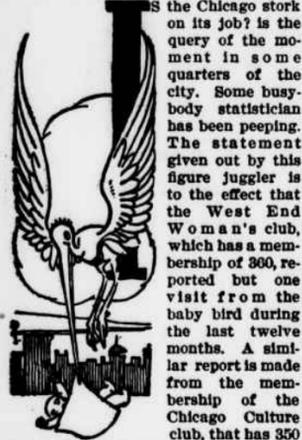


Chicago's Stork Is Taking a Rest

Juggler of Baby Statistics Fails to Find Satisfactory Results—Festive to Exhibit Homemade Products—Police Plan to Print a Newspaper.

[From Our Chicago Correspondent.]



the Chicago stork on its job? Is the query of the moment in some quarters of the city. Some busy-body statistician has been peeping. The statement given out by this figure juggler is to the effect that the West End Woman's club, which has a membership of 300, reported but one visit from the baby bird during the last twelve months. A similar report is made from the membership of the Chicago Culture club, that has 350 wives on its roll, and the Social Economics club of the south side, with 125 wives on its payrolls, has a credit of but one visit from the stork in the past year. Every mother in these clubs is a woman of culture, and most all of the members are wives of men of wealth. The reports caused the recording secretary of the Chicago Political Equality league to examine the books of her organization. "Not guilty here," was her statement. There are twenty-six married women on the directorate of the league, and seven of this number entertained the stork in the year ending May 1. In the entire membership of this organization there are 200 women, and these represent twenty babies. In the Hull House Woman's club, which is not quite as exclusive as the others enumerated, there are 400 wives. Fifty of this number had stork parties during the last twelve months. The general statistics on births for the period named show that in a membership of 4,915 in thirteen clubs there were 195 births last year. The statistician of births, juggling the figures in his own way, concludes that among 835 members of all clubs and organizations only three had stork receptions between May 1, 1908, and May 1, 1909. The figures are hard to believe if one visits the settlement districts of the city. But the baby statistician says he is right.

If it were not for the Chicago preachers life would breed a sickly scum in the middle west metropolises. The ministers keep the pot boiling. Just why this is so no one has explained. But ever since Professor David Swing quit his denomination and preached from the tops of billiard tables in billiard parlors or anywhere that he selected and the Rev. Dr. Thomas preached from the lids of dry goods boxes on the corners until he was able to preach in a theater the ministry of the city has kept the wind in motion. It was on a recent Sunday that one of the able and popular dominies held forth on the question as to who in the family should carry the family exchequer. Answers were invited from all who attended. The reading of the replies furnished more amusement than a vaudeville show. When this feature was exploited the minister set up another query.

"What ought to be the minimum income of the husband at the time of marriage?" The congregation got busy on this one and sent replies to the pulpit. Then came another poser, "Ought goods to be bought on a credit?" When this was worked out the good man asked another, "Ought a child to be whipped to enforce obedience?" The next was, "Is lying to children justifiable?" The answer to this was almost unanimous, "Yes, under some circumstances." Just how long the entertainment would have lasted is a guess, but when a "heathen" in a rear pew sent up a question on his own hook the benediction followed in short order. The "heathen's" conundrum was, "Ought a minister to always preach the gospel?"

No more world's fairs for Chicago. The exhibits of the future will be homemade. An industrial festival is now being worked out, and by the middle of the dog days, when the country merchant invades the city, the festival will be in full blast. Every manufacturer and merchant of the city will be asked to make a showing. Not only this, but branch exhibits will be seen all over the city. The merchant on Milwaukee avenue, for instance, will be invited to give show window space to such articles as are of interest to the people of that section of the city. And the same idea will be carried out in all parts of the town. The fruits and industries of the whole state will be placed where

they will do the most good for that part of the state from which they come. Every article shown will bear the label "Made in Chicago" or "In Illinois." as the case may be. The project will remind the "relics" of the days when the old Chicago exposition played to the country every fall on the



CIDER WAS MADE ON THE SPOT. lake front, when cider was made on the spot and dried beef was shaved off fresh every half hour during the day. In those days, to memory dear, a man could get measured for a suit of clothes at one end of the building and by the time he got to the other end the clothes were ready to put on. Will the new project be able to beat that?

