TIMELY REAL ESTATE GOSSIP

To Ask Water Board to Rescind Rule on Securing Water Rents.

FUTURE SHOWS BIG THINGS

Comment on the New United States National Bank Building to Be Started March 1 and Completed Within Year.

With this year coming to a close and a new year dawning it is natural to look back at what has been accomplished and forward at what is to be accomplished, especially since we have in Omaha so many things just a little ahead of us.

The year 1912 has brought a big change in the general appearance of downtown Omaha and the approaching year holds promise of still greater changes, all, fortunately, for a much greater improvement.

The $1,000,000 hotel, of course, is the biggest thing that can be expected to be realized in 1913, now that it is assured. Enough stock subscriptions have been sold to warrant the immediate beginning of the new hostelry and there is little doubt but that the coming year will see at least its partial erection, probably its completion.

During the last week another announcement was made which added to the visions of a great year forthcoming. The directors of the United States National bank, Sixteenth and Farnam streets, announced that a new twelve-story building on that corner would be started March 1.

Plans already have been drawn for the building. They probably will be selected some time soon. All of them signify that the building will be quite unique, well arranged and serviceable.

The main entrance of the building, the plans specify, will be on the west part of the Farnam street side. The grade of Farnam street makes this most desirable. There will be a stairway from the street to the second floor, which the bank will occupy, the first floor being reserved for stores, vestibule and elevator entrances.

The new building will have a frontage of 110 feet on Farnam street, which includes the site of the present building, the old Greek temple, and the site of the building which was destroyed by fire a year ago, the Ames property. The frontage on Sixteenth street will be seventy-four feet.

This and several other large structures are promised Omaha for the year 1913. The outlook is as pleasing as the realization what has been done in upbuilding Omaha during the year just closing.

Timely Advertising.

During the last few weeks real estate dealers have been saying that business is quite dull. "Christmas is coming on," they have said, "and everybody is interested in other things than real estate. Business will pick up, though, after the first of the year."

Meanwhile Omaha advertising men, particularly members of the Omaha Ad club, have been studying "timelyness" in advertising. They have talked it among themselves and heard it in the lectures prepared by experts in the national association. Stereopticon views have been given to illustrate the lectures and these have shown examples of "timely copy" which have had remarkable selling power. They have shown such effects on things far more difficult to sell than real estate.

All this leads to the question, "How many real estate advertisements have been seen calling attention to the fact that real estate would make the best kind of a Christmas present?"

Pianos at $300 and $500 are advertised as "a Christmas present for your daughter." There are many fifty-foot lots in Omaha priced at $175 and $200—and they have the advantage of increasing in value. How many of them have been advertised as "good Christmas presents?"

Legal Help on Water Rents.

The Real Estate exchange is going to spend $25 to hire an attorney to talk to the Water board about the recent ruling making water rents liens on property. Property owners and realty men think it is not right that they should be held responsible for the debts of tenants. The rule of the Water board requires that agents and owners sign a contract making them jointly responsible for water rents with the tenant. There has been much discussion of the subject among owners and dealers and many have talked the matter over with the Water board without desired results. The exchange believes an attorney can investigate the law on the subject and present arguments to the board which will cut them out of the great responsibility. A resolution for this action was adopted at the last meeting of the exchange.

Campbell Names Hotel.

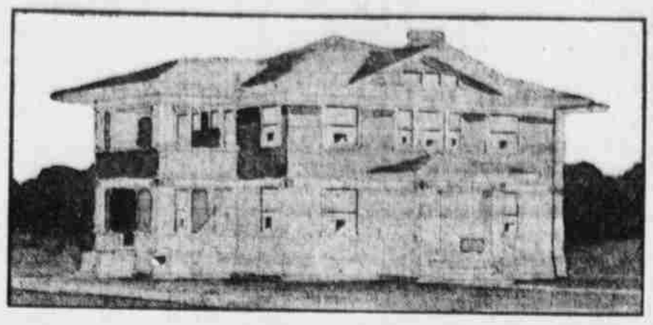
Have you named the new hotel yet? The latest suggestion for a name has been given by Linn Campbell, the aspiring young realty dealer. Seeing in The Bee that someone proposed it be named "The Branedy," Campbell has declared that he will make a staunch stand that the new hostelry be called "The Whisky." He says he doesn't like that other stuff.

