THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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1	43,580	16	43,890
2	43,800	17	44,220
3	42,690	18	44,080
4	43,970	19	43,760
5	42,930	20	43,900
6	44,200	21	43,910
7	43,820	22	43,580
8	43,910	23	43,930
9	44,080	24	43,880
10	43,470	25	42,740
11	44,640	26	43,150
12	43,920	27	43,960
13	44,200	28	43,280
14	43,350	29	43,340
15	43,950	30	43,360

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GEORGE B. TZSCHUCK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30th day of November, 1910.
M. P. WALKER,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Now next comes the New Year's resolution fiend.

Aren't Santa Claus and Old King Coal the jolly chums, though?

Grease up the old wagon, boys; the first of the year is nearly here.

Wise capital removalists will all be for the initiative and referendum.

It isn't every year that lets folks celebrate Christmas over two days.

Of all the artificial monopolies, the match trust is the most striking example.

To outgoing and incoming governors at work on their messages: Cut 'em short.

New York newspapers are still talking about eggs. Why discuss such unsavory subjects?

Did "Boss" Murphy hide a Tammany senator in old Father Knickerbocker's stocking?

We hope never to learn that this match between Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie was "fixed."

Dickens, they say, is out of date. All right; count a few of us in the old fogey class of book lovers.

The California legislature will soon be in session. And here we have just rocked that War Scare baby to sleep.

Now when those pesky little Japs come over to lick us will they want Uncle Sam to finance their side of the war?

A St. Louis burglar robbed a St. Louis butcher. Oh, well, we do not favor that means of getting even, exactly.

They say the old hoop skirt is coming back. Well, if it does, it will not find its place usurped by any other at present.

Kansas is beating the butcher by making sausage out of jack rabbits. We would prefer not to beat the butcher.

We are reminded that the automobile industry provides a livelihood for 1,000,000 persons. Well, that is some justification.

No engineers' strike to tie up our railroads just now. Another reason for feeling good at this peaceful season of the year.

Carnegie, $10,000,000 for peace; Rockefeller, $10,000,000 for the wind-up on the Chicago university. Hoot, mon, it's your move.

It is said that Boni de Castellane's credit is still good in Paris. Must be on the theory that the courts will give him another hearing.

Some paper recalls that Nashville, Tenn., was founded on Christmas day, 1800. Well, that is nothing against Christmas, nor against Nashville, either.

Now that you have gone broke buying your best girl a Christmas present, wouldn't it be awful if she should make a New Year's resolution to get a new fellow?

Cost of the Mail Service.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has taken another very significant step in his course of procuring efficiency and economy, the keynote of the Taft administration for the Postoffice department, by determining upon more systematic means of handling the railroad mail contracts. He will reduce the cost of carrying the mails to a more definite basis by eliminating some of the loose methods that have been practiced, but are now outgrown. He evidently proposes a general readjustment of the system of paying the railroads for their carrying service. Some are now, doubtless, overpaid and it may be that some are underpaid, but in the end the postmaster general will have contributed to the one purpose of placing this service upon a more business-like basis.

This is what the government for years has been aiming at. It no longer countenances the old theory that the Postoffice department is a haven of refuge for political debt-paying, but regards it properly as a gigantic business enterprise and is conducting it more and more as every such institution should be conducted. It has taken years to get in position to accomplish results we now see. One of the first steps toward them was the adoption of the civil service system.

It is interesting to know that the postmaster general's present plans contemplate more pay for the supervising officers of the railway mail service. The mail clerks, themselves, feel that they are entitled to more pay to enable them the better to cope with conditions of living and it is not improbable that the government will be able soon to reach them in its general plan of betterment. Perhaps economies in other directions and particularly the systematizing of the railroad mail contracts may enable it to do this more speedily than otherwise might have been.

Patents and Progress.

A disconsolate Briton, recently writing upon the lack of England's industrial progress in late years, cited as proof the fact that no Englishman had for more than a quarter of a century turned out an invention of world influence. He affirmed that a nation's development in this direction may be measured by its inventions.

