



There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed
For those who missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers,
Who share love's tender pain,
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way
I sing with a heart overflowing,
This minor strain today.

And I know the solar system
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago
American.



In the Latin Quarter.

BY KILBOURNE COWLES.

(Copyright, 1921, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
She climbed the five flights of stairs wearily and panted as she drew the key to her little room from her pocket. It was rather difficult to hold two keys and a letter in one hand while she unlocked the cumbersome door with the other. She was always tired after her day's work in the "atelier," and tonight she seemed to be more so than usual, but her supper and the letter would revive her. The precious letter! It was late—perhaps the stormy weather had belated the mail steamer.

The concierge had smiled quite humanly when she gave it to her. The concierge had a heart after all hidden underneath her stern manner and somewhat soiled checkers. Anne had wondered before if she had any softness about her; she was always so grim and forbidding even in her habitual politeness. Now she knew she had, for she had smiled with actual gentleness when she gave Anne the letter, and poor, lonely little Anne could have kissed her hands in gratitude.

The little room was icy cold and Anne put the letter on the mantel, where she could look at it while she built her fire and prepared her tea—plain tea. At first she had had sugar and milk in her tea; then she found that a thin slice of lemon was much nicer and cheaper. After while she discovered that sugar was a useless luxury, and she had finally come to the conclusion that tea was more strengthening without the lemon.

The letter was in a blue envelope, a dear blue envelope, and the writing was firm and showed strength of character. Anne smiled at the French address. She knew that "Mademoiselle" was used for her amusement, so, of course, she was amused. The letter really seemed to smile back at her from the mantel, and she crossed the room to lightly kiss the envelope his lips had sealed. Her pale cheeks flared with color for an instant, and she turned shyly back to the little fire where a copper tea kettle had begun

to boil with a semblance of cheerfulness.

She ate her butterless rolls slowly and sipped her tea deliberately. This was Anne's way, to be childishly impatient for her letter, and then when it came to save it and hoard it, putting off the great pleasure of reading it in order to prolong the delight. The arrival of those missives from over the sea had marked the red letter days in all the months she had lived in her little room in Rue Servandoni.

In the summer time she had usually taken the letter into the Jardin du Luxembourg and read it over and over again there in the soft twilight. No one in the garden ever spoke to Anne or disturbed her. Perhaps because her clothes were too shabby and unattractive, or, more probably, because there was a nun-like steadiness in the gaze of her deep gray eyes that disarmed the heedless students who are wont to tease unattended girls. For even the American girl, the most free of all creatures, comes in for her share

of good-natured comment in the Quarter Latin.
At last Anne was ready to read her letter. She sank down before the tiny blaze of her open fire and unsealed it with deliberation, commencing slowly and gradually reading faster and faster until she finished it in almost feverish haste, whereupon she began at the beginning again and read it over carefully, dwelling in particular on one paragraph:

"When I think of the apparent hopelessness of our engagement, I feel that I can't in honor bind you to it. My struggles here in my profession have as yet barely gained me a meager livelihood, and the time when I can offer you even the simplest of homes seems desperately distant. With the ocean stretching between us it is difficult to discuss this vital matter, but, Anne, darling, I want you to know that as dearly as I love you I will not be selfish enough to keep you to a promise that was generously made when hope



"Edwin Bowen?" repeated Anne, shone more brightly upon us. If she thought of me interfering with your art or arrests your study in any way put from your mind. I can't bear to feel that I should be a hindrance on a drag to you— Here Anne stopped reading because she could no longer discern the written words through the mist of tears that had gathered over her eyes. She felt blindly about for a handkerchief to bravely dab them away, that she might go on with the letter, which continued in the tenderest phrases to assure her of his constant, unflinching love. She knew that he was sincere; that her welfare was all that actuated the letter.

"How like him," she murmured. "No other man but Edwin could write a love letter like that, and I hope he never will again; I could not stand it."

When at last she fell asleep, the letter was clasped in her hands, which lay folded on the steamer rug, an addition to the scanty bedding on her cot, and her breath came in quick gasps, like the sobs of a little child. The "atelier" was crowded when she went to her work in the wet clay the next morning, and she hoped to gain her own corner without attracting attention. But her pale cheeks did not escape the notice of the tall American who was perpetrating a sadly mishapen figure near her own well blocked out work.