Exchange on Vacation.

The Real Estate exchange will take a vacation during the Christmas holidays. The next meeting of the exchange will be held the second Wednesday in January.

Paying the Bills

By Arthur C. Clausen, Architect.



FROM the architect's standpoint the planning of homes resolves itself mostly into two things, its art and its science. One has to do with the artistic appearance, the other with its permanency structural support, the economy of construction, convenience, the filling of individual requirements and sanitary conditions. With the wife and mother interested in the building of a new home it resolves itself mostly into these two things, the art and the sentiment. Many readers may not agree with this conclusion and will want to include the science of planning a home as engaging much of a woman's thoughts at such a time. While it does in a way, her ideas of arrangement as a rule are only general. Much as she may know about keeping up a home after she is in it, it is a fact that the average housewife, through being more sentimentally than mechanically inclined, is at a loss to comprehend, on paper, the arrangement of such things, for example as stairways and kitchens. She knows that the kitchen must contain a range, a sink, a work table and certain cupboards. She may want more cupboards than another, one may want all the cupboards in the kitchen and another want most of them in the pantry. But few will think of the necessity of having the sink near the range for the convenience of draining off hot, steaming kettles or the practicability of having the range where the cross draught through the room between the windows will not strike it, especially if it is a gas range, and numerous other things. Therefore, the writer is sure that his conclusion is correct and that a woman's chief concern in a home is its artistic appearance and its sentiment.

Its sentiment involves such things as providing fireplaces, for old times sake, the cozy little nooks, bay windows, etc. The man of the house is interested in the artistic appearance, to some extent. He has a passive interest in the science of home planning, a little more interest in the sentiment of his home, though not quite as much as the wife, but his chief concern is the cost.

For the man who would build permit me to give this advice. Let your wife plan the home, it is her workshop. You will have all that you can attend to paying the bills.

First—Place this fact in the mental storehouse and let it soak in: You cannot possibly get all the good things under one roof with limited means. Next, after briefly outlining what you would like, go around and look at all the homes you can, especially the interiors of them, not to see how many more things you can find to add to the list, but to note how much you can get along without and still have an attractive, comfortable home. Never thought of going at it that way, did you? It is alright to go up one street and down the other, stopping off first at one friend's house and then another, working up a "cream appetite" on a "skimmed milk pocketbook," and bear this fact constantly in mind that it is taste not money that makes a home home-like. A home can be ever so simple and still have that undefinable, home-like charm, that is more inspiring and more ennobling than the most lavish expenditure of money on a palatial home.

If a man were to start into any great business undertaking involving a large amount of money, he would first sit down and carefully outline the program along which he should proceed. He would first outline his "system," for no business, no great undertaking, will work out satisfactorily and profitably without organization and system behind it. The organization in this case is the family, the system is the business ability of its head. System means economy, in any undertaking, and this fact is especially true in home building.

The first step after deciding approximately the amount to be invested is to engage a competent, honest, thoroughly experienced architect, and it is as true of the architect as it is of any profession that the best man is the cheapest in the long run. Not only by the actual saving of cost in the building through the application of economical construction, but through the added convenience and attractiveness that makes a home a pleasanter place to live in and for this same reason an easy place to sell at any time at a good profit. We all know of comparatively new homes that cost considerable, but which lack this home-like charm and for which we would not pay near as much as we would for another, possibly near at hand, costing considerably less and of smaller size simply because the latter is artistic in a simple way and home-like.

There are two classes of architects. The one who designs upon paper and the other who designs in his head. The one who designs upon paper will usually load his drawings down with considerable ornamental detail to show his technique. The man who designs in his head and sees the home built as he designs it, who shapes it up with harmonious masses of color in good proportion, will usually produce a drawing of very simple outline. In other words, the man who cannot design in his head, who does not see things in color and proportion, will usually try to cover up his lack of ability in this regard by attracting the eye to a multitude of fancy details, which incidentally cost considerable. Relatively speaking an architect is the doctor who diagnoses your case and the contractor fills the prescription.

