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There Is Still Room.

Charles M. Schwab's reply to the declaration of Prof. Nathaniel Butler that the day of the self-made man is over is valuable as coming from one who, having made his own way in the world, is as well informed on conditions existing to-day as any man in the country. Mr. Schwab, comments the Detroit Free Press, takes strong exceptions to such a statement, insisting that opportunities for young men were never more plentiful, and that there is every chance for the one determined to come to the front to win success. A glance at the situation lends color to Mr. Schwab's argument. There is a growing tendency to decry the limitations which corporations place about individual effort and the difficulty experienced by those deprived of extended educational advantages in gaining recognition when pitted against more fortunate individuals. As a matter of fact, there never was a time when merit commanded the compensation it now receives. Corporations are reaching out for bright young men and paying well for their services when they find them. Chances for advancement are as numerous as ever, in spite of the increased exactions imposed by the requirements of modern commercial life. The young man made of the right stuff will come to the front if he asserts himself. The one disinclined to exert himself will continue to remain in the background and lament the lack of opportunity. It has always been so, and will continue to be, the assertions of Prof. Butler and others of his class to the contrary notwithstanding.

Business Strain.

The Chicago board of health has compiled some interesting statistics which show that deaths from nervous disorders have materially decreased in the Windy City of late years. This is not at all because the business pace has slackened or because we are less burdened with affairs, declares the Saturday Evening Post. It is because golf and country clubs have come into vogue, and, as a rule, business men are conducting themselves more sensibly when away from their desks. The dragon of overwork, which is represented as annually devouring the flower of our commercial manhood in the great centers, is in sober fact hardly more deadly than his papier-mache brother in the opera of Siegfried. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it isn't what you do when in the office, but what you do when away from it, that determines the state of your nervous system. The bartender and other servitors of the lower nature could throw a great flood of light on those horrifying stories about the devastation wrought by business strain. Not long ago the builder of a large commercial enterprise was gathered to his fathers in middle age and in a very shattered condition. The fact furnished a text for various preachments about the deadliness of modern business—in which, however, no mention was made of the two pints of whisky, the 20 black cigars and the several hours' devotion to the poker-table which figured in the daily regimen of the deceased, and which presumably had something to do with the wreck of his nerves.

Women in Banking.

On a capital stock of $5,000 the Bank of Joplin, in Missouri, reports $250,000 in surplus funds; deposits, $476,579; interest and exchange, $5,311. The bank's cashier, assistant cashier and three bookkeepers are women. In the state of Iowa, states the New York World, are at present 14 women bank cashiers and 18 women assistant cashiers. Two-thirds of these officials started as bookkeepers. No Iowa bank directed by a woman has ever failed, and no woman placed in a bank position of trust has proved unfaithful. And this in a state which has seen 36 bank failures in five years, leading to six suicides and six convictions in the criminal courts. It has been said that in the small things of life—particularly in trifling social emergencies—women are more readily dishonest than men. So far as the evidence of two states goes, the ratio of reliability in large fiduciary affairs seems to turn the other way. The returns from Iowa and Missouri should not be lost upon depositors and policy holders elsewhere. It may be necessary to demand for the common good that banking and insurance affairs in general shall pass to the control of the safer sex.

The vestrymen of old Trinity church, on Broadway opposite Wall street, New York, recently refused $3,000,000 for the site, which was wanted for sky scraper office buildings. This is not the first time that a large sum has been offered for the property, but the vestrymen steadfastly turn their backs on all such prospects, mindful of the historical associations connected with the old place, and perhaps reflecting that the Trinity corporation, already enormously wealthy, does not need the money.

More than passing interest attaches to the announcement that a railroad company has placed orders for 1,500 pressed steel passenger coaches, involving an expenditure of over $7,000,000. It marks the first step by the railroads in the country toward abolishing wooden passenger cars. The danger from coaches of the patterns now in common use has long been apparent. In the event of wreck loss of life has usually been attributable to the ease with which they were crushed and burned.

A SONG OF STREET LABOR.

They are working, beneath the sun,
In its red-hot blinding glare,
In the dust from the toiling team,
In the noise of the thoroughfare.
See them swing and bend, far down to the end,
With the rhythm of the strokes they bear.

The cords of the sinewy arms
Stand out like the cable's twist;
No blow shall miss and no stroke shall fail
From the grasp of the brawny fist,
As the shoulder swings when the pick-ax rings
And the hand springs firm from the wrist.

