PROTECT THEIR ROADS.

European Countries Know the Value of Wide Tires.

European countries have long discarded narrow tires in order to preserve and build their highways, and also because it is an economy in the use of the vehicle and the weight that a horse is able to draw, says the Good Roads Magazine. Wide tires are not only lighter in their draft than narrower ones under nearly all conditions, but they roll the roads smooth instead of cutting them to pieces. A four inch tire on a wagon carrying a heavy load is a road builder.

In France every freight and market wagon is a roadmaker. The tires are from three to ten inches in width, usu-



A NARROW TIRE ROAD.

ally from four to six inches. Most loads are carried on two wheeled carts with a single horse, the loads weighing over two tons. With the new four wheeled vehicles used in France the tires are rarely less than six inches in width and the rear axle about fourteen inches longer than the fore axle, so that the rear or hind wheels run about one inch outside of the level rolled by the front wheels.

In Germany the law prescribes that all the wagons drawing heavy loads, such as coal, brick, earth, stone, etc., must have tires at least four inches wide. It is worse than useless to cre- he took the position vacated by Mr. ate expensive and valuable highways Cortelyou. A perfectly clean desk to have them only cut to pieces by the use of narrow tires as now used for the hauling of heavy loads in this country. When an expensive highway has been created it must be taken care of. and methods heretofore permitted must be changed in order to help maintain it. Wide tires are of the greatest value in preserving ordinary dirt roads.

The Family.

Railway officials differ in the degrees of liberality with which they deone the word "family" when used on a pass. An American copied the instructions of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean railway bearing upon the subject as a lesson in liberality. On that road a pass for one and family is good for father, mother, children, grandfather, grandmother, mother-in-law, father-in-law, brother, sister, brother-inlaw, sister-in-law, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece and servants attached to the

Fishhooks.

The fishhooks used today are of precisely the same form as those of 2,000 years ago. The only difference is in the material. Then they were made of bronze; now they are of steel.

Day and night, sunshine and shadow are not more different from each other than a healthful from a sickly woman. The healthful woman carries light and sunshine with her wherever she goes.



The woman from ill-health casts a shadow on her own hap-piness and the happiness of others. She cannot help it. Those who suffer cannot

smile and sing. Ill-health in woman is generally trace-able to disease of the delicate womanly organism. Many women have been restored to happiness by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If there is an invalid woman, suffering from female weakness, prolapsus, or falling of womb, or from leucorrhea who has used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription without complete success Dr. Pierce would like to hear from such person-and it will be to her advantage to write as he offers, in perfect good faith, a reward of \$500 for any case of the above maladies which he cannot cure.

"I feel it my duty to inform you that I had been a sufferer for many years from nervousbeen a sufferer for many years from nervous-mess with all its symptoms and complications." writes Mrs. O. N. Fisher, of 1861 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. "I was constantly going to see a physician. I was induced to ask Dr. Pierce's advice. I then took five bottles of 'Fa-vorite Prescription.' I am not now cross and irritable, and I have a good color in my face; have also gained about ten pounds in weight and one thousand of comfort, for I am a new woman once more."

voman once more. The dealer who offers a substitute for "Favorite Prescription " does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of

less meritorious medicines. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21

LOEB A MAN OF TACT

HOW THE PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY HAS FORGED TO THE FRONT.

Began as a Messenger Boy and Now Receives a Senator's Salary-How the Work of the Office Has Grown Since Buchanan's Time.

Next to the members of the cabinet, perhaps no man in the political life of the national capital occupies a more conspicuous position than William Loeb, Jr., secretary to President Roosevelt.

Secretary Loeb has been the present chief executive's right hand man since he went to Washington in 1901, and he has been nearer to the president during the past two years than any other man. When President Roosevelt was governor of New York Mr. Loeb was his private secretary, served in the same capacity when he became vice president, and when, at the death of the late William McKinley, Vice President Roosevelt became president Mr. Loeb still remained with him, acting then as assistant secretary, for Mr. Cortelyou was the president's secretary, as he had been under McKinley.

