

Plea for Wild Flowers.

This is the season of the year when dwellers in cities and towns may be seen returning after holiday excursions, loaded down with flowers, leaves and branches of trees, torn off from their stems by people who wish to carry away with them the beautiful things that nature so lavishly spreads abroad in the spring. To admire and to desire to possess these beautiful things is natural, yet to tear them down and carry them away shows a deplorable lack of thought. The least informed person, if willing to pause and think for a moment, says Forest and Stream, knows very well that a few hours after the twig has been parted from its branch or the flower from its stem, twig and flower alike must lose all resemblance to the beautiful growing thing that inspired the wish for possession, and is no longer worth having. Thus, for the gratification of a passing impulse, one has destroyed a beautiful object that but for this hasty act might have given pleasure to other people for days or weeks. It is not uncommon to see people coming from the country laden with branches of dogwood for example, four feet long; lilacs are torn down and defaced, and bunches of more ephemeral flowers like violets, buttercups and others are wilting in every hand. If people would recognize how fleeting is the gratification derived from this destruction of the flowers, and how selfish it is, they probably would not be guilty of it. A well-regulated person does not—even if the opportunity occurs—destroy shrubbery in the public parks for the purpose of carrying away with him the flowers or branches. In towns and cities such an act is commonly regarded as an offense, and anyone found guilty of it is likely to be punished, by a fine or otherwise. Yet, the principle is the same, whether the destruction is wrought in town or in country; but in the country the owner does not attempt to protect his shrubbery or his wild flowers, unless they are close to his house.

Preserving "Scenery."

Not long ago a man of national importance characterized an attempt to beautify the city of Washington as "spending money for scenery." The phrase may be taken as a sneer, as it was intended to be taken, or with approval, as expressing a truth and a wise policy. Spending money for scenery, remarks Youth's Companion, is one of the most hopeful signs of a reawakening to natural possibilities. It is not confined to any one region. San Francisco is already talking about the Burnham plans for beautifying the city, which have long been in abeyance. The rebuilding of the Gateway of the west now affords an opportunity to put them in practice. Niagara falls, the White mountains, the Appalachians and the Palisades are eastern scenery, but they are also national possessions, and it is with a sort of wonder that commercial interests have discovered how strong the feeling is against destroying them or encroaching seriously upon them. The old state house in Boston and Independence hall in Philadelphia are more local examples of the same quality of public interest which lies in sentiment. They are "scenery" of a sort which appeals to a pride as stubborn as the power of money, and more creditable. The man who cares for his father's grave and preserves the old family home is "paying money for scenery," too, but more persons understand that kind of sentiment. The other kind—the larger, more communal and fraternal kind—is just as surely coming into its own.

An abundance of work and a famine of workmen represent a condition that is constantly growing more common in America. The greatest trouble is the dearth of farm hands, as shown by the report of the state's free public employment office in this city. Men absolutely refuse to leave the cities for the fields. But the problem is not confined to the country. In the cities there is work aplenty and a dearth of workmen. Apparently with each succeeding year common labor grows less attractive. Yet there is not a notable increase in the number of vagrants and able-bodied paupers. The riddle probably has its solution in the fact that prosperity and thrift have depleted the ranks of common laborers, leading them to seek better things in life.

One divorce to every six marriages is Maine's record, and the ministers of that state have lately promulgated a set of rules for the signature of clergymen and have appointed an interdenominational committee to push the crusade against divorce. The rules pledge the signer not to marry parties who are strangers to him, to refuse to marry any divorced person within a year after the granting of the decree and to refuse to remarry any except the innocent party to a divorce, and then only under certain stipulations.

KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE METROPOLIS FOR HER GENEROSITY TO THE UNFORTUNATE

Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan, One of the Most Philanthropic, as She is One of the Most Wealthy, New York Women Who Devote Their Lives to Doing Good to Others.

SPENDS A MILLION DOLLARS YEARLY ON HER VARIOUS CHARITABLE SCHEMES.

