I know the need of the world, though it would not have me know; would not have me know;
It would hide its sorrow deep, where only
God may go;
Yet its secret it cannot keep;
It tells it awake or asleep;
It tells it to all who will heed,
And he who runs may read.
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it boasts of its wealth the loudest.
When it flaunts it in all men's eyes, when it flaunts it in all men's eyes, when the world its mien is the gavest and proudest, Oh, ever it lies, it lies! For the sound of its laughter dies In a sob or a smothered groan, And it weeps when it sits alone! The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it babbles of gold and fame;
It is only to lead us astray from the thing that it dare not name.
For that is the sad world's way—Oh, poor, blind world grown gray, With the lack of a thing so near, With the want of a thing so dear!
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when the earth shakes under the tread
Of men who march to the fight, when reverse with blood are red,
And there is no law but might,
And the wrong way seems the right;
When he who slaughters the most Is all men's pride and boast.
The need of the world I know.

Dh, love is the need of the world! Down under its pride of power, Down under its pride of greed, for the joys that last but an hour.
There lies forever its need.
For love is the aim and the goal of ife, from the man to the mole, The need of the world is love.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in The Century.

## THE BLAND MUSICIAN OF DAMASCUS.

Musa played presently; and I listened, engaged, but not comprehending, until the light began to fail in

the little room. And as he played, he talked with the Interpreter—at last putting aside the oud, and curiously gesturing, smiling wistfully, too.
"It is a pretty story of his childhood," said the Interpreter, when Musa had fallen silent. "I will tell the to yu."

it to you."

I heard then the story of the canoun and the angel, which pleased

me very much.

"Long ago," the Interpreter began, when this old Musa was a little child, his mother was unkindly disposed toward him because he was blind. "What is the use of a blind boy, who must forever consume, but contribute nothing?' she would say. 'I had rather have a seeing girl than a blind boy,' she said; 'and I had rather have neither than either.' Day by day the little Musa must listen to these com little Musa must listen to these com-plaints, and though he was wounded sorely, as he says, he would neither curse God because of his affliction nor answer his mother in anger, be-lieving always in the wisdom of God. 'When I am grown,' he would reply, 'I will find a work for the blind to do.' "There are the blind and the blind,' said she, 'and you are of the blind who are blind indeed. Is it so that I am to serve you all my life and

blind who are blind indeed. Is it so that I am to serve you all my life and gain no smallest service in return?' 'No,' answered Musa; 'the good God who created me, leaving me blind, will yet give me some labor that a blind boy may do.' To escape his mother's wailing he would then go into the street, where he must feel his way along the walls, being careful to avoid the teeth and hoofs of the beasts of the city, but not fearing the beasts of the city, but not fearing the men of Damascus, who are ten-der to the afflicted, according to the teachings of their religion. First a step or more; then beyond, eventhally to the corner, and at last into

the Long Bazar.
"Musa walked out, feeling his way along the walls, careful of the hoofs and teeth of the donkeys and camels and came presently near the corner of the Long Bazar, where, strangely he was arrested by sweet tinkling sounds. These he had never heard before-no music, as he has told me neither oud nor canoun. He stood against the wall, below the window whence issued the attractive sounds—withdrawn from the jostling and complaint and pity of the street. Soon, enraptured, he issued from

by by the robe.
""What is this?" he demanded. "'What is this?' he demanded.
"'It is a canoun," was the answer; and thereupon the man explained the manner of its playing and all the business of music.
"'It is evident,' thought Musa, 'that God has led me to this place

and entranced me. Surely, the God who nade me to be born blind had the intention of succoring me, and having led me to this accident, wishes

bear silk to weave?'

"Always was this answer, 'Shall we give a bear silk to weave?' Night and day the same: 'Shall we give a bear silk to weave?' Shall we give a bear silk to weave?' Shall we give a bear silk to weave?' until Musa sought no more. 'But,' thought he, 'I will ask God to send an angel with a canoun, and in this way I will surely gain my wish.' This he did night and morning, and often during the day, beseeching that an angel might be sept with a canoun and a contract a challing away. The Sunday Dart.—Walt Mason, in the Emporia Gazette.

Very Sagacious.

A farmer had a very sagacious described as audience quickly fade; and there were patterns for women's gowns and also for gentlemen's hand-medowns; and a false moustache and a purber doll, and a deck of cards and a parasol. Now men are busy with a cart a-hauling away. The Sunday Dart.—Walt Mason, in the Emporia Gazette.

