



Especially since the attempt to assassinate J. P. Morgan, President Wilson is very carefully guarded in the summer White House at Windsor, Vt. Watchmen and secret service men patrol the grounds constantly and ring up on automatic time clocks on trees. A miniature telephone system also has been installed.

SERBIAN OFFICERS' HUT IN THE TRENCHES



This hut for Serbian officers is behind a protecting embankment in the inundated area at Zaganlia Island, within 80 yards of the Austrian trenches.

WOMEN OF DENMARK CELEBRATE



To celebrate the passing of the bill giving the women of Denmark the right to vote, the women of Copenhagen organized an elaborate parade, the head of which is here shown.

BRING MESSAGE TO MR. WILSON



Col. J. M. Aguilar (left) and Maj. Irenos Garcia, cousins of the late President Madero of Mexico, who came to this country with a letter from the Madero family to President Wilson with regard to conditions in Mexico.

GOOD WORK OF POLICEMAN

Topeka Official Seems to Have Proved That Her Appointment Was Not a Mistake.

Miss Eva Corning, the policeman of Topeka, has just turned in a report of her year's work. During that time she gave assistance to 69 girls, such as securing employment or helping them over rough places when they had no money and were struggling to get work. For some of these she

found homes and for a few she straightened out cases of small thefts. Of the sixty-nine three were sent to the industrial school. Sixty-two women were assisted with advice and the cases of 25 boys were investigated and straightened out without taking them to the juvenile court. For some of these permanent employment was found, and the others, all young runaways, were returned home. Sixty children were sent home at night for not obeying the curfew law. Fifteen neighborhood disagreements

ITALIAN GUN IN ACTION



One of the smaller Italian mountain guns in action on a height in the Austrian Tyrol.

A Poet's Tomb.

"Under my eyes," wrote Mistral in his vein of antique tolerance, "I see the inclosure and the white dome of where, like the snails, I shall lie hid in the gentle shade. Supreme effort of our pride to escape voracious time! This forbids not that yesterday or today quickly is changed into a long forgetfulness. And when people ask of John o' Figs, of John the galterer, 'What is this dome?' they will reply: 'That's the tomb of the poet—a poet who made songs for a beautiful Provencal maid called Mireille. They are like mosquitoes in the Camargue, scattered far and wide. But he lived in Maitlane, and the old men of the countryside have seen him walking in our paths.' And then one day they will say: 'It's he whom they had chosen king of Provence. But his name lives no more save in the song of the brown crickets.' At last, at the end of their knowledge, they will say: 'Tis the tomb of a magician, for of a 16-rayed star the monument wears the image.'"

Cost of School Books.

For each child enrolled in the public schools in the United States the total annual cost of textbooks is 78.8 cents. The total expenditure per child for all school purposes is approximately \$38.31. The cost of textbooks is thus approximately two per cent of the total cost of maintenance, support and equipment. The cost per child on the school-population basis (5 to 18 years of age) is 56.6 cents; the annual per capita cost of textbooks on the total-population basis is less than 15 cents.

Commands Attention.

It is again the time of year when the subject of good roads commands practical as well as theoretical attention.

Greatest Chasm.

The greatest chasm between the producer and the consumer is the mud-hole.

Increases Farm Value.

A paved road leading to or past your farm ought to increase its value from \$10 to \$25 per acre.

Keep Away Cutworms.

If cutworms are bad, a piece of paper wrapped around the stem of cabbage plants when set will keep them safe.

Clean the Coop.

Don't neglect cleaning those coops once a week. The little ones will thank you for your kindness and grow much more rapidly.

Prevent Potato Blight.

Spray the potatoes with bordeaux mixture to prevent blight.

GOOD ROADS

AGITATION FOR GOOD ROADS

Less Being Said About Betterment of Public Highways Than Two or Three Years Previously.

What has become of the wide-spread good-roads agitation of two and three years ago? Is it dying down and giving way to something else? Have our roads been improved to such an extent that we can let up on the campaign that swept back and forth across the country or are we simply getting tired of it and somewhat indifferent about it?

There is no doubt in my mind that less is being said about the necessity for bettering our roads than was said two and three and four years back, writes S. C. Varnum in Farm Progress. I must confess that in three states I have visited within the last six months I have seen nothing to convince me that we are even approaching the good roads millennium. I believe there is more work being done in some communities than was done a few years back, but in others there is little or no change. In some neighborhoods I am sure there has been a let-up in the work since the crusade started to die down.

It all turns back upon the proposition that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. We all have a spasm of the good roads fever and pitch in and help out for awhile and then our attention is gradually taken up by something else. We begin to neglect our part of dragging the roads and cease to donate work or money to the upkeep of the highways. We leave it to the road bosses or overseers and they are busy men, busy looking after their own private affairs, and the whole movement slows up.

