

FOR SICK SOLDIERS.

LUXURIOUS SANITARIUM BUILT FOR CARE OF ENLISTED MEN.

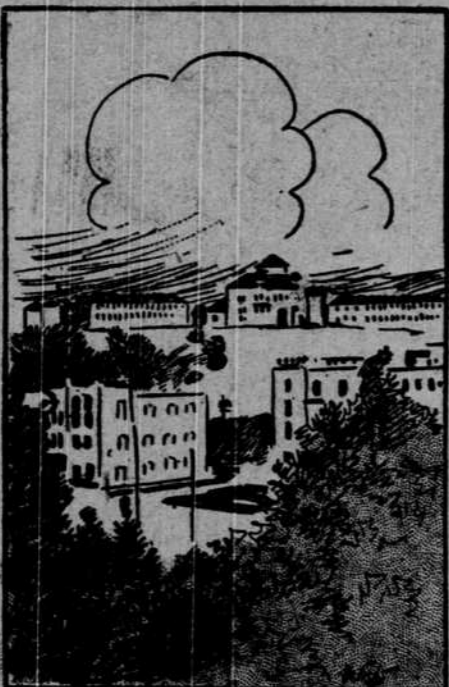
Million-Dollar Health Home Just Completed at Hot Springs, South Dakota, Begins a Beneficial Mission.

Uncle Sam has ever been generous in his treatment of the men who have served under his banner, and has been disposed to provide every means possible for the preservation of the health and morals of the enlisted men. As an evidence of this one may point with pride to the magnificent sanitarium which has just been completed at Hot Springs, South Dakota, at a cost of almost a million dollars, and which is for the exclusive use of sick and disabled soldiers of the United States. And the best part of it all is that everything about the place is free, and not only free, but the government will pay the railroad fare and traveling expenses of any old soldier who cannot afford to pay his own way.

The house is the great Battle Mountain sanitarium, the largest of the government hospitals and the most complete sanitarium in the world. Although the sanitarium was officially dedicated in April of this year the old soldiers are just beginning to arrive in numbers. At present there is room for 336 sick people, but this number can be increased to 500 without much trouble. More than \$300,000 has already been expended on the sanitarium exclusive of the grounds.

The grounds of the hospital cover nearly 4,000 acres and includes the famous "Battle Mountain," where a few hundred years ago the warlike Sioux Indians occupied an entire tribe of its enemies and wiped them from the face of the earth, killing every single member of the hostile tribe. The place has since been known to all Western Indians as "Battle Mountain."

The idea of utilizing the waters from the springs for the old soldiers was first evolved by Capt. H. E. Palmer of Omaha, who is a member of the board of managers for the soldiers' homes. It took Captain Palmer several years to convince congress that the necessary appropriations should be made. However, this was finally accomplished and three years ago actual construction work began.



The Battle Mountain Sanitarium.

It is the belief of Captain Palmer that within three months the demand for rooms will be so great that the capacity of the wards will be increased to the limit. Only curable cases are taken, and if the patient does not show, within a reasonable time, that he is being benefited, he is sent back home and a new patient admitted in his place. "Battle Mountain" is a soldiers' sanitarium, not a soldiers' home. And any G. A. R. man in the country who is sick and needs attention will be more than welcome at the sanitarium.

CHICAGO PHYSICIAN HONORED



Dr. Frank Billings.

Dr. Frank Billings, who has been elected president of the National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis, is a distinguished practitioner in Chicago who long has been noted as a diagnostician. He is a member of most of the technical societies of the medical profession and is consulting physician in many of the Chicago hospitals. He is the dean of Rush Medical College. In 1902-03 Dr. Billings was president of the American Medical Association, and he also has been president of the Chicago Medical Society. He was born in Highland, Wis., in 1854, and was graduated from the Northwestern University Medical School in 1881.

IN HARNESS AT 100.

