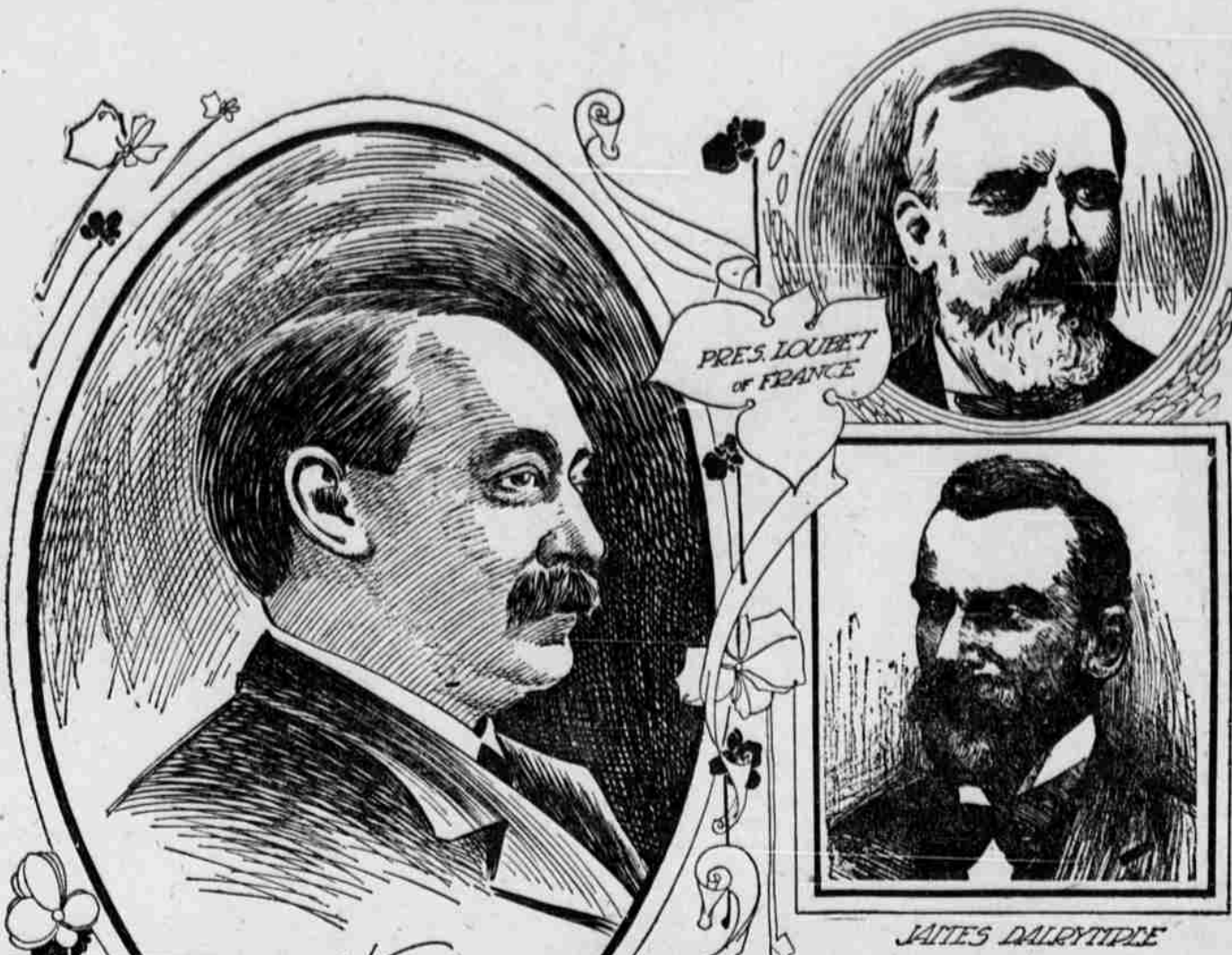


**MEN WHO HAVE FIGURED PROMINENTLY
IN EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW DAYS**

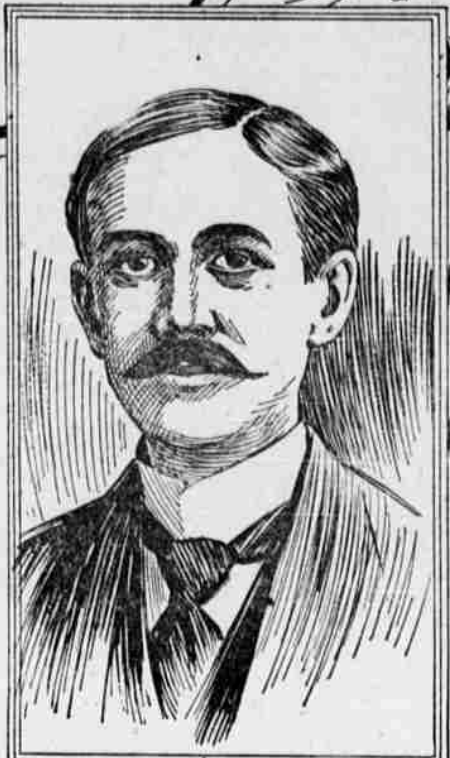


**CHARLES
JOSEPH
BONAPARTE**

**PRES. LOUBET
OF FRANCE**



JAMES DALRYMPLE



LOYD GRISCOM



KING ALFONSO XIII

Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, Md., who will succeed Paul Morton as secretary of the navy, is a grand nephew of the great Napoleon. He never figured as an aspirant for office, and what honors he has accepted have been forced on him in recognition of his high ideals of public administration.

An attempt to assassinate King Alfonso, of Spain, who is in Paris for a week's visit, and President Loubet, of France, was made at midnight June 1 by an anarchist, who hurled a bomb beneath the carriage containing the two rulers as they were leaving the opera.

As if by a miracle, both the King and President escaped uninjured, but fragments of the missile seriously injured five persons, killed or maimed a number of cavalry horses forming the escort, and knocked out a child's eye.

Alfonse XIII., King of Spain, is just past 19 years of age. He was born at the palace in Madrid, May 17, 1886. All through childhood he was delicate almost to feebleness, but has grown rugged and strong as he approached manhood, and the quiet manner of an effeminate youth has given place to a positive and forceful habit. He has developed a will of his own, and a brain power strong enough to win his way with the courtiers and councilors about the palace. He has looked for-

ward with the greatest eagerness to this Parisian visit, his first excursion into the world "away from home." His betrothal to the little Archduchess Gabrielle of Austria, two years younger than himself, was rumored last March, and is regarded as assured.

Lloyd C. Griscom, who may be called back from Japan to become assistant secretary of state at Washington to succeed Loomis, is a son of

Clement A. Griscom, president of the International Navigation Company. He has been in the diplomatic service since 1899, when he was appointed secretary of the legation at Constantinople, and has been minister to Japan since December, 1902.