No American may fairly lament thus about his country and countrymen. The patent office at Washington will refute his whole argument. It is turning out invention rights more rapidly today than it has for years, if not ever. All told it has issued 1,000,000 patents since its organization in 1790. Thousands of these patents, of course, come to naught, and one of the tragic features about many that do not, is that they fail to reward the inventor, because some pirate with more money than genius crowds him out of his rights and exploits the thing, himself.

But this does not alter the fact that Americans have become an inventive race of people. And many of their inventions are of world-wide influence. In fact, just as this British writer showed, it was the American inventor who was wielding the greatest influence today in industry. Certainly it is true, if the Briton's theory be correct, that this shows the United States to be a conquering nation industrially. We are, at any rate, forging ahead of all others in that line.

The head of the invention class is an American, Thomas A. Edison. His inventions, all things considered, have been most monumental in result of any produced within the century. And, Marconi not excepted, Edison promises to hold his place for years to come. This fact is not lost on our British friend in his effort to arouse his own people from their lethargy. His appeal England cannot afford to ignore. It must maintain an industrial supremacy or take a back seat among the nations. It cannot ever become great as an agricultural country except through its colonies for the very good reason that it has not the territory. But England realizes this, as is shown in the crown's effort to draw upon the resources of its provinces for aid in strengthening its position.

Missouri Forces Clark's Hand.

Champ Clark did not come out with a clear-cut statement of his position on the method of appointing house committees until his own state forced him to. To be sure in the last session of congress when the fight raged about the head of Speaker Cannon, Clark was loud in demanding that committee appointments be taken from the speaker, but since the results of the last election made it reasonably certain that he would succeed to the speakership, he had been silent on this point.

The reason, of course, was plain, but his silence at once discredited his consistency. Nevertheless his candidacy for the speakership in the Sixty-second congress being formidable, state by state began throwing its delegation in the house behind him, but one state refused to fall in line. That was Missouri, the state where people demand to be shown. Evidently it knew Clark best and had some reason to feel that it would be just as well to have him commit himself anew on this proposition before giving him pledges of support for speaker. The Missouri democrats put the matter up to Mr. Clark and finally extracted from him the promise that he still favored the committee appointment plan.

Some states might have deferred to state pride in such an event and boomed their favorite son for speaker regardless of where he stood on such a little matter. Not so Missouri. Of course so astute a politician as Champ Clark could not help but appreciate the difference between the speakership with the appointive power and minus it, yet neither could he escape the realization that to jockey with the proposition to the point of imperiling his chances of getting the office would be highly unbecoming one of his rank and station in the gentle art of political sleight-of-hand.

Prosperity of Our Foreign-Born.

Our European-born citizens are, it is estimated, sending 50 per cent more Christmas money to their native lands this year than they sent last year. The outgoing mails are said to be heavier than ever and a New York paper makes this compilation of remittances that went on just one vessel one day last week: To Great Britain, $241,210; Italy, $72,998; Germany, $60,159; Austria, $38,027; Hungary, $35,274; Russia, $19,428; Sweden, $18,163; Greece, $17,134; Norway, $9,931; Switzerland, $5,414; Denmark, $4,710; France, $3,393; Belgium, $2,982; Netherlands, $1,239; Portugal, $139; Liberia, $100; Luxemburg, $65; Egypt, $45; total, $530,418.

During that week 9,506 sacks of mail went out of New York for Europe, whereas one year ago in the corresponding week the number was 6,675. The remittances are general enough to show that this prosperity among our foreign-born neighbors is not confined to any one or two nationalities. All apparently are prospering to some extent. All will prosper just in proportion to their thrift and ability to handle what they get, for all get an even chance in this country. There is no class spirit when it comes to the United States treating with its immigrant inhabitants.