As secretary to the president Mr. Loeb receives a senator's salary, \$5,000 a year. His rank is but a step below that of heads of departments, and his office has been thrice the stepping stone to the cabinet, the most recent instance being the advancement of Mr. Cortelyou to the head of the new department of commerce and labor. The office of the secretary, judging by the past, offers a spiendid opportunity to a young man of talent and ambition.

An incumbent of this office must now be confirmed by the senate. Just before President McKinley's first term the title of the office was changed from "private secretary" to "secretary." "Mr. Secretary," the same form of address applied to cabinet members, is employed by White House visitors who greet Mr. Loeb-at least by those versed in official etiquette.

To preside over one of the busies* offices in the country is no small task, but Mr. Loeb had watched the routine of the office for many months before



WILLIAM LOEB, JR.

awaited him when he assumed office. Such had been the perfect executive ability of Secretary Cortelyou that no of his claim and his cabin beside it. unfinished business was carried for-

corps of assistants, is at Oyster Bay Moore block, but when in Washington he occupies the new office in the much criticised White House annex. He sits at a broad, flat topped mahogany desk and faces the door through which all visitors enter. At his right hand is a Secretary Barnes. On his left is a large room filled with clerks and stenographers, and on his right is a door

leading to the president's private office. Tact and a wide acquaintance with men of affairs are the keynotes of Secretary Loeb's success. He is not a college man and began his career as a messenger boy at twelve, but later received a high school education and a thorough training in stenography. He is a native of Albany, N. Y., is of German parentage and early developed a taste for politics. He was secretary of the Republican county committee when scarcely more than a youth and an of-

ficer of a local Republican club. When only twenty-two (he is now thirty-six) Mr. Loeb was elected official stenographer of the lower house of the New York legislature, a position which demanded great skill and was fraught with many responsibilities for one of his years, yet he performed the

work with entire satisfaction. During the first few months of Mr. Roosevelt's administration as governor of New York, Mr. Loeb served as one of the four executive stenographers. He soon attracted the attention of his chief, who promoted him to the post of private and confidential secretary. Since then Mr. Loeb has been in close touch with Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Loch was married in December, 1902, to Miss Katharine Dorr of Albany.

book, or 31 stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. the president a stepping stone to the

cabinet. These are John Hay, the present secretary of state, who was Lincoln's secretary, and Daniel S. Lamont, secretary of war during Cleveland's second administration.

Prior to President Buchanan's administration each president had to furnish his own secretary and pay for such service out of his own pocket. But the work of the presidential office was nothing in those times as compared with what it is now. No books were kept, and all official letters were answered in the executive depart-

THE CLAIM **JUMPERS**

(Original.)

Ben Hallowell was returning to his claim. He had been to Frisco for a month trying to induce some one with means to "grubstake" him, but had failed. This was not because he did not have a good claim, but because the capitalists he met did not care to loob into it. Ben was very gloomy. A year before he had married the girl of his choice in the east and a week after the marriage had returned to his mining operations. He had hoped before this to bring his Susie to him, but the fates had been against him. And now his fallure to secure means with which to prosecute his work made him doubly

Before him, coming on horseback, the broad rim of his felt hat flapping with each lope, was a man whom he recognized as Andy Kitchen, the owner of a claim not far from his own.

"Howdy, Ben?" said Andy, grinning affably, and without lessening his pace added, "Yer claim's jumped." "What's that to laugh at?" called Ber

sharply. "How many of 'em?" "Two. But one on 'em I reckon you can handle without trouble. He's a lit

tle cuss. Tother may down you." Ben would have asked more questions, but Hallowell seemed to be in a trouble. Ben was a peaceful, plodding man, beloved by his neighbors, and the last man in the world to fight except for his rights. But he was not a man to suffer imposition. Besides, he had strong faith in his "bele in the ground" and relied upon it to unite him in time with his beloved wife. He role on, considering what he should do. He had no faith in peaceful measures, for jumpers were not respecters of justice and usually did not jump a claim unless prepared to maintain their ground. He finally concluded to reconnoiter the jumpers from a distance and watch for an opportunity to catch them apart.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning and a bright summer day when Ben left the road and struck a trail through a wood which led to his claim, new but half a mile distant. The birds were singing in the trees, and everything about him was so peaceful that he approached the encounter before him with still greater reluctance. His young wife was ever present in his thoughts, and he could not dismiss a picture of her anguish if it were fated she should hear that he had been killed by the jumpers. After going as far on horseback as he dared, lest he attract attention he dismounted and proceeded on foot, pausing behind a tree in sight

