



THE SNOW MAN'S ROMANCE

By BYRON WILLIAMS

A snow man made love to a pretty snow drift,
Way down in the orchard where all was quite still!
He stretched forth his arms in a pleading of love,
But this little snow drift was haughty and chill!

The snow man loved on in his own patient way
Until the cold snow drift was softened and won!
Then, suddenly, burst through the dark clouds o'erhead
A heat that was called by the South Wind, the Sun!

It melted the man that was moulded of snow;
It thawed all the pretty snow drift in a day!
And gladly their lives did the two lovers join
To sing in a river, forever, away!

WOMEN VERY POORLY PAID.

Those Who Do Drawn Work in Mexico Are Under Peon Contracts.

The woman who makes drawn work on a Mexican estate is not an independent worker to whom comes the money for all the work her deft hands accomplish. She is a woman whose father or brother or uncle or mother is in debt to the "great Don." She can do the drawn work, so the Don's agent supplies her with linen or lawn, a frame and the requisite implements and indicates the design she is to follow, for though you may not know it, there are fashions in drawn work quite as exclusive and quite as popular as there are in women's hats, for instance.

When her work is done that poor woman can not fare forth to market and offer it for sale. It is, by the terms of her peon contract, perhaps already sold to the "great Don," whose tenant she is. Miguel, his agent, takes the work, by now as grimy as the overalls of an engineer; he has kept account of the time the woman has been engaged upon it, and for each he gives her 7, 8, 9, at most 12 cents, of the many days she may have worked but never the last amount less she be a thorough mistress of her craft.

Once a year the Mexicans for whom the women do this work, somewhat as the sweatshop toilers of Chicago and New York drive their needles for a master, meet in solemn conference and determine what the prices shall be. So great is the popularity of drawn work generally that the supply never equals the demand and the profits of the drawn work "trust," for it is really that, are enormous. The dealer pays these "operators" what they demand—and they demand much. Therefore the buyers pay \$40 for a "cloth" that cost the "manufacturer" 12 cents a day, labor hire, for, say, sixty days, to produce.

Intensified Farming.

Constantly increasing density of population and steadily advancing value of land are doing much to change the system of farming in the United States. While large "bonanza" farms are still to be found in the prairie regions and will continue to exist for many years to come, their number is decreasing and the small farm becomes every year more common. Acreage is giving way to cultivation, and what the individual farmer lacks in area of land he makes up in fertility. If he has less capital invested in his farm he invests more capital in the form of labor and produces practically the same results in the way of profits. Though the profits are perhaps not so large in extremely favorable years, the better cultivation makes the yield more certain and the danger of an entire failure of crops is overcome. Intensified farming has come to stay.—Portland Oregonian.

PLANTATION ON THE MOVE.

Great Mississippi Indulges in Some Playful Antics.

"I was at Memphis, lending money to planters for eastern parties," said the judge, "and one day a planter who had made a mile front on the Mississippi came in to see me about making a raise of several thousand dollars. After some talk it was arranged that he should send on his titles for inspection, but after four or five days he wrote me: 'Yesterday the river cut fifty acres of land off my property, and I suppose I'll have to get the papers fixed up before sending them on.' 'I replied to him, and a week later he wrote me: 'Last night the river cut in on me again and took my whole plantation across into Arkansas. I suppose I'll have to get the deeds made out accordingly.' 'But the papers never came," continued the judge. "Two weeks passed, and then I got a letter saying: 'Never mind about that loan. The river has cut in on me again and carried my plantation seventy-five miles downstream, and I'll try to borrow the money elsewhere and not bother you any more.'"

Why Tragedy is Cut of Favor. The only thing demanded of the stage by a great majority of its patrons is to be amused. The old-time love of tragedy is gone never to return. The reasons for its departure and for its staying away are easily perceptible. There are but two of them, and the first is the redundant plenitude of the tragic in the everyday life of the people. The other is the strenuousness of modern business life. In this respect our time contrasts with that of our grandfathers' as the placid surface of a pool on a calm summer night to the tumultuous breaking of the waves on Hatteras when a northeast gale is raging. Is it strange that the people seek relief from all this in comic opera or funny comedy?—Washington Post.

