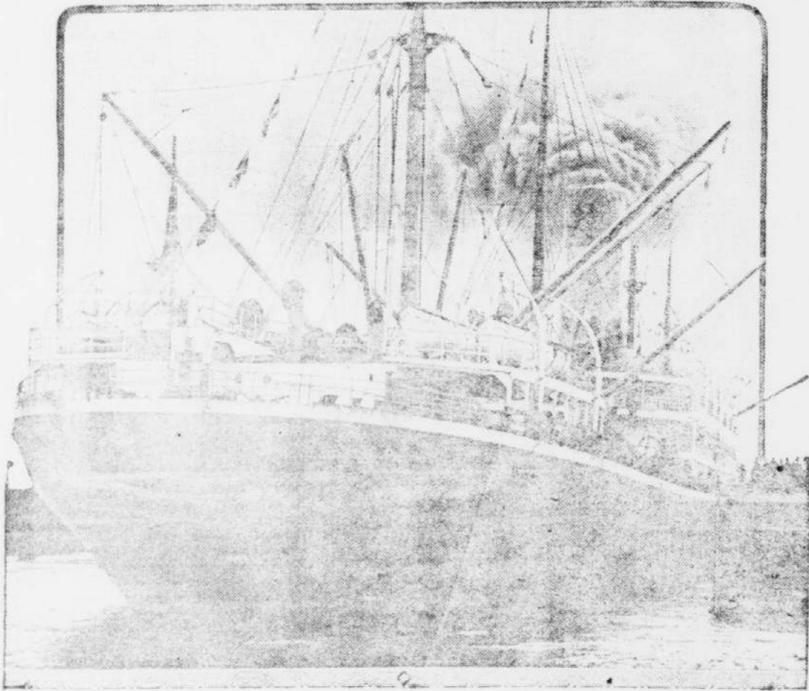


SHIP THAT CARRIED SHRINERS TO MANILA



Three hundred candidates were admitted to the order of the Mystic Shrine at St. Louis, Mo., the other day, and among those who took part in the ceremonial were 230 nobles from all parts of the United States.

KILL PRAIRIE DOGS

Slaughter Four Hundred Thousand of the Rodents.

Biological Survey of Department of Agriculture Destroys Animals in Western Reserves to Preserve the Forage.

Washington.—The biological survey of the department of agriculture has destroyed about 400,000 prairie dogs in the Cochitopa and Pike National forests of Colorado and the Tusayan and Cocino forests of Arizona.

LEADS GOULDS INTO FOLD

Lady Decies Takes Initiative in Placing Her Family in the Ranks of the "400."

New York.—Lady Decies, once Vivien Gould, granddaughter of Jay Gould, the first of the great American speculators, has proved to New York now that she and her family are firmly established in American society.



Lady Decies.

granddaughter was the chief attraction in a society tableau held at the home of Mrs. Reginald de Koven, who has long been in society.

TELLS OF FUTURE RELIGION

It Will Be Based on Science, Declares Camille Flammarion, Noted French Savant.

London.—An article on "The Religion of the Future" by Camille Flammarion in the current number of the Occult Review is attracting a good deal of attention.

He never took advice. But he gave it by the ton. When he visited Hobart he advised the inspector of works where to build the hospital, where to put the jail and where to put the principal square and what to call it—Macquarie, as a matter of course.

TEASING MADDENS A CONVICT

Angered Man Fractures Skull of One of His Tormentors With Hatchet.

Ossining, N. Y.—Maddened by the teasing of other convicts in Sing Sing Michael Sullivan attacked Peter Lagana, his nearest tormentor, with a hatchet. He fractured the man's skull.

Yale Students Stop Drinking

New Haven.—Many Yale students have signed a pledge to refrain from drinking, gambling and to shun immoral theatrical performances.

OWN PRESS AGENT

Amazing Journal to Be Sold at Auction.

Maj.-Gen. Macquarie, Who Ruled New South Wales, Was a Regular Pooh-bah; Filled All Offices and Subjugated Natives.

