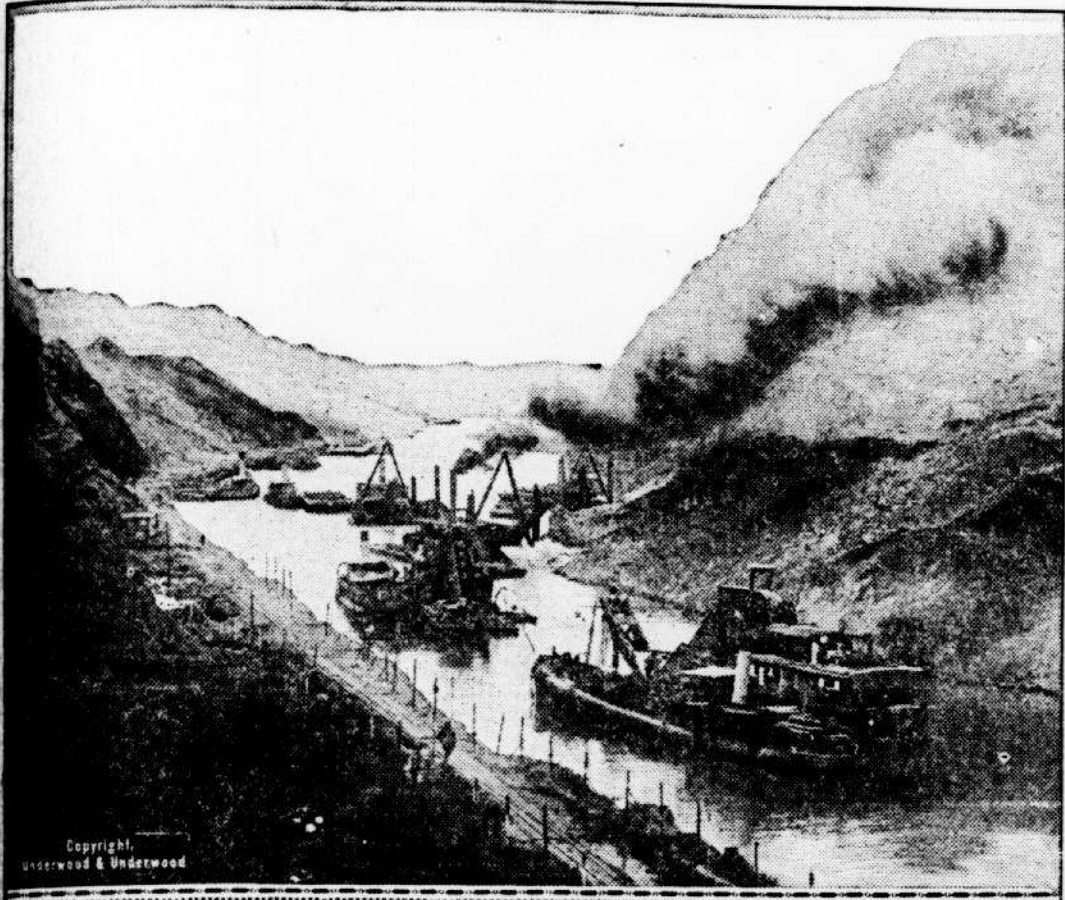


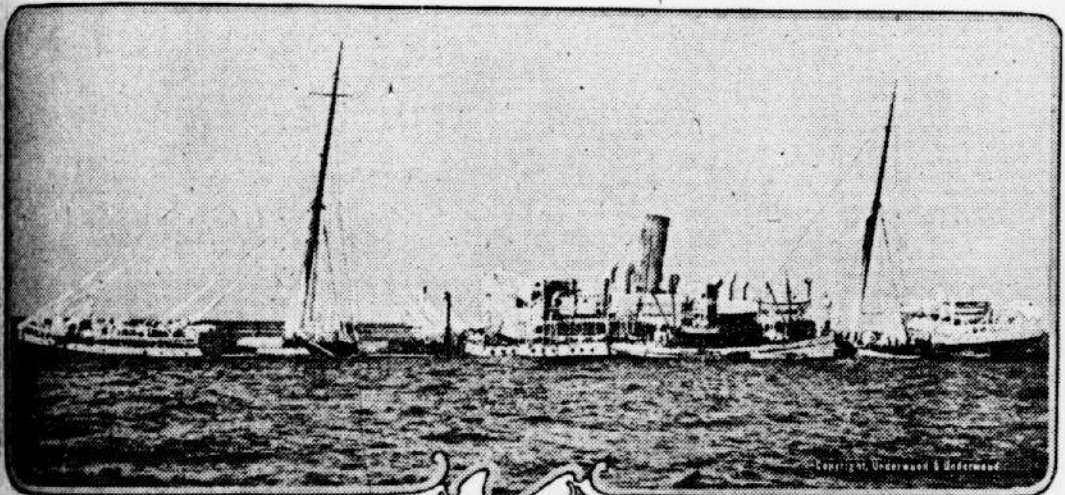
News of the Week as Caught by the Camera for Readers of The Journal

