

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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APRIL SUNDAY CIRCULATION.

48,411

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of April, 1914, was 48,411.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed to my presence and sworn to before me this 5th day of May, 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

This Nebraska weather is good enough to eat.

The colonel is now enroute to Spain. King Manuel will take notice.

The question of the hour. What are the wild waves saying at Niagara?

Perhaps the king of Albania might be able to strike up a trade with Dictator Huerta.

"I do not want office," Huerta is quoted as saying. So we would infer from the way he hangs on.

And yet it is doubtful if the pain of a Mexican bullet is greatly relieved by getting into the movies.

If you want to get into good company, put your autograph on the register of Ak-Bar-Ben's Devils' hotel.

"Oh, God, how beautiful is life," exclaimed Schiller. And he made his life show how deeply he felt it.

It is a fair presumption that Sir Conan Doyle came over here to unearth material for a new detective story.

The latest sensation in Mississippi, according to the Houston (Tex.) Post, is news of the legal hanging of two negroes.

Unfortunately, the inquests and investigations do not bring back the lives of any of those who go down to a watery grave.

"Met" would go "On to Panama," not by shot and shell, but by the arts of peace. Yet, though it takes longer, it is a good deal safer.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction.—Proverbs.

And, boys, that is absolutely on the square.

After being dubbed "Prince Charlie," he is now called one of the "Twin Beck's Bad Boys of Nebraska democracy." That's adding insult to injury.

Jacob Riis, who died during the week, was another one of those foreign-born immigrants against whom certain agitators would shut the door tight.

Mr. Mellon has, at least, had the politeness not to say that this inquiry was merely another assault on big business, which ought to count some in mitigation.

The Commercial club's bulletin refers to a "comparison of water and rail rates." It is water transportation rates, not water meter rates, for on the latter comparisons are still odious.

For a man drawing an official salary from the people, Judge Lindsey finds a vast amount of time to run around the country to deliver speeches and pick up pin money in other limelight ways.

General Coxy finally landed in Washington, but with an army of only seven followers. The general seems to have overlooked the sixteen years of republican rule since he capitalized his last famous petition in boots.

The Young People's association of the Presbyterian church on Dodge street is planning to give a "weight and measure" social, the proceeds to go to the organ fund.

A. J. Hancock has sold to John W. Louisburg lots 12 and 13, Hancock place, for \$200.

Superintendent McCabe of the Nebraska division of the M. & O. says the Florence cutoff is likely to be open for trains in about ten days.

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Bird's-Eye View of the University.

The report of the committee of eminent educators on the question of consolidation, now made public, gives us a bird's-eye view of the future of our State university. These men, each at the head of a great educational institution in some other state, and thus free from personal interest or locality bias, and moved only by considerations of the university's future usefulness and welfare, are unanimous in recommending consolidation. The uniting of the university departments now separated between the downtown campus and the agricultural college in the suburbs, they tell us, is inevitable if our forces of higher education are to be effectively organized, and half-way measures taken in deference to the pleas of private interests can be but temporary, and at best only postpone the time when they must be undone to make way for final consolidation.

The members of the committee, who are recognized among the foremost educators of the country, see a great future ahead for our Nebraska university—greater even than we have been picturing for ourselves. They credit us with possessing exceptional opportunities, which have only to be grasped and made the most of in the light of the dearly-bought experience of other states that would give anything to have their educational resources centered and unified instead of separate and competitive. If we do not fully utilize these opportunities we will be properly censurable.

The mistaken advocates of perpetuated segregation will, of course, denounce the report, and urge the people to disregard it. But what should commend it most is its very breadth of vision and its wholly dispassionate tenor. The case for consolidation could not be more convincingly stated nor put upon higher grounds. What is more, the people of Nebraska owe a debt of gratitude to these educational experts who have freely given us their valuable time, and more valuable advice.

No Rules Hold in Shipwreck.

The terrible disaster that has befallen the Empress of Ireland, blotting out a thousand lives almost in the twinkling of an eye, proves again that in such unexpected contingencies no rules hold good. No doubt in each stateroom, and in numerous other conspicuous places, directions were duly posted telling exactly what to do in case of accident, but when the collision came, with nearly everyone on board asleep, the boat went down so fast that the victims had no time to get out of their berths, much less to save themselves according to rule. Rules for conduct in critical emergencies are good when they can be followed, but, unfortunately, critical emergencies seldom permit folks to observe rules.

The New-Time Citizen.

