

Chairman of Canal Commission.



Theodore P. Shonts is head of the body in control of the work of digging the Panama waterway. Mr. Shonts was formerly president of the "Cloveleaf" railroad.

FIRST SCHOOL IN WEST

OLD DOCUMENT GIVES CAHOKIA, ILL., UNIQUE HONOR.

Log Courthouse Recently Brought to Chicago from St. Clair County Recalls Pioneer Days—Built of Black Walnut.

Chicago.—Cahokia, the quaint little "deserted village" way down in St. Clair county, almost on the banks of the Mississippi, is now claimed as the cradle of the great free school system of Illinois by members of the Chicago Historical society, who have brought to light an old document dated May 6, 1791, in which the citizens of Cahokia request "the Judges of the honorable court of Cahokia" to allow them to hold their first public school in the courthouse. The old courthouse, said to be the oldest in the west, is now situated on Wooded Island, in Jackson park.

The old document, which fixes the time of the founding of the Illinois schools, was discovered a few weeks ago after it had been hidden from human eyes for almost 100 years. It is written in French. Translated it reads as follows:

"To the Honorable Gentlemen, the Judges of the Honorable Court of Cahokia:
The inhabitants of the parish of the Holy Family of Cahokia have the honor to express to you at their assembly that they have the desire to establish a school in the said parish (or town) for the instruction of their children.

"As they are obliged to do many necessary public works in the parish, they cannot at once undertake the construction of a building necessary to hold the said school, so these representatives ask you gentlemen that you allow them to hold the said school in your audience room of the courthouse until they construct a building which will oblige all the inhabitants whose children have their instruction in the school, and in which case should there arise any defect of the said audience room, they will leave it in the best condition which you judge necessary and proper.

"That is why they supplicate you to accord them this request as being necessary for the public good. In this cause they submit themselves to your good will and have the honor to be, very respectfully,
Your very humble and very obedient servants,
Louis Sebrun,
"Louis Grand."

"Cahokia, 6 May, 1791."
This, according to the historians, was the first request for a public school in Illinois after the revolutionary war, when under one of our first laws, one section in each township was set aside for school purposes.

With the erection in Jackson park of the old courthouse in which the first Illinois schools were held, Chicago now possesses the only original historic public building west of Boston or north of New Orleans. The structure was the seat of local government in Cahokia, in what is the oldest county in the state.

It was under the royal regimes of King Louis XV of France and King George III of England and finally under the American stars and stripes during the administration of the first president, George Washington, after the expedition and bloodless victories of George Rogers Clark in 1778, when he captured the Northwest Territory from the British.

The little building is constructed of square black walnut logs, about six inches square on the ends and one and a half inches thick. The logs are set up in the style of the construction of the French period. The overhanging roof makes the top of the porch, which extends all around it. At the end is a chimney and fireplace, with the old hand-wrought andirons. The ancient town of Cahokia was the settlement of the Cahokia tribe of Indians, one of the Illinois confed-

eration, and the village was possibly located as early as 1682, but the beginning of the history of the village practically dates from the founding of the church of the Holy Family about 1700 by Father Francois Pinet, S. J., who also founded the Guardian Angel's mission at Chicago about 1696.

Father St. Cosmo in the Journal of his voyage in 1699, states that his party conducted from Chicago by Mr. De Tonty was rejoined at Peoria by this same Father Pinet, who was accustomed to spend his summers at the Chicago mission.

The Cahokia courthouse was built about 1716, according to local history, and was the next oldest building to the church. It was early used as headquarters for the notary and civil officers and local military officers under the French, British and Americans when in Cahokia. It was also called the "garrison," occupying the most commanding corner of the public common in the center of the village, where it overlooked all the roads and approaches to the town.

Pontiac, the great Indian chief, was assassinated in Cahokia about 1709 while engaged in one of his conspiracies. The building occupied the middle of a small plot of ground and formerly was surrounded by a stockade fence. A small iron cannon occupied each corner. These were swept away or buried in one of the great floods.

20,000,000 TONS OF ORE.

New Deposit in Canada Equal to Holdings of the Steel Trust.

Cleveland.—The new deposit of ore recently discovered in Canada upon examination is shown to contain almost as much ore as all the holdings of the steel corporation, with the exception of the Hill properties lately purchased. This information has caused much comment among iron men, and it is said that independent interests in Buffalo and Pittsburg are negotiating for the property. This new ore-bearing property is situated about 20 miles east of Port Arthur, and is about three miles in width and six miles long. According to recent tests the body will contain slightly upward of 20,000,000 tons of ore.

