

Exploitation of the West. Five years ago we who lived in the far west were wondering when the marvelous resources of our one-third of the United States would be discovered and exploited.

Mental Poise and Health. People who reach extreme old age are, as a rule, pretty well balanced, physically and mentally. A poised life is serene, and serenity and harmony tend to longevity.

Don Powers, one of Maine's leading lawyers, was at one time defending some men who had been charged with assault and battery.

A London scientist says that life in a metropolis makes young children sharp but not clever; that it often destroys their chance of ever being clever.

It seems especially incredible that a strong, sturdy, self-made man, who has had to fight his way up from poverty, and who feels the backache in every dollar he has earned, should let his savings slip through his fingers in the most foolish investments.

Speaker Cannon and about half the members of the house went down the Potomac river to a planked shad party. They organized a ball game and put Uncle Joe in as umpire.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, returned recently from a trip abroad on a steamer too crowded for comfort. On the ship with him was a Harvard professor who was not at all pleased with the conditions aboard.

An eastern college professor says that men should do all the cooking. The world has had enough of pies like mother used to make and what it years for is sausage like father used to fry and ice cream like daddy turned the wringer for.

John Brisson Walker, the editor, was the pioneer in the steam automobile business in this country.

The lazier the man, the more he will have to say about the great things genius has done.

THE GIRL FOR WHOM 3 BEAUTIFUL HOMES WERE BUILT: JILTS THE ILT-BUILDERS AND LIVES IN WITH THE MAN A THREE-ROOM FLAT OF HER CHOICE



Brooklyn.—There are three new, beautiful houses in Brooklyn that bear "For Sale" signs in their windows. There are three disconsolate young architects who built these houses, but who never go near them.

It was for Mrs. Clive Stevenson that the three homes were built—or rather for Miss Helen Strain. Or rather, to be exact, one was built for Mrs. Henry L. Ryder, another for Mrs. Noble P. Shaw, and yet another for Mrs. M. L. Pettigill.

She was a spoiled beauty. Miss Strain was a beauty, and she would have been a beauty if she had become Mrs. Ryder, Mrs. Shaw, or Mrs. Pettigill. And, being a beauty, she was spoiled, although a few months ago it would have been hard to convince Stevenson, Ryder, Shaw or Pettigill that she was spoiled—or anything else than the personification of perfection in femininity—and Stevenson still believes she is perfect.

Strain—the daughter of Benjamin Strain—he signs it Benj.—who is a contractor and builder living on East-rn parkway. Her mother died when the girl was small. She was raised by her father, assisted by housekeepers, who bowed down before Miss Strain, and the father granted her every desire.

"Bossed the Ranch." She was sent, when 17 years of age, to an exclusive school in New York, and two years later she returned to her father's house "finished," as far as education was concerned. She knew but few of the girls of the neighborhood, and her friends were chiefly among her father's friends and business associates whom she met at the house. She presided over her father's establishment, lavished her allowance on dress, and "bossed the ranch," as she expressed it.

It happened that one of her chief delights was to ride with her father in his light runabout while he visited the houses he was building, and in this way she impressed her image upon scores of hearts in many parts of Brooklyn. Her father, who still regarded her as "his baby," and forgot that she had grown up and become a beautiful young woman, was puzzled because so many of the young architects and builders that he met in a business way came dropping into his house in the evenings to talk over unimportant matters of business with him, and then promptly forgot why they had come and turned the music at the piano while Miss Strain played.

And among those that came were Noble T. Shaw, Henry L. Ryder and Myron L. Pettigill—all fair to good looking, and all young contractors who were getting a foothold, and who, through their business dealings with Benj. Strain, had met and fallen in love with his daughter.

It wasn't long before even Benjamin Strain realized that the young men did not come to talk business, and he dropped out of sight or went into the library to smoke his pipe when they called, instead of discussing materials, specifications and labor with them.

She admired and esteemed them all, that she loved no one, and that she intended to marry the one of them that built the prettiest and best home for her. She stated that on May 1, 1906, she would inspect the home offered to her by her lovers, and if satisfied with the arrangements, the decorations, the general surroundings, and the architectural beauties of one house above the others she would accept it—and its owner.

Got Busy at Once. She wanted a home, and she stipulated that the cost of the home, exclusive of the lot and furnishings, should not exceed \$7,000, and that the total cost should be less than \$10,000, and that not more than half of the cost price should be secured by mortgage.

Building operations in Brooklyn immediately boomed. Shaw purchased a lot on Utica avenue, near Eastern parkway; Ryder bought land in Prospect park south; and Pettigill, who owned a lot near Bedford park, at once broke ground.

The three young architects burned midnight electric lights drawing the plans and specifications, creating ideal homes, and each pushed the work on his house as rapidly as possible. There was much figuring of costs, much planning for convenience, beauty and utility to create a harmonious whole—for each hoped that the girl would fall in love with his house.

Pettigill elected to build an eight room brick and stone house, with a wide stone front porch facing the lawn, and harmonizing with the quiet, shaded street. His entire idea was for comfort and utility without waste of space. He devoted more time to the kitchen than to anything else, and it was ideal, with an inserted ice box, capable of being filled from the outside, with excellent laundry facilities. The depth of his walls gave opportunity for cozy window seats in the bedrooms.

