

ALL IN ABILITY TO SAY "NO"

Great Truth, Voiced by Chauncey M Depew, is Worth the Consideration of All.

Chauncey M. Depew, reviewing his eightieth birthday, says: "I have found the best insurance policy is the ability to say no. Many of my friends have died before their time because they could not resist the appetites which destroyed them. Abstinence is hard at first, requires will power and self-denial, but abstinence soon conquers desire. Ever after is the joy of victory and confidence in that mainspring of life—the will."

"Horace Greeley once said to me after the payment of notes he had indorsed had swept away years of savings. 'Chauncey, I want you to have a law passed making it a felony, punishable with life imprisonment, for a man to put his name on the back of another man's paper.' As I lament about one-quarter of my earnings gone that way because of my inability to say no, and without any benefit to my friends, I sympathize with Mr. Greeley."

ERUPTION SPREAD ON FACE

810 East Elm St., Streator, Ill.—"A running sore broke out above my right eye, which spread over my entire face. It started as a small pimple. I scratched it open and the contents of this small pimple ran down my face. Wherever this ran a new sore appeared. They itched and burned terribly; I couldn't touch my face it burned so. It disfigured my face terribly and I couldn't be seen for everyone was afraid of it. It looked like a disease of some kind; it was all red and a heavy white crust on it. Everybody kept out of my way, afraid it would spread. I lost rest at night and I couldn't bear to have anything touch my face, not even the pillow. I had to lie on the back of the head. I was always glad when morning came so I could get up. It was extremely painful. "At last I thought of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I commenced using them. It took three weeks to complete the cure." (Signed) Miss Caroline Miller, Apr. 30, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Great Shooting. Smith and Jones were walking along the boulevard one afternoon when Brown was incidentally mentioned. "Speaking of Brown," thoughtfully remarked Jones, "I understand he is something of a shot."

"He is a wonder," was the prompt rejoinder of Smith. "We were out in a field practicing the other day when he hit the bulleye the first shot." "Fine for Brown!" commendingly returned Jones. "Ticked him almost to death, I suppose?" "Don't you believe it!" answered Smith. "He had to pay for the bull."

How it Went. Two prospectors met in the desert. "What are you doing out here, Hank?" asked one of them. "Prospecting," said the other. "Why, I thought you had cleaned up a couple of hundred thousand and quit."

"That's right," said the other, laconically. "Well, what became of the money?" "Oh, I took it down to San Francisco and they kind-a introduced me out of it."

The World's Library. It is computed that the total number of printed books in the world is no less than 11,638,810, and that about \$714,600,000 of these have been published subsequent to the year 1800. From 1600 to 1835 the number of books produced annually averaged only 1,250. It was not until 1700 that the annual average passed 10,000, and it was not until 1887 that it reached 100,000. From 1900 to 1908, however, the annual output averaged 174,375—exactly 140 times the average output between 1600 and 1835.

Sure He Wouldn't. "Dear, dear! Did that grocery man wrap that bread in a newspaper?" "Yes, but remember if he knew what to put into a newspaper he wouldn't be working at the grocery business."

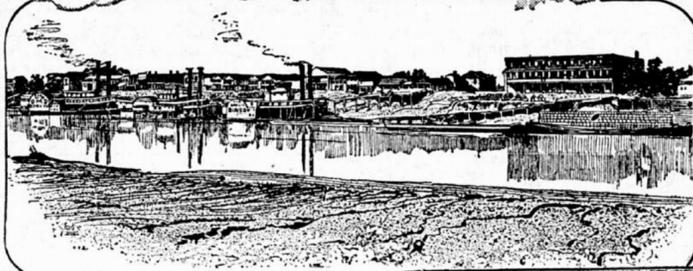
Fortunate is the man who is never afraid of being taken at his own honest, actual estimate of himself.

Some orators make their best point when they come to a stop.

DID THE WORK Grew Strong on Right Food. You can't grow strong by merely exercising. You must have food—the kind you can digest and assimilate.