James Dalrymple, traction expert from Glasgow, Scotland, is now in Chicago to aid the authorities in that city in their efforts toward the municipalization of the street railways.

**THE
BOOK-LOVER**



"Every Day Essays," by Marlon Foster Washburne, is a dainty and philosophic portrayal of the incidents and exigencies of life as lived by real life-loving human beings. Especially strong is the author's depiction of motherhood in its most sacred beatitudes. Speaking of her baby, at the termination of his morning bath, she says:

"How lovely he is, as he lies there in my arms, the white lids slowly drifting down over his blissful blue eyes! One little hand grasps my finger and thrills me like the touch of a lover. His feet gently push against me, his soft body lies curled in utter peace and contentment. I sing, as I rock, and as I sing I think of the thousands of other mothers who have rocked and sung as I am doing. All down the ages this joy has passed from generation to generation, holy and unselfish and pure. Surely the world is better for it! The Egyptian women sang under the shadow of the pyramids—low, monotonous chants, perhaps, like the monotonous stretch of desert, but swelling with love, as even the barren desert swells toward the bending sky. And they felt as I feel, sitting here crooning to my baby. The Greek women—deep-bosomed, strong, and serene—dreamed the dreams of their own unawakened natures for their oozy babies, as they sang, and passed on to the girl babies their own patience. The Roman women dedicated their sleeping children to the gods of war and of justice, but they loved as I love, and they knew, as I know, that no dream and no dedication could be high enough for the precious little beings sheltered in their arms. The early Christian women learned to love the Christ-child the better because they knew how it was with His mother; and over the very God of the universe they felt something of a mother's tenderness and longing. Oh, my sisters, far and near, I know your inmost heart of hearts as I sit here, rocking my baby!"

