

TEN MILLION PEOPLE IN THE CANADIAN WEST BY 1920

"Toronto Star," Dec. 16th, 1910.

The prediction is made that before 1920 Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia will have ten million people. It is made not by a magazine or newspaper, but by that very sober business newspaper, the New York Commercial. It is based upon actual observation, upon the wheat-growing capacity of the Canadian West, and upon the prospects of development following the building of railways. The writer shows how the position of leading wheat market of the world passed from Milwaukee to Minneapolis and thence to Winnipeg. Canada's wheat-growing belt is four times greater than that of the United States, and only five per cent of Canada's western agricultural area is under cultivation. There are 170,000,000 acres of wheat lands which will make these Western Provinces richer, more populous, more dependable for food supplies than the Western States can ever become. The center of food supremacy will change to Canada, and 25 years more will give this country 40,000,000 population west of Ontario.

All these estimates of population are in the nature of guesses, and must not be read too literally. But the enormous area of wheat-growing land, the rapid construction of railways, and the large volume of immigration are facts which must be recognized. They point to the production of an ever-increasing surplus of wheat and other cereals. However rapidly the urban, the industrial and commercial population of Canada may increase, the increase of home consumption is hardly likely to keep pace with that of the production of wheat; for a single acre of wheat will provide for the average annual consumption of four people.

While production in Canada is thus running ahead of consumption at a prodigious rate, consumption in the United States is overtaking production, and the surplus for export is growing smaller year by year. It is true that the limit of actual power to produce wheat is as yet far away. By methods of intensive cultivation, such as prevail in France, the production could be greatly increased. But with the overflowing granary of Canada so close at hand, it seems likely that our neighbors will begin to import from us, turning their own energies more largely to other forms of agriculture.

It must be remembered that while the Northern States resemble Canada in climate and products, the resemblance diminishes as you go southward. The wheat belt gives place to a corn belt, and this again to semi-tropical regions producing cotton, tobacco, cane-sugar, oranges and other tropical fruits.

The man who secures a farm in Western Canada at the present time secures an investment better than the best of bond of any government or bank. It is no unusual thing for a farmer in Western Canada to realize a profit of from \$5 to \$10 per acre. There are thousands of free homesteads of 160 acres each still to be had, and particulars can be obtained by writing your nearest Canadian government agent.

COULDN'T BE VERY WELL



Mrs. Stokson Bonds—Stockson, that stenographer of yours is whistling! Is she in the habit of whistling when alone?

Stockson Bonds—I don't know. I was never with her when she was alone!

IT IS A MISTAKE

Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale of Candy Cathartic. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

Like all great successes, trade plates prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Cascares. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Cascares. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

A Scarecrow. Miss Brush—I suppose you don't mind my being in your field, Mr. Gobel?

Farmer Gobel (heartily)—The longer you stay, the better, miss. Fact is the birds 'ave been very troublesome this season.—London Tatler.

Don't part with your ill-health when they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.—Mark Twain.

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

Love may make the world go round, but it doesn't always seem to be able to make both ends meet.

The Flag Paramount

By O. HENRY

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A DOZEN quarts of champagne, in conjunction with an informal sitting of the president and his cabinet, led to the establishment of the navy and the appointment of Felipe Carrera as its admiral. The wine had been sent by the Mogul Banana company of New Orleans as a token of amicable relations—and certain consummated deals—between that company and the republic.

Next to the champagne the credit of the appointment belonged to Don Sabas Placido, the newly appointed minister of war.

The season had been signally tedious; the business and the wine prodigiously dry. A sudden, pranking humor of Don Sabas impelling him to the deed, spiced the grave matters of state with a whiff of agreeable playfulness.

In the order of business had come a bulletin from the department of Orilla del Mar, reporting the seizure by the custom-house officers at the coast town of Solitas of the sloop Estrella de Noche and her cargo of dry goods, patent medicine, granulated sugar and three-star brandy. Also six Martini rifles and ten thousand Havana cigars. Caught in the act of smuggling, the sloop and cargo was now, according to law, the property of the republic.

