To the preacher life's a sermon, To the joker it's a jest; To the miser life is money, To the loafer life is rest.

To the lawyer life's a trial, To the poet life's a song; To the doctor life's a patient That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle,
To the teacher life's a school;
Life's a good thing to the wise one,
It's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine Life's a long and heavy grade; It's a gamble to the gambler, To the merchant life's a trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,
To the rascal life's a fraud;
Life perhaps is but a burden
To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely to the lover, To the player life's a play; Life may be a load of trouble To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
To shun duty to the shirk.

To the heaven-blessen the Life's a story ever new;
Life is what we try to make it—
Brother, what is life to you?

—S. E. Kiser.



When Jim Came Home.



ried you.



it, that I am!" complained the girl,

who sat by the dying fire in her

kitchen grate, one restless hand

twisting and pulling at the wedding

ring she wore. "I wish I was back

again at service, I do, with nothing to

worry about. I've been managing on

half nothing, and doing without this

and that, now you're out of work so

long. I did think we'd have been

happy and comfortable when I mar-

The girl's voice broke in an angry

sob, for she was young and thought-

less, and did not notice that every

complaint she made was a stab

through the heart of the honest fel-

low she had married. He stood now

staring gloomily into the little back-

yard, where his country wife, with

her love of flowers, had trained a few

bright colored nasturtiums up a bit

of trellis work, and planted a row of

homely stocks and asters, with a tiny

patch of mignonette to smell sweet

beneath the window. He saw them

all, and the scent drifted up to him

himself. "It is hard on the lass just

go saying things you'll be sorry for

by and by, Mill," he said gently, "God knows, I'd never have brought you

away from the country if I hadn't

heard work was so plentiful up here

in London. So it was at first and

maybe will again. We'll have to fight

He drew nearer, and laid a band

"Cheer up, lassie. It ain't like you

to turn cross and nasty." He gave

the girl a playful shake, but in an in-

was facing him with blazing eves

stant she had sprung to her feet, and

"Cross, am I!" she cried shrilly.

"And enough to make me! I'm not

an angel, and never was, and I say

I'm sick of it, pinching and scraping

and parting with the bits of things

A flood of passionate tears choked

her as the memory of the past trou-

bles rose up like a black cloud before

her eyes, and she felt herself in im-

agination growing old and shabby,

like all the other weary, untidy, shift-

less London women whose husbands

had got no work, and her pretty little

pieces of furniture and wedding pres-

ents melting away one by one in that

last resort of the poor-the ever open

There was silence in the room.

Was Jim going to get sulky?

"But it's ten time now," she mur-

said some cruel things I can't forget.

flown of a sudden flashed up again.

Jim and she had parted in anger.

home, and her courting days.

broken only by the girl's sobs, and

for once her husband did not speak.

for rent. I wish I was dead!"

"Poor old Milly!" he thought to

He turned around. "Don't

from the ground.

on for a bit."

pawnshop.

Job," he said.

have it "

was half-past 4.

in the quiet room

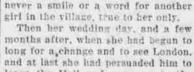
on the averted shoulder.







(4 A



in a little glass that hung on the wall, fearfully? 'Certainly London air had plucked the pink roses from her cheeks and painted new shadows gether. about the gray eyes, but that was all. The thick yellow brown hair was still

"I'm tired of it! Sick and tired of | been to her, and faithful and steady,

leave the Hall and come up to the Her wish entirely, her persuasion, and now what had it brought them to? She got up and looked at herself looked long and anxiously. Was she getting old and ugly, she wondered

neighbors or some accident such as this, which now claimed their excited attention. Then at last as the girl in the open doorway still stood gazing fearfully out a woman came running breathlessly straight toward her from the thick of the crowd.

was to be known. The crowd thick-

ened as a door here and there in the

street opened, and men and women came forth, asking what had hap-

pened, and without waiting for an-

swer rushed toward the crowd, to

join the elbowing, jostling mass of

humanity, whose only excitement in a gray and sordid life was a chance

or fight between quarrelsome

"Mrs. Lawrence! Mrs. Lawrence!" she gasped. "Your 'usband's been knocked down by a horse an' cart. 'E's lying there in the road, an' I believe 'e's dead!"