Chicago is raising quite a crop of commemorative tablets. The Colonial Dames would not find much out this way to mark up, but the city has some spots that are historic and worth indicating. The latest here is a plate reminding the old and new generations of the visit made to this part of the country by Louis Joliet and Pere Jacques Marquette in 1673. The tablet, in addition to the statement of the discovery by those whose names are inscribed, contains a cross and the fleur-de-lis. The spot selected for this marker is at the corner of Robey street and the Chicago river, on the west side. It was placed by the French American citizens of Chicago and unveiled by a young woman. Chicago is not much on colonial history, but when it comes to Indian massacres and spots settled by the early French the city occupies the center of the stage and the wings as well. The statue near the residence of the late George M. Pullman representing the scalping of a white woman is enough to make any man who sees it rush off to a wig shop.

Four thousand reporters will do the news "stunts" for the Chicago newspaper which is to be published by the Chicago police force, of the police

force and for the police force. There are 4,000 men on the force. Whenever any one of them does anything in his duty as an officer or sees anything which he thinks will interest the department, he will make his own report of the same and send it to the managing editor, who will edit it. The date of the first issue has not been fixed, but the new journalistic child has been named. As a starter it will be the Chicago Weekly Star. When it gets out of its swaddling clothes it will be the Chicago Evening Star. Able desk talent is to be employed. The publication will be nonpolitical, but it will "roast" the other newspapers of the town whenever they lambaste the police, as they have been in the habit of doing since the organization of the force. It was this indiscriminate heckling that suggested the venture. That "long felt want" will soon stalk in as the real thing. It has been the policy of the dailies, say the police, "to wallop Casey because he is a copper and can't holler back." The Star will twinkle whenever Casey is "hammered." Whether the Star will undertake to score "beats" on the police reporters of the morning press has not yet been determined. Every member of the force will be authorized to get up "clubs" for the Star.

A return to three R's in the grammar schools when they open next fall is being urged by the Chicago board of education. The president of the board recently came in possession of letters written by some of the grammar school pupils which suggested to him that the class in writing and spelling was heading toward simplified work in the formation of words, which does not accord with the president's ideas. The board contemplates the elimination of Latin from the grammar schools until pupils learn such rudiments as will enable them to write an ordinary business letter. If this rule should be adopted for the fall sessions "all Gaul" will be divided according to English, Illinois style. This "divisa est tres partes" idea interests Chicago, for the city is split into three divisions. Fernando Jones, the pioneer of the city, says that Caesar was a dub, anyhow, and if Latin is sidetracked in the grammar schools the town won't lose much. BEVERLY BRUX.

WHY THE OCEAN IS SALT.

Theory Advanced That Salinity is Due to Volcanic Ejections.

Sea water contains about 3 1/2 per cent of sodium chloride and other salts. The evaporation of all the oceans would leave a mass of salt sufficient to cover the entire globe to the depth of 200 feet and equal to the bulk, above sea level, of North and South America, or one-fourth that of the whole earth.

The theory that this enormous quantity of salt has been dissolved from continental rocks and carried down to the sea by streams is not tenable, because the salts found in solution in river water contain 80 per cent of carbonate of lime and only 7 per cent of chlorides, while common salt, or sodium chloride, constitutes 89 per cent of the salts of sea water. Moreover, the evaporation of inland seas which has taken place in central Asia has left saline deposits very different in composition from the salts of the ocean.

