

OUTWARD!

BY W. J. CAMERON.

The sun's high and the moon's high;
The bay's a crescent of blue.
The ships of the world go by without,
But the great hill-gates stand round about,
And only the waves come through.

The town sleeps and the bay sleeps;
Tangled and golden brown,
The seaweed drifts on a dreaming sea,
Where anchored boats rock lazily,
As the waves lap up and down.

The night comes and the wind comes;
Landward the white crests ride,
Hark to the voice in the wind that cries,
As it drifts like a bird 'twixt the sea and the skies,
"There is one that will go with the tide!"

The dawn's here and the day's here!
The wind ebbs out, and the sea,
The mist rolls back and the hills are plain,
But the great sea-gates are narrow in vain,
For the sea-bird's out to the sea.

—From "Poema."

His Western Cousins.

Horatio King Vantine Meets the "Three Most Charming Things That Ever Happened."

(W. R. ROSE, in Cleveland Plain-Dealer.)

There is no doubt that Horatio King Vantine took himself seriously. He was a Boston youth, well educated, well mannered, his family was one of the oldest, and his prospects were excellent. When he left Harvard he was called to New York and given a fine opening in his Uncle John Steele Arlington's importing house. There he was making the most of the opportunity.

Into this regular and well ordered life a bombshell suddenly dropped. It took the form of a letter that was laid on his desk by the office messenger.

Horatio read the letter through, and then read it through again.

"Our dear cousin," it began, "we want to know you and know you right away. Aunt Emilie Glover wrote to us that you were in New York, and we've been looking for you ever since. We are your second cousins, you know, Jane and Ann and Susan Wallace. Your father and our mother were first cousins, and that's what gives us a claim on you. At first we thought we would come down and storm your office, and while Jane grappled your uncle, Ann and Susan would kidnap you. But then we remembered that while that might do in wild and woolly Oregon—that's where we hail from—it wouldn't be strictly proper in New York, don't you know. So we are going to be painfully formal and awfully prim, and give you the high handshake in the most easterly fashion. If you please, cousin, we want you to come up to our present abiding place and take tea with us to-morrow evening, and afterward you are to escort us to a little reception to which we are privileged to bring a young man friend. We are visiting with a dear friend and neighbor from Oregon who moved to New York several years ago. She joins us in the invitation, as you will find when you read her note. As you are quite sure to know nothing about us, perhaps it would be well to relieve your anxiety by explaining that we are neither maiden ladies nor kindergartners. Jane admits she is twenty-two, Ann is twenty and Susan is eighteen. Other particulars will be furnished on application. And now, our dear and only cousin, we are just perishing to meet you! They tell us you are awfully nice—so you may rest assured that we are strongly prejudiced in your favor. Till to-morrow evening, then. Affectionately, Jane, Ann, Susan."

Horatio picked up the note that had slipped from between the pages. It was an endorsement of his cousins' invitation, penned by their hostess—a nicely worded note, that came from a home in an excellent residence section.

Horatio drew a long breath. Here was something he never before had encountered. His relatives were few in number and most of them were residents of the old home town in New England. He dimly remembered to have heard of the cousin of his father's who had gone West when only a boy, but he had fancied that this spirit of adventure was looked upon as out of harmony with the staid and dignified traditions of the family. He was sure he had not heard his father's cousin mentioned since he himself was a boy. And now these wild Western girls had swooped down on him from the Oregonian wilds and claimed relationship with him in the most familiar terms, and lordly taken possession of him, leaving no chance for escape.

Jane and Ann and Susan!

What would his aristocratic old uncle, his mother's only brother, think of these hoydens! But he mustn't be permitted to see them. There was no reason why he should know of their presence. If he learned they were in New York he would insist upon having them to luncheon.

Jane and Ann and Susan!

Well, he would accept the invitation. There was no way out of that. At least, it would be better to meet them than to offer a trumped up excuse and stay away. If he didn't go to the tea they would be sure to hunt him up at the counting room. He would meet them and if they proved positively insupportable he would have his uncle send him on a trade-extension trip to Rio de Janeiro.

Jane and Ann and Susan!

He opened a drawer and drew out a sheet of paper.

"I wonder why Western people ever were created?" he softly growled.

It was a frigid little note that he sent the three girls. Correctly phrased and neatly penned, it was as lacking in cordiality as a Vermont snowbank. It was polite and tame and distant. He was pleased to learn that his cousins were in the city, and he was pleased to accept their invitation to tea on the twenty-fourth, and equally pleased to accompany them to the subsequent reception. And he closed the conventional missive with, "Sincerely yours, Horatio King Vantine."

