

"TWO TADS" OF THE SADDLE.

Life of the Jockeys, its Perils, Temptations, Glamour and Rewards.

Jockey	Country	Probable Earnings
"Nanny" Miller, England	England	\$20,000
"Willy" Shaw, Germany	Germany	20,000
Fred Tarral, Austria	Austria	20,000
"Johnny" Ruff, France	France	20,000
Levchenko, England	England	15,000
H. Lewis, Austria	Austria	15,000
"Skeets" Martin, Hungary	Hungary	15,000
"Tommy" Burns, Germany	Germany	15,000
N. Turner, France	France	15,000
R. Rausch, France	France	15,000
M. Henry, France	France	15,000
W. O'Connor, France	France	15,000
H. Spencer, France	France	15,000
H. Cormack, France	France	15,000
L. Spencer, Italy	Italy	10,000
J. Hoss, Russia	Russia	10,000
J. Winfield, Austria	Austria	10,000
H. Herkenth, Hungary	Hungary	10,000
H. Shields, France	France	5,000
John Tarral, Austria	Austria	5,000
W. Gannon, Austria	Austria	5,000
M. Miles, Austria	Austria	5,000
J. Wiley, France	France	5,000
F. Turner, Belgium	Belgium	5,000
R. Rigby, Austria	Austria	5,000
Total		\$30,000

New York.—Thirty thousand eyes are focused upon a platform built at some elevation upon the ground and supported by posts that are painted white. A solitary man stands upon the floor of the structure. He strides back and forth and gesticulates violently. Sometimes he seems to appeal in supplication. At other times his gestures are those of determined command. His lips are seen to move, but the sounds of his voice are drowned in the din of the throng.

Below him is a field of high-spirited, sensitive, nervous and fractious thoroughbred horses. Mounted on them are mere wisps of boys, who jerk energetically at the bridle reins, kick with their heels and express their thoughts vehemently into the ears of the animals they are riding. With a snarl and a strutting sound, like the vibration of a string of a double bass, the barrier is suddenly released by the man on the platform, and a dozen eager colts plant their hoofs firmly into the soft soil of the track, scrambling with the instinct of their natures, which education long and patient has developed, to reach a place in front, while the monkeylike boys on their backs, their sharp faces pushed forward eagerly into the wind, peer on both sides to discern an opening where they may get through and improve their chances to finish first in the race.

Thirty thousand eyes, scanning intently the turn of the track, follow closely the running of the field, and 15,000 voices begin to croak, and scream, and babble. Some are the hysterical notes of a nervous woman who has wagered half her week's pin money upon the race. Some are the guttural roars of the "outs," the stable followers and the hoarse criers of wares and edibles. Some are the cackle of superheated storekeepers and possibly their clerks.

Cry for the Favorite.
Through it all, and above it all, is the note of personality, the cry for the popular jockey of the day. It is a queer phenomenon of a mighty sport. It is the slogan of the American for the individual who does things. The horses are racing. The horses are the motive for the struggle, the backbone of a pastime that was inaugurated centuries ago, but the majority of the vast mass congregated within iron railings are shouting for the jockey who stands on the course at the field stand one hears "Come on, you Miller!" The exhortation increases in volume, and all the field stand appears to be shouting, "Come on, you Miller!" The thousands upon the lawn take up the refrain, the bookmakers and their clerks join in, if a Miller victory means a victory for them, and at last there is a Niagara-like thunder of appeal, "Come on, you Miller!" an anxious moment or two, then a wild screech of triumph, and the "Millierites" rush away to obtain their gains, if Miller happens to have won.

There is barely a day that it is possible to miss this queer chain of incidents at the race course, for the jockeys rush with enthusiastic favor to the support of some jockey who, by his skill and his knowledge of men and animals, beats his fellow jockeys in the daily tumult of track sport.

