

Public Manners.

There are few persons who can work their way through a crowd, or can even walk on the busy shopping streets of large American towns and cities, without occasionally losing their temper, or, at any rate, feeling considerable irritation.

MUCH TRAVELING DONE BY MEMBERS OF THE CABINET

WASHINGTON.—During the summer months just closed the nine members of President Roosevelt's cabinet have spent more than 600 days away from their desks, and their vacation journeys and business trips have covered thousands of miles over land and sea.

Of the nine, Secretary of War Taft is the greatest traveler. Already he has been away from his department more than 80 days, and, as he now is on his way around the world, he has traveled, including his vacation journey and his official trip of the orient, something like 10,000 miles, with much more yet to come.

Next to Secretary Taft, Secretary of State Root remained from the capital longer than any other official, and, including his trip to Mexico, and, including his trip to Mexico, he will have been away so long that it will be hopeless for any other cabinet officer to attempt to equal his record.

Secretary Wilson is another of the cabinet to have put in some strenuous traveling while inspecting conditions in his department in the west. He looked into the big timber reserves, and Secretary Garfield investigated while absent the public lands, Indian questions, etc., forming an important part of the work of the interior department.

Secretary of the Navy McCall went to California, his home state, and

STATESMEN TAKE UP THE ROLLER SKATING IDEA

ASSISTANT CHIEF CLERK THOMSON, progenitor of the scheme for having postal employes skate to work, undertook to demonstrate the other day and arrived at his office much confused and concussed.

His ideas, however, will be taken up in higher circles. A well defined movement among leading statesmen is said to be under way for having senators and representatives skate to the capitol when the session begins.

Another famous old American vessel is to be sent to the junk-heap. The newest battleship is to be named New York. Sampson's flagship, the old New York, is to be renamed Saratoga, and the old Saratoga, now the schoolship of Pennsylvania, is to be no more.

Another explorer has decided to make a dash for the north pole, and announces that he will follow a new route. It is suspected, however, that it will take him as safely and surely to the lecture platform as any of the old ones.

Ellnor Glyn says she has come over to see our men and to revel in green corn and buckwheat cakes. It's a little late for green corn and a little early for buckwheats at their best, but our men are always in season.

An exchange says that it is the pleasure of every gentleman and the duty of every man to give up his seat to a woman in a street car. It might be added that it is the pleasure of every lady and the duty of all others to say "Thank you" when that courtesy is extended.

The Omaha man who was seriously hurt the other day by being hit on the head by a bottle of soda pop will never believe after this that soft drinks won't go to the head.

Washington Gossip

Interesting Bits of News Picked Up Here and There at the National Capital



long over-seas journeying. Leaving Washington on June 29, he went first to Montreal, on one of the longest inspection tours ever undertaken by a cabinet officer.

On this trip he was accompanied by his wife, son, daughter and private secretary, only Secretary Straus' own expenses, of course, being borne by the government.

On his return he visited the Yellowstone National park, but this part of the trip was entirely one of pleasure, and was at the secretary's personal expense.

During his absence from Washington Postmaster General Meyer, with the exception of about ten days, when he was fishing in Canada, kept in close touch with the postal affairs in Washington, and Secretary Taft, while he was at Murray Bay, Canada, also found time to keep up with the more important matters requiring action by the head of the department.

Attorney General Bonaparte, in addition to spending about a month at Lenox, was absent at different times during the summer at his home, near Baltimore, but he was at Washington every few days attending to important legal business of the government, so that it is hard to classify him.

Speaker Cannon has been enlisted in the movement and promises to skate all the way down the avenue on the opening day, with John Sharp Williams, the minority leader.

Senator Bailey at first held aloof on the ground that it would not look dignified to skate in a frock coat, and that he declines to remove that garment for any consideration.

One of the numerous activities of the New Zealand government is "state tourists' department." The report for the year ended June 30 announces that 9,684 sightseers were hustled around the beauty spots of the colony, as against 7,142 during the previous year.

