



DAN PATCH---1:55

DAN PATCH occupies that enviable position, in the racing world that Alfred Benjamin productions do in the world of fashion. It would be equally as easy for an ordinary horse to attempt to equal the record of the famous Dan Patch as for the ordinary manufacturer to attempt to equal the style, tailoring and degree of excellence that go to make the perfect garments furnished us by the world renowned house of ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO.

THE HUB

BENJAMIN "SEABRIGHT"

Sack Suits for Fall

Made in New York

THE perfectly equipped tailor shops of ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO. are in the very centre of the fashion centre of the world for men's clothing.

These "Benjamin" Seabright Sack Suits were made but a block from Broadway, a minute's walk from Fifth Ave. But there is more than the correctness of style to commend them--the fabrics are faultless and the workmanship is of the highest class, yet they cost no more than the inferior sort of clothes.

\$15 to \$40

HARRY THAW'S SISTER SCORNE BY YARMOUTHS

New York, Nov. 9.—(Special Correspondence of the Republican.)—From London comes word that the Countess of Yarmouth's women relations-at-law are making her life unbearable. That she is the sister of Harry Thaw is said to be the chief charge against this Pittsburg young woman, whose family

paid a discredited British Earl to marry her. Since then the Thaw money has replenished the Yarmouth home and fed nearly the entire Yarmouth family of Seymours—then whom there is not rotund nobility outfit in De Brett. But now that these British beneficiaries of Yankee dollars find that the money is secure through the marriage of one of their breed to this unfortunate American girl, they begin to exercise the malign spirit that usually characterizes the attitude of their race towards anyone whom they

think they can bully without punitive results. One would think that by this time the American woman would be so shy of contracting marital alliances with foreigners of title—who always confessedly seek money in these ventures—that the heiress's custom of this kind would quickly fall into desuetude. But, instead of that, it seems to be growing more popular—despite the many awful examples among the robbed abused and neglected American wives of certain members of the European nobility.

At this moment there are no less than a half dozen international marriages planned—and in every one of them it is arranged that the American wife shall take over to her foreign husband a fortune in his own right. To prove that not even a burnt child fears the fire, now comes strong verification of the report that Miss Anna Gould, former Countess of Castellane, is really and truly intent upon marrying a Rome of the Trimly scandale, and that even the French people beg the world not to accept as a type of their best blood.

Mrs. Edith McCree, former wife of Richard McCree, of San Francisco, who recently married Lady Grey Egerton, is on the list of American girls of wealth whose names just now are connected with the titles. She will marry Hon. Henry Thomas Coveney. In order to achieve this man, Mrs. McCree (who was a Kip of New York) is selling all her property in this city.

Taking up the list at this point, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt—whose cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, is now in American to offer earnings, despite persistence of the report that this Vanderbilt Countess will not be received in Court circles on the same footing as her Magyar husband's family, because of her lack of an aristocratic lineage.

Then there is Miss Mary Gayley, an heiress—but it is only the heiresses who are acceptable to the gentlemen of title—daughter of James Gayley, of New York, whose marriage to Count Senni, of Rome, will be one of the events of the season. This Count, by the way, is only a Count by Courtesy, he being the third son of the holder of the title, which was conferred upon him by Pius IX.

SKATING RINK
Tonight, Nov. 14th
There will be a race between Manuel Holquin and E. S. Powell. Both men are expert racers.
Masquerade Friday night, Nov. 15th. A handsome prize will be given to the skater sustaining the best character. Great music and a large attendance is expected.
GEO. M. BOBST, Prop.

McKanna Liquor Cure
Why don't you investigate it?
"ONLY THREE DAYS"
Harmless but thoroughly efficient.
33 North Second Avenue.

If You Buy Your Piano of Redewill Music Company

- You are dealing with the largest Musical concern in the Southwest.
- You are buying direct from the factory's jobber.
- You are transacting your business with a house that is known to have but one price.
- You are certain of effecting every economy that is safe to effect.
- You can rely absolutely upon what is told you, for in so large a volume of business, a single sale is a slight consideration in comparison with retaining the confidence of the public.

Redewill Music Co. is the Arizona headquarters for the WEBER, BEHR, IVERS & POND, HUNTINGTON, HAMILTON, STERLING, and BALDWIN Pianos, each a standard in its class and together representing a wide range of prices.

Redewill Music Co. is the Arizona headquarters for the PIANOLA PIANO, the acknowledged success of the day in the Piano world.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS APPLY TO THE ENTIRE LINE

Redewill Music Co.
"EVERYTHING MUSICAL"

224-231 W. WASHINGTON ST. PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

Mrs. Edith McCree, former wife of Richard McCree, of San Francisco, who recently married Lady Grey Egerton, is on the list of American girls of wealth whose names just now are connected with the titles. She will marry Hon. Henry Thomas Coveney. In order to achieve this man, Mrs. McCree (who was a Kip of New York) is selling all her property in this city.