"Are you not well, Miss Weber?" he asked, with a note in his voice of deeper feeling than the occasion seemed to demand.
"Quite well, thank you," Anne replied wearily, and the young man looked at her reproachfully. He wanted to tell her that she was doing all wrong, abusing her health, wasting her strength, and, worst of all, breaking his heart, but experience had taught him that it was not a safe ground of conversation.

It was the day on which the master, the great Parisian sculptor, was expected to criticize, and Anne applied herself assiduously to her clay, which, under her deft fingers, rapidly grew more and more like the model.
"I am through with this," said the young man at length. "I have tested my artistic ability and found that I can't even mold a snow man." He scornfully chopped off the nose of his clay figure, which only added another deformity to the already maimed-looking creature.

"My old man always said that art was not in our blood, but I wanted to see for myself, and it didn't take me long. Don't think I have not realized how impossible my work is, but I have stayed in the atelier—don't know why—and I'll stay yet if you will give me any hope," he added eagerly.
"No, don't stay," Anne replied, softly. He was such a dear boy she could not be anything but gentle to him.

"Well, then," he said, disconsolately, "I'll throw art over and go into the big business with Dad, as he has always wanted me to do."
"That will be better, I am sure," said Anne, smiling at the mutilated torso, for the young man had been carelessly hacking it while he talked.
"The old man is certainly dead anxious for the prodigal's return, for I have a fifty-dollar cablegram from him this morning asking me to pull up stakes and go at once. The dear old chap wants a junior partner, now business looks so bright. He has just won a tremendous lawsuit against a trust; some darning young lawyer carried the thing through, and Dad is crazy over him. He wrote me some time ago that if the suit was won he intended to retain the chap for permanent counsel for the company. It will be the making of Edwin Bowen, whoever he is!"

"Edwin Bowen?" repeated Anne, questioningly.
"Yes, Edwin Bowen. My old man even put his name in the cable, saying the suit was won."
"Edwin Bowen!" Anne said again.
"Why, do you know him?"
"Yes, very well, indeed," she answered, and then she fell in a little heap on the damp atelier floor, and the students who rushed to aid the young man in bringing her out of the faint, spoke together of the serious consequences of overwork, and they all determined to be more moderate than ever.

As soon as she felt strong enough to walk she started back to her room in Rue Servandoni, and the concierge met her at the door of the tall, toppling house with a look of alarm, for she knew that cablegrams were seri-

ous things, and she had one for the pale little American mademoiselle. Anne's fingers trembled as she tore it open, and her heart bounded as she read:
"Darkest before dawn—success—I am coming, my love!"
"Nine words beside the address, and no code used," said Anne, vaguely. "It must have cost twice as much as a whole week's living," and she laughed a little hysterically, as she quietly mounted the long, narrow stairs, for her light heart had given wings to her feet.

WIFE OF JAMES J. HILL.

Waitress in Hotel When Future Millionaire First Met Her.
It is stated that James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, is one of the happiest millionaires in the world in his family circle. This is owing, of course, to his devoted, beautiful and talented wife, and there is a tinge of romance in their marriage. When Hill began his business career in St. Paul in a coal and wood carrying enterprise, he lived at a house called the Merchants' Hotel. One of the waitresses was Mary Mehigan. She was Irish, Catholic and beautiful. Hill is Irish and a Presbyterian. Some say that the pretty waitress was scrubbing the frosty steps of the hotel when Hill first saw her. However this may be, he was attracted to the girl. One day he left the dining room and became a student in a convent school. She had a brilliant, acquisitive mind. When she left the school she was an accomplished woman, able to hold her own in society with the best. Then she and Hill were married. The young people began housekeeping modestly at first. As Hill's ideas materialized, the style of living broadened to suit. Today Mary Mehigan is mistress of what George W. Childs called the first private residence in America. It is on St. Anthony's Hill, St. Paul, and overlooks the river. It is so large that for the servants' use alone there are seventy bath-rooms. Connected with it is the most superb private art gallery in the United States, which is freely accessible to visitors. Mrs. Hill reared her family of nine children in her own faith, her husband, Presbyterian still, not objecting. Neither politics nor religion mars the harmony of that home where love rules.

A Million Dollars a Week.

