

TRUST REPUTATION.

The National Grange Opposes the Medical Trust.

In its last annual session the National Grange passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The resolutions adopted at the 43rd annual session of the National Grange, favoring the consolidation of the various federal health bureaus, have been used by the Committee of One Hundred on National Health as an endorsement of the proposal to create a new federal department, to be called the Department of Public Health; and

WHEREAS, The attitude of the National Grange in this matter has been misrepresented by the advocates of a Public Health Department; and

WHEREAS, The creation of such a Department would involve the appointment of thousands of unnecessary office holders, and the expenditure of millions of dollars, which could be better devoted to establishing parcels post, aiding the states in the work of road improvement, and other reforms in which the Grange is interested; therefore

RESOLVED: That the National Grange has not endorsed a Department of Public Health, and sees no good reason why the farmers of the country should favor the creation of such a Department, or any legislation that might be construed as a step in that direction.

THE EASIEST WAY.



Capt. Jack—I understand that you're engaged to one of the Bullion twins. How do you distinguish one from the other?

Lady Kitty—I don't try.

NURSE TELLS OF SKIN CURES

"I have seen the Cuticura Remedies used with best results during the past twenty years. In my work as a nurse, many skin disease cases came under my observation, and in every instance, I always recommended the Cuticura Remedies as they always gave entire satisfaction. One case in particular was that of a lady friend of mine who, when a child, was afflicted with eczema which covered her face and hands entirely, breaking out at intervals with severe torture. She could not go to school as the disfigurement looked terrible. I told her to get at once a set of Cuticura Remedies. After the use of only one set she was perfectly well.

"A grown lady friend was afflicted with salt rheum in one of her thumbs, and she was cured by the Cuticura Remedies. Still another lady had dry salt rheum in both palms of her hands every fall of the year. They used to be so painful she could scarcely wet her hands until she began to use the Cuticura Remedies which cured her. I have also seen them cure children of ringworm. The children's faces would be all circles and rings around the cheeks, and the neck, and after treatment with the Cuticura Soap and Ointment they were completely cured. My husband had rheumatism on his arm and I used the Cuticura Ointment: It made his arm as limber and nice, whereas it was quite stiff before I began to apply the Ointment.

"Last May I had an ingrowing toe nail which was very painful, as the side of the nail was edging right down in the side of my toe. I cut the nail out of the cavity it made, and of course applied the Cuticura Ointment to the part affected. It soothed it and in less than ten nights it was all healed through constant use of the Ointment. Ten days ago I had my left hand and wrist burned with boiling lard, and Cuticura Ointment has completely cured them. I have just recommended the Cuticura Remedies to another friend, and she is pleased with the results and is recovering nicely. I will gladly furnish the names of the people referred to above if anybody doubts what I say." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Hederson, 77 Highland Ave., Malden, Mass., Oct. 1, 1910.

Back, then, to the Farm. Richard Croker, during his visit to New York last month, discussed with a reporter the high cost of living.