Then he made a formal acknowledgment of the invitation of the hostess, and called a messenger boy.

"Jane and Ann and Susan!" he muttered as the boy turned away.

"Sir?" said the boy.

"Nothing," replied Horatio.

At 6 o'clock he presented himself at the substantial home on West Eighty-sixth street. As the maid opened the door he heard a gust of hastily-checked laughter. The maid took his card and his hat and coat, and ushered him into the little reception room. Here the hostess, with a delightfully cordial manner, met him and bade him welcome.

"Your cousins will be down in a moment or two," she explained. "If they were not so mischievous they would be more prompt. I understand you have never met them?"

No, Horatio had never met them.

"I think you will be surprised," Horatio felt sure of it. "They are charmingly unaffected." This, of course, was a neat way of characterizing their disregard of decorum. "I've known them since they were little girls. Ah, I think they are coming!"

Horatio thought so too. There was a scramble and a wild clatter on the stairs, and three young women rushed into the room and shook Horatio's hand vigorously and greeted him effusively, and wound up by joining hands and circling about him in time to a barbaric chant. They stopped breathless and laughed merrily.

"That makes you one of the tribe, cousin," cried the tallest girl. "It's the Pawnee adoption song—at least it's all we know of it. Isn't he chic, girls?"

They laughed again.

"This is Jane, cousin," said the other girls. Then Jane and Susan introduced Ann, and Ann and Jane introduced Susan. And they shook hands again, and tea being announced by the maid the three girls with much laughter drew Horatio to the dining room.

It was not until they were seated at the table that Horatio had time to look at his cousins. His first impression was that he had never seen such hair. Jane wore curls that draped her face, Ann had pulled her heavy tresses over her forehead and ears, and Susan—Susan was the youngest—had the most disordered coiffure Horatio thought he had ever seen. As far as the faces of the girls were concerned, he didn't feel qualified to judge—all he could see was their hair.

He was dimly conscious that the girls were not tastefully dressed, at least there was a flaunting of bright ribbons on their gowns that he didn't like.

"Ever West, cousin?" Jane suddenly demanded.

"Yes, West, cousin?" Jane suddenly demanded.

"West of Hoboken?" Ann added. "No," Horatio admitted.

"Noo Yawkers never dare go West," said Susan, who had a funny little lisp. "They might like it too well."

"We have planned to take you home with us," said Jane. "We want you to see the country just as God made it."

"You can't see any of it here," chimed in Ann. "There's nothing in New York but rocks and elevators and skyscrapers and subways and graft."

"Say," cried Susan, "wouldn't the folks round up when they saw us leading Horatio down the trail!"

"Susan!" cried Jane. "You mustn't mind Susan, cousin. She's as wild as a Siwash colt."

Horatio stirred himself uneasily. "Then you don't like New York?" he managed to return.

"We like New York well enough," said Jane, "but of course it isn't like the Skioory bottoms."

And then Susan unexpectedly began to sob.

"Stop that, sis," said Ann, severely. She turned to Horatio. "Susan is such a silly little goose, cousin. Every time anything is said that reminds her of Oregon she gets homesick and cries. She wants to go back there to her tame bear and her crop eared burro."

"It's no such thing," said Susan, sharply. "I'm going to give my bear away."

"Susan," said Jane, in a deep tone, "remember where you are, miss. Look at Cousin Horatio and see how shocked he is."

They all looked at Cousin Horatio, who appeared very uncomfortable. He felt that he must say something.

"I'm afraid," he remarked, "that you haven't seen enough of New York to offset your Western prejudices."

"I think we have," said Susan, promptly. "We were on top of the Metropolitan tower."

"You are not a real New Yorker, are you, cousin?" Jane demanded.

"I was born near Boston," Horatio answered. "I came to New York four years ago."

"I'm glad of that," said Ann. "I'm glad you are not a real New Yorker. New Yorkers are so cold and offish, and so lacking in everything genial and friendly."

Horatio remembered his letter with a little twinge, and his face flushed. He wished he hadn't sent it. He wished he had hurried out of town instead of consenting to meet these dreadful Westerners.

But before he could reply the voluble Jane came to his relief.

"Have you been abroad, cousin?" she asked.

"Once for a brief stay," he answered.

"We have been to Japan twice," said Susan, "and three times to the Philippines, and twice to Honolulu. You must get Jane to dance the juba-jam for you. She does it awfully well, only you have to take all the furniture out of the room."

"Why, Susan!" cried Ann.