Very Sagacious. and morning, and often during the day, beseeching that an angel might be sent with a canoun; but no angel rame, pray as hard as he might. It became his habit, then, when in the street, to pause, absent minded, and strum the palm of his left hand with the fingers of his right; and this curious occupation never failed to attract attention. "Blind boy," they would selt "why do you this queer thing?" ask, 'why do you this queer thing?'
'I play on my little canoun,' he answered; 'it is my little canoun, and I play.' Always he would answer in hight of a lamb.

the same words, strumming the palm of his left hand, 'I play on my little canoun.' One day a lady laughed close at hand. 'Little boy,' she asked, 'what are you doing?' 'I play,' Musa

Those on Middle Finger what are you doing?' 'I play,' Mus answered, 'on my little canoun.' 'Bu here,' said she, 'is no canoun!' 'It true, lady,' he answered; 'but havin true, lady, he answered, but having no canoun I must pretend to possess one.' The lady laughed then, and went away; and Musa idled on, but, returning, was intercepted by a boy of his neighborhood, who said, 'Make of his neighborhood, who said, 'Make haste; there is a surprise in store for you.' At the corner of the Long Bazar they said, 'Go faster; you will be much pleased with what you find at home.' Believing then that the angel had arrived, Musa hastened; and at home, indeed, he found his first canous.

first canoun.

"'An angel,' he said, 'has brought
it!'"—Norman Duncan, in Harper's Magazine.

THE SOCIALISTS IN AMERICA. What They Believe and What They

Have Gained. That eminent Socialist, Charles Edward Russell, has some particularly interesting things to say in Hamp-ton's Magazine. For instance, speak-ing of the growth of the movement in

America, he declares:

The first appearance of a Socialist party in the United States was in 1892 when Simon Wing was nominated as the Socialist candidate for President. These figures of the Socialist votes cast at Presidential elections show the growth of the movement:

nt											
	18	92									21,164
	18	96									36,274
	19	00	١.								87,814
	19	04									402,283
	19	08									614,000
200						-	-	-			a wanty m

The vote of 1904 was a very misleading indication of Socialist strength since it comprised the votes of many thousands of radical Democrats who were disgusted with the nomination of Judge Parker and with the defeat in the national convention of the radical element of the party. But the vote of 1908 was purely Socialistic and may be taken as an accelerate and may be taken as an accelerate. cialistic, and may be taken as an ac curate measure of the present strength of the party in the United States.

All the more remarkable this growth seems because it has been made in the face of intense and unremade in the face of intense and unremitting opposition from all the influential agencies in the country—press, pulpit and public officers; it has not had even the assistance of a fair statement of Socialism's objects in the public prints; and it has been obliged to combat the full strength of the prejudice to which I have previously referred. No other movement in our times has been so fiercely denounced or has had against it the nounced or has had against it the weight of an official disapproval so profound and effective. As in Europe so in America the ruling and wealthy classes have looked upon Socialism with inexpressible abhorrence and upon a Socialist as an implacable enemy of the human race; and with all the great means at their command these classes have striven to impress

their views upon the community.

And what is, in fact, this terrible monster that thus causes the cheek of statesmanship to pale and shakes or statesmanship to pale and shakes with terror so many hearts of valor approved upon the battlefield and the hunting ground? Also just what is this movement that in our own times has arisen from nothing to such a commanding position in the world? What is this Socialism that has won so many millions in so many lands to its support, and continues day by day to win others?

Two terrific propositions and no

Two terrific propositions and no more, to wit:

1. All men are brethren, not merely brethren in name but brethren in fact, with a common blood, common destiny, common interests, common cause. The welfare of one of us is the brotherly concern of all of us, and being brethren, all war and strife and hatred should cease.

2. The things that men need in common should be owned in common and the common are the the common ar

common should be owned in common and supplied for the common good, not for private profit; there should not be private ownership and control of other universal necessities any more than there is private ownership

That is all. Isn't it awful?

The Sunday Paper.

The Sunday Paper.

I spent five cents for The Sunday Dart, and hauled it home in a two-wheeled cart; I piled the sections upon the floor, till they reached as high as the kitchen door; I hung the chromos upon the wall, though there wasn't room to hang them all, and the yard was littered some ten feet deep with "comic sections" that made me ween, and there were sections of that I should co-stinue, not a turner of wheels, but a giver of delight.'

