

The Will and the Way.

How often as you trudge your way up the hills of life do you hear the expression: "Well, I am right up against a stone wall. I can not go any further. There's no longer any use in trying."

But there never yet was built a stone wall that did not have a gate or a pair of bars in it somewhere. For the man on the inside, or for the man who erected the wall there is always a way of ingress and egress. There was never built a stone wall but had some weak place in it. What human ingenuity erects human ingenuity can pull down or break through.

Away back in the centuries, longer than the mind of man can recall, even with the page of history before him, the Chinese said: "We will build a wall around China." And build it they did. Broad, high and reaching far into the earth. They caused it to run over many a mountain and down through peaceful valleys. It crossed rivers and was not hindered, in its progress by yawning chasms. When it was completed the people said: "Now China is free from foreign encroachment. Now we can pursue the arts of peace, home building and commerce according to our own notions without one to molest or make us afraid." And for years they did keep out the armies of the aliens. But in the progress of the years the wall began to crumble just a little. Here and there appeared a crack. Then a crevice, until in the year 1900 the Chinese wall together with Chinese exclusiveness, practically fell before the allied armies of the great world powers.

Read you every day in the papers of young men, poor, illiterate, with scant opportunity, breaking the stone wall of all circumstances, environment, and inheritance, and finding new fields of their endeavor, rising to great things. Stone walls can be beat down, circumnavigated, or tunneled by determined spirits, who refuse to accept as unconquerable the stone wall to which they have come. You have your stone wall proposition. Don't beat your head against it, use your brains to overcome it. There is an opening somewhere. It may be only a crack, but that crack, if worked on with the mallet of purpose and the chisel of industry, the chisel will oiled with courtesy, will grow into a crevice, the crevice into a gap, and through it you may go, and pull through out on the other side.

Discouraged people never win battles. To-day, while wondering how you will overcome the stone wall in your path, remember whatsoever human ingenuity erects human ingenuity can break down. Remember there is always a way for the one who is determined to find the way.

Glory and Duties of Motherhood.

Unless the average woman is a good wife and good mother, unless she bears a sufficient number of children so that the race shall increase and not decrease, unless she brings up these children sound in soul and mind and body—unless this is true of the average woman, no brilliancy of genius, no material prosperity, no triumphs of science and industry will avail to save the race from ruin and death. The mother is the one supreme asset of national life; she is more important by far than the successful statesman or business man or artist or scientist. I abhor and condemn the man who fails to recognize all his obligations to the woman who does her duty. But the woman who shirks her duty as wife and mother is just as heartily to be condemned. We despise her as we despise and condemn the soldier who flinches in battle. A good woman who does full duty is sacred in our eyes, exactly as the brave and patriotic soldier is to be honored above all other men. But the woman who, whether from cowardice, from selfishness, from having a false and vacuous ideal, shirks her duty as wife and mother earns the right to our contempt, just as the man who, from any motive, fears to do his duty in battle when the country calls him.—President Roosevelt in Leslie's Weekly.

"It."

A woman writer on health topics declares housework gives woman a beautiful figure. This ought to be printed in large letters and posted in every kitchen and employment bureau in the country. It solves the servant problem—that is, if you can convince the women it is true.

From the Optimist Club.

Nothing goes to the demitition boywows but the dead ones. Any old dead fish can float with the current, but it takes the lives ones to swim up stream.

On the eastern coast of Africa there is a body of cavalry mounted on camels. The beasts are lean creatures and more with surprising strength.

Must the Dog Go.