There was a sudden laugh from the hostess. They all looked at her.

"Excuse me," she said with a little effort. "I was just faintly wondering how that dance could be done in a Harlem flat."

Even Horatio was forced to smile, but it was a painful effort. He was never more uncomfortable in his life. His Western cousins with their dreadful hair and flaunting ribbons were fully as uncultured as he anticipated. It was an unsatisfactory repast. And there was all the evening at the reception ahead of them!

But at last the tea came to an end. They went back to the reception room, but the three girls paused in the doorway.

"You must excuse us for a little while, cousin," said Jane. "We have to do some extra fixing up, you know."

"Paint and feathers," added Ann. "And beads and red blankets," cried Susan.

And then they trooped up the stairs with much laughter, the irrepressible Susan bringing up the rear with a few sharp "yip-yips" and a prolonged whoop.

A little later the hostess, who seemed ill at ease, excused herself on the plea that the girls might need her, and followed them to the upper floor.

"And may I ask where we are going?" he said.

"We are going to Colonel Abner Stow's home," Jane replied.

"Colonel Abner Stow!" repeated Horatio. "The railway man?"

"Yes. He was our father's partner for twenty years. The reception is just for us, you know, and not a big affair at all. The colonel's house is only a block away. We can walk."

Horatio didn't say much during that brief walk. He was glad the girls were going to the home of an old friend—and a Western man at that.

And the very eminent captain of finance had been their father's partner? He wished to know more about them.

The colonel and his wife met the little party at the doorway and gave them a warm greeting.

"Don't wait for the girls, my boy," he said to Horatio in his bluff way. "Come right down and talk with me."

So Horatio hurried down and the colonel shook hands with him again.

"You're a lucky lad," he said. "You've got the three finest girls on the Pacific Coast in tow to-night. Oh, I've known them since they were kiddies. They're dearer to their father than his eyes. There's nothing money would buy that he hasn't lavished on them, and they are as fine ladies as their mother—and I couldn't say more."

And then Horatio heard a rustle behind him and there stood his three cousins.

He gave a little gasp.

What they wore he didn't know, but it was something filmy and fascinating, and their hair was beautiful to behold. It was a magic transformation, and he gasped again.

"The three Western graces," cried the colonel. "Dare you say which is the fairest, my boy? Jane has the poise, and Ann the eyes, and Susan is my heart's delight."

The three girls playfully shook their heads at the gallant host.

And when they looked at Horatio he knew he was flushing to the very roots of his hair.

A little later he found himself alone with Jane. She suddenly smiled.

"Cousin," she said, "did you write that letter with an icicle?"

He flushed again.

"Jane," he answered, and it was wonderful what a nice sound the name had suddenly assumed, "I was a fool and a snob. But you paid me for it in very bitter medicine."

"It was just the medicine you expected to take?" laughed Jane. "And you don't entirely disapprove of us?"

"Disapprove!" cried the young man. "Why, you are the three most charming things that ever happened. I couldn't be more proud of you! Will you be my uncle's guests at luncheon to-morrow?"

Jane laughed.

"If you think he will approve of us," she answered. "We are absolutely dependent on our only New York relative, you know."

And the glance she gave Horatio thrilled him through.

Wider Wagon Tires.

Necessity for a law requiring the use of sufficiently wide wagon tires to prevent the cutting up and rapid destruction of improved and surfaced roads is forcibly urged in a letter from Hon. Frank Sheffield, chairman of the board of county commissioners of Sumpter County.

Chairman Sheffield writes to the Constitution for the prize awarded to Sumpter County for the best roads between Albany and Macon, on the Albany-Atlanta good roads automobile run, and includes a word of praise for the work The Constitution has done in the furtherance of this important State movement.

One of the things which impresses Chairman Sheffield most as needed for the protection and preservation of the roads is wider wagon tires.

The Constitution has heretofore urged the importance of some action looking to this end, and that it must soon come cannot be questioned.

As Chairman Sheffield points out, when the roads are graded and surfaced, "the tendency is to increase the load, and the narrow tire becomes more destructive than ever."

By drawing the bill as he suggests, so that it will apply only to new wagons and exempting those in use at the time of its passage, no hardship will result to anyone; the narrow-tired wagons will gradually disappear as they are worn out, and the roads will be saved from their destructive effect.

Sumpter County has already worked wonders in road building, and although, as Chairman Sheffield says, she has just begun, "farm lands along these improved roads immediately advance as much as twenty-five per cent. in price, and general improvement of the farms is noticeable."

