

THIS BAD OLD WORLD.

There's plenty of good in this bad old world,
In spite of what cynics say.
There's many a hand held out to help
Another on his way.
The world is selfish, the world is cold,
And its idol is success;
Yet it often steps aside for fear
On the fallen it will press.

There's many a hero gives up his life
In humble duty done,
With no hope of glory to shrine his name.
Past the setting of the sun,
Dearly the world loves dollars, and yet,
In spite of its grasp and greed,
There's many a dollar freely spent
On the widow and orphan's need.

Bad as it is, with its vice and sin,
This old worn world of ours,
It binds with awe before pure things,
And love and faith are powers.
It may follow the winner with homage
and cheers,
Though his right lines in a fog;
But there are plenty in it who'll boldly
still
Stand up for the under dog.
—W. D. Nesbit in Baltimore American.

Into a Mantrap.

By Shirley W. Smith.

We were three undergraduates bicycling through Canada from Detroit to Niagara Falls. Carter and Croleman were seniors; I was a junior.
At Ancaster the well-graveled road began to fall off sharply, and had it only led straight on, we might have coasted several miles into Hamilton. Carter wanted to stop in the city for dinner, but Croleman and I were in favor of riding the few miles to Grimsby. As we had agreed to abide strictly by majority vote, we continued on our way. But we had hardly left the outskirts of the town when Croleman ran over the stub of a nail sticking out of a horseshoe in the dust. His tire was flat in ten seconds. When we had spent half an hour in repairing the puncture, we were so hungry that everyone wished we had stopped in Hamilton. We even thought of turning back. But a short distance ahead we could see a big, prosperous looking farmhouse, and there, we thought, we might get some bread and milk.

The family gave us a cordial reception; a gallon of milk, fresh and creamy and cool from the spring house, and a giant loaf of bread were set before us. And when we offered payment for our feast, Mr. Gaston our host, bluffy refused to touch a penny. On the other hand, he insisted that before we went away we should let him show us his new stock barn, which was, he told us, the pride and envy of all the country round. The building was not quite finished. Painters were putting on the second coat, and one or two carpenters were working inside. We noticed one man just about to set a pump in the cistern. The roof of the barn had been on nearly three weeks, Mr. Gaston said, and almost his whole hay crop was stored away in the vast mow. Most of his stock was turned out to pasture; only the work horses and a few cattle and some smaller animals being now in the stalls and pens.

After our inspection we sat down on the piazza for a few minutes' rest, when we were suddenly summoned into an experience that literally came within an inch of being the end of me. Mr. Gaston was discussing Dominion politics when I saw a thin, twining strand of blue smoke float out from a ventilator high up in a gable of the big barn. The farmer saw it at almost the same instant, and rushed down the steps.

But even before he could get half way to the building the line of blue smoke had become a dark cloud, and red flames threaded its rolling mass. Smoke and fire were to be seen at a dozen openings. We found out afterward that a hired man had been taking a smoke in the stables, and that a spark from his pipe as he went to get hay for the horses had started the blaze.

Gaston and his men could make every effort count, as they knew exactly what animals were in the barn and where. We three boys helped as much as we could; we ran out wagons and carriages, hauled out bags of grain and tied horses so that they could not rush back into the building. But rapidly as we worked, and with all the assistance that arrived from the neighborhood, we were soon convinced that some of the animals were doomed.

The thought was a terrible one to me. I remembered a pen of two or three sheep that I had seen as we passed through the barn, and I believed I could find them and drag out at least one. In I dashed. But it was a foolish act. The smoke was heavy, and before I realized what I was doing, I was groping wildly about with no thought but to find my way out again.

Then suddenly I stumbled over some rattling metallic object, and it and I dropped into space. I felt the air grow darker, yet cooler and purer, and then I struck water and went under it to a stone floor.

Like a flash came the recollection of the open cistern I had noticed on our trip through the barn. Was I to drown in that dark hole? I remember that there was an instant's comfort in the thought that I had better drown than burn to death. I fought my way up to the surface through what seemed to be fathoms of water.

Blowing and strangling. I managed to get a breath, and stood up. Then I knew that my fall had broken no bones, and that the water was only waist deep. The galvanized iron pail that I had tripped over was floating, half full of water, beside me.

