

#### DISTANCE.

A hundred miles between us  
Could never part us more  
Than that one step you took from me  
What time my need was sore.

A hundred years between us  
Might hold us less apart  
Than that one dragging moment  
Wherein I knew your heart.

Now what farewell is needed  
To all I held most dear,  
So far and far you are from me  
I doubt if you could hear.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Ainslee's Magazine.

### LOTTIE BRETT'S WINDHAM EXPERIENCE

By Gertrude L. Stone.

When Lottie Brett came down to supper wearing her pink waist, the other girls at Miss Gordon's table knew that the thermometer of Lottie's spirits registered high.

"The Bowdoin glee and mandolin clubs are going to give a concert at Windham a week from next Saturday night," she announced, as soon as there was opportunity. "I saw their pictures in the drug store window this afternoon. I want to go. Don't the rest of you?"

The idea met with instant approval on the part of the other girls.

"Of course I want to go," said Lillian Walker. "Don't I live next door to one of the tenors, and haven't I played with him since he wore dresses?"

"I should like to go because my cousin is leader of the glee club," said Edith Wallace, with obvious pride. No other girl at Winthrop Heights Seminary could claim that distinction.

"Well, my brother's chum is in the mandolin club," added Lottie Brett. "Which accounts for your musical ability, does it?" asked Lillian Walker, teasingly, for the cheerful Lottie was hopelessly unmusical.

"No, for my interest in music, and shows that it is on the same foundation as yours," she retorted so promptly as to crush other remarks. "Will you chaperon us if Doctor Manning will give us permission to go?" she asked of Miss Gordon, the teacher who presided at the table. Miss Gordon was willing to go, and later Doctor Manning's consent was readily obtained.

Just before supper on the night of the concert Miss Gordon went to the principal to tell him she understood that some of the college boys of Windham and their friends had arranged for a little dance to follow the concert. She fancied that the girls had known of it longer than she had, and that it accounted in part for the interest in the concert and the fact that her party numbered eighteen. "They want to know if they may stay," she said.

"No," answered Doctor Manning. "If the concert is over in time for you to take the ten-ten car, I think you had better come home. Since the cars run only once an hour, the next one would keep you out later than seems to be desirable on a Saturday night."

"May we stay to the dance?" the girls asked, eagerly, at the supper-table.

"Not if the concert is through in time for us to take the ten-ten car," reported Miss Gordon.

"It won't be," said Lottie optimistically. "The boys will be called back over and over again—at least, they were when I heard them last year."

Such is the power many persons have of convincing themselves that what they desire to have come to pass must somehow happen, that when the party reached the hall, and Miss Gordon counted her charges, she noticed that almost without exception they were dressed for dancing. It was, indeed, a very attractive group the chaperon saw; and anxious to have the girls enjoy themselves, although not anxious to remain until the last car, she indulged in the hope that the concert would be short, and that the girls might have the fun of a few dances before the ten-ten car.

The concert began promptly; the audience was enthusiastic; the two clubs generous in their encores but prudent as regarded their length, for although there was no public announcement of the fact they had agreed to end their program at fifteen minutes before ten. They did not, however, make their final bow to the audience until ten minutes before the hour. Miss Gordon saw the futility of further hope that there might be time for a dance or two, but she heard Lottie Brett give away the first three dances without a shade of doubt in her gay voice. The ushers pushed the seats back and the committee of arrangements seemed to be hurrying preparations in all possible ways, but the orchestra was not even in place when Miss Gordon sent round word to her party that it was time to leave.

Some of the faces, bright and charming a few minutes before, were decidedly unattractive as the group passed down-stairs to take the car. "It's just as mean as it can be!" declared Edith Wallace. "Doctor Man-

ning wouldn't care. He said we might stay if the concert wasn't over."

"She doesn't want to stay herself, and she doesn't care whether we have a good time or not. Horrid old cat!" said June Dennison. "I'm going to stay and take the special car after the dance, and go to Aunt May's to spend the night. Come, too, Edith. Aunt May would love to have you. She'll be on our side."

Lottie Brett bringing up the rear of the party could not help hearing the conversation between the two roommates. With her excitable and impulsive temperament there seemed to her at that moment just one desirable thing in the world, and that was to be allowed to stay to the dance. Why should she not, too, wait and take the later car?

There was not much time to think about it. Almost as soon as the sidewalk was reached, the ten-ten car appeared and stopped, and a file of cross, disappointed girls began to enter it. Miss Gordon, young and inexperienced in chaperoning, stepped in when it was naturally her turn. Half the girls were behind her. Soon the car moved on, and when Miss Gordon looked about her it was to find that three of her party were missing. She did not see that it would be the sensible thing for her to jump off as quickly as possible and go back, since the fifteen on the car had shown they could do without a chaperon much better than the three who stayed behind. To her mind, she was responsible for a party and that party was on the car.