As for Ryder, he erected a cottage looking house, half of cement, with wide porches and many nooks and angles. It was set down among the trees and was surrounded by large grounds, and at the rear was a tiny building for an automobile. It had a wide open fireplace in the library. The library, reception hall, stairway and the dining room were done in dark oak, the dining room having leaded windows, opening out upon a trellised veranda overlooking the lawn. He furnished it in mission

Lights Out. She—But I thought it was a match between them! He—Well, it was—a refuse.

The chief reason for desertion from the navy of the United States is, in my opinion, the poor remuneration that the enlisted men receive. The sailor in the coastwise trade receives nearly 50 per cent better wages than the sailor in the service of the government, while his food is correspondingly of better quality.

It is possible, of course, for youths to enter the naval service of the United States and become trained gunners, when their wages are very much better, but even to these expert young men there is little, if any, chance of advancement beyond the strict limit of a non-commissioned officer.

I believe that the American sailor ought to receive better pay, ought to be treated with more consideration, and ought to have a chance to rise beyond the rank of a petty officer.

In the old days the men who made the American flag glorious on the seas were not graduates of naval academies. They rose by sheer merit to the high rank that they attained, and they were permitted to rise.

It seems to me that the solution of the problem concerning the American sailor to-day lies in the direction of more liberal opportunity to the enlisted man.

As the case stands the sailor has little to look forward to beyond a certain strictly limited field of advancement. The sailor in the merchant service, however, has first his eye on a second mate's position, then on a first mate's and then on a master's, and if he have the right stuff in him his efforts for promotion will be rewarded.

style. And all the five bedrooms upstairs were in white woodwork, the floors hardwood, and the walls in the favorite colors of his bride to be—for when he looked over the house he considered her as good as won. He did not see how any girl could resist it.

Shaw adapted his house to the neighborhood, and erected a pretentious place of the modified colonial style. His dining room and library arrangements were much like those of Ryder. He added a den for himself, and, with much forethought, set aside one of the large upstairs rooms as a nursery. He built a big inclosed porch at the second story rear, surrounded by a five foot wall, wired in as an outdoor bedroom for summer use, and he put the servants' rooms in the garret.

Outsider Won Bride. The houses were finished and furnished early in April, and Shaw, Pettigill and Ryder awaited anxiously for the test. Each called on Miss Strain and arranged to drive her to what each hoped would be her new home. Ryder was to call at ten a. m., Shaw at two p. m., and Pettigill at five p. m.

They called. They grew impatient. It was not until the next day that they learned that Miss Strain had gone to New York early in the morning and married Clive Stevenson, a handsome young electrical engineer just out of scientific school. Then they were angry. Also Benj. Strain was angry. He was so angry he told the young couple to shift for themselves when they sought his blessing, and he was angrier when Stevenson took him at his word and departed with his bride. And he grew still angrier when, after waiting a week, he discovered that his daughter and his son-in-law were keeping house in three rooms in Flatbush.

He sought them, asked them to forgive him, and offered to buy anyone of the three houses that Mrs. Stevenson would select, but Stevenson told him he could support his wife.

The three young couple are living in a three room flat, while the three beautiful new homes constructed especially for honeymooners are vacant.

Lights Out. She—But I thought it was a match between them! He—Well, it was—a refuse.

LETTER FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Wu Ting Fang Booked for Retirement --Aided Us at Time of the Boxer Troubles--Good Salad Story.



WASHINGTON.—There is much regret felt in Washington over the news that comes from Peking that former Minister Wu Ting-fang is about to retire from public life and participation in oriental politics.

The departure of Minister Wu from Washington is still well remembered. He had been a particularly conspicuous figure in diplomatic circles and had made a place that none of his predecessors had ever been able to reach.

Former Minister Wu Ting-fang Many-sided Character. Mr. Wu was a many-sided character and excited both confidence and distrust during his stay in Washington as the representative of China. There were many diplomats who were disposed to regard with suspicion every move made by the Chinaman and especially to look askance upon his cultivation of Americans.

One of the most interesting chapters in the history of the Boxer troubles in 1900 was the faithfulness of Mr. Wu and the manner in which he made good all promises. When weeks had passed without a word from Minister Conger at Peking, and when the very worst was expected, Minister Wu went to the state department and quietly informed Mr. Hay that he would undertake to get a message through to Minister Conger and get a reply.

A FAMOUS EPICURE AND FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

Next in interest to the "passing of Wu" to old Washingtonians is the passing of George Washington Harvey, one of the most famous epicures and restaurant keepers this city ever knew. The name of Harvey is contemporary with that of the late John Chamberlain, prince of hosts and entertainers and bon vivant of international reputation.

Harvey has sold out his business and has retired. He is a little short and very fat old man, who for 50 years has catered in the eating and drinking line to lovers of good victuals. He has often said that his three specialties were the oyster, the canvas back duck and the terrapin. These he considered the Creator's finest gifts to mankind.

