

MARRIED MEN MOST PLEASING

Bachelors, in Comparison, Are Declared to Be Chicks Not Yet Out of the Shell.

The interesting and delightful men are all married. I found that out years ago, about the same time I discovered that none of the eligible men of my acquaintance would ever do as husbands.

It has made me wonder if good husbands are born and not made, or whether it is the refining influence of the "other women" in their lives that has made them so adorable. Very likely that is it—or else they had good mothers who began their education before they were born. Or is it—I shrink from saying—is it that we women have become imbued with that same thirst for the unattainable that from time immemorial has been the undoing of men? Are the good old days when a husband and wife had no thought for anyone on earth but one another really gone, and is every one discontented and groaning under his matrimonial chains and fetters.

Is the real reason why we attract or are attracted by other women's husbands that we are unattainable or forbidden? It cannot be true! There must be something less petty than the crying of the child for the moon behind it all.

There are bachelors downtown, too, many of them. But somehow, those whom I meet seem crude and unformed in comparison with the "other women's husbands." Immature and unrefined. Back in my little country village I used to assist the Plymouth Rock hen with the hatching of her chicks, picking off the little bits of shell from the round hells of feathers and helping in my clumsy way that the chick might get its bearings. I am always wanting figuratively to poke off a bit of shell here and there from the bachelors of my acquaintance and watch them get their eyes open—the poor things are so blind where women are concerned.—Phillipa Lyman in Smart Set.

When Edwin Forrest Worked in Shop.

It has been said that the King of Prussia Inn was a landmark, and so it was. Opposite to it was the first Monravian church, another guide post in its time. From both of these structures strangers in the neighborhood were guided. We learn, for instance, that the shop in which Edwin Forrest as a boy worked was next to the King of Prussia. The number, at that time, was 71, and the embryonic tragedian's employers were Baker & Son. The Bakers were importers of German goods, and the elder member of the firm sadly shook his head at his young clerk, who was accustomed to pass more time in the company of a play book than he was in his duties. It is related that Mr. Baker, who is described as a very worthy and pious man, remarked one day to Forrest, in his own peculiar style and manner: "Edwin, my boy, this theoretical infatuation will be your ruin." The worthy man, of course, intended his remarks to apply to his apprentice's infatuation for theatricals.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Good Use for Castle.

It is possible—for the question is being discussed—that the French state will buy Kerjean, the finest of Breton castles, lying on the road between Landivisau and Plouescat and in the neighborhood of Morlaix, to make use of it as a museum of the arts and industries of Brittany and planned on the same principle as the Maison d'Arles. A museum worthy of Brittany does not exist and such a one should be constituted before certain features characteristic of the country are lost sight of in the modern leveling tide which is sweeping over it. Kerjean is large enough to hold all these and combine with collections of mere objects an "academy" of the literature, language, legends, folk lore and the history of the race. It is also a suitable locality for festivities, exhibitions, competitions and other ceremonies for the revival or preservation of the interesting traditions of Brittany.

A Sneer.

Judge Ben B. Lindsay, the father of children's courts, said in an address in Denver, apropos of criminal corporations:

"Why, even the thieves in the prisons have their shot at these malefactors. A Denver man, visiting one of our jails, said to a prisoner:

"Well, my friend, what brought you to this?"

"Poverty, boss," the prisoner answered with a sneer. "I didn't have enough money to turn myself into a corporation and hire a corporation lawyer to learn me how to steal legally."

Voices in the Night.

Hank Stubbs—Handy Crockett says she is pretty sure she heard a wireless message goin' overhead last night.

Big Miller—That warn't no wireless message; that wuz a flock uv quawks goin' south.—Boston Post.

A Delicate Point.

"What shall we do with Senator Smuggs?"

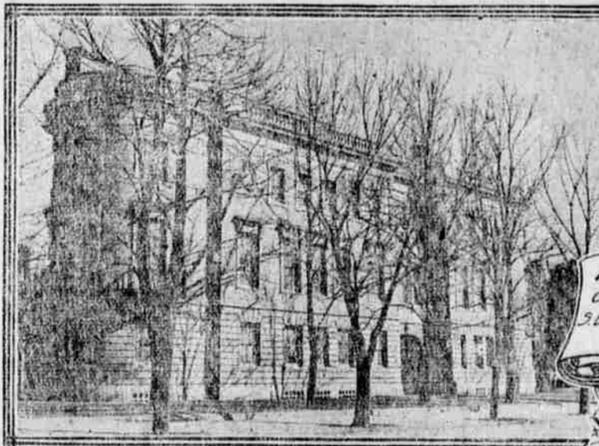
"Just say he was always faithful to his trust."

