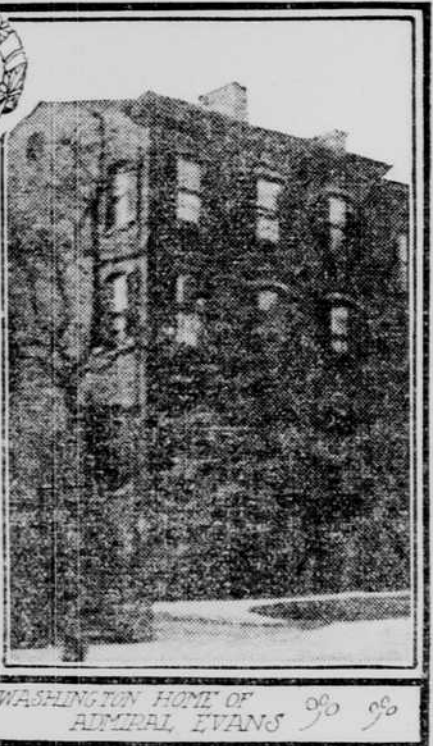


STEERS FOR HOME PORT WHERE ADMIRAL EVANS WILL REST AFTER LONG CRUISE



ADMIRAL BOB GRANDSON "BOB" AND THE DOG "BOB"



WASHINGTON HOME OF ADMIRAL EVANS

"Home" and "Rest" are two thoughts which loom large in the mind of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans these days. Glory and honor almost without measure have come to this brave and able veteran of the United States navy, and his splendid career has been crowned by the magnificent cruise of his fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But what is all this to him in comparison to the thought of "Home" and "Rest"?

San Francisco is planning a splendid reception for the fleet, which is due at that port some time during the first of May, and the center of all the festivities and display will be the commander whose skill and devotion have successfully piloted the biggest fleet over the longest course which the fleet of any nation has ever covered. It will be a fitting climax to a most remarkable feat, but after all, the man who has won the sobriquet of "Fighting Bob," and which title would indicate that he loved the sea better than any other thing, is looking beyond the grand finale at the Golden Gate and sees a lure greater than anything the sea can offer. It is "Home" and "Rest."

Notwithstanding that much of the life of Admiral Evans has been spent upon the sea in active service for his country, he is a home-loving man and finds a real comfort and joy in the midst of the family circle, which consists of his wife, his two daughters, Mrs. Marsh, wife of Commander Marsh of the United States navy, and Mrs. Harold Sewall, wife of a Boston man who, since his marriage into the Evans family, has acquired a large plantation directly on the seacoast on the island of Porto Rico, and who has embodied in his new house a suite of rooms designed especially for occupancy by the admiral and Mrs. Evans, for Mr. and Mrs. Sewall are planning that the admiral and his wife will spend the large part of the winters with them.

Then we must not forget the two grandchildren, for they come first in the thought of the admiral and his wife. Master Robley Evans Sewall is four years old, and his sister, Miss Dorothy Neville Sewall, is three years of age. These youngsters constitute the one fad of the admiral, and if the report is true that the admiral has purchased a plantation in southern California, and expects after his retirement in August to make that place his home, there is no question but that "Bob" Evans, Jr., as he is familiarly called, and his pretty little roselbud of a sister, Dorothy, will make that their home, too, and as a matter of course their mamma will be part of the household.

But whether the admiral is resting under his orange groves at Santa Barbara, or in the historic old home in Washington, where so much of romance and domestic joy have been woven into his life, or on the big plantation of his daughter in Porto Rico, it will be all one to him, for it will be home.

Few public men have attained the prominence that has come to Admiral Evans during the past decade without the public being taken into confidence regarding their family and home life. Indeed, the silence that has been maintained on this score fostered a widespread impression that "Fighting Bob" was a jolly old bachelor, wedded to the sea and caring little for feminine society.

Possibly one explanation for this is to be found in the fact that Admiral Evans has been so continuously engaged in recent years in active sea

service as to have little opportunity for home life as the average citizen knows it. But a more potent reason is discoverable in the studied effort of the women of the household to keep out of the glare of publicity. Mrs. Evans comes of an old southern family, and characteristic conservatism impelled mother and daughters to keep out of the public eye, until finally now that the admiral is at the very climax of a notable career a rationally curious public has found them out.