A LANDLORD OF THE GOOD OLD KIND.

Harvey was an old-fashioned landlord who liked to wander among his guests at the table and see that they were well cared for. He was an artist in the preparation of sauces and often he would waddle up to a guest and drop into the latter's plate a spoonful of some ingredient in order to give just the right touch to the sauce.

Harvey went to Paris a few years ago and, someone sounding his praises as an expert in making a salad dressing, two French epicures, who believed themselves masters of that art, challenged the Washingtonian to a contest. The challenge was accepted and the contest came off in a restaurant.

Must Not Mark Uncle Sam's Money. Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, has run down another money mystery. Some time ago the subtreasurer at Chicago discovered that all the bills of large denominations coming from the collector of customs at Detroit bore the names of business firms in ink.

It was noticed that the writing was all in the same hand and that no bills of less than \$50 were marked with the names of the business firms. At last the mystery was cleared up. A clerk in one of the importing concerns at Detroit happened to remember that when he made a payment at the collector's office, using a \$100 bill, the cashier who received the money wrote something on the corner of the note.

Over the secret service men gave the young cashier a heart to heart talk and suggested that a better way to identify the bill was to take down its check number on a separate slip of paper. The name of the last holder of the bill could very easily be placed opposite the identification number and in the event of trouble he would be just as well protected as though he had written the name of the concern all over the faces and backs of the bills.

The young man was considerably frightened when he learned that he had been violating the laws of the United States, and on his promise to desist from the practice in the future he was not in any way punished for his ignorance.

There is no Rochelle Salts, Alum, Lime or Ammonia in food made with

Calumet Baking Powder

Health—Economy. DIETARY DICTA.

Dinner should be of a lighter nature in summer than in winter. A quart of wheat contains more nutriment than a bushel of cucumbers.

There is a happy mean between eating everything and being squeamish. Two pounds of potatoes contain as much nutriment as 13 pounds of turnips.

Light soups, light desserts and light meals should have the preference in warm weather. Vegetables and fruits are to be used most generously at that season of the year in which they naturally mature.

Beginning the dinner with soup is the very best way to get the whole system in condition for assimilating a hearty meal.

LIMB WASTED WITH ECZEMA

Suffered Untold Agonies—Doctor Said It Was the Worst Case—Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"I used the Cuticura Remedies for eczema. The doctor said it was the worst case he ever saw. It was on both limbs, from the knees to the ankles. We tried everything the doctors knew of, but the Cuticura Remedies did the most good. I was obliged to lie with my limbs higher than my head, for the pain was so terrible I could not walk. I suffered untold agonies. One limb wasted away a great deal smaller than the other, there was so much discharge from it. I found the Cuticura Remedies very soothing, and I still keep them in the house. I am very thankful to say that I am cured. I found the Cuticura Remedies all that you say they are. I hope that you may be spared many years to make the Cuticura Remedies for the benefit of persons suffering from the torture of skin diseases, such as I had. Mrs. Golding, Box 8, Ayr, Ontario, Canada, June 6, 1905."

Keeping Her Handy. "That's a fine rope you have, Harker," commented the commuter with the lawn mower and the weekly mail under his arm. "What are you going to do with it?" "Use it as a tether," replied Harker. "Ah! New cow?" "No, new cook."—Chicago Daily News.

When You Buy Starch. buy DeFance and get the best, 16 oz. for 16 cents. Once used, always used.

The way to make to-morrow better than yesterday is to work to-day.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Enthusiasm won't carry you very far without backing.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It doesn't require a pull to go down hill.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.

Women Obtain Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Help.

She Has Guided Thousands to Health.—How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Mrs. Alice Berryhill.

It is a great satisfaction for a woman to feel that she can write to another telling her the most private and confidential details about her illness, and know that her letter will be seen by a woman only.

Many thousands of cases of female diseases come before Mrs. Pinkham every year, some personally, others by mail. Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease she has been advising sick women free of charge.

Mrs. Pinkham never violates the confidence of women, and every testimonial published is done so with the written consent or request of the writer, in order that other sick women may be benefited as she has been.

Mrs. Alice Berryhill, of 313 Boyce Street, Chattanooga, Tenn., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"Three years ago life looked dark to me. I had ulceration and inflammation of the female organs and was in a serious condition. My health was completely broken down and the doctor told me that if I was not operated upon I would die within six months. I told him I would have no operation but would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. He tried to influence me against it but I sent for the medicine that same day and began to use it faithfully. Within five days I felt relief but was not entirely cured until I used it for some time. Your medicine is certainly fine. I have induced several friends and neighbors to take it and I know more than a dozen who had female troubles and who to-day are as well and strong as I am from using your Vegetable Compound."

Just as surely as Mrs. Berryhill was cured, will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure every woman suffering from any form of female illness. If you are sick write Mrs. Pinkham for advice. It is free and always helpful.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and mosquitoes that annoy you in your home. One 50c. box lasts the entire season. Harmless to persons, clean, and does not soil or injure anything. It is not kept by dealers. Send your order to the manufacturer, for 50c. Boxed and sealed. J. C. Smith, 215 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.