

Population and Industrial Activity. Malthus, in his famous treatise upon principles of population, declared that the natural tendency toward increase is checked by inadequacy of means of subsistence; but in our time this statement should be modified; new industries, the development of mines and extension of commerce, directly or indirectly, furnish means of support for increasing numbers and seem to create a demand for human beings—causing what may be termed a population vacuum.

The Power of Mind Over Body. We hear a great deal about the power of the mind over the body. Why, the whole secret of life is wrapped up in it. We do not know the A, B, C of this great, mysterious power, though the civilized world is rapidly awakening to its transforming force.

Those who are sure that the soil of New England is hopelessly barren may be surprised to learn some facts that are brought out in two recent bulletins of the department of agriculture. There were only eight states of the union in 1906 that had a larger acreage planted to potatoes than Maine.

According to a Newport authority, fashionable women have taken to wearing heavy double veils which cross the face just above the bridge of the nose, leaving the eyes and forehead bare.

Because Emperor William changed the fashion of wearing his mustache he was refused admission to one of the forts by a watchful sentinel.

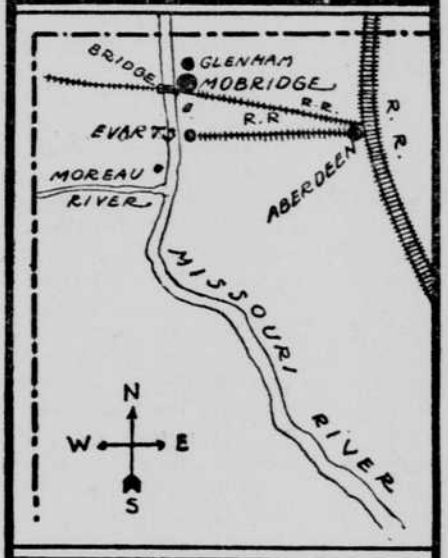
A keen struggle for the possession of an extremely rare coin between the pope and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, both numismatists, has just ended in favor of the former.

Greater New York has started out to stop the noises of civilization, and at the very outset of the crusade puzzled Brooklyn policemen are wanting to know if a mother's putting her baby to sleep with a lullaby comes under the prescribed sounds.

Turkish women are unweaving. Foolish girls! They are discarding the mystery wherein, in all probability, their chiefest attraction lay.

ONCE GREATEST CATTLE CENTER; NOW BARREN PLAIN

By WILLARD W. GARRISON.



AMERICAN towns and cities, especially in the west, spring up in a night and generally they flourish and develop with each year. Everts, situated on the Missouri river in the north-central part of South Dakota, was no exception to the rule in its early life.

However, such is not the case. Everts is now only a western plain and this by its own volition. Only a few weeks ago Everts was the biggest cattle-shipping center of the United States.

Then the exodus began. Husky cattlemen hitched horses and oxen to their houses and barns, some tore the edifices down, and they were hauled across the prairie, much like the schooners of '49 fame.

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bridge, received most of the Everts people. When everybody had left, the railroad tore down its depot, great gangs of men jerked the tracks from their cedar ties and the short line from Aberdeen was a thing of the past.

Across the barren plains between Aberdeen and Everts millions upon millions of cattle of every description had been carted in great long freight cars to be eventually disposed of in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, New York, Buffalo and in fact all of the big eastern marts of trade.

The casual observer, perhaps in a launch may go up to the landing at the center of the town and there tie his effort for a tour of inspection, but his efforts to unearth the mysterious about what was once Everts will be fruitless, for everything of any value whatsoever has been carried away and scarcely a stick of wood was left by the economical natives, who now call themselves citizens of other South Dakota villages.

Scores of towns have suffered the same experience which befell Everts, but the latter's passage to oblivion was perhaps more sudden, more spectacular and more regretted than any which have got into the public prints in a decade or more.

If you had "happened" into Everts two years ago and then dropped a few days ago you would pinch yourself twice to see if you were awake. This by reason of the contrast. Two years ago you would have seen roughly clad cattlemen hurrying hither and thither, engines puffing along the sidetracks, trainloads of some of the best cattle

which the west produces moving east in the direction of Aberdeen, you would have seen a blue-coated minion of the law stalking along the passenger depot spurring tobacco juice at the station agent's dog, but to-day even the dog is missing from the scenery thereabouts.

