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TO WHOM DOES WORLD BELONG?

Away up in the north of Britain, where Black wrote his "Princess of Thule," live a sturdy race called "crofters." They rent of the lords of the islands on which they dwell tiny estates called "crofts," too small to be called farms or to support the tenants. How the crofters are supported the Lord only knows. But by fishing, by shepherdry and by odds and ends of work they somehow live, a simple, industrious, God-fearing, honest race.

There is in those waters an island, which for generations has been uncultivated and almost uninhabited. Perhaps it was kept wild for some landlord's game, or just because he liked to see it wild. Anyhow, though, "the earth He has given to the children of men," our laws allow the owners of the earth to keep it wild and uncultivated if they choose, and these owners so choose. At last, however, the slow minds of the poor crofters, dwelling on the fate of their children growing up without land, recalled the fact that once there was a time when landless men had the right to cultivate lands left vacant and wild.

And they moved peacefully to the uninhabited island and began growing crops for food.

These poor people have gone to jail now, for invading the island "owned" by those who never used it. "The earth He hath given to the children of men," but the laws give to some of them only. The "owner" of the island brought suit; and the crofters have lost sight of sky and island and sea—behind the walls of a jail.

Do you think this is right? If not, what is there wrong about it? And how do our laws in America surpass in humanity those of Scotland?

They have in England a bill before parliament called the "Access to Mountains" bill. It is meant to give the people the right to worship the God of nature in the high places, without paying toll to the owner of the mountains. The mountains, it is urged, belong to the race. There is a movement also to give the people free access to the sea. It is said that the right to the thrill imparted by a sight of the sea, by the sound of its roar, and by the vast landscape seen from mountain tops, ought not to be bought and sold, or fenced up by landlords.

What about the right to cultivate the soil? Is it not as sacred as that of gratifying the soul by grandeur and sublimity at seaside or on peak? What about a place to live? Some time—it may be soon, or it may be late—but some time, we shall have an "Access to Land" bill, securing to all the children of man the right to the use of the land He hath given them.

Whatever may be the result of the newspaper controversy between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt, we have been provided with a precedent which will heretofore permit presidents of the United States to engage in campaign quarrels. Also, and only incidentally, we have Mr. Roosevelt's word for it that unless the country continues to run along on the plans he has mapped out for it that we will all go to the "demonition bow-wows." This supreme confidence in oneself is a splendid thing, even though the expression of it sometimes seems ill-mannered.

A policeman was suspended for 15 days because he threatened to shoot a man. If he had carried out his threat it is to be presumed that he would, at least, have been suspended for 30 days.



The SECRET of CURING YOURSELF WHEN SICK
 BY DR. W. R. C. LATSON

To cure yourself when sick is easy—in seven cases out of ten. For out of every 10 sick people, seven can be easily and quickly cured by rational methods. Of the other three two will recover after lengthy and careful treatment; and the tenth is doomed. It is for the seven that I write this article. The other three have my sympathy.

What is disease? In the most general terms, disease may be said to be an effort on the part of the body to cast out certain products of the body's waste which have been retained too long and have become poisonous.

There are many kinds of this waste matter. It is deposited in various parts of the body. The body tries to eject it in any one of many ways. And upon the kind of matter retained, upon the point of deposit and upon the way the body tries to expel it—upon these things depends the special name given to the disease.

With certain qualifications it may be said that there is really but one disease, one cause of disease—retained waste. And the cure? Clean out the waste.

But how shall we clean out the waste? Ah, "there's the rub." What kind of waste is it? How is the body trying to get rid of it? Is that body strong or weak? If strong, the body will make a big, spasmodic effort to oust the poison; that we call, in medical jargon, "acute." If the body be weak, there will be only a slow, half-hearted effort at ejection; that is "a chronic case."

And what shall we do? First of all, eat very little, very seldom, or, for a time, not at all. Drink much water—from two to four quarts a day. Get a warm scrub bath daily and a sweat bath every few days. By gymnastics, colon flushing, and even, if necessary, cathartic drugs (these you seldom need), insure that the alimentary tube is free from retained matter.

All this is, of course, general. I am able to give you merely the principles which are today revolutionizing the practice of medicine. The application of these broad principles to any given case will, naturally, depend upon many things. The results, however, especially in hopeless, discouraged and "incurable" cases, are such as to render this conception of disease and its cure, the "new light" which must eventually dispel the black uncertainty, guesswork and failure of the old-fashioned, but still prevalent, medical methods.

And so—if you are sick—eat little or nothing, drink much water, keep yourself clean, clean, clean, inside the body and out, keep the mind calm, wait and trust in truth and common sense.



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OUTBURST OF EVERETT TRUE



THE MINISTER FORGETS

BY STUART B. STONE.

The choir of young boys had finished the joyous glory-chant and the fashionables of the Church of the Twelve Apostles settled back to the crackling sound of silks and fine linen. The clean-cut young minister arose, and, sweeping the congregation with his fine gray eyes, he began the reading of his text.

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord."