Some Americans do not view the spectacle of such large sums of money going back to Europe as encouraging. They think it indicates a lack of, rather than the existence of, interest in the new home, retarded rather than progressive assimilation. That is open to question. On the other hand, we have ample evidences to show for the vital interest of foreign-born Americans in the affairs of this land. They may not at first readily keep all their savings here, but they come in time to invest them and build up their the benefit of their frugal habits, of their sound systems of economy and thrift, and these examples are needed for our own people, many of whom know far less about saving than do fortunes here. So that we are getting these Europeans.

Senator Clark's New House.

The $7,000,000 mansion which former Senator W. A. Clark of Montana has completed for himself and little family on Fifth avenue, New York, is said to offend the artistic senses of the architects. How could it do otherwise? Whoever dreamed that a family residence costing $7,000,000 could be confined within the limits of architectural symmetry? The owner, who carved his fabulous fortune out of the rough earth in Montana, probably never intended that it should do more than display his iconoclastic notions of the conventionalities, and with him art, in such a case, is simply conventional.

The pipe organ in the Clark dwelling is said to cost $300,000. Other things come at comparative prices. The home is to be run as a corporation. It has required eight years to complete it. These are just a few of the chapters making the human side of the story. They read like prodigality run riot. They make such modest homeowners as Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Morgan feel like taking up the back alleys to reach their miserable domiciles.

Mr. Clark must have had a hard time digging that gold and copper. He must have worked laboriously and swore grimly as he worked that if he ever struck the lead vein he would have the time of his life. Mr. Clark's new mansion may be his monument, but it will not endure as a work of art.

The recent secret conference of wet democratic state senators adjourned indefinitely, which may be taken to mean that it adjourned subject to another summons from the hidden boss. It is safe to predict that in perfecting arrangements for the next secret conclave more precaution will be exerted to plug the bungholes and stop the leaks.

Rev. C. M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps," sanctions the dramatization of his remunerative book, but insists that there shall be no applause. What a cute way of saving the author's face if no applause comes.

United States Labor Commissioner Neill should have little trouble in making good a claim to the job of permanent industrial labor dispute adjuster.

Old Father Time will now proceed to crowd Santa off the sidewalk and in turn himself prepare to make room for a young stripling labeled 1911.

It almost makes a man shiver to think of Dr. Wiley's latest prediction—that men will freeze to death on the equator 1,000,000 years from now.

If Colonel Harvey and Colonel Watterson are able to get together, the rest of democracy's rehabilitation may be but a matter of detail.

Compensation for Extra Session.
New York Mail.

About the only thing that would reconcile the country to an extra session of congress would be an early disclosure of the exact point at which the democratic majority is scheduled to begin acting up and queering itself.

Big Opening for Philanthropy.
Boston Herald.

What multi-millionaire philanthropist, in view of the rumored oyster trust, will endow a few free oyster beds for the benefit of deserving bon vivants?

Thrift Looks Ahead.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Many persons have a strong feeling for the day after Christmas for the reason that, if there be any money left, they can go downtown and buy something that they really want.

Here's a "Come-Back" for Sure.
Christian Science Monitor.

Perhaps that island reported to have sunk off San Salvador after an earthquake went down, turned around and came right up again, for it is still doing duty at the same old stand.

Boosting a Good Thing.
Chicago News.

It is believed that $500,000—twice as much as last year—will be realized from the sale of Red Cross stamps this season. Evicting the white plague is a work that appeals to all.

Convinced by the Scenery.
Cleveland Leader.

Senator Aldrich is finally convinced that a tariff commission is necessary. Even though the landslide did not hit him, he evidently had a good place from which to see it go by.

Who Will Beat the Record?
Sioux City Journal.

At present the record for big Christmas gifts stands at $10,000,000, and Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller are tied for first honors. Does anybody feel equal to breaking the tie and taking first place?

Some Room for Improvement.
Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ex-Vice President Fairbanks asserts that the United States is the best-governed country in the world. That may be true without in the slightest degree weakening the contention that there are plenty of details in which improvement can be made.

Arizona on the Way.
Boston Transcript.