Prune Juice and Whisky. And now the merits of prune juice in whisky are extolled by a man who declares that he has manufactured and sold prune juice since 1881. "Prune juice," he says, "imparts to whisky an immediate mellowness which is only otherwise obtained by age. It is absolutely pure. A baby could drink it—in fact, it has been given to children for coughs and colds. Ninety-nine out of every hundred rectifiers in the United States use it. It not only tones and gives flavor, but makes the whisky drinkable which otherwise would be coarse, rank and rough. It adds something which is indescribable, but which is most desirable." Could strawberry juice do more.—Exchange.

CASE OF APPLIED RELIGION.

Little Girl Carried Doctrines Taught Her to Extremes.

A small 4-year-old is at the present time being dutifully instructed by her mother in the rudimentary doctrines, mysteries and hopelessly puzzling ethics of religion. The youthful devotee listens with rapt attention, but subsequent application of these teachings is decidedly startling.

A few days ago when, with infinite laboriousness, she was printing a letter to her fond and adoring grandmother, she wound up her epistle as follows: "That's all. I must stop now. For Jesus sake. Amen."

Not long after her mother heard her talking away at a great rate to her dollies, lavishing a notable amount of attention upon the coal black "Dinah," that ragged, battered and altogether disreputable as she is, is nevertheless the pride of the child's heart.

It so happened that following the little one's epistolary effort her mother had expatiated at length upon the necessity of her being a good girl under all circumstances and of loving Jesus above father, mother or anyone in the world.

There came a piping baby voice from the nursery. "Mother," it called, "what do you think? I have changed Dinah's name!"

"What is it, sweetheart?" her mother called back.

And then, like a bomb, came the jubilant announcement: "I've named her Jesus Fuller!"—Harper's Weekly.

X-Ray Disease.

The story of Frankenstein is not seldom verified in real life. Man invents a wonderful appliance, and finds later on that he has constructed a monster which can hurt as well as help. The X rays are a case in point. Their discovery was hailed with wonder and enthusiasm, and it was soon ascertained that not only did they assist in the diagnosis of many maladies, but they had also a curative influence upon various diseases. So far so good. But further experience has shown that the mysterious emanations can likewise produce a painful malady of their own. Surgeons and doctors who have had occasion to use the X rays constantly have been attacked by ulcers, spreading from the finger tips to the arms and chest. The disease is extremely trying, and there appears to be at the present time no known cure. The only remedy is prevention. An operator can by wearing metal-lined gloves hope to escape if he exercises reasonable care. But for many purposes such clumsy safeguards are impracticable. Some other expedient must be devised. Having discovered X rays we must now discover their antidote.

Boat with Cyclone Sail.

It has long been known that a boat sail shaped something like a Japanese umbrella would practically do away with all danger of a boat's capsizing, as the force of the wind on it would have no tendency to incline the boat. But no such sail had been found until an English inventor made what he terms a "cyclone sail." It resembles a huge, flat sunshade pierced with holes and tilted slightly to one side of its handle, which represents the mast of the boat.

TEA

bought and sold close is our whole secret.

Don't care who knows it.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

DOING WITHOUT THE SUN.

What One Scientist Thinks of Our Independence of Old Sol.

A human race which makes its car wheels and napkins out of paper, says Gerald Stanley Lee, in the Metropolitan Magazine, its street pavements out of glass, its railway ties cut of old shoes, which draws foot out of air, which winds up operas on spoils, which has its way with oceans, and plays chess with the empty ether that is over the sea—which makes clouds speak with tongues, which lights railway trains with pin wheels and which makes its cars go by stopping them and heats its furnaces with smoke—it would be very strange if a race like this could not find some way of at least managing its own planet—and (heaped with snowdrifts it be)—some way of warming it—of melting off a place to live on. A corporation was formed down in New Jersey the other day to light a city by the tossing of the waves. We are always getting some new grasp—giving some new sudden almost humorous stretch to matter. We keep nature fairly smiling at herself. One can hardly tell when one hears of half the new things now-a-days—actual facts—whether to laugh or cry, or form a stock company or break out into singing. No one would quite dare to say that a thousand years from now we will not have found some other use for moonlight than for love affairs and to haul tides with. We will be manufacturing moon yet, out of compressed starlight, and heating houses with it. It will be peddled about the streets like milk, from door to door, in cases and bottles.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FASHION.

Japanese Historian Commented on It Centuries Ago.

