

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. The reason is not so much the crowd itself and the consequent slowness of progress, although that may be annoying; it is the manners of the crowd, the constantly repeated incidents of rudeness and selfishness. You are hurrying along, intent on your business, but nevertheless carefully keeping on your immediate side of the walk, when the man immediately in front of you cuts diagonally across, without stopping to see how near you are to his heels. You stumble, and he turns his head long enough to scowl. Or perhaps it is a woman who trails heedlessly along with her skirt dragging where you can hardly avoid stepping on it and her umbrella searching with pretentious intelligence for your eyeball. Possibly, however, it is at a stamp window, or the ticket office, where you meet your particular boor. It is, indeed, exasperating, says the Youth's Companion, when you have waited patiently for your turn, and are about to be served, to have a fat woman, or a man with a loud and raucous voice, push in ahead of you, and shout, "Two tickets for Pushtown, and be quick about it!" No wonder that hunting the wild boar is considered good sport. After all, most of these breaches of manners are thoughtless rather than intentional. Too great an absorption in oneself and one's own interests is the reason for them. All good manners spring from a recognition of the other man's personality and his rights and privileges, and nearly all bad manners from a disregard of them. A crowd is the place, not to forget oneself, but to remember; and, above all, to remember that without you the crowd would not be complete; that you are responsible for the behavior of one small part of it.

The Ideal Minister.

As the touch of genius lifts the master above the mere musician, so this sense of the Unseen lifts the ideal minister above the mere preacher of sermons. It is the investiture of a priesthood verified not by tradition, but by experience. It is immediacy of access to the eternal fountains of salvation. He lives among men as one of them, simple, unselfish, human, hopeful; yet they know that he walks with God. "And by the vision splendid is on his way attended." He is a scholar, but criticism has never violated that shrine of the Spirit where the pure in heart see God. The unflinchingness of everlasting truth gives to his speech the freshness of springtime, continues C. C. Hall in Atlantic. The unsearchable mystery of Infinite Holiness gives to his thought and conduct gravity and reserve, as one who has beheld things which it is not possible for a man to utter. The demands of social service have not stamped him with the professionalism of a reformer. The ardor of churchmanship has not made him an ecclesiastic. He remains a prophet of the Highest. When he speaks, men feel that he is standing on holy ground. When he prays, men perceive that he is prostrating himself before the Risen Christ.

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. It was built in 1842, and its first service was in the suppression of the West Africa slave trade. In the Mexican war its commander was Farragut. It was part of the south Atlantic squadron in the second half of the civil war, and then went out of active service. When we consider how nearly obsolete is the old New York, which seemed so modern in the Spanish war, it is a wonder that the old Saratoga has survived all these years, and is only now condemned to destruction.

A thousand Greeks have lately gone from New England to engage in farming in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Four or five days' march from the retail fruit store may take the Greeks a good many parangs on the way to a wholesome and independent life on the soil.

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.

Elinor Glyn says she has come over to see our men and to reveal 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.

DILLY'S DREAM

By MABEL CIFFORD

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Such great, great troubles grow from such small, small offenses. That is the way my trouble grew. When you get into a little bit of a temper you had better "watch out," for you can never tell that a little bit of temper will not grow into a furious temper before it clears off.

At home they called me "Dilly Dear," and after I was Dixon, it was "Dilly Dear" just the same. So it doesn't matter what comes after the first name, for it's always "Dilly Dear."

But that little bit of a temper—I will tell you about it. First, you should be informed that I live in a little country town. It's pretty enough and pleasant enough, but you know a little country town is about the same all the year around. This town is. And sometimes, you know, you wish something would happen.

One day a theater troupe came into town. Such a thing never had come to pass in this town before to my knowledge. I rushed at Donald when he came home to dinner and told him about it. "Pshaw!" was what he said.

"Now, such a dash of cold water over one, after one has been dancing all the morning in happy anticipation, is a tremendous shock to one's nervous system. Especially if one is not used to shocks.

"Dilly Dear, you don't care anything about that affair," he put his arm about me and was leading me to the table as if there was nothing in the world of any consequence but dinner.

By this time I was feeling the reaction of the shock, and the hot blood rushing fast to my head set fire to my bit of a temper, and I answered Donald sharply:

"But I do care; I am going to the play."