Arizona will vote on the adoption of its State constitution January 15, and expects to be admitted to the Union before March 4. It will begin its career as one of the sisterhood with 204,000 inhabitants, or 2,000 more than Delaware, which has been a "sovereign state" ever since there were any.

America Rediscovered.
St. Louis Republic.

Puccini and Humperdinck are both in New York now, and "King's Children" by the latter and "The Girl of the Golden West" by the former, were each presented first to the world on the American operatic stage. It has required 400 years, but the musicians have discovered America at last.

Is This a Good Combine?
Boston Transcript.

The growers of "burley" tobacco in five states have entered into an agreement to pool their 1911 crop and to raise no crop in 1912. This looks a good deal like a combination in restraint of trade, but then it makes a good deal of difference whose trust is gored.

Protection for Smokers.
Minneapolis Journal.

The pure food law, it is said, will be tried on a brand of "Havanas Perfectos" cigars made of Texas alfalfa and Tennessee leaf. The government is to look into other adulterated tobaccos that are causing deterioration of the soil in some localities by using up all the autumn leaves.

Science in Future Farming.
New York World.

Dr. Wiley of the Agricultural department says that under scientific cultivation the United States would be able to produce wheat sufficient for a population of 500,000,000. The inference as to the present methods of wheat cultivation is not flattering and probably was not meant to be.

Peace Folds Its Wings Again.
Boston Transcript.

It looks as if an international complication has been avoided by Baron Hengelmuller's denial that the baroness ever said that all Washington society is dull, and peace between our capital and Vienna resumes its white-winged sway. Can it be that a remark attributed to another Austrian woman, that she was glad to hear of society in Washington, for when she was in our capital there was "nothing but a rabble," has been erroneously fastened upon Baroness Hengelmuller? Much may depend on the answer, for when Washington society takes a dislike to a diplomatist or his dinners his usefulness is pretty nearly over.

Arbitration and World Peace.
Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

In the mixture of appeals for canal fortifications and of smothering of war scares which distinguished the president's address recently, one should not ignore his reiteration of belief in international arbitration of disputes involving what is known as national honor. President Taft is the first statesman of the front rank, not only in America, but in the world, who has taken this position. All of the arbitration treaties in existence, except a few between minor states, make exceptions of national honor controversies. In the opinion of many students of the problems of war and peace, the "national honor" proviso goes very far to defeat the object of the arbitration movement, since any question that might tempt a nation into war could be proclaimed one involving honor of that sort. Mr. Taft's attitude is advanced, yet, in time, it will be recognized as thoroughly sound.

Our Birthday Book.

December 26, 1910.

Thomas Gray, the eminent English poet, was born December 26, 1716, in London and died in 1771. His "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard," has made him an immortal name in English literature.

Dion Boucicault, dramatic author and actor, was born December 26, 1822, in Dublin. He wrote plays and staged them, both in this country and in Great Britian, and used to show in Omaha during his active career.

Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila bay, is celebrating his seventy-third birthday today. He was born in Montpelier, Vt., and is now on the retired list, having captured enough glory for one man on that early May morning.

E. K. Long, Omaha's venerable justice of the peace, is 84 years old today. He was born at Newburyport, Mass., and was for several years member of the school board. As justice of the peace he is reelected every two years almost without opposition as if entitled to life tenure.

Ralph E. Sunderland, secretary of Sunderland Brothers company, was born December 26, 1871, at Sioux City. He came to Omaha in 1889 as superintendent for the Omaha Coal, Coke & Lime company, becoming successively office man, traveling salesman, bookkeeper and secretary, when the name was changed in 1901 to Sunderland Brothers company.

Around New York

Ripples on the Current of Life as Seen in the Great American Metropolis from Day to Day.