A little ripple of pleased surprise went through the well-dressed throng for the Rev. Frederick DeLand was yet an esthetic young thing, with the distorted degree-alphabet of the university clinging fresh to his name, and his sad gray hair seeking only the pearls that lay in his leather-bound book of books.

"Her price is far above rubies."

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."

The young minister's eyes had found a blood-red rose bobbing merrily about on a circular hat of imposing dimensions. Beside it was the dainty head of Florida Hamilton, the vivacious milliner of Belleville, and the blueness of her eyes was a thing for poets' chanting.

"She maketh fine linen and selleth it"—the minister had said; then he faltered, reddenng, as he found the maid Florida's solemn blue eyes.

"And delivereth Merry Widow hats unto the merchant," he finished absently.

The congregation gave a well-bred gasp of horror and the more frivolous giggled.

"I beg your pardon, my congregation," faltered the minister, "there has been something on my mind of late." And at this the frivolous ones—and their own god Momus overtaken them—smiled again.

The minister resumed: "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry." He was looking very fondly, very tenderly, at the red rose maid.

"Her clothing is silk and purple, with a big nodding red rose in the top of her dear hat."

A half of the flock laughed outright in puzzled amusement, while the other half sat stolid or buzzed in angry protest. Deacon Abner Henderson arose, shaking a blunt forefinger.

"I demand that this burlesquing of the Word come, I have not seen its like in 80 years."

The minister stood, purple-veined, hands clenched, all trembling.

"My people," he pleaded, "you must overlook and forgive. My thoughts are not upon my Maker."

"Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain." He was chanting monotonously now.

"But Florida Hamilton feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

The red rose bobbed now truly, for Florida Hamilton, the milliner, arose for departure. The congregation broke into babbling and discord, and Deacon Henderson raged in shrillest treble. But the young minister calmed his flock once more by the raising of soft, white hands. He was a man of simple magnetism, and they quieted for his words of explanation: "Florida Hamilton," said the minister, "will you wed with me?" The lady of red roses did not answer. Her eyes were upon the floor and she trembled exceedingly.

He came down and stood directly before the red rose lady—pleading arms outstretched, while all the congregation stared at him, awestruck, desiring that he might win.

"Will you marry me, Florida Hamilton?" repeated the minister.

The red rose lady took her eyes from the floor. Rising from her seat, she pushed her way from the pew to the aisle beyond. The gay linen rose bobbed most audaciously as she grasped the minister's hands.

"I will wed with you," she murmured, and the minister bowed as in prayer.

As by inspiration the boy voices of the hidden choir chanted in unison:

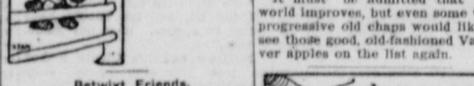
"What God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

STAR DUST

BY JOSH

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE.

Somehow or other th' trumps seem 'f fall int' th' hands uv th' fellers th' know how t' play 'em.



Between Friends.

The oil trust pulled the petrified leg of a giant out of the earth the other day.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Why not? It's had lots of practice pulling that of the consumer.

The average golf player doesn't seem to care how he wins, as long as he wins.—Chicago Tribune.

And there's plenty of ice in it and not too much seltzer.

Shortage of the champagne outfit through mildew has been followed by a twin misfortune in the shape of a sauerkraut famine, owing to damage to the cabbage crop.—New York Herald.

Pretty tough on Pittsburg, where this combination is a favorite breakfast dish.

The report of the completion of a life size painting of Rockefeller can not be true. No one has ever yet done John D. in oil.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Nor in water, either, for that matter.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

AMAT CAPRICORN IS VERY BRIGHT TONIGHT



That hazy, drowsy yesterday—the full-fed summer, just considering the proposition of going to its bed, pulling the coverlid of golden autumn foliage up to its chin, and taking a long nap under a blanket of snow.—Boston Globe.

"Cause it can't climb a tree, by Jig! Ain't that right?"

The roasting ear, He disappear, Also, the corn fritter.—Baltimore Sun.

And soon will go The mosquito, We hope, the pesky critter!

Sporadic outbreaks of football on the vacant lots unquestionably foreshadow a serious epidemic during the next two months.

Don't forget, either, that it is a good thing to have some kindling on hand when you get that hurry-up call to light a fire in the furnace. What's left of the porch furniture will do very nicely, however.

The results thus far indicate that politics has its strange-bedfellow factory working overtime this year.

The lamb may be always a lamb as one of the minor—Hub? Well, then, minor—poets says, but the peach isn't always a peach before she does her hair.

Why worry about it when you know it's a cinch? Doesn't the poet say "Into each life some rain must fall?" Be patient.

Somehow or other the army of the unemployed doesn't seem to be

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Things haven't changed an iota because of the new, big, light and airy store.

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SYNOPSIS: Olympiad in the Oases.—Records Broken in the Standing High Skidoo, the Biscuits Throw, the 100-Meter Getaway, and the Hurry-up Tree Climb.—The Mozambique Marathon.—Tennis given a try out.—Propitious posters.—Welcome prepared by the weak-kneed.—Head hunters hilarious and happy.—Ode dedicated to T. R.: "We Don't Know Why You're Coming, But You're Sholly On De Way."

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