

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PLEA FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE.



REV. R. A. WHITE.

By Rev. R. A. White, D. D., Chicago.

Cultivate simplicity, live within your means, follow your own tastes, and act like sane human beings instead of the crazy, jaded, overworked, overplayed, overdressed set we are. The modern tendency is to become enmeshed in a complication of wants, necessities and confusions, like a fly in a web. The mere struggle for existence has become woefully complicated. Business has taken on such complexities as to rob it of pleasure and threaten it with constant uncertainty. Our pleasures are complex. Simple entertainment no longer satisfies. The stage, the press, art, fiction, and music are all in a mad rush to create or find new sensations for restless, dissatisfied patronage, burdened with many cares and oppressed by an indescribable ennui.

Simple, tasteful dress scarcely exists; we are an overdressed people, ruled by the latest convention of clothes-makers. We are mad over superfluous wants. The people worry most over nonessential things. No one is any happier under these conditions. Everyone has a look of care. Our women are not rosy and contented looking. Our young men breed wrinkles early. Men and women who dress to suit themselves and be comfortable are freaks. To keep up appearances, people wear clothes which they have not paid for and cannot afford. To march with the procession, people eat food for which they have not paid the grocer, live in houses with rent in arrears, affect a style of life they have no visible means of supporting. Living at our present pace is responsible for most of our modern crime. From the snare of small debts, brought on by expensive living, many a man seeks to escape by certain speculations and finally by certain peculations.

POWER OF CIRCUMSTANCE IN LOVE AFFAIRS.

By Helen Oldfield.



There is nothing in the conduct of life to which the trite old saying that "circumstances alter cases" applies more forcibly than to love affairs. No one is altogether sure of one's self, still less of another, and none can gauge correctly the depths of another's heart. They who ask advice concerning the course to be pursued in the dilemmas of love are usually ill advised. Such problems are of those with which no one should intermeddle. The man who wishes to be told whether he will be safe in marrying a woman who he is reasonably sure loves him, but with whom he is not in love; a woman whom he likes thoroughly and of whom he cordially approves; must in all kindness and justice to himself and to her decide the question for them both. He only can judge whether his temperament is such that cordial liking for

and a firm faith in, his wife can fill the place of genuine, permanent love, in case love declines to follow in their wake. He must take into consideration that sweetness is cloying when not desired, and question himself closely as to whether the demonstrations of a love which he does not share may not prove wearisome beyond his power to conceal that weariness.

There are not many women to whose hearts true and earnest love cannot find its way sooner or later; few who are proof against a loyal and loving lover. Which fact, in view of the insurmountable law that a woman may not choose, except from among those who choose her, is undoubtedly a merciful dispensation of providence. The love which lasts must be founded upon the rock of mutual respect, else, when the storms of adversity come and the floods beat upon that love, it will fall and fall like the house in the parable which was builded upon sand.

WOMEN CRIMINALS WORSE THAN MEN.

By George Claretie.



Crime and criminal women have always been of the greatest interest to the vulgar herd. Last year it was the Humbert affair; this year it is Italy which, in the person of the Countess Bonmarth, runs in close rivalry to France. Certain crimes, which had grown rare of late years, have brusquely reappeared. Poison has become fashionable once more. For crime has its fashion; now it is the revolver, now vitriol, now poison. The dagger has been cast aside for a weapon as unerring, but more dangerous and even more dastardly—poison. And now rumors of poisoning cases are becoming more and more frequent. A few months ago Mme. Gaitte, at Lectoure, and Mme. Massot, at Marseilles, were accused of poisoning their husbands, and at Rouen Mme. Bonroy is being tried for having killed her husband in the same way.

A poisoner has the maddened thirst of a drunkard, with this difference, however, that she pours out her beverage for others. She has visibly her hysteria. This refinement of cruelty, this sort of pernicious daintiness in crime, is a malady like any others. In certain women this hysteria will turn into a need of lying, of inventing extraordinary tales. In others it becomes a passion for writing unsigned letters, often addressed to themselves; in others still, it is the madness of crime, the impulsive, irresistible need of killing just for the pleasure of killing, to see the features drawn in the agony of pain, the throes of the dying.

