THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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JUNE CIRCULATION.

48,466

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation, less spoiled, unused and returned copies, for the month of June, 1911, was 48,466.
DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this first day of July, 1911.
(Seal.) ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

If you forgot to get shaved, you know what you can do.

As an advocate of race suicide, the automobile is the worst yet.

At any rate, that "Dick-to-Dick" letter fake was a hummer while it lasted.

Now, honest, which would you rather be, the ice man or the hay farmer?

A good many men think they want the naked truth and then get scared at its form.

According to all the signs, King Corn has one of his usual surprises in store for us.

They are talking about killing the White House cow. Grass must be short there, too.

It is gratfying to know, even at this late day, that "Mr. Havemeyer respected the law."

Joe Bailey's sense of justice is enough to make the Goddess of Liberty weep for shame.

And now they say Hackenschmidt may wrestle Gotch under a different name this time. What, Mud?

It is not surprising that Texas went wet. But think of Kansas, with "more rain than it really needs."

Some of the refutations of Mr. Hines may be a little slow in coming in, but they all seem to be coming.

The artist who died in a fire to save her cat presumably had the artistic temperament abnormally developed.

Senator John Sharp Williams continues to smoke his cob pipe. What does he care for senatorial courtesy?

Missouri always did look parsimonious for not cutting off that little southeast toe and giving it to Arkansas.

Britishers may have their little domestic spats, but when it comes to an outsider, liberals and conservatives are just Britons.

Somebody asks, Why does eating watermelon make one laugh? For the same reason that eating a green persimmon does not—it puckers the mouth that way.

The fact, however, that presidents-elect no longer ride up to the capitol on an old gray mare to take the oath of office must not bedim the glory of our democratic ideals.

Folks tempted to cry because their town has no championship ball team should remember that such a possession is what put Baltimore out of the major into the minor league.

The Chicago Inter Ocean recently asked what caused the great American pain. Sometimes it is the sight of an otherwise good man championing a cause proved to be bad and wrong.

A new magazine has taken a poll of 1,500 of its readers and finds that the vast majority favor Governor Wilson for president. How many New Jersey Bourbons did that include?

For some reason the icemen have not yet offered any satisfactory explanation of how the price of ice delivered to Omaha households happened to be raised by all the ice companies exactly 25 per cent on precisely the same day of the year.

Senator Brown broke away from the insurgents to vote with the regulars for reciprocity, and then he broke away from both regulars and insurgents to vote with the democrats on their wool bill. But will any Nebraska democrats break away from their party on that account to vote for Senator Brown?

Breadth of View.

One of the chief obstacles to the solution of big problems is the lack of breadth of view. Too many people look at every question through a narrow slit which prevents them from seeing more than one side and often more than a part of that side.

A truth, which is not sufficiently recognized and appreciated, is that human vision is at best limited and circumscribed. If we look at the heavens with the naked eye we see certain stars and planets. If we look again through a telescope we see many more objects in the firmament not previously visible. As the lens of the telescope is perfected and becomes stronger we see farther into the reaches of space and make constantly new discoveries.

So with the capacity of man to view and grasp all sorts of subjects. There are folks who can never see farther than their own immediate neighborhood, and there are others whose vision can take in a city or a state. Those who can view a question from the broad standpoint of national welfare are comparatively small in number, and those who have ability to grasp a world problem and trace cause and effect for all humanity extending through the years and many generations are rare, indeed.

One of the needs of the day is greater breadth of view. No one will deny that in this respect our twentieth century will average higher than any preceding era of the world's history and that the main factors in this change have been spreading intelligence, popular education, books, newspapers, travel and improved communication. These factors are still at work, still widening our breadth of view and are the best promise of the continued progress of mankind.

Reciprocity with Mexico.

It was to have been expected that reciprocity with Mexico would be speedily proposed if the senate passed the Canadian bill, so that Congressman Burleson of Texas can have surprised few with his resolution calling on the president to begin negotiations for a "freer commerce between the two countries." It may not be fair to question whether the resolution springs from the best of faith. Others besides the Texas congressman have, of course, favored a measure of reciprocity between the United States and Mexico. James G. Blaine advocated Pan-American reciprocity, or, more precisely, reciprocal trade relations, for Blaine's theory of reciprocity did not contemplate free trade.

