

The President's Vacation

Roosevelt Always in Touch with Affairs of the Nation

DEVOTES PART OF EVERY DAY TO PUBLIC AFFAIRS

OYSTER BAY.—Although President Roosevelt is settled down at Oyster Bay for a four months' vacation he will not be able to escape from a good deal of the labors and duties of his job. The public business at Washington goes on just the same. There are officials to appoint, questions of policy to decide, commissions in the army and navy to sign, many other things that no one but the president can attend to, and which President Roosevelt would let no other man attend to even if he had the power.

While he spends the summer in his modest and comfortable country house at Sagamore Hill he is obliged to devote a few hours a day—often more than a few—to the nation's business. When the president went down to Oyster Bay recently he was accompanied by Secretary Latta, and four clerks from the executive staff at Washington. They began work next day in the executive offices in the village of Oyster Bay, three miles from the president's

house. These offices are connected by direct wire with the executive offices adjoining the White House at Washington. The clerks at the capital are therefore in as close touch with their immediate chief, Mr. Lobb, as if he were in his own office there. Mr. Lobb, in turn, is in constant touch with the president. The whole arrangement works out in the same manner as if the capital and all the departments had been moved from Washington to Oyster Bay.

One difference is that the president never visits the executive offices in Oyster Bay. Whatever business requires to be brought to his attention is taken up by Secretary Lobb to Sagamore Hill. Mr. Lobb goes to the president in the forenoon about 11 o'clock, after he has gone through the mail and sorted out from it the letters and official papers which need to pass under the executive eye or hand. Some days Mr. Lobb gets back to the village in time to put in an hour's work before luncheon. More often his luncheon has to wait an hour for him.

TAUGHT FOR HALF A CENTURY

Long Record of Usefulness for Massachusetts School Teacher.

A headmaster for half a century in the Cambridge schools is the remarkable record of Ruel H. Fletcher, of the Thorndike school, East Cambridge. He has recently graduated his fifteenth class from that school.

For fifty-eight years he has taught school, beginning in 1849. He came to Massachusetts in 1852, taught school two years in Abington, two years in Quincy and then began his long service in Cambridge. That service was started in the Otis school, for which a new building was erected a few years after and the name changed to the Thorndike school, so that his service has been practically in the one school. When the city of Cambridge erected two new school buildings four years ago, unknown to him the pupils of his school circulated a petition that one of the new schools be named in honor of the headmaster to whom they were so devoted. The decision of the committee to comply with their request was prompt and unanimous. The Fletcher school graduated its first class on Tuesday, and Mr. Fletcher will be a guest of honor on that occasion.—Boston Herald.

Measuring Eye-Strings.

Physical skill, endurance and prowess—these were the things that commanded respect in the wild west. And

EVIL IN THE TELEPHONE

Does Harm in Keeping Women Too Much in the House.

A physician remarked lately that the telephone was the means of more sickness especially headaches, than almost anything else. He explained that women who could do all of their ordering over the telephone seldom left the house to buy anything, and if they would only get out and take a walk early in the morning they would return to the house with brighter spirits and more animation for work. Undoubtedly it is an inspiration to get out and see that one is not alone in the day's work. A woman here cleaning her windows, another is sweeping her rooms; a bevy hurry by with packages under their arms, after a visit to the stores and groceries. To see people busy and full of life and animation is an inspiration to any one, and this seems to be exactly what the physician meant by his remark. The most dejected, despondent and headachy women in the world are those who live back of locked doors and keep up the eternal grind of kitchen work from one day to another.

Sevigne in Versailles.

The chateau at Versailles can now boast of possessing a portrait of the celebrated Mme. de Sevigne, who was one of the brightest stars of the court of Louis XIV., and who, strange to say, was not represented

LINGERS IN MEMORY

MARK TWAIN RECALLS "STUNTS" OF BICYCLE DAYS.

His Efforts to Tame the Wild and Unruly "Ordinary"—Deserved Compliment Paid Him by His Teacher.

Susy's next date is Nov. 29, 1885, the eve of my fiftieth birthday. It seems a good while ago. I must have been rather young for my age then, for I was trying to tame an old-fashioned bicycle nine-feet high. It is to me almost unbelievable, at my present stage of life, that there have really been people willing to trust themselves upon a dizzy and unstable attitude like that, and that I was one of them. Twichell and I took lessons every day. He succeeded, and became master of the art of riding that wild vehicle, but I had no gift in that direction and was never able to stay on mine long enough to get any satisfactory view of the planet. Every time I tried to steal a look at a pretty girl, or any other kind of scenery, that single moment of inattention gave the bicycle the chance it had been waiting for, and I went over the front of it and struck the ground on my head or my back before I had time to realize that something was happening. I didn't always go over the front way; I had other ways, and practiced them all; but no matter which way was chosen for me there was always one monotonous result: the bicycle skinned my leg and leaped up into the air and came down on top of me.