Names Live Long in Memory.
Time passes and boys grow old and heavy. The idol of the present day

will be only the memory of the past. Yet the names of the great riders live with racegoers even longer than the names of statesmen who were contemporaneous with them. The senator from New York of a decade ago may be forgotten by another decade, but the name of Tod Sloan will live for a century, and maybe longer. His sharp replies earned him punishment in 1905, but this year he has exercised better control over himself and fewer words of caution have had to be administered to him. He is considered to be very clever in making a strong finish. Like Miller, he is possessed of much physical power in his arms, and when a horse is tiring in the last strides of a hard-fought race, Radtke fairly lifts him along, as he holds up his head and gives him encouragement to make the three or four final leaps that may win a stake worth thousands of dollars.

Good Judges of Pace.
Koerner and E. Dugan are two clever lightweights who are skilful in judging pace and placing their horses to good advantage in a field of many starters. Both are able to rate the speed at which they are moving by constant association of intervals of time with the distance posts on the track. There have been harness horse drivers who were able to tell almost to the fraction of a second the speed at which they were driving. So it is with some of the jockeys. Constant devotion to their work has enabled them to gather relative ideas of time and motion, and it is a great aid to a jockey to be able so to rate his horse as to have some reserve strength and power left for the finish.

Heavyweights Go Abroad.
Lightweight jockeys are so much more in demand in the United States than they are abroad that it is usually

to be able to bring various horses first to the wire more than 300 times in a season of summer and winter sport.

Considering the different dispositions of all the horses that the jockey must ride, their moods, their likes and dislikes—for thoroughbreds are quite as notional as petted belles of fashion—it is no child's play for an 18-year-old boy to beat his rivals so successfully.

Not old enough to vote, but with the shrewdness of a man of years, it is estimated that Miller will earn by his riding this year \$60,000, and jockeys are not paid so handsomely as they were five or six years ago.

Physical Characteristics.
Miller is a small, well knit, delicate boned boy, who at first gives the impression of being undersized. A closer inspection of his physique inclines one to correct the idea. Looking him over carefully from head to heels, he seems to be compactly built for his age, and his flesh is distributed evenly over the framework of bones. His racial characteristics are delineated in his facial features.

His height and weight and moderate manner of walk give the impression of delicacy, but there is none of it in his grasp nor in the steel-like hardness of his biceps. His hands are wonderfully strong and feel sensitive and full of vitality to the touch. Perhaps his hands are the most wonderful part of him physically. If nature had intended to create a jockey to order it would have been hard to equip one with a pair of hands that seem so alive as those of this youngster. Possibly it is through his hands that he gets in such close touch with his mounts.

Takes Care of His Money.
He began with the first money he received to take his money to his mother. He is not a spendthrift, and he cares little for the luxuries of society. His mother took his earnings and invested them. They were invested so well that she is proud of her work and admits that his income has been considerably increased by her prudence and foresight. Of late Miller has advised with her as to the placing of some of his earnings, and she is as happy as the boy that he has shown good judgment and business intelligence in suggesting where certain sums could be invested to good advantage. There is little reason to doubt that his ambition to acquire a fortune by his efforts in the saddle will be realized and realized handsomely.

Scores of boys try every year to become successful jockeys. Most of them fail. Why is it, then, that Miller is a success? Is it because of his seat in the saddle, his short stirrups, or some other typical accessory to the equipment of his mount? This question has been asked time and again. "Tom" Welch places little credit in any of these details.

Advantage in Method.
Miller says he perches himself well up on a horse's neck and rides with short stirrups because he has a greater leverage on the horse's head and can guide him more perfectly.

"I can feel the temper of the horse through his mouth when I have a stiff rein on him over his neck," said the jockey. "If I were to ride in the old-fashioned English seat the horse's head would get away from me, and the chances are that I would miss

some good opportunities in the race to gain distance."

It was Tod Sloan who originated the idea of riding forward. Possibly Miller carries it more to an extreme than some jockeys, but he is light, strong and has perfect confidence in himself.

For two years there has been great rivalry between Miller and Radtke. The latter has been less successful, but is nevertheless considered to be one of the best boys who ride professionally in the United States.

