

• Making the Best of It.

That the blind must live in a world of their own, shut off from all the interests and activities of their fellow-men, is a lessening belief. To deprive the sightless of all work such as the rest of us do is needless cruelty. In many of the most commonplace tasks they keep pace with or even outstrip those with full senses. Says the secretary of the New York Association for the Blind: "On the staff of the association a blind stenographer is regularly employed. I usually have her to do my work for me, and find that she makes fewer typographical errors than any of the others. . . . When I asked the head of our telephone company to give a switchboard for blind people to practice on he thought I was crazy. That was a year ago. I had the pleasure of writing him the other day asking for the installation of a switchboard at our new office, and told him there were now in the city of New York five blind switchboard operators, two in hospitals in positions of great responsibility, where they have the ambulance calls and other emergency work; two in business houses and one in the editorial rooms of a great New York daily paper. Three of these switchboard operators are women." The loss of one sense often whets the other four to a keenness which overcomes the apparent deficiency. What the blind usually lack, says Collier's Weekly, is opportunity, and the movement to give them opportunity should enlist the sympathy and help of all.

Cheap Board for Students.

How to furnish cheap board to college students is a problem that is vexing the authorities of many of our great institutions of learning, Harvard included. In the current number of McClure's George Kennan tells how they manage to give board, lodging and tuition at the Valparaiso university at Valparaiso, Ind., for the small sum of 38 cents a day. If payment is made in advance for the whole year the cost is only \$120, or 36 cents a day. Although this institution has never had a gift of money from any source, it is fully equipped and pays its own way, having ample buildings and a staff of 162 professors and teachers and more than 5,000 students. Summed up, says the Boston Herald, the methods by which these remarkable results have been achieved may be described as energy, intelligence and remarkable business capacity well applied.

The cheapest effective police force in the world is the Northwest Mounted police, whose territory extends from Herschell Island to Kenora—the largest police area in the world. This entire field is covered by less than 700 men and 250 horses. The work of the police in the old days was rounding up horse thieves, whisky smugglers and Indian murderers. Now it is almost everything else; the chief relic of the old days being the horse thief, which in that country is a hard variety to exterminate. Many of the mounted police are now posted singly in the new towns, where they do local as well as patrol work.

A Massachusetts man, 83 years old, was so sure one year ago that he would die at the end of six months that he gave away all his property, which was considerable, to friends and charitable institutions, keeping only enough to provide for himself for the half year. He did not die as he had predicted, and the other day was taken to the almshouse, the persons whom he had benefited refusing to do anything for him. The Indianapolis Star takes occasion to point the following morals: Moral No. 1: "Don't prophesy unless ye know." Moral No. 2: "Don't give away all your property without a strong string attached."

The beginning of regulation for moving-picture shows offers a double opportunity. Those who become responsible for the worst such shows can do ought to have an opportunity to reform in an isolated part of the fall where they will not corrupt its average morals. Those who get the best results possible from the business, says the St. Louis Republic, are entitled to rank with college presidents as educators and also with multimillionaires if the visible supply of nickels and dimes can reward them for the best the moving-picture show of the future may do for the public.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Meet each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's upresting sea!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

ALLIE'S ASPIRATIONS

By ANNA HELLMAN

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"No, Robert," Allie said decidedly, "I cannot give up my dreams of years. Neither of us would be happy."

"But," Hobson persisted, "I am willing to run the risk."

"But I am not," Allie returned with spirit, "besides, what an ignominious end it would be to all my aspirations, and all my hard work at college, for me to simply get married."

No pen could describe the scorn which she threw into those last two words.

"You surely would not forget your Latin and Greek any sooner simply because you married, would you?" Hobson argued. "I fail to see how matrimony would interfere with any of your aspirations."

"I tell you I will never marry; I am going to try and make the world better for having lived in it," returned Miss Bowen, grandly.

"Don't you think it would be only fair if you were to tell me something of your plans?" Mr. Hobson continued presently. "You have never even given me an outline of your aspirations."

The girl looked at him suspiciously, but his face was perfectly grave.

"Well," she commenced energetically, "when I first went to college I did not think any more about such matters than other girls; but in a year or two I commenced to see what a useless life I had always led. As I saw what nobility there was in the lives of the distinguished women I met at our receptions and reunions, my brain and mind expanded, and then I learned that I could never settle down to a commonplace life again. I thought it all over carefully, and wondered what I was meant to be for. I wished to make no mistake, and I concluded that it was my duty to go and help nurse our soldiers in the Philippines. But the war was ended before I had secured papa's consent, and now I really feel that it is my mission to go and teach these poor, ignorant Filipinos; but papa absolutely refuses, will not listen to such a proposition, and Henrietta

the shining richness of her brown hair. It was with difficulty that he refrained from taking this "new woman" in his arms in the old-fashioned way.