But reciprocity with Mexico and other South or Central American countries must be considered from somewhat different angles than similar relations with Canada. Canada and the United States are almost identical in the character of their people, their modes and level of living, the price of labor and similar in their forms of government. Mexico and the United States have substantially the same form of government in theory, but very different in fact; their peoples are totally unlike as to race, temperament, character and standard of living; the workman of the United States, like that of Canada, is an independent, aggressive, highly-skilled and well-paid man, while most of the labor in Mexico is performed by the uneducated, dependent and underpaid peon.

It may be that, in time, complete reciprocity between this highly developed republic and this yet undeveloped one will be brought about, for with American and other foreign capital and influence to exploit resources, foster trade and promote commerce in Mexico an era of expansion is inevitable. The Canadian reciprocity agreement, however, offers little that can be used to this purpose. While there is desire and need for closer relations between Mexico and the United States, it will have to be worked out on lines specially applicable to these two countries.

Rice in California.

Californians are about to go in for rice culture on a large scale. They ought to make a paying business of it. They have an assortment of climate, soil and other conditions highly adapted, it would seem, to such a crop. They have the habit of eating rice already formed. That should be a large factor in favor of the new undertaking, for they would not have to experiment with or tease or tickle the tastes of the people to work up, at least, a local market for their products. Rice is devoured—there is no other word that will so well describe it—by the people of California. It is a staple with them, more common with many than potatoes. Whether they contracted the habit from the Chinese or not makes no difference; they have the habit.

But, of course, California, which always does everything on a big scale, would raise rice for the country, not merely for California. It would raise rice the way it raises raisins. Rice is a highly nutritious and wholesome article of food and doubtless if more largely produced in this country would be more largely consumed, though we manage, with what we raise in the south and import from the orient, to get away with a good many tons each year. The great San Joaquin valley, which skirts the Sierra Nevadas on the east and the Coast range, almost, on the west, and runs from Stockton on the north to the Tehachapi on the south, the most completely and proficiently irrigated section in the country, ought to make an ideal place for the rice fields, so ought the Sacramento valley and others. In the quickened industry of the new California and the far west this plan probably will form a large part.

In addition to all the other essential factors, California has the Chinese and other orientals, adept in the culture of rice, and perhaps for auld lang syne sake they would be more willing to lend their valuable services to this employment than to fruit and raisin picking.

Battle of the Gods.

One of the greatest battles of all time is about to be fought here in the very heyday of peace when men and nations are turning from the thought of war. The osteopaths of the world, about one fourth of whom have been assembled in convention at Chicago, are the aggressors in this titanic struggle. They have issued a challenge to the allopaths, homeopaths and eclectis to fight out the title for the championship in the medical world. The battlefield shall be 800 human victims, afflicted, it matters not with what. All four schools shall go after them and the one effecting the largest number of cures shall be declared the winner. Nothing in the form of sickness is to be barred. The osteopaths claim as much power over acute diseases, even including typhoid and pneumonia, as the others. Nor are the victims to be consulted. They are to be charity patients and not supposed to know or care what happens to them.

Talk about your war of gods, this seems certainly to be it. The challenges not having been duly accepted as yet, we are unable to publish the articles of agreement, but we naturally suppose they will provide that each school shall have a whack at each of the 800 victims. The challenger doubtless will take his pull and rub at him first and if that does not put him out, the homeopath will give him one of his little pills and if still he shows signs of life the allopath will douse him with a dose of dark brown fluid and if that does not settle him, then the eclectic will pick out the best of the other three systems and go after him.

The referee shall be the hospital authorities, but this should be a simple task, for most anybody can distinguish a dead man from a live one. Some folks may think this cold-blooded, but let them remember what momentous supremacy waits upon the count.

Work for the Bonds? Sure.