One-half of the world's production of coffee berries is brought to the United States. Last year it was more than 800,000,000 pounds for the whole country, or more than 10% pounds a head of the population. Germany and France together only consumed half as much coffee. Germany less than 3% pounds a head, and France only 4% pounds per capita. Great Britain used little more than half a pound of the berries per head of the population, but over there they made up for it by drinking more tea than any other nation. More than \$1,000,000 is sent out of the United States every week in payment for coffee. South and Central American countries, which supply more than 600,000,000 pounds of coffee a year, set most of the money. Porto Rico, Java, and the Philippines get almost all the rest, but a little goes to Hawaii, where they produce a very superior brand of coffee berry. Last year the total value of the coffee imported into the United States was about \$60,000,000, and that was less than for several years, because the import price of coffee has fallen about one-half.

Explored Lands Near Philadelphia.

There are parts of New Jersey within a very short distance of Philadelphia, too, which, strange as it may seem, are but little more known today than they were 200 years ago. In fact there are portions of the "Pine Barrens" which have never known the tread of a white man. It is this wilderness that a party of naturalists—Mr. Stone as chief and Messrs. Rehn and Coggins as assistants, are starting out to explore. Starting from Medford they make a circuitous route, camping as best they can for seven nights, and returning to Medford with their collections. In a certain sense of the word, this expedition is only preliminary to others of a more extended nature which may follow. Work in this region must be done by small parties returning frequently to some base of supplies, as food is nearly unobtainable and transportation of heavy loads of specimens impossible. The expedition will make observation upon the soil and water supply and collect all manner of plants and animals, which will be turned over to eminent specialists for identification.

Old Eggs from Chinese Statesman.

Moy Kee, a Chinese restaurateur of Indianapolis, Ind., received a royal gift a few days ago in the form of 100 eggs that had reached the remarkable age of 100 years. They were still good, in fact, according to the Chinese view, better than they were the day they were laid. They had been cured by some process known only to the cooks of China, who enter to the manufacture and the highest classes exclusively. They had not been cooked, nor had the shell been broken. The eggs came from no less a personage than Li Hung Chang, and the enclosed card, a bit of queer paper, half a foot long, expressed to Moy Kee the compliments of the Chinese statesman and wished the son of the Flowery empire a long and happy journey through life.

Odd Names in Georgia.

A correspondent has discovered a number of oddly named persons in Georgia counties. Among these names are: Sorrowful Williams, Increase Thomas, Merciful Jenkins, Angel Jones, Salvation White, Happiness Johnson, Purity Scott and Paradise Lee.

Thousands for Catholic Institutions.

An adjudication in the estate of Michael Carr, who died some time ago in Philadelphia, awards \$12,000 to various Catholic charitable institutions in that city.

Conducting Oriental Studies.

Professor Hinckley G. Mitchell of the Boston University School of Theology, has gone to Palestine, where he will spend a year as director of the American School for Oriental Study and Research.

ROBBERY OF ESTATES

Wisconsin Supreme Court Issues a Warning.

The supreme court of Wisconsin has found it necessary to sound a note of warning to attorneys, and even to courts, so that estates, which come into the custody and control of the courts may not be robbed and depleted. The court sounds its warning in a decision rendered in the suit of Speller against the Merchants' Exchange bank, recently reported, and it is creating a sensation in legal circles. Dodge, the court says: "The present case is so impressive an illustration that we cannot ignore the duty to make it the text for some general remarks upon a tendency of the bar, and even with courts, which promises to develop into a most serious abuse, if it has not already done so. That tendency is to look upon funds in remio legis as not sheltered by the same rights of ownership, and not entitled to the same protection from extortionate and unreasonable charges, as if they had remained under the custody and control of their owners."

"Some of the demands made against such funds could be justified only upon the view that they are already divested from private ownership; that any part of such funds which ultimately reaches those to whom they really belong does so only by grace, or by way of free gift, so that any deduction therefrom, however illogical in character or excessive in amount, cannot be subject for complaint by any one."
After pointing out that receivers and trustees should be restrained to reasonable charges, the court continues: "Only in the wise discretion and firmness of the courts can there be found prevention or remedy for the abuse and disgrace of judicial conservatism of estates from their enemies, only to permit their destruction by the very salvors. If such abuses continue, the beneficent power of a court of equity to take to its sheltering arms a litigated estate while rights to it are being established will become a mockery worse than the avoided perils as it is more effective. The record before us presents one of the most extreme cases of affirmative misconduct on the part of a receiver within the history of the courts in this country. Our attention upon the part of witnesses to assert the failure to remember when ques-

tions are asked that are likely to lead to disclosure. Of this class of testimony the court says it is "that form of falsification, I can't remember," which has been classic since the trial of Queen Caroline."
In the case under consideration the court refuses to allow the receiver any compensation and severely criticizes his conduct in dealing with the funds entrusted to his care, saying that his actions "convict him of such breaches of the most important and highest duties of a receiver that both the referee and the court should, without hesitation, have imposed, as the least penalty, entire exclusion from any allowance by way of compensation."
—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Lincoln's Population Prospects.