The collector of customs, in making his statement, departed from conventional forms so far as to suggest that the confiscated vessel be converted to the use of the government. The prize was the first capture to the credit of the department for ten years. It often happened that government officials required transportation from point to point along the coast, and means were usually lacking. Furthermore, the sloop could act as a coast guard to discourage the pernicious art of smuggling. The collector would also venture to name one to whom the charge of the boat could be safely entrusted—a young man, Felipe Carrera, not, be it understood one of extreme wisdom, but loyal, and the best sailor along the coast.

It was upon this hint that the minister of war executed his little piece of drollery that so enlivened the tedium of executive session.

In the constitution of this small, maritime banana republic was a forgotten section providing for the maintenance of a navy. The champagne was bubbling trickily in the veins of the mercantile statesmen. A formidable document was prepared, encrusted with chromatic seals and haughty with fluttering ribbons, bearing the heraldic signatures of state, and conferring upon el Señor Don Felipe Carrera the title of Admiral of the marine fleet and force of the republic.

The southern races are lacking in that particular humor that finds entertainment in natural misfortunes. Owing to this defect, they are not moved to laughter at the deformed, the feeble-minded, or the insane. Felipe Carrera was but half-witted. Therefore, the people of Solitas called him "el pobrecito loco," saying that God had sent but half of him to earth, retaining the other. A somber youth, glowingly and speaking only at the rarest times, Felipe was but negatively loco.

When the outcome of Señor Placido's little peasantry arrived in the form of the imposing commission, the collector wondered and then smiled. He sent for Felipe, placed the document in his hands, explaining carefully to him the high honor that the government had granted him. Without a word, the newly created admiral took his commission, and departed.

The next morning he came again to the collector, and, as he passed through the village streets many were the compassionate exclamations of "pobrecito muchacho," but never a laugh or a smile.

Somewhere Felipe had raked together a pitiful semblance of a military uniform—a pair of red trousers, a dingy blue jacket embroidered with yellow braid, and an old fatigue cap abandoned by one of the British soldiers in Belize. In the latter he had fastened the gaudy feathers of a parrot's tail. Buckled around his waist was an ancient ship's cutlass contributed by Pedro Lafitte, the barber, who proudly asserted its inheritance from his ancestor, the illustrious buccaneer.

At the admiral's heels tagged his newly shipped crew—three grinning, glossy black Caribs, bare to the waist; the sand in the streets spurring in a shower from the spring of their naked feet.

With becoming dignity, Felipe demanded his vessel of the collector. And now, a fresh honor awaited him. The collector's wife, a thin, little, yellow woman who read novels in a hammock all day, had found, in an old book, an engraving of a flag purporting to be the naval flag of the republic. Perhaps it had been so designed, as no navy had ever been established, oblivion had claimed its flag. With her own tawny hands she had made a flag after this pattern—a red cross upon a blue and white ground. Having a little of the romance that abounded in her novels, she presented it to Felipe with the words: "Brave sailor. This flag is of your country. It you will defend with the life. Go with God."

For the next month or two the navy had its troubles. Even the admiral was perplexed to know what to do without orders, but none came. Neither did any salaries. The sloop was re-christened "El Nacional," re-painted, and swung idly at anchor. When Felipe's little store of money was exhausted, he went to the collector and raised the question of finances.

"Salaries!" exclaimed the collector, with his hands raised. "Que salaries! Not one centavo have I received of my own for seven months. The pay of an admiral, do you ask? Quien sabe? Should it be less than three thousand pesos? Mire! You will see a revolution in this country very soon. A

good sign of it is when they call for pesos, pesos, pesos; and pay none out." Felipe left the collector with a look almost of content in his sombre face. A revolution would mean fighting, and then the government would need his services. It was rather humiliating to be an admiral without anything to do, and have a hungry crew begging for reales to buy plantains and bread to eat.

When he returned to where the good-natured Caribs were hopefully waiting, they sprang up and saluted, as he had taught them.

"Come, muchachos," said the admiral. "The government is poor, it has no money at present. We will earn what we need to live upon. Son!"—his heavy eyes almost lighted up—"our help may be gladly sought for."