The next step is to engage a competent contractor. This course being advised as preferable to doing the work by day labor. Building a home by day labor is more apt to get the best work, but it is usually a very expensive way to build for the simple reason that any man, who has a business to look after of his own, cannot butt into another man's business on short notice and make money at it. If he has lots of time, lots of money and a fair amount of previous building experience, then it is alright to build a home by day labor, and sometimes he can save a little. Although instances of this kind are rare. Most men keep their money earning money for them in their business, and for this reason will usually expect to put a loan upon their home for at least a part of the building funds. While many people have borrowed the greater part of the money and only by this means have they acquired a home, it usually requires years of effort to say nothing of the expense. But when a man can see no other way out of it, this course is advised. In other words a home is worth all it costs at most any reasonable amount and money invested in it brings the greatest returns of any investment a man can make. When possible to do so, keep the cost of your home low enough so that the loan you put upon it will not become a burden, will not become a millstone around your neck that will prevent you to a certain extent from fully enjoying the benefits and pleasure of its possession. The acquiring of a home is to most men a difficult undertaking, but somehow, somewhere, sometime, own one. You will never know what real life is until you do. All the real pleasure we get out of life, if we have any, is found in the home.

If the idea of acquiring a home has never occurred to you before, metaphorically roll up your sleeves and go to it. It may take you a year, it may take ten years, but "keep working, keep smiling and you will win."

Don't wait until some rich uncle leaves you a fortune before building your home. You may have gray hair by that time. Get out and hustle for it yourself—others have done it—why not you? Especially if your children are young, get them housed in a comfortable home and let the vines grow up around it with them so that in adult life they will look back on it as the only home they can remember. Isn't it fine to hear a big traveling man, a prosperous merchant or learned professional man say: "Well, boys, I am going back home for Christmas." Home to him means but one place on earth and when he gets there and sees the same old white rock at the corner of the drive, scrapes his feet on the same old scraper, hangs his hat and coat on the old funny looking rack, finds himself in his old room with his college banners still hanging over the head of the bed, with the same colored print of George Washington on the wall, the old rifle in the corner and little pictures of his numerous boyhood "flames" still peering from the corners and then, crown of glories, when he sits down with mother, father, married sister and his little nieces and nephews to one of mother's old fashioned dinners, and finds an extra large dish of his favorite plum jam, (all for himself) in front of his plate, isn't it fin to hear him say: "Gee, but it's great to be home?" What made that home, money? No, with a big "N." It was the mother's home loving spirit, and the father's ambition.

No matter what you undertake, whether it be building up a business, a professional reputation or a home, if you have integrity, perseverance and a good constitution you will win. If opportunities do not come to you, go after them, create them. You will be in demand just as soon as you create a demand for what you have to give. You have to earn your raise in salary before you get it. Your salary or income is the interest on an investment. If you want greater returns—invest more and do not squeal when you hit the bumps. Trainers sandbag a prizefighter for weeks before he enters the ring to fight for an hour. Do not be sensitive to criticism. Little dogs wil always bark at the man who is in too much of a hurry to stop and say sweet things to them. There is nothing like occasional reverses to sandpaper down our ambitions and make them run smoothly. Some bad will always come with the good. When you take Wilson you have to swallow Bryan. You may have to dig hard to pay the bills for that new home, but it is worth it and you will learn a lot in the effort. You have to dig for everything worth while in this world—Success is the "pay dirt" you get for digging.

When deciding upon the amount you are going to invest do not commence with a small amount and as your enthusiasm grows increase it indefinitely, but set at the beginning the highest figure at which you could possibly finance and consider the building of your home, and then start from the beginning with the avowed purpose of keeping its ultimate cost well under and within that amount. If you start with a small amount and gradually increase it $100 and $200 at a time the constant adding on of small amounts soon becomes a habit, with the result that the $3,000 which you purposely set lower than you thought you were willing to go grows to $6,000 or $7,000. On the other hand, had you set the price from the beginning at $5,000, with a resolution to keep within that amount, you would probably do so. In other words, the one plan is the plan of increase, the other is the plan of decrease, and you will come out according to the way your mind runs while planning and building your home. At the same time use sensible discretion. It does not pay to spend a lot of money and almost hit the mark, but not quite, in order to save $100 or $200.