Estimates of the grade of this ore vary. One is that it will run about 70 per cent. in metallic iron and within the limits of Bessemer quality on phosphorus, and having a low percentage of sulphur. It is also declared that the moisture amounts to only about one per cent., whereas that of the Mesaba range averages eight to ten per cent. It is declared that this new ore adheres more closely to the analysis of the Old Range Bessemer, and will be available immediately for open hearth and Bessemer processes of making steel. It is declared that the 20,000,000 tons indicated is the minimum that is likely to be developed.

IOWA BANKS MAKE BIG GAINS.

Financial Condition of State Shows General Prosperity.

Burlington, Ia.—If the annual report of State Auditor Carroll may be taken as an indication Iowa is improving her financial condition marvelously. A good gain of a state's prosperity is the amount of deposits in the savings and other banks, but more especially in the former. In his annual report just issued Auditor Carroll says that the deposits in the state and savings banks have passed the \$180,000,000 mark, having increased \$26,078,587 in the last year. As the state and savings banks of Iowa are assumed to do more than half the business of banking, it is supposed that the deposits in the private and national banks, not included in the report of the auditor of state would make the total increase in the last year about \$50,000,000 and the total deposits approximately \$250,000,000.

There are 516 savings and 256 state banks in Iowa at the present time. The average reserve in the banks on November 12 was 20.5 per cent. Since September 4 last there have been 200 new banks organized, their capital stock amounting to \$27,500.

PATENT OFFICE IS FLOODED.

Press of Inventions Leads to Demand for Larger Quarters.

The inventive breed is not dying out in America. The commissioner of patents at Washington calls loudly for larger quarters, more clerks and bigger pay for overworked examiners. There is such a flood of new devices pouring into the patent office as was never seen before. The examiners are fairly swamped and are a full year behind in their work.

Naturally enough, motors and submarine and aerial navigating devices lead the list. Modern man insists upon flying, and the inventor who adds speed to his passing to and fro upon the earth, in the air, or in or under the water is certain of his reward.

The inventors are no believers in the early coming of peace among the nations, for improvements upon weapons and new explosives are well nigh as numerous as new motors. Yet with all this gunning for gain and racing for fame on the part of the inventors the chances are that some unconsidered trifle like the wooden ball with a rubber string, or the globe catch for women's purses will win the largest rewards in the future as in the past.

SHOW SKILL IN IRRIGATION.

African Tribe Has Little to Learn in This Branch of Agriculture.

Excepting, perhaps, some Malayan tribes, the African negroes are said to be the finest agriculturists of all the natural races, says the Southern Workman. The Bongos are said to have a greater variety of garden plants around their huts than are found in the fields and gardens of a German village. Irrigation is practiced. The Angolos, in the Congo district, have practical irrigation. The Wachungo show wonderful skill in irrigating their terraced hillside by tunnels of water diverted from the main stream. "They have a clear mode of irrigating equally a given surface. As the little canals of water are always elevated above the cultivated plants they will tap them at a convenient spot above the beds to be watered, and then turn the stream into a rough conduit made of the hollow stems of bananas cut in half, the end of each stem overlapping the next. Then, as the water enters the last joint, it is freely turned right and left, distributing the vivifying stream in all directions."

Accommodated Customers.

Quincy Tufts, an old-time dealer in men's furnishings, whose place of business was in the old Herald building, on Washington street, Boston, was celebrated for his extreme courtesy in dealing with trying customers. On one occasion a man whom we will call Mr. A. remarked on this trait to another man whom we will call Mr. B. Whereupon the latter laid a wager that he could ruffle the temper of Mr. Tufts. The wager was accepted, and the two repaired to Mr. Tufts' place of business.

Mr. B. asked to see samples of men's suitings. Mr. Tufts produced piece after piece of cloth, until the supply was exhausted, and Mr. B. selecting one, said, "I will take just I cent's worth of this."

Mr. Tufts took a penny from his pocket, and placing it upon the cloth, with a piece of chalk drew an outline upon the cloth and cut out a piece of it, and with the utmost politeness handed it to Mr. B.

The wager was paid.

The Author Game.

