

GOING BACK

Tom goes back, I'm gwinner! an' I'm gwinner go an' see
 If our names are where I carved 'em in
 the slipper-elm tree,
 Whist, she stood and watched me carve
 'em, watched me slash 'em good an'
 deep,
 An' she told me when I ast her that she
 loved me just a heap!
 An' I sometimes think I see her as she
 looked to me that day
 With her hands close clasped in my hands
 and a lookin' fur away!
 There was dimples mixed with roses in
 each luscious rounded cheek,
 An' her smiles 'ud send 'em flyin' 'st
 a-playin' hide-an'-seek!
 An' her red-gold hair was tangly, full o'
 sunshine in each curl!
 She was just the best that ever—just a
 good ol' fashioned girl!
 An' I'm gwine back, I'm gwinner; an' I'm
 gwinner go an' see
 If our names are where I carved 'em in
 the slipper-elm tree!
 Oh, the years are long an' many since I
 stood where we two stood
 'Neath the elm in the evenin' on the out-
 skirts of the wood;
 Since a serious note but gladness in her
 accents seems to creep,
 An' she whispered that she loved me, an'
 she added: "Just a heap!"
 An' I'm gwinner take her with me when
 I go back there to see
 If her name is where I carved it; that sweet
 girl who married me!
 —J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

The Strategy of a Debutante

By K. J. GLANVILLE.

OF course it was a daring, improper thing to do, but in telling it afterward, Katherine said she felt exactly like one man would feel when another one had told a big fish story—the only thing to do was to lie a little harder—and she did it.

It happened this way. Katherine boarded an electric car bound for the country club, and as luck or fate would have it met four of her girl friends going to the club. The car was crowded and there the four stood swinging on the straps, giggling, swaying in every motion of the car, and attracting attention as only debutantes can.

"Yes," the bell boy said, Mr. Strange was out on the porch, and ought to be in almost any minute.
 Katherine dragged herself to the porch and saw Mr. Strange coming up the hill. And those four saw him too.
 "Now, then, Katherine, here is your chance to show him your fine taste in the way of beauty. Look handsome, girls!"
 With rage in her eyes Katherine turned upon her tormentors almost on the verge of telling them she did not know him, but quick as a flash she determined upon a course of action, to uphold her boasting.
 "Well, then, let me go meet him, and prepare him for the array of beauty lest he be dazzled," and Katherine started down the hill.
 Her breath came in short little gasps, and her knees seemed so "wobbly" she wondered if they would refuse to help her out, and just make her sit down.
 On came Mr. Strange—sternness in every feature.
 "Oh!" moaned Katherine, "I know he has had a bad game. I can see it, and that will make it all the harder for me."
 Her heart was beating almost to suffocation as she approached him and said: "Won't you please take off your cap, smile and shake hands with me? Please, real quick, then I will tell you why! I am not crazy, really, but—see those girls on the porch? Well, they were all talking about celebrated people whom they knew, and at random I selected your name, and did not ever dream of meeting you—least of all here! One of the girls told me you were here, and I must introduce you—and can't you see how it is? I thought maybe you would help me out. I al-



"SMILE AND SHAKE HANDS WITH ME."

most lost my mind when I knew what I had done, but I can't tell them it was all a pure fabrication!"
 Strange laughed heartily at the story the girl had told him, and enjoyed the situation; it was just to his liking.
 "Why, surely, I shall be glad to meet your friends and you must not worry any more about it. I promised to do all you ask me! But tell me, have I known you long, and your name, please. Is there anything on which you ought to post me?"
 "Oh, but you are good! Well, then, you know me well enough to call me Katherine. I told them I knew you well, and that we spent last summer at Newport! That's about all. I can see you think I told a lot, but I laid it on thick to get ahead of them."
 Strange swallowed a couple of times as he eyed this odd girl, and followed her to her companions.
 What a buzz they made! His autograph? Why, surely. Four he wrote, and one extra one which was more than an autograph.
 Katherine stood in their midst miserably calling herself names, but her end was accomplished. The "actor man" stayed and talked to them half an hour, and then pleaded an engagement. Katherine followed him to the door, thanking him, and telling him she was so mortified to think that he had met such an awful story teller in herself. "But," she said, "I would rather one man knew it than those four girls!"
 Strange assured her it was all right—indeed he had enjoyed it, he told her. And anyone to have heard him telling it that night, after the curtain had been rung down, would have believed it.
 And the girl? Well, she went home and cried, and called herself some more names, and promised her dog the next time she told a story it would be a little one. Then she looked at the fifth bit of paper which Strange had given her:
 "Plucky little girl," she read.