Wife of Wall Street Baron, She Lives Plainly, Builds Churches, Helps Hospitals, and Spends All Her Spare Moments Making Baby Clothes for the Poor—Gives Without Ostentation, and to All Who Are Worthy and Unfortunate.

Day in and day out she sits and knits and knits and knits, with a steadfastness of purpose that ruled the fingers of Mrs. Jacobin. But the stitches she takes are not the record of evil destinies. They mean succor for the sick and heavy-laden, work for idle hands, bread for the hungry, enlightenment for the untutored. Gentle, sympathetic, intensely pious, a home-lover and a home-maker, is this woman—this mother in the old-fashioned meaning of the word, the wife of Thomas Fortune Ryan.

The characteristics of Thomas Ryan, money-making prince and Wall street baron, in a way also rule in the life of Mrs. Ryan, builder of churches, hospitals and schools, and the little known but enthusiastic cooperator in every move making for the betterment of the human kind. It has been said of her husband that he has had a finger in nearly every big financial pie in the last decade. She has had a hand in nearly every philanthropic work in New York, Virginia, the District of Columbia and the southwest in that time. She is now giving away more than \$1,000,000 a year.

This woman, of whom the world knows practically nothing, has built more churches, hospitals and schools and endowed more places for the worship of God than perhaps any other living person. She gave \$1,000,000 last year alone to the churches and schools of Virginia, her native state. Publicity is Mrs. Ryan's bete noir. To give without ostentation is the only way to give, according to her belief. There is no difference between Mrs. Ryan of 30 years ago and the Mrs. Ryan of to-day. It was of no moment to the public then what she did or did not do. She cannot understand why it should be interested now. She counts herself as doing no more than the wife of a poor man who gives of

place of honor there, and on the walls are a few good engravings. This hall is like those found in all the fine old southern mansions. On the first floor are the library, drawing-room and smoking hall.

But it is up a wide staircase to the second floor that one must go to find a room about 20 feet square, furnished with chintz-covered chairs, hung with pictures, such as have long since been consigned to the fashionable and wealthy to dusty attic corners, and strewn with sewing tables, chests, a tea table and a music box. Everything is old-fashioned, with one exception, and that is an up-to-date desk, with a telephone attachment, which stands unobtrusively in a corner. This is the room, with its windows filled with red geraniums the year round, where Mrs. Ryan plans her good works, which the wealth of her husband executes.

There is never an idle moment when Mrs. Ryan is in that sitting-room of hers. No visitor is so important, no conversation so interesting, as to absorb her entire attention. She has a sympathy for the comfort and interests of the friends who go to her there, but always begins the visit with:

"You won't mind my going on with my knitting, will you?"

Not very long ago, when Cardinal Gibbons called upon Mrs. Ryan, his eminence was shown to the sitting-room where Mrs. Ryan was busy, between telephone calls, knitting a baby's pink and white sack. After a formal salutation to the churchman, her fine white fingers began to ply the yarn in the weave again.

"You will pardon my doing this, your eminence," smiled Mrs. Ryan, "but if I worked only when alone some babies wouldn't be as warm as I like them to be."

stitutions or clothing bureaus for aid. Mrs. Ryan calls that person her friend who tells her of such people in need.

There is a score of families, remnants of broken-down aristocracy, whose sole support lies in the fine needle-work which Mrs. Ryan gives to women otherwise unfitted for the burden of self-support.

Over in the south corner of the sitting-room there is a big chest with many drawers, each carrying some abbreviated label. In this chest are kept exquisite alter linens, the making of which has been the liberal support of families in need. As fast as these supplies are accumulated they are sent out to poor missions or heavily mortgaged parishes where the people are unable to contribute such things.

There is another chest full of baby things, and, dearest of all to the heart of Mrs. Ryan, a well-filled medicine chest.

