

Dakota County Herald

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

John H. Ream, - - Publisher

Hegewisch, Illinois, bows humbly to Cadillac, Michigan.

Zelazka is going to write a book. There is no law against it.

Queer as it seems, the fast man is soon overtaken by misfortune.

Prince de Sagan is now a "serene highness." He does not even look at the bills.

A California woman lost \$1,150 through a hole in her stocking. The moral is obvious.

Thirty-two reasons are given for the high cost of living, but there are probably many others.

An ear of corn was sold the other day for \$6.50. It would make a fine meal for that \$10,000 hen.

"Is a hen a bird?" asks the government. Respectfully referred to the man who owns Peggy, the \$10,000 hen.

Prussians want universal suffrage, but the Kaiser may decide that what they need is something equally as good.

A motor road from the Atlantic to the Pacific is proposed, with road houses, garages and hospitals every five miles.

Dr. Wiley states that if an egg floats in salt water it is not fresh. Grab your egg and start for the Gulf of Mexico at once!

Andrew Carnegie says he doesn't want to go to heaven yet. But he must not be understood as being opposed to the place.

In St. Louis recently a man won \$10 by eating a dozen eggs within a given time. It wasn't worth the effort if he had to buy his own eggs.

A New Jersey man found \$5,000 in a Bible his grandmother gave him thirty-five years ago. Some of those old-fashioned grandmothers had a fine sense of humor.

A New York man, seeking American citizenship, declared the United States flag was green. Can a man who is so color blind as that be worked over into a good citizen?

The weather man at Pittsburgh says the groundhog has been wrong for three successive years. It is not believed anything could be gained by submitting the case to Copenhagen.

Belvidere Brooks, the new manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, began his business career as a messenger boy in Texas. He must have succeeded somehow in keeping his front name a secret until he ceased being a messenger boy and got out of Texas.

A man in New York State, while digging for water a few days ago, discovered a thick vein of excellent anthracite coal. Without wishing to be considered pessimistic, we are compelled to cling to the opinion that the money he may be able to save on coal will be taken from him by the ice companies or by the people from whom he buys his meats and groceries.

When does an unmarried woman change from a young to an old maid? That was the question, and it is one of perennial interest, discussed in a Chicago woman's club the other day. No agreement was reached, but when one speaker declared that at 28 a woman is not yet an old maid, and is "probably better looking than at any other age," she was heartily applauded by the other women present. It is interesting to discover that the members of the club are all about 25 years old.

Particularly annoying and even dangerous abuses have sprung up in the matter of "interference" in wireless telegraphy. Amateur operators who delight in sending out hoax messages, cutting into important dispatches, and in general making aerial nuisances of themselves, have from time to time been reprimanded, but matters have gone to such a length that the government is considering ways and means of ending the trouble. From time immemorial the air has been considered free to all, and the only thing that can wholly control the conduct of those invisibly using it is, not laws, but manners.

Ironing linen has a greater effect than is commonly believed. As the temperature of the iron may greatly exceed 266 degrees Fahrenheit it has been suggested that the process of ironing may suffice to sterilize surgical dressings and hence be of valuable service, especially in rural districts and elsewhere, in the absence of disinfecting ovens and sterilizers. Nearly all microbes can be killed by a sufficiently long application of a temperature of 158 degrees Fahrenheit, but a temperature of 266 degrees Fahrenheit is required to kill certain spores of bacteria and to produce absolutely complete sterilization. It has been proved by experiment that it is possible to disinfect clothing very satisfactorily by ironing. Clothing which has been worn by children affected by various contagious diseases, and which contained bacteria or pus, diphtheria and the like, was sprinkled and ironed. It was then rubbed on plates of gelatin prepared for the culture of bacteria, but not a single colony was developed.