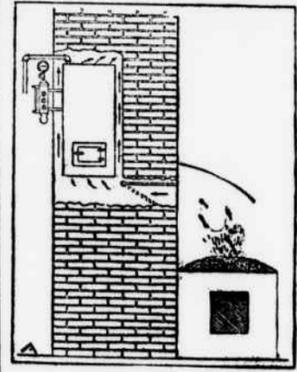
It appears, therefore, that salinity must be regarded as an original property of the ocean. Suess has advanced the theory that the salts now found in the sea have been ejected by volcanoes in early stages of the earth's formation. Even now every eruption increases the quantity of water vapor, carbonic acid and compounds of chlorine and sulphur in the atmosphere, and these substances ultimately find their way to the ocean. After every eruption of Vesuvius the crater is covered with a gleaming white layer of common salt, and the volcanoes of South America eject enormous quantities of hydrochloric acid, estimated at thirty tons daily for the volcano of Purace, in Colombia.

This volcanic activity, now restricted to a few points of the earth's surface, must have been general in remote ages, before life appeared on the globe. The gases confined within the thin solid crust burst their bounds and found their way to the surface, bringing with them the millions of tons of chlorides which we find today in the oceans. Yet the transfer of these millions of tons is a relatively insignificant change, for on a terrestrial globe of a diameter equal to the average height of man (sixty-six and one-half inches) one-sixteenth inch would represent the greatest depth of the ocean, and the waters of the ocean contain only 3 1/2 per cent of solids.—Cosmos.

WASTE HEAT UTILIZED.

Simple Method of Generating Steam by Means of Forge Fire.

In large forge works boilers are located over the furnaces, and the waste heat passing through the flues generates steam to drive the steam hammers. A correspondent of the American Blacksmith has made use of this idea to utilize the waste heat from his forge. An 18 by 36 inch tubular boiler was hung in the brickwork so that there could not be much loss of heat and located just back of the



UTILIZING HEAT FROM FORGE.

forge chimney. The heat from the forge fire passes up through the fire box of the boiler, through the flues and around the outside of the boiler. The heat then enters the chimney at the top of the boiler.

The gauge cocks and the glass water gauge are on the back side of the boiler housing, in easy reach of the blacksmith from a platform a little below the bottom of the boiler. A swing damper, located as shown, controls the heat from the forge fire. This damper can be dropped down when the boiler is not in use, thus sending the heat up the flue of the chimney. The damper is made of thick sheet iron riveted to a piece of half inch weight iron bent to form a lever for a weight to slide upon so the damper can be held in any position wanted. A great deal of heat can be saved and used to generate steam for heating the shop.

Healthfulness of Smoke.

Smoke is a blessing to the world and a boon to health, according to a statement by W. P. Rond, coal magnate, in reply to an address by B. R. Pritchard, secretary of the Chicago board of health, declaring it a nuisance.

"This talk about smoke being a curse is all nonsense," Mr. Rond declares. "The Creator who made coal knew that there would be smoke and knew that smoke would be a good thing for the world.

"Take the coal operator, who is at all times breathing not only smoke, but coal dust in addition. His lungs are black with both, and yet he is one of the healthiest men in the world. In all my experience among coal operators I know of only one who died of tuberculosis.

"The carbon in the smoke is a boon to health. As the smoke ascends the carbon contained in it kills germs of every kind of disease and purifies the air."

NEW SHORT STORIES

No Place For Levity.

Arthur Q. Lobinger of Indian Mills, N. J., is noted in Burlington county for his interesting collection of dental curios.

As Mr. Lobinger was showing a recent visitor his case of mediæval dental instruments, the subject of pain in the dental chair naturally came up.

"It's a place of pain, that chair," said Mr. Lobinger; "hence a successful dentist must have a soothing, rather mournful manner. In fact, a good dentist has very much the same manner as a good undertaker.

"Any levity?" He frowned and shook his head.

"My cousin, a famous dentist, once hired to assist him a youth who had



"NOW LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE."

worked in a photograph gallery. An aged millionaire patron of my cousin's, a chap, in fact, from whom he had expectations, came one day by appointment to have a half dozen stumps extracted. He was going to order a full double set of teeth.

"When the old man, pale and scared, arrived my cousin, for the sake of show, whispered to the young assistant to go and arrange him in the chair.

"The lad was absentminded or something. He got the frightened old man in the big plush chair, placed a bright, large pair of forceps handy to him on a tray and then backed off and said:

"Now, look pleasant, please."