"Oh, no, Dilly Dear; you will not go to such a low place as that," he said, marching me right along to the table.

"Low! It isn't low. It's nice green grass and a nice, big white tent and beautiful music and elegant people. Nothing ever came here before. I never saw anything anyway, and I am just wild to go. I have been thinking of it all the morning; I couldn't wait for you to come home."

I leaned my head against Donald's shoulder. I did not expect it would be necessary to say anything more.

"Dilly Dear, I am sorry you care so much, but you must not go. It is not a fit place for you."

"Must not go!" just think of that; "must not!" Who ever had said such words to me before? I must go; indeed I must. I could not bear to be disappointed. I had promised my friend, Mrs. Chase, I would go with her.

"Dilly Dear," then he put his hands on my shoulders and looked very kindly into my eyes, "then I shall have to forbid your going."

"Forbidden!" indeed! I shook his hands from my shoulders. He made up his mind that I was an obstinate child, and dealt with me accordingly.

"If you cross that threshold to-night, you do not come back. Do you understand?"

Ah, yes, I understood. He meant to frighten me. Partly because I did not believe he meant it, and partly because I was so nervous, and partly, I believe, to tease him, I laughed.

"Mrs. Dixon," he said, with such a face as I never had seen before, "I mean exactly what I said."

Then he went out, and I listened until he was out of hearing. When I got to Mrs. Chase's I was out of breath.

When we got to the tent it was half filled with people, mostly men and boys, and the women—there were several I had seen in the street, but they were not my acquaintances, and the rest were not like any women I had ever seen in our little country town. I was not pleased with the audience.

But the play, I will not try to describe it. I had expected to be charmed, to be "carried away" by excitement, to laugh and cry and forget that it was not real. Instead of all that, it seemed affected and disgusting. The characters made coarse jests and leered and frowned and threatened and faintly and raved, and I tried to forget that it was acting, and couldn't.

From the Chases' I went home alone. The house was dark.

"The hall lamp is left for me," I thought, and I ran up the steps and gave the door a good push, for I wished to get in out of the rain as soon as possible.

The door did not open. I turned the key again and again, but in vain. "Donald is so used to bolting it, he has forgotten," I said, and rang the bell vigorously. All was silent. It was the most desolate moment of my life. I knew that Donald should have kept the house lighted and been waiting for me. This lockout was ominous.

I ran back to Mrs. Chase's.

"Donald is so used to bolting the door, he has forgotten and bolted me out, and I can't make him hear without rousing the neighborhood."

Of course they cordially ushered me in and made me comfortable for the night, but I saw them exchange glances, and I knew they suspected all was not right. It was a bitter night for me, and I couldn't sleep for thinking.

Morning came at last, and with difficulty I made my way to my home.

It seemed as if I must die then and there when I found the house closed, shades drawn, door locked and no sign or sound of a human being about the place. But pride and indignation came swiftly to the rescue. I feared some one would see me trying in vain to enter my own home and turned quickly away and walked on, thinking as I walked what my next step should be. I was very indignant with Donald for punishing me so severely for braving his displeasure. Now I would frighten him a little. Probably he had

gone to my sister's or his brother's. He knew I could find him easy enough. He had been too severe, cruel. Now I would take my turn. I had a roll of bills in my purse that Donald had given me the day before. I would go out of town for a day or two and let him find me if he could. And all the time something kept adding: "if he would."

I had often heard people say that these mild-tempered people are terrible when once aroused, and now I began to understand something of it. I had not believed anything like this of Donald.

I recalled every possible acquaintance I had ever had that lived in the city. I decided upon an old school friend, whom I had not seen since she married and went to the city, and of whom Donald knew nothing. I hunted her up, found her living humbly but comfortably, and quite delighted to see me. I told her I was taking a little outing and would like to engage a room for several days, she was so convenient to an art-exhibit that I wished to visit. Little she dreamed of the tragedy I lived through those days. I bought the daily papers and scanned



"Mrs. Dixon, I Mean Exactly What I Say."

their columns, hoping for some word meant for none of the thousands of readers but myself.

All in vain. My courage failed me so that I was afraid to go home. Then I began to scheme again, but every scheme failed. Little by little my pride and anger oozed away, and at last I was ready to go down on my knees before the whole world and beg my husband to take me back.