Let the feet of the dainty shod
Pass by on the other side,
Where the youth of the slender back and limb
Stands watching—the listless-eyed;
While with sweat and with pain and the long day's strain
These toil—and are satisfied.
—Caroline A. Lord, in American Illustrated Magazine.

THE BORROWED FIANCE

The Campaign for a Maiden Aunt's Fortune.

By HANS HORINA

POST OFFICE CLERK SCHINDERL'S family were the fortunate possessors of a real, live aunt, who, carefully calculated, was worth at least 500 crowns. Needless to say, this worthy elderly lady was spoiled and petted in every conceivable way during her yearly visits to the Schinderl family.

Mizzi, the only daughter of the Schinderl's, was therefore considered heiress presumptive to her aunt's fortune; and as this became known, various aspirants to her hand presented themselves. But, strange to relate, of all her suitors none took the final step.

Thus several years passed. Mizzi grew older, but remained free. She would gladly have accepted even a petty official, which, however, her mother would not consider for a moment.

"Such a person is not good enough for you, my child," she would say. "If your aunt ever dies you will dispose of a large fortune entirely unsuited to an obscure position in society."

At last an assessor, over his ears in debt, appeared on the scene. The young man was in a great hurry to declare himself and ask for the hand of the heiress.

Mizzi dutifully referred him to her mother, and Mrs. Schinderl gave her blissful consent. That very day the

"WHAT IS YOUR FULL NAME?"

following telegram went to the rich aunt:

"Mizzi engaged to be married. Letter follows."

The letter, however, did not follow immediately. That evening when the fiance was sitting in the family circle at the Schinderls' and smoking one of papa's cigars, he asked carelessly:

"By the way, how old is this Aunt Mina?"

"Aunt Mina? Oh, only 46," the prospective mother-in-law replied, innocently.

"What? Only 46!" the assessor exclaimed in amazement. "I thought she was a very old lady."

Thereupon he became more and more monosyllabic, and at last bade the family a rather distant good night. The next morning a letter came, in which he broke the engagement in the driest and most conventional terms. Almost at the same moment a telegram arrived from Aunt Mizzi:

"Warm congratulations. Am coming to-day."

The excitement at the Schinderls' was beyond description.

"Auntie is coming to celebrate the engagement and there is no fiance. Oh, she will be fearfully angry," the disappointed mother exclaimed again and again. "Husband, can you see no way out of it?"

"I?" Mr. Schinderl asked, ironically. "I don't see anything for you to do but to borrow a fiance for the few days Aunt Mina will spend here."

Mrs. Schinderl stared vacantly at her husband.

"Are you in earnest, Alfred?" she asked.

"But where," Mizzi sobbed from her corner, "is it possible to borrow one of those—wretches?"

"Are you crazy?" Papa Schinderl shouted. "I was only jesting."

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Schinderl said, reflectively. "A borrowed fiance would be better than none. Aunt Mina will be furious if she finds that she has undertaken the long journey in vain and will be quite capable of disinheriting our Mizzi. You know how irresponsible she is."

When Mr. Schinderl heard of disinheriting, he, too, began to consider the matter seriously; and the upshot of it all was that an ever hungry young barrister who lived in the top story of the house was taken into their confidence and prevailed upon to act the happy fiance in consideration of some free dinners and suppers. Later, when the aunt should have gone home, the breaking of the engagement would be announced by letter.

Toward evening the expected guest arrived. Mizzi acted her part with great skill, and when the supposed fiance appeared in Papa Schinderl's best suit, his eyes beamed with happiness, presumably at the prospect of the rich repast in store for him.

On the whole, he was a good-looking fellow, and made himself as agreeable as could be desired. His courteous and obliging manner won the heart of the elderly lady, who in the course of the evening found occasion to whisper to her niece:

"A charming man—my ideal of a husband for you."

Turning to the barrister, she asked:

"What is your full name?"

The old lady made an entry in a little memorandum book. "Frederick Gottlieb Purzel," she repeated. "Pardon me, I am so forgetful. And what is your profession?"

"I—I am a member of the bar of the imperial royal court of justice," Purzel replied, with great dignity.

"Really? A member of the bar of the royal court of justice!" the aunt repeated, with eyebrows respectfully raised, for she had never before heard this high-sounding equivalent for barrister.

When, however, the visitor had departed, the poor fellow sank back into insignificance. The only ray of light in his life was the daily meeting with Mizzi.

