

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily and Sunday... 4.00. Evening and Sunday... 4.00. Sunday Free only... 3.00. Send notice of change of address or complaints of irregularity in delivery to Omaha Bee, Circulation Department.

REMITTANCE. Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent postage stamps received in payment of small accounts. Personal checks, except on Omaha and eastern exchange, not accepted.

OFFICES. Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—215 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main street, Lincoln—30 Little Building, Chicago—501 Hearst Building, New York—Room 1205, 26 Fifth avenue, St. Louis—222 New Bank of Commerce, Washington—12 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MAY SUNDAY CIRCULATION. 43,392

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 May, 1914, was 43,392.

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

Carranza is asking himself the question, is it me or Villa, the bandit?

The new French ministry made a one-day stand, but it was quite a show, at that.

Why should those mediators hurry when Niagara Falls weather is just at its best?

Fifteen rebel generals have renounced Carranza as first chief. Any privates down there?

What is blocking this Perkins-Pinchot stage play? Let the orchestra at least strike up a tune.

Judging by obvious indications, there will be another just-as-good crop of sweet girl graduates next year.

The Houston Chronicle asks for the names of the six greatest living Texans. Why, Bob Henry, of course.

Safety first has made much progress, but it has a long way yet to go on both land and sea, and also in the air.

That California volcano would make a great exposition feature if it only had the good grace to erupt again in 1915.

If Kansas City ever got its street railway franchise question settled, what would the people there do for excitement?

That man who imagines someone can choke off Charley Wooster from using his voice and pen does not know Wooster.

Congratulations to Head Consul Talbot. Folks admire a plucky fighter, win or lose, whether they agree or disagree.

Between his whiskers and his name, Jim-hamlewis manages to give himself a good deal of free advertising, such as it is.

You may have noticed that "General" Coxy and his army confined their invasions to states that were not calling for harvest hands.

Anyway, it is reassuring to be told that "women are not naturally better than men." That makes us feel like perking up a little.

Let the man who does not think money talks fall heir to a fortune and see how loquacious, as well as numerous, his friends suddenly become.

It is about time for Villa to issue another manifesto to the effect that he will set off his Fourth of July fireworks in the Mexican capital.

Another "hung" jury in the Spurgeon case. By the way, Colorado is one of the states where votes for women have brought the near millennium.

Registration under the new election commissioner law is 8,000 short—which proves that the talk about disfranchisement is not moonshine by a long shot.

The Association of Police Chiefs does not hesitate to drop an honorary member for disreputable or unprofessional conduct. That's where the Police Chiefs' association differs from a certain bar association we know of.

A small, but enthusiastic, crowd extended a homecoming reception to the Nebraska delegates to the republican national convention, particularly to Hon. J. M. Thurston, the Omaha member of the delegation. The speech-making was performed by Henry D. Estabrook and W. F. Gurley. In addition to the guest, and a committee of five was appointed to arrange for a Blaine and Logan club, as follows: Henry D. Estabrook, C. J. Couiant, W. F. Simeral, W. J. Connell and W. F. Bechel.

F. W. Baudauer, the genial passenger agent of the Union Pacific at the Union depot, has been appointed agent for the Hamburg Line of steamers and also for the North German Lloyd line.

Cristation college base ball nine again defeated the high school club by a score of 11 to 2.

Rev. W. J. Stewart of the South Omaha Methodist Episcopal church returned from York, where he attended commencement exercises as trustee of the Methodist college there.

A large mirror 63 1/2 feet for Wood's bar on Fourteenth street when opened was found to be broken into a thousand pieces. The cost of the glass was \$60, and Mr. Wood is now trying to find out who was responsible for the damage while in consignment.

The Board of Public Works let the contract for curbing and gutting Fourteenth street to James Fox & Co. at \$2.50 per yard.

A Job Awaiting a Volunteer.