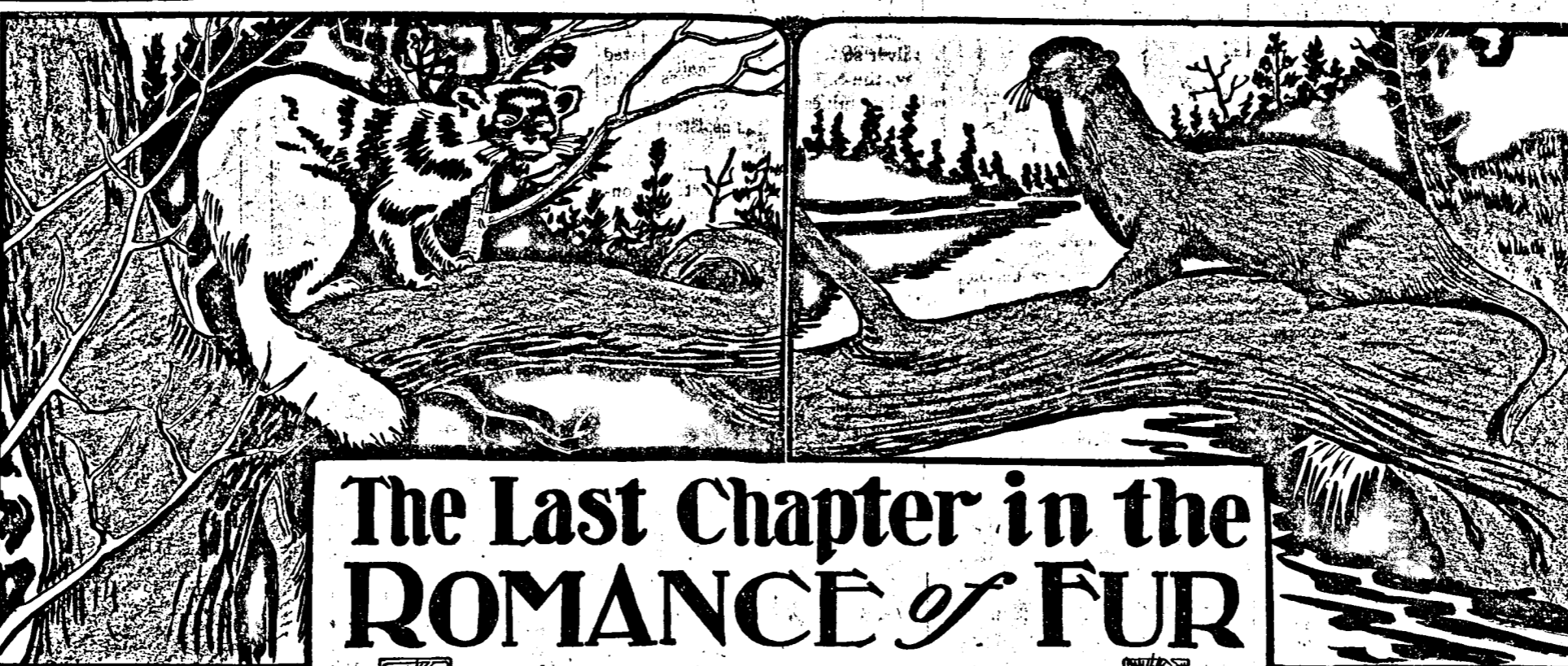
"The farmers are all right," said Mr. Croker. "It is the people who insist on living in the towns who find everything too dear. In the towns, you see, the expenses are as both as the children.

"A little boy in a tiny flat looked up from his drum one day and said: 'Mother, Adam and Eve lived in Paradise. What was it like there?' 'Like what it is here,' his mother answered, 'when you eight children are all at school.'"

Communions by the Wayside. Adam Zaxof—Jovner got through a winter 'bout workin'?

Job Sturkey—Yeh, I spent one winter in a workhouse.

Modern life pushes a man into the mud and then chides him for materialism.



The Last Chapter in the ROMANCE OF FUR

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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THE day of romance—romance of the old sort, of pirate-infested seas, of peril-ridden lands of gold, of strange and unknown countries filled with the lure that has drawn men from the beginning of time—has rapidly passed away. It is followed now by the romance of iron and steel, the romance of invention, of progress, of a civilization that is fast crushing out the last vestige of the primitive and adding each day new chapters to its own marvelous achievements. It seems like a fitting decree of fate that the oldest and most romantic of all the industries of man, with the exception of his earliest fight for food, should be the last to die. There is something of pathos in it, especially when it is pointed out to one as it was pointed out to me by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, head of the great Hudson's Bay Company, who said, "The last chapter in the romance of fur is being written. It has been a glorious story—a glorious story."

For three thousand years the pelts of wild beasts have played their part in the lives of men. For the last ten centuries fur has played an important part in history. It has held out the lure of romance—of adventure and gold. It has caused wars, and has led to the discovery of new lands. Fur hunters have done more exploring than any other class of men. It was the beaver that lured men from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, and thence to the Rockies, opening up a continent. It was the sable that drew the tribesmen of Asiatic Russia across to far Kamchatka, and the sea otter that led the Spaniards and the English all around the world in crazy craft, and gave us our first knowledge of the Pacific coast from Alaska to California. When, away back in 1670, a wandering and adventurous Frenchman by the name of Groseillier first Prince Rupert's imagination with glowing tales of a land filled with priceless furs, and a little company was formed with a capital of \$50,000, he did not dream that his wild project meant the opening up of a country almost as large as the whole of Europe and the beginning of an adventure which was to run through centuries. It was this little company of "gentleman adventurers" who formed what is today the Hudson's Bay Company, the greatest landed corporation on earth—something which will remain for all time in history as a cenotaph to the tremendous part which the furred things of forest and mountain and sea have played in the fortunes of men.

Last year the raw fur industry of the world amounted to forty million dollars. Next year it will be fifty million, and the year after that the figures will be larger still. Five years ago it was less than twenty millions. Yet in spite of these figures—in the face of the fact that the fur-trade of the world is increasing in value each year, and will continue to increase for perhaps another decade, the furred things of the earth are fast becoming extinct.