The latter always smiled at him and pleased him better and better, until one fine day he screwed up his courage to speak to her and ask:

"May I inquire how your aunt is?"

"Oh, Mr. Purzel, she wrote yesterday that she was not feeling very well," Mizzi replied, with a troubled face.

The barrister thereupon walked with her for a short while, speaking of his cold room, his warm heart and love in general. The young people were just about ready to part, with a warm hand pressure and a still warmer glance, when Mrs. Schinderl came around the corner.

"Mizzi, what can you be thinking of to let yourself be seen with this member of the bar?"

"But, mother—"

"Hush! Come home with me at once!" and away swept the lady, followed by her reluctant daughter.

A few days later the young man was sitting, hungry and cold, in his attic, when the letter carrier knocked at the door and handed him a communication from a notary in D—, the home of Aunt Mina. As attorney for Miss Wilhelmina Schinderl, deceased, the notary announced the amazing news that the old lady had made Mr. Purzel sole heir to her large fortune.

Shaking his head, the barrister was reading the incredible document for the tenth time, when there was a knock on the door. At his "come in" Mrs. Schinderl, wearing a very humble expression, entered the room.

"Have you already heard, dear Mr. Purzel?" she fluted, in her sweetest voice.

The barrister started, then a smile spread over his face, and he answered: "Alas, yes!"

"Why, 'alas?' Surely you love my daughter, Mr. Purzel?"

"Yes; but I loved her just as much a few days ago and then she was too good for me."

"My dear Mr. Purzel! Oh, forgive my haste—I—"

"I forgive you, but only on one condition, and that is that you, Mrs. Schinderl, never enter my house."

"Never?"

"Well, at least only for a few days at a time, by the way of a loan, so to speak."

Mrs. Schinderl was obliged to give in, and when the happy heir had brought his Mizzi home, he often laughed over the borrowed fiance and the mother-in-law "by the way of a loan."—From the German in N. Y. Sun.

MAKE FARMER'S FRUIT CAKE

A Christmas Delicacy That Is Easily and Inexpensively Constructed by Average Housewife.

To make a farmer's fruit cake, chop fine half a pint of dried apples; cover with half a pint of cold water and let them soak over night, says Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal. The next morning add a cupful of golden sirup; simmer gently for one hour. Stand aside to cool. Beat half a cupful of butter to a cream; add one cupful of granulated sugar. Dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of water and add it to half a cupful of buttermilk or sour milk; add this to the batter; add two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves and one egg well beaten. Sift two cupfuls of flour; add a little flour, a little of the dried apple mixture and a little more flour until you have the whole well mixed. The batter must be the thickness of ordinary cake batter. Pour this into a well-greased cake pan and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Somewhat Similar.

"Women and men are very much alike in one respect," said the homegrown philosopher.

"What's the answer?" queried the inexperienced youth.

"Men," explained the philosophy dispenser, "lie about the fish they didn't catch and women lie about the men they could have married had they wanted to."—Chicago Daily News.

Had Her.

Mrs. Henpec—Really, you're enough to make a saint swear.

Mr. Henpec—Go ahead. Haven't I often called you a saint?—Chicago Daily News.

BEFORE HE WENT TO BED.

Old Chap—Young man, you must be up and doing to attain success in this world. Do you ever see the sun rise?

Young Man—Once in awhile—

Old Chap—When?

Young Man—Oh! On my way home in the morning.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FALLS INTO MINE; IS LOST TWO DAYS

JOHANNESBURG RESIDENT IN PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH

Staging Over a Hundred Feet Below Surface of Earth Saves Unfortunate—Faced Drowning—Works His Way to Safety.

London.—It is doubtful if any of the competitors at Bisley rifle meeting has experienced an adventure more grewsome or perilous than one that befell Mr. Menzies, one of the members of the Transvaal team. As most persons know who have lived in or about Johannesburg, there is a disquieting large number of death traps on "the fields" in the shape of abandoned mine shafts, which have been left without cover and without being railed off.

"I was walking from the mine to my home," said Mr. Menzies, in telling the story, "on a dark evening. I thought I was keeping to the road, but I must have turned aside a few feet. I was going along briskly enough, when I lost my foothold. I felt a fearful blow, and then another. I had fallen down a disused shaft. I fell down an inclined shaft, 70 feet, as I afterward measured. Then came a second incline, 20 feet or more, and then a third section, this time vertical, 20 feet more. Finally I landed a-straddle a couple of pieces of wattle staging laid across the last section of the shaft.