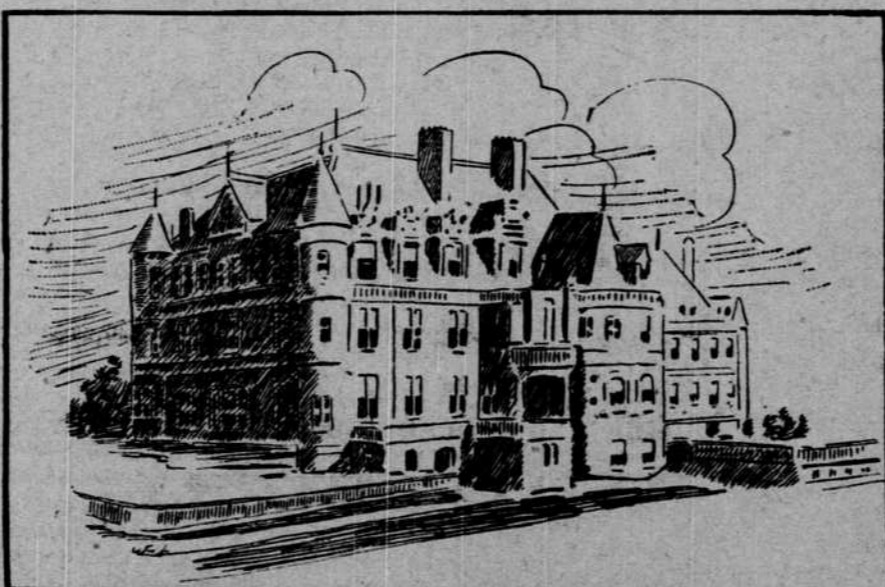
Amazing Energy Displayed by an English Clergyman.

In days when a man is considered obsolete at 60, one learns with amazement that Rev. Thomas Lord, the doyen of Congregational ministers, is still able to conduct divine service, although to-day he celebrates his hundredth birthday. This remarkable old gentleman, who was cradled the year after Pitt and Fox died, and was a full-grown man while George IV. was still on the throne, has been preaching for more than three-quarters of a century. Mr. Lord has, however, a formidable rival in Rev. Richard Rymer, who has been a Methodist minister for 81 years, and is now within three years of his century. Only a few weeks ago Rev. Hugh Pritchard, of Anglesey, completed his hundred years, and until recently was a keen sportsman—fishing, hunting and shooting being his favorite pastimes. Mr. Pritchard was ordained 77 years ago, when Queen Victoria was playing with her dolls.—Westminster Gazette.

Population of Rome.

According to the last general census of 1901 the resident population of the whole province of Rome was estimated at 1,142,526, and the fluctuating population, Italian and foreign, at 54.

SCHWAB WANTS TO SELL PALACE



It is reported that Charles M. Schwab wants to sell his new mansion in Riverside drive and has placed it in the hands of brokers. The house, with its furnishings, is said to have cost \$350,000. Mr. Schwab, it is understood, is tired of living in the big house and wishes to escape from the burdens the life entails.

333. The increase since the annexation of Rome to the Italian kingdom in 1870 has been very considerable. At that time the aggregate population amounted to only 336,704, so that within the comparatively short period of 30 years the inhabitants of the province have increased by fully 305,822.

According to the above census the number of foreigners in Rome in 1901 was 9,855, the Germans numbering 1,844, the British 1,739, and the French 1,336. The population of Rome is stated to be 520,196.—Westminster Gazette.

Not Meant for Him.

"See here!" indignantly cried the transient guest, "there's a collar button in this beef stew."
"O! that's a mistake, sir," said the bright waiter.
"A mistake? Well, I should say—"
"Yes, sir; we never give extras except to our regular customers."
Catholic Standard and Times.

Fame and Fortune.

"That young physician is working hard."
"Yes," answered the veteran practitioner. "He is on the track of discovery that will mean fame and fortune. He is trying to invent a new name that will make some old siphon fashionable."—Washington Star.

Best for the Poor.

"Surely," remarked the good man, "it goes without saying that 'honesty is the best policy.'"
"It is," replied the wise man, "until you get prominent enough to drop golly and start playing the stock market."—Philadelphia Press.