Moving day started several months ago and the freight train conductor, leaving with the last load of live cattle which was to pass out of this typical American city, was almost moved to tears as he stood on the rear platform of his caboose when the train reached a rise in the plain and looked back upon the town which had been his "hang-out" since he entered the employment of the road.

The writer, making a quick trip from Everts to Aberdeen, was lounging in the caboose. The sight became unbearable to the railroad man and he reentered the trainman's apartments. "I've seen that there burg grow up from the time when ole Jess Atkins lived in a shanty down by the river just south o' town and owned six head o' cattle. There warn't no spur from Aberdeen then," he soliloquized, "but Jess used to drive his cows across the prairie to where the river jines the Moreau and there they'd ferry the hull outfit across for a couple o' dollars. Then he'd have a nice long ride to Aberdeen."

"Once when Jess' wife and darters came down to live with him, the ole man was ketches by some rustlers from up north and they stole his pony, cows and money. Jess had to hoof it back to his shack. Well, sence that time y'd be s'prised how the place has growed. I was on a river sidewheeler then. I was the pilot. Well, pretty soon Everts was boomed and all us young cubs got the fever to stake off a bit o' land and set up in some kind o' bizness, we didn't care much what and we didn't know what it'd turn out to be when we staked."

"Well, finally I accepted a locoerative job as brakie on this line and five years ago I got permotved to conductor. I ain't goin' to suffer, whomsoever, as they've give me a job doin' the same thing from Oakes to Aberdeen when I get through with this trip."

And the conductor is not a romancer, but his feelings were echoed through the western air and in every home in Everts when it became known that the railway was to build a bridge which would take the business away from this town and allow the building of a new city where the river was spanned.

Appropriately the new town became known as Moberidge and it is to-day what Everts was several years ago, a flourishing, hustling little burg with everything ahead of its inhabitants, and whatever their past may have been, is forgotten.

While Glenham received many of the Everts people with open arms, the greater majority went to Moberidge, for they declared they saw greater possibilities there because business could be more easily transferred from Everts to Moberidge.

So if you should happen to be in the vicinity of Moberidge, ask the postmaster, the man at the wharf, the station agent at the depot or almost anybody the road to where Everts once was and take a jaunt down that way. It's only a few miles south and when you imagine what the little city once was and what it is to-day, perhaps you will be repaid for the stroll. Moberidge is to-day a typical little western town where some one or other is continually erecting a shack which he and his family call home.

Western hospitality, a tradition, which is told in fiction works and which actually exists, is one of the first themes of Moberidge and the stranger, poor or wealthy, is just as sure of welcome under Moberidge roofs as he would be under his own. Of course there are cattle rustlers in that part of South Dakota, but thanks to real western cow tactics, they are few. Vigilance committees have made stealing cattle such a hazardous method of eeking out a living that few care to risk their health in that manner.

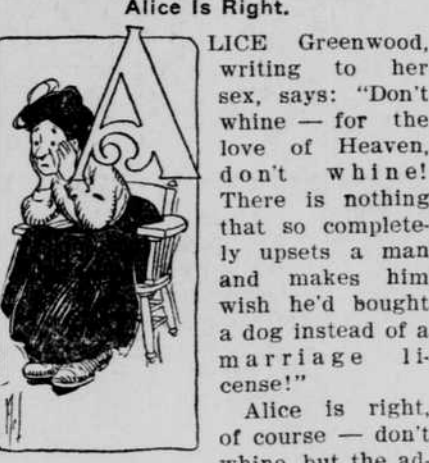
Money in Apple Orchards. Tasmania has long been known as the apple land of the south, but few at home have any real idea of the money that can be made, and is being made, out of apple growing in that island. Last year, for instance, there were many small orchards in the south which returned as much as 1,200 bushels to the acre, and one owner of four acres, who picked over 4,000 bushels of marketable fruit, which he sold at four shillings a bushel, reaped a gross return of £400. As his expenses at the outside would not be more than £100, his profit an acre worked out at something like £175. Of course, this was an extreme case, but orchards of 20 acres and upward averaged full 500 bushels an acre, and yielded a clear net profit of quite £1,500 in each case. The area actually planted at the present time in domestic and commercial orchards is about 20,000 acres, and upward of half a million cases of apples were exported to this country last year.—Britannia.

