

This and That

THE PRICE THAT WE ALL MUST PAY.

On the thing we have, and the thing we do,
and the thing that we win in the fray,
There is always a price Dame Nature sets,
and the price we are bound to pay.
We may flatter ourselves in our infantile way
that were playing a confidence game,
And that in the end by cunning and stealth
we'll hoodwink the dear old dame,
But ever and ever she sets it down, the price
of each thing that we win,
And if it be won in the way of right or the
red, red path of sin:
And ever and ever, or soon or late, though
we juggle accounts by the way,
The price that is set in Nature's book is the
price that we have to pay.
'Tis the price that we have to pay.
Though the fact may bring dismay,
The price that is set in Nature's book is the
price that we all must pay.

The primrose path is a jolly path, but the
price of its joy is writ,
And we cannot escape the grisly shape that
ever is haunting it.
The wine's red glow is a goodly glow when
it moveth itself aright,
And we say, 'Aha! Let the good wine flow,
for this is an unco night.'
And we think we are worth a million or two
though the rest has not been paid,
And we roll 'em high, and the drinks we buy
till the ghost of trouble is laid;
Till the ghost of trouble is laid, dear boy—
but, oh, for the head next day!
For the price that is set in Nature's book is
the price that we have to pay.
'Tis the price that we have to pay.
A head like a bale of hay;
The price that is set in Nature's book is the
price that we all must pay.

In life's queer game we play for Success—'tis
thus we have doubted the dear,
Though whether she's this, or whether she's
that, is a matter not so clear;
But one man plays with the cards of greed
for a limitless sack of pelf,
And another man plays with a solemn face,
for a laurel to grace himself.
And each man pays; be sure of it, though it
be or here or there,
For Nature's price is on the goods, and to see
that he pays she'll care;
And the happy man, so I suppose, is the man
of a kindly way,
When he pays the price in Nature's book,
the price that we all must pay,
The price that we all must pay,
With a tear or a smile, I say;
The price that is set in Nature's book is the
price that we all must pay.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse.

A NEW ROUTE

The Road to Wellville.

It is by change of diet that one can get
fairly on the road to health after years of
sickness, for most ill health comes from im-
proper feeding.

What a boon it is to shake off coffee
sickness and nervous headaches as some can
if determined upon.

One woman accomplished it in this way:
"A few years ago I suffered terrible from
sick and nervous headaches being frequently
confined to my bed two or three days at a
time the attacks coming on from one to
four times every month. I tried medicines
of all kinds but could get no real relief un-
til my parents finally persuaded me to quit
the use of coffee altogether and try Pos-
tum Food Coffee. It had come to a point
where I was so utterly miserable that I was
willing to make any reasonable trial.

A person couldn't believe what followed
but results speak for themselves; that was
two and a half years ago and I have never
tasted coffee since. I use Postum not only
for its delicious flavor but more for the
the good it has done me. All my troubles
disappeared as if by magic and I have for
past two years been doing all the work for
my family of six. I seldom have even a
slight headache and would not give up my
Postum and go back to coffee now unless I
deliberately intended to commit suicide.

"All of my neighbors it seems to me now
use Postum instead of coffee and some of
them have been doing so for several years
with splendid results from the health point of
view." Name given by Postum Co., Battle
Creek, Mich.

"Look in each package for a copy of the
famous little book, 'The Road to Well-
ville.'"

HOW DO YOU SAY 'BATH'?

There was a cosmopolitan gathering re-
cently, in the cafe of a beach front hotel at
Atlantic City, and during the conversation
the question of the proper pronunciation of
the letter 'a' came up for discussion. The
Boston man with an air of authority, peered
over his glasses and said: 'We always give
it the Continental accent. For instance, we
say "bawth."'

'Pshaw,' said the man from New York,
as he finished peering through the bottom of
his glass, that isn't Continental; that is
New England. In the metropolis we pro-
nounce it "barth."

The Chicago man smiled contemptuously.
Said he, 'The proper pronunciation of the
word is "baarth."'

'Oh, that's all affectation,' said the Phila-
delphian. 'We call it plain "bath." That is
good enough for the Quakers.'

There is a Londoner amongst us, sug-
gested one of the company. Get him to pro-
nounce the word and see what he does with
the "a."

