

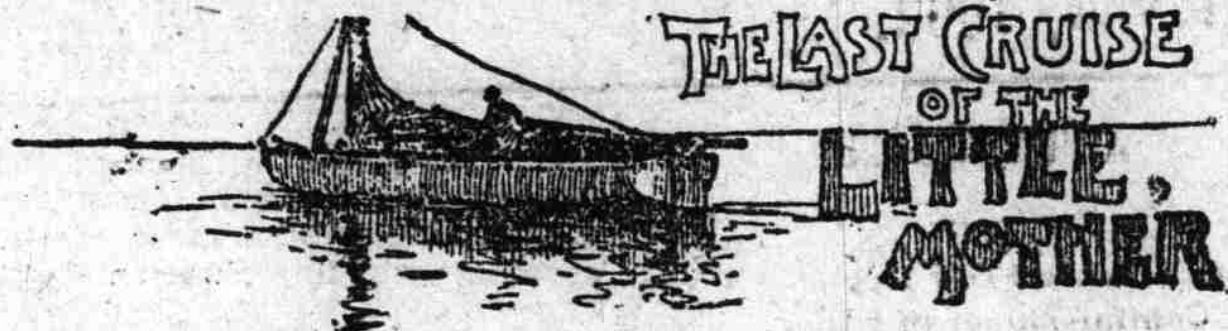
HAS THE WORLD GONE WRONG?

Has the world gone wrong? I hear a child
Who is singing a happy song,
And across the way an anyt rings,
And yonder a maiden hurries along
With a look that only gladness brings.

Has the world gone wrong? I see the gleam
Of love in a lover's eyes,
And yonder upon the wooden gate,
Where lovers have gazed at the starry
skies,
A sparrow cheeps to its little mate.

Has the world gone wrong? I hear the
sounds
That men who are busy make.
I hear the engines puff away,
And, strong in body, I go to take
The little part that I have to play.

Has the world gone wrong? There's many
a man,
When his work is done to-night,
Who will hurry away from care to
see
Glad faces glow where hearts are light—
Oh, the world is good to them and me.
—Chicago Record-Herald.



TOM CLAFLIN was sixteen years old when his family moved from Chicago to San Diego, Cal. His father, a consumptive, was no longer able to work. His mother, a tiny, cheerful, busy woman, with three small children besides Tom, had her hands full with nursing her husband, making, mending, cooking and caring for the family. They had been in their new home for three months, living away their small capital, and with no prospect of earning a dollar. The boom was over. The town was overrun with Easterners, men and women in frail health, willing to work for small pay at anything that would yield them sustenance. And so Tom, the hope of his courageous little mother, had tried everything and failed to get work.

It was then that he hit upon the idea of becoming a fisherman. For a week before he broached the subject at home he had patrolled the shore from Point Loma to the Coronado beach in search of a boat. He had only \$15, and of the scores of small craft that could be bought at all there was but one within his means. A leaky lugger, with frayed old sails and an impossible Spanish name, stinking of fish and with a dirty black hull, lay moored off the Portuguese village on the north shore of the bay, and thither day after day poor Tom trudged, big with his secret.

One Saturday night he startled the family with:

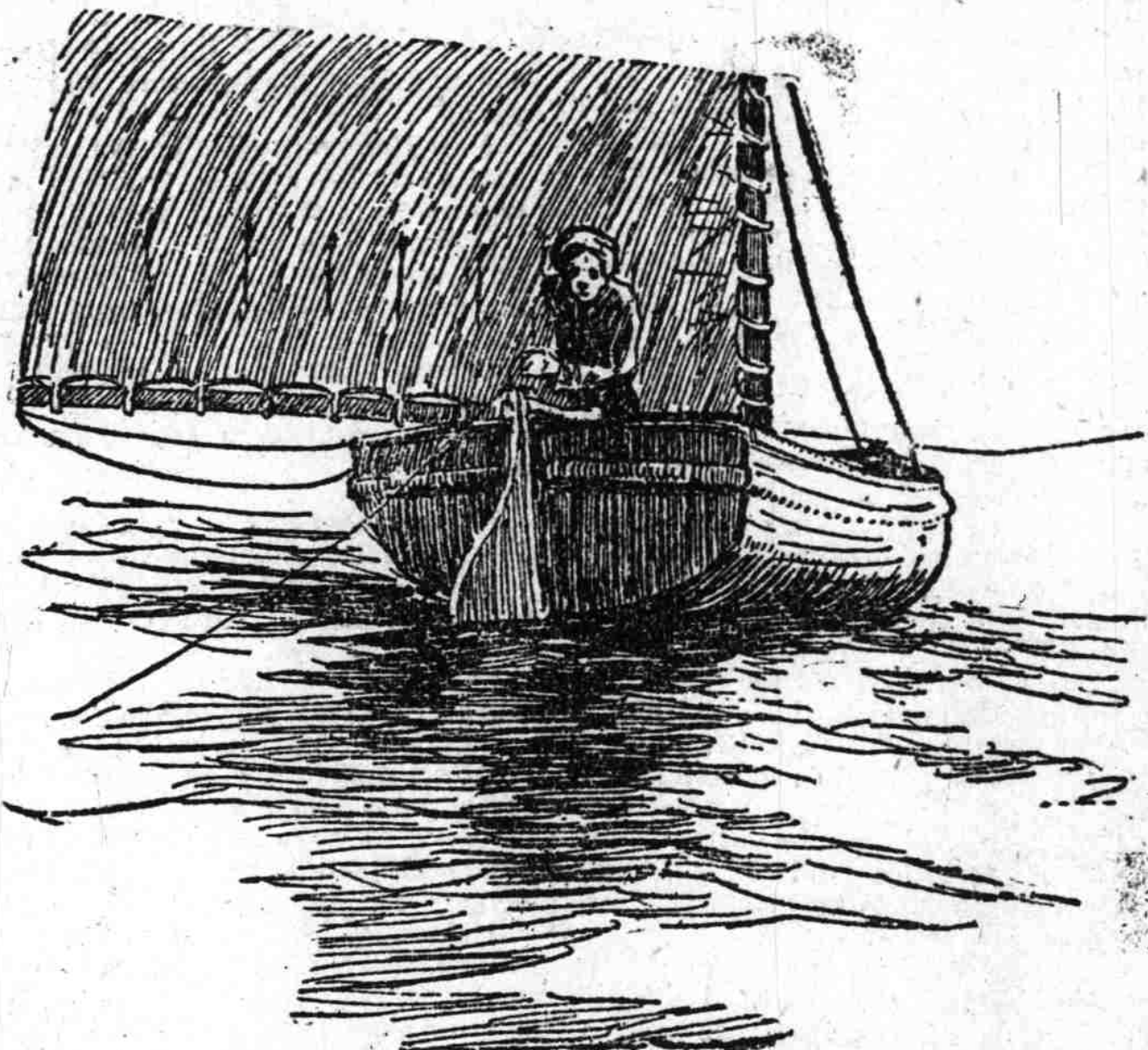
"Well, people, I'm a sea captain at last and no joke. Mother, behold your son, Captain Thomas Clafin, of the good ship 'Little Mother.'"

The little woman's blue eyes were filled with tears when her boy showed them the bill of sale to the effect that he had bought a vessel for \$12.50, and

beauties and qualities of the "Little Mother," boasted of what he meant to accomplish as a professional fisherman, and made everybody so happy that it seemed no time at all till the sun was dipping into the sea and the first cruise of the "Little Mother" was over.

And the boy made good money with his modest venture. He would rise with the sun each morning, and with his dinner pail and coarse tackle make for the boat that had become to him both sweetheart and provider. His greatest difficulty was his need of an assistant, and many was the barracuda and giant jewfish that escaped him in his lonely, all-day cruises up and down that matchless summer sea. Sometimes he would induce some lazy wharf idler to accompany him, sometimes old Pedro, the retired Portuguese from whom he had bought the boat would hail him as he stood out to sea and help him with the work. Sometimes, when the sea was like a floor of gleaming onyx, his father would sit in the stern sheets, and little Charley would "man the jib" or troll a line for small fish, but alone or with "a crew" Tom never failed to bring home at night enough fish so that his earnings at the end of the week were almost enough to pay the running expenses of the frugal little family.

It was in the end of August that the Monterey, the monster coast defense monitor, returned from her first cruise. She had been in South American waters for four months, and the crew got its first shore leave on American soil at San Diego. The big war vessel was thrown open to visitors one Sunday morning, and all that day Tom Clafin carried sightseers from the Santa Fe pier to the Monterey. Good seaman that he was, he was fascin-



TROLLING FOR LARGE FISH.

thus, like a true-blue Chicagoan, risked his all in the only business venture in sight.

"I named her for you, mother, and you must christen her and take a sail in her to-morrow."