"My cousin tried to explain that the boy was an old photograph hand, but it was no use. The millionaire grabbed his hat and rushed out, and my cousin has never laid eyes on him from that day to this."

The Snobs Rebuked.

Mrs. William Ellis Corey was describing at a luncheon in New York the Paris school where, with the help of Isadore Duncan and Jean de Reszke, she trains little children for the stage.

"I think such work," said Mrs. Corey, "is better than a life of mere social frivolity. American society, you know, even the best of it, is so apt to be snobbish. So often after listening to the twaddle at a tea or a reception I feel like getting up to go with old Omar Fitzgerald's remark.

"Fitzgerald, the translator of the 'Rubaiyat,' called one night at a house where a very snobbish conversation was going on. He sat an hour in an uncomfortable silence. He wanted to talk about poetry and music, plays and pictures, but instead he had to listen to snobbish boasting about what the duke had said and the baron had answered and how gracious the princess had been.

"Finally Fitzgerald rose to go. He shook hands with his hostess, and then he turned to the assembled guests and said sadly, shaking his head:

"I once knew a lord, too, but he's dead."

The Warsaw Bacon.

Merrill E. Gates, secretary of the board of Indian commissioners, was describing in Washington the splendid work that his board is doing to wipe out the tuberculosis scourge which at one time threatened to make the American Indian extinct.

"But the Indian," said Mr. Gates, "needs to be educated in sanitation. He is shockingly ignorant there. In fact, he is as ignorant as an old farmer I used to know in Warsaw.

"A friend dropped in on this old farmer as he was frying a bit of bacon.

"Grand bacon, that," said the friend, sniffing affably.

"Grand bacon! Well, I guess it is grand bacon," said the old man, turning the slices in the pan. "And it's none o' yer murdered stuff neither. That pig died a natural death."—Washington Star.

The Best Subject.

"The late Marion Crawford," said a New York editor, "was a good if not a brilliant speaker. He imputed his success to a little Sorrento girl.

"In Sorrento once he rose to address a children's school.

"Children," he began, 'what shall I talk about?'"

"And this little girl piped from a rear bench very wisely:

"What do you know?"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The girl who doesn't know she is pretty isn't, and the man who doesn't know he is a fool is.

There are persons so thick skinned that no arrow aimed at their self conceit ever pierces their armor.

The individual who poses as the head of the family isn't always the one who keeps the works from going to smash.

The burden bearer of the family isn't always the profit sharer either.

There are people who would be more useful to the world if they were not in it.

Why is it that an ordinary level headed man can't resist making silly speeches when a girl in the legitimate discharge of her duties comes in his way?

The things that we are not doing are sometimes the things that give us the most annoyance.

Sometimes we realize that we are great, but what's the use when nobody else ever finds it out?

Two women can't be happy if neither is a good listener.

There is always the wise man about who improves the opportunity to explain the inexplicable.

The Helping Hand.
Scatter seeds of kindness. You can never say Where the man will be next week Who is down today. Though his coat is ragged And his hair awry, He may have a wealthy aunt Just about to die.

Cannot judge a fellow By his style of dress Or on his appearance Base a certain guess. If when he is pleasant You are rude and cross Maybe he can later Queer you with the boss.

Doesn't cost you money, Effort isn't great, And a little kindness Scattered while you wait May affect your prospects And your fortunes boost When the little chickens Hurry home to roost.

And suppose it didn't Pay in cents and dimes And your fortunes double Many, many times, For the small investment Of a pleasant smile It will bring your friendships Clearly worth the while.

Could Do Better.

Harold had received his first five dollar bill. He was told that it was to be deposited in the bank, and the details were explained to him. Harold accompanied his mother to the bank, and, when ready, the book was handed to him. He looked at it a moment and then, throwing the book across the room, exclaimed:

"Such a small book for \$5! Why, I can get a bigger one than that for 5 cents!"

Stubborn.

A little girl was heard talking to her rabbit.

"Five times five," she said, "six times six, seven times seven." Between times she shook the rabbit violently.

