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Showing pictures of grand Buildings, of glittering Domes; of massive Arches, of noble Statuary, of jetting Fountains, of beautiful Interior Exhibits, of Venetian Gondolas, gliding over the deep Lagoons, of Pavilions, of Foreign Villages, of Cafes, of the Wooded Island, and many other attractions of the Dream City and THE FAMOUS MIDWAY PLAINANCE, THE BAZAAR OF NATIONS, OR THE SIDE-SHOW OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THOSE WHO WENT TO THE FAIR

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THOSE WHO DID NOT GO

Will find in them a source of great delight and education. With such pictures and descriptions they can yet visit the Fair in all its glory. Parents should secure this beautiful pictorial history for their children.

Our Panorama of the World's Fair consists of OVER 200 SEPARATE AND DISTINCT VIEWS. It is issued in the form of Four Art Portfolios. EACH PART CONTAINS OVER 50 SURPRISINGLY BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS. The four parts contain over 200 Magnificent Photographs, making the grandest and best collection of World's Fair Views issued.—worthy a place on the center-table of the most elegant mansion. Everyone should have the entire collection of Four Parts.

A PARTIAL LIST OF THE VIEWS IN PART ONE.

- COURT OF HONOR.—This is considered the most majestic scene that has ever been wrought by the hands of man.
- COLUMBUS' CARAVELS.—Exact reproductions of the Santa Maria, Nina and Pinta, ships in which Columbus sailed in his discovery of America.
- THE FERRIS WHEEL.—The highest wheel in the world, and one of the mechanical wonders of this age.
- BATTLE SHIP ILLINOIS.—An exact reproduction of one of America's finest war vessels fully equipped.
- CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING.—Cost \$75,000, and next to the largest state building.
- JOHN BULL LOCOMOTIVE.—The oldest successful railroad locomotive in America.
- MANUFACTURES BUILDING.—The largest building in the world, which cost \$1,700,000 and had nearly 44 acres of floor space.
- ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—Cost \$550,000 and considered the architectural gem of the Fair.
- WOMAN'S BUILDING.—Cost \$138,000, and was devoted exclusively to woman's work.
- TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.—One of the most attractive and gorgeous buildings on the grounds.
- IRISH VILLAGE.—Reproduction of a typical village in Ireland, and one of the greatest attractions on the Midway.
- CLIFF DWELLERS.—A reproduction of the homes of that curious race of Indians.
- PALACE MECHANICAL ARTS.—Cost \$1,300,000; was 850 ft. long, 500 ft. broad.
- OSTRICH FARM.—An exhibit of live ostriches.
- INTERIOR MANUFACTURES BLDG.
- INTERIOR GOVERNMENT BLDG.
- NUMBER OF STATE BUILDINGS, etc.

Partial List of Views in Part Two.

- Columbus Monument.
- Golden Door of Transportation Building.
- A Singles Beauty.
- Art Palace, water front.
- The Steamer "Whale Back" at Full Speed.
- Fruit Exhibit in the California Building.
- Oriental Furniture.
- Egyptian Bazar.
- Japanese Bride and Groom—Only couple married on Midway Plaisance.
- Stanza "Plenty."
- Oleank and Colonnade.
- A Woman from Nazareth.
- Pyramid Guides—Donkey Boys Mounted.
- Woman's Building.
- Michigan Logging Camp.
- Statue of the Republic.
- Japanese Dwelling.
- Arab Gentleman Smoking.
- Court of Honor, Looking West.
- And twenty-five other views showing Grand Buildings, Glittering Domes, Noble Statuary, Jetting Fountains, Beautiful Interior Exhibits, Foreign Villages, Wooded Island, etc.

Partial List of Views in Part Three.

- Court of Honor—As seen on Chicago Day.
- Ohio State Buildings.
- The Beautiful Brazilian Government Building.
- Argentin Theater, Midway Plaisance.
- Interior View Liberal Arts Building.
- Japanese Theater, Stage and Scenery Group of Berberines from Central America.
- Maine State Buildings.
- Hayti Government Building.
- The Greenhouses and Conservatories Bridge and Statuary over N. Lagoon.
- And Forty-Four Other Views.
- In Part Four.
- A large Bird's-Eye View of the Midway Plaisance, World's Fair Grounds and Buildings and Adjoining Hotels, as seen from the top of the Ferris Wheel.
- The United States Government Building fronting East Lagoon.
- A View of the Liberal Arts Building Statue of Industry.
- German Village, Midway Plaisance.
- And Over Fifty Other Views.