The Bee acknowledges receipt of a printed circular from the Real Estate exchange calling upon the loyal citizens and boosters of Omaha to work for the water bonds. This circular strikes us as being quite and entirely in point, as anyone with a mathematical pencil may easily demonstrate.

The pending proposition calls for the issue of bonds in the sum of $8,250,000, to run for thirty years, and draw 4½ per cent interest. At the end of thirty years, if the principal is then paid off, the account will look like this:

WATER BOND LEDGER.

Bond principal	$ 8,250,000
Interest (30 years—135 per cent)	11,137,500
Total	$19,387,500

This is what the loyal citizens and boosters of Omaha will be called on to pay in taxes and water rents as the price of Howellism in the purchase of our water works. It is self-evident that to pay this price we will all have to work for the bonds for at least thirty years.

Labor Waste.

On an average of 27,000 workmen in the United States are idle every year as a result of strikes or lockouts. The suffering and misery this entails, to say nothing of its economic effect upon the country, are entirely too great to attempt to estimate. It ought to constitute a very effective argument for industrial peace and for arbitration as the means of settling labor disputes.

In no way can this enforced idleness be other than viewed as economic waste. The country is simply throwing away that much of its natural resources. Labor is the last thing in the world that should be destroyed or paralyzed. We may talk of "scientific management" in business all we please, but we will make little real headway toward ideal management until we have eliminated this tremendous element of labor waste. And what are we doing to eliminate it? Strikes or lockouts are just as liable to occur today as they were ten or twenty years ago, so far as any effective legislation the people have taken to prevent them is concerned.

But Europe's waste in this regard is far greater than ours. According to recent statistics on strikes and lockouts in the old countries, an average for four years shows that in the three countries, Great Britain, France and Austria, about 8,000,000 days' work are lost from these causes. That must be one of the causes of poverty in those countries. Europe's loss, however, is no valid excuse for ours.

Bearing False Witness.

Too many people are careless of the good name of their neighbors. This is one of the resultant evils of gossip. Men will sometimes condemn an acquaintance or a stranger on hearsay evidence they would never think of accepting as conclusive for a verdict of guilty in a court of justice. Yet reputations can be destroyed or impaired and names irreparably injured by the taint of false witnessing out of court. The fiat of a jury is not necessary to give it far-reaching and damaging power.

The first great Law-giver included in His decalogue of prohibitions the bearing of false witness, and Solomon and Shakespeare alike agreed on the priceless value of a good name. The former said it was "rather to be desired than great riches," and the great poet esteemed money as but trash in comparison. The modern law recognizes this ancient standard of value when it fortifies the name and reputation of the individual by every legal device consistent with reason. Slander and libel are severely dealt with and the tendency is toward more restrictive laws for the punishment of printed falsehood.

But the false witness in private is often more subtle and insidious than the one that comes out in public expression, for the latter is more likely to be corrected or retracted. Sometimes the most innocently intended gossip leads to far-reaching evil consequences, so the safe thing to do is to form the habit not to speak ill about people and never to repeat what you do not know to be the truth.

The Bane of Race Prejudice.

A native of a foreign land that holds a certain race under the bane of ancient prejudice writes a very interesting article in the August Atlantic Monthly on "Why I Came to America." It was to flee from this senseless, reasonless, persecuting prejudice to a land where a man is "a man for a' that and a' that," where the test of manhood is the courage to be decent and where class, caste and race are merged in a great heterogeneous, cosmopolitan mass of men. And every year 2,000,000 aliens, not all driven by persecution, to be sure, are coming to this same Land of Refuge.

How are they being received and how are they being treated? Do those who suffered from the curse of race prejudice abroad find complete and satisfying relief in their adopted fatherland? Some of them have seen the missionaries of the cross in their native lands, carrying there the simple gospel of Him who knew no race distinctions. Do they all find here the glowing warmth of that Christian fellowship, or do they find instead the icy hand of race prejudice to mock their welcome?