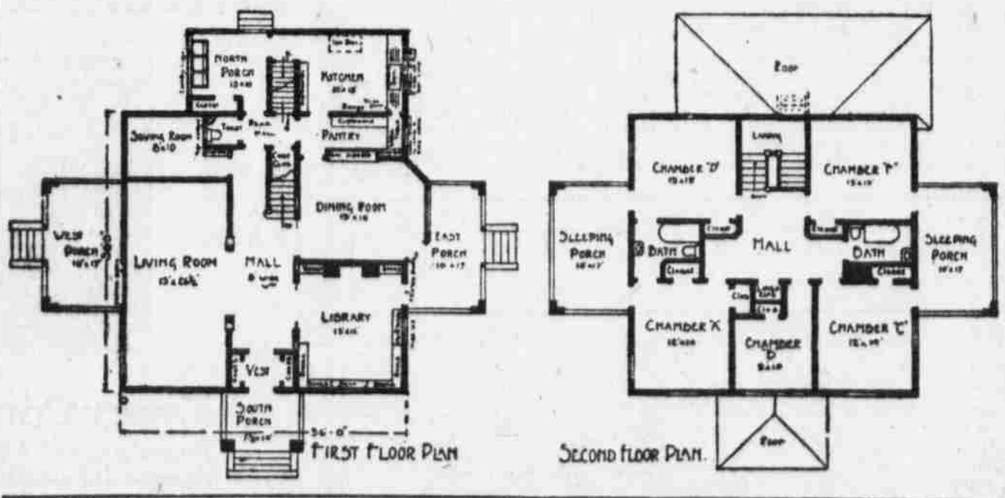
When I was a young boy, learning how to shoot, my father used to tell me "When the target is a long way off, aim high above the mark."

MR CLAUSEN'S BOOK

"The Art, Science and Sentiment of Homebuilding."

Thirty chapters, 300 illustrations. It covers a wide range of subjects, including the planning of bungalows, suburban and city homes, costing from $2,000 to $20,000, letting contracts, choosing materials, proper design of entrance, windows, fireplaces, etc. New third edition. Price, postpaid, $1.00.

Address, Arthur C. Clausen, Architect, 1136-37-38 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.



BUCKING HURRICANE AT SEA

Thrills on Atlantic Liners Provoke Mighty Sobs for Dry Land.

Hurricanes that blew down wireless apparatus, kept passengers within their cabins and threw ships on their beam ends and seas that crushed lifeboats, tore out teakwood rails and smashed in heavy doors were reported by officers of the incoming liners New York of the American line, from Southampton; Cameronia of the Anchor line, from Glasgow, and the Carmania of the Cunard line, from Liverpool, which reached New York last Sunday and Monday.

The heaviest seas of his long career are reported by Captain W. J. Roberts of the New York, while the hurricane that hit his ship Friday and raged around the vessel for six horns, was, he said, as heavy as any he had met in West Indian waters, where hurricanes are common.

The New York lost its bowsprit as far back as the figurehead and came in a blunt-pointed vessel instead of the trim, yacht-like figure it was. It also had three lifeboats smashed and five liferafts damaged, its starboard quarter rail torn out for a length of fifteen feet, its port quarter companion door crushed in and another door opening into a ventilator shaft torn from its fastenings and twisted to pieces, while glass and chinaware were shivered all over the ship.

The Cameronia had its wireless put out of commission for several hours when a giant sea ripped off the wires and the Carmania was flooded with water and had at least one passenger injured by being thrown to the deck during the height of the gale.

It was Friday morning when the New York ran into the hurricane, the wind coming from the northwest and growing stronger as the vessel headed into it. At 9 o'clock the ship was in the center of the storm and the wind was blowing at the rate of nearly 100 miles an hour, while the seas dashed constantly over the bow and washed aft over the full length of the vessel. The passengers were confined to their cabins and the salons and no one but those of the crew whose presence was needed there was allowed on deck. Captain Roberts and his staff were on the bridge when, about noon Friday, the highest wave of all came towering toward the ship. Not a man aboard had ever seen a higher one. Officers of this ship assert that the highest sea ever measured on the Atlantic was thirty-eight feet from trough to crest, and they also asserted that the one they saw coming at noon on Friday looked like a record-breaker.