With a basket of luncheon and a pail and shovel for clams, the Clafin family, with Tom proudly leading the way, went down to the beach in the morning. Sure enough, there lay the "Little Mother," swinging gracefully at her moorings, no longer dingy and black, but radiant in a coat of fresh white paint, her sails mended and shipshape, the Stars and Stripes fluttering from her peak and her name in bold blue letters across her bows. Tom's little brother and sisters danced with delight, new light came into his father's eyes, and as for "Little Mother," the patron saint of that first voyage, she laughed and cried by turns as she sat in the stern of the boat and watched Tom, the captain, and little Charley, the "first mate," both bubbling over with excitement and nautical terms, tugging at ropes, running about like regular jack-tars and making all ready "to put to sea," as Tom said.

As the boat, driven by a cool sou'east breeze, stood out across the bay for the Loma lighthouse, Tom showed them all the new hand-pump he had rigged into his little "ship," he explained the centreboard, pointed out the imaginary

ated with the dazzling spotlessness of the monitor, and every night while she lay in port Tom came aboard to revel in the ship-talk and yarns of officers and men. He soon knew all the officers by name, and had formed a close friendship with a seaman named Hansen, who had lived in Chicago and was half fellow with every man in the crew.

Hansen was killed the night before the Monterey sailed for Frisco. He had gone ashore with a guard to arrest a half-breed Mexican stoker who had overstayed his leave. The guard separated to scour the town for the deserter, and Hansen, alone, had the misfortune to corner him in a Chinese dive at the lower end of town. A knife in the dark as he was dragging his prisoner through an alleyway, a panic of chattering Chinamen, who quenched their lamps and bolted their doors, and poor Hansen was left dying in the mire. It is but four miles to the Mexican border from San Diego, and thither, it was supposed, the murderer had fled.

The Mayor of San Diego offered \$200 reward for the capture of Hansen's slayer, the little police force was thrown in a fever of activity, the Monterey delayed her sailing for three days and then the crime began to be forgotten. Tom sailed out to the fishing grounds every morning with whomever he could pick up. It was nearly a month after the monitor had gone

when a lone fisherman sitting at the end of the jetties that reach from the crescent end of Coronado Island hailed him. Young Clafin stood in for the landing and invited the stranger aboard. He wanted something to eat, and the boy, with a sudden flutter in his heart, opened his pail and bade the stranger make himself comfortable. They fished all that day with rare luck, and at sundown the "Little Mother" was deep with her cargo of barracuda. Once under the lee of Point Loma on the homeward trip the breeze died out, and the boat went drifting with the tide. The southern reaches of the entrance to San Diego harbor are covered with sandbars and shallows that extend two miles along the inner side of Coronado.

The tide ran out while "Little Mother" was drifting about these bars, and when darkness fell she went hard aground. A dense fog came with the night. The channel buoys disappeared. The distant lights of the city were blurred and quenched in the thick haze, and by the time flood tide came again it was impossible to steer the boat with certainty of safety.

"We'd better anchor till the fog lifts," said Tom, wondering what his mother would think if he stayed out all night.

His comrade sullenly agreed, and so they dropped anchor, and lay rocking in the calm cloud of mist for hours. The stranger fell asleep in the bottom of the boat, but Tom, big-eyed now, his heart beating with wild excitement, sat in the bow watching. It must have been near midnight when he crept down from the hull and unshipped the little pump. The tide was going out again, and as he dropped the dismantled apparatus into the sea he heard the water gurgling into the hold. The stranger was yet sleeping when Tom slipped over the rail, breast high in the water and headed for shore.

It was 2 in the morning when he reached the police station in San Diego. He was bareheaded and wet, his bedraggled shirt and trousers were clustered with burrs and thorns, his feet were bleeding and he could hardly speak the words:

"Captain, I've got the Mexican that killed Hansen."

It was daylight when they surrounded the scuttled lugger. The Mexican was awake, clinging to the half submerged mainmast. The rickety boat, loaded with fish and bumped by the now running seas, was going to pieces plank by plank. Tom didn't waste a thought over the captured murderer after he saw the police lay hands on him, but he shed a weak, unwilling tear over the wreck of the "Little Mother."

"Why did you wreck your boat, Tom?" asked his mother that day while the story of her boy's heroism made him the talk of the town.

"Well, mammy," he said, "I was afraid the Mexican'd get away to sea. I wanted him, you know, but what I wanted most was that two hundred dollars reward. I can buy a new boat for half the money."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

It Was Really Clever.