"Musa's mother would hear nothing of this plan. 'What!' cried she; and an and sheets of musa's a canoun indeed! Shall we give a bear silk to weave?'

"Manay was this answer.' 'Shall we give a sheet silk to weave?'

"The large was this answer.' 'Shall we give a sheet silk to weave?' 'Shall we g

Very Sagacious.

A farmer had a very sagacious dog which he had trained to count his sheep as they passed through a particular opened gate, against which a pile of stones were placed for the dog's use. As each sheep passed through the dog placed one of the stones aside. One day, much to the farmer's surprise, he found the dog trying to break a stone in half, and

Those on Middle Finger More Rapid Than Those of First and Third.

A scientist has estimated that in a lifetime of seventy years a man grows nails which, if it were possible to preserve them uncut, would reach the length of seven feet nine inches.

length of seven feet hine inclues.

Exactly on what argument this statement is based it is hard to say, for a little observation will show that during the greater portion of a man's life he cuts his nails on an average of once a week, and at each a systemth of an average of once a week, and a cau paring removes a sixteenth of an inch, or the equivalent of a quarter of an inch per month, working out at three inches a year.

This would give him a growth of

This would give him a growth of seven feet six inches during the thirty years he lives between twenty and fifty, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In the other forty years, when the growth is less rapid, he would certainly produce four feet of nails, so that eleven feet is a better average for the nail producing capacity of a man.

It should be noted, however, that the growth of the nails on the right

the growth of the nails on the right hand is, in most people, more rapid than of those on the left hand, and it may be that the scientists in question has based his argument on the slower growth of the left hand nails.

Another curious point is that the rate of growth of the nails depends directly on the length of the finger; thus, the nails on the two middle fingers of men grow more rapidly than those on the first and third fingers, respectively, and these in turn are more speedy in the growth than those on the little fingers.

Coyote Hunt in an Auto. Coyote Hunt in an Auto.

Coyote hunting in an automobile since the success of G. A. Maxwell and party, promises to become a highly popular sport in Colorado. Mr. Maxwell, accompanied by Charles Petree, of Denver, and C. C. Hildebrand, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., left Denver at 7.10 in the morning, started over the plains to the eastward, and by 8.30 o'clock had bagged one covotte. Forty minutes later anothcoyotte. Forty minutes later another fleetfooted animal had been run down, and by 9.30 still another had

been bagged. By this time the party was twenty miles from Denver, and satisfied with the success of the hunt, returned to the city with the three fine trophies, the skins of exceptionally large coy-

Some of the animals led the ma chine for a nice run of two miles at a rate of about forty miles an hour before the dogs that were taken along were turned loose to finish the work .- Denver Republican.

Quite Safe With Her.

"John, love," said the young wife, "you oughtn't to have any secrets from me."
"Well, Tootsie?"

"Well, Tootsie?"
"You go to lodge meetings and you never teil me anything about them."
"They wouldn't interest you, dear. I don't mind giving you the password, though, if you'll promise never to disclose it to a living soul." "I'll promise never to tell it to

"Remember it's to be repeated only once and very rapidly."

"I'll remember. What is it?"

"Aldaborontiphosciphorniosticos." "What? Please say it agair, a lit-

Have you forgotten the conditions already? I said 'only once and very

(Tearful pause.)
"O dear! I wish you hadn't told

Not First Sunday Afternoon Paper. The Westerly (R. I.) Sun rises to remark that Frank A. Munsey, of the Washington Times, instead of being a pioneer in his scheme of a Sunday afternoon paper in the capital is really copying after at least two other newspapers. "The Sun," writes the editor, "claims to be the originator of the Sunday afternoon edition busi-

No Great Rush.

A number of weeks after an old man was appointed postmaster of a small village, says a writer in the Philadelphia Bulletin, the villagers and their friends began to complain about the mails. An inspector investigating the matter found out that the postmaster had sent out no mail since his entrance into office, and pointing to the hundred or more dusty letters that the postmaster had kept by him, said, sternly:

"Why on earth didn't you let these go?"

go?" "I was waiting till I got the bag full," said the old man, with a gentle

smile.

We Wake Up Too Soon. A Philadelphia paper says that diamonds may be burned like coal We never get so far along as shove ing diamonds into the furnace be-fore waking up.

Where Platinum is Plentiful. Sixty-five per cent. of America's output of platinum comes from the placer mines of Northern California

and Southern Oregon.

