

Millionaire's Wife Her Own Scrub Woman

(From the Boston Post.) Mrs. James L. Henry, of Lincoln, N. H., although her husband is worth more than twenty million dollars, does not like to play the fine lady, but prefers to do her own scrubbing and to lead the humdrum existence of a helpmeet to a \$10 a week clerk.

She might have her every wish gratified and a retinue of servants at her beck and call, but that would take away the pleasure of standing by a white heated range and cooking her daily repast, so she sticks to the simple life.

In her younger days she was considered the prettiest girl and bestest housekeeper in her native town, so now that her husband is the lumber king of New England and the nominal owner of an entire township, with his rugged forests extending for miles around, she still adheres to the traditions of her childhood and remains to those hundreds of hard working men and women who depend on her husband for their daily existence a model of what a mother and wife should be.

Mrs. Henry, though she owns fine diamonds and necklaces, wears all fashion and style in dress and household furnishings to her sons' wives and her two married daughters in far-off Minnesota.

She loves best to "putter" about in her small kitchen, clad in a gingham dress that couldn't cost more than \$5, frying cold golden brown doughnuts or baking big loaves of bread, and afterwards, in her white shirt waist and ample black skirt, with her white hair combed tightly back from her wrinkled forehead—for she is just her husband's age of seventy-five—to take a little siesta before sitting down in the prime country parlor with its gilt and black clock, its still looking photographs of the living and dead, its crocheted tidies pinned to the chair backs and its highly colored pictures.

She is up with the birds at 5 o'clock in the morning, this millionaire's wife does her simple house work and starts for the kitchen, where, like her mother and grandmother before her, she busies herself in getting the morning meal.

Sometimes she has a young girl who helps, but even she does nothing save under the watchful eye of her white haired mother. When the Post reporter called, Mrs. Henry, her face scarlet from the heat of the stove, was far more interested in the exact method of crowning to be according to the ham and eggs than in discussing mere millions.

"My husband used to drive a stage," she said. "Then he owned a stage and afterwards we moved to a little town, where he had a small saw-mill."

"But we came here fifteen years ago from Fabyans, buying a little timber land at a time, till now we own 90,000 acres, clear to the foot of Mount Washington."

"We own a big house in the village, but the church and depot, and all the mountains, too. But Mr. Henry isn't well and sometimes I think I'd rather have the mountains and all. I'd rather be where there are more facilities," she went on with a little sigh, "for now we're getting old, 75 each of us."

"Old man" Henry is shrewd and thrifty enough to warrant all sorts of stories which have passed from mouth to mouth till they have at last come to be a tradition and brought about his likening to Rockefeller, with just one weakness for showy diamond studs and rings to make him picturesque.

All their money has been made in the past fifteen years. Fifteen years ago Mr. Henry was a poor man, comparatively speaking. For a time he bought acres upon acres of timber land in the heart of the White mountain range, close to Mount Washington.

Timber Lands Yield Millions. As fast as he sold the timber he bought more adjoining land. Today he owns 90,000 acres of land, from the boundary line of the town of Lincoln clear to the foot of Mount Washington, has a plant worth all of twenty million dollars, and money invested in other enterprises, all bringing him and his three sons enormous returns.

Almost all of the adults among the population of Lincoln employ the Henrys, father and sons, for the elder Mr. Henry's health has recently grown very poor and the real work of carrying on the business devolves upon the trio of sons, George, John and Charles.

Each one of the Henry sons is married. Consequently there are four nice looking houses in the town, while all the rest of the fifty or more dwellings are small cottages, painted yellow, with red trimmings. About 800 people are employed in the Henry mills.

Not only do they pay rent to their employers, but they also buy all their provisions at the one place in the town, a corporation store also owned by the Henry family.

of the welfare of his townsmen employees, for some time held the office of judge, while his son John was postmaster—the town postoffice being in the store—and another son was sheriff.

But, not long ago, old Mr. Henry delegated the duties of judgeship to his youngest son, Charles.

Another source of family income is the town stable, for while Mr. Henry rides behind his fast horses, "young John" Henry's wife spins about in her electric car, and Charles takes turns in his two autos, everyone else, save the doctor and the saw mill superintendent, who each have an auto, if they wish to ride must hire equipment of these same Henrys.

Even the mountains that encircle the little valley town, Black mountain, Potash mountain, Big Coolidge, Little Coolidge and all the rest, some in the distance and some within its veryellings of purple and gray mist, others towering jagged obelisks of dark brown furs, frosted with snow, belong to New England's Rockefeller.

And, far off in the mountains, beyond even the end of the fifteen miles of railway which James Henry built to extend into their hidden depths, are a chain of camps, at each one of which twenty or thirty men, with their tools and their headstamps, are cutting the timber and hauling it down to the landings along the railroad, from whence it is conveyed in the small cars to the saw mill, fifteen miles away, drawn up by a chain and caught up by the mill.