The names of 558 widows of the war of 1812 remained on the roll at the close of the last fiscal year.

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The amount disbursed for pensions during the year was \$138,155,412.46. This money was paid to the pensioners from 18 agencies throughout the country, the largest amount being paid from the agency at Topeka, Kan., which includes Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and New Mexico.

The amount paid from Topeka was \$15,807,538.24, and the number of pensioners on the roll at that agency was 111,508, or 2,089 less than June 30, 1906.

A matrimonial coincidence was created by the marriage at Rugby of May Annie Blumel, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Blumel, of Rugby, to Thomas Lothwater, of London.

Helen had been watching Archer attentively as he talked, biting off little pieces from a violet with her white teeth. "Is she pretty?" she asked suddenly.

HIS FLOWER GIRL

By Georgia Custis

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When Mr. Ferris Archer was ushered by an obsequious butler into the luxurious library of Judge Van Nostrand on a certain cold evening late in November, and sank into a comfortable easy-chair before a bright fire of soft coal, it was with a feeling of complete and entire satisfaction.

He had, in short, for months been living in a sort of Fool's Paradise, and he was at this moment awaiting the coming of the woman he loved. A bold and skillful painter of brilliant landscapes Archer was, and, with hosts of friends among the loveliest and most brilliant women in the town, he chose to lay the tribute of his love at the feet of the quietest, and least dazzling of them all.

Helen Van Nostrand was not "a man's woman," she had many friends, but they were chiefly among those of her own sex; and in spite of her wealth and position and the charming and gracious hospitality which she dispensed as head of her father's household (for her mother had died when she was a very young girl), in spite also of a certain quiet charm of manner which even birth and breeding do not always bestow, Miss Van Nostrand had the reputation of being rather cold and reserved, and there were even those who rather feared to meet the severe directness of her honest gray eyes.

Absolutely free from coquetry, Miss Van Nostrand had never betrayed for Archer the slightest feeling beyond the frankest confidence and good will; they were the best of friends, which was just what rendered the situation most hopeless.

Moreover, Archer was proud. Far too proud to ask the daughter of Judge Van Nostrand to cast in her lot with a vagabond artist like himself. And so he drifted on, trying to be content with the half sovereignty of a kingdom upon whose throne he could never hope to sit; and at least his secret was his own.

He was kept waiting for her coming rather longer than usual on this particular evening, and he had fallen into a reverie from which he was aroused by a little ripple of a laugh which made him spring to his feet. It was good to hear Helen Van Nostrand's laugh.

"Ah!" she said; "I was wording an apology for keeping you waiting while I was finishing the copying of father's speech for the great meeting to-morrow night—and here I come upon you so absorbed in thoughts of somebody else that you do not even hear me enter the room."

She was tall for a woman, yet she was obliged to throw back her head a little to reach the higher level of his eyes.

She dropped her own presently, blushing a little at the expression in his, which had in it something more than his usual attentiveness, and she gently disengaged the hand which he had held while she was speaking. With the other hand she lightly touched a bunch of double violets, the only spot of color about her dress of soft gray. "You see," she said, "I have your violets, and you must be prepared for a little lecture on extravagance; flowers are not to be had at this season just for the plucking, nor should my selfish passion for them be indulged in so often."

"But," said Archer, smiling as he drew up a chair for her beside his own, "what if I could prove, that aside from the quite immeasurable pleasure which I receive in sending you the flowers, you are also indirectly helping somebody who could perhaps be helped in no other way?"

Helen raised questioning eyes. "I fear I do not understand," she said, shaking her head. "If you mean the florist or the person who grows the violets—"

"Right as usual," cried Archer; "but how did you guess the secret of my pretty flower maiden?" Another question in the gray eyes. "I have wanted to tell you about her before," Archer went on, and he paused a moment and smiled thoughtfully, as though he were conjuring up a pleasant vision, Helen thought.

