

In speaking of the feats of mighty eaters the suggestion was offered that there should be uniform rules for eating contests. There was no way of telling, for instance, whether the banana eater was less or more remarkable than Tammany's champion consumer of beefsteak. It may be presumptuous to hope that that paragraph has influenced the men of mighty appetite, but the course of one of the tribes is along the line suggested. He is a doctor of Marion, O., and his name is Bonner. Realizing that it is impossible for one man to prescribe that all records henceforth shall be measured in peanut brittle, or veal cutlets, or canned corn, he seems to have decided to make a record himself with every separate viand. The stories which come out of Marion regarding Dr. Bonner's appetite were so remarkable that a newspaper of a neighboring city investigated them, and found that the truth was not overstated. The doctor has been known to eat 25 pounds of grapes in an afternoon, or a whole bunch of bananas. At dinner it is his habit to eat a five-pound steak smothered in onions, a quart can of tomatoes, boiled potatoes to match, and some pies. "A friend"—a very undesirable friend, one would say—of the doctor tells of a little incident in the eating line. A chance acquaintance invited the doctor to luncheon, and was a little offended by the suggestion that it should be a "Dutch treat," insisting on paying the whole score. "Very well," the doctor said, and when asked to order suggested a five-pound steak, two dozen fried eggs, a dozen cucumbers, sliced, and several side dishes. The friend thought it a joke of doubtful taste, but gave the order. When the meal was just begun the host rose from the table for a few minutes to speak to a gentleman passing, and the doctor, piqued that his good faith should have been impugned, ate up the entire dinner, just as Sam Weller's friend proved that crumpets were wholesome by eating half a crown's worth, and then blowing his brains out. If any further details are lacking, it may be added, on the authority of the newspaper already quoted, that Dr. Bonner weighs 220 pounds, is 63 years old, and "eats only what he craves and what he needs, as other men do." It is rather a credulous soul, dryly observes the New York Post, that does not ask some further corroboration than the testimonial of an Ohio newspaper, but even after deducting 20 per cent., 40 per cent., or even 50 per cent., for exaggeration, the story is still remarkable enough to deserve preservation.

Being the "son of one's father" may be a hindrance or a help. It is first necessary for the son of a father to "make good," says the Albany (N. Y.) Argus. Having shown cause—having lived down the handicap and proved the non-existence of silly conceit or stupidity—thereafter the son of his father has much easier sledding than a young man of equal abilities but of obscure parentage. His father's friends will help him; the family name, influence, prestige and traditions will all help him, so that while "not merely the son of his father," he will show, if he has sense, that his road is a great deal easier, straighter and smoother because his father broke the path for him to travel.

FORTUNE HUNTERS.

Marriages of Many American Girls of Wealth to Titled Foreigners Turn Out Unfortunately.

The marriage of many American girls of wealth to titled foreigners is just now receiving more than usual attention. The disclosures regarding the post-wedding experience of some of the brides who have left their homes and native land to become the wives of real or bogus noblemen of Europe are in many cases humiliating and distressing.

Margaret Van Etten in a cabled article from Vienna gives a few of the names of American women who have come to grief by such foreign alliances. There are thirteen on her list, and the number might be increased by a thorough study of the newspaper files. Every woman mentioned married a title, and most, if not all of them, were subjects of extensive newspaper notice when their weddings occurred. Their triumph was in the blaze of publicity; their humiliation and suffering have been chiefly in private. In every case cited these women have either secured divorces or are living apart from their husbands.

Some of the daughters of Americans of wealth, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, have contracted happy marriages with foreigners and by their subsequent lives have reflected honor upon their native land in their new homes. There is no reason why an English nobleman should not fall in love with a rich American girl and marry her, precisely as he might have loved and married a poor English girl. It is not such cases which are open to criticism, but the numerous alliances which are clearly the product of fortune-hunting negotiators.

THE MODERN INDIAN.

Charges White Man an Admission Fee if He Wants to See Moki Snake Dance.