"During the civil war President Lincoln discussed the impracticability of maintaining a disarmed country," says Prof. Lewis M. Haupt, in Lippincott's, "and submitted some proposed amendments to the constitution looking to the elimination of slavery without which, he said, 'the rebellion could never have existed.' His plan was to purchase emancipation in a period of thirty-seven years, and he entered into an elaborate argument to show that this would be more prudent and more economical than to continue the war. This led him to forecast the probable increase in population, which he believed would continue at its normal rate of growth. He said: 'At the same ratio of increase which we have maintained on an average from our first national census in 1790 until that of 1860, we should in 1990 have a population of 103,208,415, and why may we not continue that ratio far beyond that period? * * * We have 2,830,000 square miles. Europe has 3,830,000 with a population averaging 73.1 persons to the square mile. Why may not our country at some time average as many? * * * Several of our states are already above that average * * * and yet they have increased as rapidly a ratio since passing that point as before."
The "princess" guide promises to be "the" belt used this season.

Pledges Russia's Friendship

Says the Muscovite Empire Will Always Be on Our Side

In discussing the tariff dispute between this country and Russia Vladimir A. Teplow, Russian consul general, says: The whole trouble is due to a misunderstanding on the part of the United States. Russia has not a bounty on sugar, as is reported. The United States minister has not adequately examined into the matter of Russian tariffs. He should do so and report to the people here. If he did so there would not be any misunderstanding. Russia and the United States have too many interests that are mutual for either one to be able to afford to oppose the other. And I wish to say that there is no desire on the part of Russia to oppose this country. Our interests commercially are identical, and we wish America all the progress and prosperity that can come to her. It is absurd to say that we favor Germany. The United States is our nearest neighbor. You can land goods in Russia from San Francisco with much greater facility than Germany can from any part of her territory. Certainly, Russia is looking for the cheapest market in which to lay her goods, and that market is the United States. Siberia is a large country, and when it is opened, which will be in about two years, America will have it for a market almost exclusively. Siberia will want everything that she can use from America. Why, then, should Russia antagonize the country from which Siberia must draw the most of her supplies? We shall want machinery, lamps, bicycles—in fact, almost everything that America produces. As to sugar, all we import of this article is from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 worth annually. In machinery, only one article, Chicago alone sends \$30,000,000 annually to Russian markets. Think what the figures are for the whole country! Would it not be absurd for America to sacrifice the tremendous industrial interests she has in Russia on account of a comparatively insignificant tariff on our sugar?
Always Russia has been a warm friend to this country. This is no time for her to change her sentiments. There is rumor of a concert of the European nations against the United States to check the commercial progress that this country is making. In my opinion, such a coalition can never be made. But if such a thing could possibly happen, you may be sure that Russia would not make one of the opposition. Russia and America are two young giants of about the same age. You do not see affluence with old age. Where two young men with the same interests can come together they invariably do so. It is the same with countries, and this country will therefore always find Russia on its side.

JAPANESE SHIPYARDS.

The determination of Japan to become in every sense a modern nation is in no line of development more noticeable than in the matter of shipyards. The Tokio shipyard, covering fully 60 acres, is reported as employing 3,000 men, who have all the latest machinery, including pneumatic riveters. Six steamers of 180,000 tons are on the stocks. The fact that the works are equipped with electricity is a further indication of the progressive spirit now ruling.