Who was the vainest man in modern history, as well as the greatest Pooh-bah on record? One is inclined, after reading extracts from his voluminous diaries and from the notes and chronicles of his that soon are to be sold at auction in London, to award these distinctions to the late Maj. Gen. L. Macquarie, who once was governor of New South Wales—or, rather, who was New South Wales in his day, and not merely the king's representative.

At least probably you never have heard of Maj. Gen. Macquarie, before, and no more had one out of ten dwellers in these islands until it was announced that these private journals of his, a weighty package that has been tossed about for eighty-nine years since it left Botany bay, would be sold to the highest bidder at Sotheby's famous salerooms on the 22d of this month.

In short, he believed in Maj. Gen. Macquarie. Fewer than forty years then had passed since Capt. Cook's first encounter with the natives, and Australia was new to the white man—just the place for an official with a habit of discovering rivers and mountains and improving them by affixing his celebrated name to them.

Some writers on Australia have painted Macquarie a monster. It is more interesting to recall that he struck the English public of his own day as a man too merciful for his job.

How he organized exploring parties, founded the city of Bathurst, made the first road to the Blue mountains and marked out sites for Windsor, Castlereagh, Wilberforce and Richmond, with many of the rest of his acts, are they not written in these faded chronicles, the property of a female descendant, now for sale? There are eighty pages of foolscap of his adventures with natives alone. The description of his journey to the Blue mountains is little shorter.

Jimmy's Essay

Commanded by his teacher to write an essay on woman's suffrage, Jimmie, pupil in a suburban school, came forward with the following:

"Woman's suffrage is a disease. Its ketchin. Dad sez it spread all over the world. Even the wimmen of the canniballand suffers. Sum wimmen suffers moren others? my ma sez shes goes to join the rank when it cums. I think sis suffers sum, to because every monday nit ma makes her go bed before I go. she sez her ise a sandie. I gess soar ise is part of the disease. ma and anty had a fite with dad about it I gess they want him to pay the doktr bill, my anty eel must suffer sumthin' farse. she maid a speech to a bunch of wimmen in the south end wunst.

"yours very truly,
"James albert smith."
—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Explicit Directions

The saleswoman at the ready-to-wear millinery counter said something must be done. Nine out of ten women who wished to try on hats could not tell without bothering her which was the front or the side or the back of a hat, and she didn't have time to answer all their questions.

The manager said he would see to it. He did. He put up a sign which enabled ladies to get their own hats on straight and saved the saleswoman from nervous prostration and an increase in salary. It said:

Had No Positive Proof. Two farmers met a day or two after a cyclone had swept over their farms. "She shook things up pretty bad out at my place," said one, stroking his whiskers meditatively. "By the way, Hiram," he added, "that new barn of yours got hurt at all?" "Wal," drawled the other. "I dunno. I hain't found it yet!"

Truth

Do the truth you know, and you shall learn the truth you need to know.—George Macdonald.

OLD TIMES AND NEW

Fiji Islands of Present Is Unlike Those of the Past.

Once the Abode of Bloodthirsty and Gluttonous Cannibals, Is Today Under White Man's Influence, a Place Where Strangers Are Safe.

New York.—In the popular mind the Fiji islands—stuck somewhere off in the vast South seas—are still the lurking place of giant cannibals. And we are apt to think of the Fiji himself as a black, bushy-headed, ring-necked savage, flourishing a frightful war-club, and dancing naked about a heap of well-picked human bones. It is all the Fiji's fault, too, if we think thus of him, for he is a man with a kind past.

For years all news from Fiji bristled with tales of butchery, human sacrifice, and widows strangled to death. The first Fiji chief ever to visit America was chief of Vudovo—who was brought around the Horn to Hampton Roads on the Yankee corvet Vincennes, years ago, to stand trial for killing and eating a party of American sailors who had landed on his island. And away back in 1810, when American ships ruled the sea and Uncle Sam made the first survey of the Fiji islands ever undertaken, our sailors found out for themselves just how fully the Fijians deserved the terrible reputation they enjoyed.