Now we are having a little epidemic of poisoning. But a noticeable feature is this—all these crimes take place in the provinces. It would seem as if a Parisian woman, in her feverish existence, in her whirlwind of a life, has neither the time nor the quiet mind necessary to set upon a victim with the same cold slowness, the same daily ferocity. When a Parisienne does revenge herself upon somebody, she uses her revolver, in between two calls, or two outings in her automobile. Everything goes quickly in Paris, even murder.

CANADA'S EXPANSION.

Has Experienced a Wonderful Development in Recent Years.

Within the past five years, Canada's total trade has increased by 65 per cent; that of the United States, 33 per cent.; that of Britain, 19 per cent. Canada's foreign trade is \$83 per capita; that of the United States only \$35. Her revenue is \$12.49 per capita, and her expenditure \$9.56; the United States' revenue being \$7.70 and expenditure \$7.04. The public debt of Canada is but \$66 per capita, while that of her sister commonwealth—Australia—is \$230. Canada's over-sea trade last year was \$451,000,000—more than double that of Japan, almost equal to Russia's. Her merchant shipping tonnage exceeds Japan's; her railway mileage is half that of Russia.

It is now thirty-seven years since the federation of Canada was accomplished, and about half that space of time since what was then thought the visionary prospect of spanning the continent with the Canadian Pacific Railway was conceived. The Northwest was considered a wilderness of snow and ice—a vast, lone land, tenantless save by the bison and the red man. Phenomenal has been the change since then. Along the international boundary, twenty years ago, was an acreage of 250,000 under crop, yielding 1,200,000 bushels of wheat. Now the acreage is over 4,000,000, and the annual yield 110,000,000 bushels, while population, acreage, and output

are augmenting at a rate no other country can approach.

To-day, so amazing has been the development of the Northwest, the Canadian Pacific Railway is unable to serve its commercial needs. The grain production of the territory is too enormous for its road, practically double-tracked though it is with sidings and sentinels with elevators. Every fall there is an absolute congestion, with grain coming out and lumber, coal and other commodities going in. Consequently, much of this traffic has to be handled by American transportation agencies. The United States has 2,000 cargo boats on the Great Lakes, while Canada had only thirty; and all the principal American railways have working alliances with those of Canada. Therefore, two other transcontinental railway systems are now being projected for Canada, that the wheat belt may be properly served. These are the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern lines, bisecting the prairies at distances apart which will enable the as yet untilled areas to be brought into speedy cultivation, and affording facilities for peopling the tenantless wilds at a rate undreamed of ten years ago.

Nothing so eloquently attests the altered attitude of the world to Canada as her increased immigration and especially that from across the American border. In 1893 only 10,000 immigrants entered Canada, whereas in 1908 the total had grown to 124,653. In 1896 only 44 Americans applied for

homesteads, while in 1902 the number had grown to 21,672 and last year this total more than doubled, rising to 47,780, which figure is expected to duplicate itself during the present season.

Didn't Mind Results.

The insurance men were exchanging vacation reminiscences in Dearborn street.

"The pleasantest sight I saw up in Wisconsin while I was there," said the red faced man, "was an old fisherman we passed one day in the canoes, smoking his pipe, and with rod out anxiously awaiting results.

"What d'ye fish with?" asked our guide as we passed.

"Frogs, of course," said the lone fisherman, calmly.

"The guide broke out in a loud guffaw. And just then I couldn't see why. Then he pointed to a big log that lay in the stream a little distance away from the fisherman. He had neglected to weight his line sufficiently to keep the bait down, and the frog had come to the surface on the other side of one of the logs, leaped on it, and sat there comfortably blinking in the sunlight.

"Two hours later we returned. The frog was still there, and the old fisherman smoked on in blissful ignorance of the situation.

"I wish we could take poor results as cheerfully as that old chap up in Wisconsin."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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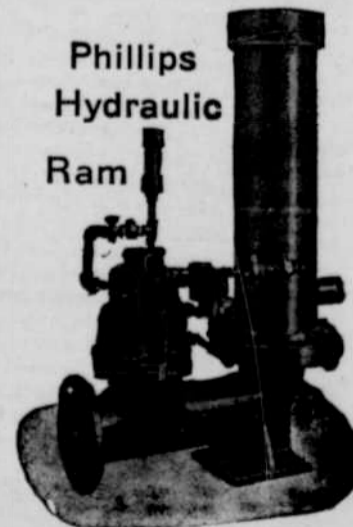
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