A shipbuilding yard at Nagasaki is also going ahead, but special interest attaches to the new government steel works. Some 5,000,000 yens have already been spent, but 15,000,000 yens have been voted. The works are on the eastern shores of Kiushiu, the most southern of the large islands forming the empire, and are, therefore, contiguous to China. The establishment, which covers 230 acres, is close by the coal fields, connected with the railway, and a seaport, having over 20 feet of water will be convenient for the shipping of the finished products to the northern islands, and also to China, which ultimately must become a large customer. The works are thoroughly equipped. In addition to blast furnaces there are coke ovens, and in the steel department open hearth Bessemer furnaces with a full set of rolling mills for roughing, three bar mills, as well as rail and plate mills. There are steel and iron foundries, boiler shops, laboratories, testing and other departments. The works will soon be put in operation construction being far advanced.

Chinese Mourning.

If a son, on receiving information of the death of his father, or mother, or wife, suppress such intelligence, and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased, such neglect shall be punished with 60 blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but, previous to the expiration of the term, discards the mourning habit, and, for-

getful of the loss sustained, plays upon musical instruments and participates in festivities, the punishment shall amount for such offense to 80 blows. Whoever, on receiving information of the death of any other relative in the first degree than the above mentioned, suppresses the notice of it, and omits to mourn, shall be punished with 80 blows; if, previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative, any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements, he shall be punished with 60 blows. When any officer or other person in the employ of the government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if, in order to avoid such retirement, he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt, or cousin, he shall suffer punishment of 100 blows, be deposed from office, and be rendered incapable of again entering into the public service.

Raising the Rent.

There is a little two-story house in West Philadelphia occupied by two families, one on each floor. Of late there has been a marked coldness between them. The family on the lower floor sought out the landlord and offered to take the two flats at a considerable increase in rent if the family above were put out. The landlord complied with alacrity and gave notice for the upper family to get out. They resort with a consistent proposition to pay more rent than the family downstairs and take both flats. So the lower flat family were ordered to vacate. Then the first family "called the raise," and again the landlord has changed her mind. The neighbors are curious as to the outcome.—Philadelphia Times.

Elizabeth seems to be a favorite name with the writer of books.

A JUDGE'S WIFE CURED OF PELVIC CATARRH.

She Suffered for Years and Felt Her Case Was Hopeless—Cured by Pe-ru-na.

Mrs. Judge McAllister writes from 1217 West 33rd St., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:
"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any. Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Peruna and gave it such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged.
"I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured. Words fail to express my gratitude. Perfect health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Peruna enjoy that now."—Minnie E. McAllister.



The great popularity of Peruna as a catarrh remedy has tempted many people to imitate Peruna. A great many so-called catarrh remedies and catarrh tonics are to be found in many drug stores. These remedies can be procured by the druggist much cheaper than Peruna. Peruna can only be obtained at a uniform price, and no druggist can get it a cent cheaper. Thus it is that druggists are tempted to substitute the cheap imitations of Peruna for Peruna. It is done every day without a doubt.
We would therefore caution all people against accepting these substitutes. Insist upon having Peruna. There is no other internal remedy for catarrh that will take the place of Peruna. Allow no one to persuade you to the contrary. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and we will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.
Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Fisk's Proficiency.

In college the late John Fiske took up such unusual courses of study as Gothic, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, Dutch and Roumanian; then he delved in law and was graduated from the law school at the age of 22. Such a list of achievements makes him an admirable Crichton of extraordinary proficiency.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE.

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He who blows upon dust fills his eyes with it.

PERMANENTLY CURED. So the only permanent cure for the day's work is the only permanent cure for the day's work. PERMANENTLY CURED. So the only permanent cure for the day's work is the only permanent cure for the day's work.

NEW EQUIPMENT FOR THE WABASH.

Effective July 10th, The Wabash is placing the first of the large order of equipment, consisting of two baggage, 8 combination passenger and baggage, 20 coaches, 10 chair cars, 2 cafe cars and 2 dining cars into service. The trains running from Chicago leaving at 11:00 a. m., 3:03 p. m., 9:15 p. m. and 11:00 p. m., respectively, will carry this new equipment. Much comment has been made upon the elegant broad vestibule chair cars in this service. In addition to this extra equipment, the Pan-American Special, running between St. Louis and Buffalo leaves St. Louis at 1:00 p. m., arriving at Buffalo 8:20 a. m. Returning leaves Buffalo 1:30 p. m., arrives St. Louis 7:56 a. m. This train has been equipped with the large broad vestibule chair cars and cafe, library and observation cars, something entirely new an innovation in the passenger service.

He who would be long an old man must begin betimes.

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for the TEETH and BREATH

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New Patent Box SOZODONT POWDER . . . 25c
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