

# Recent Progress in the Field of Electricity

### Electric Typesetting.

ELECTRICITY calls attention to a new candidate for a place in print shops, the electric typesetter. The machine is called a graphotype. Instead of the lead being melted by a gas flame, as in the matrix by which the letter is formed in linotype, it is liquefied by passing through a metal tube heated by electricity. The made by electricity, and finally the entire movement of the working parts is caused by the use of electric power. Electricity says: "The suggestion implied by the use of electricity for typesetting is not to be disregarded, whether the graphotypes does or does not find its place in the composing room. The history of invention clearly shows that the inventions that survive the test of time are valuable only in the respect to use a simple, or making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. They survive if they are able to do more in either quality or quantity of output than have been formerly obtained. The introduction of the typesetter, or typewriter and typesetter, meant the establishment of daily newspapers on an entirely new basis. It not only facilitated composition in a typographical sense but was the positive means of developing great newspapers. The electric typesetter thus has its work cut out for it. If time and expense are saved by its use radical changes will soon be noted in the composing rooms of the leading papers and magazines."

the latter at a much lower cost than has been practicable hitherto, and also to reduce the fire risk nearly to zero.

In the United States, which divides with Russia the responsibility of furnishing the world with petroleum, this example may be wisely imitated. Americans have the most extensive and most wonderful transmission lines in existence, and in a few miles employ electric power to expel water, hoist and operate drills or cutting machines. We doubt if any considerable use is made of it in the oil regions of this country. If the methods now in vogue here are wasteful or in their might prove advantageous to the consumer as well as to the producer.

### Great Traveling Crane.

The United Railways & Electric company of Baltimore has received the several parts of one of two of the largest traveling cranes in the world. The parts are being assembled by expert mechanics and the whole will soon be in position for use. When put together it will weigh fifty tons and will have a lifting capacity of one hundred tons. The only traveling crane equal to it in the world is in operation in the King Bridge company's works in Pennsylvania. The United Railway's lifting machine was built by the

Morgan Engineering company of Alliance, O. Its capacity of fifty tons is more than equal to two loaded cars of grain and it weighs 112,500. It is being erected with great care, as every bolt and nut must fit to a nicety. The railway officials do not expect any such great strain to be put upon the crane, but in providing one of this size they are looking to the future and arranging for the quick handling of any heavy machinery which might be hereafter required in the up-to-date power house now under construction. The crane will be operated wholly by electricity. It will be fitted on a railway ninety feet above the floor of the building. The amount of electricity required to move it will be equal to that furnished for the operation of one of the street car lines if the machine was moved rapidly and at its full capacity.

### Telephone Ideas.

The newest idea for telephone users is based upon the automatic annunciator idea. It consists of a circular plate on the desk which has upon its outer circumference spaces for the names of fifty names and telephone numbers. To notify the operator to call a desired number it is not necessary to shout the name through the desk telephone and then wait

while the number is looked up. The indicator on the dial is moved to the desired number, a bell is rung and the office central operator finds the name and number indicated upon a duplicate dial.

Another and similar device for keeping telephone numbers where they are handy is intended where but a single instrument is in use. The transmitter is surrounded by a collar formed of flanges which are lettered alphabetically. On each flange there is room for a dozen names and the numbers are always handy to the 'phone.

### Standard Third Rail.

The New York Central railroad has started a movement to induce all the railroads in the eastern part of the country, more especially the railroads entering New York and Jersey City, to decide upon a uniform type of third rail for general adoption. While many of the railroads which have been asked to consider the matter have no immediate prospect of electrifying any part of their lines, the New York Central officials believe that the likelihood of all the eastern railroads eventually using electricity is such that the time is ripe for agreement upon a standard form of third rail, so that when all the roads are electrified rolling stock may pass

from one road to another. When the change from broad and narrow gauge track was made on different railroads at different times, the result was that for several years the cars of one road could not be carried over another line. The same trouble will result if the cars of the various roads are equipped with different forms of third rail. Vice President W. J. Wilgus, in charge of the construction department, called a meeting of representatives of the construction departments of nearly all of the railroads in the east. All the officials who attended the meeting expressed themselves in favor of the plan. Among the roads represented were the Baltimore & Ohio and the Jersey Central, which have now announced as their plan for electrifying their lines, but which are now considering the question. What is desired by Mr. Wilgus is not so much the adoption of exactly similar types of third rails by all the railroads as the adoption of standard clearance measurements, which are regarded as more essential to uniformity in the character of the rail itself. The New York Central is now experimenting with several types of third rail. The company is likely to adopt a rail which is insulated on the top, requiring no plank covering, as is required on the Interborough rail.