"There must be some fire with all this smoke."
 —N. Y. Herald

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The Sunfish—"Here, dear, is a nice opening for you." The Worm—"No, thanks; I must be wriggling along."
 Yonkers Statesman.
 Batchelor—"I suppose it's mighty expensive to have your child sick in bed so long?" Phamliaman—"Yes, but then if he was well and hearty he'd be wearing out clothes."—Philadelphia Press.
 Pleasant Reading.—Clara—"What are you reading now?" Dora—"Historical novels." "Do you like them?" "Yes, indeed. There is so much I can skip."—N. Y. Weekly.
 Cadeleigh—"Pardon me, but it must be pretty tough to be married to a strong-minded woman." Henpeck—"Oh! it has its advantages. When my wife thinks she heard burglars downstairs she won't trust me to go down and investigate."—Catholic Standard.
 Not Wholly Frank—"Can you sincerely say that you never descended to hypocrisy?" asked the man of severe standards. "Well," answered Mr. Bliggins, "I must confess that I once sat and listened to my daughter's commencement essay, and pretended to be as much entertained as if I were at a baseball game."—Washington Star.
 What Alled Him.—Anxious Neighbor—"Silas, what th' doose is th' matter of that boy o' yours? Ev'ry day he seems t' have a change o' plans and occupation." Father Hornhand—"Nothin' noosy. He's keepin' track o' them newspaper articles on how t' suck-ceed. Ev'ryone tells a different way, an' he's tryin' 'em all. Soon as he gets over it a little I'm goin' t' put 'im t' plowin' in th' hillside lot, where th' broomedge is thickest. That'll give 'im a chanst t' find out what a fool he's been."—Baltimore American.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The Greek government annually imports silkworm eggs from foreign countries, distributes them gratuitously, and has experiments made in its agricultural stations to learn the best methods of silk culture from the kingdom. No other food than the mulberry leaf is given to silkworms in Greece.
 It is now said that the cigarette trade of India—an enormous and a growing one, for every native smokes—has been captured by America. It is the old story over again—surplus stock sold at ruinous prices. Ten American cigarettes, done up in a box, can be bought to-day in any Indian bazaar for half a penny.
 An experimental shipment of California oranges, raisins and other fruit products is to be made to Japan in the hope of building up a large trade. Japan grows oranges, but they are small, and it is said that no raisins are raised there. The plan originated with a Japanese commission house, and it is hoped to send the fruit without ice and still have it in a salable condition when received.
 The 214 wells completed in the Baku (Russia) oil field show an average depth of 1,302 feet and an average initial production of 292 barrels a well a day, against an average depth of 1,086 feet and an average production a well a day of 330 barrels for the 358 wells completed in 1901, indicating a very material increase in the depth of drilling and a not inconsiderable falling off in the average productiveness of the wells. Oil is worth at the wells two-thirds of a cent a gallon.

The Mission of Socialism

By HON. WILLIAM JOHNSON,
 Socialist Member Chicago City Council.



When food, clothing and shelter was provided in an individual and primitive manner, the result was so scant that it was necessary that some devote themselves entirely to production, in fact be slaves, in order that a portion of the race might have opportunity for culture.
 To be sure, this opportunity was frittered away in dissipation and otherwise abused by some, but was used by a few for the acquisition and conservation of knowledge for the race.

Since the invention and application of labor saving machinery, steam and electric power, however, production has become so plentiful, that since the workers are paid wages and goods only sold at a profit, there is left an enormous surplus that is not disposed of with the intensest advertising, utmost extravagance on the part of the ruling class, and provision of army and naval equipment for the maintenance of that class; creating recurring gluts, with all their attendant distress for the workers.

The workers have the elective franchise, giving them the power to choose their rulers. This gives them also the power, when they choose to exercise it, to do away with rulers and elect simply administrative heads of industrial departments and to substitute predetermined, systematic production for hap-hazard, chaotic, wild, anarchistic, capitalist production; thus enabling every member of the race to secure the very best and enough of food, clothing, housing, amusement and education, to do away with the necessity of all forms of slavery, and to allow each one to expand and live a full free human life, each one according to his or her aptitude.

It is the mission of socialism to call attention to these facts and organize the workers for the attainment of this result.