Sometimes its wires were so sprung by this violent performance that it had the collapsed look of an umbrella that had had a misunderstanding with a cyclone. After each day's practice I arrived home with my skin hanging in shreds from my knees down. I plastered the ribbons on where they belonged and bound them there with handkerchiefs steeped in liniment and was ready for more adventures next day. It was, always a surprise to me that I had so much skin, and that it held out so well. There was always that the supply was going to remain sufficient for all my needs. It turned out that I had nine skins, in layers, one on top of the other, like the leaves of a book, and some of the doctors said it was quite remarkable.

I was full of enthusiasm over this insane amusement. My teacher was a young German from the bicycle factory, a gentle, kindly, patient creature, with a pathetically grave face. He never smiled, he never made a remark; he always gathered me tenderly up when I plumped off, and helped me on again without a word. When he had been teaching me twice a day for three weeks I introduced a new gymnastic—one that had never been seen before—and so at last a compliment was wrung from him, a thing which I had been risking my life for days to achieve. He gathered me up and said mournfully: "Mr. Clemens, you can fall off a bicycle in more different ways than any person I ever saw before." Mark Twain, in North American Review.

Praise for Native Scouts.

In the Manila Times appears this extract from a letter written by Lieut. J. M. Merrill, telling of engagements between Moros and native constabulary. "We had an hour's fight, from one a. m. to two a. m., March 1, and a running fight from five a. m. to nine a. m., March 2, burned 21 houses, killed 11 Moros and wounded 20 others who managed to escape. I cannot say too much about the steadiness of the constabulary soldiers under very trying conditions, fighting in the dark, and worse yet, blinded by the smoke of their old Springfield against an enemy using the smokeless Mausers and Krags. It was simply grand the way the little men behaved; they went along as skirmishers with as correct a distance between men as if they were at drill on their home parade ground. I have heard yarns about their fighting under fire, but I will never believe it any more. In the morning they were so anxious to go ahead that they went on with the scrap until eight o'clock before we stopped for breakfast.

Family Reunion in China.

No people on earth observe family ties so closely and hold so many family reunions as the Chinese. The Scottish clans have no closer bonds of union than the families in China. In America it is the individual, but in China it is the family. No important step is taken without a family caucus. If one member goes wrong, the disgrace rests upon the whole family to the remotest degree of relationship. The disgrace often is felt so keenly in case of a heinous crime that the offender is taken away by permission of the courts and the death penalty inflicted by members of the family. That's the way the family purges itself.

Going Them Several Better.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains. "Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains, and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge." "I've seen the milestones appear like the tombstones," said the Scot. "Be jabbers!" said Pat, "I was one day in a train in my country, and we passed a field of turnips and a field of carrots, also a field of cabbage and parsley, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was broth!"

Dying to Be Famous.

Wright—I've tried everything, and my novels don't seem to sell. Penman—Excuse me, but you have not tried everything. You know it is said that Dickens' novels sell four times better than during his life.

FOR BEST BAKING

..USE..

STATE SEAL FLOUR

WHITEST AND BEST.

MANCHESTER ROLLER MILLS

LONIER & HOFFER.

RELIC OF SCOTTISH QUEEN.

Englishman Owns Handbag Once Property of Unfortunate Mary.

In the possession of Dr. A. F. Germain of Brighton, England, is a beautiful embroidered little handbag. It is an interesting relic of a bygone time, and figured in a famous scene: When the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, was led to execution this little satchel of violet velvet formed part of the costume she wore. It contained a rare and costly handkerchief. As she passed to the block, Mary took the dainty handkerchief out and handed the bag to her favorite attendant, Lady Jane Douglas. She cherished it ever after as a memento of her lamented queen. The little bag is made more interesting and valuable by the fact that Queen Mary herself embroidered and made it. The speedwork is very beautiful and rare, being peculiar to the time of the beautiful young queen. Until recently the bag has been in the possession of the Douglas family in Scotland, being kept at Castle Dumfries among the family heirlooms. A late Lady Douglas presented it to a favorite brother-in-law, Sir William Watkins Wynn, and this gentleman, realizing the appreciation of Dr. A. F. Germain for this interesting relic of the unfortunate Queen Mary, gave it to him, and it is still in his possession. The bag is prized, very highly by Dr. Germain, and he keeps it in a glass case, with a descriptive historical note attached to it.

By Proxy.

He was a man with a large round personality, and he stood at the head of a large line of impatient men, women and children who were waiting for a chance to pay their fares and get past the turnstile of the elevated railway at Madison and Wabash, says the Chicago Tribune.