Thereafter El Nacional turned out with the other coast craft and freighted bananas and oranges out to the fruit steamers who could not come nearer than a mile off shore, there being no harbor at Solitas. Surely, a self-supporting navy deserves red letters in the budget of any nation!

There was a little telegraph office in Solitas whence a little telegraph line ran over the big mountains to the capital. After earning enough at freighting to keep his crew to provisions and pay for a week or two, Felipe would infest this office, looking like the chorus of an insolvent comic opera troupe besieging the manager's den. Sprung in a favorite corner, upon the floor, in his fast decaying uniform, with his prodigious sabre distributed between his red legs, he awaited, day after day, and week after week, the long delayed orders from his government. Each day he would inquire, gravely and expectantly, for dispatches. The operator would pretend to make a search, and reply:

"Not yet, it seems, Señor el Almirante—Poco tiempo!"

One day in early summer the revolution predicted by the collector flamed out suddenly. It had long been smoldering. At the head of the insurgents appeared that Hector and learned Theban of the Central American republics, Don Sabas Placido. A traveler, a soldier, a poet, a scientist, a statesman, and a connoisseur—the wonder was that he could content himself with the petty, remote life of his native country.

"It is a whim of Placido's," said a friend who knew him well, "to take up political intrigue. It is not otherwise than if he had come upon a new tempo in music; a new bacillus in the air; a new scent, or rhyme, or explosive dry. He will squeeze this revolution out of sensations, and, a week afterward, forget it, skimming the seas of the world in his brigantine to add to his already world-famous collections of — por Dios! — everything — from postage stamps to maquinas de vapor."

But the aesthetic Placido seemed to be creating a lively row, for a mere dilettante. The admiral of the people, they had risen almost in a body to seat him in the place of the inclement President Prados. There was sharp fighting in the capital, where (contrary to arrangements) the army had rallied to the defense of the incumbent. There was, also, lively skirmishing in most of the coast towns. It was rumored that the revolution was aided by a powerful concern in the states—the Mogul Banana company. Two of their steamers, the "Traveler" and the "Salvador," were known to have conveyed insurgent troops from point to point along the coast.

At the first note of war the admiral of the naval fleet and force made all sail for Belize, where he traded a sloop for the five Martini rifles, the armament of El Nacional. Then back he hurried to be prepared for his country's call. As yet, there had been no actual uprising in Solitas. Military law ruled, and the ferment was bottled for the time. There was a report that everywhere the revolutionists were encountering defeat. In the capital the president's forces triumphed, and there was a rumor that the leaders of the revolt had been forced to flee, holly pursued.

In the little telegraph office at Solitas there was always a gathering of officials and loyal citizens, awaiting news from the seat of government. One morning the telegraph key began clicking, and presently the operator called, loudly: "One telegram for el Almirante, Don Señor Felipe Carrera!"

There was a shuffling sound; a great rattling of tin scabbard, and the admiral, prompt at his spot of waiting, leaped across the room to receive it.

The message was handed to him. Slowly spelling it out, he found it to be his first official order—thus running: "Proceed immediately with your vessel to mouth of Rio Ruiz; transport beef and provisions to barracks, at Alforan. Martinez, General."

Small glory, to be sure, in this, his country's first call. But it had called, and joy surged in the admiral's breast. He drew his cutlass belt to another buckle hole, roused his dozing crew, and in a quarter of an hour El Nacional was tacking swiftly down coast in a stiff landward breeze.

The Rio Ruiz is a small river, emptying into the sea ten miles below Solitas. That portion of the coast is wild and solitary. Through a gorge in the Cordillera rushed the Ruiz, cold and bubbling, to glide, at the last, with breadth and leisure, through an alluvial morass into the sea.

In two hours El Nacional entered the river's mouth. The banks were crowded with a disposition of formidable trees. The sumptuous undergrowth of the tropics overflowed the land and drowned itself in the fallow waters. Silently the sloop entered there, and met a deeper silence.