About a hundred feet below this again was the bottom part of the workings, full of water. Had I fallen to either side, instead of in the middle on the timbering, I must of course have fallen in to the water and drowned. As far as I thought at all, I wondered what had happened and what would happen next. When I came to myself a little I put my hand to my head, where there was an overwhelming pain, and my hand became sticky, whence I concluded that I had struck my head against the side in falling and was bleeding.

For a long time I remained there, clinging desperately to the staging, and not knowing whether I should become so weak and giddy as to fall again to my death. I had no matches, and of course, was in total darkness; but I felt my way to the side timbers and to some piping, and by these I managed that night to climb up to where

HE FELL HEADLONG INTO THE DESERTED SHAFT.

the second section of the shaft began, 20 feet above.

"How I got through the next day I have scarcely a notion. I know I clung there, and listened desperately for any sound which might hint of coming help; but as the hours passed and nobody came I had to recognize that nobody was likely to come near the workings, much less down them, and that unless I could save myself there was no prospect of being saved.

"Several times I heard people pass within a short distance of the mine, and then I cried out as loud as I could, but I got no reply. Once I felt sure I heard my little daughter calling to me, and I called back with all my might; but nobody came. I found afterward that my little girl had been there, but though I heard her she could not hear me. I suppose my voice was weak, and that the sound when it reached the surface was dissipated in the upper air, and so could not be made out.

"Early the next morning—the second morning of my imprisonment—partly by 'shinning' up pieces of timberings, partly by 'clawing' and digging into the sides with my hands—for I had not even a knife with me—I managed to clamber to the top. It was 10:30—38 hours from the time when I had fallen.

"I shall not forget my first look at the upper world again. I was, of course, shaken all to pieces, and when I got home I felt more dead than alive."

Takes Swim in His Sleep.

English, Ind.—Deserting his bed for two hours or more, at least twice a week, and then denying that he had been absent at all, caused Mrs. Gabriel Jackson to become suspicious of her husband and led her to have her brothers "keep an eye upon him." Recently Gabriel slipped out as usual and was followed watchfully by his brothers-in-law while he traveled more than a mile to the old "swimming hole" upon his father's farm, where he divested himself of his clothing and swam to and fro across the pond three or four times. When he emerged he carefully redressed and then returned home and to bed. The next morning he knew nothing of the occurrence till told of it, and could not believe it till brought to the scene and shown the footprints in the sand. The queer part of it is that Jackson is not known to be a somnambulist, though he had been thus afflicted in childhood.

The Squirrel Fish.

In color the squirrel fish is a brilliant red, which makes it a conspicuous inhabitant of the sea as it darts here and there with quick, alert movements. The body of the squirrel fish shows a few stripes and is well covered with sharp spines.

MAD ENGINE MAKES DASH FOR FREEDOM.

Runs Shrieking Three Miles Across Suspension Bridge and Through a Town.

Waco, Tex.—No. 158 had been gloomy for weeks. That is the reason the engineer gives for the recent eccentric occurrence that threw all Waco into a panic and furnished incontrovertible proof that an engine has a soul.

Fireman Jim will say that any engine is as moody as a woman. "You can't drive 'em," he says. "You have to humor 'em. And No. 158 hadn't been coddled enough, so she just slipped her bit."

No. 158 lives at the Houston & Texas Central railroad yards in East

THE BIG ENGINE DASHED TOWARD THE BRIDGE.

Waco, in a barren and ugly district.

Her soul revolted, and as she brooded over her wrongs, there grew in No. 158's mind a bold and daring project. She was nervous and captious. Fireman Jim, all unconscious of the fires already raging in her iron bosom, piled in fuel for the afternoon run. He and the engineer went out for dinner.

What happened during the next 15 minutes none can say with certainty. The railroad yards were deserted, no one was seen to go or come. But at precisely 12:15, with a shriek of rage like a maniac's defiance, a big black engine dashed out of the yards and at top speed fled toward the suspension bridge over the Brazos river, which connects East Waco with the flourishing town of Waco.

A stupid but well-meaning engine, seeing suicide in No. 158's mein, barred her path. She hurled it aside a crushed and broken mass. An outhouse verged upon her wayward course. She paused long enough to demolish it. In another instant she was thundering across the bridge still shrieking like a demon.