It caught the New York on the starboard bow, tore along the deck, over the bridge and along the promenade decks, the deepest past being on the starboard side, swept over the lifeboat deck, smashed three boats and five rafts and then went overboard over and through the port quarter rail, taking fifteen feet of this guard with it. The roar that accompanied this tremendous sea frightened many unseasoned passengers half out of their wits, and the force of the blow threw stewards and passengers alike to the decks, smashing dishes and playing havoc generally.

One sailor who was just abaft the forecastle head was lifted on the wave and dashed against the port rail with force sufficient to bruise him badly and send him to the ship's hospital.

John Prescott, the bartender, was in his room at the time, mixing a drink. The door of his room opens on the deck, and was in the path of the sea that boarded the ship. Fortunately for Prescott it was closed, but as the water completely enveloped his room threw him out through the door opening into the smoking room alleyway and broke half his stock of whiskies and wines.

"For twenty-three years," said Prescott, "I have not missed a voyage on the New York, and this was the worst I ever saw."

Barrymore Blazed Away.

One evening Maurice Barrymore and some friends were having a quiet chat at the Hoffman house bar, when a gentleman who, from his appearance belonged to the southern states, forced himself upon our party and insisted on Barrymore taking a drink with him. Barrymore declined politely.

The gentleman grew more insistent. Barrymore still declined, whereupon the stranger said:

"If we were in Texas I would shoot for this."

"Indeed," said Barrymore, "then your courage is a matter of geography."—New York Sun.

CHRISTMAS DAY ON SHIPS

Various Brands of Jollity for Seafaring Men.

HOME JOYS UNDER RESTRICTION

Trees for Oceanbound Passengers Gives Color Touch to Festivities—Well Fare Jackies on the Warships.

Does Christmas day pass unnoticed at sea?

There are kindhearted souls, motherly old ladies, timid maidens, generous and indulgent fathers, who pity Jack Christmas day—pity him because midocean means the separation from home and relatives, and friends, and therefore loneliness, because the warm reefers and gloves and socks knit by motherly hands, shaving sets of ties, the good cigars and fresh brew, cannot be given from hand to hand.

Once Jack sorely needed that pity. There were days when Christmas at sea was indeed nothing more than the 25th day of December, when the same old everyday grouch issued from the bridge or quarter deck, when Jack was driven with the same blows and kicks to the same back-breaking work, when the mess dealt him out the same old "Harriet Lane" for dinner. The only way Jack knew it to be Christmas day was because the second mate stood a double watch, which meant that the skipper and the first mate lay boozed to the gunwale down in their cabins.

Perhaps that same condition doth exist on some ships at the present time, but you would have to travel a long course to find them. Put that question to a great majority of Jackies today and they will grin. Perhaps the world is becoming better, perhaps the owners, skippers and mates are beginning to realize that "a man's a man f'r a'that." Whatever the cause, it has driven the spirit of good will seaward, and whether he is on a liner of a naval ship, on a merchantman or a pilot cruiser, Jack knows when the day of good will to all men has come.

Home Joys for Passengers.

The Christmas tide on a passenger vessel begins to make itself felt on the day before. Sometimes during the afternoon, while the passengers are drowsing in their comfortable steamer chairs on decks or in their cabins below, one of the ship's officers calls a portion of the crew, and from somewhere down in the great hold they fish out a dozen or more healthy, full-limbed cedars or pines. Out, too, come wreaths and clusters of holly, red berried and fresh leaved, and great balls of mistletoe, thickly dotted with gray wax berries.

For a couple of hours or more these men work with the joy and enthusiasm of schoolboys. The great, luxurious, saloon, the social halls, the companionways and the dining saloons and even the steerage, take on the Christmas green; and everywhere you turn on deck there is a piece of cedar or a cluster of holly that seems almost like a smile and tells the little ones both in the saloon and the steerage that Santa Claus is, at least, expected.

They are not disappointed. When they awake in the early morning the whole ship is a blaze of glory. The fact is, the crew did extra duty at night before, and word is passed to the little ones that they helped Santa Claus aboard during the night and helped him with his work so that he might have time to visit the little passengers of other ships.