What is there in any race that a good and determined man cannot live above? What is there in one race that distinguishes it as inherently better than another? Nothing in scripture, nothing in profane history, in philosophy or science justifies the debasing illusion of race prejudice. All professed Christian people should think of this, for the melancholy truth is that many Christian people are stubbornly and persistently fostering this insidious sin of despising certain of their fellowmen.

The big soul is too well filled for the mean emotion of race prejudice, and America, the emancipator of a race, at whose portals in the sea the statue of liberty stands, above all nations, should be the last to foster this blighting curse.

Seeing America by Auto.

"See America first" is an injunction that has been adopted as a motto by travel promoters on this side to offset the temptations to foreign excursions set up by the steamship business-getters. The force of the suggestion, "See America first," however, does not depend upon seeing it by rail, but is just as impressive for seeing it by auto, horseback or afoot. In fact, "See America first" would be just as good a motto, with the postscript, "and see it any way you can."

Everyone who observes what is going on about us and looks ahead to what is in prospect must realize that the auto is giving new life to the suggestion to see America first. For sight-seeing and touring the auto is unique in its way, and the increase of its use for this purpose is not only a great travel stimulator, but also bound to revolutionize, first, the roads and roadways of the country, and, second, the hotels and entertainment places of the smaller cities and towns. Yet neither is it likely to impede or interfere seriously with the expansion of railway travel, but rather to help it along, for the travel habit is contagious. The more of our people induced by the auto to "See America first," the more will be induced to see it also by rail.

Americans have the reputation of being the greatest travelers in the world, but we believe the travel germ is only in its incubation stage.

The Trouble Over Morocco.

England's "note of warning" to Germany on the Morocco situation is too clear and firm to be misunderstood. Evidently John Bull feels very strongly the necessity of repressive measures. Yet such advice was to have been expected, for England could no more countenance aggression by Germany than Germany could longer tolerate indifference or vacillation by France. All alike have interests in the troubled territory and all alike are bound—insofar as there is any binding effect to it—by the Algeciras treaty. With all the unanimity of sentiment and action between the government and opposition forces as to what England should do and Lord Balfour's vigorous declaration that England is not to be wiped off the map of Europe, prudence forbids the conclusion that friction will ensue between the kaiser and king over the situation. Rather, it would seem, some common ground of understanding will be reached.

Back of this latest aspect of the case one is bound to look upon France as responsible for the whole trouble. France has been shifting ministries so fast as to destroy the continuity of its national policies. Four prime ministers have come and gone in a little more than two years and the fifth is still new to his work. This means five overturnings of official France. Scarcely would one ministry inaugurate a policy until it would go out of power, and its successor would, perhaps, substitute an entirely new policy. France was recognized as the European protectorate of Morocco, and therefore the power to whom others were to look for guiding policies. Germany is supposed to have tired of the frequent changes in France and awaiting decisions on important questions, therefore it dispatched its battleship to Agadir.

Germany's supposed necessity for territorial expansion, since its interior is compactly developed, is brought into the present controversy and, no doubt, has a place there, but what brought things to a head at this particular time is clearly the unstable condition of affairs in France.

It's almost funny to hear the Water board's great hydraulic engineer, who has engineered such a good sale price for the water company, declaring now that "we ought to lay a main to Florence immediately." When the water company offered to lay the main nearly five years ago this same hydraulic expert declared it was not needed at all, and that the only relief required was to build a storage reservoir in Walnut Hill. That reminds us that the Water board's order commanding the water company to build this storage reservoir instead of a supply main to Florence still stands on its records unrescinded, and if the hydraulic member had then had his way nearly $500,000 of the taxpayers' money would have been wasted in building an unnecessary reservoir.

Writing to the Commoner in answer to Mr. Bryan's questions, Governor Marshall of Indiana says, "I do not consider myself a candidate for the nomination for president. I hold it to be such a position that no man is big enough to run for it." Is this intended for irony or just for sarcasm?

Some promoter has launched a scheme for photographing men's souls. It will be embarrassing to some men who make loud professions if they ever turn the X-rays on them to that extent.