Once across, she slid over the tracks, through the heart of the city. The railroad is unguarded; electric cars and vehicles cross South Fourth street at will. Yet, in a town of 35,000, with a traffic commensurate to its size, the mad engine harmed neither carriage nor pedestrian.

Straight to the station of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and, flushed with triumph, her panting sides absolutely unscathed, she drew up amid a group of engines that had just reported for duty.

All sorts of explanations have been offered. Some suggest that a mischievous boy may have crept in and turned on No. 158's steam, but Fireman Jim says it's "the critter's spirit just kickin' the insides out of her."

LONG RACE WITH A GHOST

Bradley, Ill., Man Tells of Spookish Contest Which Takes Place Late at Night.

Kankakee, Ill.—A Bradley man tells of a thrilling experience with a ghost as he was returning home late at night recently. He was walking up the Illinois Central tracks from Kankakee when he first noticed a weird figure in white closely following him. He gradually increased his pace, but the white specter seemed possessed of a good pair of walking sticks, and increased his gait to correspond.

The Bradley man being late and wishing to get home before his wife missed him, broke into a run, but on glancing behind saw the ghost without the least effort keeping the distance just the same. Up through Broadway the two went at breakneck speed. The man started to leap the water works' ditch, missed his footing and fell headlong. He got up and sat on the opposite side of the ditch, but there was the ghost facing him. The Bradley man drew a deep breath. The ghost looked him directly in the face and said: "That was a mighty good race we had, wasn't it, mister?" "Y-y-yes," replied the man from Bradley, "and we're going to h-have another as soon as I get my b-b-breath."

Held at Bay by Wolves.

Crystal Falls, Mich.—Hemmed in by a pack of 30 or more wolves and armed only with small woodmen's axes, Roy Sullivan and Stephen Lowney, landlookers, passed three nights in the wilds of Iron county. Only a circle of fires maintained until daybreak kept the animals at bay. The constant vigilance, without sleep or rest, wore the men out and they were forced to break camp without completing their work. The wolves would disappear at dawn, only to return at dusk. It is supposed they had killed off all deer in surrounding country and were in a famishing condition.

Dog Reverts to Wild State.

Utica, N. Y.—While summering at Richfield Springs in 1903 Gen. George Field, of Buffalo, missed his pet dog, a valuable greyhound. He was afterward seen roaming wild in the woods, and all efforts to reach him were unsuccessful. Recently the dog was caught in a trap set for wild animals.

Queer Suicide Pact.

Buda-Pesth——Three young men in Salzburg, Austria, out of employment, pooled what money they had, bought a revolver, had a dinner at a restaurant, drank to one another's "future" and then went to a cemetery and committed suicide, one after the other, with the revolver.

SCARED AWAY THE GHOST

Resourceful Curate Knew How to Put Unwelcome Visitors to Rout.

A zealous young curate went to stay with some friends at a country house, relates Ram's Horn. On descending to breakfast each morning he noticed his hostess inquiring particularly how he had slept, and seemed relieved when he said he had passed a very good night. On the last morning his hostess said: "Mr. ——, you perhaps noticed how very particular we were in our inquiries every morning as to how you had slept, but the truth is that the room you occupied is said to be haunted, and we were anxious to know if you had seen the ghost."

"The ghost!" repeated the curate, thoughtfully. "Oh, yes; I do remember the first night I was here some fellow came and stood by my bedside."

"Oh!" said the company with great interest, "and what did you do?"

"I said: 'Please, will you give me a subscription for my Sunday school?' He instantly disappeared and I never saw him again."

Honesty of the Modern Kind.

"And now, my son," said the bank president, "on this, the threshold of your business life, I desire to impress one thought upon you. Honesty, ever and always, is the policy that is best."

"Yes, father," said the young man.

"And, by the way," appended the grayheard, "I would urge you to read up a little corporation law. It will amaze you to find how many things you can do in a business way, and still be honest."—Minneapolis Journal.

Sure Enough.

"I'm from Beantown."

"Boston?"

"That's the only beantown, isn't it?"

"Well, there's Lima, O."—Chicago Sun.

A man may have his favorite doctor, and a woman her favorite preacher, but who ever heard of a dentist being much of a favorite with anybody in this world?

A dog has attained the highest eminence ever reached by a philosopher when he can forget his fleas.—Somerville Journal.

Some men never seem to be satisfied with anything until they attend their own funeral.