It is in timber that Henry found the fortune which has raised him up from the humble position of a small mill owner in Fabyans to a millionaire.

"There is timber enough left in the Henry possession to last for twenty years more of daily cutting," said a shrewd business man of the town.

Mr. Henry, in purchasing timber land, did not confine himself to one locality.

When his New Hampshire timber began to yield big golden dollars, he purchased more in California—the red wood timberlands, which will not long ago he sold for four million dollars.

There is, in addition to the Catholic and the Episcopal churches, in the town a Baptist church, which meets in the hall over the schoolhouse, though the two latter are dependent upon the services of an occasional pastor, who in the summer may be there every week and in the winter but every other month.

Each individual in the town, who cares to pay fifty cents a month—and about all of them do—becomes entitled to the treatment of the one local doctor and either a male or a female nurse, when taken ill, and there is a comfortable hospital with twenty or more beds, though so healthful is the air and surroundings that there is little sickness of a serious nature.

There are three school teachers, about 125 pupils of all ages, a regularly employed night policeman, whose duty it is to watch for burglars and fires, and one day policeman, who works in the mill, whose chief duty it is to arrest the occasional drunks.

There is a good water system, fire system and an electric power station built by the Henrys at a cost of half a million.

In addition to this, there is no soft coal in the town, for everyone owns a cord to their employees and burn it in their own boilers.

Listen to the Mockingbird I'm dreaming now of Hally, sweet Hally, I'm dreaming now of Hally; For the thought of her is one that never dies; She is sleeping in the valley, the valley, the valley— And the mockingbird is singing where she lies.

Will You Love Me When I'm Old I would ask of you, my darling, A question soft and low; Which has caused me many a heart-ache As the moments come and go, I beg of you a promise, Worth to me this world of gold, And if it's only this, my darling, Will you love me when I'm old?

BASE BALL

Table with columns: American League, Won, Lost, Pct. Rows include St. Louis, New York, Detroit, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Cleveland, Boston.

Table with columns: National League, Won, Lost, Pct. Rows include Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, New York, Boston, Brooklyn.

Table with columns: American League Games, At St. Louis, R, H, E. Rows include St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston, Brooklyn.

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At Chicago—Ten thousand witnessed the first game in the Windy City, "Cap" Anson, who is quite well known in Albuquerque, having umpired one territorial fair series, tossed the first ball. Overall was a puzzle for St. Louis.

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The Girl Who Doesn't Know

(By Beatrice Fairfax, in Los Angeles Examiner.) Hardly a day passes but we read in the newspapers the story of some foolish, but girlish little girl who has considered that she knows more than her parents and all the rest of the world put together.

She was tired of school and wanted to get out into the world, to see life, to go on the stage, perhaps. In this frame of mind the poor lass is the willing prey of the first good-looking man she meets.

So she starts gaily on the downward path, the path that in a few years she would give her very soul to climb back again.

She does not realize how far she is going; she is not had at heart; she only wants a good time and pretty clothes, but girls often pay very dearly for a little fun and a pretty frock.

If a girl has any talent for the stage there is no reason why she should not put her talent to some use, but she should first win her parents' consent and should be well clappered.

There are, however, hundreds of girls who are pining for stage life simply because they long for the excitement and glamour of it. They dream of being one long series of applause, suppers, pretty clothes and gaiety.

On the contrary, the women who make a success on the stage are who have worked as any woman in the world.

Now, little girls, I want to advise you to, first of all, try and be good. Study hard, and get the best education you can. The most important thing for each of you to grow into is a good woman.

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The first downward step is gadding the streets. I hardly ever go out that I do not see young girls sauntering along, looking as though they had nothing on earth to do. There is always something better to do than idle away the precious, flying hours in aimless wanderings.

If they were taking a good, brisk walk I would not criticize them, for then they would be exercising their muscles and getting rosy cheeks. But that slow saunter won't do them a bit of good.

You know, girls, that it is no compliment to have a man try to flirt with you in the street. If you do not encourage him he will soon grow for the it. But if you look at him boldly and return his glances he most naturally, will think you are ready to meet him half way.

He may think you pretty, but he won't have a shred of respect for you, and that is something that the greatest beauty on earth can't afford to dispense with.

Never get it into your head that you are too grown up to go to your mother with all your secrets and troubles. As long as you tell her everything you are safe. She is your best friend and she always knows best.

Above all things never, never accept an invitation from a stranger, for he may be a thief or a kidnaper. Do not form a friendship with any one whom you cannot invite and who is not willing to go to your home and meet your parents.

Do your best to grow into sweet, pure women, little friends. That is the best thing that any of you can do.