The admiral decided to cast anchor,

and, at the chain's rattle, the forest was stimulated to instant and resounding uproar. The mouth of the Rio Ruiz had only been taking a morning nap. Parrots and baboons screamed and barked in the trees, a whirling and a hissing and a booming marked the awakening of animal life; a dark blue hawk was visible for an instant, as a startled tapir fought his way through the vines.

The navy, under orders, hung in the mouth of the little river for hours. The crew served the dinner of shark's fin soup, plantains, crab gumbo and snout claret. The admiral, with a three-foot telescope, closely scanned the impervious foliage 50 yards away.

It was nearly sunset when a reverberating "hallo-o" came from the forest to their left. It was answered, and three men, mounted on mules, crashed through the tangle to within a dozen yards of the river's bank. There they dismounted; and one, unbuckling his belt, struck each man a violent blow with his sword scabbard, so that they, with a fling of heels, dashed back again into the forest.

Those were strange-looking men to be conveying beef and provisions. One was a large and exceedingly active man, of striking presence. He was of the purest Spanish type, with curling dark hair, gray besprinkled, blue, sparkling eyes, and the pronounced air of a caballero grande. The other two were small, brown-faced men, wearing white military uniforms, high riding boots and swords. The clothes of all were drenched, bespattered and rent by the thicket. Some stress of circumstance must have driven them, diable a quatre, through flood, mire and jungle.

"Oh-he" senior almirante," called the large man. "Send us your boat."

The dory was lowered, and Felipe, with one of the caribs, rowed toward the left bank.

The large man stood near the water's brink, waist deep in the curling vines. As he gazed upon the scarecrow figure in the stern of the dory a sprightly interest beamed upon his mobile face. Months of

Without replying, the admiral gave



THE NEXT INSTANT HE SHOT THE ADMIRAL DOWN.

wageless and thankless service had dimmed the admiral's splendor. His red trousers were patched and ragged. Most of the bright buttons and yellow braid were gone from his jacket. The visor of his cap was torn, and depended almost to his eyes. The admiral's feet were bare.

"Dear admiral," cried the large man, and his voice was like a blast from a horn. "I kiss your hands. I knew you could build upon your fidelity. You had our dispatch—from General Martinez. A little nearer with your boat, dear admiral. Upon these evils of shifting vines we stand with the smallest security."

Felipe regarded him with a stolid face.

"Provisions and beef for the barracks at Alforan," he quoted.

"No fault of the butchers, almirante mio, that the beef awaits you not. But you are come in time to save the cattle. Get us aboard your vessel, senior, at once. You first, caballeros—a prieta. Come back for me. The boat is too small."

The dory conveyed the two officers to the sloop, and returned for the large man.

"Have you so gross a thing as food, good admiral?" he cried, when aboard.

"And, perhaps, coffee? Beef and provisions! Nombre de dios! A little longer, and we could have eaten one of those mules that you, Colonel Rafael, saluted so feelingly with your sword scabbard at parting. Let us have food; and then we will sail—for the barracks at Alforan—no?"

The Caribs prepared a meal, to which the three passengers of El Nacional set themselves with famished delight. About sunset, as was the custom, the breeze veered and swept back from the mountains, cool and steady, bringing a taste of the stagnant lagoons and mango swamps that gattered the lowlands. The mainsail of the sloop was hoisted and swelled to it, and at that moment they heard shouts and a waxing clamor from the bushy profundities of the wood.

"The butchers, my dear admiral," said the large man, smiling, "too late for the slaughter."

Further than his orders to his crew, the admiral was saying nothing. The tangle and thicket were spread, and the sloop glided out of the estuary. The large man and his companions had bestowed themselves with what comfort they could about the bare deck. Behind the thing big in their minds had been their departure of that critical shore; and now that the hazard was so far reduced their thoughts were loosed to the consideration of further deliverance. But when they saw the sloop turn and fly up the coast again they relaxed, satisfied with the course the large man had taken.

The huge man sat at ease, his eyes

fixed blue eyes engaged in the contemplation of the navy's commander. He was trying to estimate this somber and fantastic lad, whose impenetrable stolidity puzzled him. Himself a fugitive, his life sought and chafing under the smart of defeat and failure, it was characteristic of him to transfer instantly his interest to the study of a thing new to him. It was like him, too, to have conceived and risked all upon this last message to a poor, crazed fanatic cruising about with his grotesque uniform and his farcical title. But his companions had been at their wits' end; escape had seemed incredible; and now his was pleased at the success of the plan they had called crack-brained and precarious.