I dunno 'bout the "Old Time"—the New Time that I see. With all its beauty and its light, is good enough for me! There's love forever dreamin' in the New Time sweethearts' eyes, And all the green world sendin' a love song to the skies! Joy still is with us, And joy is to be, And so, I say the New Time is good enough for me! Some see the Old Time through Memory's mellow beam, And in the silence of their lives with Memory they dream; Love lingers with them and ever lights the way; I take the New Time by the hand, thankful for life today.

A greater joy is singing Of a greater joy to be; The glory of the New Time is good enough for me! These lines are from the pen of Frank L. Stanton of the Atlanta Constitution, "the sweet singer of the south." Their tone is true, their melody rich. It would be a sad commentary on these much-mooted "good old times" to admit that they were all better than the new. Life is measured, not by its yesterdays, save as they give inspiration for the today. Said an old master of beautiful thought:

In every human breast two opposite desires are striving for mastery. Hope, gay goddess of the future, stands beside restless ambition pointing to the golden opportunities of the west. Memory, clothed in sable robes, silently sits beside some new-made grave dreaming of the days that are gone.

And which, pray, counts for the most in the onward look and reach of life? Hope is better than memory, as life is better than death. Wee to him whom hope does not master. There is little room in the real life of the day for him who lounges long in the lap of memory, overlooking the joys and opportunities of the present and the future. Nor to himself alone does this somber mien do wrong, but to those about him, in which, if he does well at all, he must serve. If the "good old days" were always the best, how despairing it would be for those millions of us who had not the opportunity of living in them. It is a song for us all:

A greater joy is singing Of a greater joy to be; The glory of the New Time is good enough for me!

Where Appearances Count.

It is an old, old saying, and true, that "clothes do not make the man." The adage loses some of its force, though, in this day when personal appearances count so much in the man's making, likewise the woman's.

Employment heads of several large Chicago mercantile houses, together with experts from the Women's Trade Union, in conference agree that young women of good dispositions, average attractiveness, without all skirts or low-cut necks, or flat curls gummed down on the side of their faces, have little difficulty in securing good employment, while those of the opposite sort meet many obstacles. According to one employer, the chief problem is the middle-aged woman growing careless of her appearance.

Go to the public schools and pick out the teachers who attract by neatness of appearance and see if they are not as a rule successful and popular with parents as well as school authorities, to say nothing of pupils. We may count ourselves fortunate that we live in a time when a proper value is placed upon personal appearance. Of course, this may lead to some overdoing it, but as long as the human family varies as it does, such will be the case. It is well, of course, to warn against—and that is the point of the text—the evil of overdressing, especially

in girls and women. And here are stern business men who put a very practical penalty on that sort of cheapness, for gaudiness is no more attractive than sheer slovenliness.

Talking About the Ice Man.

Here is balm for those inclined to cuss the ice man for the diminutive size of the hunk compared with the colossal amount of the bill. The Bee is in receipt of a newspaper published in Shanghai, China, sent to us by Judge Lobingier who presides over the United States court there, which contains an advertisement announcing that depots will be opened "on the first of the month" for the sale of machine made ice "at which ice in "ten pound" pieces will be given in exchange for "a metal check," the checks being on sale at the company's office. These metal checks, the public is also advised, may be purchased at the bargain-counter price of "twenty for \$3." Make the computation for comparison, and you will find that the price of ice in Shanghai undelivered is \$15 a 1,000 pounds as against ice in Omaha delivered for \$4.50 per 1,000 pounds. Any wonder they buy their ice ten pounds at a time in Shanghai?

About a City Center.

One of the chief drawbacks to progress in our American cities unquestionably arises from inability or refusal to profit by the experience of other cities. Perhaps we are in a measure overcoming this difficulty, but, if so, we are doing it very slowly.

As giving us an insight into the strength and weaknesses of the different American cities, a series of articles just beginning in Collier's promises to be most helpful. One of the initial observations made with particular reference to Buffalo has, we believe, special and timely application to Omaha:

The thing which Buffalo lacks physically is a recognizable center, a point at which a stranger would stop, as he stops in Piccadilly Circus or the Place de l'Opera, and say to himself with absolute assurance: "Now I am at the very heart of the city." Every city ought to have a center, and every center ought to signify in its spaciousness, its arrangement and its architecture, a city's dignity. Buffalo is, unfortunately, far from being alone in its need of such a thing. Where Buffalo is most at fault is that it does not even seem to be thinking of municipal distinction. And very many other cities are. Cleveland is already attaining it in a manner which will be magnificent; Chicago has long planned and is slowly executing; Denver has worked upon a splendid municipal center well under way; so has San Francisco; St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Grand Rapids have plans for excellent municipal improvements.

