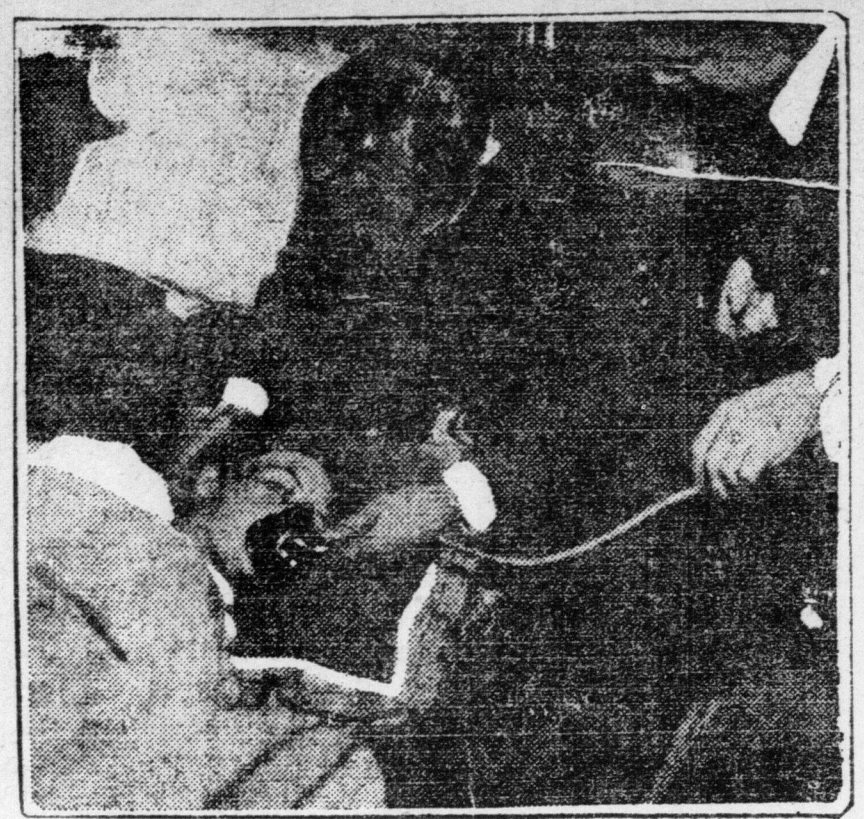


Pulmotor Raises the Seemingly Dead



This photograph shows how Mrs. Laura Stender, of Chicago, was brought back to the land of the living after she had seemingly died. The resuscitation was accomplished by placing a tube to the nostrils of the victim of gas asphyxiation and pumping oxygen into the lungs. While at the same time the poisonous gas was sucked out. She, with her daughter and a friend, had been overcome by gas leaking from a stove, and had been found unconscious by a neighbor, who telephoned to an electric power company for a pulmotor, a recent German invention, which the company keeps to resuscitate employees in times of accidents. This same pulmotor has revived several people within the last few days.

Poems From a Prison Cell
The Work of John Carter

FROM PUBLIC OPINION, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"One winter's night, seven years ago, an English boy of 19, a stranger in the country, penniless, half-frozen and half-starved, broke into a little railway station in Minnesota and stole twenty-four dollars.

"The fate which landed him at this particular station was personified in a brakeman who had just thrown him off a freight car on which he had been 'beating' his way West. As a result he was convicted of burglary and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, but was pardoned by the governor of the state after he had served something over half his term.

"This much explanation is necessary," says the New York Times, "if we are properly to estimate a volume of poems written by this young man, John Carter, most of them while he

was still in prison, and now published under the title 'Hard Labor and Other Poems' (Hakar, Taylor Co.)."

An Editor's Recommendation.

Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, editor of the Century Magazine, writes of this book:

"These poems, instinct with sincerity, are a significant addition to the literature of hope. They remind one of that profound saying of George Eliot: 'In a mind of any nobleness a transgression against an object still regarded as supreme issues in a new and purer devotedness, chastised by humility and watched over by a passionate regret.'"

"It may not be amiss to say that since his well-deserved pardon John Carter, under his real name, is 'making good.' I heartily recommend it for its imagination, its freedom from morbidness and its naturalness which characterize most prison verse; its firm, authoritative style; its ease and facility of expression, and its genuine poetic feeling. These being assured, it will be a satisfaction to those who purchase the little book that in this way they are aiding the young author to make an honest living by good work."

"Mr. Carter refers to his as 'a life split from an idly handled glass,' and in plain, direct lines that bite like acid upon the reader's memory, he relates the suffering he has endured in prison:

Labor and brooding—is there no rest?
Day for days, and in the silent
Nights
Through ghostly memories of past
Delights,
Faces I loved and lips that I have
Pressed,
Until the sullen, deep-toned morning
bell
Wakes me to face a yesterday again
With all its bitter agony of pain.
Thou didst not linger, Dante, in thy
hell.

"There is no line in English literature more eloquent than the last one quoted, yet it is not the anguish of self-pity. Nowhere do we find that, yet everywhere a quick sympathy with others who suffer under the same conditions. In the 'Ballade of Misery and Iron,' he cries:

Ballade of Misery and Iron.
Haggard faces and trembling knees,
Eyes that shine with a weakening
hate,
Lips that mutter their blasphemies,
Murderous hearts that darkly wait:
These are they who were men of late,
Who held a plot, or sword,
If a prayer this wall may penetrate,

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Have pity on these, my comrades,
Lord!

