

Word comes from Arizona that Salt River is to be dammed.

Some men are so mean that they don't want ashes put upon an icy walk because they are hard on shoes.

It is one thing to bark at the civil service system, but it requires an unused brand of congressional courage to bite it.

Pierpont Morgan avers solemnly that there is no water in his personal tax list. We can readily believe that the list was not inflated.

The King of Sweden is 75 years old. Evidently Sweden doesn't share in the belief that a man is "a dead one" after he has passed the age of 35.

Not only are the railroads complaining that they are unable to get competent men, but already similar murmurings have begun to be heard from the leap year girls.

English scientists have discovered a new poison, one which would kill a whole roomful of people. Why should scientists devote valuable time to the making of that kind of discovery?

The trouble among the employees of the United States Steel Corporation who invested in the stock of the corporation reveals the one weakness of the profit-sharing idea. The beneficiaries do not enjoy sharing the losses.

A Pennsylvania man who is being sued for \$15,000 for breach of promise says he would have married the girl if he had been able to earn more than \$3 a week. It is hard to work up sympathy for a girl who wants that kind of a man.

The cable takes the trouble to inform the world that "great commotion" has been caused at the Spanish court because Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria dislocated "his finger." Of course if he had only one we can understand the excitement, but otherwise we cannot fancy what words would be used to describe the effect on the court had the prince dislocated his neck.

Those persons who enjoy a good, square meal, in spite of what is said about the advantages of leaving a table with an appetite for more, will be glad of the indorsement from an eminent English physician, who says: "The human stomach works better when slightly stretched—just as the lungs work better with deep inhalations induced by bodily exercise in the open air."

No fewer whips are made in Westfield, Massachusetts—the largest whip-making town in the world—than were made before the automobile became popular. This seems to prove one of two things—either that there are as many horses in use as formerly, or that more whips are used upon each of the remaining horses, because the automobiles in the road require that something be done to distract the attention of the animals when they meet the machines.

Potatoes worth seven hundred and fifty dollars a pound, or about three times their weight in gold, would strike even a millionaire as something of a luxury, as indeed they would be, for the table. That price was recently paid, however, at a market in England, not for a luxury but for an investment. The potatoes which brought this extraordinary figure of a hundred and fifty pounds a pound are a new variety, only a few of which have been raised, and those few are in great demand for seed. A single potato sold for seventy pounds sterling. Another variety sold for three hundred pounds—fifteen hundred dollars—a ton. Hereafter a gold-mine will be a weak metaphor for a profitable enterprise. The real money-maker will be "a perfect potato-field."

Uncle Sam is now doing a rushing business as a builder. He has fifty structures, mostly postoffices, under contract, and nearly three times as many more under authorization. The cost of buildings still uncompleted will be almost as much as the total annual expenditure of the government a half century ago, when the supervising architect's office was established. The construction of public buildings is one of Uncle Sam's methods of "laying up money." He cannot put it out at interest in the savings banks like an ordinary individual, but he can cut off rents by owning his own business houses. Yet he builds so much more substantially and therefore expensively than private concerns that the rents saved ordinarily amount to a very low rate of interest on their cost, often less than the rate on government bonds. But this is not wholly a dollar-and-out matter. The dignity of the federal government, as well as the con-

venience of its officers, is involved in having suitable quarters for the transaction of public business. The present supervising architect is now employing the style of architecture seen in the great Washington buildings, notably the Capitol, the Treasury and the White House. This will carry a government look to the national edifices in all parts of the country, so that they may be distinguished at a glance from mercantile offices and collegiate institutions. It is desirable that some definite and reasonable rule should be observed in the selection of places where public buildings are to be erected. Some towns of four thousand inhabitants have a government building; others of forty thousand have none. This result comes from Congressional log-rolling. This evil—like the spoils system—will eventually disappear.

Tax-dodging has become so widely prevalent in the United States that its criminality has almost ceased to be recognized. In every community, and especially in every large city, there are scores of men whose word as to every other matter is as good as their bond, but who every year swear off or otherwise evade the greatest part of their lawful taxes. Tax-dodging is not only legally criminal, but it inflicts a moral and material injury on all who do not practice it. There is a certain amount of revenue that must be raised for public purposes, and if the dishonest part of the community does not pay its share the honest part must pay more than its share. The public official who tries to check this species of wrong-doing is certain to incur the ill will of the individuals directly affected, but he may repose in the assurance that his course will be heartily endorsed by the community as a whole.

