

ROYAL FAMILY OF THE DUTCH EMPIRE.



This is a new photograph of Queen Wilhelmina and the prince consort with the heir to the throne of Holland. The "little queen," as the ruler of Holland is known, insists upon taking personal care of the baby princess, who passed through her first summer with remarkably good health and bids fair to one day fill the place of her royal mother, who is worshiped by her subjects.

HONOLULU COWBOYS

Capture Prizes at Recent Roping Contest in Wyoming.

Learn Art in Rounding Up Wild Cattle on Mountain Peaks of Little Island in the Pacific Ocean.

Honolulu.—Since a dusky Hawaiian rode out into the arena at Cheyenne in the Frontier day contests and beat the best of all the ropers in the world, and since Iruka Purdy's cousin, Archie Kaua, and Jack Low, won third and sixth places in the contest, many have wondered how these men from a group of tiny islands in the middle of the Pacific were able to come to Wyoming and show the best of the plainsmen how to rope a steer. The answer is simple. Ever since these men have been old enough to straddle a horse, they have been used to riding over rough country and roping cattle under conditions such as the average prairie cowboy never saw nor imagined.

The island of Hawaii contains a mountainous and rugged land through which the wildest of wild cattle roam. High up above the level of the sugar plantations the mountains are well wooded and the task of rounding up and roping cattle in such country requires the greatest skill and coolness in the saddle and with the rope. Only once in a thousand times will it happen that the animal to be roped lays itself open on a level piece of land. The throw is almost always made on the slope of a hill, sometimes with a sheer precipice at one side, and for this reason the Hawaiian cowboy never makes his rope fast to the saddle horn before throwing. It would be as much as his life is worth to do so, for the steer is liable to break away when the horse is on ground that makes it impossible to throw the animal, and so the roper must let go of his rope to save himself and his horse. These Hawaiians are accustomed to throw from all angles and up or downhill indiscriminately. The advantage of being used to this kind of work was well demonstrated at the recent championship contests in Cheyenne.

The three Hawaiians naturally enough, did not have their own horses, and depended on what they could borrow to ride during the contests. Purdy selected one that looked about right for the work, but a few seconds after he started for the steer he found to his disgust that the horse was not well neck broke and he had difficulty in guiding the animal right, and it looked as if it were impossible for him to make the throw successfully. But Purdy was used to that kind of work, and without any hesitation he threw from one side. As the horse rose and fell cleanly over the steer's neck a shout of derision went up from the crowd. They thought it impossible for any man to throw a steer in that way. But, quick as a flash, Purdy made fast the rope to the horn of the saddle, and almost before the spectators knew what had happened, the steer was struggling on the ground. The final result of that throw is famous. Purdy ran to the steer and had it properly tied in one minute and three seconds, making the best time of the day and beating Archie Kaua's time by six seconds. When the basis came off Purdy was more used

to his horse and tied his steer in 56 seconds.

The man to whom much of the credit for the Hawaiian victory is due is Eben Low, brother of Jack Low, half-brother to Archie Kaua, and cousin to Purdy. Mr. Low is a retired rancher, who now lives in Honolulu. He it was who started the fund to pay the cowboy's expenses to Cheyenne.

Purdy's first appearance in public was made in Honolulu a year ago, when Eben Low produced a wild west show at Kapiolani park. Angus McPhee, then champion of the world, was present and took part in the competition, beating Purdy and Kaua, but using a tied rope instead of a loose one, to which the Hawaiians had been accustomed.

Purdy is a typical Hawaiian of the mountains. Like a Greek god, the symmetry of his well-muscled limbs is something to wonder at. His face is dark and has many of the features of a Wyoming Indian, but he has none of their characteristics, for he is well educated and speaks three languages with ease and fluency. In manner he is quiet and talks but little. He is in no way constricted about his wonderful victory, but chats of his feats in a modest way in the world.

HORSE KNOWS DINNER TIME

All Business Engagements Are Off the Instant This Animal Hears Noon Whistle.

Columbus, Ind.—Howard J. Tooley, a local grocer, may have to get rid of the horse he uses with his delivery wagon. No matter where that horse may be, when the factory whistles blow at noon the horse starts for the barn, and all the pulling that drivers can do will not change the horse's purpose.

