

MAYOR OF DENVER

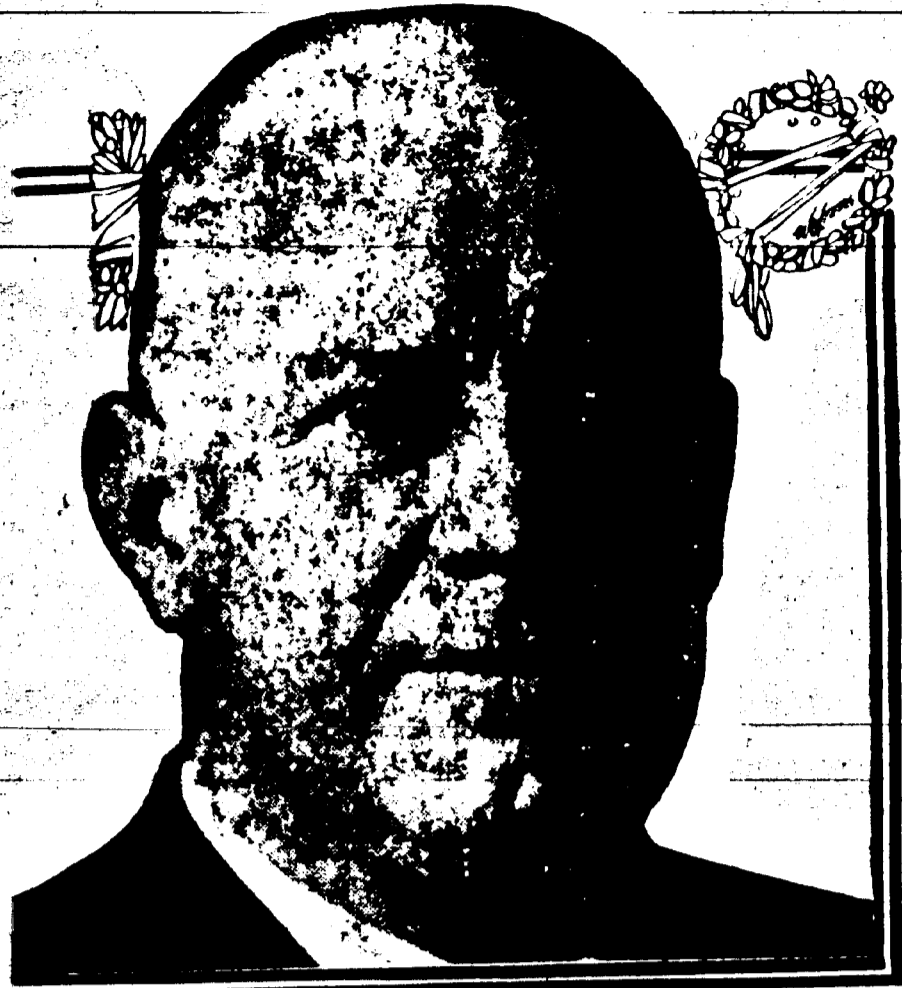


Photo by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

Robert W. Speer has held the office of mayor of Denver since June 1, 1904, and has proven a very popular executive. Mr. Speer settled in the Colorado capital in 1877 and was postmaster of that city from 1865 to 1888. He is 53 years old.

WOMEN PAY TAXES

ARE VICTIMS OF MEAN SCHEME IN PITTSBURG

Female Tax Dodgers Frightened When Assessors Obtain Clues from Blue Books and Ask Questions.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Pittsburg's rich women have been hoodwinked into disclosing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of assessable stocks and bonds which have for many years been "held out" on the assessors. The blue silk stocking crowd was taken in through a clever move on the part of the long-suffering assessors.

The Pittsburg blue book was the medium through which the assessors hung one of the most monumental bluffs ever worked off on unsuspecting women. The crying need of more taxable property appealed to the assessors, and they decided to call on the rich women of Pittsburg, who have long been suspected of having much taxable property which has never been turned in.