CULEBRA CUT ALMOST CLEARED OUT



So rapid has been the work of the huge dredges here photographed removing the Cucaracha slide in the Culebra cut that the canal will be ready in April for the passage of ocean vessels through its entire length.

STEAMER COBEQUID ON TRINITY LEDGE



This remarkable photograph of the steamer Cobequid, wrecked on Trinity ledge in the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia, shows the vessel covered with ice and almost submerged, and boats rescuing the passengers and taking off the mails.

LADY DECIES IN TABLEAUX VIVANTS



This charming photograph of Lady Decies was made in the home of Mrs. Reginald De Koven of New York at the tableaux vivants. It shows the former Miss Vivian Gould in the handsome mediaeval gold embroidered satin costume and gold headdress, with the famous pearls of her mother, that she wore in the group picture by Federigo Zuccaro.

COBBLER FOR PRESIDENTS

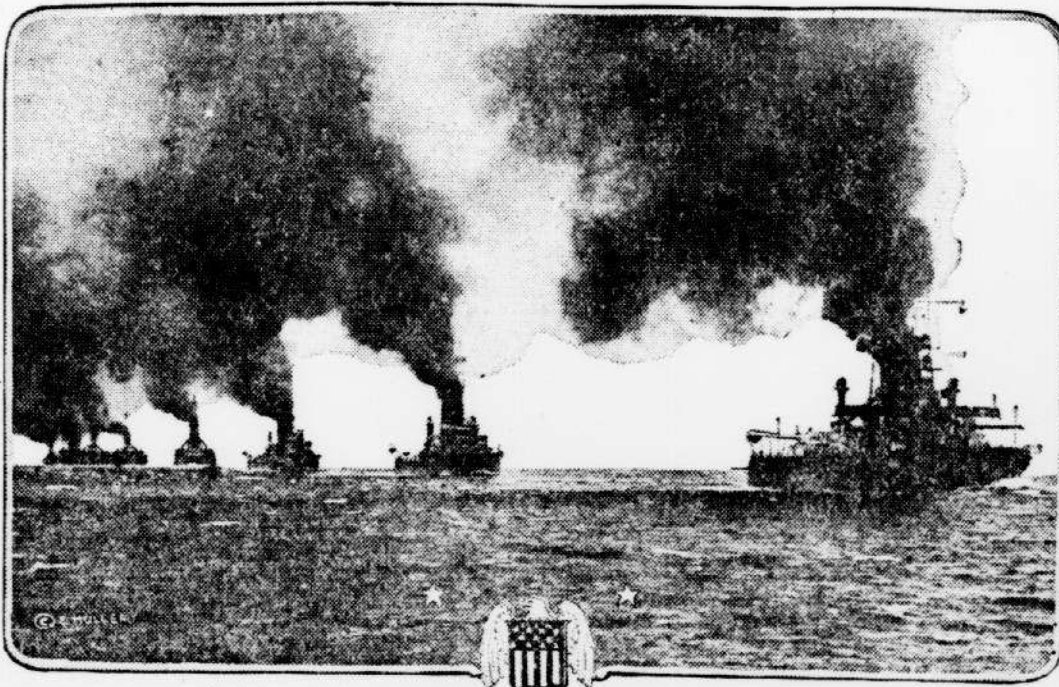


This is F. Sumner, the Washington cobbler who mends the shoes of the presidents. His little shop is not far from the White House, and some of his best customers have been the chief executives and their families. McKinley was his first presidential patron, and Roosevelt, he says, was the best. The colonel had a liking for tan shoes, and Mr. Wilson wears lighter footgear than any of his predecessors.

Practical.

