

A DENATURED AGE.

The horseless cart is everywhere And smokeless powder fills the air; And all the joyous world doth laugh Because we've wireless telegraph.

We've lots of cashless millionaires, And needless apples, dates and pears; And there be those who say that kings Once fruitful now are fruitless things.

A thornless cactus now is made, I've been of an unjaded jaded; Who'd talk all night and scold all day, Yet nothing in the end would say.

We've painless dentists by the score, And Bernard is a shoreless Shaw.

We've needless needs, and needless ends, And sometimes find we've friendless friends.

There's much that's artless in the arts, And mads there be with heartless hearts—

And we shall have not an anon A Theodoresque Washington.

Now in the blessed name of Peace When will these strange inventions cease?

—Carlyle Smith.

THE BEWITCHING OF HENRY PICK.

Henry Pick arrived from Dubuque, Iowa, on the China to take the position of Surveyor of the Customs in Honolulu. He brought with him a letter of introduction from his uncle, the Senator, three trunks, and the orthodoxy of the college graduate who believes that life is a purely local affair which you can visit and enjoy or abstain from at will.

When Henry had been installed at his desk in the Custom House and had dined with his chief, the Collector, he proceeded down School Street into the big green yard of a highly recommended boarding-house. "You'll find it pretty fair," said the Collector. "And if I were you, I'd keep clear of the natives."

"Sure," said Henry. "You don't suppose I'd be chasing around with a lot of niggers, do you?" "They are—Oh, well, I'd keep clear of them if I were you," the Collector said, with a faint smile.

For two weeks Henry was very busy. He learned that the office of surveyor is not a sinecure, and he gained some respect for the native clerks who saved him from utter disgrace twice. Then he shut up his desk one afternoon, went to his room, dressed, and drove to dinner at the house of a territorial official who lived out on Lunalihi Street.

During many weeks the Surveyor of Customs fell deeper and deeper in love with the fair-haired, dark-eyed girl whose voice was like a song. He didn't try to conceal his admiration, and the only odd thing about the whole affair was the sudden cordiality of the native clerks in his office. Always servicable and polite, he often found them friendly in little matters, and many times a week he discovered letters on his desk, sweet-smelling and dream-giving.

Hotel Street. Ethel had been singing to him, and he was watching the play of her fingers across the strings. A rising moon threw sharp, powerful beams of light through the cylinders of the palms; the night wind was heavy with the scent of lemon and ginger.

He found himself shaking a dinky hand and staring into a dark, smiling, friendly face. At that instant Mrs. Hitzrote came out, trailing white skirts. With amazed eyes he saw that these women were unmistakably sisters.

Perhaps some day, and maybe soon, they will invent a rayless moonlight in which food swarms as based at night completely hid from mortal sight.

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town with young fellows and ended up with Jim Pierce of the Advertiser at a hula back of Kaimuki, where Kea, priestess, made a few dollars by allowing discreet haolees sometimes to witness a sacred rite. Pierce, years among the islands, vouched for Henry and took him to the dance.

The girls seemed to him modest and graceful beyond all rumor. He viewed the long pantomime and listened to the almost endless chants with a feeling that, after all, this was no exhibition unseemly and common to the eyes of the natives.

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He put up his hand and brushed the doctor's coat just below the left breast. "There was a moth fluttering on your coat," Henry said, and flipped his hand over the place once more. "Funny!" he said, half to himself. "It doesn't fly away!"

"When it flies away I'll fly too," Merry remarked, with sudden grimaces. "That's my heart beating that you see, man. Can't you make an effort of will and pull yourself together?"

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I saw nothing and said so. "He looks just like the rest—like you do," he pursued, "only his feet are faded away and there isn't anything in his breast. He must be dead." I involuntarily followed his glance. I was struck with horror. For an instant I did see a wavering, vague, misty form. It vanished. I recalled what Merry and Pierce had said about keeping away from Pick. Was it possible that I was becoming infected with this strange sight myself—this power of sight to learn things?

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"But how—" Pierce shook his head. "Ask Kea. All I know is Merry says it's due to a kind of hypnotism that changes the focus of the eyes. It's all been explained, in some book or other. It's—it is contagious, it seems."

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The House of Studebaker.

The sturdy, thrifty Hollanders have been the progenitors of many men foremost today in the ranks of American Captains of Industry. Thomas Dreier has a strong and compelling story in Human Life for September of the founders of a great industrial enterprise known in every hamlet in the land—the House of Studebaker.

Back in the eighteenth century it was that the first Studebaker set sail from the land of canals and windmills for the shores of America, and as far back as 1798 his descendants were wagon-builders. As the world moved, the Studebakers kept, if anything, a step or two in advance of the march of progress, and proved their right to be considered Captains of Industry.

John Studebaker, the best wagon-builder and blacksmith in his community in the early part of the last century, may be considered the corner-stone of the present great house that bears his name. The heritage he left his sons was those bed-rock qualities of honesty, industry, courage and progressiveness—mighty levers in the hands of modern world-movers of invention and business.

The inventors of the telephone, the telephone, the submarine cable, and the various machines that minister to the needs of mankind are as truly and as grandly missionaries to the race as those who give their lives to enlightening the nations that sit in darkness. The inventors, the manufacturers and the distributors of the commodities of the world's instruments of Destiny to bring mankind closer together, and the story of the rise of this great commercial House of Studebaker, and of its founders and builders, is full of romance and live human interest in anything the novelist's pen could dream up.—Human Life Publishing Co., Boston.

Given Away.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, author of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, offers this valuable work as a gift to those who wish to see the expert's mailings. This great medical work contains 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations, and is full of the common sense of a wide medical experience. It answers the unspoken questions of young men and maidens. It meets the emergencies of the family with plain practical directions. It is a book for every man and every woman to read and keep at hand for reference. Its medical information alone may save many a costly doctor's bill. This book will be sent to you free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps from the paper cover, or 31 stamps for cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Horses as Meat.

According to information received at the State Department at Washington, D. C., Englishmen have put over a commercial trick over the inhabitants of the other countries of northern Europe. And it was done by using the American exporters as the best means of making the trick good.

Some time ago the reports were circulated in Europe that horse meat was being shipped to them from the United States, prejudicing American meat shipments. Upon instructions from the State Department the consuls at Hull and New Castle made a thorough investigation and reported that no horse meat was being shipped from the United States, but, on the contrary, exporters at Hull and New Castle were shipping live worn out English horses to several continental ports, principally Antwerp, where they had been sold for food under the strict regulations of the Belgium Government.

You must have a foundation before you can build a house. You must have a foundation before you can build up your health. The foundation of health is pure blood. To try to build up health by "doctoring" for symptoms of disease is like trying to build a house by beginning at the chimneys. Begin at the foundation. Make your blood pure and you will find that "heart trouble," "liver trouble" and kindred ailments disappear when the poisons are eliminated from the blood. The sovereign blood purifying remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has cured diseases pronounced incurable by physicians. It has restored health to those who have absolutely despaired of recovery.

Large sailor collars are applied to many of the new coats and these will be much in requisition for young girls' costumes, while the coat of the eighties, which was trimmed with a narrow band of fur down the front as well as all around the base, has returned to favor, and is very simple and pretty for a girl of 14 to 15, where a short-skirted coat and skirt are concerned.

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