

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

The Hon. Selfmade Snorter.

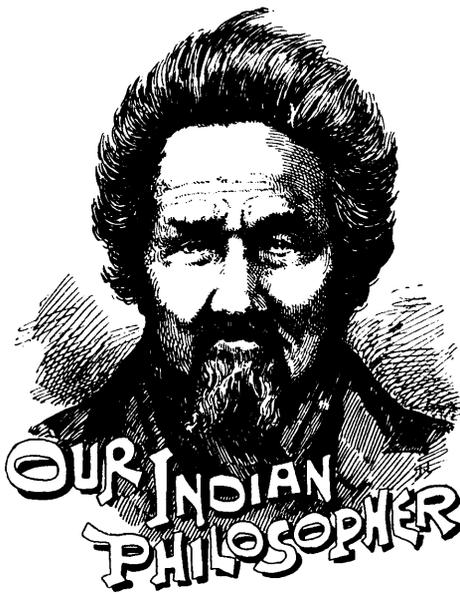
The Hon. Selfmade Snorter, who sends us a check and his photograph this week, is unquestionably one of the foremost men of his time. What he is he owes to his own genius and unflagging energy. He is one of those men who, instead of being the victims of, are victors over circumstance, and by virtue of their own unaided powers bend even untoward influences to their will and service. It is a pleasure as well as a privilege to proclaim the worth and merits of such a man. The type is all too rare, alas! That is well for the fortunate few, perhaps; but what the world loses through its inability to produce more such men is beyond all estimate. The Hon. Selfmade Snorter is the leading spirit in the flourishing town of Rancheffeld, Oklahoma, and was one of the first to proclaim its charms and advantages to the world. He was the first man to squat on that reservation. He is now mayor of Rancheffeld and high sheriff of the



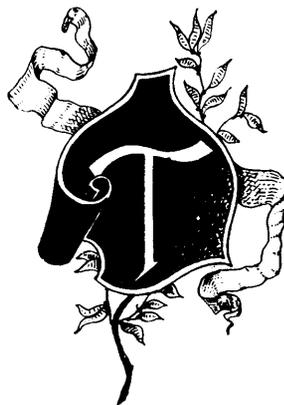
county, as well as town clerk, constable and tax-collector, postmaster, pound keeper and bill sticker. In the discharge of his various and onerous public duties he has displayed rare ability and an earnest desire for the welfare of the other citizen of the place, who fills the remainder of the offices in the gift of the people, who are the Hon. Mr. Snorter and himself. Rancheffeld is proud of them both, but especially of the Hon. Mr. Snorter. He will unquestionably appear in congress ere many years have flown, and we predict for him a career of unexampled distinction and success. His biography and portrait appear at present in this paper only, as he has not yet been discovered by the New York Pictorial Press Association, which furnishes Canadian papers with matter of this kind. But, mark our words, they will discover him very soon. Keep your eye on the papers and you will not lose sight for very long of the Hon. Selfmade Snorter.

Enlarged His Plant.

"What sort of a newspaper plant have you got out here?" asked the Eastern man of the wild Western editor. "I have been using a Colt's 44," replied the editor modestly, "but considering the difficulties arising out of the late campaign I have about concluded to get a Winchester."—*Colorado Sun*.



The Sagamore



THE reporter unfolded a manuscript and spread it on his knees as soon as he had got fairly seated beside the old man's campfire.

"My brother," he said, "It has been suggested to me that I ought to write something funny. It has been intimated to me that there is not enough snap and things in my style; That people don't care a cent for such stuff as I am in the habit of writing.

People want something they can laugh at something that is real funny, you know—nothing heavy about it—nothing strained or far-fetched connected with it. In short, what these kind friends of mine want is something funny. They have been kind enough to provide me with several models, and I have written what I consider is a side splitter. If this doesn't please them and bring me fame I may as well give up."

"Read it over," said the sagamore, as his visitor paused and began to finger the manuscript. The latter needed no second bidding. And this is what he read:

MR. BLINKER'S WOES.

Mr. Blinker got up on his hind legs and howled.

Mrs. Blinker looked up mildly from her pillow and inquired, "What's the matter, dear?" (Mr. Blinker was endeavouring to encase his feet in a pair of stockings).

"The matter!" roared Mr. Blinker, holding up a stocking. "See that hole in the heel? Of course that ain't anything. That's a source of unmitigated felicity—that is. All a man wants in cold weather is a big hole in his socks and a woman to whine out 'What's the matter, dear?' to make him think he's got over the divide and entered Paradise. Of course it is." And Mr. Blinker glowered upon Mrs. Blinker with a decidedly savage expression.