There was no one about, but the cabin door stood open, and smake issued At present Secretary Loeb, with his from the stovepipe chimney. Between two trees swung a hammock, in the in the executive offices fitted up in the center of which was a bundle. Ben eyed all this cautiously, listened till he was convinced that there was no one present, then boldly went forward. Curious to learn what was in the hammock, he pulled apart its sides and revenled a roll of blankets. But as the smaller desk occupied by Assistant blankets contained something, he pulled aside a corner covering one end of the bundle and revealed-

Well, what Ben revealed was no more striking than the expression of his face on seeing it. The stern look he had worn up to this moment melted into one as kindly as, more kindly than, had ever rested on his features. He looked down into the face of a sleeping baby.

For a time the diminutive creature slept on, then began to stretch its little legs and fling its little fists about, at last opening a pair of blue eyes, which It fixed intently on Ben.

"Reckon you're the little jumper," said Ben, giving the baby his finger to clutch. "I hope the big one is no more formidable. If your dad has taken my property I don't see how I can have the heart to dispossess him." By this time Ben was on his knees beside the baby, making all kinds of grimaces and saying all kinds of ridiculous things to show his good will and attract the child's attention. Then a sudden thought struck him. He remembered Andy Kitchen's grin when he announced that the claim had been jumped.

"By thunder?" he exclaimed. "Suppose the big jumper is a woman!" For a moment his face fell. If this were so, what an uncomfortable situstion! Even the shooting he had ex-

pected was not so bad as that. He was so engrossed with this thought and the baby, in whose face he functed he could trace something pleasantly rainfillar, that he Gid with bear a footstep approaching. Then he felt a light touch on his shoulder. Instinctively his hand flew to his revolver as he turned.

He looked into the smiling face of his wife.

There are certain scenes as well as emotions that are indescribable. Neither the scene nor the emotions in this case can be painted in words. Never was man more completely turned from the passion of strife to that of love. There was one long embrace that it seemed would never end, then a gradual relinquishment, after that explanations.

Suste had prevailed upon a relative to furnish means with which to prosecute Ben's claim, besides funds to enable her to take them to him herself. A letter telling him of her intended journey had arrived the day after his departure for Frisco. Suste on her arrival, finding him gone, quietly took possession of his cabin and waited his return. When he came she had gone for water.

Ben's claim turned out a bonanza. In time he organized a company to work it, and he called it the Little OLIVE PENNEWELL Jumper.

They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that?" replied the corporation.

Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price andhurry and rode on. Here was more trust a Glaswegian-made an excellent

Corresive Ink.

With an impatient grunt the bookkeeper threw away his pen and put a new one in the holder. "It's terrible." he said, "how ink corrodes pens. In six or seven hours a new pen will begin to scratch. It keeps me busy changing the blamed things, let alone the expense. There's money in it for the man who will invent a noncerrosive ink." An old man, a bill collector, remarked to him: "My young friend, I'll tell you a sure way to stop your ink from corroding your pen. Take a few rusty iron nails and put them in your ink well. The ink's corrosive acid will play itself out on the nails, and in consequence your pen will escape. A pen that only lasts you a day now should, with my method, last at least a week." -Philadelphia Record.

Hospitality Pays. Cities and communities frequently expend large sums of money in entertaining conventions, conferences and other public gatherings, both because of a spirit of hospitality prevailing or through a sinister desire to "advertise the city." After the affair is over and the visitors have gone their several ways the people ask one of the other, "Does it pay to spend money thus?" There never was a case of public hospitality that didn't pay, if not in dollars and cents, in the extension and broadening of that finest of all sentiments, the brotherhood of man .- Dayton Herald.