There is comfort for university students afflicted with "blue slips" in a curious statistical study lately made of the history of Yale graduates and non-graduates for half a century. The examination was made by the secretary of the university and the striking results must be accepted as accurate. The only doubt we have about them is just what is meant by non-graduates. Probably it means only

students who completed their four years' course and were refused diplomas at the end. Surely a different result would have been reached if the list of non-graduates included all who had ever studied at Yale for a longer or shorter time. The result is puzzling enough anyway. Yale has produced 23,000 alumni in the half century and in the same time nearly seven thousand students were sent away without the coveted diploma. These non-graduates are scattered all over the country, came from all kinds of secondary schools, good, bad and indifferent, and are credited to all departments of the university, though the medical school furnishes the largest percentage. Here 50 per cent failed to get diplomas, though only 20 per cent failed in the academic department or college proper. If success in life is measured by attaining standing in the professions and business, the compilation tells largely in favor of the non-graduates. The percentage of them that have succeeded in the arts, journalism and letters, in the ministry, in the public service, in every business but finance and in farming is higher than the percentage of successful graduates. The latter have excelled only in education, the other professions, finance and science, and their superiority is slight except in law and engineering. Obviously graduates have been most successful in professions that exact severe training, non-graduates most successful in those where it depends on natural endowment.

WANTED HIS NAME IN PAPER.

Curious Question Raised in a Canadian Court of Law.

A case of interest to newspaper men came up before Chief Justice Meredith last month when J. B. MacKenzie, a Toronto lawyer, entered an action against the Toronto World and George M. Lee, its Osgood hall reporter, to obtain an injunction against the defendants, restraining them from omitting his name from reports of cases in which he may be engaged as counsel or solicitor.

Chief Justice Meredith took the stand that the World published the report for the information and interest of its readers; that this report must necessarily be brief, but that so long as it was in no particular incorrect and contained no reflection in the nature of libel or improper statement of fact, the World had a right to publish what it pleased.

In the present case, Printer and Publisher states, the plaintiff did not claim that any incorrect statement had been made or anything in the nature of a libel published, but merely that the report was not full enough to suit him in that his name and connection with the case had been omitted from it. It really amounted to a complaint that the World had not given him the benefit of advertising in connection with the case, and this, his lordship claimed, Mr. MacKenzie could not compel the World to do. He suggested, humorously, that a contract at so much a line be made to cover the situation.

Mr. MacKenzie claimed, however, that the court had inherent right to deal with the matter, and that every body should be placed upon the same footing or the reports excluded. He claimed that such an omission was an injury to his calling, in that solicitors from outside points would thus be hindered from sending him retainers. His lordship dismissed the application for injunction, and Mr. MacKenzie intimated that the matter is not yet closed.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

Futility of Giving the Young the Most Costly Thing on Earth.

I wonder if you realize that it is rather a solemn moment for any one of my age to come face to face with boys at your age, said Lord Rosebery in an address at Edinburgh, according to an exchange. I suppose between the eldest of you and myself some five-and-forty years intervene. Looking back on that period between the termination of one's school life and the period at which one has arrived, one reviews it with a sense of one's own great shortcomings, of one's waste of time, of one's opportunities missed. No one is wholly satisfied with his life. The best of men that you could think of cannot have felt any complete satisfaction at reviewing his career. But there are degrees and degrees of satisfaction.

The most costly thing in the world is what we are all willing to give to those who are younger, and what our juniors never accept, but throw away into the ditch as soon as they receive it, as though it were destitute of all value at all, and that is experience. We all buy our experience very dearly, with pain, with anguish, sometimes with our heart's blood, and yet when we try to give it to those who are younger than ourselves they treat it with neglect, and they go into the world resolved to buy their own experience themselves.

Well, I, therefore, won't offer you my experience, because, as I say, you would reject it. But there is a great phase which has come down from the ancients, which embodies, I think, all that a boy at school ought to wish to be, putting religion aside. I am going to say it in Latin, and you won't understand it, because I pronounce it in the Eton way, which is all wrong, and you pronounce it in the Scottish way, which is all right: "Mens sana in corpore sano." I suppose you would say (here his lordship adopted the Scottish pronunciation): "Mens sana in corpore sano"—a healthy mind in a healthy body.