A year ago a big London fur buyer, whose business amounts to over a million dollars annually, said to me, "Within another five years only a very few people of moderate means will be buying furs. Only the wealthy will be able to afford those furs which are cheapest today, and even the muskrat, whose pelt sold for five and six cents a few years ago, will be prized as a luxury."

Ten months did much to verify this fur dealer's statements. Within that time raw pelts advanced from twenty to one hundred per cent. A Montreal dealer who purchased 80,000 muskrat skins at twenty cents per skin a year before sold them in London for seventy. A month later they had gone to eighty. Two months later they were bringing a dollar. In a single season the value of the world's annual production of fur leaped from \$25,000,000 to over \$40,000,000. I had just come down from my last trip to the Barren Lands, where I had spent eight weeks among the far northern fox hunters, when word was passed from post to post and from trapper to trapper throughout hundreds of thousands of square miles of Canadian wilderness that a fur famine had struck London and Paris, the fur centers of the world; and that from Winnipeg, Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal both the "independents" and the agents of the big companies were making fabulous offers for pelts.

It will be interesting to note the conditions that this famine will bring about during the next two or three years. Millions of women are as yet unaware of what the great fur dealer I have quoted above describes as "the mine that is about to explode under their feet." It cannot be said however, that they have not had some warning. The woman who bought a mink muff for twenty dollars five years ago pays sixty for the same grade of article today; she will pay from seventy to eighty for this coming season—a hundred or more two years from now.

These statements are not made at random, but only after the closest personal investigation



tion of the fur situation as it exists today, and after a long acquaintance with the great fur companies, buyers, and trappers. But a few facts are necessary to show at what ruthless pace the slaughter of fur animals has gone on during the past decade. It was not long ago that 150,000 skins of the sea otter were taken from the Aleutian Islands each year. Today there are less than 400 skins taken annually. Ten years ago sea otter was a popular fur; today it is worn only by the royal blood of Europe. Twenty years ago it was estimated that seal herds of the Prydzloffs numbered over five millions. Today, in spite of international treaties for their protection, there are not more than 150,000 seals on the island! About 10,000 skins were taken last year, and so relentless was the slaughter on account of the princely sums offered for the fur that 10,000 baby seals died during the season, chiefly of starvation because of the death of their mothers.

The glossy little wood marten is dying out. Four years ago I met two Canadian trappers who were coming down from the upper New Ontario game regions with 300 martens. Worth then from four to five dollars a skin. They are worth twenty-five dollars, and a half a dozen are a big "catch" for any one man in a single season. Five years ago 1,750,000 foxes were killed to supply the world's market. Three years ago the number had fallen to 1,200,000. Last year less than a million were caught. From two dollars a skin the red fox jumped to twelve; the "cross" fox from twenty-five to as high as a hundred, silver and black fox to prices that made their skins ten times the value of their weight in gold!

The silver and black are now so rare that they are "bid" for only by dukes and duchesses, the rulers and the heirs of kingdoms and empires. Seldom does one sell in the London or Paris markets for less than \$700 to \$1,000. A year ago one pelt sold for \$4,000. In this same way are going the black sable and the little white ermine whose pelt has been worn in the robes of royalty for more than seven centuries. It was not long ago that 100,000 skins of the black sable found their way into the market each year. Last year this number had dwindled to fifteen thousand!

The "signs of the change" are now at hand in another way, and as a consequence never in history will the women of the world be "up against" a greater assortment of substitu-

tutes in the fur line than during the coming seasons.

The world's prosperity and its rapid increase in population are, of course, the chief causes of the extinction of fur. As recently as ten years ago the people of the United States were not counted among the great buyers of fur. Now the majority of women among ninety million people are purchasers of fur of one kind or another. Five years ago London was the world's greatest fur center, with Paris a close second. Today, so enormous has the demand for fur become in this country as well as across the sea, that there are over 3,000 establishments for the treatment of furs and the making of fur garments in New York City alone.

London and Paris have now taken second and third places in the actual making of fur garments, though London handles more raw fur than the other two combined. Last year the value of New York's "finished" output was nearly \$20,000,000, and fully sixty per cent. of this was represented by the furs which a few years ago were considered almost worthless.

"Three years will clean out the cheaper 'class of fur,'" said a Montreal buyer to me, "and then the real famine will be at hand."