Lottie Brett came to herself before the car had gone far. Then she waved her hand frantically and called, but no one appeared to notice her. She started to run up the middle of the street, to the great amusement of June Dennison and Edith Wallace, who had yielded to their temptation the moment Miss Gordon had stepped on board. They had slipped away from the others and gone round back of the car.

"Come back!" they called once, but Lottie did not heed them. She stumbled along the car track for almost a block while the car was in sight; then realizing that she would attract attention, she hurried along the sidewalk.

No thought of the dance entered her mind her one all-controlling idea was that she ought to go home. There was no car for an hour, and there was nothing for her to do but walk as fast as she was able. To be openly disobedient was a new experience for Lottie, and the immediate effect was to make her feel sick at heart. It was five miles home, it was after ten o'clock, it was dark and she was decidedly timid, but after the wave of unavailing regret broke over her, it would have taken physical force to keep her from the journey home.

She was on the outskirts of the city in twenty minutes. Then there were four miles of country road. There were frequent houses, but at half past ten most of them were dark. There were several long intervals without a house, Lottie was thoroughly frightened and thoroughly miserable, but it never occurred to her to turn back. With the determination that was her endearing quality she kept on; she ran, she walked, part of the time she travelled along the car-track; then again she tried the road. Once a carriage came along, but she hid behind a tree until it had passed.

When she was half way home it seemed to her that she could not hold out for the remaining distance, but she stopped running so often, and found she could keep on. The last half-mile, in fact, was the easiest in some respects. Most of the time she was covering that distance she could hear the last car approaching. It overtook and passed her. She made no effort to hail it for she did not wish to see any one who might help her, but the lights were company and comfort. When the car had reached the end of the line Lottie nerved herself for one more burst of speed, and not more than ten minutes after a passenger from the car should have reached the seminary, Lottie stumbled the steps.

Miss Winthrop, the preceptress, and Miss Gordon had met the car, and failing to find any of the missing ones, had returned to the seminary. Doctor Manning was away. Just what to do at midnight to find the two lost girls was the serious question confronting the teachers when the bell rang, and Miss Winthrop gladly admitted Lottie.

"Where are the others?" demanded poor, overwrought Miss Gordon.

"Gone to June's Aunt May's!" Lottie gasped, and burst into a tearful apology to Miss Gordon.

With intense relief, but unconcealed disgust in her expression, Miss Gordon, when she had heard the incoherent apology, turned sharply and went to her room to have her cry there. Miss Winthrop, left with the sobbing girl, took her to her own room, and with the practise of years soon had her calm enough to explain matters.

"I want to see Doctor Manning," was Lottie's one desire.

"He is away, and moreover, you could not see him at this time of night if he were at home. What you must do is to take a hot bath and an alco-

hol rub, and get into bed at once. You are not accustomed to running five miles, you know."

On Monday morning Lottie fairly welcomed the sight of Doctor Manning's automobile. "Will it be right for me to go now?" she asked, eagerly, as soon as the principal alighted; and when the desired assent was given, she flew across the campus quite as fast as he had travelled in her Saturday night journey.

"I am sorrier than I can tell," said she, when she had given an account of the matter in her usual honest and graphic way, "but I don't see that there are any extenuating circumstances. I simply did not mind until it was too late to make minding of any value."

"No," said Doctor Manning, repressing a smile, "there seem to be no extenuating circumstances, but you really seem to have punished yourself pretty thoroughly already. I should never have dared use so drastic a punishment as a five-mile walk at midnight along a country road, but as it seems to have cleared your moral vision, we will call the matter settled, and record a new use for violent physical exercise. On the whole,"—and the doctor's eye twinkled—"I really think for so unmusical a person, you paid pretty high for concert privileges, don't you?"

So the Windham experience came to an end, as far as Lottie Brett's punishment was concerned, although Miss Gordon was incensed when she heard of the outcome.

"You don't mean that Lottie Brett is not to have any punishment," she asked Miss Winthrop.

"I mean that Doctor Manning thinks she has punished herself enough," answered the older teacher.

"Then of course I've nothing more to say," replied Miss Gordon, frigidly, "though I cannot understand it."

"No," thought Miss Winthrop, "you can't, and it is of no use to try to explain to you. You never acted on impulse in all your short but well-ordered life, and you don't know what it is to be sorry, because you have always been perfectly sure you were right."—Youth's Companion.