In an off-year election the total vote polled in Nebraska falls off at least 20 per cent. In other words, the stay-at-homes will do it, the only question being, whose stay-at-homes?

The Proper Caper.

Baltimore American.

See America first. If you go to Europe, by the time you get through the custom house you won't have any money left to tour your own country.

Transferring Fight to Canada.

Indianapolis News.

No doubt those interests which are so firmly convinced that reciprocity will be such a bad thing for this country will be willing to devote an adequate amount of their time and eloquence toward convincing Canada that it will be a perfectly horrible thing for the Dominion.

Penalizing Rich Lawbreakers.

Kansas City Star.

Thirty-seven members of the wire trust in New York, including Frank Gould and J. P. Morgan's son-in-law, pleaded guilty in the federal court this week and were fined sums ranging from $1,000 to $1,700. It is hoped this will be a grim lesson to them and teach them that the anti-trust law is not to be trifled with.

How Young We Are.

Chicago Inter Ocean.

How young we are! Saturday there was torn down the old mission church at Bertrand, Ind., the last vestige of a town that flourished in 1837. The old church was the original home of Notre Dame university and was the first brick structure in this part of the country. On the same day Prof. Gogshall of the University of Indiana took the latitude and longitude and located the exact "center of population" of the United States eight miles northeast of the city of Bloomington, Ind.

MAUDLIN WAVE SUBSIDES.

Pardon Petition Signers Brought Into a Ridiculous Light.

Des Moines Capitol.

There is a growing suspicion throughout the country that the dear people were worked by the yellow press in the recent hysteria which was industriously developed over the case of Mrs. Neapolitana, the Canadian woman over whom such frantic effort was made to save from the penalty of her crime. The Toronto Star, which knows the facts in the case, makes the following comment:

"The stir that has been raised about Mrs. Neapolitana, who has been sentenced to death at the Canadian Soo, is largely the work of American journalism. The story which has been wired all over the United States, working people up to sign petitions which are to be forwarded to Ottawa asking that the woman be pardoned or imprisoned and not hanged, seems to have been adopted because it would read well and serve the purposes of sensational journalism. It would seem, in fact, that Neapolitana was a better man than his wife was a woman. The story that she killed her husband because he wanted her to live a life of shame will not bear examination. She was beaten by her husband because she had lived with another man while he was away, and more than once had she offended in this way. In short, her infidelities caused her to be in fear of her husband's anger, and it is not an easy task which yellow journalism sets itself in trying to make a virtuous heroine of such a woman. If she valued her honor, her conduct gives us no hint of it. She betrayed her husband repeatedly and continuously, as the evidence and her own admissions prove, and when her guilt enraged him until he beat her she killed him with an axe as he slept in his dishonored home. Not good material out of which to make a heroine, yet the American journals have succeeded well."

As to whether this woman deserved death, life imprisonment, a mere jail sentence or just a reprimand at the hands of the court is not especially material to the point which we desire to make, and that is that there is nothing in which people like to make themselves ridiculous so well as in the matter of signing petitions for her pardon.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

JULY 30.

Thirty Years Ago—

George Heyn, proprietor of the Grand Central photograph gallery, warns the public against two men canvassing the city for copy, pretending they were in his employ, and denounces them as base impostors and swindlers.

Ellis L. Bierbower, United States marshal, left for Falls City on official business. From there he will go to Kearney Junction and be absent from Omaha about a week.

William A. Paxton returned from a trip to Chicago.

Word is received that Judge Savage has arrived safely in London.

Intoxication seems to be epidemic in the city this Saturday night. Eight persons were arrested and locked up for appearing on the street in that condition.

Major Guy C. Henry of the Ninth cavalry has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth.

Andrew Rosewater wants to sell a black pony, gentle and in good condition, accustomed to single harness or to saddle. Property may be seen at the Blue barn on Sixteenth street.

Twenty Years Ago—

Mrs. Richard Gray, wife of the general freight agent of the Central Pacific railroad, and her daughters, Nellie and Mabel, were the guests of Mrs. C. W. Cain.

