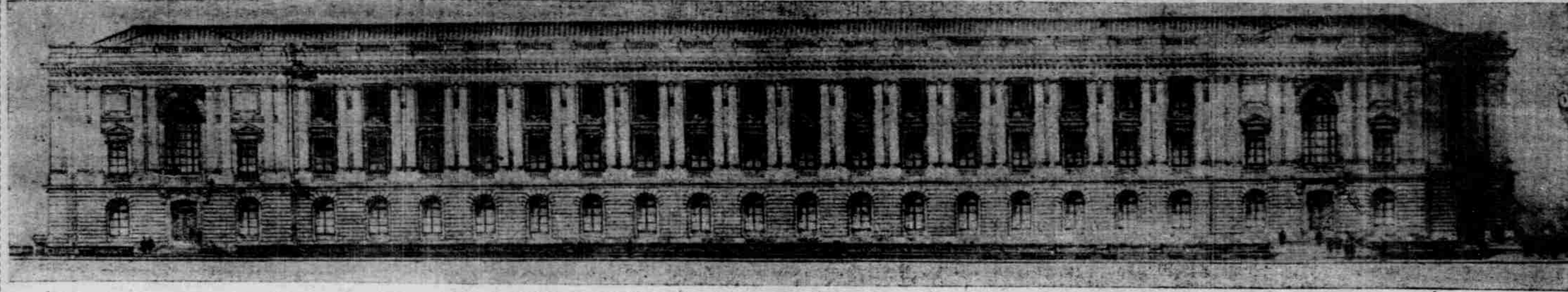


THREE MARBLE PALACES AT WASHINGTON

Buildings for Agricultural Department and House and Senate Offices Adjoining the Capitol.



FRONT ELEVATION OFFICE BUILDING FOR HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.



BUILDINGS FOR THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, May 6.—The United States Government has begun the expenditure of nearly \$2,000,000 in erecting three magnificent public buildings in this city, an office building for the House of Representatives, a similar building for the Senate and a new home for the Department of Agriculture, all in white marble.

Work is well advanced on the foundations of two of the buildings, and the site for the third has but recently been cleared preparatory to excavation. It is always difficult to foretell when any Government building will be completed, but if expectations are fulfilled, all three will be ready for occupancy within three or four years.

The most costly building of the lot, and the most extensive is the House office building, which will occupy an entire city block just south of the Capitol and facing the broad Capitol Park. It will be three stories in height and will in a general way conform to the style of architecture of the Capitol itself, save that it will be low and flat and lack the striking dome which characterizes Washington's most famous structure.

This building is to provide members of Congress with a place to do their work. The average Representative is now compelled to hire an office or do his clerical work in his apartments at his hotel or boarding-house. He has no office conveniences. Only the lucky men who are

chairmen of committees now have offices provided them by the Government. The building will contain 400 individual offices, which will accommodate as many Representatives, and will contain a large conference hall, in which either party can, at will, hold caucuses or party conferences. The hall of the House is now used for that purpose, but it is too large to be well adapted. In fact, it is generally conceded to be too large for the work which must be performed there.

The new office building will provide every member with a thoroughly equipped room in which to transact his public business; the equipment will be practically the same as is found in every modern office building. In addition, a large dining-room will be installed in a convenient corner, so that members need not travel back to the Capitol for luncheon or dinner.

The building will be nearly square, measuring 476 feet on one side and 470 feet on the other. In the center will be an immense court, which will permit of two rows of offices on each side, one set opening onto the street, the other into the court.

To the north of the Capitol, on a square corresponding to that occupied by the House office building, will be erected a very similar, though smaller office building for the Senate. This will closely resemble in design that being built for the House, though it will contain fewer rooms. In equipment and finish it will be like

the House building. These two buildings, one north and the other south of the Capitol, will present a striking architectural combination. Their design will harmonize with that of the Capitol, and the two low, flat buildings of white marble will serve to offset the great white building between them.