Every day the assertion that there is "nothing new under the sun" is more than verified. It is told by a Japanese writer of the twelfth century that the great ladies of the Flower Kingdom not only had a passion for wearing "emotional" robes, but that they were much more ambitious and bold in their conception of such costumes than is the woman of to-day. This Japanese historian avers that at a fete so many centuries ago one of the ladies wore a robe signifying "water, the mirror of nature," and another "love lurking in summer haze," and so on. These marvelous effects were accomplished by wearing diaphanous materials, one over another, of various shades, until the sense of solid color was lost in a maze of changing melting harmony of color. Sometimes as many as twenty-five robes were worn, one over another, richly embroidered and picked out with jewels and sprays of flowers.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

Right Food Makes Happy Children Because They are Healthy.

Sometimes milk does not agree with children or adults. The same thing is true of other articles of food. What agrees with one sometimes does not agree with others.

But food can be so prepared that it will agree with the weakest stomach. As an illustration—anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can eat, relish and digest a nice hot cup of Postum coffee with a spoonful or two of Grape-Nuts poured in, and such a combination contains nourishment to carry one a number of hours, for almost every particle of it will be digested and taken up by the system and be made use of.

A lady writes from the land of the Magnolia and the mocking bird way down in Alabama and says: "I was led to drink Postum because coffee gave me sour stomach and made me nervous. Again Postum was recommended by two well known physicians for my children, and I feel especially grateful for the benefit derived.

"Milk does not agree with either child, so to the eldest, aged four and one-half years, I give Postum with plenty of sweet cream. It agrees with her splendidly, regulating her bowels perfectly although she is of a constipated habit.

"For the youngest, aged two and one-half years, I use one-half Postum and one-half skimmed milk. I have not given any medicine since the children began using Postum, and they enjoy every drop of it.

"A neighbor of mine is giving Postum to her baby lately weaned, with splendid results. The little fellow is thriving famously." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum agrees perfectly with children and supplies adults with the hot invigorating beverage in place of coffee. Literally thousands of Americans have been helped out of stomach and nervous diseases by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. Look in pkg. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

SHOWS INFLUENCE OF MIND.

Evidence Antagonistic to Physiological Theory of the Emotions.

In the Journal de Psychologie, M. Mayer treats of the influence of the mind on bodily secretions. We know that a tempting morsel of food makes the "mouth water," and that stories or memories can bring tears to the eyes. Observations on dogs have shown that the nature of the saliva secreted at the sight of food depends on the nature of the food. The stomach secretions of the dog are also excited by the sight of food. Some dogs, however, of a "cold, positive temperament," not illudged by chimeras or what is out of reach, patiently wait until the food comes to their gullet before their mouths water or their gastric juices are provoked. It is assumed that what holds for dogs probably holds for men. The observations appear to show the importance of eating food that pleases and avoiding what displeases or disgusts. They also run counter to the physiological theory of the emotions, according to which the physiological phenomena are caused by organic changes. This may be the case with some "emotions," for example the feeling of hunger, but for emotions properly so-called it is rather the other way about.—London Globe.

Greatest in the World.

—Arlington, Ind., Dec. 5th.—(Special)—Mr. W. A. Hysong, the photographer, who moved here recently from Sapp, Ky., is firmly of the opinion that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest Kidney Remedy the world has ever known.

"In the years 1901 and 1902," says Mr. Hysong, "and for some time before I was afflicted with Kidney Trouble. My joints were sore and stiff and I finally got so bad I could not turn in bed without assistance. In the Spring of 1903 I was induced, by a friend, to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and after using one and one-half boxes I was cured and am still completely cured. Several of my neighbors, too, used Dodd's Kidney Pills and in every case they did as recommended."

Cure the early symptoms of Kidney Disease, such as Backache, with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you will never have Bright's Disease.

Telephone Girl?

Another Atchison girl who thought she had a "voice" will take a job downtown instead of starting the operatic world with her singing.—Atchison Globe.

TEA

What is this newspaper for?

To tell what you want to know; here it is.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Red Spot on Jupiter.

In 1878 something happened on Jupiter which caused a red blotch to appear in his southern hemisphere, near one of the great belts that cross his disk like huge bands of colored clouds. It was thirty thousand miles long and eight thousand miles broad, yet, after all, only a little patch on the mighty disk. It has remained ever since, sometimes brightening to almost the crimson hue of fire, and sometimes fading nearly to invisibility, yet always, even when faintest, certifying its presence and its power by keeping the area originally covered by it clear of all other subjects.—Success.