Rev. W. A. Henderson, D. D., editor of the Central West, returned from a visit to Kentucky.

Ira Wilson of St. Joseph, a former Omaha hotel man, is at the Paxton.

Sheriff Boyd went to Lincoln to escort a few gentlemen to the penitentiary.

The marriage of Mr. John Castles and Miss Ella O'Hara was solemnized at 8:30 a. m. at St. Philomena's cathedral by Father Brune. Mr. Edward A. Connolly was best man and Miss Celia Connolly was bridesmaid.

A number of Omaha's "old-time citizens and their families" got an early start for Honey Creek, where they would take carriages to Bailey Bouvier river grove for an outing. Among the number were: Mr. and Mrs. George Bassett, Thomas Barnum and family, David Harpst and daughter, Mr. Walker and family, Joseph Redman and family, Frank Bailey, jr., and family, Harry Counseman and family, Mrs. Engle and son, ex-Councilman Frank Bailey, daughter and son, Ross and George.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hunter returned from Diamond lake, Mich.

Ten Years Ago—

John F. Dale returns from Lake Madison, Minn. Mrs. Dale stays for the summer.

Mrs. Hugo Brandeis and Miss Jacoby left for Los Angeles, where Miss Jacoby resides. Mrs. Brandeis remains until October.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Potter was the scene of a pretty party in the evening, where about sixty young people gathered in honor of Miss Faith Potter and her guests Misses Moore, Wells and Pugsley.

G. W. Wattles went to New York to meet Mrs. Wattles, returning from Europe.

F. W. Varley is seriously burned about the face and head at Strong & Varley's machine shop, 1208 Dodge street.

Mayor Moores submits communication to city council on asphalt repairs, showing how they can be made for less than under the old contract.

Byron G. Burbank took out a permit to erect a frame building at Twenty-fourth and Maple streets, costing $1,000.

F. J. Colton, Forty-fourth and Manderson streets, was thrown from a buggy and, it is feared, may die as a result of an encounter between a dog and his horse.

People and Events

What a mighty chorus could be had if someone would lead with the song, "Oh, How Dry I Am!"

Death valley is living up to its reputation—114 degrees of heat at midday and 112 at midnight, with a thirst rivaling the best in Kansas.

Allopaths and homeopaths and osteopaths are having a warm three-cornered mixup in Chicago. Undertakers do not articulate in words, but their chuckles are audible.

Long odds can be had on the proposition that the "mean" temperature for July, when averaged up by the weather clerk, will not look half as mean as it felt two weeks ago.

Baltimore is to pull off the banner exposition in 1914. No doubt of it. An exposition commemorating Francis Scott Key's heroic apostrophe to the flag necessarily carries the banner.

The bronze robes of Miss Liberty of New York are so full of holes that the distinguished daughter of Bartholdi is justified in echoing the sentiment of the sex, "I haven't a thing to wear."

The wet side of the Lone Star state is mightily pleased in having escaped with a whole hide by a narrow margin. The majority is not as tall or as wide as a land boom, but it serves to prevent the transfer of the bottle from the open shelf to the hip pocket.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Chicago Record-Herald: Cincinnati has a preacher who is secretary and treasurer of the boiler factory. He ought to be able to get in some good sledge-hammer blows for Christianity.

New York Herald: Presbyterians are planning to raise a $10,000,000 fund for the relief of aged ministers. Most clergymen probably would like to be paid salaries that would permit them to save a little themselves for their old age.

Philadelphia Bulletin: An Illinois clockmaker proposes to present alarm clocks to church members to be used in waking them in time for the services, thereby preventing any necessity of ringing the church bells. He believes that non-churchgoers would thereby be enabled to take a long sleep on Sunday morning undisturbed by the call to worship. This philanthropist might reflect that if the sluggard were to respond to the call of the church bell he would spend his time much more profitably than in snoozing through the holy Sabbath forenoon.