If an example is needed outside the national cash box of the mighty grip and expanding zeal of a pension system, New York supplies a shining specimen. The extensive and liberal system of pensions for policemen on the retired list totals $1,750,000 this year. The increase in the obligations of the fund in four years foots up $717,000. Every year brings a deficit until now the shortage is $3,000,000. A deficit in the pension fund does not disturb the regulation "ghost walk." The pensioners get their money regularly, leaving to the city financiers whatever worry there be in hustling the coin. Eight years ago a reforming commissioner pushed a large number of officers of high rank onto the retired list, adding $386,600 to the pension payroll in one swoop. The city is even more generous with its firemen. "We encourage firemen," says a department official, "to save human life at the risk of their own lives by letting them know that we will take care of their families should anything serious happen. The department faithfully keeps its promise in this respect as the families of departed firemen come around for their money. There is one widow who has been drawing $300 a year since 1871. During nearly forty years the city has given her about $12,000. There is another widow, now 70 years old, who has been getting her $300 since 1872. Just two instances from many.

"George W. Berrien probably is longest on the list of retired firemen. He joined the department in 1865 and retired as assistant engineer in 1878, and gets $624 a year pension. At 4 per cent that would mean $15,600 stowed away in the bank."

The first issue of the Weekly Loonytic, published by the inmates of Matteawan asylum, where Harry K. Thaw is confined, has just appeared. Thaw does not appear as one of the editors, but it is announced will contribute to the next issue.

The paper says in its salutatory: "Every profession, trade or business has a journal to voice its wants, kicks and benefits except the lunatics. In the state of New York 30,000 of us are now restrained, fed, housed and clothed at an annual expense of $6,000,000. Outside of insane asylums thousands are being incubated in the hatcheries of so-called civilized and Christian society, preparing to make one of these palaces their final roosting place. It is to put them and the taxpayers wise to the inside of their future home that we launch this long-felt want.

"The profits from this family journal will be spent for the entertainment of the inmates. It's the same old thing here day after day. Give us a chance to help ourselves."

A new aid to shoplifting has appeared in the stores of New York City and is making the men and women paid to watch for light fingered shoppers keep their eyes open. It is apparently an ordinary leather valise, but it has no bottom. Instead there are two collapsible slides which fold back at either side, and when released by a spring snap together. The shoplifter picks out some article that he or she wants to take away and when the clerk is looking the other way sets the bag over it. An inconspicuous button is pressed, the slides snap shut under the article and the shoplifter goes out with the loot in the valise.

"They've sprung false arms and hands on us," said a store detective, "and we're used to phony pockets and shawls and hollow hair rats, but this is a new one. Whoever thought out the bottomless valise was a genius."

The great gathering of gulls on the new retaining reservoir in Central Park makes a pretty spectacle, relates the New York Sun. On most mornings between 500 and 1,000 gulls fleck the middle of the reservoir, with others drifting in from all quarters of the sky, many of them apparently from the East River. From the distance two kinds of gulls seem to be present, white ones and black ones. The white birds are really the gray mantled, white breasted adult herring gulls; the blacks are the smoky clouded young.

The assemblage is never quite still. A watcher's eye is caught by a dozen restless wings where here and there gulls already on the water flap their way to choicer positions, or a late arrival after circling lazily down from the sky and gliding the last hundred feet to the surface hovers and settles, his white sails poised a moment before furling, as is the stately way of gulls. When a rowboat put out toward them the other day all the birds rose together, the great flock weaving and scattering, drifted off on the west wind to hang high above the housetops until the intruder had vanished.

"Tipping has taken a strangulation hold on New York," said the man from Chicago. "Out in our town we also tip everybody, but we still have grit enough to refrain from apologizing when we haven't money enough left to tip with. But grit has deserted the New Yorker; he apologizes. The other day I lunched with a man who grew mighty uneasy near the end of the meal. Just before we left the table he summoned the waiter and explained that he was minus a bill which he had believed to be in his pocketbook and would have to be excused from tipping. The waiter received his apology with the air of a bank president listening to the whine of a beggar. No doubt that man will eat there again in a few days and give a double tip to make up for past defection."