At that time, and for long afterward, these islands were bloodthirsty, the abode of the most bloodthirsty and gluttonous cannibals which it ever became civilized man's duty to subdue. The cheapest thing in Fiji was human life. While villagers were killed off, merely to furnish meat for some tribal feast. Living men were used as rollers for launching new and heavy war canoes, their lives being crushed out to appease the gods who looked after navigation, and it was a common practice to bury men alive under the foundations of new houses and temples. When a great man died his wives, friends, and sometimes even his mother, willingly came forward and were strangled to death beside the dead man's bier. Captain Cook visited the islands in 1773, but for nearly a hundred years afterward these wild orgies continued, and the



Entrance to Public Park in the Fiji Islands.

conquest of Fiji cost the civilized world much money, and many a white man's life.

Today over 100,000 Fijians still inhabit those distant isles. Many of their weird superstitions still prevail, and on feast days the warriors paint their faces, don their strange grass kilts and enormous head-ears, and go through their noisy, war-club dances. But their wild cannibal feasts are crimes of the past, and a Fiji who now strangles his friend's widow would no doubt be promptly hanged. Probably no other savage race responded so quickly to the white man's influence—once they came thoroughly under it—and today in the Fiji islands a stranger may pass about in perfect peace and security. The reform of these cannibals is a monument to missionary heroism, and to the wise methods of the British in handling savage races. Of the 300 or more islands in the group, 80 are inhabited, and on every one of the 80 there stands an English Methodist church!

HUNTERS KILL 7,000 RABBITS

Work of 30 Men in Seven Hours' War Against the Pest in State of Colorado.

Gault, Colo.—All Colorado records for rabbit hunting were broken when two parties of hunters went out to clean up the country and came back at the end of seven hours with 7,000 rabbits, or at the rate of 1,000 an hour.

There were 15 men in each party, and the campaign was decided upon because the animals were eating large quantities of good hay, a valuable commodity since the heavy snowfall, which has sent the price soaring. One farmer lost a total of five tons of fine hay, which he might have sold for nearly \$100.

Woman Burns \$135 in Bills

Summit, N. J.—"Forgetting she had put \$135 in the stove ash pan, for "safe-keeping," Mrs. George Wood kindled a fire. Several hours later she remembered the money. A little heap of ashes was all that was left of the bills.

"Booze Baiting" Ordered Stopped

Burlington, N. J.—"Booze baiting," the practice of bartenders who fill the gutters in front of their saloons with beer slops so that the fumes may lure into their places passing toppers, has been forbidden by the city council.

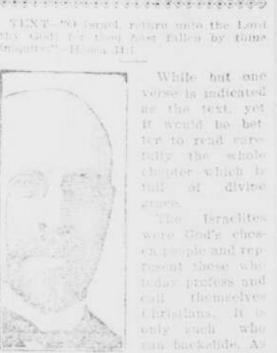
Woman Celebrates 103d Birthday

Portland, Me.—Mrs. Eliza W. Merrill, who celebrated her one hundred and third birthday today says she is still alive because "I have always kept myself happy."

God's Appeal to the Backslider

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. Dean of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

While but one verse is indicated as the text, yet it would be better to read carefully the whole chapter which is full of divine grace.



Rev. James M. Gray.

Notice the text closely. God has not cast off his people, but they have cast themselves off. He still says, "return unto the Lord thy God," calling himself their God although they had forsaken him. And furthermore, "Thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." Were it not for their iniquity there would have been no separation between him and them.

But his grace does not end here, since he tells them how to return. "Take with you words and turn to the Lord." Not "works" but "words." This does not mean that the words will not be followed by the works, but only that the words must come before the works can really be done. They must be words of confession, "Take away all iniquity," words of faith, "receive his graciously," words of promise, "so will we render the calves (praises) of our lips," words of repentance, "Asshur shall not save us, we will not ride upon horses, neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, ye are our gods; words of trust and confidence, "for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy."