The weak spot in our local charities is their system, or rather lack of system, of financing. We have an association for this, and a society for that, most of them doing good work in their respective fields, but all of them tapping the same sources of revenue, and not only tapping them once, but repeating the process almost continuously as if in a circle. Lack of a central financial control is strikingly apparent. Public spirited people are glad to help worthy charities, and nowhere more than in Omaha, but they would respond much more promptly, and probably more liberally, if they knew they would be called on each year once for all instead of every little while. The job of co-ordinating our charities, making them prepare their budgets carefully, and stay within them, and putting them on a sound financial basis will earn for the volunteer who eventually performs it the gratitude of the community, and a big credit mark on the roll of honor.

New Freedom and the Law-Makers.

Considering the success which has been achieved by the president's efforts to force through congress legislation which without such pressure would never have come within sight of the goal, an expression of impatience from that source would seem somewhat out of order. But here is Mr. Bryan protesting that the rule that permits debate in the senate is an obstacle which should be forthwith removed. With the senate ready to take up the anti-trust bills, he laments that the time for the final roll call must be indefinite. "The rule entailing unlimited debate in the senate," he says, "so seriously restricts the enactment of remedial legislation that the majority finds it slow work to give expression to the will of the people pronounced at the polls in 1912."

There is a semblance of humor in the loquacious Mr. Bryan wanting debate "curtailed," but that is not the whole of it. When the democrats were in the minority the zeal of the republicans to rush things often prompted similar impatient demands for changing the rules so as to restrict debate, but with the democrats always strenuously objecting. It happens just now that the over-development of the house rules, by which that body has come to be a machine for registering the decrees of the political engineers, is evoking remonstrance because the senate, to all intents and purposes, has supplanted the house as the real law-making power. Instead of straitjacketing the senate with house rules, as Mr. Bryan proposes, a movement is much more likely to emancipate house members and restore to them at least a measure of their former independence and privileges. Yet opposition must be expected from the White House if Mr. Bryan's contention that the "new freedom" is for everybody except the law-makers, reflects the sentiment of the administration.

The Way of Russia.

Lawyers who defended the persecuted young Jew, Mendel Bellis, have been imprisoned by Russian officialdom for protesting their belief that the "ministry of justice" in charge of the trial was inspired by "racial and national enmity." (Perhaps it would be more accurate to say religious enmity.) But this was to have been expected. It would have been surprising had Russia failed to find a pretext for punishing these men. The world will not be astonished at what has taken place. Failing to complete its conspiracy against the innocent young Jew, the bureaucracy could not have been content with ending its plot wholly unsatisfied of a victim.

It is just the way of Russia, the only civilized country today that fosters such obvious intolerance and persecution. The worst of it all is that it is done in the name of justice. These lawyers are put into prison for voicing a protest which is so patent as to become a sheer platitude on the lips of an enlightened world. The "ministry of justice" inspired by "racial and national enmity!" Who does not know it? In this twentieth century might makes right nowhere but in Russia. "Let justice be done though the world perish," exclaimed Ferdinand I, emperor of Germany. And the governments—empires, kingdoms, republics alike—all save Russia—echo back the cry. And there is hope even for Russia, so long as brave men stand ready to suffer or die, if need be, for a living principle.

The Tenant Preacher.

The tenant farmer has been scolded a good deal of late for moving about too much. Constant moving has many obviously ill effects, both on the tenant farmer and the soil. Now, a similar complaint has been going the rounds about the tenant preacher. A religious writer possessed of a keen sense of the situation goes on to say of the tenant preacher:

His average tenure is too short. He expects to stay on the field only until he can get a raise in salary or go to a city church. He, therefore, makes his sermons in the study with an imaginary city congregation before him and fails to touch the real life problem of the country folk. Not expecting to stay long, like the tenant farmer, he has no genuine concern in the broad general interests of the community. Moreover, the tenant preacher treats the church just like the tenant farmer treats the soil. He works it for its surface values.