# **PENNSYLVANIA**

### Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

BANK PUTS UP SHUTTERS

Institution Is Closed by State Bank-ing Commissioner, but Will Pay All Depositors.

.. NEW TRACTION ROUTE

Connection With Pittsburg.

Company's line.

The deal will open up territory heretofore without trolley facilities.

SCHOOLMASTER QUITS

Principal at West Alexander Simply

Says He's Going and Goes.

Washington. — Without giving any reason for his action, J. W. Cathcart, principal of the West Alexander public schools, instead of going to his school, as usual, boarded an east-bound train, bidding farewell to the

wn. Cathcart simply announced that he

BRIDE GAGGED AND ROBBED

Home, Which Is Ransacked.

WIFE WON'T SUPPORT HIM

BIG COAL TRACT BOUGHT

Pittsburg Company Pays \$675,000 for

Division Abolished.
Officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will announce shortly the abolishment of the middle division of the Pennsylvania railroad.
This is one of the three divisions of the road as first built and embraces that part of the line between Harrisburg and Altona. The middle division is 131 miles in length and includes some of the most difficult mountain road.

Found the Corpse Inside.

court.

GREATER CONNELLSVILLE

Planning to Take in New Haven and to Apply for City Charter.

Connellsville. — Unless present plans fail the cnsus of 1910 will list Connellsville as having double the population the 1900 report gave it. The Councils of Connellsville and New Haven have made a joint agreement providing for the consolidation of the two boroughs, and Connellsville council in addition passed an ordinance annexing Snydertown and the East Park Addition. The joint agreement will be submitted to the voters of the two boroughs at the election February 16.

The agreement provides for seven wards in the consolidated borough and that the property in each of the present boroughs be assessed to pay off the indebtedness of each, a separate sinking fund to be kept for that purpose. Connellsville or Eastside will have five wards and New Haven or Westside two. .Connellsville now has four wards. If the consolidation movement is carried through Connellsville will get a city charter about 1910.

COULDN'T SURVIVE WIFE

Bodies of Man and Woman to Es In-

terred in One Grave.

Washington.—Leaving the Washington hospital after learning his wife could not live more than an hour. Michael Bigler, went to the postoffice, where he was a clerk, borrowed a revolver and going to the cellar of his home, shot himself in the head. Death was instantaneous. His body was found several hours later. His wife died at the hospital at about the same hour. Bigler is thought to have killed himself. terred in One Grave.

ed himself.
Saturday, when told by physicians there was little hope for the woman's recovery, Bigler remarked he would soon follow her. He left a note in the dining room of his home reading: "Goodby, all; forgive a suffered.

Mike."
Bigler, who was 40 years old, was unusually devoted to his wife.

THREE CHILDREN ARE BURNED Powder Ignited While at Play, and Little Ones Will Likely Die.

Cathcart simply announced that he was leaving with no intention of returning, but offered the board no explanation. It is not known where he went. His home is in Crawford county. He took charge of the West Alexander schools at the beginning of the fall term, and had encountered no trouble. Little Ones Will Likely Die.
Johnstown.—Four children were
burned, three of them fatally and a
large kitchen was town loose from the
main part of a double house at
Stoughton, three miles from Boswell,
when three kegs of powder stored in
the kitchen were touched off by the
children, who wanted to see the
"puff."

"puff."
Two of the children are daughters of Joseph Demongo, while the other little boy and girl are children of John Hnelko. The eyes of two of the little tots were blown out, and their bodies are badly mutilated.

The burning powder set fire to the building, and the injured were threatened with cremation, but miners extinguished the flames.

CRIME IN CONNELLSVILLE

Two Mysterious Fires and Attempted Murder Arouse Residents.

Murder Arouse Residents.

Connellsville.—There have been two incendiary fires and a mysterious attempt at murder within 24 hours in Connellsville. Early in the morning Joe Elise, a foreign merchant was called from bed to his front door, where an unknown Italian slashed him across the face with a stiletto. Elise will probably die.

Fire of mysterious origin destroyed the house of Cassaro Rotundo. Shortly afterward another blaze was discovered nearby in the double house owned by the Peter Soisson estate and occupied by two Italian families. This fire was extinguished before the building was destroyed.

DWELLING DEMOLISHED

Pittsburg Company Pays \$675,000 for 4,000-Acre Tract.

Johnstown,—It is reported that negotiations were closed by which the Kennerly Coal Company of this city transferred its holdings in the Bens Creek Valley, Somerset county, to interests supposed to represent the United Coal Company of Pittsburg.