Is the sentiment not beautiful? And are not essays even, at times, lacking in insipidness? Replete with sweetness, gentleness, adorable simplicity and frankness, "Every Day Essays" should prove not only a book to read, but a book to keep and re-read. The illustrations, by Ruth May Hallock, printed in sepia brown, add greatly to the artistic value of the volume.

Published by the Rand, McNally Co., Chicago-New York, cloth, \$1.25.

Two most successful books are Mr. Randall Parrish's "When Wilderness was King" and "My Lady of the North," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., illustrated by E. M. Ashe and selling for \$1.50 each. "When Wilderness was King," is like a great cyclone sweeping us along in the mighty current of the story, regardless of whether we like that sort or not, pinning our attention firmly to its pages and only releasing us when the last line is finished. The most hardened reader will enjoy the sweet, sympathetic love story embedded like a vein of gold in the rough but vigorous surroundings, which bring out its delicacy and worth. "My Lady of the North" is a swift, intense, adventurous romance, with some mystery, as much action as is possible to crowd into one book, plenty of variety of what may be termed the romantic variety, and a glow which enlists the sympathies as well as the attention of the reader.

"Charles the Chauffeur," by E. S. Kiser, published originally as a serial in the Sunday Magazine Supplement of the New York Tribune, Chicago Record-Herald, Philadelphia Press, and other papers, where it attracted unusual attention and favorable comment, has just been issued in book form by the Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. The book is a characteristic example of Mr. Kiser's good-natured humor that has won him so many friends through his prolific newspaper contributions. It is a pleasing story of an ignorant, intrepid chauffeur naively told in his own words. How he prospered in his attachment for the beautiful, rich, young widow, of whom he is the pride and pet, their hair-raising adventures, and his final downfall, are characteristically and amusingly set forth. The book abounds in original situations, is deliciously flavored with clever satire, and is one that will be enjoyed by motorists and victim alike. The illustrations, in black and white, are spirited and interesting. Cloth, \$1.

"For the White Christ" is a story of the days of Charlemagne by Robert Eames Bennet. Altogether unlike any novel of recent years, its breadth, its dramatic intensity of action and largeness of scene, and the imposing figures that constitute its leading characters, justify a comparison with the fine old romances of days gone by. Roland and Oliver are its heroes, and who needs to be reminded that neither history nor fiction offers two that are nearer the ideal of daring and chivalry? Nor is it all of war and fighting, for there is Queen Hildegard, and her lovely daughter, and Fastrada, whose beautiful, sinister personality has a power greater than all the rest—except at the last. The publishers feel that Mr. Bennet's great and powerful story has received a worthy setting in the consistent and striking decorations and illustrations in color by the Kinneys. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

**TENT TREATMENT FOR
TUBERCULOUS INSANE**

Superintendent of Large Eastern Hospital Has
Demonstrated Its Efficiency

A. E. Macdonald, L. L. B., M. D., medical superintendent of the Manhattan State Hospital, East, gives a graphic account of tent life as tried under his direction for a large number of insane consumptives. The following extracts are from his paper in the Directory of Institutions and Societies dealing with "Tuberculosis in the United States and Canada":

"That consumptive insane patients may be kept, and treated, to their advantage and incidentally to the advantage of their fellow-inmates, in canvas tents, and throughout the several seasons of the year, has been demonstrated in the recent history of the Manhattan State Hospital, East. The experiment upon the success of which this claim is advanced has covered a period of forty months.