#### WOMEN OF BURMA.

##### Gentler Sex in That Land Enjoys General Freedom.

For woman Burma is a veritable heaven on earth. No country elsewhere furnishes her more freedom, more opportunity. Even occidental countries cannot vie with Burma in this respect. Mrs. Burman outshines everybody and everything. Moreover, she is ubiquitous. You find her here, there and everywhere. You stop at the jewelry store containing millions of dollars' worth of pearls and rubies and precious stones, and the person in charge of the establishment is a woman. The salespeople are also women. You go to a fruit stall and it is a woman who owns and conducts it, and sells you a banana or a mango.

At railroad stations a Burmese woman sells you the tickets, and a fair daughter of the land is ready to take your dictation and do your typewriting if you are looking for an amanuensis. The Burmese woman is not only an efficient business woman, but a good mother. Her duties as mother and merchant do not interfere with each other in the slightest degree. Added to her superior intelligence, the Burmese woman has good looks. She has eyes of a deep, liquid black or brown bordering on black. The forehead is usually high and well filled out, and there is a purity of expression about the face. Her head is oval and shapely, this effect being heightened by the manner in which she dresses her hair in a big knot on top of her head. Her dress is white, with a tight-fitting jacket, with large sleeves; the lower part of the body is covered by a single bright silk petticoat, which also is tight-fitting and displays the figure like a modern sheath skirt. The woman of Burma is cautious about wearing jewelry. If she wears any at all it must be of gold. She powders her face sparingly and adorns her hair with a few flowers, usually artificial ones.—Southern Workman.

#### Moose Luck.

Writes an Orono (Me.) correspondent: The residents of the Riverside were treated to a ~~not seldom seen~~ in this vicinity ~~Wednesday forenoon~~, when a big moose was caught in the swift current of the Penobscot at freshet pitch and swept over the dam at Basin Mills. The moose entered the water near the ferry and swam slowly toward the Orono side, but shouting on the shore turned the animal and it swam down stream, being caught in the current and carried over the dam at the Basin. A half mile below the dam the creature succeeded in reaching the Brady shore again, apparently without injury, although those who saw it go over the dam little expected it to escape alive.—Lewiston Journal.

In general and electrical engineering factories in the United Kingdom more than 16,000 women are employed.

### OIL DISTRIBUTION AN EXACT SCIENCE

Fully a Million Dollars a Week in Foreign Gold Comes to This Country to Pay For Standard's Product That is Peddled to the Doors of Hutand Palace, According to the Rockefeller Plan of International Barter.

This Rockefeller Foundation, to make a story of it, is in reality just this—it is the dream of a poor boy come true. It is the happy ending of an American novel of real life. It is the climax of one of the most dramatic and impressive careers that this country, or any other, has ever known.

The dream—or the novel or drama, whichever you like—began more than half a century ago. It began in a shabby little boarding house in Cleveland, in the brain of a lad of eighteen who was clerking for a shipping and real estate company. There were at that time about a million other American boys of the same age, and not many of them had received fewer privileges than this one. He had been educated partly in the public schools, but mainly at home, by his mother and father. His pay, at this time, was sixty cents a day. His hours of labor were from breakfast until bedtime. For his room and meals he was paying \$1 a week, so that his net income—the basis of his dream of fortune and philanthropy—was not more than \$135 a year.

Even at this time, and with this income, he built a tiny little foundation of his own. Out of the sixty cents a day, he set aside a few pennies for the church, or for some hungry family, or to drop into some hat that was passed around in the office.

The notebook in which these little philanthropic entries were made is still in existence. It is known by the name of "Ledger A" in the Rockefeller family. It is a completely worn out little notebook, with broken cover and tattered pages of faded writing, but it is one of the most precious treasures in the Rockefeller vaults. It has more than a personal interest now. It has suddenly become historic, because it records the origin of "the most comprehensive scheme of benevolence in the whole history of humanity."

The managerial instinct was so strong in this boy that he was not satisfied with merely paying his share into the contribution boxes. By the time he was nineteen he had ripened into an organizer of benevolence. He was a member of a mission church, which was fast breaking down under the weight of a \$2000 mortgage. This sixty-cent-a-day youth undertook to collect the money, and he did it.

"That was a proud day," he said in later years, "when the last dollar was collected." Little as he knew it, the boy was then at work upon the fulfillment of his dream to become perhaps the greatest getter, and the greatest giver, of his generation.