"Well, dear, if you didn't persist in wearing your stockings for three weeks at a time without changing them I might be able to keep them whole for you."

"Oh yes!" cried Mr. Blinker. "Of course it's my fault. It always is. Of course I ought to put on a fresh pair of socks every morning and catch my death of cold. That's what you want me to do. Of course it is. Then you could set your cap for some other idiot."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Blinker, composedly, "one is quite enough."

"One what? One idiot? Call me an idiot, do you? Just what I might have expected. So I'm an idiot, am I? Not satisfied with seeing me go about with my bare feet exposed to the elements you have the effrontery to lie there and call me an idiot. All right, Mrs. Blinker. If I jump over the wharf to-day you'll know whose fault it was. But I might have known it. Women are all alike. I suppose I'll have to get my own breakfast this morning. That's right. You lie there and sleep. I ain't anybody. I'm only a poor idiot. But you'll see, Mrs. Blinker—you'll see."

With which gloomy prediction Mr. Blinker climbed into his slippers and wearing a wild expression and a striped dressing gown rushed madly out of the room and down stairs.

The reporter paused and laid down the manuscript.

"Go on," said Mr. Paul. "Read the rest."

"The rest? There isn't any more. That's the whole story. Why don't you laugh?"

"Ain't any more?"

"No."

"You see any fun in that?"

"Fun! Why it's just chock full of fun. I'll bet a dollar those kind friends of mine will laugh over that till the tears come."

"S'pose you show me one of them jokes," suggested the sagamore.

"Jokes? Why just think of that conversation about the stockings. Didn't that tickle you. Imagine a man wearing a pair of stockings for three weeks! Why that's funny enough to raise a blister, let alone a laugh. And then what a fury Mr. Blinker worked himself into. Wasn't that ludicrous? And see how he went out—wearing a wild expression and a striped dressing gown. A joke like that is worth two dollars and fifty cents every time. Jokes! Why, my dear sir, that little story is packed full of them."

The sagamore crossed the wigwam and examined the reporter's cranium.

"I found one thing you spoke about in that story," he observed after a careful inspection.

"What's that?" eagerly demanded the delighted scribe.

"The idiot," was the sagamore's calm reply.

Woman Coming to the Front in England.

The same will be found true of the working women. Not very long ago I was one of the speakers at a meeting in Prince's Hall, in Picadilly, which was presided over by Lord Dunraven, who is well known in the United States. It was a meeting called for the purpose of trying to bring about some better conditions of labor for the poor working women in the East End of London. Many men made good speeches,—peers and members of the House of Commons, and clergymen—there was even a bishop there—and Dissenting and Nonconformist ministers, who are usually endowed with a special gift of eloquence, which goes home to the heart of a popular audience. But the speech which interested me most was made by a working woman. It was not merely because she understood the practical question better than we did; it was not because, like the waitress whom Disraeli describes in his "Coningsby," through the mouth of his Sidonia, she was "mistress of her subject." Her expert knowledge, of course, counted for a great deal. But beyond this there was to my mind a remarkable capacity in her for taking at once a broad and a practical view of any subject; for recognising the inevitable necessity of compromise; for accepting the conditions under which reform of any kind has to be made; for admitting limitations. Besides all this, there was a certain composure about her; a certain dignity of manner. She was neither obtrusive nor diffident. She seemed to say in effect: "You must take me as I am; I don't pretend to be a lady, in the conventional sense of the word, and I don't pretend to be a good speaker, but I have something to say and I want to say it. I am not anxious to make a speech, but I have something to say to you which ought to be said." Now, I think that woman personified fairly the best aspect of the woman's movement in England. I think woman is coming forward because she has something to say which she feels ought to be said. This is the strictly legitimate influence of woman. It is not the influence of the petitcoats. It is the intelligence of woman coming to the help of the intelligence of man. I am utterly unable to see how this comradeship in the management of affairs can either lower the dignity of man or unsex the nature of woman. I may say at once that I am an utter disbeliever in the possibility of unsexing woman, or man either. I am very fond of reading Ovid's "Metamorphoses"; but I disbelieve some of the stories.—From "Women in English Politics," by Justin McCarthy, in *North American Review* for November.

An Irish jurymen, finding his brother jurors all disagree with him, exclaimed in a passion, "Well, I niver met eleven more obstinate men in me loife!"