But my plight was bad enough. The hard work in the heat of the day and the blazing barn had drawn the perspiration from every pore of my body, and now to be plunged into this chilling place for I knew not how long put me in danger of rheumatism or pneumonia. And the immediate danger was great enough. It was improbable that the smoke would settle into the cistern sufficiently to disturb me much; but high overhead I could see the flames in the timbers of the roof, and already good sized pieces of burning wood were dropping to the floor. The opening through which I had passed so easily was certainly big enough to admit a falling stick whose weight could crush in my skull like pasteboard.

Worst of all, the cistern had been built in the shape of an egg. The big end was down; but even so, the bottom sloped rather stiffly to a point exactly under the opening. It was almost impossible to stand anywhere except at that lowest, central point, for the slippery cement let my feet slide back to the middle as fast as I stepped away. Two or three small sticks fell upon me, and in avoiding another I slipped and got a second complete ducking.

By the momentary light of the little torches that dropped in I saw that my head was at least five feet from the opening over me, and that there was absolutely nothing within my reach that my fingers could grasp. The fire roared above, while I could hear the tramping of the frightened animals in their stalls, and now and then a hoarse shout from a human throat outside.

Little by little the air in the cistern grew warmer, and the noise of the flames seemed to increase rather than to lessen. Suddenly I heard the clang of a fire engine bell, and then a clear, resonant command that must have come through a fireman's trumpet. I surmised correctly, as I afterward learned, that the Hamilton firemen had managed, by piecing together many sections of hose, to get within reach of the blaze.

There was sudden shower of embers, a wrenching and crunching and hissing above, and a swirl of fiery air was forced down through the opening. The roof was falling. I ducked beneath the water to escape the big sparks, trying to crawl to one side over the slippery sloping bottom, and expecting at any second to get a crushing blow from some detached timber of the falling mass. But only small pieces came into the cistern. When I thrust my head above the surface again I saw that the opening was nearly filled with glowing timber ends, while various smaller pieces of burning wood were in sight. "Now," I thought, "the danger is all past; the firemen will soon extinguish the fire, and I shall be discovered and taken out."

Even as I looked there was a hissing of steam above, and a splash of cold water came down upon me. It was, of course, from the fire hose. There was plenty of water to fight the flames, for the splash that fell on me was succeeded by other splashes. Then the splashes became a small stream, and that in turn a larger one. Still the water poured in—a steady jet as large as my arm. It could not come directly from the hose; it was too large, and it had not sufficient force. It fell more as water falls from the open end of an eaves spout during a hard rain storm.

Suddenly I realized that instead of being only waist deep the water was almost at my chest. For a moment I did not comprehend the meaning of this. Then I grasped its import, and for the first time that afternoon real fear seized upon me. I tried desperately to get up the sloping floor of my trap. It was no use! I might gain a couple of steps, or even three; then back I slid. Over and over I tried it; and when I gave it up the water was nearly even with my shoulders.

By its impetus the stream above me fell a little to one side of the center, and I was spared receiving the deluge on my head. I got the pail under my feet and thus raised my mouth a foot higher above the water. There was a gleam of hope. Perhaps the water would cease to run in. But as the flood crawled slowly up to my shoulders again, I grew as frantic as before. Each little ripple as it touched me felt like the eight legs of a spider creeping nearer my face.

I shouted and screamed again and again. I tossed up bits of charred wood, crazily hoping that they would in some way find an opening and rise as a signal to the firemen who were unwittingly killing me. Each piece fell back as regularly as it was thrown. Often they were too light even to reach the covering of the cistern.

The water was lapping my neck when I thought of my bicycle wrench and my knife. I got them from my pocket and threw the knife. There was weight to that; it carried well, but when it struck a timber end it dropped back into the water with a hopeless splash. The wrench was my last hope.

I poised myself as carefully as I could, and then with all my strength, hampered by the water and by unsteady foothold, I tossed the little piece of shining steel. Straight as a ray of light it went into the point where the stream of water was flowing through. And as the pail slid from under me and the water closed over

me, I knew that the wrench was not going to fall back. Where had it landed? Had it risen into the air and been seen by some eager eye? Or was it only lying out of sight beneath rubbish that had stopped its upward course?

When I could get my head once more above water and had my feet fixed as firmly as possible on the pail, my blurred eyes strained toward the incoming stream. I knew it was still falling, and that the water was at my chin. But it might be—it might be smaller. And—was I right? Did not my water dimmed eyes me? The flow was certainly less! It was growing still less every second! And then it ceased. There was only a succession of subdued drops in place of the splashing, bounding torrent of the last half hour.