"I don't believe you look well," said Mrs. Ryan to a little needlewoman returning a package of fine linen one day. "How do you feel? Do you ever cough?" And in the end the woman went away with three bottles of hypo-

phosphites, which would have cost her as many dollars.

Mrs. Ryan's life has not been without cloud and bitter grief. Death and long illness have weighed heavily on the mother-heart, and that great flood of sympathy given her by nature is ever wide to a fellow sufferer. Long and intimate acquaintance with illness has given her practical knowledge, and she knows more about medicine than many a man with a license. Two of her boys have been stricken down with lung trouble, and the great white plague holds greater terrors for her than any other physical affliction. She has given of her financial and personal aid toward the cure of those afflicted with this disease.

"I am more afraid of a sneeze than of a sprain, and a cough than a broken bone," she said one day. "Oh, I just can't talk about it. It breaks my heart to think of the flower of the manhood and young motherhood of our country being cut down by this terrible curse. When I think of other mothers who have seen their young sons lie down in their youth before their life work had begun, victims of this disease, I long to do something, anything, to help find a cure for it all."

A tear dropped on the ivory knitting needles and the usually placid features of the kindly face set in an expression of suffering.



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A ring of the telephone bell and the knitting was put aside.

"Oh, is that you, Mary? Now, don't assume that coldly polite manner and say nice things about appreciation and all that business. It's purely a business deal. You are not fit to work, and you know you are not. Suppose you die, you'll take care of the mother?"

"Oh, oh, oh, that cough! Now, look here, little friend of mine, you do as I ask, or you will make me very, very unhappy. What good would any money of mine do me if I thought people I am interested in and like would die rather than let me help them? Now, look here, you go up into the mountains until you get well and strong again, and then you can come back and pay me back, if you want to, some day. Let me look out for things for awhile—"

"Lose your position? Good thing! I'll get you a better one. Now, I am busy knitting. You tell your chief tonight you won't be there for a couple

There are ten villages outside of Phoenix, Tucson, Mesa and a score of other desirable places where consumptives find Nature's cure, which has been furnished and supported by Mrs. Ryan for afflicted men and women whose means made such measures impossible.

If Mrs. Ryan hears of a boy or girl who has shown any talent and has not the means of developing it, her handsome, motherly face brightens with one of her happy smiles as she says: "I am so glad I can do this little thing for some other mother's boy." It is always "a little thing" that Mrs. Ryan does, whether it be to build a church, a hospital, a school, or help the ill in body or mind. It's always "a little thing" for the hands which give a million dollars a year for good work to spend long hours making baby clothes for some little one whose mother finds life a poorly fed, overworked, back-breaking problem. It's "a little thing" to take a worn-out shop girl away from her drudgery for a month or two of rest and comfort where God's air is pure and undefiled. It's a little thing" to send some young boy with a hard cough and red spots on his cheek bones out into the eternal sunshine of the southwest for a new lease of life. It's "a little thing" to go out personally and hunt employment for the supporter of some family, to provide comforts and necessities for families in want, to make employment for men and women unfitted for the responsibilities which have fallen upon them. It's "a little thing" to educate ambitious boys and girls, and to do all these "little things, with just one stipulation: "You won't say anything about it, except sometimes remember me in a little prayer."

In the big public subscriptions where donors' names are advertised for what they have done, Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan's name is never seen. Avoiding always publicity, she is the same quiet, retiring, great-hearted woman who came to New York the girl wife of Tom Ryan, a clerk with nothing but a baby and a genius for making money. 34 years ago. There are women in the old Jesuit parish on Sixteenth street who still remember the sympathetic little woman who lived there a quarter of a century ago, and who helped many an unfortunate from the earnings Thomas Ryan brought home on Saturday night.

TORTURED WITH GRAVEL.

Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills, Not a Stone Has Formed.