Afraid to Come Back.

"How can Skinnem afford to stay in Europe?"
"It's a good deal cheaper than it would be to come back here and pay the tax on his goods."—Chicago Daily News.

THEY FORMED A FLY TRUST.

Canny Kids Worked the Bounty Proposition for All It Was Worth.

Once in Hartford the flies were so numerous for a time, and so troublesome, that Mrs. Clemens conceived the idea of paying George a bounty on all the flies he might kill. The children saw an opportunity here for the acquisition of sudden wealth. They supposed that their mother merely wanted to accumulate dead flies, for some aesthetic or scientific reason or other, and they judged that the more flies she could get the happier she would be; so they went into business with George on a commission. Straightway the dead flies began to arrive in such quantities that Mrs. Clemens was pleased beyond words with the success of her idea. Next, she was astonished that one house could furnish so many. She was paying an extravagantly high bounty, and it presently began to look as if by this addition to our expenses we were now probably living beyond our income.

After a few days there was peace and comfort; not a fly was discoverable in the house; there wasn't a straggler left. Still, to Mrs. Clemens' surprise, the dead flies continued to arrive by the plateful, and the bounty expense was as crushing as ever. Then she made inquiry, and found that our innocent little rascals had

FOR THE WEDDING FEAST.

Chicken Salad One of the Most Dependable of Relishes.

Chicken salad is the most dependable relish to serve at the wedding feast. It never holds the possibilities of ptomaine poisoning as fish may, and it does not wilt as a green salad would, if the reception runs for some length. Here is an old family recipe: This quantity should make very nearly two quarts of salad, sufficient for 20 people, if served with sandwiches and ices. Select two plump fowl, not too old, simmer in boiling water until tender. Do not cut them up before cooking, and do not cook in cold water, as this draws out the juice. When tender, remove from the liquor, cool and cut into dice. Add one pint of celery cut in dice, mixed lightly, sprinkled with a little salt. If you do not like oil use this dressing: Beat the yolks of seven eggs, add seven pinches of mustard, seven teaspoonfuls of sugar; place in a porcelain stew pan; add slowly seven tablespoonfuls of boiling vinegar. Cook slowly until thick; mix with the chicken, add one cupful of good sweet cream, whipped light, and salt and pepper to taste. If you like oil try this mayonnaise dressing: Into the well-beaten yolk of one egg add drop by drop one pint of olive oil. Boil two eggs hard; rub into the yolks a dash of cayenne pepper, one-half spoonful of salt. Add this to the yolks and oil. Now add finely chopped whites of the eggs and juice of half a lemon; mix well, then add the well-beaten white of the uncooked egg, and the dressing is ready for use.

"HAY STOVE" IS HANDY.

Saves Fuel and Discomfort During the Hot Weather.

Here is a good way to keep the kitchen cool and also to save fuel: Take an old trunk or a wooden box about the size of a trunk, fill with hay, pack tightly and make four or five holes in the hay to accommodate pots of different sizes. Prepare your meat, vegetables, rice, fruit or whatever you wish to cook, put on gas stove and let come to boiling point. Take off and put into holes in your hay stove; have a tightly fitting cover on each pot and close the lid, which must also be lined with hay and lastly with netting or cheesecloth to keep the hay from spilling. If put in while preparing lunch or just after everything will come out nicely and thoroughly done for a seven o'clock dinner. Oatmeal may be cooked over night. Have tried this in the house and in camp during summer when we would put our dinner to cook at daybreak, go on an excursion, come back at noon hungry and tired, lift the lid of our hay stove and find our dinner ready to be served and eaten. Everything gets thoroughly done without burning or boiling dry.

Macaroni a la Creole.

