

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM.

A clergyman college professor strenuously protests against divorce and urges the necessity of a marriage tie that can be broken only by death. No sane person who honestly has at heart the best interests of society in general will differ from the professor, but the difficulty with his proposition is that it begins in the wrong place. If the church and the law paid half the attention to marriage that they do to divorce the divorce problem would be reduced to a mighty small minimum. The blind, halt and foolish are permitted to wed without let or hindrance. The state and the church make no inquiry whatever, says the Chicago Evening Journal. Anyone—even those manifestly unfit to marry—can be wedded on request, a condition which manifestly makes for marital unrest and dissatisfaction, and is largely productive of divorce. Give marriage more safeguards, and the courts will find much less necessity to interfere with family relations. But those who expect to remove the effect without eliminating the cause are attempting a task very near the impossible.

According to an iron trade bulletin devoted to Mexican development, it appears that the iron industry in that country is capable of wonderful expansion, says the New York Financier. The celebrated iron mountain of Durango, the Carro del Mercado, is of world-wide fame and it is claimed to be one of the most valuable iron deposits in the world, both as to quality and quantity. It is estimated to contain 300,000,000 tons of 70 per cent. ore above the level of the plains. There is another mountain near the mouth of the Balsas river which is valuable largely because of its accessibility to the sea and, therefore, to the markets of the world. This mountain is believed to contain over one billion metric tons of ore low in phosphate and averaging more than 60 per cent. of iron. Other deposits in the mineral regions of Mexico indicate possible yields of several hundred million tons of high-grade ore, and along the Pacific coast there are equally valuable deposits.

It is evident that the transatlantic steamers are getting to the limit of achievement as to speed when a matter of 50 seconds clipped from a run is heralded as a shortening of the time between the two continents. This recognition of a mere shaving of time in the running is not reconcilable with the wasting hours after the completion of the rushing voyages, before taking the ships to dock in New York city. This inconsistency is no longer glaring, because the steamers are now taken to the docks at night instead of waiting for the return of daylight; but there is time enough lost at the terminals to make the saving of 50 seconds by a rush across the sea "look like 30 cents."

A Chicago man broke his leg while eating a piece of pie. He shouldn't have made such a vigorous kick against the pastry.

Asks the Los Angeles Express: "What is a cold storage egg?" This is a bald attempt to make us wish we were in California.

Turkey's new sultan, who says the outrages in the provinces must cease, possibly does not like the smell of European gunpowder.

HIS MOTHER, 86, LIVES IN A SHED

MISSOURIAN QUOTES SCRIPTURE IN EXPLAINING ACT TO HUMANE OFFICER.

HER HOME IS A MERE HOVEL

Aged Woman, Sick, Says She is Too Old to Deserve Much Attention—Son is Owner of Electric Light Plant.

Kansas City, Mo.—The Humane society of Kansas City will try to bring Mrs. Mary Screechfield from the outhouse in which she lives in Lee's Summit, Mo., to Kansas City and place her in a hospital here at the expense of her son and grandson, M. and L. Screechfield, owners of the electric light plant in Lee's Summit. F. E. McCrary, agent of the society, said:

"The Humane society, acting as the agent of public opinion, will consult the attorneys of the society at once



"My Son, is That You Come to See Me?"

and learn if it is possible to have the case of Mrs. Screechfield taken up by the probate court.

To justify himself for placing his 86-year-old mother in an outhouse in his yard, Screechfield quotes the scriptural text, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife."

Upon complaint of persons in Lee's Summit, Edgar Warden, officer of the Humane society of Kansas City, went there.

A newspaper man went with the humane officer and with him interviewed the aged woman. Great maple trees shade the white cottage of the Screechfields. Upon the front porch are rocking chairs with soft pillows and in one of these Mrs. Screechfield, wife of the manager of the electric light plant, was sitting.

"Yes," she said, "my mother-in-law lives here, but you can't see her. She is not presentable."

"That's exactly why we wish to see her," said the officer.

Behind the white cottage in the back yard is a shed six feet wide and eight feet long, hardly large enough to be termed a doghouse. It has a narrow door and one window two feet square, beside the door. This window was closed tightly. The officers saw at the back end of the structure a low and narrow bed. Upon it lay a woman with hair white, a wealth of it that stood up from her forehead in a great pompadour

inside the hut the air was hot and heavy. One garment of calico clung to the body of the aged woman. She held out a thin hand and smiled.

"My son," she asked, shading her eyes with her other hand and peering beneath its palm. "My son, is that come to see me? I can't see well in here."

The officer bent over her. "No, I'm not your son. I came to see how you are getting along. Doesn't your son see you every day?"

"No, not often; he's busy, you know."

"Do they take care of you pretty well?" asked the officer.

"Yes, pretty well. I've got so old it's no use to take much care of me now," she answered.

"Don't you suffer from the heat?" It's awfully hot in here."

"Yes, yes; awful hot."

"Do you suffer any pain?"