A legacy of $10,000 is to be given to 17-year-old Thomas Osborne of Riverhead, L. I., if he does not assume the profession of a clergyman. This is the provision of the will of his great-aunt, Mrs. Helen Stone, who died at the ago of 80, a few days ago.

Mrs. Stone gave her reason for provision against the lad's entering the ministry is not prejudice against the cloth, but her belief that a clergyman—"especially a Methodist clergyman"—has no fixed residence and does not need money for "settling down." The boy's father says, so far as he knows, his son has no leaning for the ministry.

Jurisdiction, Political or Judicial?
Philadelphia Ledger.

The habeas corpus proceedings in the United States court at Trenton in the case of Porter Charlton involves a question of very general interest. It is asked, in effect, that the court review the proceedings of the Department of State upon the application for extradition. The court expressed a doubt whether any but the supreme court itself had real jurisdiction, and this is a main point to be argued. The secretary of state has already expressed his opinion in his published memorandum, that the case belongs to the political and not to the judicial department of the government. It is certain, therefore, that he will not only contest the jurisdiction of Judge Reilstab, but will carry the contest to the last appeal.

ABOLISH THE MISTLETOE?

Not While Youth Blooms and Elders Have a Memory.
Boston Transcript.

The Department of Agriculture is decidedly practical. Poetry and romance are no part of its programme, else it would not have now instituted a crusade against the mistletoe. It contemplates it simply in its parasitic character, and ignores its rich history, which carries back to the time when Christmas was instituted, even to the twilight days of mythology. It is now charged with destroying countless trees in the forests of the southwest, and efforts are making for its banishment or extermination. The seed is imbedded in a pulpy covering easily carried by birds, and it possesses a viscous quality that attaches it to every bough that touches. There it begins to draw life from the parent of its fortuitous adoption, and never seems homesick whatever the character of its anchorage.

But against this utilitarian hostility the ranks of sentiment will marshal their forces. How can we spare the "mistletoe green" that shows plant life when all about it seems dead? It is interwoven with legend and symbolism and tradition. Priest and prophets have paid it reverent tribute. For shy lovers it has bridged the distance and the uncertainty that separated them. It is the emblem of Christian privilege and has been so far years, and a privilege warmly cherished, else it would not have been so firmly transplanted from the old world into the new. Was not Balder the Beautiful slain with an arrow of mistletoe, and without Balder we should not have had the Nibelungen tetralogy, or "Balder Dead," by Johannes Ewald and Matthew Arnold. Neither should we have been permitted to weep in sweet sympathy with that early widower, Lord Lovel, over the tragic fate of his bride as tunefully narrated in "The Mistletoe Bough."

The present menace is one that we cannot contemplate with patience. Could we repress our own feelings in the matter, shall we break one of the most significant links between the prehistoric past and the joyous present, and leave thus bereft our children and our children's children? Shall we sunder about the only tie that connects Thor with Peter Jones? Let the children have their Santa Claus, but for those of a little older growth Christmas would not be Christmas without the mistletoe green.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS FEE.

Twenty-Five Per Cent of Earnings Never Collected.
New York Times.

The physician's income suffers most, apparently, from his inability to collect the money he has earned. His work is usually done on credit and usually the credit is long. Not infrequently it is indeterminable. The Medical Record considers it not an overestimate to say that of a general practitioner's annual earnings almost 25 per cent will never be collected. And it is the young and poor doctor who suffers most from these losses, the city consultants and the great specialists in medicine and surgery for the most part not only getting their money, but getting it promptly.

The situation as described is a saddening one, and yet there must be compensations else would not the medical profession continue to be crowded. That, presumably, is because in addition to offering a few fortunes, it gives to all who are in it something of dignity and respect and enormous opportunities for increasing both. And, though the work is hard and dangerous, it is endlessly interesting.

MIGHTY HANDY WITH GUN.

An Exhibition of Shooting Skill that Ended Chase.
Philadelphia Record.

