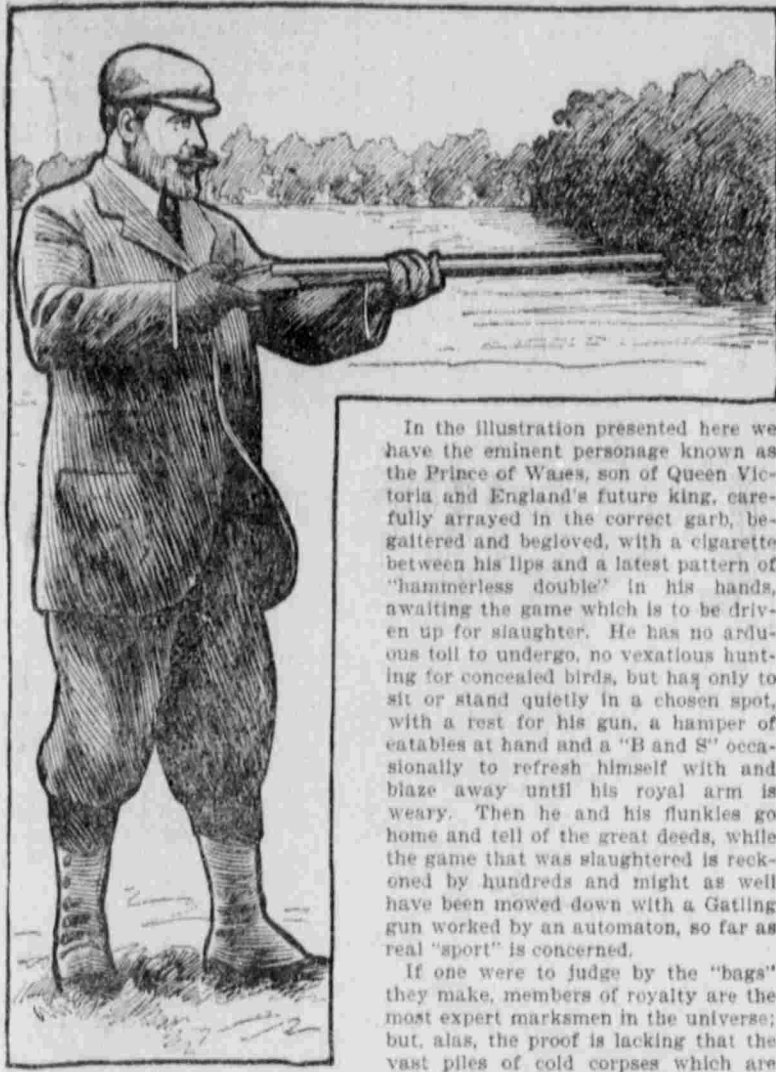


THE PRINCE OF WALES SHOOTING PHEASANTS AND HARES ON THE ROYAL PRESERVES.



In the illustration presented here we have the eminent personage known as the Prince of Wales, son of Queen Victoria and England's future king, carefully arrayed in the correct garb, be-galtered and begloved, with a cigarette between his lips and a latest pattern of "hammerless double" in his hands, awaiting the game which is to be driven up for slaughter. He has no arduous toll to undergo, no vexatious hunt-ing for concealed birds, but has only to sit or stand quietly in a chosen spot, with a rest for his gun, a hamper of eatables at hand and a "B and S" occa-sionally to refresh himself with and blaze away until his royal arm is weary. Then he and his finkies go home and tell of the great deeds, while the game that was slaughtered is reck-oned by hundreds and might as well have been mowed down with a Gatling gun worked by an automaton, so far as real "sport" is concerned.

If one were to judge by the "bags" they make, members of royalty are the most expert marksmen in the universe; but, alas, the proof is lacking that the vast piles of cold corpses which are shown as victims of their prowess have slain anything but a royal victim. It is always fallen before their guns. Still it would not be remarkable if they could mow down a heap of hares and pheasants with the facilities at their disposal for unlimited slaughter. It makes the blood of a real sportsman boil with indignation to read of the hecatombs of royal victims when game is so scarce and opportunities for the sportsman rare.