### Electricity in Sweden.

Sweden is electricity wise and electricity busy, using from five to ten times as many telephones per capita as America, and employing the magical force for a thousand and one daily uses and economies which have not yet begun to be considered in this country. The Swedish Niagara at Trollhattan has been in operation at least as long as Niagara. If not longer, with electrical power generated from the waters of the Gotha river, falling a hundred or more feet in two or three miles, and supplying a wonderful development of industry.

### The Monotony of War.

A MASSACHUSETTS veteran of the civil war, a quaint character of Irish birth, bore a local reputation for heroic services. He was often besought by the younger generation to tell his story of his part in the bloody struggle. One day, finding himself besieged by a number of persistent questioners, the modest warrior consented to speak.

"We'd get up in the mornin' at 6 o'clock," he began, "an' have breakfast. Begin fightin' at 6, knock off at 12. Begin supper" agin' at 6, knock off at 4 an' an' supper, an' turn to sleep. Every day the same old thing; that's all." —New York Tribune.

empty. The judge looked up with twinkles in his eye. "I think I've got another spot, John," he said.

### Not at Home.

"Some men," said J. E. Rockefeller, Jr., in an address in New York, "use the law to do harm with, instead of to do good. They resemble a member of one of our well-known clubs.

"This man sat in the club dining room at lunch when a bill collector, having somehow eluded the attendants in the hall, walked up to him and laid on the table his overdue account.

"The clubman glared at the account, his fork suspended in the air. Then, solemnly and indignantly, he handed the paper back to the collector.

"How dare you," he said, "infringe upon the rules of my club in this manner? Don't you know that a man's club is like his home? Don't you know I can have you forcibly ejected for coming in here without a card of membership or an introduction? The rules of this club require that, if you have business with a member, you wait in the hall while an attendant brings in your name. Now, I demand that you get out into the hall immediately, taking this bill with you, and that you send in your card to me in the proper way."

"The collector, red in the face, but hopeful on the whole, complied. He retired to the hall and sent in his card with all formality.

"The clubman, eating steadily, received the card on a silver salver. He studied it gravely. Then he said to the waiter:

"Not at home!" —New York Times.

### With or Without.

A fastidious waiter sought to transmit instructions through the waiter to the cook. He wanted an oyster stew. These were his instructions:

"Now, waiter, kindly tell the cook I don't want the oysters and the milk merely mixed and heated. I want the milk carefully boiled first. The oysters should then be added without the butter. The liquor should not be put in until the seasoning is added. Be very particular to get good, rich milk and nothing but the best glitzy butter. As for the oysters, I want Cape Cod salts. No ordinary stock oysters for me. Do you understand?"

"It is difficult," replied the waiter, "but do you wish the oysters with or without?"

"With or without what?" asked the customer.

"Pearls, sir." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

He once sang in Faust in St. Louis. The leading paper there gave him a splendid notice; called him a rara avis among tenors, said he had delighted and entranced all hearers, and then, getting the criticism mixed up with a police case, concluded: "The verdict against the man was unanimous. He was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. Thus society will for some time be freed from the infliction of his presence." —Washington Star.

### Electric Power in Oil Fields.

Electricity is coming into favor in the Russian oil region, both for drilling and pumping, reports the New York Tribune. At present there are fully 2,000 wells in operation there, for each of which a steam plant of limited capacity—say twenty-five or thirty horsepower—has at some time been installed. That the individual user of power should provide his own supply is perfectly natural, of course, but reduction on a small scale is far from being economical. Besides, there is danger that destructive fires may result from the nearness of the requisite furnaces to overflowing tanks or from the opening of new wells. Both evils might be minimized by a judicious change of procedure, and already steps have been taken to initiate the reform.

### He Had the Bullet.

"When I was a little more inexperienced than I am now," said an army surgeon, "I had a very embarrassing case performing an operation on an officer who had been shot in the abdomen. It was in the Cuban campaign, and after an engagement the man came in suffering terribly from a flesh wound below the ribs.