Taking up the list at this point, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt—whose cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, is now in American to offer earnings, despite persistence of the report that this Vanderbilt Countess will not be received in Court circles on the same footing as her Magyar husband's family, because of her lack of an aristocratic lineage.

Then there is Miss Mary Gayley, an heiress—but it is only the heiresses who are acceptable to the gentlemen of title—daughter of James Gayley, of New York, whose marriage to Count Senni, of Rome, will be one of the events of the season. This Count, by the way, is only a Count by Courtesy, he being the third son of the holder of the title, which was conferred upon him by Pius IX.

Miss Margaret Drexel is another American heiress whose engagement to a title is announced. Miss Drexel, daughter of Anthony J. Drexel, London society says, will become the wife of the Prince of Teck, august brother to the Princess of Wales. The cable brought news the other day that King Edward may object to this match, however, on the grounds that the brother of the future Queen of England should not unite with a mere commoner.

Teck, however, is penniless, and the English people are already groaning under the burden they have to carry in supporting the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of royalty. King Edward, therefore, may be induced to withdraw his objections after an interview with his Chancellor on the Exchequer.

Presently he was taken into custody, and he has since been heard to express some highly original views on public confidence and taken money.

His experience was an interesting one from several points of view. One cannot but wonder as to the action of the tobaccoists and restaurant keepers who refused his offers of \$500 legal tenders for value received.

If they thought him a thief the public would not have followed suspicion as to arrested him but he apparently wandered around unsuccessfully trying his money at various retail shops for over twenty four hours, unable with his \$5,500 to even buy a plate of butter cakes and coffee, and he might have started to death with the money in his possession if he had not in despair returned to the bank with it.

Besides being a rather unsatisfactory comment on the retail shopkeepers whom he visited, the boy's experience illustrates in a little way the importance of that tangible thing called public confidence. Here he was in the midst of plenty, with assets far in excess of liabilities and a cash reserve proportionally larger than that of the United States treasury, obliged simply through lack of public confidence to put himself into the hands of a receiver of state to die.

There could hardly be a better illustration of the large psychological element in the credit fabric of modern finance. In sober second thought, people are beginning to ask, why should President Roosevelt be held any more responsible for the existent financial difficulties than, say, Governor Hughes, whose Public Service Commission developed the impurities in New York, or than Congress which provided for the regulation of railway rates, or any of the State Legislatures or corporation commissions which have dealt with railways? As a matter of fact, the Administration has prevented disaster by pouring public money into the channels of trade. It has come to the res-

cue at the critical moment and stopped the alleged panic from extending, while Wall street was doing all it could to extend it. If "confidence" must depend on the concealment or peaceful acceptance of corruption, we had better have confidence disturbed and get back to a sound basis on which everybody may stand equal and in which honesty and regard for law may have a fair showing.

Our grandfathers regarded tomatoes as the fruit of the weeds, utterly unfit to eat. The bushes grew wild in the Middle West, where I passed my boyhood, and were to be encountered in the corners of "wearn" fences. The tomato was a yellow of red-skinned pod of seeds about the size of a plum. In shape, it was perfectly round. The fruit of this neglected weed has been developed by cultivation into the large and succulent vegetable of today. It has become one of the most valued accessories to culinary art—invaluable in the preparation of sauces and dressings for meats of many kinds. And yet physicians insist that it contains the cancer germ.

When farmers cut their full grown cabbages from the stalks which lifted them nearly a foot above the ground, preparatory to burying them in the cellars of the "smoke houses," they noticed that young bulbs sprouted around the tops of the decapitated stalks. Nobody thought of eating them in our American grandfathers' days. Hogs and sheep were observed to be very fond of them. Goats, also, ate them with avidity; but then, goats threw up newspapers and were curiously believed to feed on tin cans. These little bulbs are the Brussels sprouts of our present dietary system! Opinion is greatly divided as to the origin of the cabbage, and for that reason the vegetable hasn't taken a high rank among the family of edible plants. Germans got it in a barrel, pickle it, and name it "sauerkraut." That it is a development by evolution from the "skunk-cabbage" of the ponds is doubtful, because its leaves are quite dissimilar in form. But it is a food of very low origin. The same may be said of turnips, beets and potatoes—among the latter must be included the yam or sweet potato.

When the French colonized the country that is now Louisiana, they found a weed growing amid the bayous and overflowed lands along the Mississippi to which the aborigines gave the name of "okra"—a word meaning a muddy place and probably referring to the localities in which the herb grew. It bore a mucilaginous pod, which, when cut, exuded a milky white juice. When the Creoles got their cooking outfits in working order, they tried the weed as a thickener for their porridges and found it very eatable. The man or woman who ate the first dish of okra soup must have been worthy of a Carnegie medal. However, the weed became one of the staples of New Orleans epicureanism.