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This Veteran Clerk Retires on Pension

(Topeka, Kan., Capital.) After a continuous and faithful service for twenty-six years, Edward Parson, the oldest employee in the Santa Fe general office, is to be retired on a pension of \$20 a month on May 1. Mr. Parson has journeyed through life for 75 years, almost exactly one-third of the time he has been in the employ of the Santa Fe. His retirement is the result of the Santa Fe pension system which President Parson inaugurated the first of the year, by which employees who have been long in the service will be retired on part pay after having reached old age. Although his hair and beard are snowy white and his step is beginning to show the effect of the burden of years that he carries, Mr. Parson insists that he is good for a number of years more of light work. For almost twenty years of the twenty-six he has spent in the employ of the Santa Fe. He has been a clerk in the freight auditor's office, which he entered in 1883.

Mr. Parson's connection with the Santa Fe dates back to 1880, when he signed at Topeka, Kan., as a train baggage man and operator. This was in the days when each train carried an operator, who wired in to headquarters for orders when the train was running in the thinly settled district where it was miles and miles between stations. The train would stop at a telegraph pole, the operator would connect his instrument to the line and receive orders from the dispatcher in that manner for the operator of the next train. Mr. Parson entered Santa Fe, N. M., as a member of the train crew of the first Santa Fe passenger train that entered that town.

Later he served as station agent at Florence, Colo., and at Raton, N. M. Raton at that time was just beginning to be a town. The Santa Fe employed most of the residents, and as there were few houses most of the people lived in box cars and on work trains. Mr. Parson organized the first Sunday school in Raton. Cowboys and cowboys' bartenders were numerous among the membership of the school.

Mr. Parson's first railroad experience was in 1870, when he became agent for the Chicago & Alton at Le Mont, Ill.

In 1869 he moved to New Jersey and for a year and a half was a conductor on the Lake Shore railroad. He came to Kansas in 1874 and began working for the Kansas Pacific as agent at Topeka, Kan. He continued in the service of this road and of the Union Pacific after it absorbed the Kansas Pacific until 1880, when he went to the Santa Fe.

Mr. Parson lives in his own home at the corner of Fifteenth street and College avenue.

PAWPAWS RIPE Sneaked at their master's heels, Or, underneath the axle-tree, Kept measure with the wheels, Packed in the feeding box behind, A time-worn jug is spied, Whose corn cob stopper hints the kind, Of nourishment inside. Nine boys and girls with rheumy eyes, Stowed in with beds and tins, Were all so nearly of a size They might have well been twins. The mother, as a penance sore For loss of your Kansas sales, Seemed to have vowed, long years before, To fast from comb and soap. "Halloo, my friend! a brood like that Should head the other way; The land is broad, and free, and fat— Go take it while you may." Raising his glazed and dirty sleeve, He gave his mouth a wipe, And answered, with a sighing heave; "Stranger, pawpaws is ripe!" "Don't tell me of your corn and wheat— What do I care for such? Don't say your schools is hard to beat, And Kansas soil is rich, Stranger, a year's been lost by me, Searching your Kansas sales, And not a pawpaw had I see, For miles, and miles, and miles! "Missouri's good enough for me, The bottom timber's wide; The best of livin' thar is free, And spread on every side, In contrast the health ain't good for some, But we're not of that stripe, Hey! Bet and Tobe! we're gwine home! Gup up! Pawpaws is ripe!" He cracked his whip, and off they went, As the mule and cow and dogs, I watched them till they all were blent. With distant haze and fogs; And as the blue smoke heavenward curled, Up from his corn cob pipe, He dreamed not of that better world, For here pawpaws are ripe! —Sol Miller.

While Catarrh in its first stages usually affects the head, it does not stop there if the trouble is allowed to run on. The contracting of a cold is generally the commencement of the unpleasant symptoms of ringing noises in the ears, nose stopped up, mucus dropping back into the throat, hawking and spitting, etc. The inner skin or mucous membrane of the body becomes inflamed and secretes an unhealthy matter which is absorbed into the blood, and Catarrh becomes a serious and dangerous blood disease. Every day the blood becomes more heavily loaded with these poisonous secretions, and as the poisoned blood constantly passes through the lungs they become diseased, and often Catarrh terminates in Consumption. Sprays, washes, inhalations and such treatment do no real good, because they do not reach the poison-laden blood, where the real trouble lies. The only way to cure Catarrh is to purify and build up the blood. S. S. S. has been proven the remedy best suited for this purpose. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and removes every trace of impurity from the circulation, freshens this life stream and, as this healthy blood goes to every nook and corner of the system, Catarrh is driven out and a lasting cure made. The inflamed membranes and tissues heal, the secretions cease, the head is cleared and the entire system renovated and put in good condition by the use of S. S. S. Write for free book which contains valuable information about Catarrh and ask for any special medical advice you desire, without charge.

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