Take the required amount of macaroni or spaghetti; put over to boil in slightly salted boiling water; take three or four generous slices of breakfast bacon, rather fat, cut up in small dice, put in frying pan and fry; cut up one or two good-sized onions and a very little garlic (if liked), fry in bacon fat but do not burn; now open a good sized can of tomatoes and pour contents in with bacon and onions, cook until tomatoes are all dissolved; take one-half pound common cheese, cut in small pieces, put in with the tomatoes; when cheese is melted pour all over the macaroni, which has previously been drained in colander; stir all together and serve. Don't forget to season with salt and pepper to suit taste. This is a southern dish and is fine.

Good Treatment for Floor.

The simplest and one of the prettiest of treatments for a floor is as follows: Wash the floor well and let it dry. Then go over it with a cloth dipped from time to time in coal oil, which not only cleanses, but penetrates the floor so that less of the boiled oil is required. In two quarts of boiled oil put beeswax the size of half of an egg and boil together till melted and thoroughly mixed. The utmost care must be taken in doing this, as both materials are inflammable. While the oil is still warm apply with a wide paint brush. If the wood has a handsome grain, the oil brings it out beautifully. It only requires dusting from week to week.

Caramel Junket.

If one is fond of caramel or plain junket, there is no dessert for summer more delicate. Two cups of milk, one-third cup of sugar, one-third cup of boiling water, one junket tablet, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Heat milk until blood warm. Caramelize sugar, add boiling water, and cook until syrup is reduced to one-third cup. Cool, and add milk slowly to syrup. Break the tablet into small bits, or powder it, add to mixture, with salt and vanilla. Turn into cups or dish, let stand until the junket congeals. Then piece in the refrigerator to chill. Just before serving cover the top with whipped cream and chopped nuts.
If plain junket is preferred it may be flavored with sherry wine or nutmeg instead of vanilla.

Pineapple Marmalade.

Peel and grate or chop as many pineapples as are desired, using a silver knife or fork in the operation. Measure or weigh and allow a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Mix well and stand in a cool place over night. In the morning cook for half an hour or until soft enough to put through a coarse sieve. Strain, return to the preserving kettle, and continue cooking, stirring almost constantly for half an hour or longer until a clear amber jelly that will thicken into a paste as it cools. Put into small jars and seal when cool.

Pineapple Souffle.

One can grated pineapple, one scant cup sugar, one-half box gelatin, one pint cream whipped. Boil pineapple and sugar 20 minutes, cool, and add cooled prepared gelatin. Mix and stir often while it is setting. When it is almost stiff add the cream, which has been whipped and put in a mold. Put in a cool place to harden and serve with a bit of whipped cream on each slice.

MONUMENT FOR DOGS.

GRAVES OF ARISTOCRATIC CANINES ARE MARKED.

Wister Family of Germantown, Pa., Continues Custom Inaugurated Over Century Ago by Famous Artist Peale.

Philadelphia.—The aristocratic dogs belonging to the noted Wister family of Germantown have special honors conferred upon them after they are called from this earth to dog heaven. These blooded canines are treated during life with all the consideration due the extent of their pedigree, and even after death their names are passed on to posterity upon enduring monuments erected above their graves.

In thus honoring their canine favorites, the Wisters have perpetuated the example set by the famous artist, Charles Wilson Peale, one of the founders of the Philadelphia Academy of the Fine Arts, whose homestead and Wisters now occupy. More than a century and a half ago the great artist erected a monument above the grave of his pet dog. It was only a wooden shaft, resting upon a marble base. Painted white, it resembled marble. It was always kept in good repair, and when the wood began to decay it was replaced, from time to time, by a new shaft, an exact replica of the original.

Then, in 1820, the Peale homestead passed into the hands of William Logan Fisher, who presented it to his daughter when she married William Wister. Peale is said to have erected the first monument to his pet in 1772, soon after his return from Mount Vernon, where he had painted the now celebrated portrait of Washington. Its successor stood there when the Wisters came into the possession of the estate. In their preservation of the historic glories of the homestead, as well as of their own family, shedding a social luster upon everything in their possession, they have from generation to generation passed down the custom of entombing their dog pets beside the dust of Peale's favorite. The inscription on the monument, however, changes with successive occupants of the plot of ground.