So they assailed the bewildered English-
man without letting him know their motive,
but asking him solemn questions about his
opinion of bathing. After listening atten-
tively the man from the other side said,
'Quite so; quite so. I always tub in the
morning.'—Louis O., in the Junior Chris-
tian Endeavor World.

KNOW ALL HIS SYMPTOMS.

One of the anecdotes raised by Dr. S.
Weir Mitchell, in his story, 'Doctor North
and His Friends,' might well be a personal
experience of the author. The hero, Doctor
North, was travelling from Harrisburg by
the night train, which was crowded. In
one of the cars he found a man stretched
across two seats, asleep. He awakened him,
begged pardon for disturbing him, and asked
for a seat. After a little time the two
entered into conversation.

At length the man asked, 'Do you know
Dr. Owen North?'

Rather astonished, I said, 'Yes.'
'What kind of a man is he?'

'Oh, a very good fellow.'
'He is like all of them high-up doctors.
Gets big fees, doesn't he? I want to know.'

'No,' said I. 'That is always exaggerated.
Why do you ask?'

'Well, I've had a lot of doctors, and I ain't
no better, and now I haven't much money
left.'
Upon this, my friend confided to me all
his physical woes in detail. We parted be-
fore daybreak. It was too dark in the car
for either of us to see plainly the face of the
other. About ten the next day the man
entered my consulting room. As I should
not have known him except for a rather
peculiar voice, I too, remained unidentified.
I could not resist so excellent an opportu-
nity. Looking at him, I said:

'Sit down. You have a pain in your
back.'
'That's queer! I have.'
'And you are blind in the left eye, and
your digestion is bad,' and so I went on.
At last he said, 'I never saw a doctor like
you! It scares a man most. Can you cure
me?'

I said 'Yes,' and wrote out directions. It
was really a simple case. When he produced
a well-worn wallet I declined to take a fee,
and said:

'I owe you for the seat and the good sleep
I disturbed last night.'
'Well, I declare I see, now! You were the
man. But law! why did you give it away!
I'd have sent you the whole township.'
'Youth's Companion.'

HUMOROUS EXPERIENCES OF AN ENGLISH COMIC ARTIST.

In my early days I once tried to engage as
a model a big negro, who made a living out
of chewing glass in sundry bar-rooms for
the entertainment of those gathered there.

'I want to paint you,' I said, when he
had taken round the hat after his perform-
ance.

'What cullah, boss?' he asked, suspicious-
ly.

'Why, natural color, of course,' I replied.
'I want to paint your face, you know.'

'Yah. I's not taking any, boss,' he said
firmly. 'The cullah I's got is good enough
for this chile.'

I once got hammered for making a color-
ed sketch from life of a very respectable golf
caddy in an attitude of ease, subsequently
adding a street corner as a background and
sending it to an exhibition under the title
'A Loafer.' The man came round to see me
in violent rage, said he was a bloomin'

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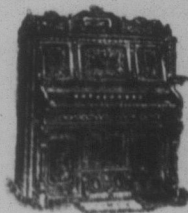
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high class golf caddy, and no loafer, and, if I
didn't alter the title of that dashed picture,
he'd either put his splicer on to me or jolly
well bash me.

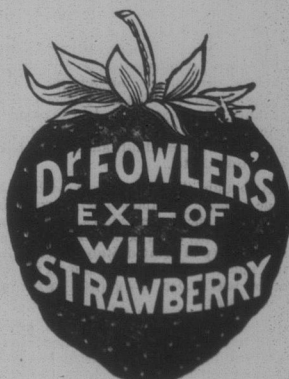
Oh, yes, there's a lot of humor about u
you only look for it in places where you if
don't expect to find it. Tom Brown, in
August 'Booklovers' Magazine.

HIS HERO!

One of the novelists, referring to his hero
says:

His countenance fell.
His voice broke.
His heart sank.
His eyes were
His hands trembled.
His blood froze.

After reading this one is puzzled to know
whether the hero was a plumber, a bank-
rupt, or a human thermometer.—Memphis
Commercial.



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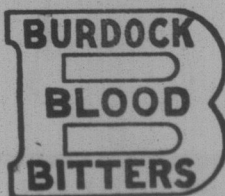
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