Congress first authorized the House building, to cost \$2,000,000. A year later the Senate found that it, too, needed office room, and \$2,000,000 was appropriated for Senate offices, to replace rented quarters nearby. Ultimately both buildings will be connected with the Capitol by underground tunnels, so that Senators and Representatives may go to and from their offices without going outdoors in bad weather. For the time being, however, the tunnels will be omitted.

The new building for the Department of Agriculture is even more striking, architecturally, than the House and Senate office. The Department of Agriculture has developed wonderfully in the last ten years. It has grown from a comparatively insignificant arm of the Government into one of the most important and far-reaching of all the departments. Quarters that were more than commodious 20 years ago don't hold one-fourth of the offices now making up the Department of Agriculture. The Government is now renting four times as much office space for this department as it is able to supply in its own building. This is the worst

crowded of all the departments. That is why Congress, when in a liberal mood, appropriated \$2,500,000 for a new department building.

The new Department of Agriculture will be an immense three-story-and-basement building with a frontage over all of 760 feet. In the center will be the main Administrative building, where the Secretary and heads of bureaus will have their offices. At either end, after the fashion of the Capitol, will be immense wings to be known as laboratory buildings, which will connect with the main building by curtain wings, giving the building the appearance from the front of being one vast pile.

This building will, it is believed, provide sufficient room for all the offices of the Agricultural Department, but if the present rate of growth continues, another will be needed in time. It will be erected immediately in the rear of the present brick building, the latter to be demolished when the new one is occupied.

All in all, Washington is to be greatly improved by the addition of three great public buildings. While none will equal the Library building in elegance or design, all will be striking specimens of architecture on a grand scale, commensurate with the dignity and importance of the Government. They should all be finished before another President is inaugurated.

"For Better or for Worse," a Twentieth Century Honeymoon

BY VIRGINIA NILES LEEDS.

MRS. AND MRS. HAROLD HARRIS, attended by eight bridesmaids, twelve ushers and all the other adjuncts of a fashionable wedding, have just been pronounced man and wife. They are driving from the church in their charmingly appointed brougham to receive the good wishes of their friends at the reception following the ceremony.

Harold—Well, my dear, we're married. Do you realize that?

Mrs. Harold—Are we, really? Isn't it awful? That is, I mean, doesn't it seem odd?

Harold—Yes, awfully odd. But I dare say we'll get accustomed. People can get accustomed to anything—touché, or hanging, or anything—in time.

Mrs. Harold—Yes, I dare say, and perhaps it won't be so dreadful after a little. How long do you suppose it takes to get accustomed, Harold?

Harold—Complimentarily—Oh, not long. A few months ought to do the business.

Mrs. Harold—They'll pass soon. Even the longest months pass quickly.

Harold—Yes. By the way, my dear, you looked very nice floating up the aisle. White is extremely becoming to you. If I were going to be a tyrannical husband I should insist upon you always wearing it. Would it muss things if I kissed my wife?

Mrs. Harold, in alarm—Oh, Harold, you mustn't think of such a thing! If you knew the time it took Mrs. Cockerham to pin on my veil! She said it mustn't be touched and that it would only be the grace of the bon Dieu which would keep it in position! It would never do to go through the reception with a disarranged veil. I almost passed away in church when Natalie took my bouquet, fearing it might catch in the veil. Any way, I thought there wasn't to be any sort of foolishness between us that we were to be a sensible couple from the start.

Harold (laughing)—Oh, very well; anything to please a bride. Ethelwyn, you mind if I put my arm back of you? You see, in a brougham there isn't much accommodation for a fellow's arms. He seems somehow all arms and feet. I won't touch you, I promise.

Mrs. Harold (seriously)—It's all the same to you, Harold, I think you'd better not. You see, you might touch me without meaning to, and white soils so easily and point lace crumples so!

Harold—Just as you say. It's up to me to do the agreeable on our wedding day. We went into this thing, as you know, with the idea of getting as much mutual good out of it as possible. It's a risky business at best, and it wouldn't do to begin by having a dispute.

Mrs. Harold—That's my good, sensible Harold! It is so nice of you to remember our resolutions. Do you know, my dear, I really think we are going to be happy, in spite of the fearful mess people usually make of matrimony!