Radtke is of different temperament than Miller. He is a somewhat fiery little chap and rather self-willed. His sharp replies earned him punishment in 1905, but this year he has exercised better control over himself and fewer words of caution have had to be administered to him. He is considered to be very clever in making a strong finish. Like Miller, he is possessed of much physical power in his arms, and when a horse is tiring in the last strides of a hard-fought race, Radtke fairly lifts him along, as he holds up his head and gives him encouragement to make the three or four final leaps that may win a stake worth thousands of dollars.

Prizes of Success.
The successful jockey who likes to see his reflection in mirrors, who revels in the glare of the myriad lamps that burn after dark, will not lack of hospitality. There will be a hundred hosts to entertain him every night if he but says the word.

The bell of a well-known trainer's cottage as Sheephead bay rang triumphantly, and the trainer went to the door. A mite of a boy with his cap dangling from his fingers looked sidelong at the man and said: "I'd like to see Mr. Flanner."

"What is it, son?"
"Please, sir, I'd like to get a position with you as jockey. My folks will let me."

"Do you know what you will have to do?" said the trainer. "You will

000 in the saddle this year. He commands a high price, and owners are as willing to pay it to him as they are to Miller, for they know that they are securing a competent boy and one upon whom every reliance may be placed.

Other Successful Jockeys.
Lucien Lyne, a jockey much admired in New York when he was in the heyday of his success, is riding in England. Possibly his earnings will amount to \$15,000. The English turfmen are willing to pay handsomely a smart American boy.

"Fred" Tarral, whom everybody knows in America who knows about race horses, has been riding in Austria with remarkable success for the last three or four years, and is over there again.

"Skeets" Martin rides in Hungary with a probable income of \$15,000 for the year, and "Tommy" Burns has been engaged by a German stable and is likely to receive not less than \$15,000 for the season's work.

France has a fine lot of American jockeys, and all of them fairly successful. Spencer is one, Turner another, and then there are Rausch, O'Connor, "Johnny" Reiff, Cormack, Henry, Shields, McIntyre and Wiley.

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a matter of but a few years before the poor might give up in despair, as he finds that nature has insisted upon imposing more flesh over his skeleton than he can possibly rid himself of.

When that happens many of the best American jockeys go to the tracks of foreign lands, where the weight impositions are heavier. They usually find little trouble in obtaining employment. A number of them are abroad this year. There is "Danny" Maher, for instance, in England. He is one of the best American jockeys who ever left his native land to ride for foreign stables. He has been phenomenally successful in England—so much so that the richest owners are eager to obtain him. He is riding his second season for Lord Derby. Maher is the only jockey now riding who has won three English derbies. Of itself that is a feat of sufficient importance to establish his reputation in the turf world. It is estimated that he will earn \$50,

have to leave your home, come to the track to live, and for a long, long time you will have to be just a stable boy, getting up very early in the morning and riding horses and doing other things that are necessary about a racing stable."

"Yes, sir, I'll do it. I want to earn a lot of money and be as rich as Walter Miller."

"All right, my boy; give me your name and I will send for you at the first vacancy."

"Are there many such?" was asked the trainer.

"Many? I'll bet that a day doesn't go by that I don't have a call from some youngster who wants to be a second Miller. I get letters by almost every mail asking for places in my stable, and I know that lads run away from school to come and loiter around the horses. When I find the latter kind I send them home with a little good advice."

Wisdom on Tap.
Mrs. Green, who was deeply absorbed in a romance of the 17th century, suddenly paused and looked at her husband.

"Gregory," she said, "listen to this: 'By my halldom,' exclaimed Sir Hardyng, 'it is past the hour of 12! What is a halldom?'"

"What do you suppose it is?" responded Mr. Green, with a frown. "Can't you tell from the context Maria? Sir Walter's-his-name said it was past the hour of 12 by his halldom, didn't he? I should think any one could tell from that sentence that he had just consulted his halldom. Halldom is the old English name for watch, of course! Why is it that some women don't seem to be able to exercise their reasoning faculties?"—Stray Stories.