The silvered angel and snow-capped Santa Claus atop the tree, the miniature landscape beneath, the colored balls and popcorn chains, the sprays of tinsel, the candy toys and canes, the horns and the myriads of tiny electric light—all are there just as Santa Claus has left them at home in the past. More yet, there are great piles of bundles and packages lying beneath.

Calling the Roll.

Breakfast doesn't come until 8 o'clock, and something happens before hand. It is a roll call of every soul aboard the ship, from the captain to the lowest member of the crew; from the wealthiest saloon passenger to the poorest in the steerage. And as each man is called the owner steps forward and receives a package addressed to him from the pile under the trees.

It means that the company has not forgotten that the ship will be somewhere in midocean Christmas day. There are no misfit gifts. The company has consulted the ship's passenger list, and ladies receive articles that suit feminine tastes and ages, and the men are looked after with similar foresight, and scrupulous care is exercised for the tots, while the crew receive some useful article of clothing that makes them comfortable during the cold night watches on deck.

Neither have the passengers forgotten that they will be at sea Christmas day. When the purser and his assistants get through handing out Santa Claus' gifts some gentleman, selected as spokesman, steps forward, makes a short address, and presents the captain and each member of the crew with some token of the occasion—tokens that are also something useful in the mariner's profession.

Then somebody suggests a cheer for the captain and crew, the crew cheer back at the passengers, and then both passengers and crew cheer the good old ship and the company. Then everybody shakes everybody's hand and wishes everybody all the compliments of the season, and while everybody is talking at once they all file in to breakfast.

Games, letter writing or the usual deck constitutional stroll will occupy most of the morning. After luncheon it is an entertainment, sometimes by the crew, sometimes by people in the steerage, and after the cabin passengers look over the rail in wonder at the display of musical ability below.

Religious Services.

Sometimes, if there is a minister aboard, Christmas services will be held in the afternoon. Then comes the real outburst of the occasion. The impromptu choir, composed of singers among the passengers and crew, sing the good old tunes that Jack was used to at home. If you want to hear the full volume of a sailor's voice, listen while he joins in the strains of "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." Most of them have been raised on that tune, and Jack is once more a boy on Christmas day, in his native parish, where, perhaps, he, too, wore the choir vestment.

None but necessary work is performed aboard ship Christmas day, and most of that occurs in the galley to prepare for the feast that comes at 7 o'clock. If Old Neptune is good and keeps his bosom quiet the ship's tables are crowded. Every one who sits at table that evening will remember that feast, for the tables are crowded as much on the top as on the sides.

good things that are piled thereon, that

It would be impossible to name the follow one another; perhaps the only way to express it is to say that the most fastidious appetite can be satisfied.

After the feast comes the concert in the saloon, and on a modern liner you will listen to concerts that will be long remembered. After the concert there is dancing, in which old and young take an active part. Always the day ends by the singing of national hymns.

Cheer on Tramp Ships.

The old-fashioned pessimistic mariner might attempt to point to the tramp or freight ships to support his claim that there has been no departure on Christmas day at sea from the same dull routine of other days. His assertion is only the evidence that he has not been to sea for many cruises. It may be that there are no elaborate preparations made, but it isn't necessary to color the description to make it readable. Whether the crew be native of mixed, Lascar or Chinese, a certain Christmas day spirit extends from the bridge or quarter deck to the hands forward, and carries with it a day's respite and better grub.

It is Jack's nature to be convivial and he likes to be ashore Christmas day where the motto "The more the merrier" reigns. But it is also his nature to make the most of the situation if he is at sea.

Work is suspended in one department of the ship and increased in another. Jack bears a willing hand in the increase, however, because it means that instead of the same portion of "Harriet Lane," he is to get some change for the better for dinner. "Harriet Lane" is nothing more than the poorest of preserved meats, which is his inseparable companion at mess times.

From somewhere down in the ship's stores three or four squealing pigs are produced, and two or three extra dishes that he eats only when he goes ashore and pays for them. Then there is a greater share of plum duff, with real raisins instead of dried prunes in it, and last of all come some candles, nuts, a bit of ale and some tobacco.