The other day the horse was in a distant part of the city when the factory whistle blew at noon, and the animal seemed to know it was time to eat. The driver was delivering some parcels at a rear door, but the horse did not stand on ceremony. Instead, it wheeled suddenly with the intention of going home. The wagon was overturned and demolished, and the horse was thrown in the mix-up.

As soon as the horse could get on its feet it again made an effort to go to the barn, demolishing wagon and all.

Offers Life Saver 25 Cents.

Baltimore, Md.—Saving life according to one mother's valuation of her son, is worth 25 cents when a "kid" falls overboard about Canton. Joseph Strobel, a workman at station 5 of the American Ice Company, off Boston street, had his attention called to a boy overboard. He sprang into the water with all his clothes on and soon had Willie Harrison, nine years old, of 2413 Fair avenue, in his strong arms. When brought ashore the boy was in a bad way, but with Mr. Strobel's record of saving half a dozen boys this summer from drowning he has also acquired the art of first aid to the near drowned. He soon had Willie revived.

Court Makes Woman Widow. San Francisco.—Charles H. Moore, formerly a prominent attorney of this city, who went to Europe in 1901 and, when last heard from, was in Paris, has been declared legally dead by Superior Judge Graham. Special letters of administration were granted to the widow, Mrs. Albina Moore, to enable her to collect a \$5,000 insurance policy on his life.

ONE ON MORGAN'S PARTNER

In His Youth, George W. Perkins Aided Other Than Financial District.

On a recent morning, near to the Phipps mansion, where the young man, George W. Perkins, is now a member of the board of directors of the National City Bank, the story was told of a young man who was an expert on the subject of the memory of all but the older residents of the town.

George W. Perkins, when he was a young man in the town of Cleveland, Ohio, and he lived there for a number of years, was a member of the choir of the First Methodist church. The choir consisted of a lot of boys from the congregation. At that time there were two or three remarkable pretty young women in the choir. Well, there wasn't any harm in the bass or tenor singers looking at the contralto or soprano members of the choir and feasting their eyes on them when the sermon droned, was there? Certainly there wasn't. But being seated all in a row, it was necessary for one to tilt back one's chair in order to get a square view of a face at the other end.

That is what George W. Perkins did one bright Sunday morning. If the dove is banded down right. He shifted his chair about a trifle to get a still better view. Unhappily, one leg of his chair had been resting close to the top of the steps that led down from the choir loft to the main auditorium. When George shifted his chair he shifted one leg over the edge of that stairway.

A second later a bright young man, destined to be one of the great financial geniuses of the country, lay all on a heap at the foot of the pulpit. And the sermon was brought to a complete stop just as effectively as if it had been wound up by a perforation.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ERROR MADE BY HOUSEWIFE

High-Priced Cuts of Beef Really Contain Less Nutrient Than the Others.

The world of education will come in for a large share of attention at the beef consumers' congress in Denver next January. At the present time 90 per cent of the beef demand is for the loin and ribs, while the chuck and round and other portions of the animal go begging for customers. In the average beef carcass loin and ribs constitute only about 25 per cent of the total available meat and fully 80 per cent of the demand is for this 25 per cent of the carcass. As a result the loin and ribs sell at enormous high prices, while the other portions are comparatively cheap. For instance, in Denver today the average price of ribs is about 30 cents per pound, and the loin brings from 27 and a half to 35 cents per pound; the round and rump can be bought from 17 and a half to 23 cents, chuck for 15 cents, plate and brisket for eight cents and less, and the flank and suet from eight to ten cents per pound. As a matter of scientific fact, the round and chuck contain more nutriment than do the loin or ribs, so that it is merely a matter of preparation.

The Maidless Home.

There is a lady in an aristocratic suburb who is able to keep a half dozen hired girls, but she won't have any at all. She is her own cook, her own waitress, her own housekeeper, and she says she lives as happy as a bird, and her husband says so, too. He likes it. There is serenity in that household that makes home as sweet as a slady nook in Eden.

If a man wants only rice for supper, he gets rice. If he wants a link of sausage for breakfast, he gets that. If he wants for lunch an oyster stew—there it is! It's only a matter of a few minutes and a few shillings. There is no rice, and it's abundant, and if John wants to help clear off the table, there is a picnic. We must not think that life is only meanly when it is lounging in a club room, smoking a contented cigar. It is mainly most when it mixes a happy heart with the little needs of life.—Ohio State Journal.

His Gracious Invitation.