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THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.,

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Jimmie's Story

Tom Dugan was employed in a large New York commission house as telephone boy. His duties were to attend to the calls that came over the phone. The position was one of great trust and responsibility, as most of the important orders from local customers came over the wire. He had been recommended to the firm by the brothers whose school he had attended, and no other security for the proper fulfillment of his duties was required. The brothers had said that Tom was one of their "star" pupils, and that the firm of Beaulieu Bros. would be sure to be satisfied with Tom in every possible way.

But privately, as Brother John handed the letter of recommendation to Tom, he requested him to be always a gentleman and a Catholic, and to beware of bad companions. Tom smiled at this. In a school he had never found any trouble in being both a good Catholic and a gentleman, and he could never have been a member of a bad party. He was a member of the "Catholic" loafers. But seventeen-year-old Tom had much to learn. He forgot how easy it was to attend regularly to his religious duties under the supervision of the good brothers, and if he was asked what his idea of bad companions was, he would promptly say, "Catholic loafers, who curse and swear."

He did not know that some of the greatest scandals were apparently gentlemen and dressed in the costliest apparel, and that if left to his own resources he would not find it so easy to keep in mind when the date of the St. Alouises society's monthly meeting occurred.

Tom had been six months in his present position, and had become a favorite in the great house. The members of the firm and the other employees made a great pet of the cheery and fresh-faced lad, and Tom had never-ending stories to tell about his duties and the other employees. The other boys working in the establishment were soon on good terms with Tom. They were all good fellows and characters. The first months of Tom's services were most amusing to the other lads, taking advantage of his greenness, played all sorts of tricks on him. These Tom took in good part. One which created a great deal of amusement throughout the mammoth establishment, and at which Tom laughed the most when he found out the trick was this:

One day, when he had been there a month, the senior member of the firm called him into the private office about noon.

"Tom," he said, "I don't feel like going out just now around to Del's and get this order filled. It's for a few things to eat," at the same time handing him the money.

Tom determined to please, but some what mystified, consulted Bill, the shipping clerk, as to where "Del's" was.

"Oh," said Bill, "the governor theas Delmonico's. It's away up town on Twenty-third street, you'd better handle."

Yes, Tom remembered now. He once had passed Delmonico's with his father, who had pointed out the world famous restaurant, and without a suspicion he started off. He got back in an hour and a half and Mr. Henington greeted him with a frown.

It takes you a good time to run around the corner."

"What what?" gasped Tom, as he mopped his perspiring face and laid the parcel on the desk.

Mr. Henington looked perplexed.

"Where were you?" he asked.

"To Delmonico's, on Twenty-third street," panted Tom.

"What?" almost shouted the man. "To Twenty-third street? Why, Del's is right around the corner on Broad street."

Tom felt as if he would like to sink through the floor. But the kindly old gentleman, who thoroughly understood the trickery his employees were up to, got from Tom the information as to who had sent him astray, and Bill was summoned. The grip was gone as he found the head of the house, and if it had not been for Tom's earnest appeal he would have been dismissed.

"Remember," said Mr. Henington, to Bill, "a less forgiving boy would have rejoiced in your discharge."

And as they left the office Tom thought he heard a loud guffaw, and when he reached the packing room he laughed again and again as he thought how Bill had fooled him. But though Bill had thought it a good joke, he had not allowed Tom's duties to be neglected, as he sides attending to his own, he had attended to all the calls on the phone, and Tom found that except for the long walk, which he rather enjoyed, he was none the worse off.

As the days flew by, Tom found that Bill was a genuine friend. Their duties kept them in the same room, and the tales they told and the jokes they "swapped" were never-failing amusements.

Richard Benington, the son of the junior member of the firm, was one of the army of bookkeepers. It was intended by his father that he should learn the business thoroughly, and one day succeeded him. Like the sons of many rich men, he early learned to walk in evil ways. From the first he took a great fancy to Tom. He was only a year older than Tom, but in the knowledge of the world and its ways he was twice as wise. He was a generous, open-handed lad, and allowed as he was by his father the use of a liberal supply of money and very little paternal supervision, it was no wonder that he soon began to tread the road that would eventually wreck soul and body.

Tom often felt pity in his heart as Richard came in some mornings red eyed and with a fagged-out look, from some all-night "rackets." He told Tom of some of these "rackets." They sounded like stories of the Arabian Nights to Tom, as Richard was too mainly to speak of the evil side of such affairs to the new checkered boy. And in return, Tom told him of his boyish sports in his cosy home

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Talking about hairbreadth escapes and losing over the Luck fence into eternity, said the man from Kentucky, when the Arkansas drummer's bear story had subsided. Well, it didn't turn my hair white, but time has since. You all know, by right of birth, but you are not all aware that I was born and reared within a mile of this very spot in which we now sit. Such is the fact, however. What I am going to tell you happened away back in the sixties. I was just grown up, as straight and tough as a heavy sapling.