Allie had been in a chronic state of riding a hobby without curb or bridle ever since her return from Vassar. She gave readings and recitations only to prove the capacity of woman for independence. Her father was Clifton's leading citizen, so there was no want of money, but Miss Bowen would not accept a penny she did not earn. She looked on men as creatures to be endured and freely denounced love as a delusion and marriage as a mistake, binding people together so as to have double misery and hardship and only a single chance to rise.

Her father laughed at her good-naturedly; her sister Henrietta said: "You will get over it in a few months, wait until Bob Hobson comes out of the west. The girls were perfectly wild about him last year."

Robert Hobson was not a man who was easily daunted, and he had not weathered two strikes in Cripple Creek without learning a little diplomacy. But the training of four years was not to be broken up in a few days, nor weeks, as he discovered. And the next month he went back to Colorado alone, in anything but a cheerful frame of mind.

Allie's father expostulated mildly once or twice, and her sister Henrietta lectured her soundly, for she knew that it was not every day that the right man falls in love with a girl.

Henrietta's handsome young husband had closed his eyes forever on this world during the springtime of their lives, and although electing to travel life's journey henceforth alone, she desired for her sister the happiness that had been hers for so brief a period.

After Robert's departure Allie did not appear to find the usual pleasure in her various fads. Somehow they seemed less important than formerly, and her plans for remodeling the world were in danger of falling through, when one day as she returned from delivering a lecture on Higher Ethics before the Ladies' Aid society her father entered the room with a newspaper in his hand and asked her if she could be brave.

Instinctively her thoughts flew to Robert, and she held out a shaking hand for the paper.

It contained a short article with glaring headlines, telling that the mining camp of Cripple Creek, Col., had been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Several lives had been lost and many lay at the point of death.

The fire department had proved inadequate to contend with the flames, and the miners had turned out bravely to help. One, the superintendent of the Anaconda mine, by the name of Robert Hobson, while trying to rescue some children from the second story of the Palace hotel, had fallen through and was carried out almost lifeless.

That was all. Not a word to tell whether he died after that or not.

"My God, save him and forget me!" gasped the girl, sinking to the floor and burying her face in the couch.



"You Would Be in Great Demand in Cripple Creek."

is just as bad. But I think they will eventually give in when they realize how determined I am. It is very hard to have no one understand me," she concluded plaintively.

"I think that such a person as you would be in great demand out in Cripple Creek," began Hobson artfully. "You could visit the hospitals and jails and teach in every mission Sunday school in town if you will marry me. I do not want to interfere with any of your pleasures."

"Pleasures? They are duties! And I mean to show you all that there is something in life for a woman besides marrying."

How beautiful she was! Hobson marveled at the blue of her eyes, and

A moment later she was on her feet again; her eyes heavy, miserable but resolute.

"Father, I am going to start for Colorado to-night! If you cannot go with me, Henrietta will!"

And Henrietta did. In a few hours they were in a Pullman on a west-bound train. They left it for a stage at picturesque Manitou on the morning of the third day, but Allie had no eyes for the grandeur of the mountain tains; the long journey was a tragedy to her.

All day long the stage, going at a moderate pace, besetting the "severe" grades of the primitive road, literally climbed into the recesses of the Rockies; traversed deep canyons, and clung to narrow shelves cut on the side of the rocky barrier. Toward evening it dashed noisily down the side of a steep mountain and rolled into a charred, blackened, smoldering, forsaken-looking place, with only a few isolated cabins left to mark the once-flourishing town of Cripple Creek.

In the tent which served for the stage office, the sisters learned where the invalids were being cared for, and thither they went. When they reached the entrance of the shack Allie sank down on the rough step. "I cannot go another step, Henrietta," she said.

It was not necessary, for just at that moment the door opened, and on the threshold stood a tall young man with a bandage across his forehead, a scar on one cheek, and his right arm in a sling—a pitiful-looking object truly.

Allie sprang to her feet. "Bob!" she cried.

Henrietta strolled away to inspect the ruins.

"Dearest," Hobson said, when earth and heaven had once more assumed their proper relationship, "your aspirations will be realized after all. I am badly in need of a nurse, and as soon as I'm able to travel we will take Henrietta with us and visit the Philippines—on our wedding trip, you know."

Cocktails for His Tobacco.