"I have lately ever seen such calm endurance of such agony. He positively refused to take anything to put him out of consciousness. 'Blaze away,' said he. So another assistant and I went to work on him. After we had puttered around for five minutes with probes and scalpels, and when our patient must have wearied with pain and loss of blood, he raised his head enough to look at us.

"What in thunder are you fellows doing?" said he. 'Why don't you get busy and sew up that wound?'

"We are probing for the bullet," said I.

"Probing for the bullet?" he exclaimed. 'Why, you haven't got the bullet here in my pocket!'" —Hargis's Weekly.

### Pleasy of Room.

A visiting bishop in Washington was arguing with a senator on the desirability of attending church. At last he put the question squarely: What is your personal reason for not attending?

The senator smiled in a no-offense-intended way, as he replied: "The fact is, one finds so many hypocrisyes here."

Returning to the smile, bishop said: "Don't let that keep you away, senator. There's always room for one more." —Saturday Evening Post.

### His Unfortunate Day.

"Well, James, how are you feeling to-day?" said a minister to one of his parishioners, an old man suffering from chronic rheumatism. "I hope the pains are nothing worse. You are not looking so bright as usual to-day."

"Na, sir," replied the old fellow, sadly. "I've been unfortunate today."

"How, James? In what way?" queried the minister.

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I got a letter frae a lawyer body this mornin', tellin' me that ma cousin Jack was dead and had left me two-hunder pou'n."

"Two-hunder pou'n?" repeated the minister. "And you call that hard luck? Why, it is quite a fortune for you, James."

"Ay," said the old man, sorrowfully, "but the stupid lawyer body didn't put enough stamps on his letter and I had a penny to pay for extra postage." —Scottish

### The Right to His.

Brander Matthews, who holds the chair of dramatic literature at Columbia university, is a recognized "first nighter." It would be a daring young playwright who would break the tradition of sending seats to the shrewd but kindly critic of Morning-side. Some years ago, when Prof. Matthews was dramatic writer for the Nation, a young acquaintance came in Broadway with a tragedy. Of course, Mr. Matthews was pleased to attend the first performance, and was anxious to see the best in his friend's effort. The next morning he was asked how it took.

"Well," he said, "after the first act I applauded and the audience sat silent, and after the second I sat silent and the audience hissed."

"And after the third act?" someone prompted. The critic flicked the ashes from a cigarette and smiled.

"After the third act I went out and bought a ticket and came in and hissed too." —San Francisco Chronicle.

### Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

**She Loves a Prince.**

THE steamship Kronland brought to New York last week one of the prettiest girls that has ever stepped aboard that vessel. She is Miss Leech of London, 19 years old, in love with an East Indian prince, to whom six months ago she became affianced in London.

Mrs. Leech, her Spanish mother, while not openly against the marriage, wished to safeguard her child against an unhappy future and decided to send her abroad with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Marshner of Los Angeles, Cal.

The prince was not her toy. Little Miss Leech was well on her way before she realized what was up. Not a protest was heard from her, however, until she landed. Before Mr. or Mrs. Marshner knew what was taking place she had called her princely admirer to come, post haste and meet her in Los Angeles—and get married. "I am not yet of age," declared the determined little beauty, "but I have a few drops of Castilian blood in my veins and a will of my own. They shall not cheat me of my romance.

"I want to see the world, but I want him to see it with me. I shall go back home in a year married."

### The Tender Spot.

Chief Justice Fuller was not long ago the guest of a southern gentleman who had a servant named John, famous for his mint julep. Soon after Judge Fuller's arrival John appeared, bearing a tray on which was a long cool glass, topped with crushed ice and a small tree of mint. With low bows and many smiles he presented it and watched anxiously while Judge Fuller appreciatively sipped it. "That touch the right spot, eh?" he queried. "It does, John, it does," the judge replied. John disappeared, but was soon recalled by the tinkles of a hand-bell. The glass was now

### Errors that Hurt.

Typographical errors were being reported.

"A typographical error," said a physician, "nearly caused me once to use a Chicago paper for libel. I was called to Chicago to consult on a serious case. A number of reporters were handling the case, and one of them wrote about me:

"The doctor raised the patient's pulse, and then prescribed for him."

"But the compositor made this harmless sentence read:

"The doctor felt the patient's pulse, and then prescribed for him."