Harold—Do you, honestly, Ethelwyn? Isn't it odd? I have had vague notions of the sort myself, but I didn't like to mention them for fear you'd laugh at me (penitently). I shouldn't be at all surprised if we pulled together uncommonly well. Of course, all those things we promised at the altar were rubbish, and we didn't mean a word of them—people never do!

But I intend to be as good to you as I know how. You shall have your own way in everything that concerns you and I shan't interfere with you any more than you will with me. If you stay out late with some of your old pals when I am off with mine I shan't wait up for you if I chance to get in first, and I never mean to ask you any questions about the fellows you were engaged to before you met me.

Mrs. Harold (appreciatively)—How good of you, Harold. So thoughtful! How good of you, Harold. So thoughtful! How good of you, Harold. So thoughtful!

fair in a husband. Why should I go prying into my wife's past any more than she into mine? If you began asking me about the girls I was engaged to I should be bored to extinction just as I expect you to be if I asked you about the fellows. Where'd be the use of it, anyhow? Neither of us married any of the others. That's where people make their mistake in married life by asking inconvenient questions concerning the past. It's what makes matrimony a failure. Now, ours is going to be a happy, jolly, congenial affair, isn't it?

Mrs. Harold—Indeed it is, and I am glad you have formed that sensible resolution. I should hate to have to begin counting up the old flames. I just know I'd forget some of them! Every now and then something occurs which recalls some one whom I had forgotten as completely as though he had never been. I haven't a bit of curiosity concerning your old girls—as you say, you didn't marry any of them.

Harold (aside, I came precious near it!)—No, my dear; nothing was further from my thoughts. They were merely passing fancies, and I've got them out of my head long ago. You are the only one I really ever married—that's a fact, Ethelwyn, as I live!

Mrs. Harold—I appreciate the compliment, believe me, Harold, and can return it. You won't mind my men friends coming to the house as usual, will you?

Harold—Not in the least. And you won't mind my going out to see mine?

Mrs. Harold—Of course not. I can't imagine anything more dreaded than to have one's husband hanging around the house all the time. Home is no place for a man. Before everything I wish to make you happy, Harold.

Harold—Thanked! I see you have the right idea of marriage, my dear.

Mrs. Harold—And you'll never ask what things cost, will you? Nor where the money has gone, if it goes quickly? That seems to me the fatal error in married life.

Harold—Never so long as your on money hangs out. You shall do what you like with your own, little woman.

Mrs. Harold, enthusiastically—You are so generous, Harold! Oh, I know we are going to be wildly happy! You won't mind my going to the play with other men occasionally, will you? People talk so at seeing a woman always with her own husband!

Harold—Certainly not, any more than you'll object to my taking other girls. But if we chance to run across each other at the theater or at one of the restaurants it is understood that we recognize each other civilly and that no questions are to be asked afterward, isn't it? There's where you get your real congeniality in married life and how to prevent the honeymoon from wearing. Constant bickering over trifles is what wears love away.

Mrs. Harold, thoughtfully—You are right. I'll remember that. Of course, I shan't expect you to open my letters, Harold.

Harold—I wouldn't dream of it. And you won't open mine nor search my pockets, or any of those other disagreeable, unladylike things?

Mrs. Harold—Positively never! Nothing to my mind is so wretched as being between husband and wife. And we shall have two night keys between us?

Harold—I have already ordered them.

Mrs. Harold—You dear boy, how you do think of everything! It's a wonderful thing to be married, and thus far I like it very much. Only think, I can now have "Mrs." on my cards and can go everywhere without a chaperon!

Harold—Great isn't it? A girl doesn't know what freedom is until she's married.

Mrs. Harold—And a man?

Harold—Well, if a man marries a sensible girl like you he doesn't have to go so awfully much, really. You see, it's all the way one goes into the thing. When people take to matrimony as rationally as they you and I are doing it

needn't be so much of a grind on either side. A man finds after living at his club as long as I have that there's not much in it. It isn't like home, and, anyway, the club is always there and he can go to it whenever the servants leave or his wife is in the dumps or things aren't so much liking at home. Neither one nor the other would be pleasant all the time. It's a clever arrangement to have both. When he gets dull at the club he can come home and find his little wife all smiles and blue ribbons, and then when blue ribbons and smiles begin to pall he can go back to the club. Isn't that the idea?