Add to this the common and well-founded criticism of the average country school teacher, a slip of a miss, herself just out of school, with no knowledge or sympathy for the beauties or the crudities of the bucolic life; either a slip of a girl or, possibly, a perfectly nice young man of the same general tastes and attainments. Is it any wonder the farmers' boys and girls have been trained and educated away from instead of toward the farm? At any rate, the combined situation is bad and discouraging. Happily, however, so far as the tenant preacher is concerned—and we hope, the others—improvement is at hand. Some of the leading denominations, grasping the big view of the needs of the situation, are promoting "church and country life" departments. They are having skilled men work out the problems of the country social and economic life, one of which is the tenant preacher, with the result even now that he is becoming a very different fellow.

What a world of influence the right man as preacher or teacher, or both, can wield if he will in a country community! The need for closer, purer, stronger social centers in the American farming community is one of the most urgent needs of our day. Around its fulfill-

ment clusters possibilities so rich and numerous that surely the prize is worth all the effort that can be exerted. It is well that the church turned the light of its criticism inward and candidly perceived its own fault, then set about to correct it. Thus far only a start has been made toward the end, but that start is enough, provided it is followed up constantly and systematically.

Giving the Grass a Chance.

Those who have been sure that successive dry seasons have had most to do with the dominance of the dandelion must see in the recent abundance of rain and the luxuriant growth of the grass the veritable panacea for the ill. Assuming the theory to be correct, it must be admitted that the grass is being given an excellent chance now. Of course, results are not to be finally judged much before next spring, and if then they fall short of what they should be perhaps this theory may be saved by arguing that as the dandelions had two or three seasons to perfect their devilry, so the grass should be given as long a time to catch up. This much seems clear now, that whether dandelions thrive in rainy weather and wet soil or not, the grass does, and, therefore, we have more grass than before, and to that extent the theory seems meritorious. In the meantime, whoever tries may find a dandelion root now and then a foot or two in length, showing that the yellow peril is thus far nowhere near extinct.

The Best Kind of Advertising.

The American newspaper is the greatest advertising medium ever invented. Other forms of advertising are good sometimes. The daily newspaper is always effective if the news and display advertising is handled half way right. For an association (Y. M. C. A.) to neglect to use the newspaper and issue a lot of little leaflets is like a man today starting across the continent in an ox cart instead of a Pullman sleeper. A newspaper is like air, it goes into every home, office and workshop of the entire community.

This is said by a man who has had years of experience in advertising and, therefore, adequate opportunity of discriminating. The man is H. W. Stone, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian association of Portland, Ore., one of the leading associations of the country. Mr. Stone has written a little book called "Association Advertising," from which this excerpt is taken.

We reproduce it here simply for its value in proved common sense and experience. It is a tribute to the practical management of the Young Men's Christian association generally that it has come, or is coming, to see this thing as clearly as Mr. Stone sets it forth, and that is one of the chief reasons, association men tell us, why their work is steadily pushing on instead of falling back. It is kept constantly in the most effective way. Having pre-eminent merit, it thus has no difficulty in doing its work, in wielding its influence, in getting a sympathetic hearing at the bar of public judgment. The Young Men's Christian association and the newspaper, both being democratic, have much in common.

It is too late to debate the merits of other forms of advertising or publicity as compared with those of the newspaper. The newspaper is the most insistent single factor in our economic life, coming every day to virtually every active member of society, with its history of the day condensed and presented so as to fit the conditions and tastes of every element of the population. And he who fails to catch the full force and value of all this falls in a very important relation of life.

Home Comforts in Summer.

While the habit of chasing vacation pleasures at seaside, mountain, wood and lake not only shows no sign of abatement, but steadily spreads and increases, home comforts in summer time are likewise being improved and perfected and brought within the reach of one and all. To live through the year in the city regardless of seasonal changes is no longer a cause of hardship, but, on the contrary, can be made thoroughly entertaining and enjoyable. The house in summer nowadays is so different from the house in winter that it is hard to identify it as the same place. Everything inside and out, furniture and furnishings, lighting, ventilation, cooking, laundering, wearing apparel, eatables and drinkables may be readily adapted to climatic requirements, thanks to modern inventive genius, sanitary science and industrial enterprise. The summer vacation is a fine thing while it lasts, but for the rest of the time home comforts, easily accessible, will make summer more than tolerable without indulging in any undue extravagance.