William W. Russell, the new minister to Venezuela, laughed and said:

### Senator Hale's Costly Boy.

When Senator Eugene Hale married the daughter of "Zack" Chandler, the latter, who was a great lover of children, said: "Now, Gene, I have no use for people who don't increase the census returns. I want you and Mary to raise a family, and I'll settle \$10,000 on every boy you have."

Time passed and the Hales were so regularly blessed with children of the male persuasion that the frequency with which "Zack" Chandler was called upon to redeem his promise with checks became a jest among his friends in Washington. One day he called, call, pall pal, pate, path, oath, oaths.—Yeast's Companion.

### Alter of Roses.

"Once upon a time," as the fairy stories say, there lived in Persia a beautiful princess named Nour Dihan, who was betrothed to a handsome prince named Djihahary. One day while she was talking with him in the garden in her father's palace she noticed a yellowish oily drops floating on the rose water that edged into the fountain basin. The princess called her attendant and asked him to collect the globules with feathers. It was then found that the globules gave forth a glorious odor, which she named attar Nour Dihan-Djihanary. Such is the legend that accounts for the discovery of attar of roses.

The rose is cultivated in a number of countries to supply the world with this scent. The rose cultivation is carried on especially in Bulgaria and Roumania, in these countries to the growing of red roses alone, and for miles and miles the blossom-laden fields are covered with workers dressed in their native costumes all busy picking the blossoms. The work admits of no delay, for the roses must be gathered quickly or not at all. It takes two roses to produce an ounce of attar. No wonder it costs \$80 an ounce, more than its weight in gold.

### She Sticks to Bill.

Miss Louisa Bagnall, an 18-year-old heiress of Pittsburg, sacrificed a fortune for love's sake when she wedded William Meider, a boss carpenter in a Pittsburg steel mill.

The couple went to Youngstown, O., from the Smoky City and procured a marriage license at the probate court. They were arrested, though, just as they were leaving the court house for the home of the minister, whom they expected to marry them.

Mr. Bagnall, a prominent Pittsburg steel magnate, the girl's uncle and guardian, was unaware of Miss Bagnall's absence until nearly noon, and then he telephoned to the police at Youngstown, asking them to arrest the couple, giving a good description.

Chief McDowell sent two policemen to search for the couple and they found them coming out of the court house.

They admitted their identity, but protested vigorously against arrest, claiming that both were of age and did not require the consent of any one to marry. The police, however, took them into custody and locked them in the Central Police station.

There they remained all afternoon, the girl crying most of the time. They were released in the evening when Mr. Bagnall arrived.

Then a stormy scene occurred in the prison. Mr. Bagnall tried to dissuade his ward from marrying Meider, claiming that she was above him socially. She said that she loved him and would marry him. The argument between uncle and niece continued for over an hour. Mr. Bagnall made all sorts of tempting offers if she would jilt Meider and return home with him.

Finally when he realized that her resoluteness was not to be overcome by prom-

ises he offered her \$10,000 in cash if she would not marry.

During all this time Miss Bagnall was leaning on the arm of her sweetheart, and when her uncle made the cash proposition she looked him straight in the eye and exclaimed:

"No, never; I stick to Bill."

Her pretty black eyes flashed as she hurled defiance at her uncle, and then pulling Meider toward the door left the station with him.

They went to the minister's home, where they were married, and later returned to Pittsburg.

Mr. Bagnall wept when he saw the girl leave the station. He had spent much money to rear and educate her properly and cannot reconcile himself to the thought of her marrying without his consent.

### Changes Words.

It WAS summer vacation. Rob and Jennie had gone into the country to grandma's farm for a visit, and now it was the early evening at the close of the first day.

It had been a day brimming over with pleasure. The work seemed like play, and there were so many interesting animals to get acquainted with. From the least little wet chicken first hatched to the great Percheron horses they were all fascinating.

But after supper and milking time the children were ready to sit quiet on the piazza and rest. There was a hammock there and Rob got into it. "I suppose mamma's thinking about us now," he said in a low tone.

"Yes," responded Jennie. "I guess she is."

But she did not say what she wished, which was that she could snuggle down close to mamma while the twilight deepened and have a goodnight kiss before she went to bed, for she guessed that Rob was a little homesick, and she, being two years older than he, must be brave and bright for his sake. So she broke her wish short off and said instead, "Let's change words."

"Pig to hen," said Rob.

There was a moment of silence, then Jennie said: "I've got it—pig, pin, pen, hen." She had made a different word each time by changing the letter and so at last made the word she wanted. It was a game they often played in the twilight at home and they had learned a good many words by it.