"You see," he went on, "I have always known your fondness for violets, and I always procured those I sent you at one particular place. One day, a few months ago, I went in and found the proprietor (a very good sort of a fellow, by the way) talking to a pretty young woman, whom I recognized at once as the daughter of an old friend of my father's whom I had not seen for years; she remembered me, strangely enough, and I walked home with her, talking over all that had happened since we parted. Hers was a sad story, poor child; her father had embezzled and then died, leaving his wife (a chronic invalid) and his young daughter to struggle on as best they could. They had a small house, the only thing left from the wreck, with a large, old-fashioned garden in the rear. I remember as a boy how fond Amy was of digging and planting there; she could always make anything grow, and it occurred to her that she might raise flowers for the market. She had arranged with Mather & Grau, it seems, to send all her violets to them, and they send them directly to you; she does not suspect me, of course, and so you see we are really rendering her the assistance which she so much needs, without in any way wounding her pride."

Helen had been watching Archer attentively as he talked, biting off little pieces from a violet with her white teeth. "Is she pretty?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, and more than that," said Archer. "She has the most unusual and delicate coloring, and a pretty trick of drooping her head, which always reminds me of a flower."

"I should like to see this dainty beauty," said Helen, but somehow her voice lacked its usual cordiality. Archer did not notice it.

"Would you, really?" he said eagerly. "Do you mean that you would go and see the poor little thing? She has no friends, you know; that is, no women-friends, and ever since I have discovered how sad and lonely her life is I have wished that she could know you."

Helen paused a moment before replying.

"Certainly I will go and see your friend," she said, speaking in spite of herself a little coldly. "I do not quite see, however, how I could help her, since of course she would not accept—"

"Oh, no! not that," said Archer quickly. "But you see I have told her about you, so that you would not be quite strangers, and your interest,

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"Certainly I Will Go and See Your Friend," She Said.

your sympathy would do for her"—he would have added, "what they have done for me," but something in her manner made him pause, and then they drifted on to talk of other things, but there was a subtle change in her manner which Archer's quick sensitiveness did not fail to note, and much earlier than usual he rose to go. She held out her hand with her usual graciousness at parting, and when Archer had reached the hall he remembered that after all he had failed to give her the address of the young grower of violets.

As he reentered the room, he stood for a moment in the doorway waiting for Helen to turn her head, and thinking to surprise her as she had done earlier in the evening. And then Miss Van Nostrand did a strange thing; she was standing where he had left her before the mantle, and presently she unpinned the violets from her dress, held them for a moment in her hand as though irresolute, and then, stooping, she laid the flowers deliberately on the glowing coals. And then she turned and saw Archer watching her in astonished silence; with a little cry she instinctively clasped her hands over the place where the flowers had been fastened on her dress. A great wave of color had swept all over her face, but Archer was very pale as his quick glance traveled from the little clasped hands to the flowers smoldering in the fire. Presently he came close to her and tried to read her eyes, veiled beneath impenetrable lids. "Helen," he said hoarsely, "you do not care for the violets—is it because I sent them that you scorn them thus?" And then, as she did not reply, he went on, "I knew you did not care for me," he said, "but oh, Helen! it is cruel to learn it in this way!"

She could not endure the agonized entreaty of his voice, and she raised her eyes, full of a penitence, whose full meaning he did not dare to understand.

"Oh, Ferris," she faltered. "Can you not see? I thought you loved her—your flower girl—and so—"

But she did not finish her sentence. Archer had seized both her hands and was laughing in a perfect delirium of joy. "You thought I loved Amy!" he cried. "Oh, Helen, how could you be so blind! And besides, I forgot to tell you she is going to be married to Mr. Grau, the rich florist, in the spring. But, Helen!"—he had drawn her so close that he could whisper the words in her ear—"she shall some her choicest violets to bloom for our wedding, shall she not?"

And Helen threw back her head with a happy little laugh. "Violets are the only flowers I shall ever wear," she said.

The Open Door.

Remember that the door is open so while you stay do not complain.—Epicurus. The door stands open beckoning thee Beyond the lintel to the Main; Thy feet unshackled are; thou'rt free To go or stay as please thee— Stay then; but not complain!