The tract comprises about four thousand acres, and the purchase price is given as \$675,000, representing a profit to the Kennerly Company of about \$250,000 over the price paid for the land a few years ago. Cars Crash Into House and Injure

copying after at least two other newspapers. "The Sun," writes the editor, "claims to be the originator of the Sunday afternoon edition business, except in the case of a New Orleans newspaper, which has been printed seven afternoons each week for a good many years. We are ready to give Mr. Munsey credit for being the first in a wide circle of periodical literature, but he is out of it so far as the Sunday afternoon newspaper is concerned."

Woman, but Children Escape.
Franklin.—The residence of James Franklin.—The residence of James of the Sunday afternoon each week for the Lake Shore railroad. Seven cars jumped the track while the train was running at high speed and two of them crashed through the front part of the house.

Mrs. Roberts was standing in a doroway between the kitchen and dining room, and was injured about one arm and side.

Three children in the kitchen were unharmed. A box car fell on the bed which they had just vacated. Woman, but Children Escape.

W. & J. Oratorical Contests.

Washington.—For the annual select oration contests between the Freshman and Sophomore classes of Washington and Jefferson college, the following have been chosen: Freshmen, E. J. Aten, G. E. Matthews, W. S. Jack, C. E. Gray; Sophomores, John Judson, J. N. Alexander, Carl O. Schmidt.

Vandergrift.—C. F. Cochrane, a track walker on the West Penn divi-sion of the Pennsylvania railroad, was killed by a freight train just east of

Lived to Be Ninety-Eight.
Waynesburg.—Mrs. Elizabeth Mariner, 98 years old, the oldest woman in Greene county, died in Gilmore township. Mrs. Mariner had always resided in this county, and was active until a few days before her death. 400 Miners On a Strike 400 Miners On a Strike.

Pittsburg.—As a result of differences between the mine owners and miners, over the use of explosives, 400 men employed in the Patterson mine at Elizabeth, are out on strike. The miners, it is said, want to use black powder, while the officials want them to use carbonite. Franklin.—"Good-bye, all; you will find the corpse inside," announced a

Well-Known Rabbi Dead.

Philadelphia.—Rabbi David Bliddem, for 20 years a leader of orthodox Jews in this city, dropped cead at his home. He had just performed a marriage ceremony.

The Molteno (Cape Colony) farmers have hit upon a novel plan for dealing with locusts. A farmer has imported some eagle kites for the purpose of scaring locusts from the creps.

OFTEN THE CASE.

Women Struggle Hopelessly Along, Suffering Backache, Dizzy Spells, Languor, Etc.

Women have so much to go through in life that it's a pity there is so much suffering from back-ache and other com-

mon curable kidney ills. If you suffer ills. If you suffer so, profit by this wom-an's example. Mrs. Martin Douglass, 52 pront by
an's example. Mrs.
Martin Douglass, 52
Cedar St., Kingston,
N. Y., says: "I had
a lame, aching back,
dizzy spells, headaches, and a feeling
of languor. Part of

Washington.—The Bank of Coal Center, at Coal Center, was closed by order of Commissioner of Banking John Berkey.

The closing, it is said, is the result of bad loans, and there are no charges against any of the officials. The bank has been placed in control of Bank Examiner James S. Cover, who says depositors will receive every cent, that there are no defalcations and that no criminal charges will be instituted.

R. B. Drum is president of the bank and George S. Hornbake, Jr., cashier. the time I could not attend to my work and irregularity of the kidney secretions was annoying. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me prompt relief."

Sold by all dealers. 50c. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Once An Infant, Always

Once An Infant, Always.

In this country every industry is an infant industry until it is dead. That is the doctrine of those who are arguing for the continuance of dutien on iron and steel. Anybody who disputes this doctrine is not merely wrong he does not know what he is talking about. No matter if the testimony comes from the greatest American manufacturer of iron and steel, if he favors free trade in those metals he is an ignoramus. By the same logic, John D. Rockefeller would prove himself a dunce and fit to be placed under a guardianship if he were to advocate the abolition of the duty-on petroleum.—Hartford Times. West Newton to Be Brought Into Connection With Pittsburg.

Charleroi. — Announcement was made by R. W. Hervey, secretary-treasurer of the recently incorporated Donora-Eldora Street Railway Company, that the concern's rights of way have been sold to the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Westmoreland Railway Company. Company.