Then I went to my friend and bade her good-by and set out on my unhappy journey homeward. The thought of my husband now filled me with terror; he had grown into a sort of ogre during the last few days.

I was in such a fever of suspense as I neared the house that I could hardly breathe. If it should be closed still!

I did not know what happened after that, until I heard some one saying in the tenderest of voices:

"Dilly Dear, what is it? Are you frightened? Are you ill?"

I opened my eyes to find myself in my own room and Donald bending over me with the most anxious concern in his face. I just put my arm around his neck and cried so violently I could not speak. He smoothed my hair and said "Dilly Dear, Dilly Dear," until I was quieter.

"What would you say to me, Donald, if I went to the play?" I asked, as soon as I could speak.

"Do you care so much about it? Is it that has sent you into hysterics?"

"Just supposing I go, what will you do?" I persisted.

"Why, do? Why—I shall have to go with you, I suppose. And if you are going to take it to heart like you had better go. But, Dilly Dear, I am surprised at you."

And then I began to laugh, and laughed so long that Donald begged me to tell him what I was laughing for.

"Because you are the dearest husband in the world," I answered him. Of course he was puzzled over that. "You wouldn't let me go off alone, would you? You wouldn't call me 'Mrs. Dixon,' would you? You wouldn't 'forbid' my going, and tell me I never should come back again if I went, would you?"

Having received a satisfactory answer to these questions I told him my dream. And he smoothed my hair all the time I was relating, and when I finished he said: "Dilly Dear."

BERLIN HAS PRIZE GARAGE.

Tanks in Building Can Hold 12,000 Gallons of Benzine.

Berlin.—The biggest automobile garage in the world will be the one to be established by the Berlin Omnibus company, which will have tanks holding the unprecedented quantity of 12,000 gallons of benzine.

To safeguard the building against explosions, the benzine will be stored on the Martin Hunko system, which has prevented an explosion of 24,000 gallons in a fire which destroyed a huge Berlin storage building.

The benzine will be kept in two underground tanks, upon which will be a strong pressure of carbonic acid gas to prevent the formation of explosive gases, and the carbonic acid gas will provide the power for pumping the benzine up to tanks.

The establishment of this great garage was not possible until after months of negotiation with the Berlin municipality, which was rather unwilling to grant permission for the construction of such a gigantic auto-house.

BEFORE THE KING OF KINGS.

Pious Man Could Not Suffer Interruption to Prayer.

A pious man was engaged in prayer while traveling on the highway. One of the nobles of the land, who knew him, was passing by, and saluted him, but the pious man did not mind the salutation and continued his prayer. The nobleman became vexed, and with a great effort he waited till the man had finished his prayers; whereupon he, in an excited manner, said to him: "Thou art a stupid fellow for thou hast sinned against thine own law, which commands man to take care of life. But thou has just risked thy life unnecessarily. Why did you not respond to my salutation? If I had split your head open with my sword, who could have called me to account?"

"Sir! I pray, suppress your wrath; I hope to quiet you, if you will allow me only a few words in reply. Think for instance, that while you were standing in conversation with your king, a friend in passing by saluted you. Should you like to be interrupted in your conversation with the king in order to answer that salutation?"

"Wee unto me, if I were to go so."

"Now, I pray, dear sir, consider only the respect you thus pay to man! A mortal man, who is here to-day and to-morrow in the grave, while I myself, who stood facing the King of Kings, the Immortal King, what should I have done?"

The nobleman assuaged his wrath, and the pious man continued his journey in peace.

Students' Practical Test.

You won't get fat on crackers and milk.

Four days dieting under direction of the medical department of the University of Minnesota has reduced the weight of five men engaged in the experiment from one-quarter of a pound to three and one-half pounds.

The sophomore medical class in physiology was given practice in the determination of food values by having some of their number detailed as a food test squad. The men were given three meals each day, each meal consisting of about three and one-half ounces of crackers, one-half ounce of butter and one and two-fifths pints of milk.

The comparatively great loss of weight of some of the men, all of whom started in in the best physical condition, is believed to have demonstrated that the restrictions placed upon them would kill the ordinary man in a short time. Meals were served at regular hours, and all the food given was the best to be had of its kind. None of the men ate any think outside of what was served up by the medical department.—Minneapolis Journal.