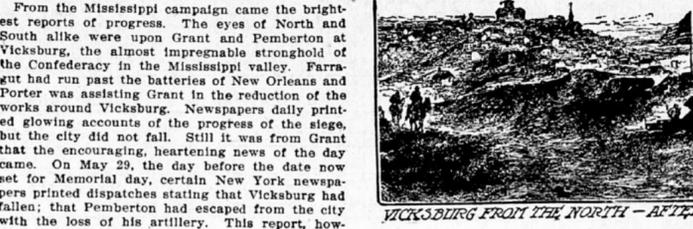
Unless the food you eat is digested it adds to the burden the digestive organs have naturally to carry. This often means a nervous breakdown. "About a year ago," writes a Mass. lady, "I had quite a serious nervous breakdown caused, as I believed, by overwork and worry. I also suffered untold misery from dyspepsia. "First I gave up my position, then I tried to find a remedy for my troubles, something that would make me well and strong, something to rest my tired stomach and build up my worn-out nerves and brain. "I tried one kind of medicine after another, but nothing seemed to help me. "Finally a friend suggested change of food and recommended Grape-Nuts. With little or no faith in it, I tried a package. That was eight months ago and I have never been without it since. "Grape-Nuts did the work. It helped me grow strong and well. Grape-Nuts put new life into me, built up my whole system and made another woman of me!" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "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.



ALEXANDRIA, L.A. THE ranks—piteously thinner ranks this year than they were last—of veterans file through the crowded streets of hundreds of American cities on Memorial day, the minds of those who fought beneath the blue or for the gray will turn to a May 30 of 51 years ago, when ashore and afloat men were doing those deeds which will be commemorated by Memorial day. Memorial day was not dreamed of then. North and South were busy with the grim business of war. The land shook with the tramp of armed forces and the rattle of artillery, and America was the scene of some of the mightiest battles which history records. The news which came to the North in those stirring days was not all rose-tinted by any means. Lee was threatening the second invasion of the North and the Shenandoah and Cumberland valleys were threatened with becoming seats of war and being ravaged by hostile armies. The little town of Gettysburg had not yet awakened to the fact that it was to be the center of the most colossal struggle of the war, and in Arkansas and Virginia the Union successes had not been all that they might have been.

From the Mississippi campaign came the brightest reports of progress. The eyes of North and South alike were upon Grant and Pemberton at Vicksburg, the almost impregnable stronghold of the Confederacy in the Mississippi valley. Farragut had run past the batteries of New Orleans and Porter was assisting Grant in the reduction of the works around Vicksburg. Newspapers daily printed glowing accounts of the progress of the siege, but the city did not fall. Still it was from Grant that the encouraging, heartening news of the day came. On May 29, the day before the date now set for Memorial day, certain New York newspapers printed dispatches stating that Vicksburg had fallen; that Pemberton had escaped from the city with the loss of his artillery. This report, however, was promptly denied. On the same day authentic accounts and pictures of an engagement at Champion's Hill, near Vicksburg, were received. About five o'clock in the morning of May 15 General Grant had received information from two men who had been employed on the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad and who had passed through Pemberton's army in the night; that the Confederate general was marching east with 80 regiments of infantry and ten batteries, in all about twenty-five thousand men.



BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILLS. employed on the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad and who had passed through Pemberton's army in the night; that the Confederate general was marching east with 80 regiments of infantry and ten batteries, in all about twenty-five thousand men.

When the war was over Child learns that Joy sometimes finds deepest expression in tears. It was a morning in early spring—the spring of '65. The orchard was in full bloom and on the wind was the odor of the blossoming crabapple trees in the woods pasture. I was sitting on the back doorstep eating a bowl of bread and milk and pausing between spoonfuls to note the glory of woods, pasture and blue sky. I was but four years old and the beauty of the world was just dawning on me, when to my ears came sudden, far-off, dull booms like sudden echoes of thunder. The sky was without a cloud. Again I heard the dull boom. Ah! I had it!

"Mother," I called, "someone's pounding on the side of Uncle Dave's barn!" She came to the door and listened. Again came the dull, thunderous sound. For a moment she listened and then burst out sobbing. "What's the matter, mother? Does it scare you I'm not afraid?" She stooped over and gathered me to her breast. "The war is over. The war is over," was all she could say, but she said it over and over. "The war is over and your father is coming home."

"Why, I'd think you'd laugh instead of cry! I'd think you'd be glad instead of sorry." Child that I was, I knew not that joy sometimes finds deepest expression in tears. Stoneworkers in Germany have a union membership of 76,783.