Hopetess.

Lawyer—You don't like the jury? Defendant—I do not. No. 1 is my tailor, No. 2 is my grocer, No. 3 is my milk and egg dealer and No. 7 is my wife's first husband. What chance have I got?—St. Paul Dispatch.

Drawing.

"Why is everybody so cordial to Jinx?" "He brought a couple of slices of bacon just before the meat strike went into effect and he has some of it yet."—Houston Post.

It occurs to every man occasionally that he would like to be a pugilist for about thirty minutes.

MASKERS.

Hope, the great explorer; Love whom none can bind; Youth that looks before her; Age that looks behind; Joy with three like Summer's; Care with thirty parts; Maskers all and mummies At Life's gate.

Power with narrow forehead; Wealth with nigger's palm; Widow with hoar hair head; Vaunts a barren calm; Haughty overcomers; In their pomp and state;—Maskers all and mummies At Death's gate!—William Watson.

That Club Supper

When Mrs. Myron Tuttle spoke up in the business meeting of the Culture Club and opened her house for the annual supper which that leading woman's club of Three Pines was in the habit of giving its husbands and some special outside guests Mrs. Lawyer White, who was the president, coughed a little wildly to gain time.

Always the club supper previously had been held at the spacious residence of the Springers, who had three full sets of china. This season Mrs. Springer was away, but it had been rather understood that Mrs. Dr. Sprong would offer to be hostess. Mrs. Tuttle had spoken so quickly when the question was put that every one knew she must have planned it long ahead. And everybody, in the midst of her dismay, wondered why.

In the first place, Hetty Tuttle was no housekeeper. She was a large, complacent woman, who did not wince when her small son Tommy scratched the mahogany piano with her emulating scissors and who was perfectly happy if the house was undisturbed and the broom was standing in the front hallway when callers arrived. Her benighted husband still adored her after twenty-two years of underdone steaks and no place for anything and everything always out of its place. The way Myron Tuttle let himself be walked over was a scandal.

Hetty Tuttle disliked work in any form, so nobody could imagine why she had put herself in the way of taking on so much. Still, Mrs. Lawyer White rather helplessly accepted the offer from this dubious source and then brightly moved that a chairman be appointed to oversee the supper and

relieve Mrs. Tuttle of some of the work. This was conceded to be a decidedly clever arrangement, for there was no use talking—Hetty Tuttle never could manage the affair herself. Mrs. Dr. Sprong, who was given the post of chairman, began borrowing embroidered lunch cloths of every one right and left that very day, for she knew without asking that Mrs. Myron Tuttle hadn't a couple of dozen laid by, as a good housekeeper should.

"Goodness knows," she mourned, "how we'll ever cook the chickens and things in her kitchen!"

As the time for the supper approached the members of the Culture Club took to dropping in on Hetty Tuttle with cut glass and silver in their arms. They said they thought maybe she would find such things of use in serving so many. Hetty Tuttle accepted all these loans liberally. She was the least concerned member of the club. Seemingly, she did not worry at all over this most important club function of the year, so every one else fretted herself into a fever.