Beside the beautiful driveway leading up to the historic Peale homestead, now the Wister mansion, a

short distance from Wister station, can still be seen the humble white shaft. The last family pet to which this simple but imposing memorial was erected was "General." The monument bears the inscription:

"GENERAL."

June, 1888. December, 1900.
But another household favorite, soon probably to pass to the notable canine cemetery, is a handsome brown Newfoundland. He has reached the distinction of mature years—in dogdom—and during his lifetime so far has behaved with the full social dignity and aristocratic honor of his



Dog Monument at Germantown, Pa.

patron family. When his last summons comes the Wisters will reward him, too, by strict adherence to family traditions in giving him a place beneath or beside the monument that has marked the resting place of so many aristocratic dogs.

With its 150 years' record, this little plot of ground, it is claimed, is the most notable dog cemetery in the city. In fact, the cemetery is so notable that ever since revolutionary days dogs have been just dying to get into it.

MARRIES STEEL MAGNATE.

Mabelle Gilman, Former Actress, Now Wife of W. E. Corey.

New York.—Mabelle Gilman, formerly a musical comedy performer, who



MRS. W. E. COREY.
(Former Actress Who Recently Became Bride of Steel Trust Chief.)

HIGH POST FOR SHERMAN.

Illinois Lieutenant Governor Placed on Spanish Claims Commission.

Washington.—Lawrence Y. Sherman, lieutenant governor of Illinois, has been appointed a member of the Spanish treaty claims commission at a salary of \$5,000 per annum, and has accepted a vacancy that existed on the commission caused by the election to congress of G. J. Diekema of Michigan.

This is the commission headed by former Senator Chandler of New Hampshire. Mr. Sherman has the backing of Senators Cullom and Hopkins for the position.

The office of lieutenant governor pays but \$1,000 a year, and in one

played in this city under the management of the late Augustin Daly. Later she appeared in musical comedy, and subsequently won popularity in London in "Dolly Varden," "Amorelle" and other plays. Miss Gilman was mentioned in the divorce proceedings of the first Mrs. Corey, who obtained her decree of separation, with charge of her son, on July 30 last. Various rumors since that time were that Corey and Miss Gilman were to be married in Paris, where Miss Gilman and her mother lived some time. Mr. Corey was recently re-elected president of the Steel Corporation.

Corey first became prominently known to the general public when, in August, 1903, he succeeded Charles M. Schwab as head of the steel trust. It was in that year that Mabelle Gilman visited Pittsburgh as a member of the "Mocking Bird" company. Mr. Corey occupied a box at the theater on the first night, and was seen with the actress frequently throughout the stay of the company.

No Grumblers Wanted.

The Englishmen and the Englishwomen who come out here prepared to fall in with conditions of a new country, and who are everlastingly making the remark in a desparaging tone: "We don't do it that way at home," will find Canada all right, and the friendly nod and the helping hand, if need be, on all sides. Grumblers are not wanted.—Brantford (Ont.) Courier.

From Prayer to Laughter.

A revival meeting was in progress and Sister Jones was called upon for testimony. Being meek and humble, she said: "I do not feel as though I should stand here and give testimony. I have been a transgressor for a good many years and have only recently seen the light. I believe that my place is in a dark corner behind the door."

Brother Smith was next called upon for his testimony and, following the example set by Sister Jones, said: "I, too, have been a sinner for more than 40 years, and I do not think it would be fitting for me to stand before this assembly as a model. I think my place is behind the door, in a dark corner with Sister Jones."

And he wondered why the meeting was convulsed with the laughter of those who came up to pray.—Cleveland Leader.

Bonds New and Old Concrete.

The difficulty so long found in bonding together new and old concrete has been overabundant by a recent patent. This bond consists of an extract of coal tar, used instead of water as the mixing agent for neat Portland cement. The mixture is laid in one-eighth inch to one-quarter inch layers on the old concrete surface, and immediately followed by new concrete or mortar. The inventor says that the compound is entirely insoluble, and forms a complete and monolithic bond between the old and new work.