That allusion to "Asshur" or "Assyria" is interesting. It is her affliction at the hands of the heathen Israel had turned to Assyria for help instead of Jehovah, and this had been one of the causes as well as one of the effects of her backsliding, but Jehovah now calls upon her to cease trusting in that arm of flesh and to trust in him. And so the reference to "horses" is an allusion to her confidence in Egypt, a nation that used horses in its warfare. Israel was no longer to trust in the horses of Egypt if she would have God's favor, who could bring victory to her arms without such material assistance.

How God Meets the Backslider

And how comforting are the words of Jehovah that follow later. On the supposition that Israel will return as he has indicated, he exclaims: "I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away from them. I will be as the dew unto Israel." The backslider is like a sheep which has wandered from the fold and become torn by the briars or the wild beasts, or suffered injury by falling over the rocks. He is wounded in soul and needs healing and binding up of his wounds, and this God promises him. But think of the next promise—"I will love them freely," or "eagerly" as the word might be rendered. It is the picture of the father in the story of the prodigal, who seeing his son afar off runs out to meet him in the gladness of his heart. Oh, what a God and Father we have. Who would not return to him! And yet, God does even more than this for the returning prodigal, for he says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." The dew was everything to the land of Palestine in the absence of such rains as we experience in the occident, and it is the type of the Holy Spirit in the believer's heart and life. As God gave the dew to Israel, keeping her fresh and green and fruitful, so he gives his Holy Spirit to those who come to him in Christ for like spiritual blessing.

The Believer's Blessings

Carrying out the type, God says of the backslider who has returned to him, that "he shall grow as the olive, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine. The scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." We cannot dwell on all these beautiful figures, but they speak of growth and strength, and extensive influence. They speak of the beauty and the fragrance of the Christian life, and its beneficence to others in the highest and truest sense, and all because the favor of God is resting upon him. If you are a backslider, no matter how long or how far you have wandered from God, be comforted today to return to him in the faith of Christ and start again in the path of a holy pilgrimage.

What Character Is

My character today is, for the most part, simply the resultant of all the thoughts I have ever had, of all the feelings I have ever cherished, and all the deeds I have ever performed. It is the entirety of my previous years packed and crystallized into the present moment, so that character is the quintessence of biography; so that anybody who knows my character—and there is no keeping character under cover—knows what for forty or more years I have been doing and been thinking. Character is for the most part simply habit become fixed.—The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.

CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "innards" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "Children's Syrup of Figs." Its action is gentle, but sure. Millions of mothers find in this delicious "fruit laxative" health for their children. It is the only medicine that is sweet to the taste and that is safe for the stomach and bowels. It is a delicious fruit laxative, and it is a child's remedy.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of "Children's Syrup of Figs," which has the name of the medicine on the wrapper. It is the only medicine that is sweet to the taste and that is safe for the stomach and bowels. It is a delicious fruit laxative, and it is a child's remedy.

SHAME TO ARREST RASTUS

After Aunt Polly's Expatriation Liberty Should Have Been Arrested But a Short Time.

Aunt Polly, who had resided in the kitchen for many years and was a person of high position in the family, came into the parlor in a highly distressed state, having her feet under her apron. She was plainly, both distressed and indignant. She addressed her maid without preamble to the master of the house.

"Mister Willie," said she, "please, sah, let me see, sah, if you done treat my boy 'Rastus' right. He got to get him out of 'Folson's' place."

"What has the boy been doing, Aunt Polly?"

"He ain't done nothing 'tall, Mister Willie—nothing 'tall, sah. De boy was just a settin' on the do' step wiv a knife in his han', and a obery aizer come by, and fell on it, and rip hisself open—dar all, sah."

OUCH! PAIN, PAIN, RUB RHEUMATISM

Rub pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil"

Rheumatism is "pain only." Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" directly upon the "tender spot," and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism cure which never disappoints and can not burn the skin.

Linger up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" at the store and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! "St. Jacobs Oil" has cured millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache and sprains. Adv.