Somewhat Disconcerting.
He gazed upon her in fond admiration. He loved her to distraction. Lovers had loved before, lovers might love again, but no lover, lover could, would, or should love as he loved Dora. The sun shone Dora, the birds sang Dora, the wild flowers in the hedges, oh! they were all Doras to a bud. And then Ferdinand exclaimed with startling suddenness:
"What in the world ever induced you, Dora, to care for a fellow like me?"
"I really don't know, but pa threatens to send me to a brain specialist."

FLIGHT OF THE FIANCEE.

Unnerved by Dreadful Possibilities of the Future.

A wayfarer, jogging along the public highway in pursuit of his own purposes, was run against and knocked over by a wild-eyed youth of frightened mien, who, upon untangling himself from the peregrinator, elucidated his harrowing predicament as follows:

"I went over to bank-in the smiles of my fiancée and discovered that it was sewing circle afternoon and the sitting-room was invaded by many matrons, both young and serene and sat me down on the vine-clad porch to await their departure; and to my first indifferent but very presently horrified ears were wafted snatches of their conversation, running something like this: 'The food is liable to disagree with its little stomach, and you must experiment with a variety of milks from different cows, invariably sterilizing it, and try various foods, until you discover exactly the right one. My second had the colle almost every night for six weeks and screamed for hours without intermission. It never slept longer than half an hour at a time and neither my husband or me had a minute's rest day or night. And then teaching set in. Whooping cough followed, and measles, scarlet fever, hives, and—' Then I fled. I don't know where I shall stop and—"

"You are quite excusable, sir," returned the wayfarer, who had halted round and knew much. "Pray, don't mention it!"—Puck.

A PECULIAR ALLIANCE.

That Made by the Doctors and the W. C. T. U.

For the purpose of fighting "patent" medicines the doctors, as represented by the American Medical Association, have made an alliance with the W. C. T. U. who have been deceived into believing that the alcohol in "patent" medicines is a menace. In this alliance the good ladies of the W. C. T. U. are apparently put in the position of dragging chestnuts out of the fire for their allies. There is no class so firmly convinced of the necessity for alcohol in medication as the doctors, who, with a few exceptions, not only prescribe it freely but use it, as prefer to or not, as a solvent and preservative.

On the other hand the W. C. T. U. contends that the whole medical and pharmaceutical world is in error; that alcohol is not only useless but that it is dangerous and harmful in any quantity in any medicinal preparation. While their principles are so wholly at variance the doctors and the W. C. T. U. ladies have cheerfully allied themselves in a war on "patent" medicines, and the W. C. T. U. is placed in an even more ridiculous position by reason of the fact that the doctors do not confine their fight to those medicines which contain alcohol, but lump all "patent" medicines in one class. And this, too, despite the fact that, according to figures printed in the Journal of the American Medical Association, about 70 per cent of physicians' prescriptions are for "patent" or "proprietary" medicines.

The inability of many physicians to prescribe any but ready-to-use remedies is frequently commented upon by the medical press, and by physicians of the better class when assembled in conventions. That three-fourths of the physicians graduated each year in the United States are incompetent and a peril to the communities in which they practice was charged openly at the annual meeting of the Committee on Medical Education of the American Medical Association, held in Chicago in April of this year. The total number of graduates annually was placed at 4,000, which means that at least 3,000 incompetents are turned loose annually. It was stated at this meeting that an average of 58 per cent of the graduates from medical colleges failed to pass state examinations. These failures either go back to school, or go to some state where the requirements are not so high.

That many doctors are so ignorant in matters pertaining to pharmacy that they know nothing about the properties of the drugs they prescribe, was stated by Dr. M. Clayton Thrush, a professor in the Medico-Chirurgical College at Philadelphia in an address before the Annual Convention of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City in June of this year.

Dr. Henry Beats, Jr., President of the Board of Medical Examination for the State of Pennsylvania, in an interview in the daily papers said: "About one quarter of the papers show a degree of illiteracy that renders the candidates for licensure incapable of understanding medicine." He criticizes the colleges for awarding degrees in these cases.

CAUSING ALARM.
Anti-Liquor Measures in France to Combat Evil Consequences of Drink.