The public fondness for being humbugged seems to have reached its third power this winter. Formerly, people were satisfied, on the vaudeville stage and elsewhere, with imitations of things with which they were familiar, goldfish, or crosscut saws, or giraffes, or submarine boats. In a store window a wax figure was good enough to display garments on; in fact, it was considered an improvement on the old-fashioned wire frame. Last winter an up-town store conceived the idea of making an imitation of an imitation. Accordingly, the proprietor hired a man to paint his face like a wax figure, and, clad in a rubber coat, to stand under a shower bath and move his eyes and limbs as mechanically as possible. The idea proved successful; the street in front of that window was all but blocked. This year, half-a-dozen other stores have tried the same device. In one, a real man with a mask is placed in the middle of a group of mechanical wax figures. As might be expected, his movements are more lifelike than any of the others. "That's the cleverest piece of machinery I ever saw!" is a comment often heard. Which, of course, is very true.—New York Post.

Constantinople Beggars' Feastday.

One day in the year Constantinople is free from the beggar nuisance—on November 25. This is the festival of St. John the Almsgiver, the patron saint of the mendicant profession. No beggar of the Greek faith is on his or her beat that day. In the forenoon all, or nearly all, orthodox mendicants attend a special service in the Church of St. Constantine, at which an Archbishop officiated. It was arranged by their corporation, for they are organized into a guild like any other trade. The church, spacious as it is, was none too large for the numerous congregation of cadgers, many of whom in their holiday garb looked like respectable citizens. The rest of the day was spent in festivities, which were apt to extend so far into the night that many of the travelers were unable to attend to business on the morrow.—The Constantinople Ephemeris.



A New Solution.

THE world may become indebted to Russia for a new method of overland transportation. The device in question is that of Prince Khilkoff, the Czar's Minister of Ways and Communication, and is so simple that one is inclined to wonder that it was not thought of before. The plan contemplates the employment of automobiles of from three to six horse power for hauling ordinary carts over tramways made of boards, sheet iron, cement or any material that may be found readily at hand. Stone, iron and wooden tramways have been used for transportation from time immemorial; traction road engines are not new, nor can the idea of drawing farmers' or carters' wagons in trains from farm to factory to the nearby market towns or railway centres be regarded as a novelty. The traction engines hitherto thought of in this connection, however, are comparatively slow, expensive and so heavy that a considerable portion of the power generated by them would be required to haul their own weight. Moreover, a prerequisite for their successful employment is a hard, smooth and costly road.

Prince Khilkoff's initial experiments were conducted in the park surrounding his home. Ordinary sleepers were laid down, and upon these two lines of planks were nailed, instead of rails, at a distance apart corresponding to that of the automobile wheels. Wooden combings were placed on the outer sides of the planks as guards, to prevent the machine from leaving the track. With an ordinary three and one-half horse power carriage a cart laden with bricks, and weighing with its contents nearly two tons, was easily hauled over the wooden tramway at a speed of twelve versts an hour. The estimated cost of a tramway constructed like the foregoing is less than 2000 rubles per verst, while the cheapest macadamized road would cost five times as much. The first practical experiment of the new system is to be made between Tsarkoe-Selo and the new water works, which are being built a few versts from that city. The line will be laid over swampy ground, where an ordinary road could not be built. Various substances will be tried for the new automobile rails, such as iron, cement and different kinds of wood.

In the event of the success of this experiment, of which there is no reasonable doubt, the system is to be extended throughout the empire as a supplementary means of transportation between points not reached by railways. Another consideration moving the Russian Minister to extend the system is the impracticability of ordinary Russian roads for carriages and carts in the spring and autumn, when the wheels are apt to sink deep into mire. The considerations are as valid in the greater part of this country as they are in Russia, and it is quite possible that the general adoption of Prince Khilkoff's plan would be the solution of the haulage problem in the rural districts of the United States. An automobile can be bought at a price but little exceeding that of a team of horses, and costs incomparably less to keep. The cheapness of the timber tramway would lay the road tax boggy, which fills farmers with apprehension whenever improved roadways are mentioned. The point which would count most heavily in favor of the tramway principle is its adaptability to all locations. On any sort of soil the sleepers and board rails could be laid with equal celerity and ease. No clay would be too soft, nor sand too deep for it; the road could be made to follow the rubble stone bank of dry river, and it would not be necessary to make long detours around marsh lands. On grounds of economy and general utility, the plan appeals to one so strongly that it would be surprising if some of the freeholders or supervisors of our progressive rural communities should not give it an early trial.—Philadelphia Record.

New Method of Road Building.