We lived at the base of a considerable hill which rose toward the east and stretched its narrow ridge onward for a mile or two. Not 200 yards from our door old Isaac Johnson built a modest cabin and brought his family down from Illinois. Dudley, their only boy, was just about my age, although not endowed with like endurance and strength. A warm friendship soon sprang up between us, however, and we spent many hours together in the woods with our rifles.

It was near the end of May, I remember. I had been idle for some weeks, and idleness, you know, just at that season, breeds restlessness in superabundance.

I had often heard of the great Mammoth cave, a few dozen miles distant, and I became convinced that the geological formation of the hill in the rear of our home indicated that another huge cave must surely exist under the green turfed mound for in the valleys which lay at its feet I found numerous sinks from which gurgling brooks usually burst or from which the warm breath of the interior caverns floated up like the smoke from some mountain chimney.

I soon confided my conjecture to Dud Johnson. We talked the matter over and decided that on the following day we would begin a series of systematic explorations. The succeeding day, which was bright and clear, though unusually warm, found us setting out with all the necessary paraphernalia—candles, matches, a rope, etc. We had packed around us every crumb of grama and near noon having lost all hope I was about to call to Dud, who had wandered off into a low skirt of wood, when a faint shout reached my ears. I hurried off in the direction whence the voice seemed to come, and was soon standing on the brink of what appeared to be the mouth of our much sought after cavern.

A way down in the bowels of the earth I could see the yellow glare of Dud's candle and faintly discern his outline as he bent forward, peering into the darkness before him. The descent to his position was easy, and filled with joy I was soon beside him. The sweet dampness, the sepulchral stillness and the constantly trickling drops that fell from the beaded ceiling thrilled me with strange delight. We soon scrambled down from the precipitous ledge on which we stood and began to grope forward, our candles flickering fitfully, as if in danger of being blown out at every step.

We had not proceeded twenty paces however, in the black void of darkness when we came upon a solid adamantine wall barring our way and seemingly ending our journey. However, after looking around for some time, we decided that we could pass under the obstruction just over the brook, which flowed serenely from beneath its firm breast. The place was very narrow, and to accomplish this resolve we had to get down on our hands and knees in the water. We didn't mind that somehow, and were soon elated to find ourselves in an opening as large as if not larger than the first chamber that we entered, although not nearly so high. From this room we pressed on through a smaller aperture, which gradually assumed the proportion of a passage, dangerous with jutting rocks and dubious windings.

On we hurried, following the tortuous stream that ran pure and pellucid from the immense cave which we assured ourselves must be just ahead. I can never forget the effect of the low, sweet murmuring of that little brook, loudly audible for the very absence of other sounds. We found it terribly warm work crawling over rough food rocks and squeezing through narrow openings; consequently we every now and then halted to rest.

I can't say how long we had been floundering about in the sand and water—for we still held the course of the stream—when a low, roaring reached our ears. A waterfall was at once surmised, certain that a miniature but beautiful Niagara was just before us. Gathering new energy we pushed rapidly forward, and had gone a dozen rods perhaps when the roar, which perceptibly gathered volume, seemed to curiously shift itself into a position immediately overhead, but we did not expect sounds to obey the laws of nature here.

After traversing another dozen rods or so we suddenly noticed that the swelling brook was running muddy and bore a few twigs and dead leaves on its hurrying surface. Strangely enough, we were not in the least alarmed, for we thought it was merely a landslide ahead, and concluded to push on toward the goal of our hopes. But as the water grew rapidly deeper and muddier I suggested that we should halt a moment, and forcing a small stick in the bank just at the water's edge we watched the rising floods creep up, up about and over it, an inch perhaps in four or five minutes.

Dud looked up at me. "It's raining outside," he said, and his face was as white as a sheet.

The horrifying truth burst upon us simultaneously. Our affright was mutual and our flight precipitous. It was a race for life—we must reach the opening before the stream could fill it and cut off our only exit. All along, as we retreated, I noticed on the low ceiling trash and leaves deposited, even the highest points bearing this positive evidence that at times the whole cave was

completely overflowed. Pellmell over rocks in water we tore; but hurry as we would, the muddy, angry waters still preceded us, swelling and surging between its narrow banks. Now we came to an unusually low point and found the water about our necks as we stopped to pass along. I was in the lead, and though I set a telling pace Dud in his fright managed to keep up.