Barkeepers, when they become confidential, usually tell good stories, says the New York Tribune, and he is a novice who does not carry bar secrets under his jacket and who does not know stories about the men who come in "to see what time it is." "Now there," said a white-aproned total abstinence member of the profession pointing to a tin box on the glass shelf, "is one of my regular customers—this tin box." In answer to the look of inquiry he said: "It belongs to a man who never takes a drink, but who smokes a lot of cigarettes, which he rolls himself. Every little while he gets a box full of some particular kind of tobacco and comes here and orders a cocktail of his own invention. He empties the drink into the box watches the tobacco absorb it; then hands me the box, which I keep till he returns in the evening and takes it home. No cherry goes with the cocktail, and although I've never known the tobacco to curl up and find fault because the drink was too dry or too sweet, I mix it as carefully as I do those for our crank customers."

English Baronetage.

The English baronetage is fair, fruitful of romances. A cabman baronet who resides at Burton-on-Trent Sir Walter Tyrell, can trace his descent from the Sir Walter Tyrel, whose arrow killed William Rufus in the New Forest so many centuries ago. The ancient borough of Tamworth boasts a tobaccoist baronet, Sir Harry Goring, who serves working men customers with ounces of thick twist, his family estate having long ago vanished into the ewigkeit. The master of the Whitty Union workhouse, John Lawson, has a well-founded claim to a baronetcy conferred in Stuart times. Sir Thomas Echlin who died last year, was a constable in the ranks of the royal Irish constabulary, and the seventh holder of a baronetcy conferred so far back as 1721.—London Mainly About People.

Defied Superstition.

Few people will have had the courage to sit down 13 at a table for the greetings of a new year. But five-and-fifty years ago Lord Roberts was one of the 13 who sat down to a dinner on New Year's day at Peshawar. Eleven years later—though most of them had been through the Indian mutiny and half of them had been wounded—they were all alive. And Lord Roberts is still very much alive.—London Chronicle.

QUEEN AMELIE'S BRAVERY.

The bravery of Queen Amelie at the time of the royal tragedy in Lisbon has touched the heart of every nation in the world and the tribute of Lord Ripon in the British house of lords finds responsive echo in the thoughts of all. Not only did she try to shield her loved ones with her own body, but she arose from the chamber of the dead to take her place in the council chamber and keep the country of her husband and children from fur-

ther disaster. Queen Amelie is by birth a Frenchwoman and she has had many examples of such bravery among her own countrywomen as an inspiration.

White Community in Danger.

The Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald says: "Asiatic exclusion is a life and death matter for a small white community within jumping distance of the teeming Orient."

HIS WHEAT WENT 22 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

HE REALIZED \$18 PER ACRE FROM IT, WHILE OATS GAVE HIM \$17 AN ACRE.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Nov. 18th, 1907. Writing from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Mr. E. K. Rathwell says:

"I have much pleasure in saying that on my farm this year I had 500 acres in wheat, and 120 acres in oats. My wheat averaged about 23 bushels per acre, and I had 200 acres cut before the frost, which I sold at 85 cents per bushel, thus realizing on that wheat \$18.00 per acre, not counting cost of twine, seed and labor. With regard to the other 300 acres of wheat, it got touched with frost but is worth 60 cents per bushel. It will net me \$13.00 per acre, but I do not intend to sell it at that price, as I can make more money by feeding it to hogs."

"My oats turned out about 50 bushels to the acre, and at 35 cents per bushel will give me \$17.00 to the acre, not counting seed, twine and labor."

"On account of the late spring, a percentage of the grain was touched with frost, but on account of good prices, farmers will realize a fair profit on their farms even this year. We are as usual up against a shortage of cars to get our grain removed."

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE," ETC.



Voice (in a plaintive whisper)—"Do! Just one, Maud!"

Not Running.

A West Philadelphia woman had not heard the clock strike once during last Sunday afternoon, and thinking perchance it had stopped she sent her hopeful, a little boy about five years old, downstairs to see if it were running.

The little tot went down on the errand, and, after a hasty survey of the long pendulum swinging back and forth, he ran back to his mother with this information:

"Why, no, mamma; the clock ain't runnin', it's standin' still and waggin' its tail."

A Stayer.

"Mildred," said the prudent mamma, "I want you to treat Mr. Ketchley, who called on you last evening, with some consideration and respect. He may not be particularly handsome or attractive, but he is sensible, well connected, highly successful in business, and is regarded as one of the coming men."

"I wouldn't mind his being one of the coming men," said Miss Mildred, "if it didn't take him so long to go."

THEY GROW.

Good Humor and Cheerfulness from Right Food.

Cheerfulness is like sunlight. It dispels the clouds from the mind as sunlight chases away the shadows of night.

The good humored man can pick up and carry off a load that the man with a frown wouldn't attempt to lift.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition."

"But I was young and did not want to die so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair."

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum."

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides. I am today a healthy woman."

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own household, take care of two babies—one twenty, the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health."

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life today."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."