Hong-Kong's Fine Harbor. The Hong-Kong harbor has a water area of ten miles, and is regarded as one of the finest in the world.

Effect of Sun Baths. The taking of sun baths is one of the most healthful things in the world, said Evan T. Roberts, of Cincinnati. "Several years ago I visited Germany, and while there was taken down with nervous prostration. I called in the best specialists of Berlin. They told me I needed more exercise, more fresh air and more sunlight. The first thing they made me do was to take sun baths. I stripped and would go out in the yard every morning and lay for 40 minutes in the broiling sun. It was not so hot, but felt so to me, as I was unprotected. Well, sir, in a few days I began to feel better. In three weeks I was pronounced a well man. The sun baths certainly did the trick for me."

No Thirst in Munich. Munich, with a population of over 540,000, has, on an average, one establishment for the sale of liquid refreshments to each 319 persons, exclusive of the floating population, which is a large one.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY



Alice is right. LICE Greenwood, writing to her sex, says: "Don't whine— for the love of Heaven, don't whine! There is nothing that so completely upsets a man and makes him wish he'd bought a dog instead of a marriage license!" Alice is right, of course— don't whine, but the advice is just as good for the man as the woman. Don't whine! No matter who has taken a kick at you down town, no matter who has stuck a knife in your ribs or put burrs under your saddle or thrown salt in your eyes, don't whine!

At Home. My wife has gone to town to shop. And won't be home till almost night. Out on the screened-in porch I sit. And think up crazy things to write! A cow-bird in a pig-nut tree! Is singing saucily at me!

She is some restless staying home. And so she goes to town to shop. And gets all tired out and hot. There goes a hopper in her crop! I mean the red-head's crop, you know— My wife is not built like a crow!

Just see that bull-dog chase the cat! Here! Quit that, sir, you pesky lout! But, here, this isn't sawing wood— And now that blooming pipe is out! 'Tis thus I stay at home to write. Ain't this here pome a perfect fright!

The fellow who feels like a fish out of water knows how it seems "to get the hook." We would never learn the truth about certain folks if they didn't quarrel occasionally. It is hard for some men to remember they are gentlemen, when they never have been.

A small boy always revises his definition of a strait when, in after life, he gets in a poker game. A girl squeals when you kiss her, for the same reason that a saucy little pig does when it drinks sweet milk. Look out for the darkey who prays for chicken. His prayers may be answered if your coop door remains unlocked.

This must be a good old world, after all. A few days ago I left my umbrella on the suburban train and yesterday the conductor returned it to me. My wife had told me I never would see that umbrella again, but just to show my sunny disposition, I assured her of my confidence that it would be restored to me. It pays to have faith, I can see that.

A Tip for Advertisers. Did anyone ever see a card of thanks or an obituary printed and posted up in some man's pasture beside the road for the passersby to read? We never did. They are always found in the columns of some newspaper where they will be read by the people instead of cattle and jackasses. If cards of thanks, etc., are best read in the columns of newspapers, why should not your advertisements also be?—Teague (Tex.) Chronicle.

Old Love Letters. Oh, where are the letters of yesterday— The letters of love, I mean. Oh, some have been printed in books, I know: The rag man has some, I wenee! And others are carefully put away for Where hubby won't find the things some day!

Kick High Up. "If you's got to kick," said Uncle Eben, "go to headquarters. I hates to see so many people tellin' den troubles to de office boy, and den bowin' 'n' scrapin' when de man dat sho' buff makes de mischief comes in."—Washington Star.

To Clean Plaster of Paris. To clean plaster of paris ornaments cover the entire surface with a thick layer of starch. Let it dry thoroughly, and when it is brushed off the dirt will come with it.

WHAT THE TRADE MARK MEANS TO THE BUYER

Few people realize the importance of the words "Trade Mark" stamped on the goods they buy. If they did it would save them many a dollar spent for worthless goods and put a lot of unscrupulous manufacturers out of the business.