Cure for Cigarette Habit.

The London Daily Mail prints some letters from its readers on "cures" for the cigarette habit. One victim writes: "If any of your readers desires to get rid of the 'cigarette habit' in excess, the remedy is simple. Carry a bag of raisins, sultana, or currants in the pocket and chew them constantly. The excessive cigarette habit will evaporate."

Another suggests this: "When one wishes badly to smoke let him put in his mouth and chew a small piece of licorice root. It has a strong, full bodied, and not disagreeable taste, and makes one forget the fragrant weed. In a fortnight's time one will be glad to do without either tobacco of the habit, and will probably not feel any particularly pressing desire to smoke."

A Caddy's Joke.

James Anderson, of the Scottish-American Golf club, smiled at a poor player on the Van Courtlandt Park links in New York.

"He reminds me of a chap I used to know," said Mr. Anderson. "This chap played so badly that even his caddies made a butt of him. He got a ball badly bunkered one day, and do what he would, he couldn't get it out again. Whack, whack, whack, he went, missing it every time. After half an hour's work he wiped his wet face with his handkerchief, and turned despairingly to the caddy.

"Hans! he said, 'I have tried all my clubs on this confounded ball. What on earth am I to do now?'"

"The caddy laughed harshly. "Give it a swat with yer bag," he said.

An Everyday Word.

"The things some people do not know are astonishing," observed the pedant. "To every man you meet the word penknife is familiar, yet plenty of them would give it up if you asked them how the name originated. The odd part is that they never stop to wonder. Of course, readers know that not so long ago, before steel pens were in general use, the clerk's instrument was a quill. Sharpening one end of this was all that was necessary to make a pen, and every man was his own penmaker and small knives were kept for this purpose. Yes, of course, you knew all this before, but there are a good many folks who do not."

Force of a Cyclone.

Careful estimate of force of a cyclone and the energy required to keep a hurricane in active operation, reveals the presence of a power that makes the mightiest efforts of a man appear as nothing in comparison. A force equal to more than 400,000-horsepower was estimated as developed in a West Indian cyclone. This greatly exceeds the power that could be developed by all the means within the range of man's capabilities. Were steam, water, windmills and the strength of all men and animals combined they could not even approach the tremendous force of this mighty power.

British Soldier's Heavy Helmet.

The British soldier wears the heaviest helmet in the world, for his headgear weighs no less than 28 ounces, while that of the Prussian infantryman is only a trifle over 14 ounces, and that of the Italian just under 12 ounces. The forage caps of both France and Russia weigh less than eight ounces, while that of Japan is the lightest of all, as it turns the scale at a little over four ounces.

Roosevelt Still Gaining Flesh.

In the few days that President Roosevelt spent in Washington, after his return from Oyster Bay and before leaving for the west and south, was a matter of remark among persons who saw him that he had gained weight during his sojourn at Sagamore Hill. Just before leaving for Canton the president in conversation with one of his friends owned up to 210 pounds. This is 10 pounds more than Roosevelt weighed late last winter and just about 30 pounds more than his avoirdupois at the time of his accession to the presidency in 1901.

Cedar Shavings for Dogs.

If your dogs are troubled with fleas a very simple way to get rid of the pest is to provide beds of fresh cedar shavings or, better, cedar excelsior in the kennels or wherever the dogs sleep. The scent is not at all unpleasant to the dogs, but is abhorrent to the fleas. When a dog's coat gets thoroughly scented not only do the fleas leave him while asleep but they will not jump upon him when he is out in the sand during the day.—Country Life in America.

REAL WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENT'S RESIDENCE IS KEPT SPOTLESS.

Painters at Work on It While Occupants Are Away on Their Summer Vacation—A Three Months' Job.

During the summer many thousands of good people in this land of ours going and coming to Jamestown, have done Washington—and likewise, it might be said, Washington has done them. All have seen the White House. No good American citizen, and no wife or daughter or son of his, would ever be in Washington and not see the famous White House. And they have all of them stood stock still in the hot sun and looked up at the bare, white walls until their eyes were nearly blistered. They wanted to make sure that it was the White House, and they all went away very positive in their knowledge,

for they saw 20 good men and true slipping the white on at "four dollars per."