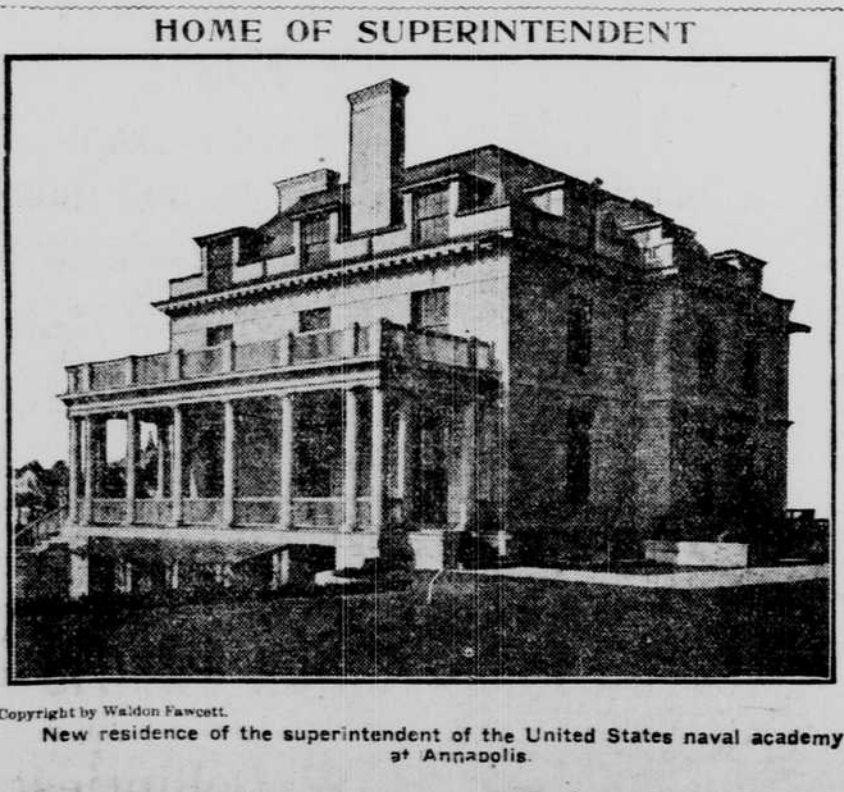
The Evans Washington home is almost under the shadow of the capitol, and although it is not pointed out by the lecturers on the sight-seeing automobiles nor exploited in the guide books, it is in many respects one of the most interesting old houses in Washington. A great square, red-brick structure, it was built some time prior to the civil war, and was long known as the Taylor homestead. For all that its association with Admiral Evans grew out of his marriage with Charlotte, eldest daughter of Frank Taylor, the historic old mansion has been most intimately linked with the life story of the man who ranks next to Admiral Dewey as the nation's most popular naval hero.

In this house his romance began. Here he was married in 1871, standing between the two windows overlooking Judiciary square, and this has been home to him ever since his earliest day in the navy. And, by the way, it was a very pretty romance of which Robley D. Evans was the hero in the days following his graduation from the naval academy ahead of time in order that he and his classmates might participate in the civil war. It was the old story of a college friendship, the chum's visit to his roommate's home and the meeting with his companion's pretty sister, with the inevitable result.

Robley D. Evans, the son of a country doctor in Virginia, had gone out to Utah to acquire the legal residence necessary for his appointment to the naval academy from that territory; but most of his boyhood had been spent in Washington, and therefore it was not natural that when he entered the institution at Annapolis in 1869 he should strike up a warm friendship with a lad from the District of Columbia—Henry Clay Taylor (the late Rear Admiral Taylor). The latter invited his friend to come home with him for a visit, and so young Evans was introduced to the house which is now his home. Here he met Miss Charlotte, and later when the young Virginia became desperately ill at the home of his chum it was she who nursed him back to health. The sequel, of course, was a naval wedding, and from that time the house, with its spacious rooms and old mahogany, became home to the naval officer.

In more recent years Admiral Evans has filled the house with interesting art objects and souvenirs of travel. There are household pets in plenty at the Evans home, and the children are not responsible for the presence of all of them by any means. Conspicuous among the number are several parrots of gorgeous plumage. There is the third "Bob" Evans on the domestic roster—a blooded dog presented by Archie and Quentin Roosevelt to Lieut. Evans, son of the admiral, when he was in command of the Slyph.