Some are decriing myths and fairy stories, others are denouncing prosaic moral tales for children. Dr. Leavitt would deny youngsters the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" and have them devote the time given to classics to the Bible. Rev. Fred V. Hawley, secretary of the Western Unitarian conference, questions whether the Bible is a proper text book for Sunday schools, to say nothing of allowing a child to peruse its pages according to its own inclination. Mr. Hawley finds many instances of wrong-doing in the Bible and he thinks the minds of children ought not to become familiar with these as they ought not to become acquainted with the proceedings of criminal courts. Other Bible stories which he thinks lack a foundation of truth Mr. Hawley objects to giving to children who are too young to discriminate. What will come of all this interference in behalf of children asks the Chicago Chronicle. Does the child of to-day need such an inordinate amount of protection that the limits of its mental range must be rigidly prescribed? Must it be fastened to some secure literary stake in order that it shall not go astray? Is it to be allowed no freedom of choice for fear it may learn to do evil? The old-fashioned plan of admitting a child to a good library and allowing it to range at will and select for itself may after all be quite as good as the present uncertain method of beginning with literary pap and gradually giving dilutions of more substantial stuff as the child grows older.

Children with large imagination crave fairy tales, while those more logical demand that stories shall be true. Must both be forced through, "the mythical period" just because grave pedagogues have decided that is best? Is a boy to be denied Homer because there is a strange love affair mixed up with it? Is a child to be given a mutilated Bible because human nature is found there in all its extremes of good and bad? If children are to live in the world and to come in contact with humanity, good, bad and indifferent, they will not be seriously injured by reading what they find in Homer or the Bible. Children are not such weaklings as older people would have them and a certain latitude of reading is better for them than too much restriction.

What She Recognized.
People like to be told what they already know, to hear about old friends and old interests. Absolutely new information has nothing in the mind to hitch to. This story from the "Memories of a Child" is an illustration:
Once, probably before the child's school days began, somebody took her to a school commencement, and a gentleman made a long, long address, to which the child listened with respectful attention. The general sound of the words was familiar to her, and she was hardly aware of the fact that she did not at all understand.
But all at once he said something about a pink sash, and the child looked around at the person who had brought her and laughed delightedly. She knew what a pink sash was, and she knew he was saying that girls liked to wear pink sashes; and, oh, how refreshing it was! Then and there the child decided that it was a very nice speech.

Remember, when a guest at a party that you can't stay so late you cut ward off all talk about you.

"Half the milk you leave in the pail every morning disappears," protested the female customer.

"You ought to have a waterproof pail," said the milkman.

"Oh," retorted the woman, "it isn't the water that leaks out."

Such Dear Friends.
Edyth—I just heard something about you.
Mayme—It must be something scandalous.

Edyth—Why do you think so?
Mayme—Because you look pleased.

Wanted Figures.
"What would you do if I were to die and leave you, darling?" asked the bridegroom, who was on the shady side of 70.

"Leave me how much?" anxiously asked the bride, who was—well, let us say 29 years and 11 months old.

Still Had a Chance.
She—I understand you are a joke writer.

He—I may be guilty, but I never talk about the stuff I turn out.

She—That's good. There's always some hope of reformation when there's a sense of shame.

On the Wrong Trail.
"It is no more than right that the strong should aid the weak," said the landlady.

"And yet," rejoined the sarcastic boarder, "I fail to see how dropping a hunk of butter in the coffee would benefit it any."

Sarcasm.
Noozey—Hello, Snappe, what are you going to do with the camera?

Snappe—Going to bore an artesian well in our sitting room; you didn't suppose I was going to take pictures with it, did you?—Philadelphia Ledger

Dr. George Simson, editor of the Journal of the Medical Association will give in April a lecture to the students in the medical department of the university of Michigan upon some topic relating to medicine.

Congressman Castor, of Philadelphia, was sworn in on the 29th of February and is already known as the "leap year member." The assertion is made that Mr Castor is the only member who ever took the oath on the date named.