The brief, tropic twilight seemed to slide swiftly into the peaceful splendor of a moonlit night. And now the lights of Solitas appeared, distributed against the darkening shore to their right. The admiral stood, silent, at the tiller; the Caribs, like black panthers held the sheets, leaping noiselessly at his short commands. The three passengers were watching intently the sea before them, and when at length they came in sight of a steamer lying a mile out from the town, with her lights radiating deep into the water, they held a sudden voluble and close-headed conference. The sloop was speeding as if to strike midway between ship and shore.

The large man suddenly separated from his companions and approached the scarecrow at the helm.

"My dear admiral," he said, "the government has been exceedingly remiss. I feel all the shame for it that my ignorance of your devoted service has prevented it from sustaining. An inexcusable oversight has been made. A vessel, a uniform and a crew worthy of your fidelity shall be furnished you. But just now, dear admiral, there is business of moment afoot. The steamer lying there is the Salvador. I and my friends desire to be conveyed to her, where we are sent on the government's business. Do us the favor to shape your course accordingly."

Without replying, the admiral gave

a sharp command, and put the tiller hard to port. El Nacional swerved, and headed, straight as an arrow's course, for the shore.

"Do me the favor," said the large man, a trifle reative, "to acknowledge at least that you catch the sound of my words." It was possible that the fellow might be lacking in senses as well as in intellect.

"The admiral omitted a croaking, harsh laugh, and spoke: "They will stand you," he said, "with your face to the wall and shoot you dead. That is the way they kill traitors. I knew you when you stepped into my boat. I have seen your picture in a book. You are Sabas Placido, traitor to your country. With your face to a wall. So, you will die. I am the admiral, and I will take you to them. With your face to a wall. Yes."

Don Sabas half turned and waved his hand, with a ringing laugh, toward his fellow fugitives. "To you, caballeros, I have related the history of that banquet when we issued that oh, so ridiculous commission. Of a truth, our jest has been turned against us. Behold the Frankenstein's monster we have created!"

Don Sabas glanced toward the shore. The lights of Solitas were drawing nearer. He could see the beach, the warehouse of the Bodega Nacional, the long, low cuarteel occupied by the soldiers, and, behind that, gleaming in the moonlight, a stretch of high "dobe wall. He had seen men stood with their faces to that wall and shot dead.

Again he addressed the extravagant figure at the helm.

"It is true," he said, "that I am fleeing the country. But, receiving the assurance that I care very little for that. Courts and camps everywhere are open to Sabas Placido. Vaya! what is this molehill of a republic—this pig's head of a country—to a man like me? I am a pansano of everywhere. In Roma, Londres, Vienna, Nuevo York, Madrid, you will hear them say: 'Welcome back, Don Sabas.' Come! tonto—baboon of a boy—admiral—whatever you call yourself—turn your boat! Put us on board the Salvador, and here is your pay—five hundred pesos in money of the Estados Unidos—more than your lying government will pay you in 50 years."

Don Sabas dressed a plump purse against the boy's hand. The admiral gave no heed to the words or the movement. Braced against the helm, he was holding the sloop dead on her shoreward course. His dull face was lit almost to intelligence by some internal conceit, that seemed to afford him joy, and found utterance in another parrotlike cackle.

"That is why they do it," he said, "so you will not see the guns. They

fire—boom!—and you fall dead. With your face to the wall. Yes."

The admiral called a sudden order to his crew. The lithe, silent Caribs made fast the sheets they held and slipped down the hatchway into the hold of the sloop. When the last one had disappeared, Don Sabas, like a big, brown leopard, leaped, closed and fastened the hatch, and stood, smiling.