When a manufacturer adopts a trade mark he assumes the entire responsibility for the merit of his product. He takes his business reputation in his hands—out in the limelight—"on the square" with the buyer of his goods, with the dealer, and with himself.

The other manufacturer—the one who holds out "inducements," offering to brand all goods purchased with each local dealer's brand—sidesteps responsibility, and when these inferior goods "come back" it's the local dealer that must pay the penalty.

A good example of the kind of protection afforded the public by a trade mark is that offered in connection with National Lead Company's advertising of pure White Lead as the best paint material.

That the Dutch Boy Painter trade mark is an absolute guaranty of purity in White Lead is proved to the most skeptical by the offer National Lead Company make to send free to any address a blow-pipe and instructions how to test the white lead for themselves. The testing outfit is being sent out from the New York office of the company, Woodbridge Building.



Absent-Minded. Old Gent—Here, you boy, what are you doing out here, fishing? Don't you know you ought to be at school? Small Boy—There now! I knew I'd forgotten something.

HER GOOD FORTUNE. After Years Spent in Vain Effort. Mrs. Mary E. H. Rouse, of Cambridge, N. Y., says: "Five years ago I had a bad fall and it affected my kidneys. Severe pains in my back and hips became constant, and sharp twinges followed any exertion. The kidney secretions were badly disordered. I lost flesh and grew too weak to work. Though constantly using medicine I despaired of being cured until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then relief came quickly, and in a short time I was completely cured. I am now in excellent health."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Cape Cod Fog. "Yes," remarked the Down Easter, "we do have fog along Cape Cod sometimes. One night the fog came up and in the morning when I went to milk I couldn't find the old cow. Knew where she was in the habit of lying, though, and followed her easy enough. Got to her just in time, too. "Why, I just went through the hole she made in the fog—sort of a tunnel like—and pretty soon I came up to her. She was almost smothered. You see the fog had packed ahead of her and she'd jammed her horns into it and got stuck. Had to chop her out. You may believe it or not, but I'll show you the cow any time you come round."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Appreciates Teachers' Work. One woman says that when her children bring home their school reports at the end of the month she always finds five minutes in which to write a personal letter to the teachers. If there is something that the children have learned that surprised her she writes a note of thanks and appreciation, and if the reports are unsatisfactory she writes offering to help the teacher in any way she may suggest. Needless to say, the teachers are appreciative, as any one will know who has ever taught school.

Not Guilty. "Now, Mrs. McCarthy," said counsel for the defense, "please tell us simply as you can your version of this affair. It is alleged that you referred to Mrs. Callahan in disparaging terms." "Not a bit av it. I didn't say anything about disparaging nor disparaging nor any other garden truck, except that I said she had a nose like a squash and her complexion was as bad as a tomato in the lasht stages. You can see for yerself if it ain't the truth."

REMAINS THE SAME. Well Brewed Postum Always Palatable. The flavour of Postum, when boiled according to directions, is always the same—mild, distinctive, and palatable. It contains no harmful substance like caffeine, the drug in coffee, and hence may be used with benefit at all times. "Believing that coffee was the cause of my torpid liver, sick headache and misery in many ways," writes an Indiana lady, "I quit and bought a package of Postum about a year ago. My husband and I have been so well pleased that we have continued to drink Postum ever since. We like the taste of Postum better than coffee, as it has always the same pleasant flavour, while coffee changes its taste with about every new combination or blend. "Since using Postum I have had no more attacks of gall colic, the heaviness has left my chest, and the old, common, every-day headache is a thing unknown. There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in Pops.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Hourglasses for Pulpits.

The 20-minute sermon is a purely modern invention, as is proved by the number of pulpit hourglasses that are still to be found in many old churches. In the register of St. Catherine's, Aldgate, the following entry, dated 1564, occurs: "Paid for an hourglass that banged by the pulpit, where the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know how the hour passeth away, one shilling." A modern pulpit glass—probably the only one of its kind—is to be found in the Chapel Royal, Savoy. It is an 18-minute glass, and was placed in the chapel on its restoration in 1867.—Westminster Gazette.

Smallest Human Bone. The smallest bone in the human body is contained in the drum of the ear.