Still on Guard

"The agricultural department now says that the cow is the farmer's friend."

"Um!" grunted Farmer Whiffletree. "Won't that alter your attitude toward him?"

"Not a bit, I've got lots of friends that I'm suspicious of."

A Wise Youth

"I have temperment," simpered the girl.

"Then you are destined for a man who is earning 25 plunks a week," responded the young man, reaching for his hat.

Ask your dealer for the free booklet, "Useful Hints for Horse Owners," issued by G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., manufacturers of Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Adv.

Paraguay's "Railway Beetle"

In Paraguay there is found a "railway beetle," a kind of glowworm, which emits a strong red light from head to tail, but also a green light along each side of its body.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Fayer's Pellets. Tiny sugar-coated granules. Adv.

Nickname

"Why do they call those South American countries 'four cylinder republics'?"

"Because they have one hundred revolutions to the minute, maybe."

Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops work wonders in overcoming serious coughs and throat irritations—see at Druggists.

Same Early Hours

Mrs. Outlate—What time of night is it?
Outlate—Shame time I used to go home when I was courtin' you!

Use Hanford's Balsam when all else fails. Adv.

Their Dull Lives.
"Rich women have no real joys."
"No; the stores never have a closing sale of diamond neckties."
"Many a man has been under such undue influence."

PREDICT BIG MUTTON FAMINE

Wool Growers Told Scarcity in Next Five Years Will Become Very Acute.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—A mutton famine was predicted here by J. E. Poole, editor of the Chicago Livestock World, in an address before the National Wool Growers' association, meeting in annual session. During the next five years, he said, the scarcity would become acute.

Mr. Poole said that for the last five years the west had been marketing ewe lambs in the same reckless manner as it sent heifer calves to the butcher from 1900 to 1910. Good authorities, he said, estimate that 80 per cent of the ewe flocks of the west are over aged and that a bad winter would scatter their carcasses over the ranges, thus precipitating a mutton scarcity that in any event cannot long be delayed.

"One short lamb crop," said Mr. Poole, "would put both lamb and mutton in the same category as lobster and terrapin."

PLOT TO LOOT CITY VAULTS

Attempt of Yeggmen to Reach Frisco's \$6,000,000 Cash Is Bared by Call for Guards.

San Francisco.—An attempt to crack the city's vaults, holding \$6,000,000, in the ruins of the old city hall, was bared when City Treasurer John E. McDougall asked for additional police to guard the vaults and for carpenters to block up the catacombs under the vaults.

GREAT WISDOM OF MENELIK

His Ancestor, King Solomon, Seems to Have Inspired His Judgments.

London.—The Negus Menelik's death at last having been officially established, after so many false reports, many anecdotes about this picturesque character are appearing. One of them is in the Times, and is reminiscent of King Solomon, Menelik's reputed ancestor.

In Abyssinia the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye holds good in default of blood-money. Two men were gathering plums, one in the tree shaking the branches and the other below collecting the fruit. A branch broke, and the climber fell on the gatherer and broke his neck, himself escaping with injuries from which he eventually recovered. The family of the dead man sued the survivor for the blood-money, some \$120. He had no money and refused to pay, whereupon the plaintiffs demanded his life.

The case worked its way up to the supreme tribunal of Menelik himself, by which time bitter feeling had been engendered, and the claimants now refused to accept blood-money, even if offered, and demanded their full right.

Leaves Fortune to Dog

Denver, Colo.—"Daisy," a fox terrier, is the chief legatee in the will of Christina J. Evans, who left an estate worth \$75,000.

James J. Hill Pays Wager

St. Paul, Minn.—James J. Hill, railroad builder, paid a wager of \$1,000 when John J. Furlong, president of the Minnesota Agricultural society, showed him an ear of corn 14 inches long which was grown in Minnesota.

Finds Son Dead Beside Him

Champaign, Ill.—Samuel M. Stonebreaker was awakened by a shot and found that his son, Benjamin, aged thirty-four, who slept with him, had blown off his head.