AVON CROFT HOUSE IN STRATFORD.

Stratford-on-Avon has now a new at-traction, the friends of Miss Marie Cor-rell claim, owing to her long residence there in the house known as Avon Croft. They may not claim, indeed, that she has written books that will make her more famous than Shakes-



peare, but it may be safely asserted that the latter never produced anything like what she has published. However this may be, here she wrote "Boy" and "Master Christian," and hence she also sent out those scalding criticisms of Mr. Hall Caine which have caused him probably almost to wish that he had never been so unfortunate as to reject Miss Correll's manuscript when he was reader for a publishing house.

Owing to the strain consequent upon the production of her books and the Cor-rell-Caine controversy, the talented au-thoress will give up her pretty Avon Croft for awhile and spend the winter of 1900-1 in Egypt seeking recuperation.

HOW THE PIPE WAS CHOKED.

The filling up of a water pipe is no rare occurrence, especially in some lo-cities where the inhabitants get their an-nual supply of oels from the mains. But the latest obstructor of the water pipe is, as shown in the illustration, the root of a tree, which in some unaccount-able manner found entrance and grew and grew, until it completely filled it up. The wa-ter supply gradu-ally diminished and at length ceased altogeth-er. Workmen were called in, and by exten-sive excavations discovered that the root of a chestnut tree had forced an entrance into the pipe through a hole, and by its nat-ural expansion had completely blocked the pas-sage. The owner of the water pipe had the root removed instantly, and since then he has had no trouble.

Getting ready for a trip to the end of the earth is no morning's work. Time and money are both required for the enterprise. Captain Scott, who is or-ganizing the British antarctic ex-pedition, which is to set out in September, 1901, announced that the fund for the expedition has now reached \$200,000.

THIS NEW WOMAN HAS A MEAT MARKET.



One of the latest examples of the independent woman is Miss D. E. Steven-son of Rochester, N. Y., who for the past three years has conducted a high class meat market in that city and made it pay. She admits that it may seem rather unusual for a woman to take up a business of this character, but at the same time she likes the work, and by strict attention to the wants of her customers she has gained a recognized position.

Women in general, she says, seem to take to shop and store work even when the labor is hard, with long hours and little pay, and when, as in her case, the woman is her own "boss," she is bound to make it a success. This energetic lady does all her own cutting up, buying, selling—in fact, every-thing that a man in similar business would do—and is one of the busiest women alive. Aside from the attractive novelty of a woman being in the meat business, perhaps much is due to her imperturbable good nature, for she says, "I have a good fall trade and can vouch for wearing a smile next spring, when a customer sends back a chuck steak with word that it is tough." A woman like that deserves to succeed, and certainly her customers are to be envied.

MEN AND AFFAIRS.

Librarian Putnam has abolished the custom of permitting persons of well known character and unquestioned po-sition occasionally to take books from the Congressional library after making a deposit as a precaution against ac-cident.

John Hustle of Milwaukee, who built the first brick business block in that city, has just celebrated his ninetieth

birthday anniversary. He was gradu-ated from Yale in 1833 and in 1836 went to Milwaukee, then a struggling fron-tier town of 1,300 inhabitants. A St. Jerome painted by Albrecht Du-rer in 1521, 24 by 19 inches in size, has just been discovered by a German art critic in the Lisbon National Museum of Fine Arts. Durer tells in his diary that he presented the picture to a Por-