Later, when he became a prosperous man of business and large affairs, he still retained the habit of organizing his giving as well as his getting. He even went so far as to organize his family into a sort of foundation. At the breakfast table he would distribute the various appeals for help among his children, requesting them to investigate each case and make a report to him on the following day. In this way his children, and especially his son and namesake, who is destined to distribute the revenue of the Rockefeller fortune, received a Spartan training in "the difficult art of giving."

The whole bent of the Rockefeller mind seems to have been inclined from the first toward the working out of this problem of distribution. The business of the Standard Oil Company itself is much more a matter of distribution than of production. It was unquestionably the first company that undertook to sell its product directly to the users on a world-wide scale. For the most part, it delivers its oil, not to wholesalers and middlemen, but to the family that burns it, whether it be in the United States or in the uttermost parts of the earth. It has, for instance, no fewer than 3000 tank wagons traveling from door to door in the twenty countries of Europe, selling pints and quarts of liquid light to whosoever demands it. Fully \$1,000,000 a week, in foreign gold or its equivalent, comes to this country to pay for the oil that is peddled to the doors of hut and palace, according to the Rockefeller plan of international distribution.

Consequently, both by natural aptitude and business experience, Mr. Rockefeller was well prepared to work out the problem of distributing the surplus money of the rich in a systematic and efficient manner. His new foundation is no afterthought. It is no sudden change of mind or change of heart. It is the natural result of fifty years of experience and experiment. What he began to do as a poor boy in a Cleveland boarding house, he is now about to complete on an international scale—that is the explanation of the new plan that has excited so much comment and so much curiosity.

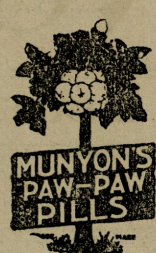
#### A Sure Shot at Livers.

"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Package Mailed Free on Request of

### MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS



The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMOEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

#### A Century of Peace.

The world talks much about the limitation of armament; and does little. Yet it is not a new idea. We shall soon celebrate the centenary restricting United States and Canadian armament on the Great Lakes to 400 tons and four 18-pounders. The celebration had its inspiration in a reference made by Earl Grey at the peace conference in this city in April, 1907, to the approaching centenary of peace along the Canadian border. At the Mohonk peace conference last week Mackenzie King, Canadian minister of labor, suggested that there be erected at Niagara an enduring memorial of the hundred years of peace. It is an admirable suggestion. A memorial should be reared. It should be of such a character that all the world might read its story of forbearance and common sense.—New York World.

#### Cradles Unfashionable.

Cradles are going out; children are not wearing them any more. People tell us that rocking is unhygienic; babies, according to modern idea, should go to sleep naturally in a stationary germ-proof bed, with antiseptic pillows and a sanitized rattle. Sentiment may save the cradle for a little while, but sooner or later it will go to the dusty little attic along with the hair-cloth sofa. Maybe the infant of tomorrow will bear up somehow under these accumulated misfortunes, will struggle along somehow to maturity, but what about the artists, the poets, the song writers? What a world of sentiment and melody has been woven around the theme of the mother and the gently rocking cradle! What kind of song will the poor poet of the future be able to make about an enamelled iron crib with brass trimmings!—Success Magazine.

#### Motor Buses as Coops.

When an electric street railway system was constructed in Hastings, England, the motor buses operating there were withdrawn from service. An attempt was made to run them back to London, but Silver Hill, a steep incline between Hastings and Battle, proved too much for the worn-out engines and so they were towed to their last resting place in a farmyard beside the road, where they are now surrounded by refuse and used as hen coops.—Popular Mechanics.

#### A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE Medicine Not Needed in This Case.

It is hard to convince some people that coffee does them an injury! They lay their bad feelings to almost every cause but the true and unsuspected one.

But the doctor knows. His wide experience has proven to him that, to some systems, coffee is an insidious poison that undermines the health.

Ask the doctor if coffee is the cause of constipation, stomach and nervous troubles.

"I have been a coffee drinker all my life. I am now 42 years old and when taken sick two years ago with nervous prostration, the doctor said that my nervous system was broken down and that I would have to give up coffee."

"I got so weak and shaky I could not work, and reading your advertisement of Postum, I asked my grocer if he had any of it. He said, 'Yes,' and that he used it in his family and it was all it claimed to be."

"So I quit coffee and commenced to use Postum steadily and found in about two weeks' time I could sleep soundly at night and get up in the morning feeling fresh. In about two months I began to gain flesh. I weighed only 146 pounds when I commenced on Postum and now I weigh 167 and feel better than I did at 20 years of age."

"I am working every day and sleep well at night. My two children were great coffee drinkers, but they have not drunk any since Postum came into the house, and are far more healthy than they were before."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.