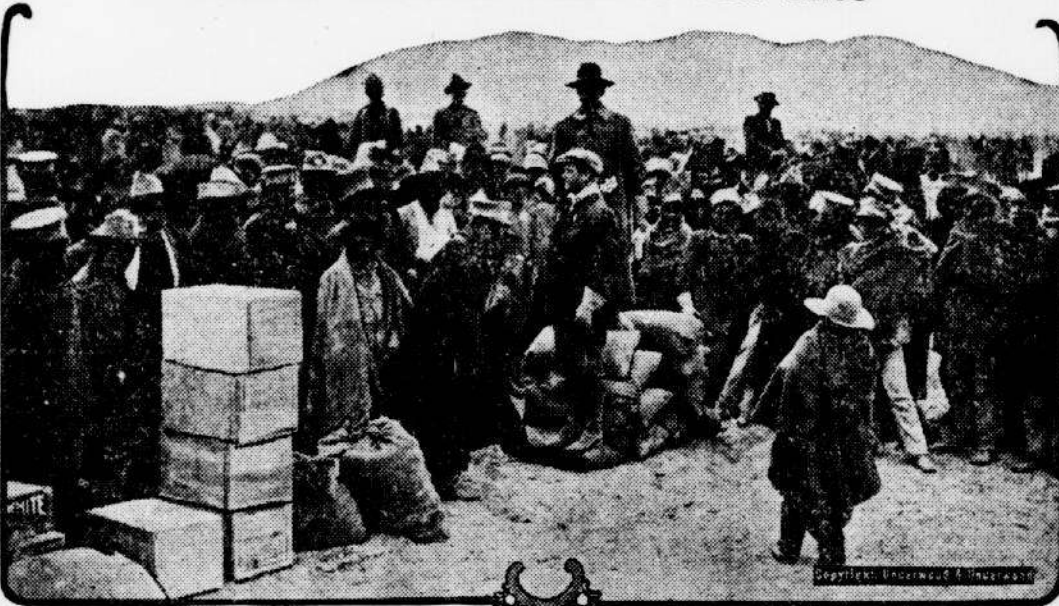
"Miss Wiling is a great walker. I see her out every morning strolling through the park."
 "Yes, she says she's keeping in touch with nature."
 "The last three mornings she has been walking with that handsome young man who works in the People's bank."
 "A sympathetic purveyor of bucolic harmony, no doubt."
 "No, I think he's one of the tellers."

OUR POWERFUL NORTH ATLANTIC FLEET



This is considered to be the most powerful battle fleet in the world. Recently it returned from the Mediterranean, and left Hampton Roads for the south. During the last battle practice each of the vessels made a record for herself, while the flagship Wyoming broke the world's record at target practice. The photograph shows the nine ships in the order in which they usually sail. The Wyoming is in the lead at the right, and is followed by the Florida, Utah, Delaware, North Dakota, South Carolina, Rhode Island, Georgia and New Jersey.

MEXICAN REFUGEES TAKEN TO FORT BLISS



The Mexican soldiers and civilians who fled from Ojina to American territory are here seen starting on their long trip to Fort Bliss, where they are now being cared for by Uncle Sam.

QUITS SOCIETY TO STUDY



Mrs. Richard C. Burleson, wife of Lieutenant Burleson of Fort Myer, has passed up society for college work and has enrolled as a special student in a Washington university.

Murat's Hour of Infamy.

One hundred years ago Joachim Murat signed with Austria and England a treaty of alliance. Murat, who was of most humble origin, had become a celebrated marshal of the French empire under Napoleon. The latter gave him his sister, Caroline, in marriage and made him King of Naples. But when the fortunes of Napoleon began to decline, Murat, like numerous other followers of the emperor, began to waver in his fidelity. The intrigues of Austria had influenced the mind of Queen Caroline, who had complete power over her husband. Murat, thinking he should have his throne by treachery, signed with Austria and England the treaty of alliance, which he was soon to violate, in order to pay at last with his life for the vacillations of a mind which was always unstable and weak, unless when face to face with the dangers of the battlefield and under the constraint of military honor.

"MONTY" WATERBURY, CAPTAIN OF POLO TEAM



J. M. Waterbury, Jr., popularly called "Monty," who did more to help defeat the English aggregation at the last international polo match than any other member of the "Big Four," has been elected captain to succeed Henry Payne Whitney, retired.

Telephone Card.