"Cat to dog," said Jennie.

"Pah! That's easy," said Rob, almost at once. "Cat, dot, dot, dog. Let's have harder ones. Barn to door."

Then they were still for about a whole minute, which is really quite a long time.

"I've—" began Jennie.

"I have, too," put in Rob. "What's yours?"

"Barn, horn, boon, moon, moor, door."

"I went through the door first," said Rob. "Door, poor, boor, boon, born, barn."

"I guess it would be pretty hard to change oats to anything, or calf. They don't look like anything. We could try, though, oats to calf."

In a few minutes grandma came. "Here you are," she said. "Aren't you getting sleepy?"

"I'm not much," said Jennie. "We're playing a game."

Grandma bent over the hammock. "It must be a funny game," she said. "He's fast asleep."

But the next day she got it. Rob had calf, half, halt, cart, cars, cats, oats; and

### Building Blocks.

A battery of building blocks. And then such thundering cannon shocks When the shiver in their socks. When Bobby has the building blocks.

When Barbara has the blocks we know It's backshop, we shall see. With But and Bicycles on row; The dollies all must be. When Barbara has the building blocks.

When Benny has the blocks, be sure He'll play at engineer. With railroad trains in miniature; As tourists now, with bag and box, When Baby has the building blocks.

When Betty Betty has the blocks, Away with cannons, cups and corks. And choo-choo cars—By-by, To produce lots of sleep she rocks. When Baby Betty has the blocks.

Rose Mills Powers in The Pilgrim.

### Just the Reminder Needed.

Cheeply—Hello, did I mean? You seem to be a brown study.

Popey—Oh, hello! Yes, I am. You see, my wife asked me to stop at the market for something and I can't think what it was.

Cheeply—Here, have a cigar. Maybe that'll help you to think.

Popey—Thanks, Oh, yes, I remember now. It was cabbage she wanted.—Philadelphia Press

# Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

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is sure to be something to eat where there are peo-ple."

He bounded a-way through the jungle till he came to a clearing, then he stopped and peered cautiously a-bout, but there was no one in sight.

At last he vent-ured on the ver-andah of the house, and peeped in-to a room. No one was there.

He crept sly-ly a-way, looking at all the queer new things a-bout him.

Presently he ap-peared a piece of cake.

"How nice it tastes," he said, and very soon the cake was fin-ish-ed.

After that he had a lovely swing in a hammock before he no-ticed a small wood-on box ly-ing on the table.

"I must see what that is," he cried, and sprang down; but it was locked, and he could not open it. He took it up and shook it, and was just going to throw it down when he saw a han-dle stick-ing out. Mis-chiev-ous pulled, but it would not come; he twist-ed and drag-ged it a-bout un-till sud-den-ly a queer noise came from in-side the box, and he scam-per-ed to the roof of the ver-andah.

"What-ever can it be?" he chat-ter-ed.

But as all was quiet a-gain and nothing dread-ful hap-pen-ed, Mis-chiev-ous took course and came down.

"There must be a bird in-side," he said; "it sounds just like one."

Eye and eye he be-gan to feel quite brave, and when the lit-tle girl came running up the steps he was sit-ting down turn-ing the han-dle as fast as he could.

"Oh, pa-pa!" she cried. "Look at this naughy lit-tle mon-ky play-ing with my mu-si-cal box!"

"A big, fat gen-tle-man came up smil-ing, and Mis-chiev-ous was, for a mo-ment, too fright-en-ed to move.

"So he is! That a clev-er lit-tle chap!" said the gen-tle-man.

"May I catch him and keep him for a pet?" asked the lit-tle girl.

"If you can," said the father, laugh-ing. She turned round, but Mis-chiev-ous was off. Her stung him-self to the near-est edge, and never stop-ped till he found him-self safe at home a-gain.—Cassell's Little Folks.

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Former Weddings in the Historic White House

THE ANNOUNCED engagement of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Congressman Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati draws attention to the rarity of weddings in the White House. The Roosevelt-Longworth ceremony will doubtless take place in the White House, for such a historic event is a fitting culmination of their romance.

