

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

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.

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.

was to be known. The crowd thickened as a door here and there in the street opened, and men and women came forth, asking what had happened, and without waiting for answer rushed toward the crowd.

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.

"Mrs. Lawrence! Mrs. Lawrence!" she gasped. "Your husband'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 cry.

"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.

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 together.

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

been to her, and faithful and steady, never a smile or a word for another girl in the village, true to her only. Then her wedding day, and a few months after, when she had begun to long for a change and to see London, and at last she had persuaded him to leave the Hall and come up to the city.

Her wish entirely, her persuasion, and now what had it brought them to? She got up and looked at herself in a little glass that hung on the wall, looked long and anxiously. Was she getting old and ugly, she wondered fearfully? Certainly London air had plucked the pink roses from her cheeks and painted new shadows about the gray eyes, but that was all. The thick yellow brown hair was still

When Jim Came Home.

"I'm tired of it! Sick and tired of 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.

The girl's voice broke in an angry sob, for she was young and thoughtless, and did not notice that every complaint she made was a stab through the heart of the honest fellow she had married.

"Poor old Milly!" he thought to himself. "It is hard on the lass just now." He turned around. "Don't go saying things you'll be sorry for by and by, Mill," he said gently.

"Cheer up, lassie. It ain't like you to turn cross and nasty." He gave the girl a playful shake, but in an instant she had sprung to her feet, and was facing him with blazing eyes.

"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 for rent. I wish I was dead!"

A flood of passionate tears choked her as the memory of the past troubles rose up like a black cloud before her eyes, and she felt herself in imagination growing old and shabby, like all the other weary, untidy, shiftless London women whose husbands had got no work, and her pretty little pieces of furniture and wedding presents melting away one by one in that last resort of the poor—the ever open pawnshop.

Presently he turned abruptly round and, walking to the cupboard where his coat was hanging, took down a cap.

"I'm going out again to look for a job," he said. The girl glanced at the clock; it was half-past 4.

"But it's tea time now," she murmured, a sudden remorseful thought flashing into her mind that he had eaten no dinner. "Better stop and have it."

The man shook his head. "I don't want none. I'd best get out, or maybe you and I'll quarrel worse. You've said some cruel things I can't forget. I never thought a taste o' poverty could change you so sudden; but there, I'll go."

The anger which had almost died down of a sudden flashed up again. "Go, then, go!" she cried shrilly. "And good riddance! An' you needn't—" But the door crashed to behind him, and she sank back in her chair, trembling and exhausted, alone in the quiet room.

Street Car Manners.

MANNERS 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.

In this town I never saw a man take a woman and pull her out of a seat 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.

When a woman brings a sturdy lad into a crowded car she puts him into the only vacant seat and then glares around for another.

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-Porker, in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

bright and shining, and her face was softly rounded, like a child's, where dimples play. She stirred the dying fire together and put on a kettle to boil. It was 5 o'clock.

"Jim'll be in soon now, for sure," she told herself, as a gentler mood crept at last into her heart and the brief passion died out.

She hurried and laid the table and spread out a meal. The kettle was singing when she had washed and changed her dress and come down again, and she went presently to the front window and watched for him to come along the street.

The postman stopped presently at her door and left a letter for Jim, but that was all, and she waited still, while the light faded about her, and the kettle on the fire boiled and boiled again unused. Seven o'clock struck from a neighboring church, then 8, and still he did not come to the anxious, restless girl, who paced wearily to and fro.

"Oh, Jim! Jim!" she called presently. "Why don't you come home?" For a strange, nervous fear was gripping slowly at her heart. If she went out to look for her husband it would be useless, and, besides, the country bred girl shrank from venturing out at dark in the noisy, crowded streets alone.

Suddenly above the sound of hurrying feet and the rattle of buses and carts in the distant, broader thoroughfares, a girl's shrill voice rang out, and a woman's scream of fear echoed back as if in answer. "Oh, 'e's killed! 'E's killed!" and the watcher in her dark room sprang to the door, trembling with a swift terror. Just across the narrow street, where a lamp threw its yellow rays upon the ground, she could see a gathering crowd, swaying and pushing round some hidden thing.

"Ah! What is it? What is it?" she whispered through pale lips, longing to go away and hide from any sight of death or injury, but yet in a horrible fascination chained to the spot, straining eyes and ears for what

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.

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.

Ravages of Cancer Rapidly Increase

Worst Physical Scourge with Which We Have to Contend

By Dr. E. M. Foote

I HAVE no hesitancy in pronouncing cancer the worst physical scourge 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. McGinn, 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 1906 in this country, according to Dr. McGinn, 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, 281,209 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 cent. In this country it increased from 53 to nearly 71 per cent. 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, .25 percent.

Deep-Sea Rivers

By Sir Ray Lankester

THE 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 both the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

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.—From Life.

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., Easton, Md., who says: "My back was a very bad way, and when not painful was so weak it felt as if broken. A friend urged me to try Doan'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. Foster-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 a poor fool of 20, and the little fool, being 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: "My three year old son and heir, after being put to bed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the stateroom and located a box of Graham crackers and a box of Cuticura Ointment. When a search 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 offered that every ingredient of Cuticura Ointment is absolutely pure, sweet 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 the 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 harmony 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 waters over which the central government has jurisdiction.

Large Crop of Sultana Raisins. A report from Consul General Ernest L. Harris at Smyrna, dated July 26, states that this season's crop of raisins in that Turkish district is estimated at 1,200,000 kintals (145,230,000 pounds), against 900,000 kintals (708,922,500 pounds) last year, the vines being 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 manufacturing 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 fact.

"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 flavor. 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 nerve-destroying 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.

It is said there are 1,000,000 Egyptians who can neither read nor write.