Omaha is fortunate in being a city with a natural center all laid out and only waiting development. It will be our real city center as our people come to realize how fortunate they are in possessing this municipal asset. We regret that Omaha is not on the visiting list in the announced itinerary of Collier's commissioners, for otherwise we may be sure the possibilities of Omaha's city center would have been mentioned in this connection.

Wanted—More Prize Awards for Achievement.

Much attention is being accorded to a suggestion made by Prof. Rudolph Eucken that the example of the founder of the Nobel prize be emulated in the establishment of other funds for recognition of achievement of scholarships in science, and particularly for such a fund for American benefactors of the race. Such an award would give world-wide fame to what America is doing in other fields besides money-making and trade extension, and counteract the impression that Americans are bent only upon becoming rich. The idea is certainly a good one, not only for America, but also for other countries aspiring to lead in advancement of civilization, and we look to have it bear fruit before many years pass.

Commercializing a Profession.

The Bee begins today the publication of several articles showing how a few shrewd Minnesota lawyers are building up in that state a gigantic industry in nonresident personal injury litigation against railroads. These lawyers solicit business after the most modern and highly commercialized methods of trade, oblivious of all such sentimentality as "professional ethics." They employ personal representatives to scour the country, and appoint sub-agents among railroad employes and others to turn in claims wherever possible; maintain skillful literary agencies, send out pamphlets, brochures, circulars and anything calculated to get business. They have gathered cases from many states far and wide, piled high the millions of dollars in alleged claims, imposed enormous burdens on the taxpayers of Minnesota and in many instances deprived their deluded clients of better chances to recover in the states of their residence or origin of the accidents.

The overshadowing fact is that, not the claimants, but these lawyers, are the big beneficiaries of the industry. And the melancholy truth is that this Minnesota situation is but a reflection of an all too prevalent tendency in many parts of the country. This abuse of things is in no wise confined to any one state. And it is precisely such abuses that the profession of law must repress to hold a position of public repute.

The Minnesota scandal has been put up to the Bar association of that state. The whole shameful situation the country over is up to the decent lawyers' correction.

President Wilson admits being aware of the "present depression in business," but insists that it is purely "psychological." Queer, however, that these "psychological" depressions coincide almost invariably with democratic administrations.

If it were just his promise not to run again that Governor Morehead was breaking, some of his democratic friends might be more enthusiastic. The trouble is that the governor made a lot of other promises which he also forgot to keep.

Next to Woodrow Wilson, the man who is doing the most efficient work for good government in this country is Theodore Roosevelt.—Baltimore Sun. Waddayaman in saying "next to Woodrow Wilson?" The Sun is plainly looking for trouble.

And now Huerta is willing to abdicate providing he can withdraw "with dignity." Let him take his dignity with him but be sure to leave what remains in the public strong box.

SECULAR SHOTS AT THE PULPIT

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The Presbyterian general assembly criticizes prevailing feminine styles. In which the assembly shows that its eyes are still as good as in the days of crocheting petticoats when it did the same thing.

Houston Post: Rev. Mr. Tipple, pastor of the Methodist church in Rome, says Dr. Anna Shaw is the leader of the movement which is destroying intolerance. The brother's name and his convictions are evidently wide apart.

Indianapolis News: The Presbyterian proposal to establish a minimum salary of \$1,000 for ministers may seem somewhat revolutionary in some places, but probably something has to be done to give the preacher a chance to buck the high cost of living with some hope of success.

New York World: One of the reports submitted to the Presbyterian general assembly treats of women's dress, which is described in severe terms. It then adds: "The unfortunate side of it is that the women of the church are quite as guilty as are the women who make an 'religious' profession." Perhaps the women of the church, when heard from, will be able to show that the men of the church are also careless to some extent.

Philadelphia Bulletin: Speaking before the Presbyterian general assembly, the chairman of the ministerial relief committee proposed a minimum salary of \$1,000 a year for ministers on the ground that many of them receive less than that sum are unable to save enough money during their active service to provide for their declining days. The professional man who has had a college education and spent another four years in mastering the special branch of knowledge he has chosen, but still cannot earn more than \$30 a week is the exception rather than the rule. He would be pretty sure a failure in any other intellectual vocation. So that the minimum proposed for the Presbyterian preachers is a minimum in truth. But to enforce it would almost certainly mean the curtailment of the number of separate congregations maintained, because scores of them could not afford to pay such a salary. There is where the problem arises.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

It doesn't take the man who knows it all long to tell all he knows.