His Auspicious Beginning.

"To gratify the curiosity of the pub-He, Mr. Dollaraline," purred the young person with the notebook, "will you please tell me if the first contribution you ever sent to a magazine was accepted?"

The literary celebrity smiled genially. "I am happy to say it was," he answered.

"What was it?" "Four dollars for a year's subscription."-Chicago Tribune.

The Reason.

Mrs. Newed (as husband arrives home from work)-Oh, George, our new cook is a perfect gem! Why, she aiready has the kitchen looking like a partor.

Mr. Newed-Humph! Expecting company tonight, is she?-Town and Coun-

Perfectly Reckless. Druggist-I'm going to discharge that

new clerk. He's too careless. Friend-What has he done?

Druggist-This morning he sold wild eyed woman a dose of poison and crusted her for the money.

The Reason.

Mrs. Flint (severely)-Why do you wander from place to place? Soited Spooner (calmly)-B'cuz do places won't wander to me, mum .-

Flinty. "Yes, she has a heart of fint."

"Then don't forget that a persistent man can learn to strike fire from filit"--Cleveland Plain Dealer, ____

nillar in the clothes be wore, which were of the same pattern as a suit-I often wore. But what was my aston-Ishment when he turned and-great heaven, there sat myself!

The first thought that darted through my brain was that I had received some physical shock which had bereft me of my mental equilibrium, but upon glancing at the clerks I saw they were as much astonished at my entrance as I was at the appearance of the man at my desk, who appeared to be equally surprised.

"Well, sir," I gasped.

"Well, sir," echoed the man. "What are you doing at my desk?" "Your desk?"

"Yes, sir; my desk." "Who are you, sir? Your appearance is remarkably like mine." "I am John Vaughan, the proprietor

"John Vaughan?" "Yes, sir; John Vaughan. And who

of this office,"

are you?" "I am he whom you claim to be-John Vaughan.

I grasped at the back of a chair to steady myself, while a cold swent stood on my brow. My double sat staring at me, with something of the same evidences of terror in him that were in me. Partially mastering myself, I turned to the head bookkeeper and asked: "Who is this person, Frazer?"

Frazer stood with mouth and eyes wide open, staring first at me, then at the man at the desk, but answered never a word.

"Who he is?" I repeated, addressing young Curtis, a clerk.

"We supposed he was you, sir," he replied hesitatingly. My double turned to the persons addressed and repeated my questions

how account for the astonishment of the employees? "How long has he been here?" 1

verbatim. Had I gone daft? If so,

asked. "He came in ten minutes ago, sir," Curtis answered. "He was earlier than you usually are."

"Where do you live?" I asked the pretender. "At 3043 Chestnut street."

Again I clutched the back of the chair convulsively. The man had named my own residence.

"Str." he said, rising, "if I had had twin brother I would surely think you were he. As I have no brother I am inclined to think either that I have lost my senses or you are pretending to be me for a purpose."

A pained expression passed over his face as though he had begun to doubt his own sanity. Then, turning to the gaping clerks, he said:

"Come. Decide between us, and do it quickly or we shall both go mad. Am I John Vaughan or not?" The clerks continued to gape,

"Decide!" I said on the verge of

"Decide," repeated my other self, and if I am not myself I will leave this office and betake myself to a mad-

house." At this point Miss Towne, the typewriter, arose and with far more presence of mind than the others surveyed us both. Then, pointing to me, she

anid: "You are Mr. Vaughan."

With a shrick, my double sprang past me, down a flight of stairs and out of the building. I fell into a chair in a dead faint. When I recovered, all the clerks were bending over me with anxious faces.

"What does it all mean?" I asked. Have I been dreaming something ter-

rible or was the scene real?" "It was real," said the head bookkeeper, "and the strangest experience I have ever had in my life."

"Where is Miss Towne?" "Here."

