



PALACE OF EDUCATION, WORLD'S FAIR.

Showing a portion of the South Facade. The graceful and imposing colonnade is repeated on all sides.

### WOMAN'S PEN PORTRAIT.

Helen M. Gougar, Noted American Writer, Describes William Randolph Hearst.

In these days, when much is being written about leaders in national life, a woman's estimate of prominent individuals is always apropos. Helen M. Gougar, who has met nearly all of America's noted men and who has written numerous interesting stories and interviews, published the following in the Lafayette (Ind.) Call:

"Who is William Randolph Hearst? I will answer as I know the man. Mr. Hearst is forty-one years old. He was born in San Francisco.

"He is the only child of the late United States Senator George Hearst and Phoebe A. Hearst.

"His ancestors were of North Carolina and Virginia stock, his mother being a descendant of the Randolphs of Virginia. His mother is noted for her great charities, having endowed the University of California.

"He is a most devoted son and co-operates heartily with his mother in business and benevolent enterprises.

"He was educated in the public schools of San Francisco and in Harvard college.

"He is a man of fine physique, robust health, indomitable energy and great executive ability. He is a 'business man' in every sense of the word.

"He is exceedingly temperate in habits, never gambles or races horses, but is a devotee of the automobile. He once owned a yacht, but during the Spanish-American war it was fitted up as a cruiser at his expense, and he presented it to the government, then enlisted himself as a private in the war and risked his life on the firing line before Santiago.

"In April, 1903, he married Miss Millie Willson of New York. There is a charming romance connected with this marriage. Miss Willson was a poor girl. Mr. Hearst met her and fell desperately in love with the vivacious miss. His affection was reciprocated. He requested her parents to put her in



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

college and he would furnish the money for her highest possible education.

After her graduation he took her and her mother on a tour of the world that she might have the culture of travel. She is a very beautiful woman, with a charming personality. She is much beloved by the mother of Mr. Hearst.

"Mr. Hearst is a strict moralist and holds women in high esteem.

"His charities are unbounded. Every winter he furnishes free coal, food and raiment to thousands of the suffering poor of the tenement districts of New York, which city is his present residence. He sent out three relief trains—one from New York, another from Chicago and another from San Francisco—and hurried supplies to the Galveston sufferers. He gave large sums for the relief of the Jews in Russia; also to the victims of the St. Pierre volcano district.

"As a newspaper man he has had a remarkable career. He understands the business in every detail, from setting type to editorial writing and

business management. His first venture was the San Francisco Examiner, which he took when it was almost defunct. He put life and enterprise into it until it has the largest circulation of any newspaper on the western coast. He owns the Los Angeles Examiner, Chicago Examiner, a morning paper, and the Hearst Chicago American, an evening paper, the latter having the largest circulation of any Chicago daily. In New York he owns and runs the New York American, the Evening Journal and the Morgen Journal.

"He is a devoted advocate of the principle of 'equal rights for all; special privileges for none.' He is an aggressive foe of the new form of human slavery known as 'trusts.'

"He prevented the waterworks of New York from going into the hands of a few monopolists known as the Ramapo robbers. He smashed the ice trust of New York at an expense of \$250,000 to himself, and the babies of the tenement districts call him 'blessed.' He killed the food trust and is now locked in deadly embrace with the coal trust, at the head of which is Mr. Baer, who claims that the Almighty and he are in partnership to rob the fireless of America in the interest of this most grasping combination.

"Doubtless if he is nominated for president on the Democratic ticket he would cause these combinations to tremble in their boots.

"With such a man for candidate on a wise and conservative platform the Democratic party will doubtless make a lively campaign that will put metal in Republican ranks."

**The Law of Averages.**  
General James Longstreet, the last lieutenant general of the Confederate army, who died on Jan. 2, 1904, took a bride of twenty-two when he was seventy-seven years old. A Georgian who was at the Imperial when the warrior's death was announced told this story of the old general:

"One of the cheerful busybodies of Gainesville took the general to task for marrying such a young woman. Longstreet listened good humoredly, and finally the old neighbor demanded: 'General, what you got to say for yourself?'