Thou mayst not view beyond the Main A mist hangs darkly o'er the sea, Thou mayst go forth, but not again Return; but pritheest not complain Shouldst thou abide—the path is free!

Then go or stay, but cheerful be! If so thou choosest to remain; The Door stands open to the Sea— The far horizon beckons thee, Wide as the skies the mystery— Choose thou, but not complain! —From the Bohemian.

Must Pay for a Corpse.

Fort Worth, Tex.—Another kink has been found in the anti-pass legislation. With death a man ceases to be a railroad employe, and fare must be paid for the transportation of his body. Application was made to the Trinity & Brazos Valley line for transportation for the body of a former employe of the Cotton Belt.

STEAK AND PIGEON PIE.

Two Birds with Meat Will Make Pien-tiful Dish.

Cut a pound of beefsteak up into small pieces, which should be nearly square; season each with pepper and salt, roll up and dust lightly with flour. Rub a deep dish well with a freshly cut onion and place the rolls of meat in it; sprinkle over them some chopped parsley and a little finely minced pork; pour in sufficient weak stock or water to cover the meat, cover closely, and cook in a moderate oven one hour. Take two pigeons which have been prepared for cooking in the usual way and well washed and dried, and cut up into neat pieces; remove the skin and flour them and put them into a frying pan with some melted drippings, a teaspoon of minced onion, the same quantity of minced parsley, and let them fry nicely browned, turning them frequently; then place them on paper to drain. When the steak is ready, arrange it and the pieces of pigeon in layers in a deep dish with some slices of hard boiled egg. Strain the gravy in which the steak was cooked into a saucepan and add a small quantity of soaked gelatin to it (in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce to a pint of liquid); stir until the gelatin is dissolved, then add a little grated nutmeg, cayenne, and salt; pour the gravy over the meat in the dish and leave it until cold; then cover with rich paste, brush it over with beaten egg, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

WHEN CALLERS DROP IN.

Almond Wafers Are Delicious to Have in Readiness.

Beat to a cream a quarter cup butter, then rub in one-half cupful powdered sugar. Add drop by drop a quarter cupful milk, then, gradually, seven-eighths cup sifted flour. Flavor with a half teaspoonful vanilla or pistache, and spread very thinly over the bottom of an inverted dripping pan and cut in three-inch squares. Sprinkle with chopped blanched almonds and brown delicately in a very slow oven. Take from the oven, turn the squares over one by one with a knife, and roll loosely. Take up and spread on a waxed paper to cool and dry. If the squares harden before you get them all rolled, place over the fire a minute to soften. Serve with cocoa, afternoon tea, ice cream or preserves.

The Attic Room.

In cities the attic room is given as much attention as any part of the house. A clever arrangement of such a room is to paper it all in white and make a fancy border near the ceiling outlined with a fancy wide paper. The hunting scene is pretty if matched with some red rug on the floor. Have the furniture all white, the bed and dresser trimmed in white and dotted white curtains at the windows. It can be made very attractive with neat furnishings and decidedly unattractive if not nicely papered or filled with refuse furniture from other rooms.

Olive Oil on Bruises.

In the treatment of bruises, where there is extensive discoloration of the skin, if olive oil be applied freely without rubbing, the discoloration quickly will disappear. Absorbent cotton may be soaked in the oil and applied. If the skin is broken a little boric acid should be applied over the abrasion. A black eye thus treated can be rendered normal in a few hours, especially if the oil be applied warm.

To Sew on Buttons.

When buttonholes on a shirt waist are finished, sew on upper and lower button. Then button and see that the buttonhole hem evenly overlaps the button hem. Lay waist on table; insert a strip of cardboard the length of the waist underneath both hems, and with a tracing wheel gently press into each buttonhole. Unbutton waist and you have a faint mark where each button is to be sewed without measuring for each one separately.

Grated Corn Fritters.