Thou owest not to know the wealth of thy neighbor.—Homer.



New residence of the superintendent of the United States naval academy at Annapolis.

"JIMMY" MUMMY MODERN MARVEL

CORPSE EMBALMED BY PENNSYLVANIA UNDERTAKER SEEMS PERFECTLY PRESERVED.

FEAT ATTRACTS SCIENTISTS

J. P. Ross Believes He Has Discovered Process of Treating the Dead Which Was Used by the Ancient Egyptians.

Brownsville, Pa.—This little village, 50 miles up the river from Pittsburgh, was visited by a lot of scientific-looking people the other day, each of whom visited the undertaking rooms of J. P. Ross, whose "mummy" is now attracting such wide attention. Among the visitors were two who had been sent by the Carnegie museum at Pittsburgh. Every one insisted on feeling the face of "Jimmy," as the mummy has been named, and, after contact with the hard, cold features, each went away certain that Ross had something new—while he may not have discovered the secret which for centuries was looked for in the pyramids, certainly something more than is known to the average undertaker.

"I have received many offers for my secret for my 'Jimmy,' but I guess we old boys will stick together," said Ross, as he affectionately stroked the face of the man who was killed here seven weeks ago. "Jimmy" and I have been working out a problem which was solved in the time of the Pharaohs, but the answer was mislaid. I think I have solved it. I believe I have at last found the secret of embalming bodies so that they will keep for many years. Anyway, I am so certain that I don't care to dispose of my secret nor let Jimmy" out of my sight. If I am right it will prove a blessing to mankind. If I'm wrong there will be gotten the worst of it, save Jimmy."

"I have been working on this secret in embalming for the past 22 years," said Mr. Ross, "but this is the first time I have found things working right. It is the first time I have had a perfect subject to work on, and now for seven weeks I have been injecting this new fluid into the corpse, and I have obtained remarkable results. First the face began to harden, and it

WOMAN CLIMBS HIGH SMOKESTACK IN WIND

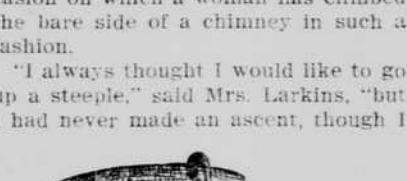
DESCRIBES SENSATIONS LIKE THOSE OF ONE MAKING ASCENSION IN A BALLOON.

London.—Mrs. Larkins, the wife of the London steelyack who repaired the Nelson column the other day, successfully climbed the Allan's smokestack in Canal road, Mile End, which is 170 feet high.

There was a high wind blowing at the time, and Mrs. Larkins, who was seated in a steelyack's seat (a piece of board tied to the end of a rope) had frequently to steady herself by grasping the iron hoops encircling the stack.

This is supposed to be the first occasion on which a woman has climbed the bare side of a chimney in such a fashion.

"I always thought I would like to go up a steelyack," said Mrs. Larkins, "but I had never made an ascent, though I



"Then I Reached the Top."

would dearly have loved to accompany my husband when he repaired the Nelson column. It is not very often that he gets work as near home as Allan's smokestack, and so when my little boy, Willie, came home from school we went down to watch the work.

"Then I was suddenly seized with the old craving to climb, too. My husband put me into the steelyack's seat, and up I went. Willie had gone a few minutes before with his father, but 60 feet was considered enough for him.

"At this height my husband suggested my returning to the ground, too, but by this time I was enthusiastic to mount higher. I suppose the sensation is something similar to what one would experience in a balloon.

"Gradually everything and everybody got smaller; the men calling their goods on the pavement, the women hanging out their washing in the yards, the motor cars rushing down the Mile End road. The sensation of steadily rising was splendid. Then I reached the top. That was the only part I didn't like. While the cradle was in motion it was delightful, but once it became stationary my one idea was to get down again.

"I could never work up there; I defy any woman to. Even if they were in men's dress (which would be imperative for safety's sake) no woman could be a steelyack. She could never keep her head."

TRADES TILL HE'S NAKED.

Victim of Swapping Mania Forced to Wear an Empty Barrel.