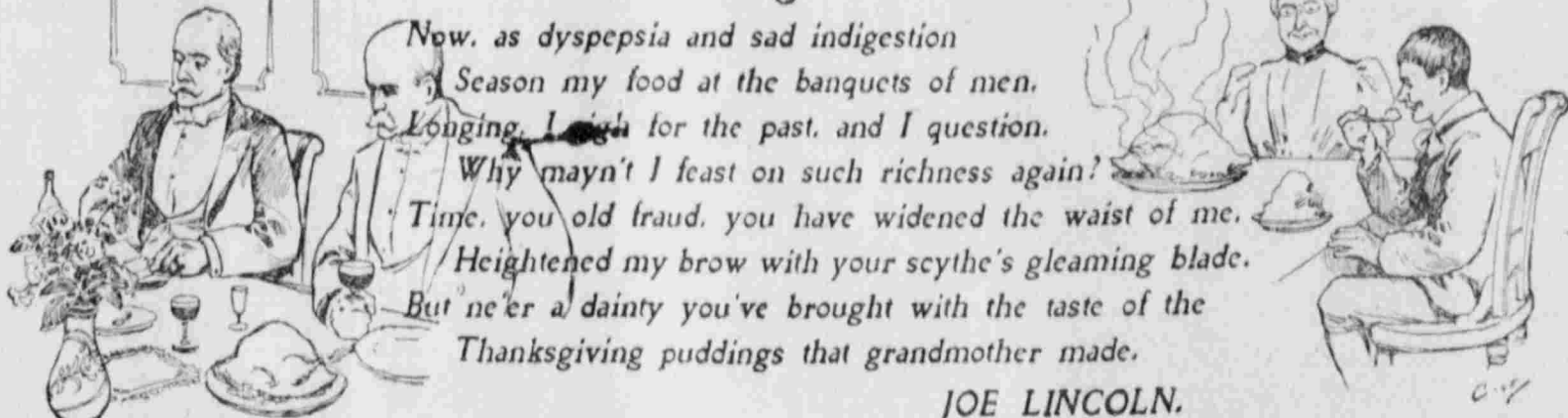
Grandmother's Thanksgiving Puddings

1 Up from the gleam of the grate's glowing embers,  
Born where the wind in the chimney sings cold,  
Float the dim ghosts of the vanished Novembers,  
Bidding me dream of Thanksgivings of old;  
Bringing light echoes of laughter uproarious,  
Forming bright pictures of sunlight and shade,  
Teasing my palate with thoughts of the glorious  
Thanksgiving puddings that grandmother made.

2 Grandmother's puddings! the name still bewitches;  
Jolly old giants so ruddy and brown,  
Rolling in plumpness and bursting with riches,  
Studded with plums like the gems in a crown.  
Sweets from the flower scented isles of the Caribbee,  
Raisins from Italy's sun-dappled glade,  
Dates from the desert and spices from Araby,  
All in the puddings that grandmother made.

3 Zephyrs that stray where the roses are blooming,  
Breezes that bask where the orange sprays gleam,  
What was your breath to that pudding's perfuming,  
Berne to the board in a halo of steam?  
Slices to fit a hale youngster's capacity,  
Sauce to be poured in a luscious cascade,  
Never a check on a boy's glad voracity—  
Ample old puddings that grandmother made!

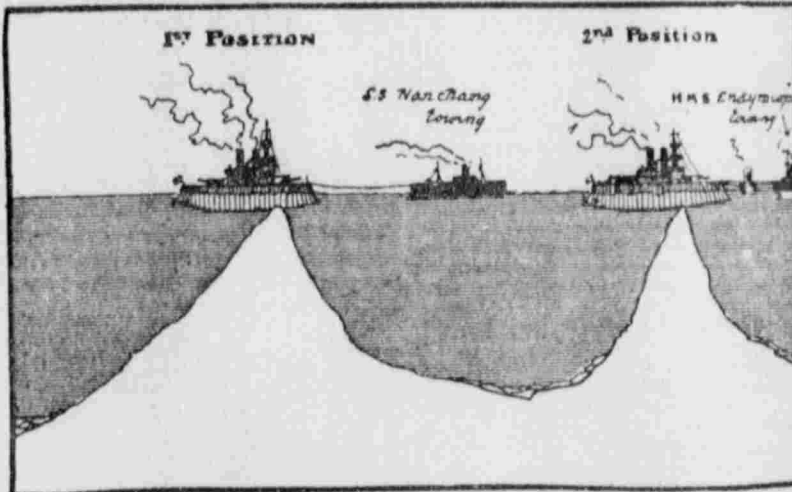
4 Youth and light-heartedness lurked in their savor,  
Childhood's light laughter and freedom from care;  
Joy and good fellowship gave them their flavor,  
Old fashioned plenty, too, added its share,  
Sweetened with dreams of the old home locality,  
Spiced with a welcome that never would fade,  
Love and good cheer and a glad hospitality,  
Hallowed the puddings that grandmother made.