"There are some great jags blow by here," said the big policeman, "and there's no place where they bloom richer than in Long Acre square, but I thought the star of them all came along last night. He had a full dress suit, a crush hat that had been crushed and a lovely weaving bun. As he came opposite the Purdy station he stopped, gazed up at it a moment and then stammered: "Always did like girls dressed in white, anyhow. If you'll come down I'll buy you a cold quart and treat you like a perfect lady, and I will."—New York Telegraph.

At Odds.

"Very well," he declared, "I'll never darken your door again. I promptly you that!" "That doesn't worry me," the woman sneered. "There are others."

Rather Slow.

"Is he a fast young man?" "I hardly think so. It takes him half an hour to walk by the house of his best girl, even when he knows she isn't there."

FORTUNE AWAITS LUCKY MAN

First Varnish That Will Stand Pure Manufacturers, and After One Is Yours.

The first varnish that will stand pure manufacturers, and after one is yours. The first varnish that will stand pure manufacturers, and after one is yours. The first varnish that will stand pure manufacturers, and after one is yours.

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HOW TO SINK A BATTLESHIP

Discovery That May Cause Radical Change in the Methods of Sea Fighting.

The firing tests of British battleships in their firing on the old battleship Hero are very interesting in respect, which appears to be of such importance that it may lead to a new method of attacking battleships.

After hitting the Hero four times she sank, and, strange to say, without having her underwater armor pierced. This was known from the fact that shells were used which do not perforate armor.

The experts believe that in all probability one of the high explosive shells struck the water at a little distance from the ship, continued its course under water for a short distance and struck the Hero at her most sensitive point, namely below her armor, and therefore acted like a torpedo.

Further experiments are being made to determine whether shells striking the water close to a target can be counted on to act in this way.

That shells striking the water continue on their course for a short distance was well known, but no one ever supposed that this could be utilized to advantage in actual battle.

Baden-Powell's Strategy.

"Don't hurry patience wins the day," and a smile and a stick will carry a man through the difficulty. Are you the chap who's looking for Baden-Powell? he asked. "For if you are, he has got me out to keep the road clear for him."

Huge Sum Dropped in Play.

London society is gossiping about the tremendously high gambling by members of two of the most exclusive clubs in the West end. These reckless young men played cards at a table one diplomat lost \$12,000, an amount equal to his salary for three years. Whatever his private fortune, he had to default on his debts of honor. Of course, foreign diplomats are immune from all legal proceedings. But not so the English gamblers. One of them, an officer in a crack cavalry corps, has lost the stupendous sum of \$400,000 in six weeks. It is reported, certainly he is being put through bankruptcy now by the money lenders who hold his notes.

Danger in the West.

Is there danger that the west is growing effete? Are the hardy virtues of the pioneers falling of repetition in the easier lives of their sons? Must the ripened crops languish for lack of laborers, while the future heirs and heiresses disport themselves? That veteran friend of the once horny-handed farmer, Secretary Wilson, reports that his client is more than out of debt. He has paid for his farm, his fences and his machinery. He has money in his pockets, the crops keep on growing, and he is afraid of eastern securities. Hence he buys luxuries. "Folks in the east do not know what luxuries are. They must go west to find that out."

Knew Their Value.

"Sir," yelled the first mate, above the howling of the storm, "the ship is likely to sink at any minute."

"I know," replied the terror-stricken passenger, "there is no hope for us."

"Then why don't you put on a life-preserver?"

"I'm a manufacturer of them,"—Catholic Standard and Times.

DISH THAT THEY ALL LIKED

Service of Dinner at the Hotel de Ville at Dinner at the Hotel de Ville.

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OWL HOUSES WITHOUT LINING

One Peculiarity of Bird That Looks to Be the Weakest of the Feathered Tribe.

Owl's houses are for the most part quite without lining. Whether from design or pure laziness, the bones and skulls of small animals which they have killed are left scattered about the floor. Growsome playthings for the owl children? But one can scarcely imagine even a baby owl being anything but wise and dignified. It is never to please them apparently, gravely musing on these skulls like monks in their dark cells.

Since so many of the owls have their homes in hollow trees, we might expect some of their near relatives, the hawks, to be inclined to live in the same way. One of them, the field sparrow hawk, does not in the field's abandoned home and in some places near holes. One I found him perched snugly in a hole which had been dug at the end where there is a small opening. This bird, it is said, is a perfect house-walker and flies about the floor of a hole of such a size that the woodpecker—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Get Value Received.