Hard Word to Spell, Too.

Senior Partner.—That new lady shorthand clerk who types your letters spells ridiculously.
Junior Partner.—Does she? Well, if she does, it's about the only word the can spell, so far as my observation goes.

What We Are Coming To.

"Why won't the children play with you, little girl?"
"They say my father looks for a truck."

CLEVER POLICEMAN

BY PROCESS OF DEDUCTION HE DETECTS TWO CRIMINALS.

And Then by Prompt and Strenuous Action He Captures Them and Secures from Them Their Loot.



Faster and Faster He Ran, Until to His Joy He Found Himself Gaining on the Train.

Deduction is certainly an asset which every police constable should

possess. But, unfortunately, it is a rare quality; and yet the following story will show that there is at least one police constable in Saltsah, Cornwall, who possesses the power to an extraordinary degree.

This policeman was walking beside the railway one Saturday afternoon in December, no doubt little thinking that his presence in such a deserted neighborhood would prove of service. Nor would it have been, most probably, had not at that moment the shrill sound of a whistle fallen upon the policeman's ears. Coming towards him at a reduced speed was a train.

The policeman stepped from the track, and, pausing on his way, idly scanned the passengers sitting at ease within the compartments.

There was the farmer seated in one corner smoking, and, it may be, vigorously discussing the latest market price of wheat; and there was the country-woman returning from her weekly journey to the market. But what interested the policeman more particularly—there, seated by the window of a compartment, were two men attired in their working clothes.

"Miners," reflected the constable, deducting the fact from their somber drab apparel. Then:

"Curious that they should be returning from their work at this hour of the day."

Possibly one of them had been taken ill, and the other had been sent to see him safely home?

But no—they were in a smoking carriage, and that was hardly the compartment in which one would convey a sick man.

Turning quickly about, when the carriage containing the two objects of his interest had scarcely passed him, the policeman broke into a run.

First he passed one carriage, then another. Then the tender of the engine lay on his left, and then he was shouting and waving his arms, signaling to the driver to stop. The signal was answered, the train was brought to a standstill.

Panting out his mission, the policeman explained that there were two men on board the train whom he wished to search.

Escorted by the guard the policeman entered the carriage. At the sight of him the two miners crouched right back in their seats.

Such an eventuality as this had never crossed their minds. There, looking up searfully from nowhere, stood a stern "arm of the law."

It was all up with them, and, with no show of resistance, the two men allowed themselves to be searched and relieved of a considerable quantity of copper which they had purloined from the mine in which they were employed.

All Had Meanings.

"So the proprietor of this hotel has a big photograph that plays while you dine?"

"Yes, and some of the selections are very appropriate. For instance, if he thinks his guests are getting impatient he puts on such pieces as: 'Life Is Too Short to Worry' and 'All Things Come to Him Who Waits.'"

"H'm! Pretty good idea."

"Yes, but the last selection beats them all. If he thinks you might overlook tipping the waiter he puts on Kipling's recession: 'Last We Forget! Last We Forget!'"—Chicago Daily News.

Doubtful Compliment.

Stippler.—Did Miss Kitts admire your paintings?
Dobber.—I don't know.
Stippler.—What did she say about them?

"She said she would feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work."

"Well, that's praise."
Due to Him Who Waits.—Chicago Daily News.

He Was Justified.
It was a case of breach of promise. The defendant was allowed to say a word in his own behalf.

"Yes," he said, "I kissed her almost continually every evening I called at her house."

The counsel for the plaintiff was pleased.

"Then you confess it?" he said.

"Yes, I do confess it. But I had to do it."

"You had to do it. What do you mean?"

"That was the only way I could keep her from singing."

The jury gave a verdict for the defendant without leaving their seats.

Down in Corvalla.

Old Neptune had just purchased a handsome automobile of coral and pearl.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the imaginative mermaid. "What kind of a wagon do you call that?"

"Why, a water wagon, of course, lashed Neptune, as he said. There down a sea horse.—Chicago Daily News.