Taunton, Mass.—L. C. Scrivens met with half a dozen traveling traders on the outskirts of the town the other night. They wanted to swap horses, and he started in.

From horses down to clothes they traded, and when they got through Scrivens went to a neighboring house and borrowed an empty barrel to clothe his nakedness in for the two-mile walk through town to the police station.

After Scrivens told his tale the police fitted him out with blue clothes to get home, and then they went down and arrested the traders. They got back for Scrivens a horse, a watch, \$15 in money, and all the clothes that a man wears.

Boy Is Burned at Stake.

Suffern, N. Y.—Russell Shuart, ten years old, is in a critical condition, suffering from burns received when an older boy, while playing Indian, tied him to a tree and built a fire under his feet. The boy's screams attracted men who were working near by, and he was rescued, but not until he was so badly burned that it is feared he will lose at least one leg. The boy who is accused of setting the fire has disappeared, and is being hunted for by the authorities.

Clam Makes Rat Dance.

Vineand, N. J.—When James Legg opened his restaurant the other morning he found a large rat dancing about the floor with a clam hanging to one foot. The rodent was crazy with rage and pain, and put up a lively fight before it was killed. The clam's shell had to be broken with a hammer before the rat could be released.

Sixteenth Child; Mother 42.

Sterling, Ill.—A daughter, the sixteenth child, has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eckhart, farmers, living near Kasbeer, Bureau county. The mother is 42 years old.

ADRIFT FOR WEEKS IN AN OPEN BOAT

TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS ENDURED BY SAILORS SHIPWRECKED IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

TWO OF SURVIVORS SUCCUMB

Craft Containing Six Unfortunate Men Picked Up by British Vessel After They Had Undergone Intense Suffering.

New York.—A tale of the sea, rivaling in horror and hardship any tragedy of the deep ever told, was brought here the other day by William Kuhlmann, a seaman, who was a passenger on the steamer Voltaire from South American ports.

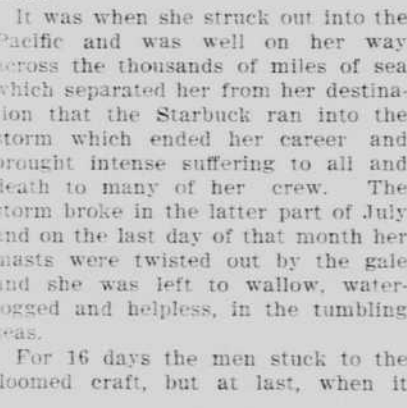
Kuhlmann is one of six survivors of the crew of the American ship Tillie E. Starbuck, which was abandoned last August more than a thousand miles off the Pacific coast of South America. He and his companions were rescued by a British ship after drifting about on the ocean for eight weeks in an open boat.

Two of the six men who had lived so long in the little craft died after succor had come to them, and Kuhlmann spent many weeks in a hospital at Valparaiso recovering from the effects of his terrible experience.

No word ever has been received from another boat which put off from the Starbuck when she was abandoned, and it is believed that its occupants died of starvation, thirst and exposure after weeks of vain waiting and hope that help might come to them.

It was when she struck out into the Pacific and was well on her way across the thousands of miles of sea which separated her from her destination that the Starbuck ran into the storm which ended her career and brought intense suffering to all and death to many of her crew. The storm broke in the latter part of July and on the last day of that month her masts were twisted out by the gale and she was left to wallow, waterlogged and helpless, in the tumbling seas.

For 16 days the men stuck to the doomed craft, but at last, when it



The Signal of Distress Was Answered.

seemed every plunge would be her last, they were left no choice but to take to the little boats and trust to being picked up by some passing vessel.

A full thousand miles separated them from the nearest shore, that of South America. As the last man left the doomed hulk of the Starbuck the torch was applied to her that she might not continue to float aimlessly about, a menace to other ships. For a time after the start the occupants of the two boats kept each other in sight, but eventually became separated, and then it was each for himself. Day and night, week after week, the occupants of Kuhlmann's boat maintained a constant watch for the sail or wreath of smoke which might mean life to them.

At last, after eight weeks of the most terrible mental and physical suffering, the Cambuskethen hove in sight. The signal of distress, which had been set at the first warning, was answered and a few minutes later the half-famished, shipwrecked waifs were safe on board the big vessel.