Mrs. Harold—The only sensible one. In these days the women have so much to interest them, too, that they don't have to stop home and bore themselves with the stupid details of housekeeping. You surely won't expect me to look after the house, Harold?

Harold—Surely not, my dear. What am I engaging five servants for if my wife has to tie herself down to the house?

Mrs. Harold—You have so much common sense, dear! Really, I never saw a man with one-half so much! As a rule, men have such peculiar ideas about women and her duties. Why, I have actually heard some say that home was woman's domain and that she belonged there day after day!

Harold—Silly beggars! They didn't know the first rudiments of domestic bliss. They must have been cynical old bachelors who never had a home.

Mrs. Harold—Practical of some sort, naturally. You won't mind my keeping up my bridge, will you, Harold? You know they call me a crackjack player and it would never do to let more matrimony interfere with my game. I never play more than seven times a week, anyway, and such moderation ought not to be objected to.

Harold (magnanimously)—Keep on with your cards, ma chere. Far be it from me to deny my wife any little innocent amusement. You won't bother me either with questions, will you, if I stay out all night at the club over a little friendly

game? Seven times a week would be rather too rich for my blood, but I could manage two or three quite nicely. I can trust it isn't to make such remarks about blue or red chips falling out of my pockets after such a season? Nothing is so odious to a man as sarcasm or repartee to his wife in the morning.

Mrs. Harold—And nothing would be further from my thoughts! If you can win as much at your little game as I can at mine I should have no earthly objection to your playing as often as you like, and as for the chips, do I look like the girl who would raise an objection to chips? Play all you like, my dear Harold.

Harold—Thanks. Oh, I tell you, Ethelwyn, we are fortunate in being born in this blessed 20th century instead of in the days of our grandparents! What a life they led, eh? She knuckled down to the house with her nose to the dishpan and he hustling after the coin! No time for any sentiment and romance, as there is in ours. Poor old duffers! No wonder they're all dead. They couldn't survive such a treadmill existence.

Mrs. Harold—Indeed, we cannot be too thankful. If things were today as they were in the time of our grandparents there would be fewer marriages.

Harold—Yes, fewer marriages and fewer divorces.

Mrs. Harold (quickly)—Oh, Harold, please don't speak of divorce. Somehow it seems bad form for people to begin speaking about divorces before they have started on their wedding tour.

Harold—All right, Mrs. Harcourt, anything to please you. I shan't mention the subject till we get back, I promise you.

Mrs. Harold—You are so good!

Harold—What an appreciative little woman! Why, by Jove, here we are! How short the ride has seemed!

Mrs. Harold—Yes, hasn't it? Oh, Harold, do you know, in spite of the terrible risk we have run, that people always run, in taking the fatal step of matrimony, I do believe we are going to be deliciously happy.

Cataclysm.

On the Names of Women

Which Are Most Popular and Which Are the Prettiest.

Boston Herald.

Out of 415 names sent in to some competition, the most popular one was Helen. "Next stood Mary or its variations, Marie, May, etc. The old-fashioned and sprightly Susan was not found once, nor was Deborah."

Names, whether they be of a family, or Christian or pagan, are of singular interest to the thoughtful, who can well appreciate the consolation and joy that the mere sound of Mesopotamia brought to the old woman listening devoutly to every word of the preacher. There is no science to them more fascinating than that of onomatology. The ear of one is charmed by Russell's lines:

"We (we) she said, 'Will seek the groves Where the lady Mary is. With her five handmaidens, whose names Are five sweet symphonies—Beatrice, Gertrude, Margaret, and Rosalys."