Capt. S. L. Crute, Adjt. Watts Camp, U. C. V., Roanoke, Va., says: "I suffered a long, long time with my back, and felt draggy and listless and all the time. I lost from my usual weight, 225, to 170. Urinary passages were too frequent and I had to get up often at night. I had headaches and dizzy spells also, but my worst suffering was from renal colic. After I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a bean. Since then I have never had an attack of gravel, and have picked up to my former health and weight. I am a well man, and give Doan's Kidney Pills credit for it."



Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A woman's idea of a stinky man is one who never pays her compliments.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar—richest, most satisfying smoke on the market. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The man who would bring up his children in the way they should go will succeed better if he goes that way himself.

Religion is used as a cloak in some families, and you may have noticed that there is generally a coat of dust on the family Bible in such homes.

By following the directions, which are plainly printed on each package of DeLancey Starch, Men's Collars and Cuffs can be made just as stiff as desired, with either gloss or domestic finish. Try it, 16 oz. for 10c, sold by all good grocers.

Safe Deposit.

Of Marshal Field III, an amusing story was recently told at Lakewood. The boy, according to the story, approached an old lady in a Lakewood hotel and said to her:

"Can you crack nuts?"

"No, my dear, I can't," the old lady replied. "I lost all my teeth years ago."

"Then," said the little boy, extending two hands full of walnuts, "please hold these while I go and get some more."—Denver Times.

BRIGHT BITS BY THE WITS.

Will & Must hold a mortgage on success.

The busybody butts in without any ifs or buts.

Charity begins at home, but if it is the real brand it soon outgrows its native place.

It is hard to work much confidence in a man who wears a ring on his middle finger.

A man's knowledge cannot be judged by the fool things he says when in love.

The golden calf will always be worshipped, though it wear the tail of a monkey or the ears of an ass.

TRADE AND TRAFFIC.

The trade of Chile is almost entirely in the hands of Europeans.

France imported \$300,000 worth of apples from Canada last summer and fall.

In 1904 Denmark sent to England over 85,000 tons of butter, valued at \$45,000,000.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 tons of steel rails for 1907 delivery are under negotiation, and that fully half that tonnage has already been placed.

It is said that the hides of American live cattle sent to England to be killed and eaten are by prearrangement all sent back across the Atlantic, there to be tanned, and, mayhap, reshipped to England as leather or in boots and shoes.

Shipments of anthracite coal during May amounted to 3,254,320 tons, against 6,005,158 tons in May last year. For the year, to date, the shipments aggregate 19,709,783 tons, contrasted with 24,872,954 tons in the corresponding period last year.

CLEVER DOCTOR.

Cured a 20 Years' Trouble Without Any Medicine.

A wise Indiana physician cured 20 years' stomach disease without any medicine as his patient tells:

"I had stomach trouble for 20 years, tried allopathic medicines, patent medicines and all the simple remedies suggested by my friends, but grew worse all the time. "Finally a doctor who is the most prominent physician in this part of the state told me medicine would do me no good, only irritating my stomach and making it worse—that I must look to diet and quit drinking coffee. "I cried out in alarm, 'Quit drinking coffee!' why, 'What will I drink?'"

"Try Postum," said the doctor, 'I drink it and you will like it when it is made according to directions, with cream, for it is delicious and has none of the bad effects coffee has.'"

"Well, that was two years ago, and I am still drinking Postum. My stomach is right again and I know doctor hit the nail on the head when he decided coffee was the cause of all my trouble. I only wish I had quit it years ago and drank Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Never too late to mend. Ten days trial of Postum in place of coffee works wonders. There's a reason. Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."



a slim purse to others. She gives from a richer purse, that's all. Old-fashioned as Mrs. Ryan is, she is a woman combining all the business qualities and foresight demanded by the times. She is a woman of affairs, yet her home life comes first. A glimpse into the favorite residence of Mrs. Ryan—the old Minturn house, on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Twelfth street—is a mental bath after the glitter and glare and garrishness one usually meets in the homes of the rich, declares a writer in the New York Times. You enter through a high-ceilinged hall, draped with soft garnet hangings. A painting of the master of the house has a