He was searching leisurely in his pockets for the necessary nickel, and it wasn't in any of them. Finally he produced a five-dollar bill which he slowly and methodically unfolded and passed over to the monopolist inside the ticket office. "Dom his hastily hide!" fervently exclaimed a man with a strong Tipperary accent, half way down the line. "O, you mustn't talk that way!" said a sweet feminine voice directly behind him; "but thank you very much!"

Tobacco Smoke Poisonous.

It is often said that tobacco smoke is a powerful germicide. The composition of tobacco smoke is complex, the principal constituents being oils of a fatty nature. Nicotine itself is a strong germicide, but the quantity of this poison in tobacco smoke is minute. The oil matter which accumulates in a tobacco pipe is highly poisonous, but does not contain any appreciable quantity of nicotine; the chief constituent of residue being a very poisonous oil known as pyridine. Tobacco smoke contains a decided quantity of carbon monoxide, which is a preservative and which must possess germicidal properties. Recently it has been observed that one of the principal constituents accounting for the germicidal properties of tobacco smoke is the powerful antiseptic formaldehyde.

At the Literary Club.

"How did everything come off at the literary last night?" "Well, the barbecued beef was tiptop, and the Brunswick stew couldn't be beat, while the corn licker had enough beads on it to make a pearl necklace look sick." "But was there no literary discussion?" "Lemme see, now—I believe the president did hit the vice president 'side the head with a copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Love and the Man.

Men are delighted to be told that they are never absent from the thoughts of their sweethearts, but the husband finds this consciousness a trifle wearing. As bad as the clinging vine is the woman who makes her devotion too incessant. She is never tactful, never conscious that he wants to be alone occasionally, never capable of making herself and her affections a novelty to him. And this is a fatal error on the part of any woman.—Exchange.

Asking a Good Deal.

First Tramp—It's pretty cold today; I'd hate to live at the north pole. Second Tramp—So would I; I wouldn't have the nerve to ask for a night's lodging, if the nights were six months long.—Smart Set.

Too many of us are blaming fate for the fruitage of our fears.

Yes, But Will She?

Weddery—"Can the girl you are engaged to swim?" Singleton—"I don't know. But why do you ask?" Weddery—"Because, if she can, you ought to be happy. A girl who can swim can keep her mouth shut."—Silly Stories.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES THE PRIDE OF VILLAGERS

Business center of the village. His door is always open, any one can walk in upon him, get a pleasant greeting and see as much of the government wheels going round as he could in Mr. Lobb's Washington office. All he will see is Mr. Lobb busy at a big flat-topped desk, with another desk close by covered with the newspapers which the secretary to the president reads diligently. He will see the rest of the staff in the five other rooms. One room is occupied by one of two telegraph operators who are on duty by turns from nine a. m. to 11 p. m. They are kept busy most of the time. Much of the matter is summaries of correspondence, to which Secretary Lobb directs routine formal answers to be returned.

LOEB DECIDES WHO CAN SEE CHIEF EXECUTIVE

A LARGE part of Mr. Lobb's business in summer is deciding "who's who" in the matter of requests for personal interviews with the president. Few persons are allowed to go up to Sagamore Hill and ring the door bell. Of course, cabinet officers, senators and a few representatives would be permitted, if they chose to arrive in Oyster Bay unannounced, to drive up to the presidential door and send their cards to Mr. Roosevelt. But these privileged men are the very ones who would never think of doing so. All visiting statesmen write or telegraph beforehand, stating whether it will be convenient for the president to see them on a given day. The query and the answer pass through Lobb's hands. He writes these gentlemen that "the

president will be glad to see them at such-and such an hour on the day mentioned."

The president has a telephone in his house, but if you, Mr. Citizen, had something in your mind that you thought the nation's chief ought to know about at once, you couldn't go to the nearest pay booth and call him up. The telephone exchange girls at Oyster Bay have a strict rule on that. All persons, from cabinet rank down who call for Mr. Roosevelt's number are switched over to Mr. Lobb. If it's all right, Mr. Lobb says so, and you "get" the president. If Mr. Lobb doesn't know you he asks you your business and probably advises you to put it into writing, for Mr. Lobb is a methodical and careful secretary.

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not they would be quietly advised to keep moving. The guards know who has and who has not the "paper sesame" to the summer White House. No one can bluff his way past them. Some have tried.

The president's bodyguard is commanded by Jim Sloan, who has had the chief responsibility for his safety since Secret Service Agent Treece was made a United States marshal. Sloan has eight men to help him. Guards at the house and at the entrance from the highroad a quarter mile away are changed with the regularity of military discipline, night and day. The guards are all picked men, who have shown not merely zeal and devotion, which are essential, but horse-sense, alertness and quick judgment.

Laughter at Meals.