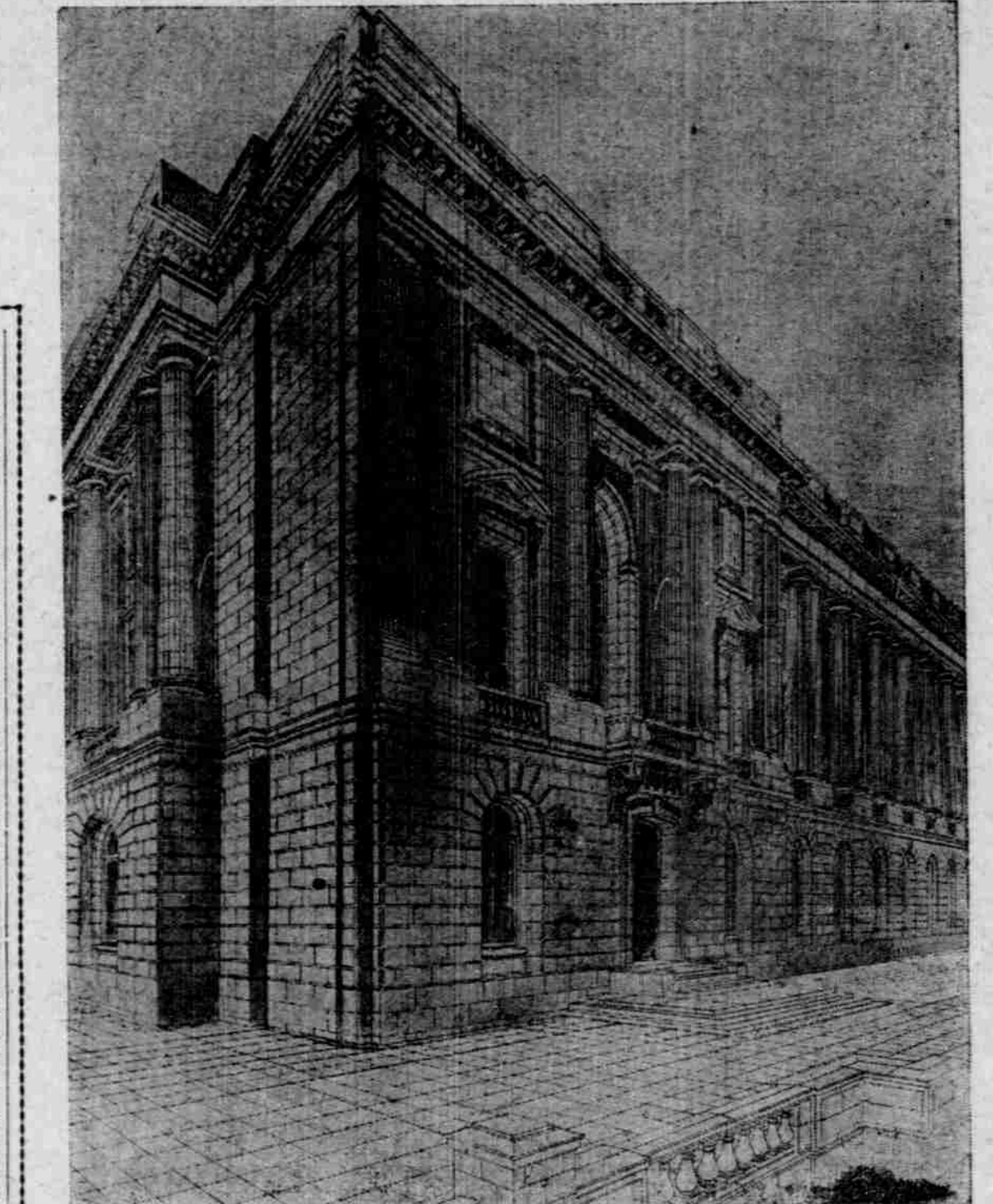
He appreciates the exquisite art with which Claude Dubuay found music for this verse from "The Blessed Dancel." He also remembers the poem made up almost wholly of women's names by the gracefully graceful Catulle Mendès; and he hears the dying Meleager apostrophizing "Atlanta, the pure among women, whose name is as blessing to speak." And, other is delighted with the quaintness of the fact that daughters of a farmer on a New England hillside are called Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-happuch. We know a family in which the daughters are named Vashti, Abigail and Clarissa. Another, a lover of the paradoxical, is pleased at the sight of the dark-skinned and beetle-

browed Blanche, a painful clumsy Grace, a reckless Prudence, a coquettish Mercy, and a giggling Victoria. It would be wiser not to give a daughter a name before her figure and character are fully developed.