The first nuptial ceremony ever held at the executive mansion of which there is any authentic record was during the administration of President Monroe, when Miss Todd, a relative of Mrs. Monroe, plighted her troth to a member of congress from Virginia, Mr. John G. Jackson. The first use of the east room for such a purpose was on the occasion of the nuptials of Miss Elizabeth Tyler, daughter of the president of that name, to Mr. William Walker of Virginia, the bride being but 19 years of age on January 13, 1821. An anecdote is connected with this event which proves that the great statesman, Daniel Webster, could apply his Scott as well as he could his law. The evening after the wedding, one who had acted as bridesmaid expressed surprise that "Lizzie Tyler" should leave the White House for a simple Virginia home. "Ah!" exclaimed the great expounder, "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, for love is heaven and heaven is love."

President Tyler himself felt cupid's dart a second time. A few years after the death of his wife, Letitia, he wooed and won the beautiful Miss Julia Gardiner of New York, one of the noted young belles of the day. A church in New York was chosen, however, rather than the White House for the ceremony, as the express wish of the bride, who was anxious to avoid all unnecessary demonstration.

Mr. John Adams, Jr., son of the president of that name, was united, during his father's term, to Miss Helen of Washington, his mother's niece. Dr. Hawley of St. John's church officiated and General Ramsey, one of the groomsmen, used to have in later years for one of his shoddest anecdotes that President Adams, famous for his habitual grave deportment, danced a Virginia reel at the wedding with much apparent enjoyment.

During General Jackson's time the White House was the scene of two weddings, one between his niece, Miss Eastern, and Mr. Folk of Tennessee, and the other between Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Pappeal, who was afterward French minister to this country. Martha, the 17-year-old daughter of President Monroe, was married in the East room to Samuel Gouverneur, who had been her father's private secretary.

President Van Buren's son, Colonel Abraham Van Buren, married Miss Angella Singleton, a wealthy South Carolina, though educated in Philadelphia, during the November following his father's inauguration. The ceremony was not held at the executive mansion, but on New Year's day Mrs. Van Buren, assisted by the ladies of the cabinet, received with her father-in-law.

Perhaps the most brilliant social event of General Grant's administration was the

marriage of his daughter Ellen, which has become a recollection which all who witnessed it delight to revert. This young White House bride was always the delight of her father's heart and her own filial love was always marked. At the time of his first inauguration, when the general had just commenced reading his message, his little daughter became alarmed at the unusual scene and ran from her mother's side to where her father was standing and put her hand in his. Near him her fears were quieted. Many recalled this touching incident, when a bride of but 19, she stood the central figure in the great East room, this time by the husband of her choice. Algernon Charles Frederick Bartsford, her youthful loveliness was enhanced by a rich gown of white satin and a long bridal veil which completely enveloped her. She was attended by eighteen bridesmaids, all gowned alike in every particular, in white corded silk, with oval dresses of white illusion. Colonel Fred Grant attended the groom, the ceremony being performed by Rev. O. H. Tiffany.

A wedding was celebrated in the Blue room during President Hayes' term of office, the occasion being the marriage of his niece, Miss Emily Platt, to General Russell Hastings.

President Hayes also celebrated the anniversary of his silver wedding while at the White House, and it is the first time that such a celebration was ever held there. The state apartments were elaborately decorated and the national coat-of-arms was everywhere displayed. The members of the cabinet, the family and near friends, including the Rev. Dr. McCabe, who officiated at the marriage twenty years before, were the only guests. Mrs. Hayes looked almost herself a bride as she stood near her husband, gowned in white silk, with her hair arranged in plain bands gathered at the back with a silver comb.

All the world heard accounts of Grover Cleveland's wedding, the first American president ever married at his official home. All the bells of Washington rang forth at the moment of the ceremony, and an eye-witness has said that as national coat-of-arms had become the bride of the president of the United States. The bridal gown was a splendid creation, the train falling in graceful folds, four yards in length. The veil, of white silk tulle, was fastened on the head with orange blossoms, and an eye-witness has said that as the bride stood by the side of the president she was a rare vision of loveliness. After the marriage had been performed according to the Presbyterian ritual by Rev. Dr. Sunderland, the strains of "Lohengrin" were softly played, that immortal melody without which no marriage seems complete. Each guest of the splendid supper afterward received a white satin box filled with wedding cake, on the cover of which the date of the event was hand painted in colors and a card was affixed to the box on which the distinguished pair had inscribed their autographs.

It is to this historic list that the marriage of Alice Roosevelt and Mr. Longworth will be added and in brilliancy and significance it may exceed them all.