The rapidly increasing consumption of alcohol in France with the widespread evil resulting is attracting the serious attention of French statesmen. Following the example of Belgian and Swiss legislators, a bill has been introduced into the legislature with a view to restrict the sale of strongly alcoholic drinks, and to prohibit the manufacture and sale of absinthe. The bill on its initial reading was endorsed by men of almost all parties in the chamber of deputies and is strongly supported by interests outside the trade.

Temperance agitation under existing conditions aims chiefly to discourage the use of strongly alcoholic drinks, to prevent the manufacture of chemically prepared wines, and to obtain the prohibition of absinthe. This liquid, which in some brands contains more than 70 per cent of alcohol, has been strongly denounced on all sides, and will be completely suppressed by the present drastic measure if successfully adjusted by the government in regard to revenue.

Missouri Becoming Temperance State.
"If the anti-liquor sentiment in this state continues to increase as it has in the last ten years, I predict that Missouri, like Kansas, will be in the prohibition list," declares Maj. James H. Whitcomb, representative in the state legislature from Monroe county, and former speaker of the house. On May 18, the governor, in his message, urged a law for local option by wards in cities of over 25,000 population.

W. C. T. U. at Jamestown.
The National W. C. T. U. has a special exhibit at the Jamestown exposition. Rest rooms are being conducted under W. C. T. U. auspices, and informal receptions are being held every Thursday. July 19 was set apart as W. C. T. U. day, on which occasion National President Lillian M. N. Stevens and National Vice President Anna A. Gordon spoke.

Altering the Calendar.
There is no reason in the nature of things, why Easter should not be held on a fixed date, just as Christmas is. If this were done, so as to insure that Whitstide fell in the first week of June, the change would be a very welcome one to the country. All the other holidays occur at definite dates, and it can only be a matter of time before Easter is made to fit into the general scheme.—Country Life.

Would Provide Wine.
A new mayor was recently chosen for the city of Leeds, England, and he accepted the office. Being a total abstainer, instead of providing the city's guests with wine, he donated what he probably would have spent for that purpose—\$2,500—to feed half-starved children of the city.



RESCUE OF A DRUNKARD.

How Jimmy Was Led to Quit the Accursed Drink Habit.

Dr. C. L. Goodell, of New York, tells this story: "Jimmy was a member of the church, but as he got money he forgot God. He fell into bad company and began to drink; all his fortune, an interest in a whaling vessel, went down Jimmy's throat until he wasn't worth a dollar. He had a place as salesman in the fishing business, that was all. He hadn't been in a church for years, but I noticed him at meeting one night sitting on the back seat. Somehow, my heart was drawn toward the fellow, and he was moved by the heartfelt interest that he knew I had in him, so he came week after week. Sometimes he would be sober and sometimes he would be so drunk that I hardly knew if he could get out of the church alone.

"One Sunday night Jimmy came in and dropped heavily down in the back seat. I was in the pulpit and I said to myself, 'He has either been drinking more than usual or else there is something going on. No, Jimmy is sober enough so that he knows what is going on.' After the service was over Jimmy had taken his place again on the back seat. I went to him and threw my arm around his shoulder and talked to him. He said, 'Doctor, I want it and I am going to turn over a new leaf, but I have got to have just one more drink.' I said to him: 'You want something to eat, Jimmy.' He replied, 'I guess you are right; I haven't had anything to eat to-day.' I got him down to a restaurant where they had nothing but tea and coffee to drink. I ordered black coffee and beefsteak, and after he had eaten the steak and drank two or three cups of coffee he began to feel quite like himself, and he said, 'I feel better; I guess I will go home now.' I said, 'I will go home with you.' At the front steps he said 'good-night.' I answered, 'I will go up with you to your room and see you tucked into bed.' So I stepped in and tucked him in bed and talked with him, and then went home. When he heard my feet echoing down the street, he said to himself, 'Now the minister is gone, I will put on my clothes and go down and have a good time.' He got out of bed and started to put on his clothes, when all at once he stopped and said, 'I won't do it; I am a mean man, but I am not mean enough to do that. After the minister was kind enough to come clear home with me and tuck me into bed, I am not mean enough to go back on him.' A strange thing happened when Jimmy woke up the next morning; for the first time in 25 years he didn't want any liquor. I can't explain it, but I know it is a fact that Jimmy didn't want any liquor and he didn't get any. He went on day after day, and he didn't want any liquor, and he came into the meeting and gave his testimony."