There should be no gratification in demanding fair treatment at every turn. Favor is for the few, but we all have a right to expect the full value of the money we spend. When we are not receiving it we should protest in unmistakable fashion. We need not have temper, for there are mild methods of conveying our takahy.

One Thing Missing.

A young man here in town who dabbles in real estate occasionally, built a house for renting purposes out in Lakewood. To make the place rent more quickly he equipped it with window shades, refrigerator, and a lot of things that do not generally go in an unfurnished house. In a few days a woman came along and rented the place. The day after she moved in she called him up.

"See here," she says, in an aggrieved tone, "were you aware of the fact that you haven't provided us with any garbage can?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Knot in Ships' Flags.

Beacons signaling, there are other uses to which ships' flags may be put. Visitors to any of the big seaports frequently observe a vessel flying a flag with a knot tied in one corner of it. This sign, not generally understood by the uninitiated, is meant to attract the attention of a customs officer, who knows at once that the vessel displaying it wishes to ship or to consume a quantity of bonded goods, i. e., tobacco, liquors, etc., his presence being necessary to break the seal before such goods can be utilized.—The Sunday Magazine.

Missing the Praise.

"Yes, it's a pity," remarked the man with the absent hair, who seemed to be thinking aloud.

"What's a pity?" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"That a man can't bear his widow tolling her second husband what a noble, kind and generous soul he was."

"Oh, I just noticed a sooty smudge on your nose," he coarsely explained.

PEACH AN ANCIENT CALLING

It is the Peach the First Days Men Learned to Eat the Stone.

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IN THE "SUN-KISSED" WEST

More or Less Authentic Tale That Duly Impressed the Man from the East.

I was talking with a Dakotan the other day and an eastern man. Speaking of farms, he said we have some sizable farms out in Dakota. Yes, sir, I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow till fall. Then he turned around and harvested both.

"Wonderful!" said I.

"On our Dakota farms," he went on, "it's the usual thing to seed young turned couples out to till the cows. Their children bring back the milk."

"Wonderful!" I repeated.

"Once," he said, "I saw a Dakotan family prostrated with grief. The women were weeping, the dogs were barking, the children were squalling, and the bear lay down the farmer's checks as he stepped up his so-called game."

"What was the matter?" I asked.

"The bear had eaten the corn."

"Did it eat the corn?" I asked.

"It ate the corn," he replied.

A Frank Estimate.

To many persons who are out of the stage, a beautiful and fashionable place. It is a beautiful and fashionable place. It is a beautiful and fashionable place.

"The Actress Louise Closser Hale, herself an actress, tells some of her experiences with girls who envy her profession. One day one of them, found behind a counter in a shop, said, 'I should have went on the stage.'"

"She evidently wanted to talk, and I strove to be interested," says Miss Hale.

"But see how tired I am," I said to her. "I have to work very hard as it is, and I had to work much harder to gain what little recognition I have had."

"Oh, yes," she responded, complacently gazing at herself in a mirror. "But you see, I have talent!"—Youth's Companion.

Bee's Hive in Cave.

High above the timber line on the great round top of Mount Rainier, and not 100 feet from the line of perpetual snow, a colony of wild honey bees has chosen an exposed diminutive cavern in a pile of granite rocks for a hive. The bees were discovered by Christian Hansen and Osmond Dally, two Seattle young men, who were climbing to the summit of the mountain. Hansen observed a honey bee crawling over an ice rock and called the attention of Dally to it. They pried open the rock pile and dislodged an enormous colony of bees. The busy workers attracted likely by the masses of mountain flowers of the mountain, had made several hundred pounds of white honey.

The Crescent.

The crescent was a symbol of royalty among the ancient Romans and Greeks. During a siege of Constantinople, 340 B. C., by Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, the Greeks were saved by the light of the moon, then in crescent, which revealed the danger of a night attack. The crescent thereafter was the symbol of their city.

Sis and Her Brother.

"Is your young man from Pittsburgh?" inquired her irrepressible brother.

"The sweet girl eyed him coldly."

"Why do you ask such an utterly silly question?" she demanded.

"The youngster chuckled."

"Oh, I just noticed a sooty smudge on your nose," he coarsely explained.