The whimsical Dr. Dove never called any woman Mary, though he thought Marie, the sea, in too many respects emblematic of the sex; he preferred Molly as being soft. Nor would he change Sarah into Sally, for the latter woman reminded him of rovers. Susan was always Sue, because women are to be sued.

But the doctor, we fear, was a puritan, and a pun is the abomination of desolation. A woman of dignified character or stately carriage should never bear a name that may easily be made flippant by the abbreviating irreverent. Hannah is spoiled forever by the coarse inquiry as to what's the matter with her. Priscilla is still romantic, chiefly through association with the courtship of Miles Standish. No mother acquainted with the classics would name her daughter Sappho, Laïs, Thais, Phryne, Messalina; yet they are pretty names, and no doubt they were given to pure and radiant women of old before certain bearers of them became too famous.

The New England parents went for years to the Bible or they followed old English precedent. Look over the genealogy of any New England family of long line—say nine generations—and there are names that new, unfortunately, are uncommon: Eunice, Bathsheba, Roxana, Esther, Thomasine—though we prefer the name without the final "e"—Susanna. We would not name a girl Judith, for there is the recollection of a bloody and



CORNER OF OFFICE BUILDING FOR HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

deceitful woman; nor do Apphia, Drusilla, Roccina, Callia, Retire, Lucinda commend themselves.

To name a daughter is an act of great importance, to be undertaken only after fasting and prayer. The daughter will probably change her family name, but the Christian name sticks unless the girl goes on the stage and seeks apt alliteration's artful aid to make herself more conspicuous and fascinating. Yet Sarah

is the first name of Mme. Bernhardt, and the handsome Mme. Harding is plain Jane.

Advantages and Disadvantages.

Boston Herald.

There is a typewriter's (female) lunch club in New York where girls can get bread for 1 cent, butter for 1 cent, coffee or tea for 2 cents, meat for 4 cents,

and, as a climax, ice cream for 5 cents. Another advantage of the club is thus described: "Shoe shines without men watching." And yet the sight of a pretty, modest, refined, graceful, perfectly self-possessed, man-ignoring girl having a neat little shoe carefully manipulated in public is one of which we should not too recklessly be deprived.

Danderine

GREW MISS LEWIS' HAIR

AND WE CAN PROVE IT

The Great Danderine Never Fails to Produce the Desired Results

MISS Lewis' hair was very thin and it was less than two feet in length when she began using Danderine. She says her hair and scalp are now fairly teeming with new life and vigor. That's the main secret of this great remedy's success as a hair grower. It enlivens, invigorates and fairly electrifies the hair glands and tissues of the scalp, causing unusual and unheard-of activity on the part of these two most important organs, resulting in a strenuous and continuous growth of the hair.

The following is a reproduction of Miss Lewis' last letter:

January 3, 1905.

Dear Doctor Knowlton:—

You know I told you in my first letter that my hair would not reach below my shoulders, and that all of it together only made one tiny braid.

To show how quickly Danderine acts we will send a large sample free by return mail to any one who sends this advertisement to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

Sincerely yours, (Miss) EVA LEWIS.

Danderine makes the scalp healthy and fertile and keeps it so. It is the greatest scalp fertilizer and therefore the greatest hair-producing remedy the world has ever known. It is a natural food and a wholesome medicine for both the hair and scalp. Even a 25c bottle of it will put more genuine life in your hair than a gallon of any other hair tonic ever made. It shows results from the very start.

NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1. per bottle.

To show how quickly Danderine acts we will send a large sample free by return mail to any one who sends this advertisement to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

FOR SALE AND GUARANTEED BY WOODARD, CLARKE & COMPANY.

Latest Photograph of MISS EVA LEWIS
4572 Hamilton Avenue, Chicago