The first aim in painting the president's house is to make it white. And white it is, dazzling, not even pearly, but blazing white. It is neither a cold white like the iceberg, nor a hot white like white heat. It is simply the quintessence of white. And that is as it should be. For of all the presidents, this one insists that it shall be a "White House." The long line of great men who preceded him had always called it "The Executive Mansion." This was the caption on the exquisitely neat and rich stationery used in the president's official and social correspondence. But Theodore Roosevelt, unlike other tenants of the White House in a myriad of things, was in this also unlike them. He has always insisted that the home of the chief magistrate of the nation should be called the "White House," and so it is printed on all his stationery.

Every one of the score of painters who for the past three months have been giving the Executive Mansion its new coat of white has been inspired with the spirit of its masterful tenant.

"They call it the White House," said grim, old James McCabe, the master painter in charge of the job, in his canny Scotch way, "and, by Jiminy, it is the White House when we get done with it, sure enough!"

Bullies Not Good Soldiers.

The barroom bully is an ardent coward when put to the test of war." With this saying of the late Gen. Rosecrans as his topic, a speaker at a recent civic betterment meeting discussed on the ways of the average "bad man" of modern cities. He read from a writing of Gen. Rosecrans, familiarly known as "Old Ross," in which that officer described a regiment of men from Cincinnati in the civil war, in which there were many of the barroom bully class who had been pressed into the service or entered as substitutes to earn a few hundred dollars.

When these men came face to face with the grim fighters in gray of the confederacy and they realized that in warfare the rifle makes the puny weakling a match for the muscular giant, the bullies just turned pale and flunked. They couldn't stand rifle fire any more than they could the steely bayonet. Big brawny bruisers who had been wont to swagger about town with chips on their shoulders looking for some weaker vessel to tackle found it the fire and smoke of battle that while their frames and muscles were large their real courage was mighty small and of the craven coward sort.

"Better take the pale-faced, modest-mannered Sunday school lads when you want real soldiers—men who can face the bullets or the bayonets of the enemy—rather than the brawny red-faced bullies of our cities, who, when they are outdone in an argument, want to resort to brute force to settle the question in dispute," wrote Gen. Rosecrans, and he should have known.

HER "BEST FRIEND."

A Woman Thus Speaks of Postum.

We usually consider our best friends those who treat us best. Some persons think coffee a real friend, but watch it carefully awhile and observe that it is one of the meanest of all enemies for it stabs one while professing friendship.

Coffee contains a poisonous drug—caffeine—which injures the delicate nervous system and frequently sets up disease in one or more organs of the body, if its use is persisted in.

"I had heart palpitation and nervousness for four years and the doctor told me the trouble was caused by coffee. He advised me to leave it off, but I thought I could not," writes a Wis. lady.

"On the advice of a friend I tried Postum Food Coffee and it so satisfied me that I did not care for coffee after a few days' trial of Postum.

"As weeks went by and I continued to use Postum my weight increased from 98 to 118 pounds, and the heart trouble left me. I have used it a year now, and am stronger than I ever was. I can hustle up stairs without any heart palpitation, and I am cured of nervousness.

"My children are very fond of Postum and it agrees with them. My sister liked it when she drank it at my house, but not when she made it at her own home. Now she has learned to make it right. Now it is according to directions, and has become very fond of it. You may use my name if you wish, as I am not ashamed of praising my best friend—Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

MUST BE MEN OF ABILITY.

Expert Engravers Hard to Get for Government Service.

George F. C. Smillie, an engraver in the Washington bureau of engraving and printing draws \$6,000 a year. He is considered one of three men in the United States who rank at the top of the profession. He is an adept at portrait engraving, most of the portraits on government notes, bank notes, bonds, etc., being his work. It is possible that he has no equal in the United States in his line. He is descended from a family of engravers and artists. His grandfather and his father were expert engravers, and members of his family are noted as artists in whatever line they undertake.

The salary paid Mr. Smillie calls attention to the fact that there are comparatively few expert engravers in the United States, so far as the making of plates for currency and other government obligations are concerned. In the bureau of engraving and printing there are 20 engravers. Their salaries range from \$1,000 to \$6,000 a year. Mr. Smillie is not the only highly paid man there. Two other engravers draw \$4,000 a year each, and a number draw \$3,000.