Chicago Inter-Ocean: The Rev. Dr. Anna H. Shaw, president of the National Suffrage association, has succeeded in setting Norway by the ears, she says. It appears that the recent international woman's suffrage convention in Stockholm, Sweden, was opened with services in the state church and Dr. Shaw preached a sermon—the first ever delivered in Sweden by a woman. Her success led the suffragists to ask permission for her to preach in the state church at Christiania, Norway. Permission was refused on the ground that, while women may vote in Norway, they may not hold office in army, navy or church. "When I left there," said Dr. Shaw, in New York Sunday, "the fight was still on. I am told that it has been made a party issue and probably will figure in the next election."

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

Find the place where hope dies, and you will know where hell begins.

"Do it now!" is the magic pebble that turns a lot of common things into gold.

The way of the transgressor is hard, even if he does ride in an automobile.

Many a man is a hero, because his circumstances will not let him be anything else.

Some people might do great things, if it didn't take them forever to hit the nail on the head.

You will never come back with the golden fleece, unless you go after it early in the morning.

The preaching can be dodged in a thousand ways, but the right kind of practice always counts.

It was the common people who helped Christ by hearing him gladly, not the scribes and pharisees.

A good time to be a living epistle for the Lord is when things are becoming criss-cross at home.

Take away the masks that people wear unconsciously, and no man would know his next door neighbor.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

He—I'm afraid you are cold. Shall I take off my coat and put it 'round you?

She—You may put your coat 'round me, but why take it off?—Life.

'Arry—Say, Bill, wot's the difference between a atheist and a agnostic?

Bill—Well, yer see, a atheist don't believe in nuthink, and a agnostic only believes in abaht 'arf of it!—London Opinion.

"Has she any prospects?"

"I should say she has. She knows a millionaire that she expects to marry or sue for breach of promise."—Detroit Free Press.

"Women are gradually taking men's places in everything."

"Possibly, but it will be a long time before we hear of the brides being dressed in 'conventional black.'"—Judge.

Friend—I suppose it was hard to lose your daughter?

Father—Well, it did seem as if it would be at one time, but she landed this fellow just as we were beginning to give up hope.—Christian Intelligencer.

"The last time I saw your husband he was trying to stop smoking. Has he stopped?

"I don't know. You know that he is dead."—Houston Post.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Margaret P. Montague in the Atlantic.

Do you remember, from the dim delight
Of long ago, the dreamy summer night,
So full, so soft, when you, a sleepy child,
Lay in your faintly star-lit room and smiled
Responsive to the laughter of the folk
Who sat upon the porch below and spoke
From time to time, or sang a snatch of song?
Do you remember still across the long
Years' way the perfume from the flower beds
Wafted in gusts of sweetness, as the heads
Of drowsy blooms were shaken by the wind?
And wistful, do you still hold in your mind
The myriad doings of the summer night?
The tree-toads, and the cricket's chirp, the flight
Of fireflies, those burglars of the dark,
Who flash their lantern light, then veil its spark;
The breathless calling of the whip-poor-wills,
A sobbing screech-owl off among the hills?
Then—cobweb visions over dreamy eyes—
Do you remember how in mystic guise
Sleep 'gan to wave her mantle o'er your head?
Now far, now near, the shadowy folds she spread,
Slow, and more slow, until at last they fell
And wrapt you in their slumb'rous heavy swell—
And so, gathered into happy rest,
Sleep caught you fast against her fragrant breast.
Then set her velvet pinions wide in flight
And bore you through the wonder of the night.

SIZZ

Babies enjoy drinking Sizz.
It's good for them, too.

Cooling, Refreshing, Delightful to Taste

EASILY MADE—Just stir two teaspoonfuls of Sizz into a glass of ice cold water and the drink is prepared.

Make it at home—Everybody will like it.

25c bottle makes 12 drinks.
50c bottle makes 30 drinks.
$1.00 bottle makes 70 drinks.

Orange, Lemon, Celery and Root Beer Flavors.
5c at all Soda Fountains.

The Greatest Drink On the Market—The One Best Drink

Leo Grotte Mfg. Co.
Omaha, Nebraska