Get a 10x11-inch tablet with deep-toned yellow paper of the heaviest variety, with edges torn and slightly rough. Remove the back and cover with a pretty shade of leather-colored wall paper. Print in red the names and telephone addresses of intimate friends and relatives. Stipple the rough edges of the paper with red. In one corner of the cover paint a pretty design of holly and red berries. Hang the card by a green cord.

The Byplay Minstrels.

"Mister Interlocutor, can you tell me the difference between a man who lives on the second floor of a house and an astronomer?"
 "No, Mr. Tambo, I cannot. Tell us the difference."
 "One is upstairs and the other stares up."
 "Signor Adden Olds will now render that pathetic ballad: 'Put On Your Heavies, Darling, for Them Autumn Days Has Come.'"

POLICE HOLE

After Plunge Into Icy Chicago River Bradon Hesitates—Revolver Does the Rest.

Chicago.—That old adage about being "between the devil and the deep sea" falls far short of describing the predicament the other day of John Bradon. In all of his 48 winters he had never found the Chicago river so cold nor Chicago's police force so unrelenting.

He was standing on the Washington street bridge when he decided that the Chicago river would be a good place to drown himself. He leaped over the railing and hit the water with a splash that brought Policeman David Powers on the run. Bradon came up shivering and kicking. Why he should try to swim when he wanted to



"Come Out of That, You Spalpeen."

down he didn't know, but the water was so cold he had to do something to keep warm.

"Come out of that, you spalpeen, you!" shouted Powers. "Come out of that, or, by all that's good and holy, I'll put a bullet in you!"

The policeman had drawn his revolver and leveled it at the swimmer. Bradon knew that he couldn't dodge the bullets without ducking his head in the icy water, and he struck out for a pier, to which he clung until the policeman hurled him a rope and pulled him out.

"It was a cold, unfeeling world, and I wanted to end it all, but that water is the coldest proposition I ever went up against," said Bradon, shivering, as he was being taken to the Iroquois hospital. He refused to say why he wanted to commit suicide.

ARMLESS MAN MAKES RESCUE

Extends Legs Into Water, Raises Up Swimmer to Pier Without Use of Rope.

Chicago.—When it comes to rescuing men from drowning, Stanley Martin, who lives at 438 Grand boulevard, requires neither ropes, planks, lifeboats, nor even arms. His short stumps that end a few inches from the shoulder, two legs and a loud voice are all he needs.

Martin spent the afternoon strolling along the lake front. At Thirty-fifth street he paused to look out from shore and watch Henry Carlson of 4100 Vincennes avenue skimming along in a canoe. As he watched the canoe capsized before a fresh gust of wind and Carlson was thrown into the chilly water.

The armless man looked frantically up and down the shore. No one was in sight. He did not see how he could offer much assistance by kicking his way out a quarter of a mile to the point where the canoe had overturned. He did not dare run across the railroad tracks for aid.

So he ran nervously up and down the pier shouting encouragement to Carlson, who was swimming vigorously toward shore. Martin looked at the smooth sides of the pier and realized the swimmer, exhausted by the cold and exertion, could never pull himself out. He sat down on the edge and continued to shout encouragement. Carlson says he came near giving up a scant rod from the pier, but made another effort and drew close.

Martin had thrown himself face down on the pier. Bracing himself with his stumps he edged cautiously backward, letting his legs swing out in the water as far as he could reach. He felt the despairing swimmer grab a foot, gritted his teeth, and hung on. Carlson clung for a few seconds, then, aided by the armless man, pulled himself up and fainted away.

It was then that Martin's other faculties came into service. He threw back his head and yelled until others arrived and assisted in carrying Carlson to a hospital.

FINDS RATTLER IN CELLAR

Worcester Janitor, Called In by Gas Meter Reader, Makes Astonishing Discovery.

Worcester, Mass.—A meter reader for the Worcester Gas Light company entered the cellar of the Plummer block on Main street to make his monthly readings to find a live rattlesnake in possession of the premises. The gas man beat a hasty retreat when the reptile coiled itself for a spring, and he informed the janitor of the building, William E. Foster. Foster made a personal investigation and he retreated, too, when the snake made ready to spring at him.

Foster returned to the cellar, and after some maneuvering he managed to behold the rattler with an ice chisel. It is thought the snake escaped from a small zoo connected with a Main street shooting gallery, which has been closed since before Christmas.