Very Old, Copper Mine. It is not absolutely the oldest, the Stora Kopparberget in Sweden is the oldest copper mine of which any official figures can be found. It has been worked continuously for nearly eight hundred years. Dr. T. G. Williams of Turkey was called in immediately and Dr. Carr went over to Mr. Drew's. The deadly poison worked so quickly that Dr. Carr failed to reach the home before the death had claimed the two-year-old child. Dr. Williams didn't have his medicine case, yet he and the neighbors worked heroically to save the little child's life. Dr. Carr irrigated the stomach of the five-year-old child, removing the blossoms, gave stimulants hypodermically and she is considered safe, although her eyesight is impaired and one up- per lid paralyzed. The other child didn't develop symptoms of poison.

Platinum Dear Because So Rare. One of the difficulties in the extension of electrical and technical chemistry is the shortage of platinum, says the American Machinist. Russia is practically the only country producing platinum; it is found in various localities of the Ural mountains. Very small quantities have been found in Borneo, Brazil, Australia and California, but of the world's total production of 13,250 pounds, more than 85 per cent comes from Russia. Now extensive deposits of platinum have been discovered in Germany, in Westphalia, where iron, lead, copper and zinc mines abound. The platinum is present in the form of an alloy, but in sufficient quantities to guarantee profitable extraction, and it seems possible that under new methods of analysis deposits of platinum under workable conditions may be found in various other parts of the world.



LEPER HAS A PRIVATE CAR Charles Wolgren Deported by Chicago to Sweden—Journey is Kept a Secret. Chicago.—After a trip of a thousand miles, riding in state in a private car that cost the United States government \$450, and surrounded with all the exclusiveness of a millionaire, Charles Wolgren, the leper who has been living in the Cook county hospital in Chicago for more than two months, is on board an Atlantic liner in New York harbor and will sail for Sweden, his native land. His departure from Chicago, his trip to New York and his removal from his private car to the steamer were surrounded with all possible secrecy, due to the acute fear of leprosy that dates back many centuries before the Christian era, and which today is much alive in the United States as it ever was among the ancients. Railroad officials were induced to take the passenger only on the payment of a high tariff, and they stipulated that his movements should not be given publicity. The governors of six states were asked to give their permission that Wolgren cross their respective domains. They complied and held their peace. Several of the officials of the Cook county hospital were engaged in the planning, but Warden W. O. Chapman was anxious to lose a boarder who required such extra care and who apparently might stay a charge on the taxpayers for years, and he saw to it that silence was enforced. Two men were detailed to accompany Wolgren in his private car, a deportation officer attached to the Chicago immigration office, and C. D. Crighton, Cook county hospital nurse, who acted as attendant.

MONUMENT TO N. Y. TROOPS Empire State Will Honor Memory of Cavalrymen Who Were Civil War Victims. Washington.—A bit of news gleaned in an interview was that on July 11 a monument provided by the state of New York to the Twenty-fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry, which fought at Fort Stevens, will be dedicated at Battle cemetery—the little cemetery on the east side of Georgia avenue, a few hundred yards north of the site of Fort Stevens, and in which rest the bones of a majority of the Union soldiers who fell in this engagement. The pedestal of the monument is of light-colored Barre granite, and the statue of marble, which surmounts it, is 5 1/2 feet tall. The combined height of pedestal and statue is 11 feet and 6 inches. The monument will be inscribed: "Sacred to the Memory of Our Comrades Who Gave Their Lives in Defense of the Union."

THE Inference. "Are you a policeman?" asked one paying guest of another at a charity picnic dinner. "No," said the other. "Why do you ask?" "Merely, that I noticed," said the first speaker, glancing at the section of fried chicken in the other's fingers, "that you are pulling a tough joint."

Wants to See Things. "Poor old Jagbaby is off the wagon again." "I can't help admiring his frankness, though." "He doesn't try to excuse himself?" "No. He merely says he prefers a scenic route."—Baltimore Sun.

The Button Doctor. During the short seven years of her life, little Florence Louise had become duly impressed with the prevalence of specialists in the medical profession. One day, after returning from a visit to a small playmate, she calmly announced: "Rena swallowed a button." "All our folks worried about her?" she was asked. "Oh, she will get along all right," Florence Louise complacently replied. "They sent for a regular button doctor."—Judge.