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HEALTH NOTES FOR AUGUST.

PERU-RU FOR CATARRH OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, BLOATING, NIGHT SWEATS, SUMMER COMPLAINT.

August is the month of internal catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. Peru-Ru is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

No one will question the superior appearance of well-painted property. The question that the property-owner asks is: "Is the appearance worth the cost?"

Paint made from Pure Linseed Oil and Pure White Lead is for lasting appearance and for protection. It saves repairs and replacements costing many times the paint investment.

The Dutch Boy trade mark is found only on kegs containing Pure White Lead made by the Old Dutch Process.

SEND FOR BOOK
"A Talk on Paint," gives valuable information on the selection of paint, its application, and the best time to use it. Sent Free upon request. All lead painted in 100 years this month.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Incorporated in the following cities: New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, St. Paul, Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co.

Depends on the Dogs.
Asa Goddard, of the American Automobile association, was recounting in Worcester some of his touring adventures.

"One summer morning," he said, "the approach of a great flock of sheep obliged me to pull off the narrow country road. I halted my car, and watched with interest the passage of the sheep, the intelligent dogs and the shepherd."

"I had a short talk with the shepherd about his odd and difficult trade. 'Look here,' I said, 'what do you do, driving sheep like this on a narrow road, when you meet another flock coming in the opposite direction?'"

"Well," said the shepherd, "ye just drive straight on, both of ye, and the one that has the best dogs gets the most sheep."

No, Not as a Rule.
George P. Angell, Boston's brilliant and powerful defender of animals from cruelty, was talking about nature faking.

"My friend, Will Long is no nature faker," he said, "but I admit that many of our myriad nature writers are. These men's idea of a lie seems too closely to resemble that of a little boy I know."

"The boy's teacher said from her desk one afternoon: 'I want every pupil who has never told a lie to hold up his hand.' 'There was a doubtful pause. Two or three hands were raised. Then my little friend piped out: 'Teacher, is it a lie if nobody finds it out?'"

COFFEE AILS
Quit when you use **POSTUM**

"THERE'S A REASON."
Read the little book, "The Road to Well-Via," in pigs.

ALI KHAN, THE SAVAGE.

His Long Career One of Unsparring Ferocity and Bloodshed.
The latest important assassination in Russia removes one of the most striking and characteristic figures in the modern history of that empire.

The world whom the man has commonly known as Colonel Alkhanoff and has regarded as a Russian was in reality a descendant of the ancient and now almost extinct Avars, and was properly known, before his name Russanized, as Ali Khan. Nearly all his life was devoted to the Russian service, chiefly in the conquest and annexation of Central Asia and the futile advance upon British India, and there was probably no other man who achieved more in that than he.

It was Ali Khan, the absolutely ruthless and unsparring, who swept across the Turkistan with fire and sword at the heels of Kaufmann and Skobeleff, to Khiva, to Merv, to Samarcand and then, by the side of Komaroff, to Penjdeh, subduing the Sark Turcomans and threatening

FIGHTING THE WHITE PLAGUE.

Progress of the Organized Assault Upon Tuberculosis.
The war which this country is waging on the white plague grows more vigorous every year. When the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis began active work two years ago there were only seven definite state societies in existence.

Since that time eight new state societies have been organized and in eight other states provision for similar work has been made. The distribution of these societies is a matter of interest. The east and the middle west seem to be alive to the seriousness of the problem.

By the census of 1900, there were 38 cities with a population of more than 100,000 each. Fifteen of these cities had organizations two years ago for the prevention of tuberculosis. During the past two years 11 cities have followed suit and four others have provided for organized work.

"In casting about for a method of

educating the public," says the secretary of the association in Outdoor Life, "no single means has been discovered which has been as effective as that of the exhibition, which has played a pre-eminent role during the immediate past in our national crusade."