"Yes, I suffer all over; my head and all over my body; it's the rheumatism, I guess."

"Don't you ever have a doctor?"

"No, never. I'm so old it ain't much use doctoring for me. I won't be here long, anyway. At my age a doctor couldn't be much help."

STRAY DOG DRIVES MAN AND WIFE OUT OF BED

TERRIFIES MOSKOWITZ FAMILY, Baffles Policeman, BUT YIELDS TO BOY'S NERVE.

New York.—The peaceful dreams of Israel Moskowitz who lives on Glenmore avenue, Brooklyn, were shattered early the other morning. He was asleep in his bed on the first floor of the building when a scratching and a kicking on his ribs woke him up. Mr. Moskowitz was alarmed. So was his wife, and she whispered, "Israel, burglars!"

Moskowitz saw something in the bed. "Sure enough," he whispered to his wife, "it's a burglar." Whereupon he got a handy bedslat and distributed a few whacks to the caller. The intruder poked his head up. It was not a burglar. It was a dog.

The dog growled when he saw Moskowitz, his wife, and their seven children who had gathered to see the supposed thief get a wallop. He had been disturbed and he resented it. "Bow wow," he barked, and rested his head on a pillow again.

"Well, what do you think of that mongrel?" said Moskowitz. "He gets into my bed, scratches my back, kicks me out and then growls because I want to chase him."

They tried to coax the dog away, but he was intent on getting a nap and refused to budge. Occasionally he would growl, as if to warn his disturbers away. Moskowitz became discouraged and went to the Brownsville station.

"Lieutenant," he said to Lieut. John Brady, "a dog got into my bed this morning and chased me and my wife out. He won't let us get in again. He growls at us when we try to. Please send a policeman along with a gun."

Policeman William Seckinger went with Moskowitz. The dog was still in bed, and would not budge when the policeman poked it in the ribs with his club, but showed its teeth and growled. The policeman was perplexed. Moskowitz was distracted.

Finally Abraham Nehemiah, aged 14, whose father keeps a hardware store on the ground floor and who has a fine nerve, said that he would get the dog out of bed.

Then he pulled the cover off the dog, seized it by the tail, and, with a mighty fling, hurled the animal out of the door. Then came a blood curdling yell and bark, a bang when the body struck the stairs outside, and finally the yelping dog was seen breaking all records down Glenmore avenue.

At the Commencement Game. She—Oh, isn't the man that throws the ball, on your side, just splendid! He sends it so they hit it every time.

Always a Way. "The cook has furnished rather small portions," said the hostess. "The woman guests won't eat much, but how about the men?" "I'll circulate around and nominate each of 'em to make an after-dinner speech," responded the host. "That will effectually kill off their appetites."

ITCHED FOR TWELVE YEARS.

Eczema Made Hands and Feet Swell, Peel and Get Raw—Arms Affected, Too—Gave Up All Hope of Cure.

Quickly Cured by Cuticura.

"I suffered from eczema on my hands, arms and feet for about twelve years, my hands and feet would swell, sweat and itch, then would become callous and get very dry, then peel off and get raw. I tried most every kind of salve and ointment without success. I tried several doctors, but at last gave up thinking there was a cure for eczema. A friend of mine insisted on my trying the Cuticura Remedies, but I did not give them a trial until I got so bad that I had to do something. I secured a set and by the time they were used I could see a vast improvement and my hands and feet were healed up in no time. I have had no trouble since. Charles T. Bauer, Volant, Pa., Mar. 11, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Exceptions.

"You don't have to be enthusiastic to succeed in some things," said the boarding-house philosopher; "I once saw a man achieve a speed of a mile a minute sliding down a mountain side, without the slightest effort on his part and without having had any ambition to do it."

Use Allen's Foot-Ease.

It is the only relief for Swollen Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures while you walk. At all Drug-gists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

Not Worth the Time.

No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention.—Lincoln.

A feeling of security and freedom from anxiety pervades the home in which Hamlin Wizard Oil is kept constantly on hand. Mothers know it can always be depended upon in time of need.

Every one should consider himself entrusted not only with his own conduct, but with that of others.

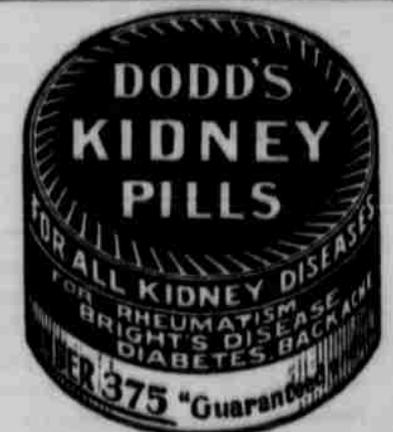
A CERTAIN METHOD

for curing cramps, diarrhea and dysentery is by using Peppermint (Perry Davis'). This medicine has sustained the reputation for over 70 years. 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Undertake deliberately, but having begun, persevere.—Wren.

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

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NO STROPPING NO HONING
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