Sumpter is furnishing a splendid example to her sister counties, and the work here, as well as throughout the State, should be furthered and encouraged by the enactment of wise and necessary laws for the proper care and protection of the roads.—Atlanta Constitution.

Good Roads

NAME THE COUNTRY ROADS.

Increasing Density of Farm Population Makes Necessary Better Means of Locating Residents.

By J. A. ANDERSON.

Ancient the use of the rural free mail delivery, telephone, parcel post and any and all other conveniences that go to make farm life happier and better, I thought I would like to suggest a convenience which could be carried out by the county commissioners of each county at a small expense, that would do more to increase the pride of the rural community than any other that I can think of.

For the convenience of the public it ought to be as easy to locate a farmer's residence in the country as a city man's residence in the city.

Let the country life commission include in its recommendations that a road that runs from the east to the west be called a "road" (or some other name).

A road that runs from north to south be called an "avenue."

A road that runs from the northeast to the southwest might be called a "pike."

A road that runs from the northwest to the southeast be called a "highway" and all others called "lanes."

In other words, that the public highways of our country should be called such names as would indicate the direction in which they run and named alphabetically and numbered numerically. Then the farm houses could be numbered and the rural delivery numbers that we now have changed to the farm number.

This would assist the rural delivery and the telephone very much to locate the country and our merchant houses would soon be distributing country road directories for the benefit of all.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

Now I believe that if the big papers of the country would take up this matter there would be created a sentiment throughout the country which would bring about a complete reformation, or rather the establishment of a system of naming country highways which would in time become general.

It would probably require enactments by the State Legislatures to bring about a complete system of this kind, starting with the various counties. The main expense attached to it would be guideposts at every section corner, and this would be so insignificant as to cut no figure when compared with the great benefit, not alone to the farmers, but to the Government in the rural route mail deliveries and to merchants and travelers elsewhere.

TRIALS OF THE NEEDEMS

HELLO! HELLO! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WAIT HERE ALL NIGHT GIVE ME CENTRAL AND I'LL HAVE YOU DISCHARGED!



HELLO OPERATOR I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY I SPOKE TO YOU YESTERDAY I WAS FEELING OUT OF SORTS AT THE TIME



RESOLVED THAT SCOLDING TELEPHONE GIRLS IS NOT ONLY UNKIND BUT INDICATES THAT THE STOMACH AND BOWELS NEED REGULATING WITH MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS TO-NIGHT

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills cure the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, grip or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no alcohol; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUNYON'S 534 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Walked to Parliament.

All members of parliament did not ride to London from their constituencies in the 10c days. Mr. Barclay, of Ury, who represented Kincardineshire in the eighteenth century, always walked the whole way, doing his 50 miles a day with ease. Marathon runners may note that his refreshment on the journey was a bottle of port, poured into a bowl and drunk off at a draught. George III. took much interest in Mr. Barclay's achievements and said: "I ought to be proud of my Scotch subjects, when my judges ride and my members of parliament walk to the metropolis." The former allusion was to Lord Monboddo, who always rode to town instead of driving, considering it unmanly "to sit on a box drawn by brutes."—London Chronicle.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Dramatic Cyclopaedia.

Reginald Clarence, the well-known bibliographer of dramatic data, has been working for 20 years on a stage cyclopaedia which will contain a bibliography of plays, of which it has been possible to find any record, from B. C. 500 to A. D. 1909.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Food and Efficiency.

Whenever the diet of soldiers, sailors, prisoners is reduced much below the average that men usually eat, though this is nearly double what Fletcher and Chittenden deem necessary, weakness and illness supervene. Men cannot do good work and eat less than what instinct has taught mankind to eat in the past.—Independent.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

Cures the "Incurable."

One of the Noble prizes recently awarded at Stockholm, that for the most important discovery in medicine, went to Prof. Theodore Kocher, of Berne, Switzerland, who is now 63 years old. Before Dr. Kocher, goiter was considered incurable. He was the first, about 1880, to attack this plague in the Valais canton and to deny that the taking away of the goiter at first provoked cretinism and then led to death. He discovered the causes of these phenomena. At the surgical congress of Berlin, he communicated the results of his researches. He showed that the goiter could be removed, but that it was necessary to guard against the extirpation of the gland to which it was attached. This skillful surgeon has made more than two thousand cures of this kind.—Le Figaro.

The largest shipbuilding establishment in Japan is the one at Nagasaki, founded by the government in 1857.

Cures The OLD SORES That Other Remedies Won't Cure

The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are absolutely cured by Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil

Discovered by an Old Railroad