The Creoles called it "gumbo," a reference to its glutinous character. From that day its place in culinary art never has been in danger. "Gumbo" is hardly known in Paris; a French cook will have naught of it; but it is king of all American soups, being to this country what mutton broth, with barley, is to Scotland; what bouillabaisse is to France; and puchara to Spain.

But the milk weed of the Louisiana swamps remains one of the food discoveries of the world. The Roman gourmands whose palates were so highly trained that they could tell the difference in taste between lampreys fed upon human flesh and those fattened upon goats, would have appreciated okra, or more properly, "gumbo," stew. With chicken it is a delight to the palate.

TIGER CAT'S CAGE POPULAR.
It Has Proved an Object of Interest to Visitors at Park.
(New York Evening Post.)
The big cats of the world, such as the lions, tigers and panthers, receive their full share of attention, but the felines of lesser size are fully as interesting is not more so. In a general collection of these we see all sorts and sizes, colors and proportions, each exquisitely fitted for carrying on its life in its particular way.

One species which is almost always on exhibition at the New York Zoological Park is the serval or tiger cat of Africa. About as large as a moderately sized dog, its most striking characteristics are its large ears, long legs, and short bushy tail. The color is variable, ranging from brownish-gray to orange-tawny, spotted and streaked with black. As it walks, its hind quarters are much higher than its shoulders. All these characteristics are full of meaning when we can read them aright, and they reveal much of the habits of the animal.

Large upright ears, show how important is the sense of hearing in the serval, the animal depending chiefly upon sound to locate its prey. It avoids forests and spends the day hidden among low bushes or in long grass, although it can climb well enough if forced to do so. Two servals always sleep and hunt together, and at night they creep forth, and after a drink at the nearest river, start out on the nightly search for food. And here we come to the most interesting habit of the serval, revealed in its high rear quarters and long, slender legs. It feeds on small mammals and even young antelopes, and such birds as buzzards, capturing the former by fairly running them down, wolf fashion. Here we have a true cat which, like the cheetah of India, hunts by the chase, a method characteristic of the wolves and wild dogs.

To serval is noted for remarkable individuality of disposition. One specimen will become tame within a month and she as great delight in petting and caresses as any domestic tabby cat, while another serval kitten will spit and claw and bite, remaining absolutely untamable to the very end of its days. The serval living in the Zoological Park is rather between the two extremes in temper. When it first came it allowed no friendly approaches but after a year or so, the keepers

count take more liberties with it, although its attitude toward mankind is always that of mere necessary toleration.

One of these cats, small though its size compared with a lion, would prove no mean antagonist for a man if brought to bay. Its teeth and talons are sharp as lancets and its motions quick as lightning. In South Africa among the savages, only princes of the royal blood are allowed to wear the skin of the serval. It is not a rare animal and specimens are offered for sale by dealers every few months. The first account of the serval was published by Kolman as long ago as 1731, but it was comparatively unknown until many years later. The word serval is a South African native name for the animal.

A DEPARTMENT STORE TREE
said a lumber dealer, "is the world's most useful tree. A department-store tree you might well call it, for it gives everything from medicine to cattle food."
"Its roots" make a very valuable drug, a blood purifier that is prescribed a good deal in the spring. Its timber takes a high polish, and is in demand among cabinet makers for fine work. The sap becomes wine or vinegar, according to the way it is prepared, and starch and sugar are also obtained from this sap.

"The fruit of the tree is a cattle food, the nut, is a good coffee substitute, the pitch makes corks."
"There, can you beat it—medicine, sugar, coffee, starch, wine, corks, cattle food, lumber and vinegar, all from this one tree, the carnahaba palm?"

WORTH \$2000.00
The Know How.
When a man happens to be late to breakfast he is liable to cripple himself for the morning's work by eating so fast he can't digest it or perhaps go with but half effect.
If he happens to know that he can get all the nourishment he needs for strength of brain and body, and get it in a few minutes by eating Grape-Nuts and cream, he's all right. A Mass. man writes:
"About 2 years ago I was taken with a pain in my back and legs that got so bad I had to rest two or three times on the road to work. Finally after trying various doctors and hospitals, I had to give up my work and go to the country.
"I spent most of my money in this way, tried electric belt, too, but all to no good. They called it rheumatism, but after reading up a good deal on the subject, I came to the conclusion it was a weakness of the nerve centers, and began to look for something to strengthen them.
"By chance I got a package of Grape Nuts and read the 'Road to Wellville' I found inside. After eating a few packages my lameness began to get better and finally left me, which is worth at least \$2,000.00 to me.
"I can now work hard, walk as far and as quick as most men years younger than I am, which is 60. When my friends come to visit me I give them the booklet, 'The Road to Wellville' with the advice that they'll get there if they travel that road."
"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.