Mr. Sullivan, the director of the bureau, says that an engraver is a man of genius and ability. Without genius he would never become an engraver. Apprentices are out of the question, unless boys can be found with a decided talent in that direction. This is what makes the great scarcity. Should the 20 men in the government service go out on strike the government would be practically at their mercy, as it is doubtful if their places could be filled.

AS THE COMMUNITY GREW

Gravestones Marked the Increase of Material Prosperity.

Speaker Cannon sometimes goes far afield to illustrate points, but the result is clarifying to his auditors. Some months ago he was preaching the doctrine of optimism and belaboring those persons who predicted that the country was on the way to destruction.

"I was born down in North Carolina, where the battle of Guilford Court House occurred," said the speaker. "I went back to the home place last April. My father helped found a Quaker college down there before I was born, and in 1840 he moved out west, taking the family. I had no recollection of that country, but I went back to the commencement of the little Quaker college. I saw in the little cemetery the great oak still living under which Cornwallis buried his dead that fell in that battle. I went around and saw where my father taught school. I went to find the grave of my maternal grandfather. I got the Quaker records and began the search. There were two acres and more of graves covered by grass. I found a little stone that was crumbly and moldy, and I found by name and the date of his death, by looking through a magnifying glass.

"On the north and east there had been new additions to the cemetery, and you could almost trace the progress of that country by the monuments. Little stones at first, the next year a little higher, a little higher the next year, until now stones costing from \$500 to \$1,500 are common."

Food Needed for Navy.

Elaborate preparations are being made at the navy department for food supplies for the vessels of Admiral Evans' battleship fleet on its coming trip to the Pacific coast. Soon after the determination was reached to dispatch the fleet on its long cruise, the bureau of supplies and accounts began preparing advertisements asking for bids for furnishing the necessary food supplies, and these were accompanied by detailed schedules indicating just what was wanted.

These advertisements and schedules were sent to large dealers throughout the country and their proposals for furnishing the supplies needed were opened at the bureau the other day. The amount asked for approximately 6,000,000 pounds, made up, perhaps, of two dozen kinds of different articles of food, besides quantities of fruit extracts, eggs and table delicacies, are to be delivered at the Brooklyn navy yard.

Mrs. Letter Coming Home.

The Letter mansion at Washington is being put into order for the homecoming of a mistress in the latter part of this month. To judge from the many cases of goods received, she has been spending much time in the Paris shops. Mrs. Letter has increased her portrait gallery. Lady Curzon's portrait by Cabanel, which adorns the main drawing room, will be flanked by a group of her three little daughters, painted by Sargent.

Mrs. Letter intends to regain her reputation of being Washington's most successful hostess. She is bringing a full complement of English servants to aid in carrying out the ambitious programme.

Youthful Debutantes.

Somebody asked a bright little Southern girl in Washington the other day, an underdog who gives every promise of social achievement, "when her filing comes, 'Are you coming out this winter, Mabel?'" The girl looked quizzically. "I'm coming out as far as I can," she said.

The somewhat premature "coming out" predicted by the president's young daughter, the fair-haired lassie of thorough Anglo-Saxon type, still standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet, will give an impetus this winter to social endeavors of girls in their teens. It will be the fashion to take a flyer into society youthfully to come out as "far as one can," according to the encouragement one gets. Even Miss Ethel's debut will be only a partial affair at best. She is too young to burn her books behind her quite yet, even though there are no school bells for her this year. She will be more a spectator than a participant.

World's Greatest Cathedral.

The floor space of St. Peter's, Rome, is 277,000 square feet, the greatest of any cathedral in the world.

A TALENTED WRITER

Praises

Peruna as a Catarrh Remedy



MRS. E. M. TINNEY

Mrs. E. M. Tinney, story writer, 232 E. Nueva St., San Antonio, Tex., writes:

"During 1901 I suffered from nasal catarrh, which various other remedies failed to relieve.

"Six bottles of Peruna, which I took, entirely cured me, the catarrh disappearing and never returning.

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

Mrs. Ellen Nagle, 414 4th street, Green Bay, Wis., writes:

"I have often heard Peruna praised and it is more widely known here than any other medicine, but I