"I b'lieve in the law of averages,' replied the general, with a twinkle in his eye. 'Miss Dortch is twenty-two, an' I'm seventy-seven, so we'll average under fifty. Now, judge, that's as straight as a problem in Euclid.'

**Tribute to a Mother.**  
The late Sir John Blundell Maple was never tired of telling his friends how much he owed to his mother. He used to say, "She was the cleverest woman I ever knew," and he often related the advice she gave him when as a boy he thought of being called to the bar. "If ever you were to become lord chancellor," she said, "you would have reached the end of all things in that profession. You would have such and such an income and such and such a position, which are already known to you. But if you go into business there is no limit to your opportunities." The boy chose his father's business and, as he often said, never forgot his mother's advice.—Exchange.

**Dressed in a Hurry.**  
John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader of the house, and Judge Tate of Georgia used to have adjoining rooms at the Metropolitan hotel. One night Williams was hurriedly dressing to go to a dinner. He had a hard wrestle with his collar and another with his tie. Finally he had the one buttoned and the other tied, and he threw on his coat and went into Tate's room. "Judge," said Williams, "how do I look?"

Tate surveyed Williams carefully. "Really, John," he said finally, "I think you would look much better if you would put your trousers on."

**Foreign Wares in China.**  
The Chinese peasant is no longer content to burn bean oil; he wants kerosene. In scores of humble Laos homes I saw American lamps costing 20 rupees apiece, and a magistrate proudly showed me a collection of nineteen of these shining articles. The narrow streets of Canton are brilliant with German and American chandeliers, and myriads of private houses throughout the empire are lighted by foreign

lamps. The desire of the Asiatic to possess foreign lamps is equaled only by his passion for foreign clocks. The demand for clocks is insatiable. I counted twenty-seven in the private apartments of the emperor of China and my wife nineteen in the bedroom of the empress dowager, while cheaper ones tick to the delighted wonder of myriads of humble people. The ambitious Syrian scorns the mud roof of his ancestors and will be satisfied only with the bright red tiles imported from France.—Arthur Judson Brown in Century.

### HIS STORMY WOOING

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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"Then it is 'No' again?"  
MacDowell's voice was reflective and regretful. He did not look at the small, erect figure in brown linen sitting in solitary state on the old fallen log among the pine needles. The serious hazel eyes regarded him with a calm, disinterested independence that was exasperating.

"It is always 'No.' This is the fourth time."

"Three and a half." There was a flash of mischief in her quick smile. "You only got as far as a lifetime of devotion last time, and Mr. Tisdale came for his waltz. When will you try again?"

"Never!" His voice was quiet. She could not see his face. "I give up the fight. I think that even you will grant. I have made a hard one for the cause, and since it is hopeless I shall leave Arleigh."

"For the summer?" She dug the point of her parasol a trifle viciously in among the innocent pine needles.

"No. Indefinitely. I expect to go to Japan on business and from there



THE BURDEN IN HIS ARMS GREW HEAVIER WITH EVERY DRAGGING STEP.

will merely drift anywhere. It does not matter so long as I do not drift into Arleigh harbor and try again—for the fourth time."

She did not answer. There was a new tone in his voice that troubled her, a tone of cynicism and finality. She looked out at the broad half moon of the bay and shivered at the sudden chill in the air since the sun had gone down. The sea looked gray, with long wreaths of swirling white foam where the tide was coming in full. There was a dull, low roar to the breaking waves on the beach below, and the anchored yachts out in the bay were tugging and straining like restive horses as the swell plunged them to and fro.

"We had better go back," MacDowell said presently, turning to her. "There is a storm coming up."

"I like a storm." She took off her hat rebelliously and fastened it with the pins to the log. The wind caught her hair and blew it in a brown veil across her eyes, and she held it back, laughing as she looked up at him. "You may go if you wish."

He frowned and threw himself down on the ground near the edge of the bluff.

"I suppose that is one reason why I love you," he said bitterly. "You are so charmingly tractable. You always do as I say."