"No rifles, if you please, dear admiral. It was a whimsey of mine once to compile a dictionary of the Carib lengua. So I understood your order. Perhaps you will now—"

"I cut short his words, for he is a sharp 'swish' of iron scraping along tin. The admiral had drawn his cutlass, and was darting upon him. The blade descended, and it was only by a show of surprising agility that the large man escaped, with only a bruised shoulder, the glancing weapon. He was drawing his pistol as he sprang, and the next instant he shot the admiral down.

Don Sabas stooped over him and rose again.

"En el corazon," he said, briefly. "Senores, the navy is abolished."

Colonel Rafael sprang to the helm; the other officer hastened to loose the mainsail sheets. The boom swung round; El Nacional described a fluent curve and began to tack industriously for the Salvador.

"Strike that flag, senior," called Colonel Rafael. "Our friends on the steamer will wonder why we are sailing under it."

"Well said," cried Don Sabas. Advancing to the mast, he lowered the flag to the deck where lay its too loyal supporter. Thus ended the minister of war's little piece of after-dinner drollery, and by the same hand that began it.

Suddenly Don Sabas gave a great cry of joy, and ran down the slanting deck to the side of Colonel Rafael. Across his arm he carried the flag of the extinguished navy.

"Mire! mire! senior. Ah, Dios! Already can I hear that great roar of an Oestricher about: 'Du hast mein herren gebrochen!' Mire! Of my friends, Herr Grunitz of Vienna, you have heard me relate. That man has traveled to Ceylon for an orchid—to Patagonia for a head-dress—to Benares for a slipper—to Mozambique for a spearhead to add to his famous collections. Thou knowest, also, amigo Rafael, that I have been a gatherer of curios. My collection of battle flags of the world's navies was the most complete in existence until last year. Then Herr Grunitz secured two, oh, so rare specimens. One of a Barbary state, and one of the Makarooros, a tribe on the west coast of Africa. I have not those, but they can be procured. But this flag, senior—do you know what it is? Name of God! do you know? See that red cross upon the blue and white ground. You never saw it before? Seguramento no. It is the marine flag of your country. Mire! This rotten tub we stand upon is its navy—that dead cockatoo lying there was its commander—that stroke of cutlass and single pistol shot a sea battle. All a piece of absurd foolery, I grant you—but authentic. There has never been another flag like this, and there never will be another. No, it is unique in the whole world. Yes. Think of what that means to a collector of flags! Do you know, colonel mio, how many golden crowns Herr Grunitz would give for this flag? Ten thousand, likely. Well, a hundred thousand could not buy it. Beautiful flag! Little devil of a most heaven-born flag! O-he! old grumbler beyond the ocean. Wait till Don Sabas comes again to the Koemigin strasse. He will let you kneel and touch the folds of it with one finger. O-he! old spectacled ransacker of the world!"

Forgotten was the impotent revolution, the danger, the loss, the gall of defeat. Possessed solely by the inordinate and unparalleled passion of the collector, he strode up and down the little deck, clasping to his breast with one hand the paragon of a flag. He snapped his fingers triumphantly toward the east. He shouted the paeon to his prize in trumpet tones, as if he would make old Grunitz hear.

They were waiting on the Salvador, to welcome them. The sloop came close alongside the steamer where her sides were sliced almost to the lower deck for the loading of fruit. The sailors of the Salvador grappled and held her there.

Captain McLeod leaned over the side.

"Well, senior, the jig is up, I'm told."

"The jig is up?" Don Sabas looked perplexed for a moment. "That revolution—ah—si!" With a shrug of his shoulder he dismissed the matter.

The captain leaned to the escape and the imprisoned crew.

"Caribe!" he said; "no harm in them." He slipped down into the sloop and kicked loose the hump of the hatch. The black fellows came tumbling up, sweating but grinning.

"Hey! black boys!" said the captain in a dialect of his own; "you sabe, catchy boat and vamos back same place quick."

They saw him point to themselves, the sloop and Solitas. "Yas, yas!" they cried, with broader grins and many nods.

The four—Don Sabas, the two officers, and the captain—moved to quit the sloop. Don Sabas lagged a little behind, looking at the still form of the late admiral, sprawled in his paltry trappings.