Thousands of letters were sent out to Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. William Jones or Mrs. James Green, asking them to please make some statement to the assessors regarding stocks, bonds, mortgages, etc., that they were supposed to possess. This brought nothing; Misses Smith, Jones and Green ignored those summons as they had done for years.

Finally the blue book was thought of. There was some hard detective work, and within a week other letters were sent out, this time addressed to Mrs. Lucile Jamison Smith, Mrs. Vera Worthington Jones and Mrs. Margaret Clancy Green, and the letters read something like this:

"My Dear Madam: You will please furnish at once to the office of the city assessors full particulars regarding that block of Pennsylvania railroad stock which the late Mr. — your father, gave you on your wedding day; also regarding the mortgages and bank stocks which were given you by your husband some years ago. We wish to have an accounting of taxes, and must ask you to give this your immediate attention."

The rich women of Pittsburg never stopped to ask questions. They simply flew to the offices of the assessors to settle. They did not know what might happen later if the assessors could get their maiden names and their family history so readily, and they decided to get their long-held stock placed on the books and pay their taxes. Some of the women almost fainted when told that their maiden names came from the blue book. The assessors sent out 4,000 of these letters and have been forced to put on extra clerks to handle the business that is coming in.

The Pennsylvania railroad, which has 63,000 holders of stock, is a favorite for the rich Pittsburg women. The railroad some time ago refused to permit the city assessors to copy names from its books, as did many banks and there was no way to get at the far holders of this property. Mortgages held on properties outside the state of Pennsylvania were also safe from taxation in Pittsburg as long as the owners could keep the knowledge of their ownership from the assessors.

According to an employee of the city there is great fear on the part of persons of great wealth that they may be arrested for perjury, since they recently took oath as to all their taxable possessions, and did not include tax-able railroad stocks and bonds worth thousands of dollars, but when the blue book bluff was run in on them they uncovered the hidden store of bonds.

HUMAN STORAGE BATTERY.

Small Boy of Texas Seems Charged with Electricity.

Houston, Tex.—E. G. Atlow, a seven-year-old boy of Russian parentage, born in America and living here now, has been discovered to be a human storage battery of electricity.

The widowed mother fears the boy is possessed. He is red-headed, freckle-faced and blue-eyed. A court of medical experts, electricians and physicians has made remarkable tests with the boy.

His strange powers were accidentally discovered by a metal filing, which had been put in one tooth. The boy picked up the disconnected porcelain knob that was used to connect an electric fan with an electric light wire, and thrust it into his mouth.

As the metal cap touched the metal tooth filing, the fan began to revolve and then to buzz at full speed. A 32-candle-power bulb was attached to the end of the wire and the light burned brilliantly.

When a steel thimble was put on the boy's finger and he grasped the end of the wires in his hand, the same result was obtained. A piece of iron held in the boy's hand for a few moments became highly magnetized. A hammer with an iron handle held in his hands will attract tacks at the distance of four feet.

Placed on a glass-legged stool, anyone touching him received a distinct shock. An ordinary station held in his hands for five minutes and then passed over ten-penny nails, driven into hard wood, will pull them with ease.

MOTHER AND SON AT SCHOOL.

Negress Attends Institution with Boy To See That He Gets Fair Play.

Lansing, Mich.—Little "Jimmie" Scott, a negro, aged ten years, is claimed by his mother, Mrs. J. Scott, to be a victim of race prejudice. She says the boy is not treated fairly by his white schoolmates. In fact, she suspects that perhaps he does not get the chance he should to receive an education. The boy is in the third grade.

The mother is accompanying her son to school. She sits by his side during study hours and returns home with him afterward. "I want my boy to have his chance," the mother says. "He is a good boy and I want him educated as are white folks' children, so I go to school with him to see that he is not pestered and is given his chance to study."

It is said that the boy does not learn easily and that is the reason he has not advanced more rapidly. This does not accord with Mrs. Scott's opinion. She says: "Jimmie is a bright boy, and if they will give him the chance other boys have he can go along with the other boys."