Before we have anything approaching really good roads all over the country the machinery for looking after the roads will have to be created. A county highway engineer is needed, but we need something more. One man cannot look after all the highways, brick, stone, concrete, macadam and dirt, of any fair-sized county. We can't keep up our roads without an organization to keep after them all the time. Nor can we build them without putting more money into them and then following this up with more money. Those of us who believe the Federal government ought to build all our highways will wait a long and weary time if they wait till the government puts in the permanent roadways.

We are making a great mistake if we permit the good roads movement to die. Rural credit is an important thing, better schools and better



Good Roads in Monument Valley Park, Colorado Springs, Colo.

churches are needed and better farming and marketing arrangements are of great importance, but the good roads problem will have to be partially solved before we can get the right answer to many others.

At every farmers' club and grange meeting, institute and fair this year the subject should be brought up and kept up. This fall we ought to get back into the battle once more, even if it is an old struggle. We may know all about the statistics of what bad roads cost us yearly, but possibly the other fellow don't, or if he did know, has forgotten. Most of our movements have to be worked out and planned for in the winter, and we must see what can be done during the coming autumn and winter for better roads.

In the meantime we can drag and work and do a little missionary duty. Keep the road drag going every hour this summer when it is needed and when you can spare the time.

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FROG IN BABY'S STOMACH

Tadpole Grew and Waxed Fat on the Infant's Milk Diet—Child is Dead.

The eighteen-months-old child of Mrs. Harry Wolf of Chicago is dead, following an operation which disclosed conditions that many surgeons had declared to be impossible, says a Goshen (Ind.) dispatch to the Indianapolis Star. While visiting her parents in Syracuse, Kosciusko county, last summer, Mrs. Wolf permitted the baby to drink hydrant water. Within a short time the infant became sickly and lost flesh. Treatment for indigestion was given, but it did not reach the seat of the trouble. Then an X-ray examination disclosed a black spot on the stomach, and an operation resulted in a frog weighing more than half a pound being taken from the infant.

Doctors who operated said they believed that when the child drank hydrant water in Syracuse a tadpole was taken into the stomach and that the frog developed and lived on milk, which was given the patient in large quantities. Following the operation the child improved rapidly and complete recovery was practically assured, when pneumonia developed, causing death.

The Floor Did.

Jimmy, five years old, had discovered that he could do a few turns on the swinging rings in the gymnasium of the Boys' club, following the athletic example of his older brother. But, as all joy must end, so ended the happiness of the young swinger. His hold slipped and he landed on the floor. His brother rendered first aid. "Did the rings hit you?" he asked. "No," Jimmy replied between sobs, "but the floor did."

A Plain Defense.

"What has the lawyer to say about this charge against his client of stealing a pair of scales?" "He says his client merely made a weigh with them."

On a Ladder.

Hampton—How did you get the paint on your coat? Rhodes—From the men higher up.

Their Effect.

"What was Elma giving her father such warm thanks about?" "Her new summer furs."

But a woman always stops talking long enough to give a man a chance to propose.

Nobody knows as much about rearing children as the old maid sister of their mother.

The trimming of a woman's hat is all on the outside; that of a man's is all on the inside.

Are you old enough to remember the old-fashioned mothers who used to rock cradles?

Minnesota averages 35 bushels of corn per acre.

IN AUTUMN OF LIFE

Thoughts That Come With the Passing of Youth.

Few There Are With the Happy Consciousness That Early Promises Have Been Carried Out in Actual Performances.

Always, by the calendar and by succeeding birthdays and anniversaries, we know that the years are passing. Ordinarily, however, there is no element of surprise, nothing strange or poignant about the course of time. It is recognized rather than felt, and is registered by the intellect and not by the emotions.

Passing from youth to middle age is something very different, writes Robert L. Raymond in the Atlantic Monthly. The moment when one first feels acutely that he is no longer young, is bound to make one pause in something akin to consternation. For vividness it is like a flash of lightning in a black sky. Life no longer is all before one; even more dreadful thought, it may be mostly behind.

It is well if the first realization does not bring panic with it. It is a time when youthful hopes and early promise must be tested by actual performance. The fact that there is any occasion as yet for doing this is itself an unwelcome surprise, and the result is apt to be disconcerting.

One finds that he has been out of college twenty years, that he has practiced law perhaps for nearly as long a time. What has he done? What has happened, granting that the incredible facts be true?

Mr. Chalk in Jacob's "Dialstone Lane" makes the remark: "I'm fifty-one next year, and the only thing I ever had happen to me was seeing a man stop a runaway horse and cart." Even one who has had a busy, happy life feels a little that way when he compares what actually is with early hopes.

Fortunately few of us aspire to careers of precocious greatness, but even so it is annoying at just this period of life to recall that at forty-five Napoleon had lost the battle of Waterloo; that all the best books of Dickens had been published before he was forty; that Samuel Pepys made the last entry in his diary at the age of thirty-seven.

The pleasant sense of superfluous time is gone; one must hurry; and perhaps it is too late!