And already the rubbish above began to shiver and resound under the rapid blows of axes. In ten minutes more I was looking up into the full light of the afternoon, and Croleman and Carter were lowering a rope with a big noose at its end. I got the noose under my arms, and then my overtaxed body and nerves failed me. I came to my senses again after a few minutes, and found myself lying in a bed between hot woolen blankets, and my chums and Mr. Gaston were rubbing me. So vigorous were their efforts that I felt warmer than at any time before that afternoon. I begged them to treat me with less violence.

The next day proved that their treatment had been good for me. I felt no ill effects whatever from my experience, and insisted on going ahead with our trip. The Gastons objected strongly, and would have been glad to have us spend our whole vacation at their farm; but we did not wish to give up our excursion to the falls and our time was limited. So, after dinner, we bade them good by, and rode off toward Grimsby.

The burned barn, as I examined the ruins that morning, plainly told me the story of how so much water happened to be poured in upon me. The south end of the building was still standing, and the partly burned roof sloped thence toward the middle of the barn, where the cistern was. When the ridgepole fell, the lower end of it, charred and splintered, had come to rest just over my prison. Although the trough thus formed was full of holes and choked with rubbish it was still sound enough to force much of the water thrown on the ruins to work its way into the cistern.

No one had noticed what became of the water; on one had thought of my being in that hole. The still smoking remnants of the barn were full of eager searchers for my body when Carter had seen my bicycle wrench shoot up from a small opening in the litter and fall back out of sight in the wet ashes.—Youth's Companion.

WHY HAVE A STOMACH?

If the Lictum of Doctors Be Accepted We Need None.

A writer in the Lancet informs the world that "the operation of gastrectomy is on its trial." He then quotes the opinions of others on this question thus:

"Although the entire stomach has been removed for cancer with temporary success, we cannot think that the number of cases in which this can be done will be large; nor do we look upon the operation as at all a favorable one. They do not even describe the operation, as if the growth be sufficiently large to warrant such a severe procedure, it is practically beyond hope of immunity from recurrence."

It is evident that the Lancet's expert has no patience with surgeons who would permit people to retain their stomachs when opportunities for removing them have been offered. Here is his declaration:

"It seems to me that in all cases of gastric carcinoma where operation is advisable at all gastrectomy is indicated, as it having been proved that the stomach is not essential for digestion, the more complete its removal the greater should be the probable immunity from recurrence, while the risk is not proportionally increased. If at all possible it is, however, wise, for physiological reasons as well as for ease in operation, to leave a small portion of healthy stomach."

The gentleman should be thanked for his concession as to the small portion of healthy stomach, but why leave any of the stomach? Why carry a stomach for even a portion of one around just as a matter of form? Describing an interesting operation performed by himself the Lancet's correspondent very interestingly says:

"As compared with pylorotomy the operation as performed in this case was easier and took less time, because there was less stomach surface to suture. The cut edges were easily and rapidly brought together with continuous silk sutures (through all the coats), and then the duodenum was implanted into the very small surface of the fundus that was left. Had there been difficulty in approximation I would have closed the duodenum and attached the jejunum."

This plain and unequivocal statement should inspire the public with new confidence in surgery. When it becomes possible in case of difficulty of approximation to close the duodenum and attach the jejunum who can reasonably continue to sit back in doubt? Down with the stomach!—Chicago Record-Herald.

The dyspeptic is inclined to wonder if some cook books are not full of typographical errors.

American Success Due to Education.

By Wu Ting-fang, Chinese Minister

A TYPICAL American is never at a loss what to do with himself. If, by some enchantment, he were whisked away over night and set down in the middle of Timbuctoo, he would, doubtless, when he should awake next morning, be astonished, but before luncheon he would be busily engaged in some business enterprise so readily does he adapt himself to circumstances. In every instance he knows how to take care of himself, but perhaps the real secret of his success is that he knows how to make the most of his opportunities.

An American student usually realizes that education is the stepping stone to achievement. He makes the most of himself as a student, that he may be able to make the most of himself in his chosen career. All through his course of study this idea is instilled into his mind, and the consequence is that he leaves his college or university well prepared to enter upon life's activities. He is sure of himself. I may also add that the schools of the United States, both public and collegiate, are the crowning glory of his young and great Republic. No words can bestow upon them too high praise. No estimate can be put upon the good which they are accomplishing in training young women as well as young men for future usefulness. Systematic education is reaching its highest form in this country. Its results are so practical that the country cannot help but advance.

The intelligence of the average American is worthy of note. This, I take it, is due in large measure not only to the excellent schools, but also to the innumerable newspapers and other publications.

