

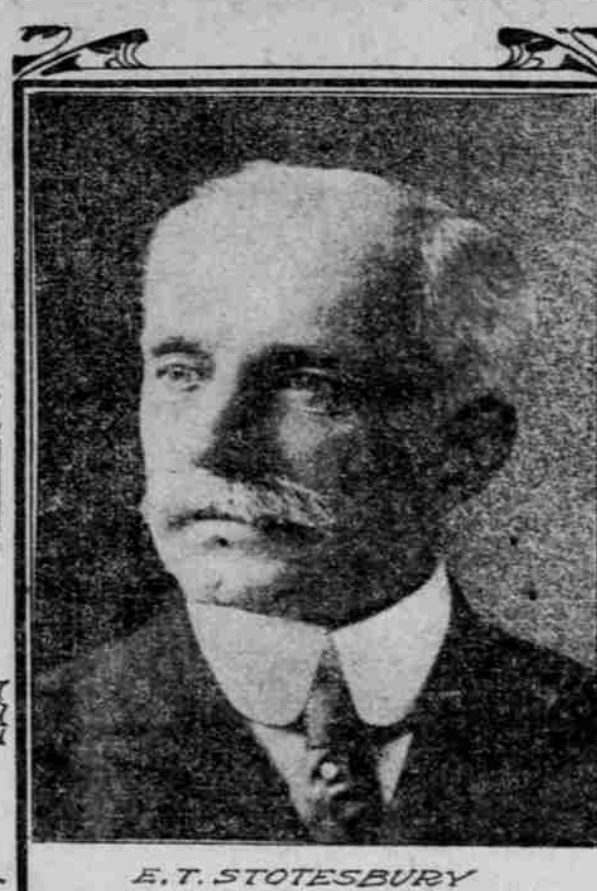
PHOTOGRAPHS OF PERSONS AND SCENES WHICH ILLUSTRATE NEWS OF THE WEEK



CROWN PRINCE, GERMANY.



CROWN PRINCESS, GERMANY.



E. T. STOTESBURY



MAHARAJA OF BURDWAN.

NEW YORK, March 6. (Special).—Accompanying are photographs and text to illustrate persons and scenes in connection with the week's news.

The Crown Prince of Germany promises to be the next royal visitor and though he will come as the Baron Hohenhausen of the Count of Drachenstein he will be much feted during his stay. If he brings the Crown Princess with him, there will be an additional hurrah in society and many will be the heart-burnings over the question of their entertainment. The Prince will come to attend the Sonderklasse races this summer, if he comes at all. He will be formally the guest of the New York Yacht Club, and though the State Department may appoint a special representative to look after the social features of his visit and determine vexing disputes, it is likely the Cornelius Vanderbilts will be his principal hosts.

Sir Andrew Fraser, the Governor of Bengal, was attacked recently by a fanatic and would probably have been seriously injured if not killed if the Maharaja of Burdwan had not interposed to save him. The Maharaja threw himself in front of the assassin and so protected the English Governor from injury. The Maharaja is earnestly pro-English, though the population of which he is the hereditary ruler is thoroughly disaffected. He has visited England and been received by King Edward.

Wall Street watches the health of its chiefs as a loyal population watches over the health of its reigning house. This is not through personal interest or affection but is due wholly to the fear of a change of dynasty. In railroad government this is as serious as in a constitutional monarchy or a republic. The death of Morgan or Harriman or any other great railroad man would cause a serious decline in the stock market. One of the disturbing factors in Wall Street recently has been the report that E. H. Harriman, now the greatest railroad owner and manager in the world, was ill. The Street was somewhat reassured when it heard that Mr. Harriman had not taken a doctor with him to his camp in Texas. Mr. Harriman is in camp near San Antonio. It is a model camp and near it stands the private car of Mr. Harriman on a side track with its staid cook and well-equipped larder. So Mr. Harriman is not so "far from home" though he is in Texas.

E. T. Stotesbury is the latest Cabinet possibility. He had a long conference with Mr. Taft in Philadelphia two days ago and he was hailed immediately as a possible Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Stotesbury is a banker of National reputation. He is a native of Philadelphia and was educated in the public schools of that city. At 17 he entered the house of Drexel & Company, of which he is now a member. He is a director in many railroads, trust companies, insurance companies, etc. He recently achieved fame by coming to the rescue of Oscar Hammerstein when the impresario demanded a loan of \$400,000 from the capitalists of Philadelphia and could not obtain it on the security of his opera house.