She put out a rough but kindly arm to support the girl, who swayed weakly, half fainting, after one agonized

"Now, you just come inside, my gal; don't you go out in the road," she went on, coaxingly, for Milly was making frantic efforts to escape from her detaining hold. "Come inside now, do, along o' me; they're carrying of 'im 'ere, now I've told them where 'e lives and some one's fetched the doctor.'

The sound of many waters seemed surging in her ears, and a black cloud of horror was blinding her sight, when a dreadful voice from somewhere far away seemed crying continually in her dull brain, "He's dead! He's dead! And you parted in anger! Jim's dead!"

When the cloud passed she found herself at a bedside, with a doctor near her holding her arm and telling her to cheer up and pull herself to-

Her eyes fell on her husband's face resting on the pillow. He was white

Street Car Manners.

ANNERS is how you act in a street car. Gentlemen are called so because they have good manners. I wonder why more gentlemen do not ride in the

street cars. It may be that they have automobiles. The other day a person known as a street car hog was choked so bad that he got real black in the face. This happened in New York. The man who choked him was trying to teach him to be polite. But you can't teach a hog much. If every street car hog got choked the right of way would be clogged with pork.

In this town I never saw a man take a woman and pull her out of a nest and take the seat himself. So manners might be worse here than they are.

Men get into seats, though, and stay there, while tired

old women with baskets swing from the strap. The men do not pretend to be reading. That used to be the way, and it was a sign that the men were ashamed. It is out of date now. But perhaps the women are partly to blame. They do not teach their little boys to give up seats to other women. They used to forget to thank the men, too, for giving them

s. For men did do this once. When a woman brings a stur woman brings a sturdy lad into a crowded car she puts him into the only vacant seat and then glares

around for another.

Lots of times when she comes in there are three or four vacant seats, but she does not look around for them, but grabs a strap right off. Then men come in and take the cats, and she looks just as mad, but you can't blame them

Sometimes women spread their skirts over two or three seats and get real haughty when requested to condense. But this is not to defend the man who crowds women aside and beats them to a seat. No, it is not in favor of the

There is a limit to all patience, and love may be strained to the breaking point at last. Jim was dumb now, dimples play. She stirred the dying with never a word or caress, and the fire together and put on a kettle to were wide open, gazing anxiously into girl's grief grew quieter in sheer sur-

she told herself, as a gentler mood finger, and turn with a smile or coax- crept at last into her heart and the brief passion died out. "Poor old out together in the green Hampshire dear, he'll be well nigh starved

Presently he turned abruptly round and, walking to the cupboard where his coat was hanging, took down a "I'm going out again to look for a again, and she went presently to the The girl glanced at the clock; it

The postman stopped presently at her door and left a letter for Jim. but mured, a sudden remorseful thought that was all, and she waited still. I'll soon be well again. I was just flashing into her mind that he had while the light faded about her, and stunned like, doctor says, with this eaten no dinner. "Better stop and the kettle on the fire boiled and boiled again unused. Seven o'clock The man shook his head. "I don't struck from a neighboring church, want none. I'd best get out, or may- then 8, and still he did not come to

I never thought a taste o' poverty could change you so sudden; but there, I'll go." ently. "Why don't you come home?" For a strange, nervous fear was grip-The anger which had almost died ping slowly at her heart. If she went out to look for her husband it would eyes and see to some food for him. Go, then, go!" she cried shrilly. be useless, and besides, the country good riddance! An' you bred girl shrank from venturing out needn't-" But the door crashed to at dark in the noisy, crowded streets has written for me to go back to the behind him, and she sank back in her chair, trembling and exhausted, alone hurrying feet and the rattle of 'buses | we're to have the gate lodge-'e's killed!

The clock on the shelf above her head ticked noisity on, and the rattie of carts in the street outside came hazily in as she sat brooding by the fireside alone. She was calmer now, and could think reasonably and even be a little ashamed of her wild outburst. And she began in memory to

drift back to the country again and ing round some hidden thing. "Ah! What is it? What is it?" She saw herself waiting at the she whispered through pale lips, longwicket gate each evening for Jim, ing to go away and hide from any him on the lips.—Weekly Welcome.

his work up at the Hall stables being sight of death or injury, but yet in a done, and he free to take her out for horrible fascination chained to the lips.—Weekly Welcome.