These few hundred yards seemed innumerable miles, with the floods swelling behind us and the ominous roar overhead gathering volume. Now and then one of our candles would go out, and we were forced to stop and relight it from the one that still burned, as our matches were all wet and useless. At last I stood in the chamber next the fatal barrier.

What a moment of suspense, of dread, I suffered while waiting for Dud to come up! I hastily scanned the walls of this the highest ceiling available, and my heart sank as I saw the unmistakable signs of overflow on every side and overhead. Dud soon joined me, mud begrimed and panting. He looked the fiend incarnate dragging himself forth from his home of ooze and filth. But I did not laugh as my terrified gaze rested on his pale and troubled face, you may be sure. I remember feeling a great pity for him, however.

Tremblingly we advanced a few rods and came upon the wall, but, lo, no exit was visible! Now it was concealed by a small pool with a swift maelstrom that swallowed, with evident gusto, those bits of wood and leaf which came near its hungry gullet. Weak and overcome with excitement, we sat down on a little knoll, and with the protruding eyes of doomed men, watched the steady up crawling of the stream, so different from the ebb whistling brook of an hour ago. The awful silence was oppressive, while the heavy darkness gathered on every side as if to extinguish our feeble lights. Both of our heads were hatless, and a small stream of crimson trickled from Dud's forehead—a wound that he had received from a jutting rock or some obstacle overhead.

The situation was terrifying.

I was almost certain that death was inevitable, but singularly enough my whole attention was centered on my miserable companion. I gazed steadily at him, wondering what his thoughts must be, and if all his past life was hurrying before him in review, as I had often heard it said men's lives would do when death seemed inevitable. Silently and steadily, like some great yellow serpent, the brook crawled into the narrow chamber and coiled fold on fold. We had already moved back to higher ground once, and now it was inching up about our feet again. Our heads were against the highest part of the rock roof, so it would be better to keep our faces than to move back to a more trying position which would be no safer.

To my dying day I shall never forget the feelings that crept over me at the water stole up along my body cold and slimy. It seemed that I was being gradually swallowed by some foul monster. The submerged portions of my body seemed severed from the trunk, while sure death enveloped me. A sensation of insufferable closeness almost choked me, while the very helplessness of the situation added a thousand terrors.

Dud sat on one in a profound stupor, one hand grasping the two inches of tallow yet left, his other scraping pitifully along the rough wall, as though seeking an exit for his petrified owner. For my part I became strangely quiet after a time, while a sense of indifference possessed me. A sort of resignation to the inevitable, I suppose, for the floods continued to press upward. Our shoulders were now just above the waters, while my hand grew so weary of holding the candle that it seemed as if about to sink below the surface despite my every effort.

Neither of us had spoken for some time, when Dudley suddenly turned to me. "I can't stand it any longer," he said simply. "Tell them goodbye at home for me if you ever get out," and he rose as if to launch himself forward. I saw his object at once and reached out to grasp him. "Hold on, Dud," I said, "I don't believe it is going to get any higher." "It doesn't make any difference," he repeated. "We both can't live long in this small space anyhow," and he sank from view. I felt him touch me as he rolled over, and I clutched at his body to lift him to the surface, but it escaped my grasp and a succession of bubbles told me that further effort was useless—he was drowned. His candle had of course gone with him, and I questioned whether it would not be best for me to extinguish my own, since it was fast exhausting the oxygen that was an absolute necessity to my life. But I could not decide to snuff out that feeble light. It was almost like life itself.

I cannot describe to you my feelings as I sat a hundred feet underground, with only a breathing space of five or six feet about my head, the water at my chin and the cold form of my dead companion at my feet. It seemed as if this mental torture lasted for hours, when, lo, a great joy seized me—the flood had ceased to rise. But its abatement must be far swifter or I would perish miserably from mere exhaustion. In half an hour the water sank so low that I managed to get under the rock, and with loudly beating heart saw once more the bright, sweet light of day. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and I found that a tremendous rain had fallen, which accounted for the torrent in the cave.

I hurried off to the village as fast as my stiff limbs could carry me and told my story. A score of men went back with me and recovered the body of my comrade.

In that fearful race for life he had saved mine at the cost of his own.—A. B. D. in Short Stories.

A Martyr to Duty.
Husband—Aren't you going to church today?
Wife—No. I am not feeling well.
Husband—Then call a messenger boy and send him.
The family must be represented.—New York Weekly.