"It is surprising how many new decks of the game of authors are put on the market," said a stationer. "The latest is a female suffragist pack. It contains the names of women and their works only. Then there is a new composers' deck, an artists' deck and a sportsmen's deck. The latter is particularly popular with boys, since it is made up of works on outdoor life. The standard authors that were in vogue 25 years ago are still in the ring, of course, but the favorites with this latter day generation are those to which the later writers such as Kipling, Howells and Henry James, have been added. These additions increase the size of the deck, some of the later ones containing as high as 25 books with six cards to the book."

Bad Men of the West.

Searchers for real western color with which to illuminate their tales of the frontier have for some time been complaining that all the snap and ginger of the old life in the West had departed. To a certain extent this is true. The genuine Indians have nearly all followed the buffalo over the divide into the happy hunting ground of the Great Spirit. The modern cowboy is less careless with his shooting iron and his branding iron than he was in the old days, but it is an error to believe that any of the picturesque devilry which gave color to early days in the West has been eliminated. The bad man with the gun out on the fringe of civilization is fully as bad as his predecessor of earlier years.

"Bite or 'No Bite."

The following snappy note was picked up on the bridge in the east end of town: "Dear L.—The reason I didn't laugh when you left at me yesterday in the postoffice was because I have a hile on my face and can't laugh. If I laugh it will bust, but I love you old sweet thing bite or no bite, laugh or no laugh, you know that p. m. Burns this up."—Country Newspaper.

ONE KEY FOR ALL TRUNKS.

London Merchant Has Conferred Real Boon on Humanity.

Was there ever a woman born who did not at some time in her career lose or forget her trunk key? Who has not experienced the wild sense of despair that sweeps over the travel-worn, dusty creature who arrives at her journey's end with no more scientific implement than a hairpin to probe the mysteries of her trunk lock? And when her pieces of baggage number more than one, and all the keys are left behind, so much the greater is the mourning over the disaster?

Now comes along a London trunk dealer who for ingenuity and business instinct puts all his Yankee brethren to the blush. He has invented a series of trunks, skirt trunk, bodice trunk, hatbox and every other sort of trunk or box that you may need, all of which can be unlocked with one key.

Of course, you may forget the one—but it is less of a memory tax than half a dozen, and should it be forgotten, you will squander less of your substance upon the village locksmith than if you were obliged to order a whole bunch.

JOKE WAS ON MR. GOLD.

Possibly Old Gobsa Regretted His Extreme Economy.

Rear Admiral F. W. Dickens told in Philadelphia the other day a good story about a very rich and very economical financier.

"The old gentleman—let us call him Gobsa Gold," he said, "was making preparations for a Christmas ball some years ago and at his wine merchant's discovered a cheap brand of champagne.

"This, he said, is a good brand of champagne. It is quite good enough for those young people who will come to my Christmas ball. They couldn't tell the difference, anyway.

"And accordingly he ordered a dozen cases of the cheap wine.

"A day or two before Christmas, picking up his newspaper, he noticed that his wine merchant had a half-page advertisement. He ran his eye over it and saw in big black letters the paragraph:

"Try our celebrated champagne at \$1.25 a quart, as ordered by the eminent financier, Gobsa Gold, Esq., for his forthcoming Christmas ball."

Reminder of Tragic Event.

On the ceiling of one of the rooms in Sans Souci, the world-renowned palace of Frederick the Great, is painted a great spider with its web. The origin of this strange decoration is as follows: This apartment was the great king's breakfast room and adjoined his bed chamber. Every morning when his majesty entered the room he was accustomed to find a cup of chocolate, but on one occasion, just as he was about to drink, he thought of something he had forgotten and returned to his bedroom. When he again entered the breakfast room his majesty discovered that a great spider had dropped from the ceiling into the cup, and he naturally cried out for fresh chocolate to be prepared. The next moment the king was startled by the report of a pistol. No sooner had the cook received the order than he blew out his brains. Not because the king had refused the chocolate did he do this, but because he had poisoned the cup and had thought himself discovered. It was in remembrance of this narrow escape that his majesty ordered the spider with its web to be painted on the ceiling.

Do Ostriches Ever Die?

Nothing is positively known as to how long an ostrich will live. Some writers claim that it will live 100 years. Ostriches which are known to have been in captivity for 40 years are still breeding and producing feathers.

It is the experience of Arizona farmers that among the birds having good nutritious green feed deaths seldom occur, except as the result of accident. A dog or other small animal will sometimes frighten ostriches and cause them to run into the fence, which may result in a broken leg. When this happens, the bird may as well be killed as few ever recover from such an injury.—National Geographic Magazine.

After All.