"Dorothy," said her mother, "what are you doing to your rabbit?"

"Well, papa says," replied the child, "that rabbits multiply rapidly, and Bunny won't do it."

Not For the Serious.

"It is foolish not to be happy." "I don't find it so." "Why not?" "I am not happy when I'm foolish."

No Doubt of It.

"He is certainly a good fellow who spends all he has." "Yes, and another thing." "What?" "He is a wise fellow who has all he spends."

Dislikes Solitude.

"There is always room at the top." "There is just one thing against that." "What is it?" "The company is all at the bottom."

Had a Lapse.

"Something is wrong with Jenks." "What does it appear to be?" "Temporary insanity, I am afraid." "Are you sure that he didn't have temporary sanity before?"

Explained.

"What's his business?" "He has none." "How does he live, then?" "His wife is a milliner."

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Testing the Wire.

The phone bell rang. Marie listlessly took the receiver from the hook. "Hello," she murmured. "Is this 9000 Columbus?" "Yes," replied Marie. "We are testing the wire," announced the voice. "Will you please draw a long breath and say very distinctly, 'I will be good?'"

"I will be—good," mechanically repeated Marie.

"A little slower, please, and a little more distinctly—now!"

"I will be—good," answered the girl in her best manner.

"No; that's not right at all," criticized the voice. "Try again—talk still more distinctly."

"I can't," said Marie. "You must. We cannot fix the wire unless you aid us in the test. Now make another effort and say it again."

"I will be—good."

"Now again, please."

"I WILL BE GOOD!" shouted Marie, now angry. "Oh, you will!" came in irritating tones through the phone. "This is Tom, and I want to say that you weren't last night. I'm glad to hear you've repented!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Softening of the Feet.

Dinah, crying bitterly, was coming down the street with her feet bandaged.

"Why, what on earth's the matter?" she was asked. "How did you hurt your feet, Dinah?"

"Dat good fo' nothin' nigger (sniffle) done hit me on de haid wif a club while I was standing on de hard stone pavement."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Autocrat of the Auto.

"Biggins worries me by his imperious assumption of superior wisdom."

"Well," answered Mr. Chiggins, "he'll get over that. He's bought a new motorcar, and a few haughty glances from the chauffeur will convince him that it is not his place to offer any suggestions."—Washington Star.

The Reason.

Hostess (with asperity)—And pray what makes you think this is catfish, Mr. Jones?

Boarder—Well, we've eaten the confounded thing eight times already and we don't seem to have finished with it yet.—Sketch.

Helping Her Out.



"Your milliner's bill has cost me this year as much as the salary of my two bookkeepers. This is more than I can afford."

"Well, discharge one of them."

The Verdict.

The Judge—Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached an agreement? The Foreman—We have, your honor. The Judge—What is your verdict? The Foreman—We find the accused not guilty—provided he will leave the town.—Houston Post.

Didn't Trouble Her.

"Don't you suffer with ennuil out here on the farm?" asked the fair summer boarder.

"No, indeed," replied the farmer's wife. "This is the healthiest place in the state."—Chicago News.

None Higher.

"What do you suppose is the highest ambition a man can have?" "That of the college professor who is going up ten miles in a balloon to signal to Mars."—Baltimore American.

Mowing the Lawn.

Now for a real good pushing time! I wonder if the thing needs oiling? Of course! It beats the deuce how I'm hands continually soiling! Ah, well, here's fun enough to pay for all the grime and grease and worry! I'd like to mow the lawn all day. It's Saturday—I needn't hurry.

Say, how I used to long for this! Last winter! Hold on! What's the matter? I used to think it would be bliss to hear this old lawn mower clatter. Wow! What a poke I got just now! Square in the ribs! Confound that handle!

Who threw that stone here anyhow? I'd dread love to catch the vandal!

Well, let me see, that's twice around. It seems to me this lawn is growing—In size I mean—I haven't found My arms so stiff since I learned rowing. Whew, but it's warm! It's sport, all right.

This cutting grass. Hello, there, av' You got this grass all cut by night? And dad will let you have some. —Chicago