A blood curdling feat is performed by a Parisian cyclist. He whirled down an incline of ninety degrees, and attains a velocity of 120 miles an hour. Here there is an open space of thirty-five feet between the twelve foot tracks, and the rider leaps it. Should the daring wheelman miss the landing place he would fall fifty feet.

Unfortunately the things that are too good to be true are a good deal scarcer than the things that are too true to be good.—Judge.

For some unknown reason the shark has returned to European waters. In the Baltic, for example, where sharks had been extinct since 1759 they have made their appearance in considerable numbers.

The cowbells used in Switzerland have a peculiar sound, rather mournful in its droning prolongation. It has been discovered that tigers fear it, and run when they hear it. Therefore, Swiss cowbells have been introduced into the Himalayas, as a protection for cattle.

Literature is a trade in which the poorest workman often gets the biggest wages.

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Shell and blanch the nuts and chop them fine. To each tablespoonful of minced nuts add a half-tablespoonful of cream cheese. Mix well and spread on thin slices of crustless bread.

A Good Gargle.
Salt and water makes an excellent gargle for weak throats. If used before going to bed at night. Public speakers, singers and those who have to read aloud will find it very effective.

Rye Muffins.
Two scant cups rye meal, one-half cup flour, one-half cup Indian, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful lard, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one egg.

Repellent for Rabbits.
Orchardists, whose trees are damaged by rabbits, may repel the pests effectively and economically. Take a bar of cheap soap, of the soft kind, that will rub off easily and adhere to the wood.

Rub the soap upon the bark from the ground up to a height beyond the reach of the rabbits. Take pains to leave no spot untouched by the soap. When the soap is washed off by rain, it is easily replaced.

The smell and taste of the soap are repugnant to the rabbits. They will not gnaw bark that is coated with it. Many orchardists have found soap more effective than any of the blood grease, tar, tobacco or pepper repellents, and it is also far more economical.

To prevent the smell of cooking from getting into the house, sprinkle a little cedar sawdust on the top of the stove. When milk boils over on the stove or in the oven sprinkle a thick layer of salt on the burning milk; let it remain a few minutes, then brush off.

Do They Travel Backward?

One of the saddest things in the history of college graduates is that so many cease to grow when they have received their diplomas. On graduation day they reach their mental high-water mark, but after that the tide gradually ebbs, and it never rises quite as high again. When just from college many of these graduates impress one as men of great promise; but, somehow or other, they remain prospectuses all their lives; they never become published volumes. They study law, teach a while, or else, perhaps, engage in business, but they do not hold on very long anywhere or at anything. They seem to lose their grip, and instead of forging ahead they drift down stream.

As a rule, a graduate who thus fails to realize his promise thinks that, when he receives his sheepskin, there is no need for further mental exertion on his part. He feels that he has won his laurels, and that he can afford to rest upon them. After four years' study in college he believes that he has covered the whole field. Having won a diploma, he has no other goal in view. Purposeless, without a life plan or definite line of work, he becomes the most hopeless and pitiable of all human beings—a drifter. "How can I overcome this feeling?" hundreds of young men are asking. Begin to overcome it now! Do not allow it to grow over you like moss on a deserted building. Try to abandon the thought that your life is purposeless.—Success.

Quick Action.

"That distinguished-looking man is a veteran of seven wars."

"You don't mean it! Why, he looks too young to have seen service like that. How does it happen?"

"He spent a month in South America one time."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

McGill university at Montreal, Que., has conferred the honorary degree of doctor of laws upon M. Jussier, French ambassador to the United States, in acknowledgment of his distinguished services to literature.

Efadora J. Faulkner, of Portland, Me., is suing Louis Sulkowitch for \$1,500 damages, alleging that he kissed her against her protest, "meanwhile putting both arms around her waist."

Founder's Day was observed by the Faculty and students of the medical department of the university of Michigan, Feb. 22. Professor Fleming Carrow gave an address entitled "George E. Frothingham." Dr. Frothingham was connected with the medical department for thirteen years. During the latter part of this period was professor of materia medica.

We could all be happy enough if we only knew how to play well the cards we hold.

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