In all hospitals for the insane the inmates are classified according to the form of mental disturbance. To take from all these classes any suffering from tuberculosis and put them together in one tent was a serious problem. This, however, has been very successfully done. The original plan was to use the camp only about five months during each summer.

The camp first established consisted of two large dormitory tents—twenty by forty feet—each containing twenty beds, with smaller tents of different shapes, about ten by ten feet, for the accommodation of the nurses, the care of the hospital stores, pantries and a dining tent for such patients as were able to leave their beds and tents, and go to the table for their meals. Running water was secured by means of underground pipes, and the safe disposition of waste and sewage was also provided for.

As has been said, it was expected to continue the camp only through the summer and as far into the autumn as favorable weather might render justifiable. But when in the late autumn it was found that the favorable experience continued, it was decided to attempt to carry the experiment, on a moderate scale, into, or even through, the approaching winter. The camp, as first established, had been placed upon an elevated knoll adjacent to the riverside and purposely exposed to the full force of the summer breezes. For the winter experiment its site was removed to the center of the island, where trees and buildings interposed to act as a wind-break to the severe storms from the east and northeast which are to be expected in that locality. The number of patients was reduced to twenty, those in whom the disease was most active being retained and the others being returned, for the time being, and much against their will, to the buildings. One large tent suffices for the housing at night of the reduced number of patients, and one was set apart as a sitting-room for day use, with the accessory tents before mentioned, and large stoves were placed in them, here and there, with wire screens surrounding them to protect the patients, and a liberal use of asbestos and other fire-proof material and arrangements for the prevention of fire.

To make a long story short, it has remained in continuous use, not only throughout the first winter, but through the two succeeding winters and intervening seasons, up to the date of the present writing. The scope of its employment has been gradually enlarged until all patients in whom there are active manifestations of tuberculosis—an average of forty-three out of a total census of about 2,000—are isolated therein, and there has been parallel enlargement of the elements of the plant.

The isolation of the tuberculosis patients has reduced to a minimum the danger of infection of other patients and of employees. The patients themselves have suffered no injury or hardship, but have, on the contrary, been unmistakably benefited. This is shown, among other ways, by a decrease in the death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis, both absolute and relative, and by a marked general increase in bodily weight, amounting in the case of one patient to an actual doubling of the weight—from eighty-three to one hundred and sixty-six pounds—in fourteen months of camp residence.

Mental improvement has as a general rule been the concomitant of physical, not only among the patients in the tuberculosis camp, but also in the others, and in the former class this has been somewhat of an anomaly. My experience, and I think that of others, has been that when phthisis and insanity co-exist they are apt to alternate as to the prominence of their several manifestations—the mental symptoms being more pronounced whilst the physical are in abeyance, and vice versa. Under the tent treatment we have found a general disposition toward accord in the manifestations, improvement in both respects proceeding concurrently, and some of the discharges from the hospital which gave most satisfaction to us at the time, and most assurance for the patient's future, were of inmates of the tuberculosis camp.

It was apprehended that not only might the patients themselves resent their transfer, but that similar objection might come from their relatives and friends, since innovations, even progressive ones, are apt to be frowned upon by those who constitute the majority in the clientele of a public hospital in a cosmopolitan city.

Even at the outset, however, the protests, whether from patients or their friends, were surprisingly few, and latterly they have been more apt to arise, if at all, over the patient's return to the buildings when that became necessary.

The question of medication may in the present writing be dismissed with a very brief reference. It has been found unnecessary to extend it greatly, and it has been limited mainly to the treatment of symptoms. Stimulation—alcoholic and the like—has been found of but little demand or use, and the quantities consumed—always under individual medical prescription—have been insignificant. On the other hand, the dietary has been made as liberal as the imposed restrictions of the State Hospital schedule have permitted, both in the way of regular diet and extras, and in the leading essentials—milk and eggs—private donations have supplemented the regular supply. But dependence, after all, has been mainly placed upon the rigid isolation and disinfection, and upon the unlimited supply of fresh air. As an interesting incidental fact it may be mentioned that not only the patients, but also the nurses living in the camp have enjoyed almost complete immunity from other pulmonary diseases. Not a single case of pneumonia has developed in the camp in its existence of over three years, though it causes 131 deaths in the hospital proper in that time. The "common colds" so frequent among their fellows living upon the wards, or in the Attendants' Home, have been unknown among the tent-dwellers.