These are photographs of Troop A of Cleveland and its Commander, Captain Scofield. It was the escort of McKinley at his inauguration and it has the record of being the escort of all the Ohioans elected to the Presidential office. It escorted Mr. Taft to the Capitol and back to the White House March 4.

No great field of philanthropy has been the object of so much general interest in recent years as tuberculosis. The showing made by the recent tuberculosis exhibition in New York (following the exhibit in Washington and preceding one in Philadelphia) has awakened the interest of many rich men and women who are contributing liberally to the work of fighting the White Plague.



HARRIMAN, HIS CAR AND DELEGATION FROM SAN ANTONIO.



HARRIMAN CAMP NEAR SAN ANTONIO

The latest recruit is Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. She has undertaken to build model tenements for those afflicted with tuberculosis. These buildings are now being constructed on Avenue A and Avenue B between 17th and 78th streets. The building will be models of sanitary convenience and will be equipped with roof gardens and balconies for out-door sleeping. Mrs. Vanderbilt has not been satisfied merely to give a million to the cause. She has interested herself personally in the matter and has visited the sick and studied their condition and their needs.

In the marriage of Sylvia Green to

Matthew Astor Wilkes, one of the most notable events matrimonial in America was recorded. The bride is the daughter of Henry Green, reputed the wealthiest woman in the world, with a fortune ranging from \$50,000,000 to \$80,000,000. The groom is a great-grandson of John Jacob Astor. There were no elaborate surroundings at the wedding, and the bride was simply dressed. The wedding took place across the line to Canada. Mrs. Green "gave her love" to her daughter for a wedding present, but said that at her death her daughter would be further remembered. The wedding was followed by a modest reception at the Morristown Inn, Morristown, N. J.

It is only these structural features that must be planned prior to execution, since the details of planting may be developed as the place develops. Interest is kept by the incidental experiments with new seeds and plants and other modifications which can be made later.

In Portland, with our incomparable climate and the richness of garden soil, cheapness of seeds and inspiration of what others are doing to have beautiful gardens and lawns, there is no earthly reason why everyone should not have the yard in front of his particular doorstep a delight to the eye and nostril with its rioting mass of annuals and the quieter green of a well-kept lawn.

No matter if your lawn is no bigger than the proverbial postage stamp, keep it in good condition. When the soil and climate of Oregon give so much in return for our work, the least we can do is to plant seed and do our part in making the Portland favor still. Springtime and all its attendant glories and scents and heart and so gladden others, as well as yourself, by planting seeds and getting back to nature.



TROOP 'A', OHIO, PRESIDENT'S ESCORT MARCH 4, 09



MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT.



CAPT. SCOFIELD, TROOP 'A'—OHIO

Planting Season Is Now On in Full Blast in Portland

Plans for Laying Out Both Lawn and Garden Should Be Made Long Before It Is Time to Set Out Seeds.

BY LEONE CASS BARR. HE desire to grow things is primitive in human nature. The most blasé and city hardened individual feels an inbred longing, at this season of the year, to see the green shoots of his own sowing come into existence. The love of earth, the rich odor of it, and the pure joy of turning it up with gardening tools, planting the tiny seeds of bulbs, and watching them grow in the rare Oregon days that follow planting time, is an opportunity to be seized by every one who has a two-by-four spot which he may till.

Where there are children there should also be a garden—a plot of some sort with growing things in it. One of the most important items in a child's education is a knowledge of plant life. How better could one have a practical demonstration than by giving him a small garden of his own, or where this is not practicable, allowing him to help plant and watch the family garden.

The joy of a garden spot or nice lawn never depends on the area, nor, fortunately,

nately in the selection of either rare or expensive plants. It really depends very much upon the temper of the individual whose luck it is to own the garden. It is imperative that we seek to love nature and plants, and then to cultivate that condition of mind which is satisfied with little. If our gardens thrive and prosper, we should be happy; and if the ones we most desire to grow see fit to die and others which we didn't plant come up to greet us, let us be cheerful about it. They are plants, and evidently nature is satisfied with her handiwork. If it is true that we usually covet those things which we cannot have, it is equally true that we are infinitely happier when we love the things that grow because they must grow. A patch of hardy dog fennel, waving and spreading in luxuriant green, abandoned, may prove a better and worthier object of love than a well-ordered bed of lilies of which all spirit, individuality and life has been suppressed, sheared, pruned and conventionalized.

It is useless to expect satisfaction in the planting and development of a home acre unless one has a definite conception of what he wants done. The pleasure which



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