Poets sing of life at the leas
In tender verses and delicate;
Of tears and manifold agonies—
Little they know of what they prate.
Out of this silence, passionate
Sounds a deeper, a wider chord.
If a song be heard through the narrow
grate,
Have pity on these, my comrades,
Lord!

Hark, that wall of the distant breeze,
Fiercing ever the close-barred gate,
Fraught with torturing memories
Of eyes that kindle and lips that
mate,
Ah, by the loved ones desolate
Whose anguish never can be record.
If Thou be truly compassionate,
Have pity on these, my comrades,
Lord!

These are pawns that the hand of Fate
Careless sweeps from the checker-
board.
Thou that know'st if the game be
fraught,
Have pity on these, my comrades,
Lord!

A Sonnet to Freedom.

"It is inevitable that a comparison should be made between Oscar Wilde's view of the prison and Mr. Carter's, since both were men of exceptional powers who saw their subject in close range and were themselves a part of it, even though no comparison is possible between the men themselves. Whether Mr. Carter realized this, and wrote with premeditation, or not, does not matter; the fact remains that in one of the sonnets to freedom he gives utterance to the sanest, truest, and at the same time, severest criticism that Wilde's later work has evoked:

Into the gray world whither I return
Few wander who may voice its
mystery.

One jester-priest there was, who
curiously
Strove the calm face of sorrow to
discern,
Dropping her tears upon the grue-
some urn.
He knew, who sang of Reading, all
that lies
Behind the watchful, penetrative
eyes
Of these, my friends, save that he
could not learn;

For, as bare hillside through an even-
ing mist
Are robed in dreams, so that firm-
bolted grate,
Through which he could but gaze
disconsolingly
Seems but a lattice where Delight
keeps tryst,
And they whose sins ye think be-
yond all cure,
To me are holy in that they endure
Adventures of the soul.

"It will be seen that 'Hard Labor

and Other Poems' is not only litera-
ture, but something more. The
present reviewer, its closest carac-
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air of absolute freedom that breathes
through its pages. 'Freedom' is unfor-
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and those of those who wheeled
the ordinary life, made up of joy and
sorrows largely external, know very
little about it. Only those who have
passed through some keen and rapid
adventure of the soul, and come out
safely on the other side—the woman
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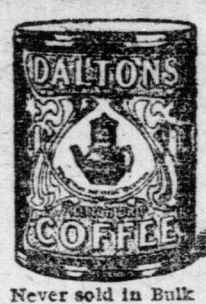
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Here is a New Kind of COFFEE

Ad We Give You A Pot To Make It In—Free

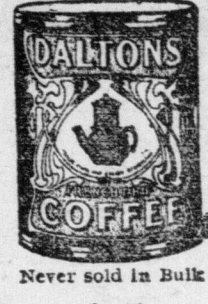


Never sold in Bulk

Get to the heart of the coffee question, you must do as we did—get to the heart of the coffee berry. The coffee berry is protected by Nature from the insect world, by a tough inner shell or coat. This shell contains tannin and other bitter substances.

is this shell, roasted and ground up with ordinary coffee, that causes indigestion, headaches and other ill-effects so common with coffee drinkers.

Let there is no other beverage in the world so thoroughly wholesome, healthful and delicious as good Coffee when properly made.



Never sold in Bulk

Dalton's French Drip Coffee

is this good, wholesome, delicious coffee. It contains no chicory and no special process of grinding, every particle of the bitter tannin-bearing shell is removed. We take out all the impurities. We have the meat—the heart—the flavor—the aromatic essences that mean so much to coffee-lovers.

The Percolator, or French Drip Process, is the only way to make really good coffee. We have secured sole rights for a practical, economical, reliable French Drip Coffee Pot. We will give it to you so that you can try Dalton's French Drip Coffee as it should be made. Read our offer. We have put up Dalton's French Drip Coffee in two blends



This is the Coffee Pot we are giving away with 2 tins of Coffee at 50c. per tin.

DALTON BROS.

514 in 25c. and 50c. tins. If, by any chance, your grocer is unable to fill your order, write us and we will see that you are supplied promptly.

—MILD and STRONG. You can't tell which one you will like best until you try both. Dalton's French Drip Coffee is better and costs less than any other if made in Dalton's French Drip Coffee Pot. That is why we make this special offer.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER.

We have authorized you to give to you one of these handsome pots (worth \$1.30) absolutely free with your first purchase of a tin EACH of Mild and Strong Blend at 50c. per tin. You buy two tins of our Coffee—one of each blend—to give it a fair trial and we give you the means of testing it FREE, satisfied that you will use nothing but Dalton's French Drip Coffee thereafter.

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We have authorized you to give to you one of these handsome pots (worth \$1.30) absolutely free with your first purchase of a tin EACH of Mild and Strong Blend at 50c. per tin. You buy two tins of our Coffee—one of each blend—to give it a fair trial and we give you the means of testing it FREE, satisfied that you will use nothing but Dalton's French Drip Coffee thereafter.

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