An amusing story is told of a short-sighted and energetic member of the Russian secret police. He was walking through a little frequented street of St. Petersburg one night when he spied, high up on a lamp post a placard.

"Ah!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant and alert for action. "That's one of those notices about his majesty the czar! It must come down at once!"

With difficulty, being of a somewhat portly build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. Peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read the Russian equivalent for the well known legend: "Wet paint."

A Remarkable Orchestra.

At a recent concert given by the boys of the British school at Yarwood the audience had a most agreeable surprise in what was described on the programme as "Instrumental selection by the orchestra." Eighty boys had each come provided with a comb covered with paper, and with these very homely instruments they rendered the intermezzi from "Cavalleria Rusticana" splendidly, and also played overtures and incidental music for the soloists.

KEEPS A DOG IN CONDITION.

Wire Will Give Him Exercise if Secured in Proper Way.

Dogs, especially setters, pointers and other hunting animals, as well as fierce and unruly ones, need to be kept chained most of the time, the hunting dogs to prevent them from straying away, generally at night, and others from annoying or endangering the safety of people coming on the premises. To keep dogs on a chain constantly, preventing them from getting much-needed exercise, is cruel and prejudicial to their health, and it also serves to make a cross dog so much more unruly and dangerous as frequently to necessitate having him killed. There is a practical and easily constructed method of overcoming the difficulty and still restraining the dog of his liberty.

A stout post is securely planted alongside of the doghouse, having about 15 inches of it above ground. Another post is then securely planted about 100 feet distant and a stout rope graph wire stretched taut between the two posts and securely fastened. The chain is attached to the wire with a sliding ring and the other end to the collar on the dog. The dog soon gets to understand the arrangement and will soon have a pathway worn along the entire length of the wire on both sides in his scampers.

To prevent fouling of the chain at the far post attach a support, which will enable the chain to slip over and into place readily.

The location of the wire run can be so arranged as to permit the dog to guard both the front, side or back of the dwelling, as well as the gate, though much over 100 feet will make it difficult to make and keep the wire from sagging under the strain of a good-sized dog.

HE TOOK THE PRESCRIPTION.

Not Just What Doctor Intended, but Results Were Good.

According to the Philadelphia Record, William Bradley, a veteran of the Civil war and a devoted son of Ireland who lives in Germantown, told a good joke on himself at the last campaign held by the comrades of Bill Post, G. A. R. It appears that Bradley was out of sorts a few days ago, and his wife sent for the family physician who wrote a prescription after examining him. Handing the prescription to Mrs. Bradley, the doctor, upon departing, said: "Just let your husband take that, and you'll find he will be all right in a short time." Next day the doctor called again, when Mrs. Bradley opened the door to him, her face beaming with smiles. "Sure that was a wonderful wee bit of paper you left yesterday," she exclaimed. "It is better to-day." "I'm glad to hear that," said the much-pleased medical man. "Not but what I had a big job to get him to swallow it," went on the wife, "but, sure, I just wrapped up the wee bit of paper quite small and put it in a spoonful of jam, and William swallowed it unthinkingly, and by night he was entirely better."

Artist in Humble Line.

Oscar S. Straus, the secretary of commerce and labor, is a connoisseur of pottery and porcelain. In conversation with a reporter in New York Mr. Straus one day praised the useful art—woodcarving, tapestry weaving, cabinet making and the like. "Machinery," he said, "has robbed us of our useful arts to a great extent. In machine-made things there can be no artistic quality, no individual expression. In hand-made things, even the humblest, there is always an opportunity for art to show itself."

"Two street sweepers were quarreling one day about their trolley in street sweeping."

"Well, Bill," said one, "I admit that you can clean up the middle of a street all right, but you ain't capable of doing an ornamental piece of work, like sweeping around a trolley pole."

Two Kinds of Stenographers.

"My experience with stenographers has been that they waste more than half their time in trying to look pretty and in talking about the boys."

"That hasn't been my experience. My stenographer, for instance, never spends a minute in front of a mirror with a powder rag, never keeps a box of candy on the typewriter table; never stops work to arrange hair ribbons; never nibbles fudge; never calls up a girl friend to talk about the boys; never is bothered by beaux phoning to the office."

Buried Church of Cornwall.

It is stated that the statement is being made to raise funds for the restoration of the "buried church" of Perranzabuloe, in Cornwall, England. This name, which has been stated before now to be a fragment of the ancient Cornish language, is simply a corruption of St. Prandebapulo, "St. Piran in the Sand."