They were cared for as tenderly and carefully as the facilities at hand would permit, but so serious was the condition of all the men that it was necessary to transfer them to the hospital as soon as the ship reached Valparaiso. Two of the sufferers were found to be beyond human help, however, and sank steadily until death.

Bites Off Bit of Own Nose.

Frankfort, Ky.—Adolph Kratzel, a local butcher, who is subject to fits, while standing in front of a restaurant, was seized with a sudden stroke of giddiness and pitched forward to the pavement. His false teeth fell out of his mouth, striking on the ground and in falling his body struck in such a position that his nose was caught between the jaws of the teeth, severing the organ of smell. Bystanders rushed to his assistance, but found that his head had driven the sharp teeth together and that his nose was hanging by a shred.

WORKMAN IMPRISONED IN HEATING BOILER

HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE TURNS HEAD OF COAL BLACK HAIR TO GLISTENING WHITE.

Boston.—Imprisoned in a big boiler, underneath which a fire was gradually heating the flues to a point which would have meant a horrible death if his escape had been delayed but a few minutes longer, is the experience undergone by Arthur McDonald, a young boiler maker of Arkansas.

He has just left the hospital, a nervous wreck. His hair, which was coal black, now hangs over his forehead, a soft, glistening white.

At a sawmill at Hope, Ark., a new set of boilers had been put in. Something went wrong, and McDonald was called upon to repair the difficulty. After fixing the first boiler, he ordered the firemen to fill it



Grasping the Chisel, He Placed It Against the Flue.

with water and build a fire under it. McDonald then entered the second boiler, and had been working about an hour, when he noticed his candle growing dim, and started to investigate. Sick with horror, he realized that the negroes had misunderstood his orders and were building a fire underneath the boiler in which he was at work.

He struck his hammer against the sides of the boiler, hoping to attract their attention. Soon the heat began to be felt. With hands torn and bleeding, and eyes almost bursting from their sockets, the men, thoroughly crazed man crawled back and forth in his prison, pining and praying and moaning. The flues became so hot they burned his feet, and his head swam with the heat. At almost the last moment a way of escape dawned upon him. Grasping the chisel he placed it against one of the flues under water and dealt it terrific blows, letting the water follow. The negroes found the water when it struck the flames, and believing that the boiler still leaked, opened the water plug and raked out the fire. McDonald had a faint recollection of a patch of daylight when the manhole was opened, but knew nothing more for five days.

HAS WILD RIDE ON FLAT CAR.

Gale Blows Second John Gilpin Down Grade Thirty-Five Miles.

Ahlens, Tex.—A citizen of London and a "train-band captain," whose adventures are related in Cowper's humorous poem, "The Diverting History of John Gilpin, showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again," is not the only person who has had such experience.

Henry James, cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank of Ahlens, and a flat car on which he was walking, were blown 35 miles down grade on a Texas plateau—"farther than he intended"—and he, too, "came safe home again," with his hair full of sand and his neck chapped from flying ahead of the wind.

At the time the cashier mounted the car it was attached to a construction train on the Roscoe & Snyder railroad, but a few minutes later it was side tracked. Then came a furious gale and away went James and his flat car, as only things can go before the breezes that blow from the Rockies across the Panhandle country.

James and his car didn't stop until they reached Roscoe, where the up grade begins.

Tramp Returns Good for Evil.

Middletown, N. Y.—The family of Mark Linderman of Pulverdale, Pa., have a better opinion of tramps to-day than formerly, and all because of a treatment a tramp gave their little puddle.

A ragged, forlorn looking tramp started to enter the yard of the Linderman home, but was told to make himself scarce about that section. The tramp started down the road pursued by the little dog. A team was driving past and ran over the animal, injuring it, and the tramp tenderly picked up the dog and carried it back to the house.

This act so touched the hearts of the Linderman family that they forthwith invited the tramp in, gave him a good meal, some old clothes and some money.

Relieved Herself That Way.

The Ingenue—Did you have a nice dinner?
The Sourette (disgustedly)—No; but you bet I made him pay a lot for it!

RAISED FROM A SICK BED.

After Being an Invalid with Kidney Disorders for Many Years.