TEA

There is no bond between you and us but our tea and our moneyback money.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Minstrelsy for Charity.

An association in Manchester, England, known as the Minnehaha Amateur Minstrels, has made a business for the last twenty-five years of giving performances for charity. In that time it has raised \$97,130.

TEA

The least of our advantages is: we are nearest the bush it grows on.

Write for our Knowledge Book, A. Schilling & Company, San Francisco.

Too Big for Comprehension.

The sun is a million times larger than our earth, but if we increase the sun's size ten thousand times, we only reach the volume of such mammoth suns as Arcturus, Canopus, Antares and Beta Centauri. It is estimated that a motor car traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour would take 8,000 years to go once round Beta Centauri, and far longer than this to go round either Arcturus or Canopus.

TEA

Comfort, tea comfort, actually costs nothing; good tea is cheaper than no tea at all.

In every package of Schilling's Best Tea is a booklet: How to Make Good Tea.

Practical Use of Astronomy.

The commonest practical use of astronomy is in navigation, for all the paths of the trackless sea have been mapped with the sun and stars as guideposts by night and day.

EVERY WALK IN LIFE.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says: "A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every make shift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the back ache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Maiden on the Bridge.

A pretty young woman, not over 18, came into town last week from Jersey to spend a week with some friends. Shortly after her return home her father received a polite note from the head of the house at which she had been a guest requesting a check for \$100, the amount the girl had lost at bridge! Truly a Bridge of Sighs! An old friend of mine, on hearing this, remarked: "I am not a father, but had I received such a letter I would at once have consigned it to its proper place and the place it came from—the gutter. Gambling will always exist, but to rope in a poor, innocent girl who had never stood on the bridge at midnight—or any other hour, before—is the limit, or caps the climax."—New York Press.

TEA

Moneyback makes our advertisements true. Schilling's Best is best.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't think so.

Some Words That Do Not Rhyme.

Bulb has no rhyme. Cull, cull, recumb, gulf, month, doth, amongst are other rhymeless words having the sound of u as in but. Few patrician words in the language have this vowel sound, so commonplace and without dignity; hence poets turn to it only for blood, flood and a few similar turbulent monosyllables. They use it often, however, in forcing the accent from the antepenultimate syllable to the final, where its unpleasant sound is concealed by the softened stress. Thus has many rhymes, such as felicitous, mysterious, ingenious, etc.

TEA

What do we mean when we say we like coffee better than tea?

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best.

Slight Misunderstanding.

A young farmer proposed to contribute \$2 toward buying new hymn books for his church as soon as he had sold one of his calves. A couple of Sundays later he walked into church as the choir was singing "The Half Has Never Yet Been Told." He thought the choir was saying, "The calf has never yet been sold," and started to fight.—Parsons (Kas.) Palladium.

Santa Fe Engines at World's Fair.

All the world loves a locomotive. There is something lifelike about the iron monster that whisks us at a mile a minute pace across the country. It seems to be a person, not a thing. The crowds who have been recently watching the test of Santa Fe engine No. 507 (a Baldwin of 175 tons weight) in Machinery Hall, World's Fair grounds, St. Louis, will testify to fascination unexplainable. Not merely the size, nor the wheels going around, nor the throbbing steam—but all these and more. The engineer at the throttle and the fireman at the furnace door share the general admiration.

The test showed conclusively that the prairie type used by the Santa Fe in hauling its fastest passenger flyers represents the best achievement of modern engine building.

Always One Woman.

No matter how stupid, uninteresting and tiresome a man may be there is always some sentimental woman ready to make a hero of him.

TEA

Can you buy anything bad on the terms of Schilling's Best?

What a Lump of Coal Can Do.

A single pound of coal is capable of producing 236 horse-power, and could do the work of an express locomotive for one-fifth of a minute. In other words, it is enough to haul a train of eight cars, including the Pullman sleeping-cars and dining-cars, at the rate of fifty miles an hour one-sixth of a mile.

In sawing wood a man may work at the rate of about sixty strokes a minute, and his saw-blade may have progressed five feet in five minutes, but a circular saw, driven by machinery, will cut seventy times as much wood in the same time. And yet this one little pound of coal contains power enough for 180 such saws.