"Pobrecito loco," he said, softly. It was a brilliant cosmopolitan and a connoisseur of high rank; but, after all, he was of the same race and blood and instinct of the people. Even as the simple gente of Solitas had said it, so said Don Sabas. Without a smile, he looked and said: "The poor little crased one!"

Stooping, he raised the limp shoulders, drew the priceless and indispensible flag under them and over the breast, planting it there with the diamond star of the order of San Carlos that he took from the collar of his own coat.

He followed after the others, and stood with them upon the deck of the Salvador. The sailors that steadied El Nacional shoved her off. The jabbering Caribs hauled away at the rigging; the sloop headed for the shore; and Herr Grunitz' collection of naval flags was still the finest in the world.

DYSPEPTIC PHILOSOPHY.

What the theater really needs is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Audiences.

Why are we supposed to have more respect for gray hairs than for a bald head?

A man can face the world with a good heart if he can also face it with a good liver.

From a masculine point of view would it be heresy to question the sex of the devil?

Some fat men are meaner than other men simply because there is more of them.

Many a man who thinks he is in love lives to discover that second thoughts are best.

Some men are born great, some acquire greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them, but it doesn't seem to take any of them long to get rid of it.

The Modest Model. The late Julia Ward Howe, though a woman of very good appearance, was extremely modest.

"She once posed for me," said a Boston painter the other day. "But she hesitated a long time before consenting. To urge her on I said: 'Don't be afraid. I'll do you justice, madam.'"

"Ah, she answered, 'It isn't justice I ask for at your hands; it's mercy.'"

Net Just Off the Shelf. Little Margot has the childlike trait of curiosity, especially in regard to the age of her elders.

"How old do you think I am, dear?" counter-queried the spinster aunt to whom the child had put the impertinent query. The little girl considered earnestly before replying: "Well, I don't know, Aunt Alice, but you don't look new!"

INSIDE HISTORY.

Some Self-Explanatory Letters. Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 7, '11. Dr. E. H. Pratt, Suite 1262, 100 State St., Chicago, Illinois.

My Dear Doctor: "Owing to some disagreement with—magnate several years ago they have become quite vituperative, and of late have publicly charged me with falsehoods in my statements that we have genuine testimonial letters."

"It has been our rule to refrain from publishing the names either of laymen or physicians who have written to us in a complimentary way, and we have declined to accede to the demand of attorneys that we turn these letters over to them."

"I am asking a few men whom I deem to be friends to permit me to reproduce some of their letters over their signatures in order to refute the falsehoods."

"We have hundreds of letters from physicians, but I esteem the one that you wrote to me in 1906 among the very best, particularly in view of the fact that it recognizes the work I have been trying to do partly through the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'"

"I do not sell or attempt to sell the higher thought which is more important than the kind of food, but I have taken considerable pains to extend to humanity such facts as may have come to me on this subject."

"In order that your mind may be refreshed I am herewith enclosing a copy of your good letter, also a copy of the little book, and if you will give me the privilege of printing this over your signature I will accompany the printing with an explanation as to why you permitted its use in publication in order to refute falsehoods, and under that method of treatment I feel, so far as I know, there would be no breach of the code of ethics."

"I trust this winter weather is finding you well, contented and enjoying the fruits that are yours by right. 'With all best wishes, I am,' Yours very truly, C. W. POST.

Dr. Pratt, who is one of the most prominent and skillful surgeons in America, very kindly granted our request in the cause of truth and justice.

Chicago, Aug. 31, 1906. Mr. C. W. Post, Battle Creek, Mich.

My Dear Sir: "I write to express my personal appreciation of one of your business methods, that of accompanying each package of your Grape-Nuts production with that little booklet 'The Road to Wellville.' A more appropriate, clear headed and effective presentation of health-giving auto-suggestions could scarcely be penned."

"Grape-Nuts is a good food in itself, but the food contained in this little article is still better stuff. I commend the practice because I know that the greed and strenuousness, the consequent graft and other types of the wery and malicious 'mischief' generally can never be cured by legislative action."

"The only hope for the betterment of the race rests in individual soul culture."

"In taking a step in this direction, your process has been so original and unique that it must set a pace for other concerns until finally