The ability to seize his opportunities, which is characteristic of the American is seen in the business enterprises of the country. American brains and American capital are reaching out to control the markets of the world, and with good reason, other nations are watching the efforts with keen interest. China is but awakening to its vast possibilities, and more and more will she welcome the American merchant and American commerce within her borders. American enterprise is now building a railway from Hankow to Canton, and, no doubt, other roads will soon be building. China's rivers and harbors are to be improved, and there will be more and more demand for American steel, rails and other products.

Women and Matrimony.

By Lillian Bell.

MATRIMONY—a happy marriage, the making of a home—a home, mind you, not keeping a house—is the only legitimate happiness in the world for a woman. The Almighty has plainly said so, but we twentieth-century wisecracks, who know so much more than our Creator—we cry out for careers, for the bachelor girl, for women's clubs, women's rights, and everything which is calculated to take the place of the natural yearning in a true woman's soul for a husband's sustaining and protecting love, and the feel of a downy head pressing against a woman's breast. Well, go on. Fool yourselves if you like. Fool the world if you can. I know your secret. I know how, when Christmas comes, you have hours of wishing all your fame, all your beauty, all your riches, were swallowed up for just the touch of one hand—for the sound of one voice! Lonely? The proudest of you, the best educated, the most self-supporting, the most (so-called) independent, would at times, the lonely times, the candle-lighting times, the Christmas times, give everything on earth you possess for a home of your own and a husband and a child. No matter if they made you unhappy. Even a wife's and a mother's happiness is preferable to the unhappiness made by business or friends—so cold blooded—so uncaring. Oh, even the most successful of misunderstood daughters and spinsters or bachelorettes or emancipated divorcees or consigned widows—how much persuasion would be necessary to cause you to forsake the loneliness of being unloved for The One, should he chance along?

Sympathy the Key to Woman's Power.

By Marion F. Moberg.

IN observing and studying the modern married woman one is often painfully struck by the fact that she is frequently thinking of herself—her comfort and pleasure—and too little of others. That this should be the case is anything but a credit to her.

In return for all that man concedes to woman today, in the way of education, physical training and independence, she should show more gratitude and sympathy in his activities, and take fewer things for granted.

Men are so often spoken of as "selfish," but how about women? It is selfish, ungenerous and ungrateful to accept every privilege bestowed upon you and offer nothing in return, cultivating nothing of the gentle dignity and grace with which women can add so much to the beauty of life.

Remember, in this world, if we would be happy, we must give as well as take, but for the moment the policy of woman seems to be to take all that she can get and give nothing.

Women should realize more what a wonderful power for good they have. The harmony of the home rests with them. They may encourage or destroy it as they will.

The two ways in which women's power is most commonly brought to bear are by sympathy and scorn.

Sympathize with the aims and aspirations of those around you. Women who can in that way call forth the energies of others are endowed with the greatest power that is given to any one on earth.

On the other hand, the power that scorn holds may punish—it may drive, but it cannot win or lead.

It is by sympathy that woman works most effectively and influences the strongest natures.

She holds a double power, for a woman's sympathy may work to strengthen the lower impulses of man and degrade him, or to call forth his better nature and render his whole being nobler and finer.

There are women—empty, frivolous, and idle—who are absorbed in the pleasures of life, and who are only trying how to gratify themselves.

They have no interest in man's honest toil, no appreciation of the strength he displays in battling with the world. Their influence does not tend to encourage or enable.

Desire to be an unselfish woman, true to the good you know, and eager to do it—whose sympathy can call forth all that is best in a man. By ready sympathy at every turn a woman may obtain a large share in every part of her husband's thoughts, activities and interests until she exercises a constant and welcome sway over his whole life.

Unnoted Heroes.

THE Bore War

IUST before the big Bothaville fight the column of which my unit formed a portion was encamped upon the banks of the Vaal River, at Rensburg Drift.

We had just completed a long march under a scorching sun; and now, having "lined up" our ammunition wagons and turned our horses out to graze, most of us had thrown ourselves down among the long, dry grass in order to doze and to rest our weary limbs.

A high wind had sprung up and, fanned by it, I was soon fast asleep; but I could not have slept long before I was aroused by a tremendous uproar. Springing to my feet, I imagine my dismay at seeing a wall of fire rushing through our camp and making straight for our ammunition wagons, which, loaded with shell and with cordite cartridges, stood helplessly in line, and constituted an appalling danger.