Then comes the grief of perceiving the waste, the loss, the utter futility of postponements. The world is full of good and wonderful things. What a wealth of potential experience and emotions: and time and opportunity for so little! And yet year after year one goes on blindly and blandly putting off to some more convenient or appropriate time, to that impossible period when all will be exactly right, things he wants to do and can do—a kind action, making a new friend, or

altering a whole career! Once acquired, the habit of postponing persists. Hope springs eternal; and a man of forty finds himself counting complacently on some day taking up hunting or entering politics, or circling the globe.

Perhaps the most dreadful part of all is to feel that the early hopes remain fresh and vigorous when so much time has gone forever. As a solace for this one begins to wonder if after all the true way of life is not to accept with what contentment one may what has been called the philosophy of the "second best." That is not so bad as a scheme of life for the future. To realize, on reflection, that unconsciously this has been one's own philosophy for many years is not so pleasant.

It is well, of course, to take life as easily as possible; it is a mistake to be too serious. I agree that the sensation of growing old often rises only to the dignity of annoyance. When all is said and done, however, to one with perception enough to realize what has happened, the yearning for a lost youth is like the sudden yearning which comes at times for a lost friend; and it takes some fortitude to go on in cheerfulness. Fortunate it is that we are helped by happy memories.

Thinking is a more refined joy than eating or drinking; dreaming is a more delicate process than even thinking; and of moments in youth there lingers the shadow of a thought, the ghost of a dream to which the whole being responds as it were to a chord of music or to the odor of violets in early spring.

More precious than rubies and pearls are the time in early years which first set the fibers in tune with never-to-be-forgotten joys; for they are the source of happiness distilled for the spirit, ethereal, tenuous like a ray of light; and the memory of those times is not recollection but sensation.

So the autumn and winter of life are brightened, though there is to be no other spring.

The London Tram.

The London tram was not kindly received on its first appearance in the city in 1861. It aroused much the same indignation among citizens as the advent of the first motor bus. The form of rail first introduced was considered so dangerous that the tramways soon had to be removed, after one of them had been successfully inducted as a nuisance. However, they returned again in ten years, lines from Brixton to Kennington and from Whitechapel to Bow being opened in 1870. And as proof of the growth of our tram system all over the country since the '70s it may be mentioned that whereas in 1878 146,000 passengers were tram travelers, by 1909 the number had risen to 2,659,891,136.—London Chronicle.

The specific gravity of cork is 24 and that of ebony 133.

Salton sea, California, yields enormous numbers of carp.

Builders of the "Big Ditch"

There has just been issued by the Historical Publishing Company of Washington, D. C., a magnificent illustrated history of the construction and builders of the Panama Canal. The editor of this great history is Mr. Ira E. Bennett, with associate editors, John Hays Hammond, celebrated mining engineer; Capt. Philip Andrews, U. S. N.; Rupert Blue, Surg. Gen. U. S. Public Health Service; J. Hampton Moore, Pres. Atlantic Deeper Waterways Ass'n; Patrick J. Lennox, B. A., and William J. Showalter.

One of the most interesting portions of the book is that dealing with the feeding of the immense army of laborers. A few paragraphs concerning one of the foods chosen and supplied by the Commissary Department, are quoted (beginning page 428) as follows:

"Visitors to the canal who were privileged to get a glimpse of the routine inner life will recall a familiar picture of workmen going to their places of labor carrying round yellow tins.

"Often, as they went, they munched a food poured from the tin into the hand. This food, which played no inconsiderable part in 'building' the canal, was the well-known article of diet, GRAPE-NUTS."

"The mention of Grape-Nuts in this connection is peculiarly pertinent. Not merely because Grape-Nuts is a food—of course proper food was an integral part of the big enterprise—but because it is a cereal food which successfully withstood the effects of a tropical climate. This characteristic of Grape-Nuts was pretty well known and constituted a

cogent reason for its selection for use in the Canal Zone. . . .

"This food is so thoroughly baked that it keeps almost indefinitely in any climate, as has been demonstrated again and again.

"One finds Grape-Nuts on transoceanic steamships, in the islands of the seas, in Alaska, South America, Japan, along the China coast, in Manila, Australia, South Africa, and on highways of travel and the byways of the jungle—in short, wherever minimum of bulk and maximum of nourishment are requisite in food which has to be transported long distances, and often under extreme difficulties.

"The very enviable reputation which Grape-Nuts has attained in these respects caused it to be chosen as one of the foods for the Canal Zone."

Grape-Nuts FOOD

—scientifically made of prime wheat and malted barley, contains the entire goodness of the grain, including those priceless mineral elements so essential for active bodies and keen brains, but which are lacking in white flour products and the usual dietary.

There's a reason why Grape-Nuts food was chosen by the Canal Commissariat. There's a reason why Grape-Nuts is a favorite food of hustling people everywhere!

Sold by Grocers