The popular idea that the consumptive is a doomed man unless he can at once abandon home and family and business and betake himself to some remote region would seem to be negated by our Ward's Island experience. The Ward's Island camp is but a few feet above the tide-water level, its site is swept in winter by winds of high velocity, coming over the ice-bound waters of the rivers and the sound which surround it, and it suffers as much as, or more than, any other part of the city of New York from the trying changes of temperature and humidity which are so characteristic of its climate. If, in spite of all these drawbacks, what has been done can be done, and that for insane patients, what may not be hoped from the extension of the same methods to the ordinary consumptive of sound mind, anxious for recovery and capable of giving intelligent assistance in the struggle?

SOME HEALTHFUL RECIPES.

- Soup
- Cream Barley
- Entrée
- Savory Lentils
- Vegetables
- Mashed Potatoes
- Lettuce with Nut Butter Dressing
- Roasted Sweet Potatoes
- Breads
- Salad Sandwiches
- Dessert
- Corn Puffs
- Bananas in Syrup

Cream Barley Soup.—Wash a cup of pearl barley, drain, and simmer slowly in two quarts of water for four or five hours, adding boiling water from time to time as needed. When the barley is tender, strain off the liquor, of which there should be about three pints; add to it a portion of the cooked barley grains, salt, and a cup of whipped cream, and serve. If preferred, the beaten yolk of an egg may be used instead of cream.

Savory Lentils.—Take equal parts of cooked brown lentils that have been rubbed through a colander to remove the skins, and bread crumbs. Moisten with a little cream, season with salt and a very little powdered sage, pour into a baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven until well browned. A meal prepared by rubbing chopped English walnut meats through a colander, added to the savory lentils in the proportion of one cup of nut meal to a pint of lentils, just before putting into the oven to brown, makes a very palatable dish. When the nut meal is used, water may be used to moisten the lentils. When done, slice and serve with the following:

Cream Tomato Sauce.—Rub stewed or canned tomatoes through a colander to remove all seeds and fragments. Heat to boiling and thicken with a little flour. Add a half cup of very thin cream and one teaspoonful of salt to each pint of the liquid.

Lettuce With Nut Butter Dressing.—Prepare the lettuce as for salad. Rub two slightly rounded tablespoonfuls of nut butter smooth with two-thirds of a cup of water. Let this cream boil up for a moment. Remove from the stove, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Cool, and it is ready for use. If too thick, it may be thinned with a little lemon juice or water. More lemon juice may be added if desired. Pour over the lettuce, and serve.

The Spring Pageant.
Have patience still;
Spring yet shall all her joyous tasks fulfill.
She tarries long,
But all is ready; each bird knows his song.
Each flower has got by heart
Its fair or fragrant part;
And given the word,
Each bud and bird
Will proudly bring the lovely pageant on.
Have patience; sweeter, sweeter far
Long-hoped-for treasures are
Than any we may have without such
waiting won.
—Ella Fuller Maitland.

HOW RUSSIAN FLAGSHIP WAS SUNK

Japanese Officers Tell of Havoc Wrought by Japanese on the
Kniaz Souvaroff and of Flight and Capture of Rojestvensky

The first detailed stories of the sinking of the Russian flagship and the capture of Admiral Rojestvensky have been obtained from Japanese officers. The captain of the torpedo boat destroyer Murasama, which attacked the flagship, said:

"At daybreak of May 27 we received a wireless message of warning that the enemy's fleet was approaching and had arrived near Quelpart Island. The carrying out of our preconcerted plan then began. Our duty was to guard a certain roadstead. The main strength of the third squadron and a destroyer flotilla to which we were attached enticed the enemy to the waters of Iki and then checked him north toward Genkainada.