The Indians are rapidly "catching on" to the ways of the white man. The Moki snake dance for 1903 at Wolpi, Arizona, on the Santa Fe, is a good example of how the modern commercial spirit is spreading. Until now visitors have been permitted to witness this spectacle without money and without price, the Indians being content with what they could pick up from the camera fiends for posing, and from the tourists generally for baskets, pottery and blankets. This year each visitor was charged a dollar, with a sliding scale of special favors like going down into the kiva where the snakes are kept.

The dance was just as weird as ever and the spectators more than got the worth of their money; but the old-timers sadly viewed the change and predict that the dance will be discontinued before many seasons have passed. You would better go to the next one, or it may be too late to see this most remarkable pagan ceremony.

The Santa Fe has on exhibition in its Chicago office a notable painting by Cross of a snake dancer, based on a sketch made by him while in Mokiland in 1858. The difference between then and to-day is quite evident in minor details of costume, but the main features are much the same.

The quickest way to tire your friends is to tell them your troubles.

Few men are worth taking the trouble to hate.

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TEMPLE IN JAPAN.

Some Are Sacred to the Spirits of Dead Children—Visited Mostly by Bereaved Mothers.

There are many peculiar temples throughout Japan, those sacred to the spirits of dead children being, perhaps, as odd as any. These temples are mostly visited by sad mothers. One of these at Kioto, says an exchange, contains hundreds of small wooden Buddhas, arranged on shelves, sloping back, row upon row, and covered with the baby clothes of infants who have died under a year old. At Osaka is another of these children's temples. Here, too, are hung everywhere children's clothes offered by the mothers.

A priest sitting on a mat gives the bereaved mother, for a fee, a shaving of wood with the name of the dead child written on it. This she takes to another shrine, where is a pool of water issuing from the mouth of a colossal stone tortoise. The pool is full of these shavings. They are cast into it just where the water pours in from the tortoise's mouth, and happy the woman whose chip gets well soaked at once. It is believed that this will insure the child an easy passage to Heaven, as the water carries the names to Buddha, who at once calls for them as he reads them.

Buying a Home in Denmark.

Any sober, reliable farm laborer in Denmark, who has saved one-tenth the mortgage value of the little farm he covets—this value not to exceed \$1,100—can buy the land by borrowing the other nine-tenths from a government fund. He gives a mortgage on which he pays three per cent. After five years he also pays one per cent. additional toward wiping out half his debt. When this half has been paid he pays 3½ per cent. on the remainder until he owns the land. A cooperative dairy buys his cream and returns to him the skimmed milk for his hogs. The latter go to the cooperative bacon factory, and the local branch of a cooperative egg exporting house receives his eggs.

A man who has assisted the sheriff in several hangings has sent him a sketch in which he represents himself with a rope in one hand and a black cap in the other. Honest pride in one's work is always refreshing.

One way of preserving that satisfied feeling is to dwell among those who are poorer than you are.

The poorest kind of economy is to try to save money by not paying your debts.

Secret Societies.

Lodge No. 366, Mystic Workers of the World, meets the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. J. J. Brand, Prefect; Wm. Danner, Secretary.

North American Union, meets the first and third Thursdays of each month. J. Rudolph, Pres; Wm. M. King, Col.

A. O. Fay Lodge No. 676, A. F. & A. M., meets the first and second Mondays in each month. William J. Obee, W. M.; D. A. Holmes, Secretary.

Camp 1176 Modern Woodmen of America, meet first and fourth Friday in each month. Wm. Danner, V. C. Wm. Dooley, Clerk.

Highland Park Council No. 1066, B. A., meet second and fourth Mondays. F. B. Green, Regent; H. H. Prior, Sec. Carpenters' Union meets the fourth Thursday each month. R. J. O'Brien, president; J. Severson, secretary.

St. Mary's Court meets first and third Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. E. McDonough, C. R.; Mrs. M. Dooley, Sec. St. John's Court meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month. R. J. O'Brien, C. R.; James Bolen sec.

German publishers have definitely decided not to exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase exhibition at St. Louis. The trade fears wholesale piracy of German literary works by American competitors as a result of the alleged looseness of the United States copyright law. Germany produces 25,000 new books a year, against a little more than 5,000 in the United States.

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