Man has a habit of holding fast to things after he has ceased to need or use them. The vermillion appendix is an instance. He also sews buttons on the back of his coat to keep his belt up, and when he no longer wears a belt, and when he walks with a lady to keep her at his left side, that his sword arm may be free, although he does not carry a sword and there is no possibility of its needing one. Is the dog one of these useless relics? Time was when man needed him for defense, to watch his goods, to herd his sheep and cattle, to hunt for him; but of little use for these things now. Yale locks and policemen keep thieves pretty well at bay and need hold the herds where they belong. Even for hunting the dog is less and less in demand, and the growing scarcity of game makes him a luxury for sportsmen instead of the food gatherer he once was. Is it possible that fifty years from now on would be as much surprised to see a dog running at large in a town as a wolf or any other animal? It is more than probable. In spite of all their fine traits, in spite of all these years of loyalty to man, in spite of all that has been said of them in song and prose, a dog is a dog, and there is less and less room for him in modern civilization. He is the type of faithfulness, he will starve to death lying on his master's grave, but he does not fit well into modern living. Once in a while, as in the case of Marsh who stole of cables in New York, this fact comes into unpleasant prominence and such things are said of man's human friend. Some day they may result in his banishment from society. To be sure, there are men who hold that there is no such thing as rabies, but if a bite from a dog can cause a man's death, the dog is a danger, whether the death comes from hydrophobia or blood poisoning or lockjaw or pure fright. Only a few days ago a strange dog buried his fangs in the neck of a little boy walking home with his mother from a May day picnic. At Feranton a man is in a night jacket because he was bit ten twenty-one years ago, and now has hydrophobia. How much of this imagination, how much of any similar case is imagination, no one can say, but such things could not happen without the dog. Probably there is not one chance in a million of any one man's having rabies, but that one chance is too great, and it is highly probable that the next generation will look upon the dog as one of the preventable evils and treat him accordingly. Whether or not there are such things as hydrophobia microbes and Negri bodies may be a subject for dispute, but that deaths are caused by dog bites is lamentably certain. Dogs are the best of pets and ninety-nine out of a hundred do no harm, but when the hundredth dog goes wrong he does damage and the chances are the future generations will figure that he has turned the balance against his kind and will put into effect that oldest of mottoes—"Cave Canem."—Waverly, N. Y., Free Press.

A Too Long Neglected Problem. We have no hesitation in saying that the problem of readjusting our currency laws is of greater consequence than any other before the American people. The extent of the damage to business and the injury to the nation's prosperity from our inelastic currency cannot be measured. Curiously enough, the masses of the people pay so little attention to this matter that neither the executive nor the Congress is moved to give it special consideration. Banking is never a popular subject, because it is one that experts and experienced business men understand. The yellow press and the muck-raking magazines, by their attack upon our great financiers and upon Wall Street, have led the people to believe that the bankers as a class are monopolists, accumulators of tainted money and promoters of schemes to fleece the people. So a great problem, vitally affecting the welfare of the nation and the prosperity of the people is neglected while executive messages and legislation by Congress are devoted to the purpose of satisfying the exactions of organized labor, terrorizing the railroads, or busting the trusts.—Leslie's Weekly.

Strategy in Stringency.

So many young couples are getting married secretly and are being so promptly forgiven that there is a shrewd suspicion about that the scheme is secretly promoted by parents who see the economical side of the scheme. It costs a great deal less and the certificate of marriage is just as good.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Life which has outlasted its Illusion is the Biggest Illusion of All.

Thinking will produce wrinkles, no doubt—especially thinking that thinking will produce wrinkles.

On the Job.

A man chasing a hat snatched from his head and hurried along by a thirty mile breeze, may not be a graceful object but he is in deadly earnest, all right.

The most important thing about coming home late at night is to be able to remember the next morning where you told your wife you had been when you got in.

A St. Louis woman spent \$900 for handkerchiefs. That is a good deal of money to blow in.

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France is to have automatic divorces. For people wonder why a crumbling nation.

May Revolutionize Industry.

Imagine newspapers printed on real rice paper? Also newspapers printed on real wheat straw paper? And on corn husk paper? That may come about if the paper making experiments which the Department of Agriculture is now conducting pan out. The Bureau of Plant Industry was given an appropriation of \$10,000 by congress this year to continue investigations into fibrous plants which promise results in paper-making, the object being to find a substitute for the present wood-pulp news print paper, whose continued manufacture threatens the extinction of the forests.

Already Dr. Galloway and his experts have succeeded in making a first class paper out of the stalks of rice grown in Louisiana and Texas—utilizing a product that is now considered absolutely useless and is thrown away. Splendid news print paper, it is said, can also be manufactured out of corn stalks. Likewise the claim is made that the waste stalks of cotton plants yield excellent paper. In fact any of the common fibrous plants can readily be converted into news paper, according to these government experts.