Now, as dyspepsia and sad indigestion  
Season my food at the banquets of men,  
Longing, I sigh for the past, and I question,  
Why mayn't I feast on such richness again?  
Time, you old fraud, you have widened the waist of me,  
Heightened my brow with your scythe's gleaming blade,  
But ne'er a dainty you've brought with the taste of the  
Thanksgiving puddings that grandmother made.

JOE LINCOLN.

TWO ROCK PINNACLES STRUCK BY THE OREGON.



She couldn't do it again, probably. If she tried. It will be recalled that our gallant "bulldog of the navy," the peerless Oregon, when steaming off the Chi-na coast on her way to join the fleet near the Taku forts, struck a submerged rock and was badly damaged. The powerful steam pumps were set going, and she appeared to be able to get along, with the assistance of some wrecking craft which were fortunately at hand, when, without warning, she ran upon another uncharted rock, and there she stuck. Two foreign war vessels, the British Endymion and the Chinese Nanchang, hooked on and attempted to pull her off, but it was not until four days after that she was floated.

It was rather humiliating to her commander and crew to be perched help-lessly on a rock just two years to a day from the time she had rendered such gallant service in destroying the Spanish battleships off the coast of Cuba.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S MEMOIRS.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, who retires from parliament in order to enjoy what leisure may remain to a man of 70, has now an opportunity to write the re-miniscences of an eventful life, and it is to be hoped he will improve it. Born Nov. 22, 1830, he was early at work as an editor. In 1850 he be-came a reporter in the house of commons and made the ac-quaintance of many famous men who have since passed away, such as the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Rus-sell, Dickens, Carlyle, Thackeray and John Bright. He is not only known as a leader in politics, but has won fame as a historian and writer in general litera-ture, his novels being many and his "History of Our Own Times" being to a certain sense a classic. He is well known to Americans both as a visitor and a contributor to the press, and is highly respected.

A LITTLE ITALIAN GIRL.

Juvenile beauty is attractive all the world over, and no matter where the child be found it has a charm of its own—the beauty of innocence. As our artist was straying through a street in the Eternal City he caught this snap shot of a little beggar girl fishing for garbage in an old barrel on a corner. She was dirty and bedraggled, her



seant clothing torn and patched, her feet without protection except for a pair of old shoes out at the toes. Yet she was attractive for all that, perhaps more so than if she had been scrubbed and combed just before the photograph was taken.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MAN TAKEN IN MIDAIR.

It is not often, fortunately, that an ac-cident happens to a balloonist, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. During the first century of aeo-



nautics it was estimated that not more than 25 people had been killed through indulging in their taste for the sport. Yet that a person now and then comes to grief is proved by this reproduction of a photograph taken of an aeronaut while he was falling through the air. It was on the occasion of an ascent, when something went wrong, and the man came tumbling to the earth. He was killed, unfortunately, but not before the ubiquitous amateur photographer had snapped a shot at him as he swiftly de-scended and while he was in midair.

A SINGER AND A PRINCESS.

It is very rarely that royalty conde-scends to warble for the delectation of the common herd, but London this ses-sion is raving over a Maori princess who has invaded the concert hall. She is



not descended from royalty on both sides, however, her father being an Englishman. But her mother was He-rewaka, hereditary queen of the Maoris. From her she inherits a swarthy com-plexion and the right to wear the black and white feather, the badge of roy-alty, of the sacred Huiia. Putting behind her the trials and temptations of a crown, she has abandoned all for a ca-reer as a singer, being possessed of a voice of wonderful range.