A silent man may not be a wise man, but the world always gives him the benefit of the doubt.

The fellow who believes that it is never too late to mend is always in need of repairs.

This would be a fine world if people would lend more assistance and give less advice.

There ain't no such animal as a husband who is as perfect as his wife expects him to be.

A hen-pecked man is to blame for asserting his independence in the door hard when he leaves the house.

Every now and then nature goes on a hat and turns out a pretty man who should be wearing skirts instead of pants.

A wife is a person who asks a husband if he doesn't think some other woman is prettier so he will say yes and give her a chance to haul him out.

The sort of man who is so careful that he saves the match stubs for kindling is usually the same fellow who keeps the get-rich-quick firms busy.

There was a time when a woman wouldn't go out until her skirt had the right "hang." But nowadays the sloopier the skirt looks the more stylish it is.

The old-fashioned boy who used to believe that his father could lick any man in the world now has a son who believes he could lick the old man himself if he wanted to.

When the woman next door has better clothes than the other woman, the other woman always claims that she could have good clothes too if she went without enough to eat and put everything on her back.

The fool men are wearing wrist watches, corset hose supporters, ribbons, rouge and tucked silk shirt waists. But we won't give all hope for them until they begin to sit on the floor to put on their shoes and socks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

New York state has enacted a law which makes laundries subject to the visits of inspectors. The law requires that the workrooms be kept in a sanitary condition, free from all vermin and diseases of an infectious nature.

Miss Susanne Jore, sister of Mme. Paquin, never said the "meen" things attributed to her about the American men. She thinks they are splendid, and cannot imagine why any one ever quoted her as saying that they dressed like ragpickers.

Miss Alice Lakey, chairman of the food committee of the National Consumers' league, says that she is for votes for women because it took thirty-six years to have the pure food law and only three years to kill it on the statute book. Women would not have permitted such a state of affairs, she says.

Harriet Chalmers Adams, one of America's foremost women explorers, has just returned from a journey along the fringe of Asia, where she has been studying the peoples from Siberia to Sumatra in an attempt to trace the original American. In a communication to the National Geographic society she expresses the belief that the ancient "America" peoples came by sea, possible in broken stages, from Asia.

A Montreal servant girl in one of the papers of that city pays her respects to the emigration agents. She had a nice position in England, working for \$25 a year. She had many friends, all of them happy and contented, not one of whom had ever "gone wrong." Then came an emigration agent with his tale of the beauties of Canada, with his high wages and little work to do. The girl listened and is now doing rough work at \$12 a month.

The Difference.

Philadelphia Bulletin. Chief Stone of the American Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers telegraphs President Wilson that his organization will furnish expert men, familiar with Mexican railroads, to man whatever troop trains are necessary in the event of war. Contrasted with Bill Haywood's growl, it marks the difference between labor that will work and the crew that "won't work."

Satisfactory Peace.

Philadelphia Ledger. Conditions in Mexico will never be satisfactory to our government until a chautauqua lecturer can take in the cities without jeopardy.

An Unstaged Hero.

Cleveland Plain Dealer. A base ball game has been played at Vera Cruz between American players and Mexican professionals. The umpire has not yet been awarded a hero medal.

People and Events

One of the policemen of Chicago blushing admits she is afraid to go home in the dark. Feminist nerve seems to have some limitations.

Several forehanded statesmen in Washington are beating the "fact off" "the money devil" and thus clinching the Industrial Workers of the World vote for fall delivery.

Enterprising furnishers in Philadelphia, in filling a rush order for 7,000 caps for General Villa's army, sent out a fine assortment of headgear designed for policemen, conductors, drum majors and bellhops. With these varied lids the army will present an imposing spectacle as it chases the Indian boss through the shrubbery of Chapultepec.

A Pittsburgh son of the "old sod," with up-to-the-minute enterprise, sprung a new decoration in honor of the passage of the home rule bill. Its faded mountain are of the cocktail brand, the artisty consisting of a sprig of green and a bit of orange peel. The decorative touch is perfectly safe in Pittsburgh, but the natives wouldn't do a thing to the inventor if they had him in Belfast or Portland.