To enjoy all this Jack is allowed to while away the afternoon beside the table, with the exception of his watch on deck, while the officers back in the cabin sip choice wines in toasts to their home folks and linger over the fragrance of good cigars.

On the Warships.

It would be difficult to find a ship on which greater preparations are made to celebrate the Christmas festival than on an American man-o'-war. Those preparations begin several days in advance, and include a program the structure of which depends on whether the ship will be at sea or in a foreign port.

It is when the vessel is in an American port that only the dinner celebrates the occasion, for Jack then gets his shore liberty and "beats it." If it is in a foreign port, athletics ashore, in conjunction with other ships, form the pastime.

Sailing schedules for American ships are generally so arranged as to allow them to remain in port on Christmas day. If Jack must be at sea he must wait until he reaches the next scheduled port of call before he can receive his Christmas box from home. Hence, he must provide some diversion.

At the morning roll call he listens to the order suspending work and drills for the day after he washes down and cleans ship. Then come letter writing to the home folks and the final preparations for the afternoon entertainment, and by that time the galley sends forth odors of a bang-up dinner.

Dinner comes on at 12:30, and it is about all of a dinner one could ask for. "Go to it, lads," is the password during that meal. Fowl and pig make up the meat portion, vegetables of all kinds, celery and cranberry sauce abound, and there seems to be no end of mince pies, fruits, candies and nuts. And then Jack tops it off with a bumper of coffee and a cigarette or two.

A full stomach entices beaming smiles and satisfaction, hence Jack is primed to produce the fun-making of the afternoon. Fun-making there is a-plenty, that convulses the audience of both officers and men. Out of a crew of 300 or 400 men all kinds of talent crope out—talent that often leaves that of some of the theaters ashore in the shade.

Fun on the Side.

The forward gun deck has been turned into a modern theater with a stage draped in signal flags and electric foot, side and top lights. An orchestra of jackies, composed of mandolins, violins, flutes, guitars and sometimes a bass viol, furnishes the music. Boxing, singing, wrestling, blace-face sketches, buck and wing dancing, fancy dancing and chorus singing compose a program covering two hours or more.

Sometimes the boxes get aboard before Christmas evening. Then there is happiness, ringing true, beaming throughout the ship from the quarters forward back through the wardroom and into the skipper's own cabin.

There's something from the dear old mother, knit by loving hands, and sent with the mother love to protest her boy from the elements; there's something from the wives and sweethearts, sent with more love to brighten the lives and cabins of the boys fo'ard and aft, and good old dad has enclosed a box of familiar cigars, the aroma of which brings back the home scenes.

There is more to eat in the evening; there are speeches and toasts in the messroom fo'ard and the wardroom aft, and the words and smiles are brighter, freshened and sweetened and softened by the memories of loved ones. Then at the last there is the toast that has characterized the American navy for generations. It causes every one to spring to his feet and raise his glass aloft; it is offered not by one, but by a hearty chorus: "Here's to our mothers and wives and sweethearts, God bless 'em."—Washington Star.

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

Feared the Worst.

A woman in one of the wards in the Rhode Island hospital was informed she had appendicitis and would have to be operated on at once. Much frightened, she reluctantly consented and was conveyed to the operating room.

One of the doctors had commenced to administer the ether and her eyes were closing languidly, when he discovered he had forgotten to inquire if she had false teeth. He quickly removed the rubber cap, and shaking her slightly, he said: "Have you anything loose in your mouth?"

Then, as he made a move to put his hand in her mouth, she opened her eyes widely and exclaimed:

"Nothing but my tongue, doctor, and for God's sake don't cut that out, too!"—Mack's National Monthly.

He Held the Trophies.

It was dinner time and the conversation turned to sport.

"Did I ever tell you about me brother Tom winning the cup in the marathon race?" said Terence to his mate.

"One cup! Why that's nothin'," said Mike. "My uncle Dennis has cups for swimming and running, medals for wrestling and watches for foot ball."

"Bedad, an' he must be a reat athlete!" said Terence.

"Begorra, an' ye're wrong," replied Mike. "He's a pawnbroker.—Pittsburgh Post.

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