It is said there are 1,000,000 Egypton country strolls. How good he'd spot, atraining eyes and ears for what then who can neither read nor write.

went softly out.

"Oh, Jim, forgive me-forgive me!" she murmured on her knees beside bim. "I've been a bad wife to you, and they told me you were dead. Thank God, it's not true, and He's

clasped her about the neck, and he felt her tears like rain upon his upturned face.

"What a fright I've given you, but cut on my head, and you mustn't fret no more. Our quarrel's all forgiven and forgot."

"There's a letter came for you, Jim, this afternoon," she said presently. "I'll go and fetch it now." and she slipped away to bathe her

"Lassie! lassie!" he cried joyously. "Our troubles are over. The squire alone. Suddenly above the sound of Hall, if I'm not in work here, and and carts in the distant, broader thor- voice broke and tears were not far oughfares, a girl's shrill voice rang away. "Oh, my little lass, we're goout, and a woman's scream of fear ing home. Think of it! Where we'll echoed back as if in answer. "Oh, see the green grass everywhere, and 'E's killed!" and the toe blue sky, with the birds a singwatcher in her dark room sprang to log, and the trees will be all red an' gold when we gets back there again,

> Jim, we needn't wait for the country, because I think 'tis a little bit of heaven itself we've got here now." and with the new, gentle lovelight in her shining eyes she bent and kissed

Orana Farmer Now Reaping His Reward

By James Wilson, Secretary United States Department of Agriculture



R. Gates is right in his assertion that this country is capable of supporting a vastly increased population, but it can only be done with improved and more scientific methods of farming and better conditions all around,

I agree with Mr. Hill. We are not producing foodstuffs in proportion to the increase in population. The chief reason for this is that the number of those engaged in agricultural pursuits is out of proportion to our ever increasing population.

The trouble lies, as I have often said, in the fact that the cities have grown in population at the expense of the rural communities. The people have moved from the country to the town, and in consequence the farms have not produced as they would if the people had remained to work them.

The history of the country for the last fifty years gives abundant reason for this state of affairs.

We began to develop our manufactories about that time. We gave these manufactories ample protection with a tariff which was a good thing for them, and for the farmer, who found thereby a ready home market for his

But the factory offered better inducement to the youth of the farm, better wages, shorter hours, the attractions of a town or city life, lights at night, excitement, recreation, many things which the farm had not. This tended to draw the life blood of the farm and did much to begin the trouble. Then we began to build railroads. These in their building and operation took the bone and sinew of the farm throughout the region they traversed,

True, the farmer today is in a better position than he has been for years. He is getting good prices, and we should not begrudge them to him after the dong lean years through which he passed.

He has to work hard, sixteen hours a day at least, but he is getting a long deferred return for his labor. The way to get the people from the city to the farm is a broader and wider distribution of agricultural education,

Most of our colleges today are strenuously at work turning out lawyers doctors, preachers and typewriters, but few of them make any effort to graduate a farmer. I would have agriculture in some form taught in every seat of learning and in our public schools.

Starting with the fact that while the farmer has to work hard he has as a reward better health, a longer life and a more independent existence than any other man on earth, it ought to be easy to make life attractive.

Then I would have the young men taught the newest and latest methods of agriculture. Show them how they can produce more from an acre than their fathers did, prove to them how to make \$2 where their fathers made but \$1, and you will have offered the inducement needed to check the abandonment of the farm for the city.

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Mmenton 6 Ravages of Cancer Rapidly Increase

Worst Physical Scourge with Which We Have to Contend

By Dr. E. M. Foote whenham



COCCOCCO HAVE no hesitancy in pronouncing cancer the worst physical scearge with which we have to contend to-day. Cancer is far more to be dreaded than tuberculosis, for, although the death rate from cancer is not yet as great as that from tuberculosis, it is steadily on the increase, while the great white plague has been partially conquered by medical experimentation, and is on the decrease.