"There is no necessity for sarcasm." The little square chin tilted higher. Miss Dunderdale felt indignant. "You always wish me to do something that I don't want to do. And you are—are masterful."

She brought out the hateful word solemnly, and he shrugged his shoulders. There is something most annoying in a person shrugging his shoulders at you when you want to argue. It implies mental superiority and an impregnable stand. She closed her lips tightly. She would not say another word. He could go to Japan or the moon. It was a matter of the utmost indifference to her. She turned away from the stalwart figure on the ground and looked off at the storm clouds racing up from the breast of the sea on the horizon, her chin on her palm, one small foot swinging to and fro expressively as she reviewed the case of Hugh MacDowell.

There were just thirty-seven good and excellent reasons why she should marry him. Cecil knew all thirty-seven by heart. They were rehearsed to her with faithful exactitude by an anxious bevy of sisters and cousins and aunts.

And there was but one reason why she should not. She did not choose to.

To Cecil the one reason was sufficient and outweighed all the good and excellent thirty-seven. To the anxious bevy it was a foolish and willful obstacle set up before one of the happiest chances fate ever offered a girl.

MacDowell was twenty-nine—a traveled man of the world, with a generous fortune back of him, who had come from his globe trotting cultured, broad minded and cosmopolitan, with his native American point of view still fresh and optimistic.

Cecil's elderly relatives dwelt loving on these points. Her younger ones veered to the outward and visible signs of grace and said the tall, six foot wooer was handsome and altogether desirable.

That was just it. He was too desirable. He was faultless. Ever since he had come down to Arleigh, Cecil had felt herself lifted bodily by fate, assisted slightly by the anxious bevy, and thrown at his head and heart.

Any other man in his position would have courteously and diplomatically avoided the snare. He had walked in to it, eyes open, lips smiling and arms extended to receive fate's gift. Wherefore the gift, with faithful feminine contrariness, declined being received.

There was a sudden vivid glare that ripped the heavy mass of clouds from end to end and a long crashing peal of thunder like cannon. The sea seemed to swell and leap to meet the sky. The boughs of the pines lashed up and down like fragile breeze blown ferns as the wind swept over them.

At the second crash Cecil rose and turned instinctively to the trees for shelter, but the gale caught her, and she would have fallen only for MacDowell's firm clasp of her arm. Almost instantly the whole world of land and sea and sky seemed on fire, and she shrank back into his arms with a cry of fear as a bolt struck a kingly pine that towered above its brothers a few yards away and left it a blasted, smoking ruin.

Before she could recover herself he had lifted her in his arms and gained the path that led down over the face of the bluff.

"We can't get to the shore," she exclaimed. "The tide is in."

"Put your arms around my neck and keep still," he answered curtly. "We can't stay up here."

She obeyed in silence, and he made his way down the path. What had been a smooth stretch of sand was now a swirling mass of low breakers. MacDowell paused an instant for breath as he reached it and looked down at the face on his shoulder. Her eyes were closed. A wild impulse seized him, and he bent and kissed her. The next instant he was knee deep in the waves, struggling in the teeth of the gale to where the shore curved and safety lay, and he fancied that the arms around his neck were clasped closer than before, although the eyes were still closed and the face was white and still.

The waves leaped and snarled with a hissing roar at his feet like a pair of hungry wolves, and he was forced to stop again and again and lean back against the bluff as the wind beat down on him. The burden in his arms grew heavier with every dragging step, but at length the beach shelved and broadened, and he staggered up the higher ground in safety and laid her down under the shelter of the overhanging rocks.

The first wild fury of the storm had passed, and only a faint rumble of distant thunder broke the stillness. She opened her eyes and looked up at him as he knelt beside her. Something new in their hazel depths seemed to answer the cry of his heart, and he raised two small cold hands to his lips.

"Cecil," he asked, "must I go?"

The first soft gleam of midsummer moonlight was casting a path of silver scales on the water when they reached the hotel veranda. The soft, delicious music of a mandolin orchestra came through the bright lighted windows, and they paused a moment in the shadow of the clinging vines to look back at the sea.

"I knew you would try the fourth time," she said laughingly as she raised her face to his. "Japan is so far away."

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