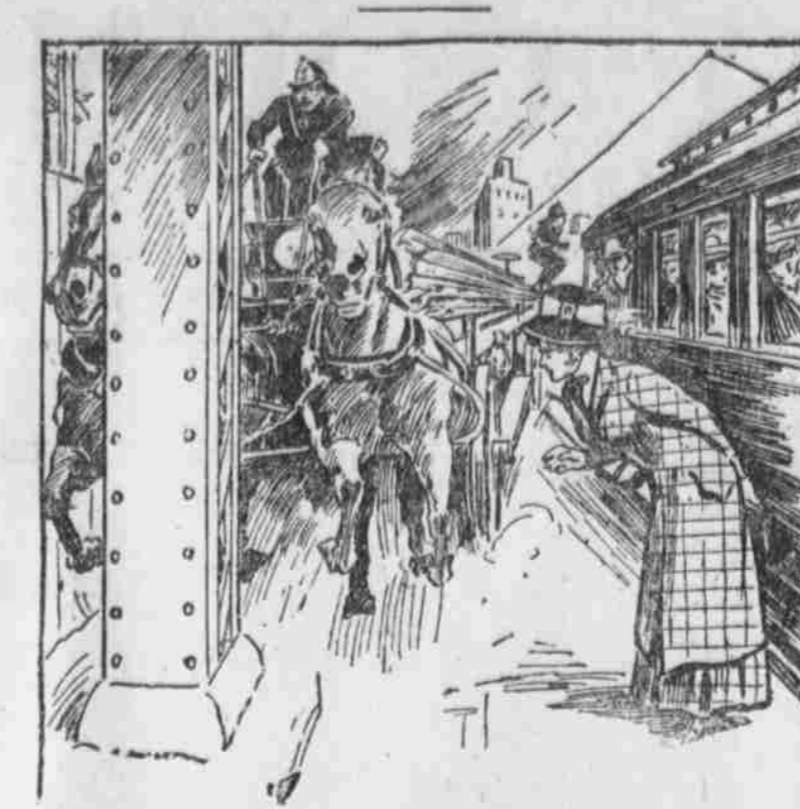
Minnie, the Tuttle's 19-year-old daughter, seemed to catch the excitement, however. Her mother deferred to her in a worshipful way and handed all the cut glass over to her keeping. "You go right ahead, Minnie," she often said in those days. "I guess you know what is right and can show 'em! I guess Alf Kreebie will see your folks can entertain and do things as well as his, even if they haven't got so much money!"

At that Minnie Tuttle would turn away with reddening cheeks, for she knew that the main idea behind having the Culture Club supper at their home was to dazzle Alf Kreebie and urge him on a trifle faster. Of late he had lagged in his attentions and Hetty Tuttle could not bear to see her daughter unhappy.

The women of the Culture Club will never forget the night of that annual supper. Amid all the hurry and turmoil Mrs. Myron Tuttle moved calm and undisturbed, while Mrs. Dr. Sprong in her black silk, Mrs. Lawyer White in rattling jet and half a dozen others with red faces and glittering eyes bumped into one another in the inconvenient kitchen, called wildly for utensils which were not, exploded at the discovery that there was no sugar in the pantry and had hysterics because Mrs. Tuttle had forgotten to order the special potatoes for baking.

Crowded in the parlors around the little tables were the elite of the meat folks of the town, waiting for food. The tension was terrible. It was absolutely unthinkable that the Culture Club should have a failure laid at its door. So while all the club women except Hetty Tuttle slaved and suffered and agonized to have things as they should be nobody noticed how Minnie Tuttle and Alf Kreebie were sitting together cozily on the lower stair. Nobody observed that Minnie got Alf all white meat and three orders of dumplings and two pieces of pie and a ridiculous amount of cabbage salad and covered over him while he ate.

WRECKS TRUCK TO SAVE YOUNG WOMAN.



Frederick Mayer, driver of a hook and ladder truck, was driving to a Brooklyn hospital after performing a splendid deed of heroism while driving to a fire. His horses were on a full run when directly in his path Mayer saw a young woman standing panic-stricken on a cross-walk. On one side, close to her, stood a trolley car filled with passengers; on the other was one of the tall iron pillars of the elevated railway. Had the driver kept on he would have run down the woman; by turning to the right he would have endangered the lives of the passengers. Mayer yelled to the firemen clustered along the sides of the truck to jump, gave the reins a mighty tug and ran full tilt into the iron pillar. There was a crash, the horses were thrown down, badly injured, the truck was overturned and Mayer was pinned under it with skull fractured, leg broken and body crushed.

A JAPANESE-GREEK FABLE.