Worry at mealtimes and hurry directly after are two great factors in weakening the digestion. One of the most important meals of the day is breakfast, yet how often one hurries over food or scrambles through it in stony, frigid silence, scanning the columns of a favorite newspaper. An old physician, writing 70 years ago, said: "Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted and the custom prevalent among our forefathers of exciting it at table by jesters was founded upon true medical principles. Therefore, endeavor to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals."

Gave Up Unequal Fight.

A man's suit of clothes and boots have been found on the towing-path of the river Lea, in England, near Clapton. In one of the boots was a piece of paper, containing the following: "To anybody or everybody: Hitherto I have been a wanderer with no fixed abode, but henceforth it will be fixed and permanent, 'the river Lea'—One of the Submerged."

BLIND NOMINEE FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR



Thomas P. Gore, Democratic nominee for United States Senator from Oklahoma, although blind, is a man of remarkable force of character and ability. As an orator he is renowned throughout the territory. Mr. Gore is 36 years of age and was born in what is now Webster county, Mississippi. He lost his sight as the result of accidents at the ages of 8 and 11. He will be the first blind man to occupy a seat in Congress.

what mills of violence and torture the old meles were! To mail and bast a victim till he was jell, to leave a life-mark of victory upon the vanquished, and then to celebrate the Olympian event by getting gloriously drunk with your friends on new whiskey—this was fame and sport. It was a lame fight in which one of the contestants did not lose a part of his ear, or have his nose bitten off, but the acme of skill and power lay in plucking out your opponent's eye. Indeed, "eye-gouging," as it was called, was a road to glory, and the threat "I'll measure your eyestrings with the highest taunt."—From "Simon Kenton, Scalp Hunter."

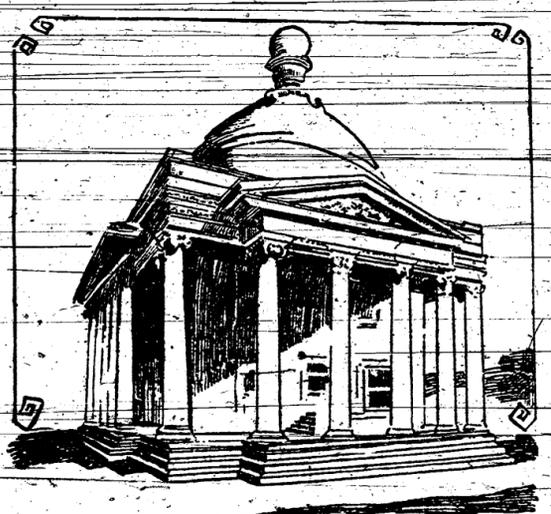
Profited by Error.

"When I opened the door," said the flat dweller, "my ire man stood there. He looked very meek and humble, to my surprise.

"I will fix that ice bill you thought was too exorbitant," he told me. "Perhaps it is. I will cut it down."

"He had gotten me mixed up with somebody else. I hadn't complained, but that didn't keep me from getting out the bill and letting him cut it down all right enough."

THE GARIBALDI "PANTHEON"



July 4, at Clifton, Staten Island, the Italian colony of New York dedicated the "Pantheon" they have built to enclose the little frame cottage in which Garibaldi, the Italian hero, lived between the years 1851 and 1853.

Duck Raising an Industry.

In Iceland, on certain islands, near Ryckavik, the elder duck is raised in a systematic manner. It is really more of a small goose than a duck, being so independent of fish and animal food as to be able to support itself by grazing on the seaweed at the bottom of the sea, at a considerable depth. It is a splendid diver, being as much at home under the water as on the surface. The great value of the elder duck's down is well known, and, owing to the bird's tendency to pull out such large quantities for its

All of One Mold.

We should remember that man differs little from man, except that he turns out best who is trained in the sharpest school.—Thucydides



THE executive offices at "the summer capital," as Oyster Bay folk take pride in calling their village, never fail to impress visitors by their unpretentiousness. They consist of seven office rooms and a storeroom, into which a loft above a corner grocery has been divided. Mr. Moore, the enterprising purveyor of pure food to the villagers and surrounding country, is a famous man every summer. The whole country hears each summer in the press dispatches of "the executive offices over Moore's grocery." Mr. Moore's pride would be greater if the president should come down some day and transact some important piece of business there.

Secretary Lobb has a large, sunny room in the front overlooking the bus-

ness center of the village. His door is always open, any one can walk in upon him, get a pleasant greeting and see as much of the government wheels going round as he could in Mr. Lobb's Washington office. All he will see is Mr. Lobb busy at a big flat-topped desk, with another desk close by covered with the newspapers which the secretary to the president reads diligently. He will see the rest of the staff in the five other rooms. One room is occupied by one of two telegraph operators who are on duty by turns from nine a. m. to 11 p. m. They are kept busy most of the time. Much of the matter is summaries of correspondence, to which Secretary Lobb directs routine formal answers to be returned.

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