A novel system of road construction has been successfully resorted to in Menmouth, Ill. The ground was prepared for it by grading and being allowed to remain so for two months. It was treated to an occasional scraping, so that it would pack evenly, being thus rendered hard and even for the laying of a surface of brick, the chief constructive feature. The first thing was the setting of a curbing, made of two by six inch planks seven feet apart, held by oak stakes eighteen inches long and put down every four feet. Inside of this was a five-inch bed of sand, all evened up, and a single course of No. 1 paving brick then put down, a fine roadbed being thus obtained. Outside the curb two feet of crushed rock were laid, graded up to make an easy approach, this plan insuring a way of eleven feet in width, and, as the earth on each side was

graded and worked, there was also gathered a width of some forty feet, affording tracks on each side for use in dry weather. Such a brick road costs about ninety cents a running foot.

Handling Farm Products.

An item in the report of the Industrial Commission, at Washington, shows that the cost of handling farm products over the country roads is estimated at \$900,000,000 a year, or more than the entire cost of operating all the railroads of the United States, which is placed at \$818,000,000. This seems inconceivable, but no doubt it is approximately true, except in the fact that the farmers don't pay the money for the use of their teams, but in unestimated labor.

WONDERFUL PLASTIC SURGERY.

Complicated Operations Performed with the Use of Paraffine.

A Viennese surgeon, M. Gersuny, has found that in a great number of plastic or autoplasmic operations excellent results may be obtained by the use of paraffin, termed medicinal vaseline, writes Dr. R. Rommo in La Rome, Paris (the translation from which we quote being given by public opinion).

To raise a nose deformed from birth or lost in the battles of life, or simply broken by a blow of the fist, is a delicate and complicated operation under the present procedure. It is necessary to make, first, an appropriate nasal skeleton; then this skeleton, once established, with a thin piece of bone tissue cut from the thickness of the frontal bone, the question is to cover it with skin. When the nose has thus, with great difficulty, been re-established, it remains in place, and the final result leaves much to be desired from a plastic point of view at least.

M. Gersuny has changed all this. Under the skin of the broken nose which needs to be raised, one simply injects with a Pravaz syringe two or three cubic centimeters of vaseline-paraffine, first liquefied by heat, the injected mass raising the skin of the nose. As the paraffine becomes solid at thirty-seven degrees—that is to say the temperature of the body—it has only to be fashioned during the time it is cooling under the skin to give to the nose any desired form. Noses which are made in this way are absolutely perfect.

But what becomes of the vaseline-paraffine injected under the skin? Experiments made on animals show that it is not reabsorbed and that it remains in place. And not only is it not reabsorbed but it produces in the neighborhood tissues an excellent reactive effect. There is formed a web of connective tissues which unites and traverses all the parts of the injected vaseline. When at the end of some time the animals have been killed, at the place where the injection was made a hard body similar to cartilage is found, a sort of connective web of which the links are filled with the paraffine.

The formation of these particular tissues allows us to suppose that the results obtained by the Gersuny method are durable, perhaps conclusive. Among the operations made in this way some were made two years ago, and the corrected deformity has not reappeared.

Papa's Arrival Was Timely.

A little girl at East End, who is wont to take refuge in the protecting arms of her father when her mother's ire is up and trouble is pending, almost missed her haven the other night. Her mother and she had gone up stairs for the night, leaving the father in the reading-room below. In the preparations for retiring the little girl disobeyed her mother and trouble was imminent.

"I'll just switch you, little lady," remarked the mother.

In an instant the little girl rushed to the door and screamed for her father to come up at once.

The obedient father got up the stairs in about three steps, and as he entered the room the angered mother was about to use the switch.

"You just did get here in time, papa," said the little one, as she buried her face under his arm.—Memphis Scimitar.

Curious Work With English Medals.

A veteran of Baidport has just received his medal—such is the indecent haste of the War Office—for the Crimean War, just as many Canadian Volunteers about two years ago were hurriedly presented with their medals for services of some forty years back. This, however, is nothing to a naval medal, bearing ships and sails, which was once accidentally struck and distributed for a frontier trouble in the interior of India! The War Office rightly reserves its energies for the due reward, of such important and hazardous services as garrison work in Malta. The militia, who were dispatched there temporarily, are already going to receive their "war" medals.—London Chronicle.

Tall Hats and Insanity.

A London authority says tall hats cause insanity and blindness. Still there are men who wear silk ties and black mustaches who can see as far into an ordinary game of chance as any of us.—Minneapolis Times.