While home owners in this vicinity expend muscle and means to rid their lawns of dandelions, an enterprising mother and daughter living in a suburb of Chicago have built up a business of \$5,000 a year by the sale of a beverage made from dandelions, lemons and sugar. Youngsters are hired to pick the weeds throughout the neighborhood, thus rendering a triple service—to themselves, the neighborhood and the wine makers. The concoction is said to be strictly within the prohibition belt.

Diplomatic codes are so varied and puzzling as to be understandable only by the initiated. That is the intention of the makers. The most unique and comprehensive that has been brought to light by the Mexican fracas is attributed to Nelson O'Shaughnessy and was devised by his messenger, who was instructed to observe and report on a conference in which President Huerta was the principal. The message he brought to Nelson delivered in the presence of company was in these words: "I saw the bloke, and he ain't hep yet to what he's going to do, but the rum's running high in the gauge, and I think he'll strike a hefty wallow soon."

The American hotel men touring Europe unexpectedly ran into a champagne flood at Paris and were almost smothered. After the parade passed 20,000,000 bottles stacked in thirteen miles of wine cellars they brought up to a banquet, 150 strong. Before each guest plate was a tiny silver piglet and so connected that when opened champagne flowed in sparkling streams. Soon after the device was tested its capacity fairly measured the enthusiasm of the party found vent in cheers and embraces for the inventor. In the grey dawn of the morning after there was much to do and little desire to do it. But the tourists managed to reach the steamer for home.

OBSERVATIONS OF A CYNIC.

Many a man's only idea of improving his time is to tinker with his watch.

We can't all be stars, but on the other hand we needn't be clouds, either.

Don't follow your inclinations unless you know where they are leading you.

As a general rule when a man marries his stenographer he ceases to dictate to her.

It sometimes takes more than liquid glances to make a fellow solid with a girl.

We all like a fellow with some go to him, provided he is willing to take us along.

You will discover that most men are all right, if you only take the trouble to ask them.

God created man a little lower than the angels, but you can't make some men believe it.

The great trouble with most people is that they seem to think they are just as good as we are.

The man who can look prosperous and happy when he is neither will ultimately come out on top.

Many a woman's idea of a good husband is one who can carve without getting any spots on the tablecloth.

Even the billboard man will tell you there is quite a difference between being well posted and being stuck up.

Life is full of ups and downs, and even the man who is on the level doesn't always find it smooth traveling.

All that glitters isn't gold. Many a man has pinned his faith to a star, only to discover that it was really only a fire-fly.—New York Times.

WHITTLED TO A POINT.

Prepared chalk covers a multitude of sins.

A tennis player says divorces are the finale in the doubles.

Note carefully the man who owns a soft, persuasive voice.

Be frugal of your common sense; it will some day be above par.

Many a woman acts rather stiffly after her first tango lesson.

Some women are born shapely and some others employ expert dressmakers.

He who marries a widow need not hope to be called the best man that ever lived.

If a young man has money to burn any number of anxious mothers try to hand him a match.

Success may not depend so much upon what you do yourself as upon what you can jolly others into doing for you.

As a rule, the money a man doesn't save by remaining a bachelor would be more than enough to support a wife and ten children.

If a woman still laughs at her husband's jokes five years after the wedding bells have jingled the divorce lawyers get discouraged.

If you recommend a man for a position and he acts badly it is doughnuts to fudge that you will be blamed for it all the rest of your days.—Chicago News.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

Possible Boarder—I enjoyed my dinner very much and if it was a fair sample of your meals I should like to come to terms.

Farmer—First of all, mister, was that a fair sample of your appetite?—Boston Transcript.

"I suppose you are thinking up new things to tell the people out home."

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "I'm trying to find some way to take back what I told them when I was there before."—Washington Star.

"Seems to be the style now to wear the hat resting on the ears."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "I'm wearing a treatment will train your ears to stick out in the most fashionable way."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She—Couldn't you get father's consent?

He—I might have; but after interviewing him I couldn't get my own consent to accept him as a father-in-law.—Boston Transcript.

"What did her old man say when you told him you could support his daughter?"

"He wanted to know if she gave up her job to marry me, who was going to support him."—Baltimore American.

"Pursuing your scientific researches at the ball park, professor?"

"Yes," replied the professor. "If there is any truth in the statement that little pitchers have abnormally large ears."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Do you know anything about music?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "What's a rest?"

"The time it takes 'em to change the record in the machine next door."—Washington Star.

"Now, waiter, I want some tongue, some nice tender, not tongue that has been around here for weeks, but some fresh tongue, I want my tongue well cooked, not half raw, waiter. Now hustle out and get me some tongue, a large order of tongue."