The only difficulty comes in collecting a sufficient quantity of any one of these materials to make its manufacture worth while. Thousands of tons of corn stalks rot on the fields of Western farmers every year, but the Department of Agriculture foresees trouble in having it collected in any one centre. Similarly with rice and cotton and wheat.

There is also a rank weed a sort of bamboo which reaches a height of eight or ten feet—that makes paper. In fact it surpasses for this purpose any other plant which the government experts have yet discovered. Within a radius of 100 miles of the National capital Dr. Galloway estimates that there are 100,000 acres of this plant, and if its manufacture into paper should be undertaken, he figures that the swampy waste land upon which it grows would be worth about \$60 an acre. And it is just as widely distributed all over the country.

Preservation of American Forests.

All the work in this respect done in the United States thus far has been largely experimental. The time has now come when real work based upon a given plan to be continued and followed for years to come, should be commenced. Instead of planting 500,000 trees a year, New York State should plant millions of trees, and all of the people who have land adapted to tree raising should immediately commence the planting of trees there. There is no time to waste. It takes from eighty to one hundred years to grow a splendid, great, beautiful forest tree. A forest crop is not like the farmer's crop, which is gathered in a season at the end of a few months or a year's growth, and the other is only gathered partially after 20 years and partially every succeeding ten years, and finally at the end of eighty or one hundred years. It takes time to rear a forest of commercial value. Already too much time has been thrown away. The State should make the commencement by providing all the money that is necessary to establish immediately tree nurseries in proper places in which to raise seedling trees for distribution to all who will plant them under proper conditions and the supervision of the department. These should be distributed for actual cost, or, better yet, if it may be done, free of cost.—Leslie's Weekly.

Beats Smokeless Powder.

A California Chinaman has developed an odorless onion, according to a despatch from Fresno. It has long been claimed that a Chinaman invented gunpowder, but if the report from Fresno is not exaggerated the new onion may be regarded as the supreme achievement of Chinese developers and inventors.

Help.

As was expected, that Winsted, Conn., correspondent, waited until the returns were all in, then he came forward with a fish yarn that would curdle the blood of a mummy. He may be a New York papers "fall" for a story of a trout that climbs out of a stream in that section and eats chickens alive. Help! help! help!

A Favor.

The man who can afford to automobile do's those who can't a very considerable favor as often as he achieves something with his machine.

Insincerity Isn't Always so Blame-worthy. Sometimes it is more important for us to keep our friends than for them to know just what we think of them.

To Improve Theirs.

The new law in regard to agricultural fairs promises to increase their value to the public at large. The old law stated that the funds should be annually divided on behalf of the State for the promotion of agriculture and domestic arts, for the promotion of education along agricultural lines and the promotion of the breed of cattle, sheep and horses and other domestic animals. The act carries an appropriation of a million dollars, as usual. Owing to a law complaint which was brought to the Department of Agriculture regarding the character of exhibitions permitted in some county fairs, the commissioner of agriculture is being sent to all fair managers and law which states that State funds will be withheld for any fair which appropriates exhibition or gambling devices are known permitted. It has happened in the past that gambling or gambling devices have had place on fair grounds, but the State does not officially know of them. The State is now being prepared in the Department of Agriculture a blank check which may be used when any fair is in progress for the purpose of giving notice of the officers that a particular device or wheel of some kind is in operation. If then, objectionable features are not disclosed, the officers will be unable to claim that they do not know of its presence, and this being the case the State aid may be withheld.—Waverly, N. Y., Free Press.

Always Do Your Very Best.

It is said that many of us are content with our present lot, and there we stay, snugly competent. The trouble with most of us is that we are always going to be better. We have vague ideas that if we will do that is as far as we get. In the meantime the precious hours are slipping behind us and nothing has been done. If we live to man's estate three-score and ten years we have 25,750 days to make or to mope. That seems a long time, but if you afford to waste one single day of them, already a fair share of those 25,750 days have gone instead of being impatient for the purpose of passing, we should grudge every flying minute. No one who lives solely for self can raise should immediately commence the planting of trees there.

The Glory New York.