A Japanese-American version of an ancient Greek myth is indeed a piece of literature. In some correspondence of Lafcadio Hearn, published recently in the Atlantic Monthly, there is quoted such a composition, warranted to be genuine. It was written by a native of Japan in an examination paper. Tithonus was a youth very handsome and polite. Aurora was the rosy-fingered Goddess of the Dawn—a very fine young lady with rosy fingers. She was used to get up in the earlier morning every day, and she was very studious. She fallen in love to Tithonus, and by her chariot took him up to the sky. One day she ask him that—"Sir, I can give you all thing you want." Then he ask her that—"Please give me the eternal life."

Hoping to enjoy the eternal life of her husband, Aurora ask to Zeus, Father of all the Gods: And soon the eternal life was bestowed on Tithonus.

But Aurora forget to request for the eternal youth; therefore Tithonus have the only eternal life. Gods have the eternity of youth as well as life.

Tithonus came to become thirty or forty years of age. He became every day more old. He became TOTALLY old. And felt the miseration of this life. To the last desire he begged the God to make him a glasshopper and to hop on the ground.

So for pity the God changed him into a glasshopper, which could hop about our world. And he is hop about the ground even now, and bears the dry looking.

So from a man become the husband of the Goddess, and then to be changed into a vile worm!

This should teach us well to ask never the inconsistent things.

Knowledge That Is Power. The world is full of people who know a great deal but cannot use their knowledge. They are weighted down with unavailable facts and theories, says Orison Sweet Marsden in Success Magazine. You have often met people who seem to know much, who are so encyclopedic in their greedy absorption of facts, that their general knowledge is like an enormous pack on a soldier's back, which exhausts his vitality and impedes his march.

It makes them heavy of foot and clumsy in everything they do. They impress you as not being large enough to swing their loads and carry them with ease. They are like children tugging away at great pieces of furniture which they can scarcely lift.

It is not the ability, the education, the knowledge that one has that makes the difference between men. The mere possession of knowledge is not always the possession of power; knowledge which has not been digested and assimilated and become a part of yourself, knowledge which cannot swing into line in an emergency, is of little use, and will not save you at a critical moment.

To be effective, a man's education must become a part of himself, as he goes along. All of it must be worked up into power. A little practical education that has become a part of one's being and is always available will accomplish more in the world than knowledge far more extensive that cannot be utilized.

Alaskan Glaciers. An interesting fact about Alaskan glaciers is that some are "dead" and others are "alive." Davidson glacier, which is really a tongue of the Muir glacier, has been ascended by travelers for a number of years. It is a dead glacier, having a moraine of several miles between it and the sea. Looking at it from the boat, it represents a kaleidoscopic appearance as the sun shines upon it, and the surface seems scratched with tiny pin lines. These are in reality deep crevasses, which must be approached cautiously, for they are lurking pitfalls for the unwary.—Vancouver Providence.

One on Him. "Pardon me," said a gentleman at the entrance to a downtown restaurant. "I have something on you." "And may I ask what it is?" "My hat!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Motherly. "Well, Elsie, dear, I hope you've been a little mother to your brother while I've been out!" "Oh, yes, I have. I've smacked him quite a lot!"—London Opinion.

Painting is more of a habit with some women than art is with an artist.

WHERE TEXAS WILL RANK.

At Present Rate of Increase It Will Be Third Among States.

If Maine, say, or Iowa, or even Illinois, were to gain 2,500,000 new inhabitants in a single decade the fact would be readily noticeable by one who dwelt there.

Here in Texas, where only 24,500,000 acres out of a total of 141,372,000 acres has ever been brought within the cultivated area, including lands used for pasture, the vast army of newcomers scatters and is lost to sight like water that sinks into sand. Collier's says. This, perhaps, accounts for the native Texan's reluctance to credit the startling estimate of gain made by the state department of education. He has seen all of the principal cities of the state double their size since 1900, and he is conscious that the acreage of farm lands under cultivation is steadily enlarging, but he does not frequently encounter the newcomers in his accustomed walks and he cannot believe they are all here.

