealed book. It is not known whether he is British or American born. It is reported that he is a naturalized American. It is known that he lived in the United States many years.

KEENE KNOWN TO ROOSEVELT.

Milwaukee Man Securing Consularship a Classmate of the President. Francis B. Keene of Milwaukee, who has been appointed consul to Florence, Italy, is a graduate of Harvard, and was a classmate of President Roosevelt. He was born in Milwaukee Dec. 11, 1856. After attending private school at Racine college and then entered Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1880.

In recent years Mr. Keene has done considerable newspaper and other literary work and has long been identified with the national work for improved municipal government.



FRANCIS B. KEENE

Hot Shot for Statesmen. When Chaplain Russell of the Missouri house prays he wants the members to give attention. His prayers being sent up especially for them, he thinks it unseemly for them not to listen. Having observed that the members did not attend to what he said, Rev. Mr. Russell wanted the following petition to the throne of grace a few mornings ago: "O Lord, I ask that those in this house who rise to their feet for prayer may not continue to read their papers while the chaplain prays. Grant that they may have some respect for God if they have not for the chaplain."

An Electric Farm. The most wonderful farm in the world is situated in Canada. Its peculiarity lies in the fact that everything is worked by electricity. Two waterfalls within the bounds of the farm, some 60 feet and 180 feet high, furnish the motive power, a central power house being erected near, and the current is transmitted by wires to every available place on the farm. The churning and other necessary implements have electric motor attachments. A motor of ten horse power works the mowing machine and another works a big saw, while the house, barn and grounds of the farm are illuminated by electricity. The owner declares that he saves some \$2,500 in labor annually.

LIVES ON A MERE PITTANCE.

Porto Ricans Manage to Subsist Well When Others Would Starve. The cost of living in Porto Rico is perhaps less, gauged from the natives' view of necessity, than in any other quarter of the globe where modern civilization has obtained a foothold. Dr. Hyder, secretary of the American Missionary association, who has recently returned from an inspection of the island, tells the following story to illustrate the scale of wages and living in the island.

"I was riding through the interior on horseback, on my way to Ponce," he said, "when I saw ahead of me in the road a native carrying a log on his head. It was a log twelve feet long, and must have weighed 200 pounds. He seemed to trot along with it on his head without any trouble. I asked my companion to stop and ask him about it. He did so, and the man said he had cut and 'ripped' the log, that is, got it ready to split into timber, although it was not loosened enough to fall apart, the day before; he had brought it fifteen miles on his head that morning, and had three miles further to carry it into Ponce.

"And how much will you get for it?" asked my companion. "I hope to get 15 cents," replied the man, "but I may get only 12."

"But that sum would buy as much as \$1.50 would up here," continued the doctor, "so the man was really working for about 75 cents a day. It is estimated that a man can support a family by three days' work a month. Food is practically free. Fruit is to be had for the taking, and the poorer classes practically live upon fruit. And as for a house, a convert borrowed a dollar from one of our missionaries to put up a house when he wanted to get married, and it was plenty."

Serve Where Need is Found.

Still keep the armor on. The strenuous life maintains. All honored victors thus have won. And thus you must attain. Gird up your loins, O man. For perils grave abide. Let foes within or foe without Turn careless feet aside. The fight is ever on. And evil never sleeps. By stealth or by defiant blows Its falsehoods to assert. Should care or fear oppress, And all the way seem dark, Look up and hail the coming dawn The rapture of the task.

A drone within the hive, Inevitable is the strike. He garners up no precious store By self-enriching work. The Master comes to serve; In fellowship divine You will augment your human strength. With borrowed lustre shine. Half-hearted do not wait. The mandate of the king; In loyal and abounding love Unbidden service bring. Your loins still gird about. Your burning lights afore. Ready to serve where need is found In Truth's victorious war.—Charles B. Botsford in Boston Transcript.

Woman's Caprice.

The telephone bell rang loudly. Frederick Billson was very busy with an important conversation. "Who is it?" he said to the office boy. "It's a lady." "Well—who is she?" "Says you'll find out when you come to the phone." "Tell her to wait. I can't be both-ered." Billson resumed his important conversation. When he took up the receiver the connection had been broken.

That night when Billson called upon the Only Girl he wondered why she greeted him so distantly. At length she told him. "I think you were just horrid to speak to me that way over the phone to-day." "But I never spoke to you at all." "That's just the point—you didn't speak to me at all. You see, you admit it yourself. Fred—Mr. Billson, I never could be happy with a brute—me—and—here's your ring—not another word."

And Billson found that he had made one more addition to his collection of data concerning the caprice of woman.

Argument Did Not Apply.

The argument often made against the views of President Eliot of Harvard and of President Roosevelt in favor of large families is that it costs too much to rear half a dozen children nowadays. In the Primrose minister's they tell a story of a family named Little to whom this argument did not apply. "You say you are the father of nine children?" "Yes, sir." "And you support your entire family on \$10 a week?" "Yes, sir." "How can you possibly do it?" "Well, every LITTLE helps."—New York Mail and Express.

Effective Sermon.

Rev. Dr. Floyd W. Tomkins, at a preacher's meeting, told this story on himself: "I preached a sermon recently on swearing and the extent of the habit," said he. "A few days since a man wrote me under his own name and said that he agreed with my sermon, adding that 'Now every time I want to swear I say Floyd Tomkins instead.'"

Spread of Marconi's System.

The attorney of the Marconi company, in London, has stated that they expect shortly to encircle the earth with wireless messages, and hoped to apply his system to heating, to traction lines and to publishing daily newspapers.

ALL TIRED OUT.

The weary, worn-out, all-tired feelings come to everybody who taxes the kidneys. When the kidneys are over-worked they fail to perform the duties nature has provided for them to do. When the kidneys fail, dangerous disease quickly follows; urinary disorders, diabetes, dropsy, rheumatism, Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney and bladder ills. Read the following case:

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