Without waiting for any word of command from their officers, a wild rush toward the wagons was made by seven or eight of our gunners and drivers, headed by Driver Hillier, the bravest of the brave, whose dash and energy stimulated his comrades to exert themselves to the utmost.

Some seized the pole of a wagon, others manned its wheels; and by dint of sheer hard work and frantic efforts that wagon with its terrible load was dragged to a place of safety.

Then the second wagon was tackled, and it also was soon drawn out of the track of the flames; but by the time our heroic men returned for the third and last wagon the treacherous flames were licking its bottom boards. Undaunted, these gunners and drivers fought and battled through the flames, while many others rushed away and clapped their hands to their ears in horror, momentarily expecting the awful explosion which would announce the total destruction of the ammunition wagon and of the brave men who were struggling with it.

But an all-merciful Providence watched over these men, and, blackened, scorched and blistered, they emerged from the smoke and flames with their precious charge.

It was a near thing, and as gallant a deed as I ever witnessed, yet not the slightest notice was taken of it.

One of these heroes is now working away contentedly at his trade in Glasgow; another lies "under the sod" at Pretoria; Driver Hillier, who led the mad rush toward the jeopardized wagons, now drives a cab through the London streets; and the remainder have dispersed—I know not where.

INDEX to Poise.
No human creature can thrive and come near perfection without giving equal heed to the instinct for doing right. And it is only as these three great instinctive forces come into something like fair accord that we begin to know contentment. Contentment is the index of poise in a character, while discontent is an indication—nay, is the very essence—of distraction. And to be distraught, to do one thing when we perceive we ought to do another, to see the truth clearly and not have heroism enough to follow it, to lead an inner life of turmoil—this is the beginning of death, the gradual dissolution of character we nearly all undergo, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It may be habit or conscience or slavery to conventionality that enslaves us and undoes us at the last; it may be a faltering will and a fickle heart; it may be a dull and sleepy mind; the disaster is the same; we feel the diversity of purposes of the warring intuitions within us, and the goblin of discontent perches on our doorstep.

Statue of Rameses II.

Among the many colossal with which Rameses II adorned the different temples throughout Egypt there is no more characteristic representation of this mighty ruler of the desert, according to our own ideals, formed from our historic knowledge of him, than the mighty colossus of Memphis, which now belongs to the British nation.

Raised from its Nile bed, where it has lain face downward for centuries, reposing calmly beneath the waters of the sacred river save at the dry season, when it became visible until the inundation again buried it, it now rests high and dry above all dangers of high water, on heavy pedestals of stonework.

Originally this figure stood on one side of the great doors of the magnificent temple of Pthah, the ancient god of universal life or artisan of the world, which temple Rameses II further enriched with the colossal. There is but little evidence remaining of this temple, save great mounds of decaying and crumbling granite and conglomerate.

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING - PAYS.

goes straight to the seat of the pain, no matter whether it comes from
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, SWOLLEN JOINTS, SPRAINS, HEADACHE, STRAINS, STIFFNESS, LUMBAGO OR SCIATICA.
Used Externally by rubbing only. Equally good for MAN AND HORSE.
25 cts. per bottle.
D. DODGE TOMLINSON
608 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia.

BREIDLE, FRENCHFIELD & CO'S
VEGETABLE CATTLE POWDER AND CATTLE LINIMENT
This celebrated
CATTLE POWDER
is earnestly recommended to
Farmer, Horseman and Dairyman as a MOST RELIABLE CURE
for all ordinary diseases to which HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP or HOGS are subject. At the same time it keeps them in a naturally healthy and thrifty condition, positively making an
INCREASE OF MILK AND BUTTER,
—the latter from ONE to TWO POUNDS PER WEEK,—or aiding the fattening process in stock 20 to 25 per cent. It does this in the natural way, without the least injury to the animal.
Four full doses will be mailed FREE by
THE FRENCHFIELD CATTLE POWDER CO.,
406 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE CENT will bring you happiness after eating a hearty meal.
DR. CARL L. JENSEN'S Pepsin Tablets
Contains nothing but pure pepsin (no drugs). One tablet taken after a meal will digest one pound of solid food. Samples free. Ask your druggist or send us 25 cents in stamps for a trial.
Dr. Carl L. Jensen, 400 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa.
BIRD MANNA!
The grand secret of the many breeders of the Hart's Mountain in Germany. Bird Manna will restore the song of cage birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of breeding, facilities it will carry the little muscivore through this critical period without the loss of song. Sold by mail on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Sent by all druggists. Bird Book Free.
THE BIRD FOOD CO.,
No. 608 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.