This passing of the old romance of fur is marked not only by the paths of the furred things themselves, but by that of the wild and picturesque life of those thousands of wilderness people whose centuries-old vocation must go with the things which gave it birth. There is some comfort for the lover of the wild and what it holds in the thought that at least in a great part of the fur Canadian wilderness the picturesque fur-hunter will never, like the courier du bois, quite die out. In a country one-third as large as the whole of Europe railroads and civilization will never go. This vast wilderness region, long described as a "waste," stretches from the coast of Labrador, through Ungava, skirts Hudson's Bay and swings north and west to Mackenzie Land and the polar seas.

It is a land where for six months out of the year man's life is a bitter fight against deep snows and fierce blizzards against hardships of all kinds, starvation, and a cold that reaches sixty degrees below zero and which is so "dry" that one may freeze almost to the point of death without being aware of especial discomfort or pain. It is, as Lord Strathcona says, "the last great trapping ground." Out of this trapping ground there has come

a constant stream of treasure for nearly two and a half centuries. Last year, according to Canadian export figures, this treasure amounted to \$2,719,832, but no credit was given for the enormous home consumption of raw pelts. The actual catch was worth at least \$5,500,000. The coming season will see \$7,000,000 worth of furs caught in Canada, in spite of the fact that the actual number of skins will be at least a quarter less than a year ago, when the lives of between thirty and forty million wild things were taken that Midway of civilization might have her furs.

As recently as eight years ago, when the writer first began his journeys into the north-land, one struck the great fur country as soon as he crossed Lake Superior. From there it ranged to the Arctic sea. Less than a decade has brought about a tremendous change, and now one travels a hundred miles farther north before he enters the "last great trapping ground." From this great trapping ground comes seventy per cent. of the better class of furs worn by the American woman and her Canadian sister.

In a vast desolation one-third as large as the whole of Europe there is no railroad, no white man's village, and its population is less than that of the Sahara Desert. In its center is Hudson's Bay, the great "ice box" of the north—nine times as large as the state of Ohio. Over this vast territory at distances of from one to three hundred miles apart are scattered the Hudson's Bay Company's posts and those of its French competitors, the Bevelon Brothers. In most instances a post consists of nothing more than a company "store," the factor's house, and two or three log cabins. Except during the months of the trapping season these are practically the only points of human life in a country that runs two thousand miles east and west and from two to eight hundred north and south.

With the first breath of winter the fur-trappers begin to bury themselves in the vast desolation about them, traveling one and sometimes two hundred miles away from the post to their old trapping grounds.

From the moment he leaves his door to go over his line, three days' supply of food and a thick blanket in his pack-sack, a knife, a belt-ax and a rifle as weapons, every hour is filled with excitement for the hunter of fur. On his snowshoes he speeds swiftly from trap to trap, every mile of snowy forests and swamps revealing the mysteries of the wild things to him as plainly as a picture-book.

In one trap he finds a great white owl, and cuts off the beautiful wings for the wife and children back in the cabin. In the next there is a huge snow-shoe rabbit, frozen stiff as it had died. And then, from through the thick and gloomy balsam ahead, he hears the faint clinking of a chain. His blood leaps now, for this royal sport of the wilderness never grows old to the fur-hunter. The chain clicks louder, and he draws in quick, excited breaths as he lifts the hammer of his rifle and stares ahead. He comes suddenly upon the next house, and there is a snarling, leaping, thing in the air before him, a great silver-gray furred thing, lithe and beautiful as it crouches at bay—a lynx. And a magnificent specimen, its six-inch fur as fine as a woman's hair, crumpled and lying richly upon the blood-stained snow as it waits for the man to come within springing distance. But the hunter knows better. He aims carefully for a spot where he can sew up the bullet-hole, and fires. Only a short time from now some gently nurtured beauty of civilization will press the warmth and regal loveliness of that thing to her face, and—Is it possible that a vision of this wilderness tragedy will come to her then? No more than the dark-faced hunter sees a vision of that woman's loveliness as he skins his catch and hurries on. To each is given but a part of the picture.

The forest man knows only that he has caught a "Number One, Extra" lynx, and that the Company will pay him fifteen dollars for it. His mental vision goes no farther than that. He makes no effort to follow it in the great ship that will carry it to Paris or London, where it will be sold at great profit; nor to the furrier's shop, nor to the dainty girl or the society matron in New York who will pay \$150 for that same fifteen-dollar lynx—in an "imported" muff. He goes on, keyed to higher excitement, until the end of the day comes, and in the first gray gloom of early night he stops at one of the three or four small log shelters which he has built for himself along the trap-line, gets his supper, lights his pipe, and reviews the happenings of the day until slumber closes his eyes.