Wm. Johnson

Saved His Life.
 Whitehall, Ill. June 8th.—Mr. Leo Manley had Bright's Disease and after his home doctor had treated him for some time he finally told him that he could do nothing more for him, and that he would surely die. A friend who had heard of what Dodd's Kidney Pills had done in cases of Kidney Trouble, advised Mr. Manley to try a treatment of this remedy.
 He did so and everyone was surprised and delighted to see an improvement in a very short time. This improvement gradually kept on as the treatment proceeded, till now Mr. Manley is well. He says:
 "The doctor said he had done all he could for me. He gave me up. A friend advised me to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and in a few weeks I was nearly all right again.
 "I am not dead, and can truthfully say that I feel better today than I have for years. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy and I will always praise them and recommend them to everyone suffering as I did."
 Mr. Manley's recovery has caused a profound sensation, as no one ever thought he would recover.

So It Did.—Markley—"See here, you had the nerve to recommend these goods as the finest in the market." Tailor—"Well?" Markley—"Well, I've only had this suit a week and look how rusty it is." Tailor—"Ah, you will recall I told you the goods would wear like iron."—Philadelphia Press.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
 Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c after.—Goldsmith.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves keep you clean and cool. Economical and always ready. Sold at good stove stores.

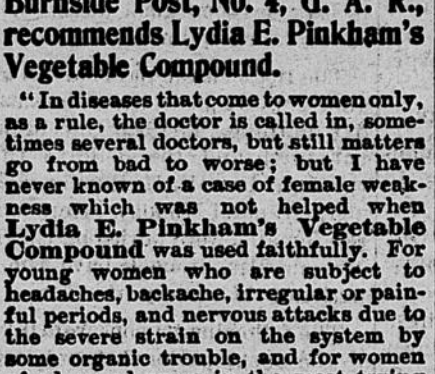
Not many men think of themselves when they are hunting a place for blame.—Chicago Journal.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

It is a great evil, as well as a misfortune to be unable to utter a prompt and decided no.—Simmons.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use June Tint Butter Color.

We imitate only what we believe and admire.—Wilmoit.



Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
 "In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular or painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body.
 "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it."—Mrs. LAURA L. BARNES, 607 Second St., N. E., Washington, D. C.—\$2.00 per bottle. If original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.
 Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.

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 A wonderful powder that cures tired, aching feet and makes new or tight shoes easy. Ask to-day for Allen's Foot-Powder. Accept no substitutes. Trial packets FREE. Address A. E. Gillette, Le Roy, N. Y.
 Tom—"Did she ask you if she were the only girl you ever loved?" Jack—"No. She took it for granted."—Somerville Journal.
 Sincerity is more than a match for subtlety.—Ran's Horn.

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FEWER DOCTORS NEEDED.

Large Surplus of Medical Men Being Turned Out by Colleges Every Year.
 The other day at the convention of the American Medical Association, in New Orleans, where some 4,000 or 5,000 physicians and attendants were gathered, Dr. Billings drew attention to the decided oversupply of medical men in the United States. He attributed the surplus to the fact that the medical colleges are graduating annually from 10,000 to 12,500 physicians, when the actual needs of the country call for only about 2,500. If Dr. Billings is correct, and there is no reason to doubt his figures, from 7,000 to 10,000 young men are annually entering a profession in which they have but the slimmest hopes of making even the proverbial "comfortable living." Of course, it goes without saying that most of the professions are more or less overcrowded; but we doubt if any of them, except the law, could afford a parallel to the condition of things brought to light at the New Orleans convention, says the Scientific American. What this disparity between the

demand and supply means to this army of young men can only be surmised; but certain it is that in the majority of cases it will involve the loss of much money, that can ill be spared, and much time, that can be spared still less. It does really seem a pity that some of these graduates have not entered other professions that are not so crowded, and can offer better prospects of remuneration. Sanitary engineering, naval architecture, and the comparatively new profession of forestry, for instance, are not overcrowded, and there will soon be a great demand for really competent automobile engineers, men who combine with mechanical ability a thorough knowledge of gas and other engines that are competing for the control of the field. Then there is the sphere of journalism, which, while abundantly supplied as to numbers, is pitifully supplied as to quality. There must be among those thousands of graduates not a few young men who have a natural gift for good writing—in these days an all-too-rare accomplishment that threatens to become a lost art.
 The deepest part of the Mediterranean is near Malta.

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