Do you know that one man out of every thirty-two and one woman out of eleven now die of cancer in this country? Do you know that, after the age of thirty-five, one man out of seventeen and one woman out of nine die of cancer? And that during this period 'more women die in the United States of cancer than of consumption?

According to Dr. John A. McGlinn, of Philadelphia, who has just compiled data for the Philadelphia Medical Society on the subject, the age of greatest frequency has come to be between the ages of fifty and fifty-four, when one man in fourteen and one woman in five die of cancer. If the disease had been exterminated in 1996 in this country, according to Dr. McGlinn, a saving of life equal to 373.574 years, or a total saving of more than \$224.000,000 in earning capacity would be the result.

Out of the total population of the registration area of males and females more than thirty-five years old in 1906, there have died, or will die of cancer, 281,909 men and 518,185 women.

And not only in this country, but in the world at large, is the excessive mortality from cancer appalling. It is increasing everywhere. In the last decade it increased 12 per 100,000. In this country it increased from 53 to nearly 71 per 100,000 of population. From 1901 to 1906 the increases in various kinds of cancer were as follows: Stomach and liver, 1.08 percent; mouth, 0.4 percent; intestines, 0.6 percent; skin, 0.1 percent. The decreases in the various forms of the disease were: Breast, 0.1 percent; other organs,

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Deep : Sea Rivers



both the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

HE bottom currents of seas and oceans, such as those which possibly bring amber to our shores, are strangely disposed The Seigneur of Sark some fifty years ago was shipwrecked in his yacht near the Island of Guernsey. He lost, among other things a well-fastened, strongly made chest containing silver plate. It was found a year later in deep water off the coast of Norway and restored to him!

In the really deep sea, over 1,000 fathoms down, there are well-marked broad currents which may be described as rivers of very cold water (only four degrees or so above freezing point). They flow along the deep sea bottom and are sharply marked off from the warmer waters above and to the side. Their inhabitants are different from those of the warmer water. They are due to the melting of the polar ice, the cold water so formed sinking at once owing to its greater density below the warmer water of the surface currents. These deep currents originate in

-v-3.5 026 HERBERGERS SERVICE SER Dragan. A New Fad By Ellis O. Jones

NEW fad among women is reported; namely, the buying of small farms. To some extent the fad ought to be encouraged, but let us hope it will not extend to the lower strata of society.

If the dwellers of the tenements should take it up and commence to migrate, the great cities would be depopulated, much to the annoyance of those who are depending on these dwellers to do their work, as well as of those owners of the tenements themselves who are sojourning in

various parts of the world confident that their rent-collectors will keep duly active and forward periodical checks in ample time to pay recurrent hotel bills and tip the servants.

Anyone who has influence with these dwellers should go to them at once and, in a kindly way, persuade them not to desert the paths of duty at this juncture when everything is getting along so nicely. Even the prospective lowering of the price of corn and wheat would not warrant such an exodus.-

NEW STRENGTH FOR WOMEN'S BAD BACKS.

Women who suffer with backache, bearing down pain, dizziness and that constant dull, tired feeling, will find comfort in the advice of Mrs. James



T. Wright, of 519 Goldsborough St., Eas-ton, Md., who says: "My backwasinavery way, and when not painful was so weak it felt as if broken. A friend urged me to try Dean's Kidney Pills, which I did, and they helped

me from the start. It made me feel like a new woman, and soon I was doing my work the same as ever. Remember the name-Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Fos-

ter-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Foolishness.

A little fool of 17 wed a rich fool of

65 winters. "Because she was nobody's fool," quoth the worldly wise.

But presently there happened along poor fool of 20, and the little fool, ng such a fool, became his. Whereupon everybody's folly was apparent, and made the usual amount

of talk .- Puck

CHILD ATE CUTICURA.

Spread Whole Box of It on Crackers

—Not the Least Injury Resulted

—Thus Proven Pure and Sweet.

A New York friend of Cuticura writes A New York friend of Cuticura writes:

"My three year old son and heir, after being put to hed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the stateroom and located a box of graham crackers and a box of Cuticura Cintment. When a scargh was made for the box, it was found empty and the kid admitted that he had eaten the contents of the entire box spread on the crackers. It cured him of a bad cold and I don't know what else."