What other city is there of like size which matches New York in position? It is seaside city, or salt water lavits feet. As the traveller approaches it he thinks of Venice rising from the sea, or perhaps is reminded of ancient Tyre, which stood in the sea as a hand from a wall, and of which the houses were impressively tall. "Impressive" is not too indulgent a word for the skyscrapers of New York—clean, fact simple, original and audacious, by are characteristic of the land of the people; they are not concessions to utility, but a part and adaptation of architecture to circumstances. The incidents, harassed with dread of racy, would not have dared to build a city like New York on the edge of a great harbor open to the sea. It is something which the modern world alone could have given us.—London Spectator.

Pays Penalty.

A Man who stole an umbrella from a department store has been sent to prison for five years. It rarely pays to violate established precedent. He would have borrowed an umbrella and forgotten to return it.

His Infidelity.

A New Jersey woman horsewhipped her husband and told him to go hunt his infidelity. Chances are that he will much prefer hunting for the arnica bottle.

Back to the Farm.

How often one hears in a derisive way this saying. It is one of the stock phrases of cheap comedians. In its application by such it is meant to imply anything but complimentary direction. But a deeper more potent meaning is growing into the homely old words, "back to the farm." It has not been so long since the cities, towns and public works drained the country of its vital young blood. The isolation of agrarian life far removed in many instances from contact with neighbors, made it a dreary and lonesome life. Young men and women with ambition stirring them to the depths found no hope in that hum-drum existence. Schools had been poor social intercourse practically unknown—only the barren years laden with grinding labor lay ahead. They shook off the stupor of the life and sought the cities. Into the business, social and commercial arteries of these cities they poured their energies and made such cities great.

A few years have wrought a wonderful change in farm life. Rural delivery has linked the farm daily with the big world. It has brought with it books, magazines and papers. It has given to the farmer the weapon of daily market quotations. But the far reaching influence of rural mail service lies deeper than the mere present benefits. It has brought better roads, better schools, good churches, quickened intercourse between neighbors and hastened the development of suburban electric lines.

It is bringing the farmer to a realization of what the big outside world has long known—that the permanent prosperity of a country is based on the success of its agricultural development. Land owners are building up their properties, bettering their homes. Homes are feeling the necessity of some of the comforts that have long been considered unattainable.

From a sudden existence farm life is becoming attractive. Young men realize that both material and physical gain are to be had in tilling the soil, that under modern conditions and methods the dreary round of wearing toil can be ameliorated; that with intensive methods they can enjoy a degree of comfort and content that no city life can afford.

That this feeling is growing is illustrated by a simple but clear-out statement of a correspondent to The Ellijay Courier. He says:

"Our attention should be given more to building up the farm and raising fair crops. Many of our farmers have neglected their farms to work at public works, when they could have made more money with less work and could have been more independent by attending to their farm crops. By looking after the farms and keeping them in good shape you not only make a good profit on your work, but you enhance the value of the lands and contribute to the general prosperity of the country. Let us all take up the slogan of 'back to the farm.'" No longer is "back to the farm" a cry of derision, but one that means great things to the country—the building up of the waste places, a deep and abiding prosperity, bedded in the soil, and for the welfare of a great people.—Atlanta Georgian and News.

Optimism That Counts.

How childlike the average man is in his attitude on the weather. Give him cloudy skies or a spell of rain and he goes about moaning and exclaiming on how "terrible" it is. A burst of sunshine sends his spirits skyward. The same man will be intensely "blue" in days of business stress and intensely bullish when trade is good. The genuine optimist has no such ups and downs. He remembers the brighter days; he knows that more are coming. He is our mainstay in time of depression; he will be in the forefront of the new prosperity.

Wonderful If True.

Nothing in the development of war machinery equals in importance the alleged invention of the Simpson electric gun. It is bewildering to think of a gun that will throw the heaviest projectiles a distance of three hundred miles without flash, smoke or recoil. If this machine proves able to do all that is asserted it will revolutionize the world's method of warfare on land and sea.

Lofty Ideal.

Don't grumble if your paper is not always flush up to the high standard of your ideal. Charitably remember that no editor is capable of getting up quite as good a paper as you could yourself.—Clifton Hill (Mo.) Rustler.

A Profitable Tongue is not expensive and it is very profitable.