"And shall we mention the name of the trust?"

NOTABLE NEW MANSIONS AT WASHINGTON

FROM time out of mind the public has been wont to think of the city of Washington as gaining its greatest if not its sole distinction from being the seat of our national government—certainly honor enough for any community. Within the past few years, however, the city on the Potomac has come to have another significance. It is rapidly taking rank as the foremost residential mecca of the wealthy leisure class in America—even surpassing Newport in that respect. During the past decade wealthy men and women have been flocking to the District of Columbia from all parts of the country, and these wealthy invaders are erecting magnificent mansions that are coming to vie with the government buildings as objects of interest to the tourists and sight-seers who journey to Washington each year.

The moneyed folk who are taking up their residence at the capital of the nation are distinctly of the leisure class. No multi-millionaire would think of settling in Washington primarily for business reasons. There is practically no manufacturing and no extensive commercial interests



in the city—none of the ordinary channels of wealth production for Americans. However, it is just this absence of the commercial atmosphere combined with the mild and delightful winter climate of Washington that is attracting so many of the well-to-do newcomers. Having made their fortunes, they are eager to enjoy life in a city where almost everybody has more or less leisure; where there are infinite opportunities for amusement; where the climate is conducive to out-of-door sport all the year, and where, finally, there is ever to be witnessed the spectacle of official life with its parades, ceremonies and picturesque social functions.

Whole "colonies" of wealthy folk have migrated from different cities to Washington, notably from Chicago, Pittsburg, New York and Boston, and to some extent these colonies have foregathered in certain districts in their adopted city. A most interesting group of multimillionaires the members of which have lately built handsome mansions in Washington is made up of what is known as the "South African millionaires"—men who acquired the bulk of their fortunes in the gold mines and the diamond mines of the Dark Continent. Among these men who are now enjoying life at Washington are Hennen Jennings, Gardner Williams, who was for a long time manager of the famous De Beers diamond mines, and John Hays Hammond, chum of President Taft and the highest salaried mining engineer and expert in the world.

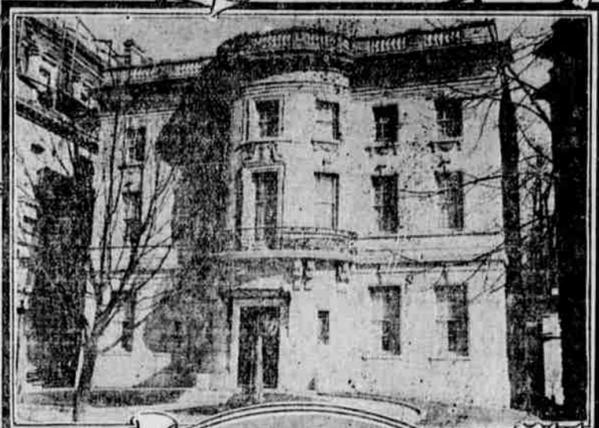
Perhaps the most notable feature of the invasion of Washington is found in the number of famous and wealthy widows who have taken up their abode there, most of them purchasing or erecting mansions. Among the well-known widows who have "adopted" Washington are Mrs. George M. Pullman, widow of the founder of the sleeping car company; Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. "Phil" Sheridan, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, widow of the Colorado mining king; Mrs. Mary Scott Townsend, who inherited many millions made in Pennsylvania coal and oil interests; Mrs. Slater, who requires 18 servants to minister to her lone comfort in a monster mansion, and a number of others.

The influx of wealthy householders has caused the price of real estate in Washington to advance by leaps and bounds in those favored sections of the northwest portion of the city which is being to a considerable extent monopolized by the fashionable. Land that a few years ago sold for \$1 to \$2 per square foot has jumped within a few years to \$10 per square foot, and in some exclusive neighborhoods it is almost impossible to secure a large building site for love or money. The mansions which have been erected have cost all the way from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 each and some of them have stables and garages that have cost as much as \$25,000 each.

The two principal hubs of this new moneyed colonization of the most beautiful city in the world are found in the two little circular parks or plazas known respectively as Dupont circle and Sheridan circle—so named because statues of these heroes grace these bits of greenward. Around Dupont circle are grouped the stately mansions of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson of Chicago, the Herbert Wadsworths of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman and their daughter, Miss Mabel (of Red Cross fame), formerly of Cleveland. Nearby is the new mansion of Perry Belmont of New York



RESIDENCE OF HENHEN JENNINGS



RESIDENCE OF MR. & MRS. S. B. WYETH



MANSION OF HERBERT WADSWORTH

MANSION OF LT. COL. BEAL, U.S.N. RETIRED



RESIDENCE OF GEN. CHARLES L. FITZHUGH

and the home of George Westinghouse, the famous inventor and manufacturer of Pittsburg. Encircling Sheridan circle are the mansions of Hennen Jennings, Mrs. Barney, Mrs. S. B. Wyeth of Philadelphia—another famous widow; Mrs. F. B. Moran, Gen. Charles L. Fitzhugh, Mrs. Sheridan, widow of the general; Lieutenant Beale, a wealthy retired officer of the United States navy, etc. The new mansions in Washington are notable not less for their magnificent architecture than for their spotless appearance. Washington being the cleanest of cities, it has been possible to make use of marble, terra cotta and delicately tinted mosaics on the exteriors of the residences and to have them retain indefinitely their pristine beauty.