As if to justify the name more completely from view, and it was only discovered, like an Egyptian tomb, and laid bare in the year 1835. The surviving ruins are now railed in and visited annually by numbers of people.

Out of the Woods and Back.

Tramp—Madam, I have come out of the wilderness to locate work.

Lady—Humph! Well, I can give you plenty. Chop that wood and—

Tramp—Beg pardon, ma'am, I said I was merely trying to locate it. Now that I know it still exists I shall return to the wilderness.—Judge

NOT SWAYED BY SENTIMENT.

Humble Proofreader Saw Inconsistency in Glittering Rhetoric.

The Waterbury American gives the following amusing illustration of clever and alert proofreading, and of tact in making "call down" suggestions to learned speakers or editors absorbed in sentiment and eloquence. The young lady referred to is now proofreader for the press of C. M. Gaines.

Amos Wilder's speech at the Yale alumni dinner in New York was so good that the Alumni Weekly published it in full, and everybody enthused over it. A certain Yale editor, in another part of the country, found in the speech one sentence which he thought just the thing to quote in an editorial he was writing on the need of care in framing insurance legislation. This was the sentence: "The insurance agent who sees in placid a policy not only the premium for his own needs and desires, but protection for a sabbing widow and frightened children as for the first time they see their father helpless in death and the lips, once so rich in endearments, now set in the terrible marble of great mystery—that agent looks his man in the eye and speaks in the language of another world." The editor was mastered by the sentiment and the rhetoric, but not so the humble proofreader, who had no college diploma and never attended an alumni banquet. She quietly drew a line under the words "for the first time," put a question mark on the margin and sent the proof up to the editor.

HEAT IN REVIVAL MEETING.

Reverend Gentleman's Words Capable of Two Constructions.

Some years ago, in Lanestville, Mass., a revival meeting was taking place in the vestry of the Congregational church. The church had recently been shingled, and on this cold winter's evening the old shingles were being burned in the stove to heat the vestry.

Four young men who were passing decided that they would go into the meeting. They were all smiles as they entered. Seeing the smiling faces of these young non-church-ers, the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Andrews, stopped his exhortation and said in a stern voice:

"Young men, you are mistaken if you think you are coming in here to disturb this meeting, for it is hot here!"

At that moment the shingles were sending out their fiercest heat, and, thinking he might be misunderstood, the reverend gentleman added, "I mean hot with the Holy Ghost!"

Price of a Wife in New Hebrides.

After 33 years of service in the New Hebrides, Rev. Dr. Annand has returned to Canada for a vacation. Comparing Canadian conditions with those in the Hebrides, Dr. Annand pointed out some of the things for which the women of Canada should be thankful. In the Hebrides women are bought and sold like cattle. A five-year-old girl is worth two hogs, and the price increases with age—up to certain limits. There is no excuse for a man being a bachelor provided he can raise the price of a hog.

After 50 years of mission work all the islands are nominally Christian. In the interior of some of the islands, however, cannibalism is still a popular institution. Only a short time before he left several instances of cannibalism were reported from the interior.

President Jordan's Grandfathers.

President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford university, who delivered an address before the educational congress recently, rather surprised his audience by his reference to the possible status in the other world of one of his great-grandfathers. He was speaking of an address written by the old gentleman, which he had recently read, and was telling of the queer ideas it contained bearing upon future prosperity. "I often wonder what grandfather would think," he said; "if he could look through a crack in the pearly gates, or, as some have suggested, from his cosy corner by the fire."

Garnet Mine Laid Bare by Dog.

Laid bare by the scratching of a dog which was digging for a field mouse, the valuable vein of garnet and feldspar, already exploited, was discovered in Patrick Mahoney's blue-coated quarry on Darby creek, near Clifton Heights, Pa.

The find was made by one of Mr. Mahoney's workmen, who was watching his dog nose among the loose rock. In his eagerness to catch a mouse the dog unearthed a small pocket, which was filled with hundreds of glistening garnets, each the size of a man's thumb-nail.

An Author.

Ascum—You're a literary man, you say.
Woody—Oh, yes, I do considerable writing for the papers.
Ascum—I never noticed your name.
Woody—Oh, no; I have several pen-names that I use; usually "Constant Reader" or "Pro Bono Publico" or "Old Subscriber."

Street Philosophy.

"Talking about the late election," said a man on the street corner, "prophecy doesn't pay now as it did in the ancient times."
"And yet," rejoined his casual acquaintance, "it is a sound business truth that there is always money in profits."