Courts by Mail Two Years.

Muskogee, Okla.—After a two-year courtship by mail and a trip of over 1,000 miles by the bride, who had never laid eyes on her husband, Miss Rinda Horton of Sandy Hook, Ky., and Rev. Thomas Houghton, pastor of the Methodist church at Warner, were married. The groom is 61 years old and the bride is 37.

Frog Had Crystal Palace.

Middletown, N. Y.—An employe of an ice company here was delivering a cake of ice to a customer on Orchard street when he discovered a frog in the center of the cake. The ice was melted and the frog taken out. After it had been exposed to the sun about ten minutes the frog commenced to hop about, apparently none the worse for its ice imprisonment.

KING'S MEAL NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

Peasant Boy Rejected Fare That Satisfied Ruler of Italy.

The king of Italy has very frugal habits, and on one occasion when out hunting his love of simplicity led to an amusing incident. The king was quite alone, and after walking about for some time without obtaining any sport, he was at last lucky enough to shoot a fine chamois.

A peasant boy who had seen the animal fall into a chasm offered to fetch its carcass for King Victor, although he had no idea of the identity of the sportsman. "Very well," said his majesty, "I will wait here." "But what will you give me, signor?" asked the lad. "What do you want?" said the king, smiling. "Oh, a franc and half your luncheon," replied the lad. The bargain was struck and the boy went off down the mountain side, and soon returned with the body of the chamois.

The king gave him a franc, and then proceeded to divide his lunch into two equal portions, but the peasant, when he saw what King Victor had to eat, turned away contemptuously, for the lunch consisted of a small loaf of black bread and a large raw onion. "No, thanks, none of that for me," exclaimed the lad. "I thought you were a gentleman, but I see you are only a poor fellow like myself."

A "BOOST" WITH EVERY SONG.

Young Man Evidently a Believer in Judicial Advertising.

"About the most resourceful young person I've encountered in the real estate line," said a Pittsburg man, "came from Ohio. He secured a place with a real estate firm. The second evening he was in town one of his co-workers introduced him to an evening gathering at the house of a well-known merchant. The company learning that the newcomer possessed a voice, invited him to sing. He responded with 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Everybody was surprised at his selection, but as it was well done he was heartily applauded. Then he stepped forward to the center of the room, he said: 'I'm glad you liked the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that our firm is selling them on terms to suit and within twelve miles of the city. If you don't care to live there, the fact yet remains that it's the chance of your life for an investment.'"

Why He Did the Washing.

A man came out of one of the little roof houses across from the woman's window with a big basket of clothes. He was followed by two small boys, carrying more clothes and clothespins. The man put the basket of clothes down and began to sort them out preparatory to hanging them on the line. The boys helped, handing him the clothespins and some small pieces, one at a time. They were a long while hanging out the clothes because of their awkwardness. It was evidently work they were unaccustomed to, but at last it was finished and the boys went down into the little roof house, leaving the man on the roof. He stood for a moment looking at the clothes, then going over to a parapet, sat down between two tall chimneys. The woman could see him from her window lean against one of the chimneys and by and by throw his arms across his eyes.

She found out afterward that his wife had died the week before.—New York Press.

Oh, Thank You.

Recently an automobilist ran down and killed a hen. He was a conscientious automobilist. Instead of racing along, un mindful of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the unfortunate fowl, and raked the dirt from the vicinity of which it had emerged.

A woman opened the door. "I'm very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobilist, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now, I am quite willing to pay whatever the value."

But she checked him with this joyous exclamation: "Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, sir, thank you."

Englishwomen in Canada.

The Englishwoman who has criticized herself from the social middle at home because she felt powerless to help, who has learned what things are worth while, who values health and leisure, freedom from worry and sweep country air above all that the city has to give, can have them all in Canada and feel that she is holding them not at the expense of others, but with the toll of her own hands.—from the Woman Worker.

Second Best.

Young Ladies—Fadful marriage a failure.

The Elder Issues—Well, my boy, see you marry a coal-seal-rich girl, marriage sea almost as good as a failure.—Success Magazine.