It is the idea of the latter concern to build a line from West Newton to Donora, where it will cross the newly erected Donora-Webster bridge, and continue to Eldora, where connection will be made with Pittsburg Rallways Company's line.

Banking Growth.

It is exactly 127 years since the first bank in the United States opened its doors in Philadelphia. Today there are 6,855 national banks, with a paid-in capital of \$921,000,000.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Breaks a Cold Promptly.

Breaks a Cold Promptly.

The following formula is a never failing remedy for colds:

One ounce of compound syrup of Sarsaparilla, one ounce Toris compound and half pint of good whiskey; mix and shake thoroughly each time and use in doses of a tablespoonful every four hours.

This will frequently cure an acute cold in twenty-four hours. The ingredients can be gotten at any drug store.

store.

TAMING A RIVER

The Erratic Susquehanna Has At Last

Been Harnessed.

Although with the exception of the St. Lawrence river it is the largest stream flowing into the north Atlantic, the Susquehanna river has never been renowned for anything but recovery and trouble. Mrs. Mahoney Knocked Down in

Scranton.—Friends discovered Mrs. Daniel Mahoney at her home bound, gagged and bleeding from a wound in the face. She said a man, appearing like a book agent, called during the afternoon, when she was alone, felled her with the butt end of a revolver, gagged her and bound her to a bedpost with a clothes line. He then took a diamond ring from her finger and ransacked the house, getting away with \$400 worth of jewelry and other valuables.

Mrs. Mahoney is a bride of three months and a rather frail girl. scenery and trouble.

Since the timber has been stripped from its mountainous drainage basin, embodying an area of 27,000 square miles, the floods of the Susquehanna have been extremely sudden, violent and destructive. Not infrequently it

Husky Citizen Considers Beating Due to Helpmeet. Greensburg.—"Turn about is fair play; I provided for my wife hereto-fore, and it's her turn to take care of me."
This was the defense of H. E. Fennell of Grapeville, powerful of physique and 50 years old, when arraigned before Justice J. Q. Truxal for beating his wife.
Fennell complained that his wife would not support him. He was arrested by a State policeman after he had beaten her. He was held for

miles, the hoods of the Susquehaffial have been extremely sudden, violent and destructive. Not infrequently it attains the remarkable record of a flow at high water equal to 25 times its volume at low water.

Large as it is, the erratic Susquehanna is navigable for only five miles above its mouth. Beyond that point it is so full of rocks and shoals and rapids that nothing but an occasional raft at high water has ever passed down.

Such a particularly outrageous stream is the Susquehanna, says the Technical World, that it is difficult to find room upon it even to navigate a ferryboat comfortably. One of these quiet reaches is McCall's ferry, where a part of Washington's army crossed on its way to do up Cornwallis at Yorktown. The commander himself crossed at Conowingo Ford, 14 miles below.

At this historic spot some clever engineers are demonstrating that the Susquehanna is good for something after all, for they are building a hydro-electric power plant which is remarkable. Not the least interesting feature is the extraordinary care with which the situation was studied before the plans were formed. To be sure engineers are proverbially painstaking, but in this case a new record for thoroughgoing accuracy was established. It was the highest tribute that man could pay to the terrors of the Susquehanna.—New York Sun.

JOY WORK And the Other Kind.

Did you ever stand on a prominent corner at an early morning hour and watch the throngs of people on their watch the throngs of people on their way to work? Noting the number who were forcing themselves along because it meant their daily bread, and the others cheerfully and eagerly pursuing their way because of love of their work.

It is a fact that one's food has much to do with it. As an example:
If an engine has poor oil, or a boiler is fired with poor coal, a bad result is certain, isn't it?

Treating your stomach right is the keystone that sustains the arch of health's temple, and you will find "Grape-Nuts" as a daily food is the most nourishing and beneficial you

We have thousands of testimonials, real genuine little heart throbs, from people who simply tried Grape-Nuts out of curiosity—as a last resort—with the result that prompted the testimonial.

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a feer im-

If you have never tried Grape-Nuts it's worth while to give it a fair, impartial trial. Remember there are millions eating Grape-Nuts every day—they know, and we know, if you will use Grape-Nuts every morning your work is more likely to be joywork, because you can keep well, and with the brain well nourished work is a joy. Read the "Road to Well-ville" in every package—"There's a Reason."

placard on John Osmer's front door When neighbors entered the house they found Osmer had fired a rifle ball through his brain. He was a farmer, 55 years old.