There are still men of nerve and fine shooting ability in Colorado, as a thrilling incident just reported proves. A posse of citizens pursued and overtook three bandits, who had captured three boys of the neighborhood, making them aid in carrying the booty, and when the citizens approached each bandit held a boy in front of him. The leader of the posse was the father of two of the boys, but he had the astonishing courage and confidence in his markmanship to fire at a bandit who held one of his two sons as a shield. The bandit fell dead and the boy was unhurt. Naturally the other two bandits surrendered; there was no use in fighting a posse under such leadership as that. William Tell and the apple and the most imperturbable of Roman fathers had "nothing on" this sharpshooting citizen of the Centennial state.

PLEASANTLY POINTED.

"My dear girl, why have you dropped astronomy? You said it was essential to your future career."

"The outlook as regards my future career has shifted since I saw you last. What I need now is a few cooking lessons."—Washington Herald.

Peter Piper had picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers.

The bell rang.

"A Peck of Pickled Peppers distanced at the post!" shouted the announcer through his magaphone.

Peter Piper tore his hair. "Never again!" he cried, meaning that he meant to daily with the ponies no more forever.—Puck.

Sophomore—What are you going to do when you leave college, old chap?

Senior—Well, I haven't decided on anything definite for the first year except to come back for the class reunion.—Puck.

"Did that poor, hen-pecked little man give any explanation of why he decided to cremate his late wife instead of burying her?"

"Yes. He said it was his only chance to get even with her for the way she always roasted him."—Chicago Post.

"How did you enjoy the vaudeville performance?"

"It was good. They had performing cats, a base ball player, a champion pugilist, a trained cockatoo, and I give you my word they even had an actor doing a turn."—Kansas City Journal.

Knicker—I love the good, the true, the beautiful.

Stella—This is so sudden; but I am sure father will consent.—New York Sun.

Miggs—So the doctor told you to go to a warmer climate. What is the nature of the trouble you consulted him about?

Maggs—I went there to collect a bill.—Boston Transcript.

"In the play of the elements how would you cast the characters?"

"That's easy. I'd give the light parts to the lightning and let the thunder have the heavy roles."

"And what would you do about the atmosphere?"

"Oh, I'd let that raise the wind."—Baltimore American.

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Jellus. "Do I find you treasuring another man's picture?"

"Be calm, dear," answered his wife. "That's a photo of yourself taken when you had hair."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"This is what I call a hand-to-mouth existence," sighed the dramatic critic as he tried to cover his yawn with his right hand for the eighteenth time during the first performance of Dullbeigh's new comic opera.—Harper's Weekly.

Fidgety man getting up and giving his car seat to the stout woman who has been swaying from the strap for four miles: "Take this seat, ma'am."

Stout lady, in suspicious tones and with a strong flavor of sarcasm: "What's wrong with it?"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

A pair of coal mates in Kansas City got their wives so badly grieved that the male half of the combination wants a divorce, giving as a reason that his wife's spirit hounds him during business hours. Wives are awfully troublesome in coal mating sections.

Harvey W. Wiley, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., chemist of the Department of Agriculture, will be presented with one of the Elliott Cresson gold medals by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, for work "in the fields of agricultural and physiological chemistry."

The natural gas belt of Indiana has almost petered out. The Louisville Courier-Journal reports that one great company which once supplied 115 towns with light and fuel, now supplies none at all. A great internal gas tank has been drained by prodigal business.

Recently a woman in leaving a crowded car in New York dragged her hatpin across the temple of a beautiful girl, narrowly missing the eye and making a wound that may result in a permanent scar. An observer of the incident wrote to the Tribune asking if something could not be done as protection against the dangerous persons who carry these weapons.

Memphis puts up superior claims for the title of "Metropolis of the shooting belt." One gentleman there the other day succeeded in hitting a friend with 38 calibre bullets five times in five shots. According to the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, "one day not a great while ago, during a controversy in Memphis, more than twenty pistols were checked in a single hotel desk."