Out of the Fullness of the Heart.

"What shall I play?" asked the organist of an absent-minded clergyman. "What sort of a hand have you got?" was the unexpected reply.—Waap.

STRICT RULES AGAINST HOBO.

Promulgated by Napoleon in France a Century Ago.

In France, 100 years ago, Napoleon, paying special attention to the treatment of mendicancy and vagabondage, caused the issuance of a decree sharply differentiating the beggar from the vagabond and providing mild treatment for the former and severe treatment for the latter. "The incapacitated for vagrancy is to be cared for in a public institution; if such an institution is lacking, he shall be allowed to beg. The able-bodied beggar shall be placed in a correctional institution until he has learned to work, and at least for a year. The vagrant is to be locked up in a maison de detention, and after having served his term of imprisonment he shall be under the supervision of the police for an indefinite period, determined by his conduct." In short, Napoleon planned a century ago the establishment of three different kinds of institutions: infirmaries for the incapacitated, repressive institutions for the able-bodied beggars and houses of detention for vagabonds. But because of the swarms of incapacitated poor, the infirmaries developed at the expense of the workhouses.—O. F. Lewis in Charities and Commons.

NOT FLATTERING TO LAWYER.

Unkind Comparison Made by One Time Popular Author.

With reference to the cry for the blood of the sparrow which is being heard just now, the attitude of Day toward the killing of even an insect will appeal to many admirers of the little bird. He was with Sir William Jones at his chambers one day and a spider fell on the table. "Kill that spider," said Jones. "No," preached Day in his Sandford style. "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster a superior being, who perhaps may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! Kill that lawyer!' How should you like that? And I am sure to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

Just Think of It.

Gen. Matos, who led the last unsuccessful revolution against President Castro of Venezuela, is a great dandy. Even when in the field with his army it is said that he invariably wears white gloves.

Rural Canniness.

Once a dozen of the upstate regions, where whiskers grow in plenty and umbrellas bulge at will, decided to visit New York. But he decided to visit the bewildering metropolis quite as a man of the world—not to be taken in by the wicked men who, as he understood, made a business of deceiving the gulleible up-stater.

Hence he arrived at the Grand Central looking very, very wise, and proceeded, first of all, to visit the collection of wax figures at the Eden Musee.

He was engaged in looking critically at one of the most lifelike groups on exhibition there, when a policeman suddenly plucked him by the sleeve. "The up-stater turned: "You mustn't smoke in here," said the policeman, severely.

"A look of wisdom beyond the power of words to describe came over that up-stater's face. Continuing brazenly to smoke, he remarked: "But, no. Go away. Don't you think I know that you're made of wax?"

The Road to Success.

John G. Johnson, Philadelphia's famous lawyer, was talking in the smoking room of a liner about work.

"In my youth," said Mr. Johnson, "I was ambitious. Ambitious in an aimless and desultory way. In early youth, of course, one understands neither life nor one's self.

"An aged millionaire questioned me one day good humoredly: "You are ambitious," he said.

"Yes, I am," I agreed.

"Why," said the millionaire, "do you want to rise?"

"So that I can do as I like," I answered.

"The millionaire smiled and shook his head.

"Ah, my boy," he said, "it is only when we do as we don't like that we succeed."

Whither Are We Drifting?

This has been called the century of the rising generation, and doubtless many of the privileges of children over their parents would shock Solomon could he revisit the earth. But with all its tolerance in this direction it is amazing to read of the suit of a school boy in London against his mother, whom he had summoned to a magistrate's court for assault for kissing him. She performed this apparently harmless osculatory act in the playground of his school before his mates, and so probably hurt the youngster's feelings. The intigating feature in the matter was the Solomonic magistrate who dismissed such a ridiculous case. "But that is all that ever has reached a civilized court is the significantly typical aspect."

Many Suicides from Bridge.

By jumping over Dean Bridge, Edinburgh, a man named Alexander Young, of Coatbridge, has committed suicide. Since it was constructed over 200 persons have thrown themselves from this bridge.