Russians Fall Upon Decoy.
"Our fleet, headed by the Matsushima, opened fire from a certain concealed place which the Russian guns could not possibly reach. We merely threatened them, and they, without suspecting, promptly returned the fire. At this juncture the Japanese main fleet pressed the enemy from the north and the great battle began.

"My destroyer was in a position outside the battle circle, watching the movements of the Russians, whose firing was lamentable. Many of their shells passed over the Japanese fleet and dropped in the waters beyond. One of these, having missed its real object, hit us astern.

"At the same time the order came to us to attack the enemy's flagship, the Kniaz Souvaroff. We dashed through the heavy seas toward the enemy's ship to within a distance of 100 meters, when we fired our first torpedo, a fish-shaped 18-inch Whitehead. We saw it strike the Kniaz Souvaroff astern and soon realized that it had smashed her steering gear.

Flagship Scene of Terror.
"From this moment the whole of the shell fire of the Japanese fleet was concentrated upon Rojestvensky's flagship. Her funnels were shot into tinsel. Her masts, with one ex-

ception, collapsed with a terrible noise. The officers and sailors crowded around the one remaining mast, as if they were demented. It was really an awful sight, even for men who in war have witnessed many incidents of a terrible nature.

"When we fired our second torpedo. It struck the engine compartment, and the flagship immediately listed nearly to the water's edge.

"Meanwhile the cannonading of the whole of the Japanese fleet, as if controlled by one automatic switch, was concentrated upon the crowd of officers and men standing beneath the solitary mast, and within a few seconds they were scattered into fragments in the air like dry leaves before the wind.

"Almost simultaneously the flagship reared up as perpendicular as a pole imbedded in the ground and plunged to the bottom of the sea."

Rojestvensky Forced to Flee.
The circumstances under which Admiral Rojestvensky was captured are related as follows:

The Russian commander was at first on board his fighting ship, the Kniaz Souvaroff. From the beginning of the battle on May 27 he fought with magnificent courage, but on May 28 his flagship became separated from the remainder of the fleet. It was isolated, but kept on firing all its guns one battle ship against such overwhelming odds.

For a time she was the solitary target of the Japanese fleet. Shells swept her decks like a cyclone and it was soon evident she must speedily sink. Therefore the admiral, with eight of his staff officers, was removed to the destroyer Blebovy.

All the while the Japanese continued to pour in their storm of shells. Rojestvensky, having fled from his flagship, was now the target of the combined fleet.

The destroyer, now the admiral's flagship, attempted to break away, first pointing her head one way, then

another, in her efforts to find a gap in the ring of ships and guns.

Destroyers in Deadly Duel.
The Japanese destroyer Sasannami advanced from the lines to meet the admiral's destroyer, and she glided through the water, pouring in a terrible and close fire. The Blebovy became disabled and was unable to use her steering gear, which had been shattered.

It was now that Rojestvensky and his chief of staff were wounded again, and this time the admiral was seriously injured. The Blebovy was boarded by the crew of the Sasannami.

The Japanese searched high and low. All the Russians on the Blebovy were made prisoners, and Rojestvensky was the last man on board to be discovered. He was found hiding in the bottom of the destroyer, bleeding freely from many wounds.

The admiral, who arrived here on May 30, had the forehead frontal bone broken by a splinter of shell. His chest and left thigh also were slightly wounded. He received medical treatment at the naval hospital and is now out of danger.

Japanese Shots Hit Mark.
Their torpedo attack in high winds and heavy seas was perfect. Every torpedo that was fired, with rare exceptions, struck. One torpedo resulted in a Russian battleship turning turtle completely.

In the course of twenty hours the torpedo boats sent seven Russian warships to the bottom. Many of the guns of the Russian fleet were rusty and some of them burst during action.

Furthermore, the Russian warships were in a filthy condition inside and out, and seaweed had grown below their water line.

Admiral Togo on the night before the battle, when he knew from his scouts that the Russians would be off Tsu Island the following morning, slept soundly.—Chicago Record-Herald.