Limited Intentions. "How do you propose to support my daughter, sir?" "I didn't propose to her to support her at all. I only proposed to her to marry me."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Proving the Punch. Skids—You think his story has a real punch to it? Skittles—Sure thing! You ought to have seen the way it put me to sleep.—Puck.

Disasters. "My baldness dates from that terrible year." "Oh, yes! 1870." "What do you mean by 1870? I speak of the year I was married."—Le Rire (Paris).

A Success. "Was the go to church movement a success in your neighborhood?" "Yes, indeed. Our church was as full as it is when they are serving something to eat."—Detroit Free Press.

Job Wanted. Mrs. Sue, Bretton—Who is your friend? Foot Lighte—Oh, he's the manager of a show. "Well, I'm from Missouri; I wish he'd show me."

Are There That Many? Church—I see that Milwaukee is preparing to change over one hundred street names. Gotham—Going to name the streets after the different establishments which made the city famous, probably.

CANADA'S PLACE AS A PRODUCER Canada Is Getting a Great Many Americans. "Three young provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta," says a New York financial journal, "have already made Winnipeg one of the greatest primary wheat markets of the world. In 1904 they raised 58,000,000 bushels of wheat. Five years later they produced 150,000,000 bushels. In 1913 the crop approximated 200,000,000 bushels. At the present rate of progress Canada must soon pass France and India, and stand third in the line of wheat producers. Ultimately it will dispute with Russia and the United States for the first position. Wheat has been the pioneer of our development. Undoubtedly it will prove the same with Canada. In the last calendar year our trade with Canada amounted to 497 million dollars. Only with two countries—the United Kingdom and Germany—is our trade greater. No vivid imagination is needed to see what the future development of Canada means to the people of the United States. The influx of American settlers to the Canadian prairies is now in full swing. Within the past few days over 80 of those arrived at Bassano carrying with them effects and capital to the value of \$100,000. Fifty settlers from Oregon arrived in Alberta a few days ago; while 15 families of settlers from the state of Colorado arrived at Calgary on their journey northwards. The goods and personal effects of this party filled 20 box cars. Of live stock alone they had 175 horses, 15 cows and 2,000 head of poultry. Another class of settler has arrived at Peers, 110 miles west of Edmonton, where no fewer than 200 German farmers have taken up land. These are from good farming families and brought with them a large amount of capital. Then in South Western Saskatchewan, there are large numbers settling, these from the United States predominating, while in the northern and central portions of all these provinces, the settlement of new people is going on steadily. Early in April, Peter Goertz arrived in Cardiff after a six-day journey from McPherson, Kansas. Mr. Goertz who had purchased land here was in charge of a party of 18 people from the same part of Kansas and they came through with a special train which included all their stock and implements. The equipment was all Rock Island cars, and was the first full immigrant train ever sent out by that railroad. The farms purchased by the members of the party are amongst the best in the district. When the Panama exposition opens next year any of the three transcontinental lines in Canada will make convenient means of transport for those going to visit, and in doing so agricultural districts of Western Canada can be seen, and ocular demonstration given those who have heard but not before seen, of that which has attracted so many hundreds of thousands of American settlers.—Advertisement.

Monument to Twenty-Fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry to Be Dedicated at Battle Cemetery July 11. sense of the National Capital, July 11, 1864. "Erected by the State of New York in Honor of the Twenty-fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry." Mr. Wolf told how the Twenty-fifth New York Volunteer cavalry came to be at Fort Stevens on that July day fifty years ago. Queer Act of Englishman. Washington—Declaring that the United States government insulted him when customs officials at New York took an algrette from his daughter's hat, an unknown Englishman, sent a draft for \$1,000 to President Huerta of Mexico to "get even."

Advice for American Girls. New York.—"Forget the tango and be up at 4 a. m. milking cows," is the advice of Savannah Peate of Chester, England, to American girls, if they want fine complexions. Miss Peate does it and shoes her own horse, too.

Cure for High Cost of Living. Champaign, Ill.—The country must cut down on its expenditures for clothing, housing and amusements in order to combat the high cost of living, according to Dean Davenport of the University of Illinois in a speech here.

Who Seeks a Divorce. New York.—Suing for annulment of her marriage, Mrs. Sophie T. Erber charged that her husband tore up her former decree of divorce and made her swallow the pieces.

Gift of Thoughts. If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.—George MacDonald.

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