John Armstrong, Cloverport, Ky., says: "I was an invalid with kidney complaints for many years, and cannot tell what agony I endured from back-ache. My limbs were swollen twice natural size and my sight was weakening. The kidney secretions were discolored and had a sediment. When I wished to eat my wife had to raise me up in bed. Physicians were unable to help me and I was going down fast when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. After a short time I felt a great improvement and am now as strong and healthy as a man could be. I give Doan's Kidney Pills all the credit for it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PART HE PREFERRED.

Subtle Meaning in Poet's Criticism of Decollete Costume.

Joachim Miller, the poet of the Sierras, is something of a recluse and rarely comes into San Francisco, but when he does he is made a good deal of a lion. On his last visit he was one of the guests at a rather formal dinner at a friend's house where he stayed overnight. His hostess had known the poet since her childhood, so she felt privileged, next morning, to discourse to him of the beauties of the Parisian gown she had worn the night before—beauties which seemed to have escaped his observation.

Mr. Miller listened to all that she had to say and remained silent.

"But didn't you really like the dress?" pleaded the lady.

"Well," replied the poet, "I did like part of it well enough."

The lady brightened.

"Indeed?" she said. "What part?"

"The part you had on," answered the poet; and that ended the discussion.—Lippincott's.

NOTHING MORE TO SAY.



"Pardon my question, but how do you know your wife doesn't wish you to take out insurance?"

"Well, I'll tell you. She's got a notion I'm going to survive her and that it will be collected by No. 2."

Gentle Persuasion.

A young chap from the south, who recently took up his residence in Boston with the purpose of pursuing certain technical studies at the Hub, engaged board and lodgings at "a select establishment" in Columbus avenue.

It was not long after his installment therein that the southerner found himself obliged to complain to the landlady with reference to the noisy doings of some of his fellow-lodgers.

"The people in the room next to mine," said he, "quarrel in a loud tone regularly every evening much to my distress. What's the trouble, anyway?"

"Oh, you mustn't mind them," said the landlady. "That occurs very often, at least once a week. It's only Prof. Whiteside, the hypnotist, trying to persuade his wife to go to the band concert."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Not Running.

A West Philadelphia woman had not heard the clock strike once during last Sunday afternoon, and thinking perchance had stopped she sent her hopeful, a little boy about five years old, downstairs to see if it were running.

The little tot went down on the errand, and after a hasty survey of the long pendulum, swinging back and forth, he ran back to his mother with this information:

"Why, no, mamma; the clock ain't runnin', it's standin' still and waggin' its tail."

THEY GROW.

Good Humor and Cheerfulness from Right Food.

Cheerfulness is like sunlight. It dispels the clouds from the mind as sunlight chases away the shadows of night.

The good humored man can pick up and carry off a load that the man with a grouch wouldn't attempt to lift.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition.

"But I was young and did not want to die so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum.

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides. I am today a healthy woman.

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—one twenty, the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health.

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life today."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Holland's Brave Women.

How much of her health and prosperity Holland owes to her women and children! While her men were away at wars, or extending their possessions, or carrying their goods to all parts of the world in their stout ships, the women and children stayed at home and worked. They made lace, some of which was so fine and beautiful that it was sold to rich nobles for \$400 a yard. They spun cloth red or black in color very fine and soft, which they sold in many countries, using for themselves a coarse, cheap cloth called frieze, which they bought in England. They made butter, too, of the best, and this they sold, and the money was turned in for their country's use when it was needed.

Besides the lace, the women of Holland made linen from the flax which

they grew in their gardens among the tulips and lilies. This linen was so choice that it was in great demand and was known by the name of "Holland."

Photographing the Mirage.

The photograph represented a palm grove, a lake and a caravan of laden camels and white-robed Arabs moving in stately wise across the pale desert. "That is a picture of a mirage, or fata morgana," said the traveler. "I took it in the Sahara, not far from Tomboukto. There was really nothing

there but sand—wastes on wastes of sand, but my dazzled eyes saw that mirage and my camera saw it, too. This is the only mirage picture I have ever got. I have tried in Ceylon, in Egypt and in Morocco to photograph various mirages, but always in vain. There are scarcely six mirage photos in existence."

Prof. Henry Price says the human soul looks like an oyster. It's slippery and spoils easily, but so does a lobster.