TWO QUEENS OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

The present inhabitants of the Friendly islands, lying away down in the south Pacific, from 150 to 200 miles to the southward of Samoa, are now quite civilized and dress in European costumes, as shown in this illustration, from a photograph recently taken by a traveler. When Captain Cook, the fa-mous English voyager, first visited the group, in 1774, he misnamed them the Friendly Islands, from the disposition manifested toward him and his com-panions by the inhabitants, but the fact is that they were just as savage as any of their Polynesian neighbors and were only deterred from attacking the foreign visitors by their superior force and armament. At that very time the



various chiefs considered it the height of hospitality to send around choice tid-bits carved from the arms and thighs of human victims, particularly women, after they had been roasted before an open fire.

Within a hundred years or so the men and women went about nearly na-ked, whereas now they dress as much in accordance with European ideas as the tropical climate will allow, and the rulers especially, like the queen of Tonga and the queen of Niue, two islands of the group, are highly civilized and insist upon European dress and forms of etiquette at their courts.

AMERICAN CARAVAN CROSSING THE GREAT GOBI DESERT.



For the first time probably in history a party of Americans has succeeded in crossing the great Gobi desert, that vast and sterile tract of territory which occupies nearly a third of the area of Mongolia. The expedition was not undertaken with any idea of exploration or scientific research in view, but on compulsion. When the Boxer uprising in China reached northward to the great wall, it was the cause of the expulsion from Kalgan, the north-ernmost mission in China, of a small band of American missionaries, who, finding their escape cut off toward the south, resolved to attempt the hazardous experiment of crossing Mongolia and the vast desert into Siberia. Starting out the first week in June, they made up a caravan, guarded by Cossacks, and at the end of the month the desert was reached. For 30 days they struggled with the terrible heat and thirst and reached the city of Urga, on the Sibe-rian verge of the desert, nearly dead from exhaustion. Thence they went to Irkutsk, the terminus of the Transsi-birian railway, reaching Moscow by train Sept. 15, London some time later and but recently arriving at their homes in the United States.

tuangese who had befriended him at Antwerp.

Mr. Schalkburger, who is acting as president of the Transvaal in place of President Kruger, is said to have the personal appearance of an American Methodist preacher, but is a born fight-

Rubber stamps were used by the Moors a thousand years before Christ, and about the time Rome was founded the some ingenious race invented the

self registering turnstile, such as is used today to check the admission to places of public entertainment.

The discovery that oatmeal could be made into a delicious and nutritious soup belongs, it is said, to the dark days of the French revolution, when many of the nobility were reduced to sheer want. Hides had always been sent to the tanneries with the tails still attached. The tails were subsequent-ly thrown away. A certain nobleman

on the unpleasant verge of starvation begged for one of them, and from it manufactured the first dish of oatmeal soup.

The London papers record the death of Julius Lipman, nicknamed "Leather Apron," a cobbler who, in 1859, fell un-der suspicion of being "Jack the Rip-per." He satisfied the police of his in-nocence, but the stigma never left him. His business gradually disappeared, and he went to another neighborhood,

where he took to drink. He died of neglect and semistarvation.

The tobacco harvest of Asia Minor was saved from destruction in a singu-lar manner. Caterpillars had settled upon the plants in myriads, and when one of the growers conceived the idea of turning his turkeys among the plants. In a few days the gobblers had effectually cleared the pest on that par-ticular plantation, and other proprie-

tors hastening to acquire droves of turkeys, the world's supply of "Turk-ish" for 1900 has been saved.

The London Daily Mail says that the days of the banjo are numbered in England and that that instrument will soon be included in the same category with the mouth organ and the accor-dion. The ether is growing in popu-larity and will probably be the fa-vorite instrument during the coming win-ter.