There is one of those touches of nature which win general sympathy in the case of an Indiana juror, who made a successful plea to be released from the court's order of being locked up over night on the ground that he had driven fifteen miles that day to buy a doll for a tot of 3 at home, who would cry all night for the beloved toy, and nobody blamed the stern judge for yielding to the tearful little tot.

American Consul Fred Simpich, stationed at Bagdad, now visiting his old home in St. Louis, brings the interesting information that "at Kirkark, only three days by ass from Bagdad, is the tomb of Ananias, who gave the world an exhibition of his ability to transform truth into its reverse meaning." The definite location of the famous shrine will afford members of the American guild much comfort and consolation on their forthcoming pilgrimage.

TALKING WITHOUT THINKING.

What a London Banquet Did to an American Naval Officer.
Cleveland Leader.

If recent news dispatches are correct, once more an American naval officer of high rank has been guilty of what may be called, mildly, an indiscretion of speech.

Commander William S. Sims of the battleship Minnesota is reported to have declared at the banquet given the officers of the visiting American fleet in London a few days ago that the people of the United States would stand with England "to their last dollar and their last drop of blood" if ever the "mother country" were seriously menaced by an outside enemy. Some of the European nations friendly toward this country, especially Germany, are inclined to be somewhat resentful over this, even though they must recognize the fact that Sims was talking wildly.

There may be a strong pro-English sentiment in the American navy. It is probable that there is. Officers and men of the same blood and speaking the same language naturally fraternize when they get together in foreign seaports. But there is no such sentiment among the people of the United States as a whole. It is doubtful that they feel any more kindly toward England than they do toward France, for instance. They certainly have no disposition to engage in war for England's benefit.

The United States government provides an elaborate course of training for its naval officers to guard against just such foolish blunders as Commander Sims is declared to have made. Such indiscretion can easily place the nation in an awkward position, as witness the "Hoch der Kaiser" recitation by a navy captain, which seriously aroused the anger of the Germans at a time when we already had the war with Spain on our hands. An explanation undoubtedly will serve to clear away all difficulties in the Sims case, but the situation seems to warrant the application of enough discipline to render an early repetition of the offense improbable.

CAPITALIZATION AND RATES.

Corporation Doctors Get Their Prescriptions Mixed.
New York Tribune.

Mr. Edward M. Shepard, testifying before the commission which is studying the question of regulating railroad stock and bond issues, repeated the regular contention of the railroads that capitalization has nothing to do with rates. The argument always is that two or three roads carrying a certain commodity between two points by different routes must charge the same rate for the service—since otherwise all the traffic would go to the one charging least—yet no two of them are likely to be capitalized alike. One may be overcapitalized and another undercapitalized, yet the charge is the same. Therefore, capitalization has little or no effect upon rates.

But unfortunately for this argument the reasons alleged by the railroads for demanding the increase in freight rates now asked do not accord with it. These reasons are that it is necessary to have higher rates in order to maintain the credit of the railroads; and that credit must be maintained, so the contention runs, by paying attractive dividends and investing surplus earnings in betterments. Evidently, then, it does make a great deal of difference in regard to rates, if the railroads' own view is accepted, upon how large a block of stock attractive dividends must be maintained.

ABOUT JONES.

Hast ever heard of "Colonel" Jones,
Who went to war and risked his bones?
Though if the truth be really known
And all the facts are fully shown,
You'll see he was a precious scamp,
Who hung about the edge of camp,
And when a battle was in sight
Took sick and never joined the fight.

There is no time to tell it all,
But never faced he deadly ball,
Or struck a blow for righteous cause
To make one foeman even pause;
He never fought one little bit
'Tis said, and I am sure of it—
And when he came back from the war
He bore no mark of wound or scar.

But once returned, to hear his prattle!
The tales he told of blood and battle!
You'd really think to hear him tell it,
A cannon ball was just a pellet,
With terrors none for such as him—
A warrior brave and bold and grim;
Long years he told his lies infernal,
And so, at length, we dubbed him "colonel."

Omaha. VERITAS.