Pathetic Case

Not so long ago the writer heard a little parting talk between a married couple. It wasn't a case of eavesdropping, because the conversation was right there to be necessarily overheard. The man was over forty and his wife was pretty close to forty herself.

"Well, you look pretty good to me, now that you're hikin' off, young feller," he said to her, sort of sneaking his hand over, so's to get hold of hers. "Look pretty middling good to me any old time, when it comes to that. It begins to look to me that I'm mashed on you beyond all redemption. If it does you any good to have your man make that kind of a fool schoolboy speech after all our years at the matrimony thing, why, you're welcome, kid, that's all."

"Well, I'll take mine out in thinking, dear," she replied, "and I'll write all of my foolish things in my letters. Now, you're honestly going to remember to feed the canary every day, aren't you? The maid can attend to cleaning the cage, but you yourself will feed little Dickie every

single day, now won't you? Promise me again, so I can feel comfy about it."

"Sure, I'll feed the bird. Say, I've just been noticing those hazel eyes of yours. You've sure got 'em all skinned forty ways from the jack when it comes to the brown lamps, and—"

"Such silliness!" she interrupted him, looking pleased. "Now, dearie, listen. You won't be getting poor old Melinda to cook you those dreadful messes—things with horrid cheese in them—that you're so crazy over and that make you sick, will you? Promise me solemnly once again, now, won't you?"

"Nix on cheesy things, as solemn as you want it," said he. "Going to be a mighty dreary, dismal old limitation of a flat without you in it, sis, and don't you ever forget that. It sure does get me gully around the glue works to see you going off, and I find that it's getting harder every time you go away for a little trip to see your folks. One of these old days I'm going to pour an awful gob of grief all over you by going along with you when you go away."

"Now listen, Jim; I darned up all your socks day before yesterday, but I forgot to put them in your drawer, and you'll find them in my work basket, and my work basket is in the box couch in the sitting-room, and for mercy's sake, Jim, please remember this so you won't pull the whole flat to pieces looking for your socks, won't you? Now, there you are, with a faraway look in your eyes, and you're not hearing one single, solitary word that I'm saying to you."

"G'way, I've heard every word you've said. You said you sewed some buttons on the box couch in the spare room, and that—"

"Now, just listen to that! Listen to me, sir—stop looking at those crazy skylarking dogs on their way to the baggage car, but listen to me. I said socks. Socks in the work basket, in box couch. Repeat the words after me, sir, just like this: Socks in work basket in box couch."

"Socks in sock basket in box couch—say, hun, I haven't time for any such fool things as socks. It's your going away that's got my goat. Doggone it, can't I stand here and mutter my thoughts to you without your ringing in work couches and socks and birds and cheese puddings and such junk on me?"

Most husbands are pretty good fellows, when it comes to all that. Dub along, most of 'em, and do the best they can, considering that they're ornery he-creatures. And most of 'em, despite the old funnystical gag, just naturally HATE to see their wives go away.—Washington Star.

NATURAL ACT FOR MOTHER

Women Understand That Not Heroism but Simply Love Prompted Self-Sacrifice.

A few days ago, in a somewhat squallid neighborhood, a house caught fire. The flames shot quickly through the litter on the floor and the untidy array of clothing on the walls. A woman talking with a neighbor ran screaming to the house and without an instant's hesitation sprang through the smoking doorway into what already seemed an inferno. A moment later she staggered out, her hands and face blackened and blistered and her clothing on fire. In her arms she bore her baby, safe from harm.

The afternoon papers came out with the story, printed under headlines extolling this mother's heroism. Men read it on the street cars, and as their eyes gleamed with the stirring of the spirit which leaps to great noble deeds they said: "That woman dared to do what most men would be afraid to do." But the mothers who read it at home did not think that way. Perhaps the danger of the baby, the wrecking of the home and the burns the woman suffered brought moisture to their eyes, but to them the act was not one of heroism—it was simply what any natural mother, no matter how timid, would do under the same circumstances.—Cleveland Leader.

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