The circle opened and I saw her standing before the safe, which I now for the first time noticed was open. "Who opened that safe?" I asked.

astonished. "I, sir," said Frazer. "I opened it on your-I mean the other one's order.' "How much money was there in it?"

asked Miss Towns of me. "Fifteen hundred dollars and over. Is it there?" "There's no money here that I can

Something began to dawn on us all at the same moment. The safe had stood open all the time that I had

been talking to my double, but I had been too disturbed to notice it. "Frazer," I said, "you've been victimized. We've all been victimized. But I gladly lose my money to know

I'm in my right mind. Telephone the police. Be quick!"

My double was finally caught and most of the money recovered. He told a very interesting story of how he had conceived and prepared for his plan For a long while he had frequently been taken for me, on the street, to hotels, everywhere that people are met. Being one of the best confidence men known to the police, he determined to "do" me. He had learned all about me and procured a suit of the same pattern as one he had seen me wear. When all was ready he walked into my office ten minutes before my time. ordered the safe opened and helped himself. He was about to leave when I entered, and he played a role he had thought of for such an emergency,

and played it admirably. F. A. MITCHEL

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An Underground City. One of the most remarkable cities in the world is Kelburg, near Cracow, Poland, for, besides being situated underground, it is excavated entirely to rock salt. The inhabitants, to the number of over 3,000, are, of course, workers in the famous sait mines, and all the streets and houses are of the purest white imaginable.

Human Growth. Recent statistics have proved that men's stature thereases up to the age of fifty years. This is a refutation of the former belief, according to which men stopped growing at twenty-two or twenty-three.

Kangaroos In Australia. There are no native kangaroos except on the continent of Australia. That country contains millions of them

Cow Tree Sap. The sap of the cow tree, as its name

implies, resembles milk both in name and taste and is very wholesome and nourishing. The tree grows in Venezuela and frequently attains a beight of 100 to 125 feet.

The Mississippt Valley.

If the Mississippi valley was as

densely populated as Massachusetts it would have \$50,000,000 inhabitants.

The Mule Ducks. If a horse touches his ears in going under a low bridge or through a tunnel he will invariably throw his head up and receive a hard knock. When a mule's ears touch anything his head goes down.

Bach's Works. The most voluminous of all musicians

was Jean Sebastian Bach. Less ther. one-half of his works have been pub-Lemon Cream.

Mix together the juice of two lemons, the grated peel of one, the juice of two oranges and a cup of sugar. Let stand two hours, then add a little grated nutmeg and strain through cheese cloth. Add gradually a plut of stiffly whipped cream and serve soon with any light. delicate cake.

Awaings.

To make awnings waterproof immerse first in a solution of soap and repent the process in a copper solution of equal strength and then wash and dry.

A Household Jewel.

A family in the southern part of the city employed what they believed to be a "household jewel." For a few days she proved to be all that they had anticipated, and everything went smoothly. One day, however, the husband came down to breakfast and made the announcement that they must get rid of the new cirl.

"Why, John, you must be crazy!" sa'd his wife with amazement. "She's the best girl we ever had, so respectful and a fine cook."

"That makes no difference. She isn't nonest."

"Oh, well, we'll never miss a loaf of bread once in awhile. Her folks may need it more than we do." "That isn't it. Early this morning I

pocket, take my pocketbook and empty "Oh, well, dear, perhaps it's force of habit; you know she's been married."-

saw her creep into our room, go to my

Philadelphia Ledger. The First Automobile.

In these days of fast motoring and high railway speeds it is interesting to recall that it was in July, 1829, some little time before George Stephenson had solved the problem of steam transport, that Sir Goldsworthy Gurney made his famous journey in a "steam carriage" from London to Bath and back. Gurney was a surgeon in Marylebone, greatly given to the working out of inventions in his spare time, and It took him some years to complete his first "motor" in his back yard in Albany street in London. He accomplished the journey to and from Bath at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and there was only one disturbing incident, when a crowd assembled at Melksham set upon the machine and, having burned their fingers, threw stones and seriously wounded the stoker. This Gurney journey stands as the first example of locomotion by steam in England.