No more conclusive evidence could be

No more conclusive evidence could be offered that every ingredient of Cuticura Ointment is absolutly pure, rweet and harmless. If it may be safely eaten by a young child, none but the most beneficial results can be expected to attend its application to even the tenderest skin or

youngest infant, Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

The trade of the United States with its noncontiguous territory in the fiscal year 1909, exceeded that of any previous year, and was more than three times as much as a decade ago.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy.

To Prevent Stream Pollution. Fish commissioners representing the Federal government and States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia have just concluded a conference at Pittsburg devoted to a discussion of the best means of preventing the pollution of the waters of the Ohio river. It was the consensus of opinion that the status of this State are defective, but that the other two have codes approaching the ideal. As a result, an appeal is to be made to the Ohio legislature at the coming session to enact new laws or amend the old ones and bring them into har-money with those of the other two. Meanwhile an appeal is to be made to congress for the enactment of measures to prevent the pollution of all

ment has jurisdiction. Large Crop of Sultana Raisins. A report from Consul General Ern-

waters over which the central govern-

est L. Harris at Smyrna, dated July 26, states that this season's crop of raisins in that Turkish district is esti-mated at 1,200,000 kintals (145,230,000 pounds), against 900,000 kintals (208,unds) last year, the ing overcharged with fruit. The quality is not yet definite, as weather conditions in July and August have great influence on the crop. It is feared that prices of sultanas this year will be very low on account of the large crop, but the Ottoman government has proposed to submit to parliament a law prohibiting the exportation of sultanas of inferior quality, so as to sustain prices and give a chance for the introduction of alcohol manufactutring industries. Consular Bulletin.

CHILDREN SHOWED IT Effect of Their Warm Drink in the Morning.

"A year ago I was a wreck from coffee drinking and was on the point of giving up my position in the school room because of nervousness.

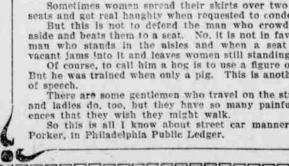
"I was telling a friend about it and she said, 'We drink nothing at meal time but Postum, and it is such a comfort to have something we can enjoy drinking with the children."

"I was astonished that she would allow the children to drink any kind of coffee, but she said Postum was the most healthful drink in the world for children as well as for older ones, and that the condition of both the children and adults showed that to be a

"My first trial was a failure. The cook boiled it four or five minutes. and it tasted so flat that I was in despair, but determined to give it one more trial. This time we followed the directions and boiled it fifteen minutes after the boiling began. It was a decided success and I was completely won by its rich, delicious fia-In a short time I noticed a decided improvement in my condition, and kept growing better and better month after month, until now I am perfectly healthy, and do my work in the school room with ease and pleasure. I would not return to the nervedestroying regular coffee for any

money. Read the famous little "Health Classic," "The Road to Wellville," 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.



man who stands in the aisles and when a seat becomes vacant jams into it and leaves women still standing. Of course, to call him a hog is to use a figure of speech. But he was trained when only a pig. This is another figure There are some gentlemen who travel on the street cars, and ladies do, too, but they have so many painful experiences that they wish they might walk. So this is all I know about street car manners .- Anti-bright and shining, and her face was | and ghastly, and there was a bandage softly rounded, like a thild's, where about his head, but the face was not

boil. It was 5 o'clock,

"Jim'll be in soon now, for sure," Him, that she could twist round her ing word, since they had first walked

against he gets home to-night." She hurried and laid the table and spread out a meal. The kettle was singing when she had washed and given you back to me.' changed her dress and come down front window and watched for him to

come along the street. be you and I'll quarrel worse. You've the anxious, restless girl, who paced wearily to and fro.

"Oh, Jim! Jim!" she wailed presthe door, trembling with a swift terror. Just across the narrow street, lassie. It'll be like heaven-" where a lamp threw its yellow rays upon the ground, she could see a gathering crowd, swaying and push-

the face of a dead man, for his eyes hers. She sprang to her feet then with an eager cry, and the doctor, with a slight smile on his grave face,

The man held out his arms, and

"Poor little lass!" he whispered.

Her head lay upon his breast, and there was silence in the little room, but for her deep, sobbing breaths.

"Jim," she whispered softly, "dear