Use one pint of grated sweet corn and half cup of milk, one-half cup of flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter, two eggs, a little salt and pepper, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix the milk and well beaten eggs together, add the melted butter and seasoning, then the flour and baking powder sifted together. Lastly stir in the grated corn. Drop by the tablespoonful in hot fat. Drain on brown paper and serve hot.

Baked Ham.

One pint of chopped ham, one pint of chopped raw potatoes, half pint of gravy or water, one tablespoonful of butter melted, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all these ingredients together, turn into a mold, cover with bread crumbs and tiny bits of butter and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour.

Darn Carpet with Ravelings.

For mending thin places in rugs and carpets, use some of the ravelings from the carpet, which should be saved for the purpose. Darn the thin places and three-cornered tears where they cannot be detected. The fringe and tassels of rugs and portieres can be darned and fastened in the same way.

More Animated.

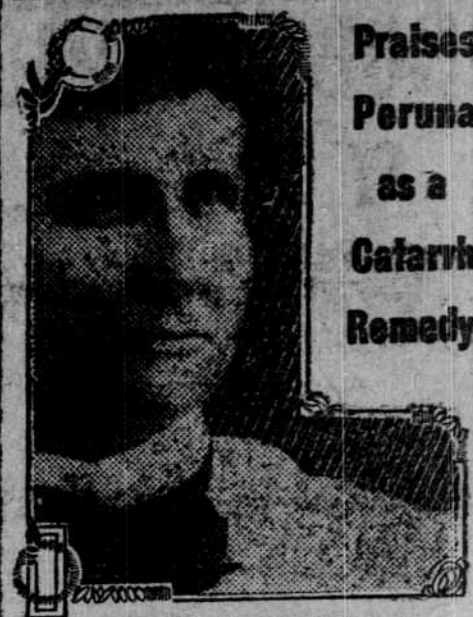
"In South Africa," read Sandy Pikes from the scrap of newspaper, "der is a plant dat arrests laziness."

Tin Coffee Pots.

A new tin coffee pot, if never washed on the inside with soap, may be kept much sweeter. Wash the outside and rinse the inside thoroughly with clear scalding water. Turn up on the stove to dry. When dry rub well with a clean dry cloth. Never put a soapy cloth inside the coffee pot.

The Universal Desire of Woman. While a pretty woman may not care to be brainy, a brainy woman always wants to be pretty.

A TALENTED WRITER



Mrs. E. M. Tinney, story writer, 325 E. Nueva St., San Antonio, Tex., writes: "During 1901 I suffered from nasal catarrh, which various other remedies failed to relieve."

"I therefore cheerfully recommend Peruna to all similarly afflicted."

"I have often heard Peruna praised and it is more widely known here than any other medicine, but I never knew what a splendid medicine it really was until a few weeks ago when I caught a bad cold which settled all over me."

"I felt much better the next morning and within five days I had not a trace of my lameness or any cough."

"I consider it the finest cough remedy."

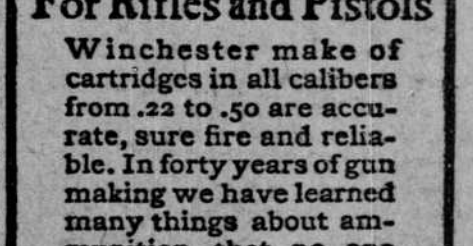
DeWane Starch is the latest invention in that line and an improvement on all other makes; it is more economical, does better work, takes less time. Get it from any grocer.

Hides, Pelts and Wool. To get full value, ship to the old reliable N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

There is no harmony in any song in which the heart does not sing.

Lewis' Single Binder costs more than other 3c cigars. Smokers know why. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A girl never likes to be kissed unless she says she doesn't.



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Winchester make of cartridges you get the benefit of this experience

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Genuine Must Bear Face-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. A Horse and Rig, some extra time, and business sense—this is all you need for my work. No capital required, and I pay \$3.00 per day, in cash, to good workers. Write to-day for details. ATKINSON, 1007 Race St., Philadelphia.