If the state's estimate for 1909 be correct Texas should rank third among the states in population in the federal census of 1910, led only by New York and Pennsylvania. And if the migration into Texas between 1910 and 1920 continues in anything like its present volume the largest of the states should also be the most populous ten years hence.

Nine hundred miles from north to south, 1,100 miles from east to west, with elevations ranging from sea level to over 8,000 feet, Texas, as she ought within so great an area, offers the home seeker all conceivable varieties of climate and soil products. The virgin soil, with its promise of exemption from the need to use fertilizers for two or three generations, appeals powerfully to the old farmers of the middle western states.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

If we fail to believe the right ideas, we will fail to do right acts, and repeated failure to act rightly leads to a sinful character.—Rev. W. Horace Day, Congregationalist, Los Angeles.

We need to purify the spiritual atmosphere of the homes of our country, so that the children may learn to know God and be trained for His service.—Rev. A. R. Holderby, Methodist, Atlanta.

The apostles and the early church drew comfort from the covenanted covenant, and this same comfort belongs to every true Christian down to the end of this age.—Rev. C. F. Russell, Congregationalist, Cincinnati.

God is the author of the natural life; He is the creator of the spiritual life. He sustains the natural life by outward means. In similar manner He sustains the spiritual life.—Rev. P. P. Siegfried, Roman Catholic, Philadelphia.

There is nothing fairer than a beautiful woman. No sunset or sunrise, no flower that blooms is to be compared to the fair and beautiful form fashioned by the hand of God in feminine lines and proportions.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Christian, Louisville.

Evolution has never been the originating, creating or commanding power. Human thought never advanced so far as to get away from the first statement in the book. "In the beginning God created."—Rev. W. F. Day, Congregationalist, Los Angeles.

To be a Christian means to meet the experiences of life with a calm serenity, and to move ever toward the sunset with sweetness of heart, with sublimity of life conception in the furtherance of the spiritual quest.—Rev. Dr. Wilkins, Episcopalian, Los Angeles.

The strongest nations to-day are the Christian nations. The most glorious martyrs have been Christian men and women. The brightest force in the world to-day is Christianity, and the noblest manhood is found in the church.—Rev. G. R. Edmundson, Presbyterian, Denver.

Faith in himself is a necessity for any young man. He should not pity himself nor allow anyone else to do so, but with the knowledge that God is on his side, and that if he does right he should be able to face all life's battles bravely.—Rev. W. L. Rutledge, Methodist, London, Can.

The man who has grown reflective, and is content to do the will of God, will soon discover that so far from death of the great and good militating against the love of God, it proves that love, for without death there can be no social progress.—Rev. H. D. Hills, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

No matter what men's passions may dictate or society decide, the Christian must remember that marriage is a sacrament, instituted by Christ to confer grace upon the married couple that they may save their souls and bring up their children in the love and fear of God.—Bishop Conaty, Roman Catholic, Los Angeles.

Won by a Nose. "Bernard Shaw," said a dramatist critic, "always does the original thing. I went to see 'Caesar and Cleopatra' with him once, and as we stood in the aisle—the house was crowded—a stranger behind us persisted in poking his head right over Shaw's shoulder.

"Shaw then did the original thing. Taking out his handkerchief, he wiped the man's nose, patting and twisting it pretty vigorously.

"The man, with an ugly oath, jerked back his head. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Shaw. "I thought it was mine, you know!"—Washington Star.

A Man of Straw. Many years ago in England met could easily be found to give any evidence upon oath that might be required, and some of these persons walked openly in Westminster hall with a straw in one of their shoes to signify they wanted employment as witnesses. This was the origin of the saying, "He is a man of straw." But the custom has high antiquity. A writer in the Quarterly Review says that such were common in Greece.

There is never much disposition to kick about the other fellow's taxes.



Stella—Two is company and three is a— Bella—Divorce.—The Sun.

Teacher—How many make a million, Johnny? Johnny—Not many. "Ever had appendicitis?" "No. There ain't never been a time when I could afford it."—Detroit Free Press.