It will take him three days to cover a forty-mile trap-line, and when he returns to his cabin at the close of the third he is welcomed by the glad cries of his children, and the laughter and joy of his wife, who has a tender roast porcupine or a venison steak waiting for him. For two days after that he rests, smokes his pipe, and tells of his adventures, while his wife scrapes the fat from his pelts and stretches them on sticks. Then, once more, he should his pack, and goes again upon his round of excitement, adventure and profit.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out catarrhs and spasms. They are bad! CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache and Irritability, no matter how. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine medicine Signature.

WHERE GALLANTRY CEASES

One Thing That a Woman Has No Right to Expect From a Man.

"I always believe," he gallantly said, "in yielding to the ladies." "I suppose you always give way to your wife when you and she happen to have an argument?" "Invariably."

"And you never fail to relinquish your seat in the car when it happens that some woman would have to stand unless you did so?" "Certainly."

"Do you take off your hat when you get into an elevator where there are ladies?" "I never fail to do that."

"If you had secured the last lower berth in a sleeper would you give it up to a lady who would otherwise have to occupy an upper?" "Of course. I have done it frequently."

"In case you stood in line in front of a ticket window, would you be willing to go away back to the end so that some woman might have your place?" "Say, what do you think I am—a fool?"

GOOD ADVICE.



Ferdinand—She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do?

William—See a little more of the world, old chap!

The Oldest Kilkittat.

Jake Hunt, the oldest living Kilkittat Indian known, lies at death's door at his home adjoining this town east of here. The old Indian is reputed to be more than 100 years of age. Years ago an Indian village stood where the Hunt family now carries on a general farming business. All that is left of the old settlement is a little church, a totem pole and numerous mounds where the Kilkittats lie who could not reach the century mark. Old Jake says that this was the Indians' paradise before the advent of early white settlers.

Jake Hunt is destined not to die a peaceful death. His lands are as rich and productive as any in the valley and command a high price. He is said to have married seven times during his long career, but there will be only a widow and a few children to fall heir to his valuable property.—Husum Correspondence Portland Oregonian.

Young at the Business.

General Howard was an invited guest at a dinner given by a boys' patriotic club. "You eat very well, my boy," said the general to a doughty young trencherman. "If you love your flag as well as your dinner you'll make a good patriot."

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "but I've been practicing eating 12 years, and I ain't owned a gun but six months."—Success Magazine.

A Scarecrow.

Miss Brush—I suppose you don't mind my being in your field, Mr. Gobel?"

Farmer Gobel (heartily)—The longer you stay, the better, miss. Fact is, the birds 'ave been very troublesome this season.—London Tatler.

Without a Cook?

Never mind—you can have a good breakfast if there's a package of

Post Toasties

in the house.

This delicious food, ready to serve without cooking, is always welcome and makes

Breakfast a Delight

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., Battle Creek, Mich.

Early Marriages Are Best

To Grow Alike in Tastes and Hopes and Aims is Certain in Youthful Pair.

To lay down hard and fast rules on any subject is always ridiculous. Yet, because it has become the fashion to abuse early marriages, the whole world is unthinkingly ready to agree that they should never be permitted, and to

deplore the bad old times when they were all too common. Yet for so-called "boy-and-girl" marriages there are many things to be said. In the first place they are always love matches. No thought of worldly advantage brings two young creatures together—nothing save the one thing that makes marriage holy. Trials are inevitable, but early youth surmounts

them infinitely more easily than mature years—and troubles borne together bind hearts in bonds that can never be broken. Besides, to give and take, to grow alike in tastes and hopes and aims, is certain in a youthful pair. The same "oneness" is an absolute impossibility when both man and wife have, perhaps, left their 30th birthday behind them.

It must be acknowledged, however, that fit subjects for youthful marriages are considerably more rare than they were in the last two genera-

tions, and this probably has much to do with the prejudice against such marriages. Husband and wife must be friends—congenial companions—or there can be no lasting happiness for either. Yet it is a moot point whether the welding together of likes and dislikes in early youth, the mutual reliance induced by long years of mutual dependence, does not make more for an ideal companionship than all the knowledge and careful choosing of these whose first gray hair is not far off. The children of youthful pe-

rents are certainly the luckier, any day. With papas and mammas who are so young that they have not forgotten their own babyhood, and so bring a gay and comely sympathy to childish joys and woes, they thrive as only in the atmosphere that suits them children do thrive, and grow up with never a hint of advancing age in their parents to sadden them. Somehow one feels quite sure that Darby and Joan, in the dear old song, married very, very young—Dorothy Traveler.