His Position.

Actor—A man in the back of the house annoyed me to-night. He clapped and cheered at the wrong times. He must have been very drunk.

Manager—No, that was one of the hired claque. He cheers, but does not applaud.

HIS PREFERENCE DULY STATED.

All Things Considered, It Was Up to the Committee.

Many years ago Mr. Hill, one of the pioneer shoe manufacturers of the shop in Stoneham, where he employed as boss in his stitching room one Dan Lowe, who, being a genial, convivial man and a master of his trade, was liked and respected by all.

One fall the stitchers conspired to make Dan a birthday present, but, being unable to agree as to the nature of the gift, they called on Mr. Hill to advise them. Mr. Hill, after solemn thought, located Dan on the top floor, and thus addressed him:

"Mr. Lowe, the ladies of the stitching room, being desirous of making you a birthday gift as a small token of their esteem, have subscribed \$40 or more, and are unable to decide between an easy chair, a chain and seal and several other articles. They appeal to me for advice, and I thought the wisest plan was for you to express your preference and thus satisfy all."

"Mr. Hill," said Mr. Lowe, after due reflection, "I have a good chain and padlock, strong enough to hold a ten-gallon keg. A ten-gallon keg of good whisky could be bought for \$10 and if I had a ten-gallon keg of good whisky well chained down in my cellar any old chair would seem easy."

LOOKED FAR WITH KEEN SIGHT.

Illustrations of Thoroughness of Franklin's Thrift and Ability.

Two incidents recall the keenness and the thoroughness—the great twin abilities, to see and to utilize—of Benjamin Franklin.

One day he chanced to observe a lady in the possession of an imported whisk broom. With his usual interest and careful consideration he examined it as a novelty. He discovered on the brush of the broom a seed, which he carefully removed. Presently he planted it, and the growth from this seed was the first crop of broom corn in this country.

Again, one day when Dr. Franklin was walking by Dock creek he saw stuck in the mud a wickerwork basket, which had sprouted. Carefully he fished out the basket, and carefully took it apart. He gave cuttings to his friend, Mr. Charles Norris, who planted the twigs in his garden, where they grew to great size. They turned out to be yellow willows, and, as Franklin had foreseen, proved of great commercial value.

Quite Correct.

A smooth-looking stranger recently placed a number of penny-in-the-slot machines in a certain town. The machines bore the following inscription: "The greatest aid known to digestion. Drop a penny in the slot. Push, then pull."

At the top of the machine was a handle to be pushed, then pulled, and many townspeople who could not resist the temptation of trying some new device, for the same reason that Timothy took the wine—for his stomach's sake—dropped in their pennies and took a push and pull out of the machine. But that was all! No result followed, and there was some talk of blowing open the hoarded treasure.

At the end of the week the agent reappeared, unlocked the machines, garnered the wealth and retired, after explaining that exercise was the greatest thing for digestion in the world. The crowd was so paralyzed that the agent escaped unharmed.

Real War.

As the late Lord Wantage, V. C., K. C. B., was a soldier of experience and valor, his description of a battle, taken from his letters from the Crimea and incorporated into Lady Wantage's recently published biography, may be considered accurate.

"A battle," he wrote, "is the most exciting thing in the world. I think—much more confusing than one usually imagines, and as for all the nonsense the newspapers write about unbroken lines and columns, it is all stuff.

"Those who funk, lie down or get out of fire, and in a charge if you can get 10 or 12 men to follow you, it is as much as you can do. As for colonels or mounted officers, one never sees them or takes any notice if one does. In fact, it is just like boys snowballing one another at school"—Youths' Companion.

Would Not Pay Charges.

He was an impetuous nobleman with air castles in sunny France. After much deliberation he sent the following note to the pretty heiress: "Dear Miss, I love you, but do not know how to express myself. How would you advise?—Count De Bust."

And the heiress penned the following: "Dear Count, Express yourself any way you wish except C. O. D., as you are not worth the charges."

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