Barber—Have anything on your face when I get through, sir? Victim—Some skin and a nose, I hope.—Boston Transcript.

George—Do you think that I'm good enough for you, darling? Darling—No, George; but you're too good for any other girl.

"The chicken stew has two prices in the bill of fare. How is that, waiter?" "With chicken in it, it is 30 cents, without it, 10."

Mother (looking over her boy's shoulder)—Your spelling is perfectly terrible. Little Son—This ain't a spelling lesson. It's a composition.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah; I've been elected. Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? Politician—What difference does that make?—St. Louis Times.

The Father—Did mamma punish you to-day, Tommie? The Boy—Yes, sir. "What did she do?" "Made me stay in the house while she was taking her singing lesson!"

"They are going to lock Jones up for the good of the community." "What's he done?" "He's talking of setting Browning's poems to Richard Strauss' music."—Cleveland Leader.

The Man—No, I don't suppose that I shall ever marry. I'm too shy, don't you know, and 'faint heart ne'er won fair lady.' The Girl (helping him on)—But I'm not fair, I'm dark.

"Why," asked a Missouri newspaper, "does our State stand at the head in raising mules?" "Because," said an Iowa paper, "that is the only safe place to stand."—Jack O'Lantern.

Teacher—If you wear one pair of shoes three months, how long will two pairs last? Jimmie—A year. Teacher—Oh, no; how do you get that? Jimmie—I don't wear any in the summer.

"Yes, I do most of my work at night now." "What's the reason?" "Why, I'm a Wileyite and cook my food four hours, and being a Fletcherite it takes me three hours to eat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wife—Do you think there is a man that could conscientiously say to his wife, "You are the only woman I ever loved?" Hubby—Only one that I can think of. "Who? You, dearest?" "Oh, no, Adam."—Spare Moments.

A woman went to a bank. She noticed that there was a new face behind the window. "Has the cashier gone away to take a rest?" she enquired. "No," replied the new man; "he has gone away to avoid it."

"How do you extract women's teeth without their screaming?" "You don't give gas." "But my office is opposite a millinery display. When the women get absorbed in looking at the hats they're oblivious to pain."—Kansas City Times.

Young Lady (on first visit to West-yrn ranch)—For what purpose do you use that coil of line on your saddle? Cowpuncher—That line, as you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses. Young Lady—I dare say. Now, may I ask what you use for bait.

The new housemaid had just opened the door in response to Wigglesby's ring. "Is Miss Darborough in?" asked Wigglesby. "Yes, sorr, she's in, sorr, but she's engaged," said the maid. "Yes, I know," smiled Wigglesby. "I'm what she's engaged to."—Harper's Weekly.

"Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh?" queried the minister in talking with one of the deacons. "No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preachin' on the subject of resignation for two years an' ye haven't resigned yet."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Tabb—Old boy, I want to congratulate you on your speech at the banquet last night. O'Sudds (after waiting a moment)—I know you do, pard, and you're awfully sorry you can't do it truthfully. I appreciate the effort, just the same. Nasty weather, isn't it?—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. A—I do love lobster, but I never have them at home, because it seems so inhuman to kill them by putting them in a kettle of boiling water. Mrs. B.—Gracious! I never kill them that way. It would be too horrible; I always put them on in cold water and let them come to a boil.

"I regret very much that we cannot use your story," said the magazine editor, handing back the manuscript. "It's astonishing how much really good literature we are compelled to decline." "It's more astonishing, though," said the disgruntled author of the story, "that you never let any of it get into your magazine."—Chicago Tribune.

Little Nellie told little Anita what she termed a "little fib." Anita—A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie. Nellie—No, it's not. Anita—Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university. Nellie—I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father.

Rather Paradoxical. "One thing always puzzled me about a parliamentary proceeding."

"What is that?" "How a man can be so acrobatic as to be the chairman of a standing committee."—Baltimore American.

Its Nature. "The case of this time I am having is like taking candy from a baby." "Then you are having a howling time."—Baltimore American.

Filtration is attention without intention.