It is the old dodge when a crook is exposed for him to retort that "they all do it." So it is not strange that the crooked lawyer brought under the searchlight honest try to hide behind the reputable and honest members of the profession.

Let the proposal to make the school principals secretaries charged with directing all the social and recreation activities of the neighborhood be sent to a referendum. We invite guesses on how many school principals vote "Yes."

It remained for the Nebraska farmer to discover that the automobile makes a sure prairie dog exterminator. With this knowledge no farmer has the least vestige of an excuse for remaining longer without an auto.

The first job of the new Public Welfare association is to investigate the dance halls. But attention should not be confined to the dance halls patronized by poor people only.

Exactly 521 bull moose registered in Omaha and South Omaha, where the colonel got the nearly 7,000 votes two years ago. Progressing backward or forward?

Young Man Drowns While Swimming at Carter Club Pier.—Headline.

The first of the season. Let us hope it may be the last. Caution, boys caution.

"Cleveland still claims Mr. Rockefeller," says an exchange. But it cannot get him to acknowledge the claim at tax-collecting time.

The Hon. J. F. O'Neil of Texas ought to bring the tears to the eyes of the voters when he gets going good upon the hustings.

The American Flag

By Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

"This morning, as I dropped into the land office, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: 'Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker.'"

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "you are mistaken. I am not the president of the United States, nor the vice president, nor a member of congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the sweater of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho."

"No, I am not; I was forced to confess," I said, "I was perhaps the one who discovered the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma."

"No, wrong again," I said. "Well, you helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier—one of the beneficiaries, individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I was about to pass on, feeling that I was being mocked, when the flag stopped me with these words: 'You know, the world knows, that yesterday the president spoke of a that made happier the future of 10,000,000 people in Mexico, but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the corn club prize this summer.'"

"Yesterday the congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska, but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag. Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics; yesterday, no doubt, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will

write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

"Then came a great about about the flag. 'Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag, not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself. Your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life. A life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles. Some times I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Some times I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and, cynically, I play the coward. Some times I am loud, glib, and full of that ego that blinds judgment. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the constitution and the courts, the statutes and statute makers, soldier and draftsman, draftsman and street sweeper, cook, counselor and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. I swing before you eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making.'"

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EDITORIAL SNAPSHOTS.

Wall Street Journal: When people give up looking to any political party for the return of prosperity, the politician will get down where he belongs.

Boston Transcript: Secretary Bryan says that his original ambition was to be a Baptist preacher, but Nature will always feel herself thwarted that he didn't become a tragedian on the one-night stands.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: The biggest year for immigration of colored, not as preached since 1907, indicates that, if immigration is a barometer of prosperity, they must be taking Mr. Wilson's word for it abroad.

Chicago News: Senator Cummins seems to have been renominated by a decreased majority "on suspicion." The standpaters suspected that if he were not renominated he would become a progressive and the progressives were afraid that he would.

Indianapolis News: But if George W. Perkins is driven out of the progressive party, who is going to pay the legitimate campaign expenses of making this a better country for Mr. Perkins' children to live in and of supplying limelight where it is urgently desired.

Philadelphia Leader: The bill to prevent government employees, no matter what their political influence, from capitalizing their money will not pass because it seems to be directed particularly against Mr. Bryan, but there are other good reasons why it should not become law. It will be a sad day for the United States when it cannot depend on its high officials to know how to behave themselves and maintain the dignity of their positions without definite law for their guidance.

JOYOUS JABS.

"Fifi, what are you doing with that magazine?" "Making six curl papers for madame's hair."

"See if you can't find a love story. You used a murder mystery last night and I had the most horrible dreams."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Don't you think every woman should have some aim to broaden herself?" "Good gracious, no! I think every woman are doing their best to reduce now."—Baltimore American.

"Sarah Pringle is rather uppish, ain't she?" "Uppish! I should say she was! Why, she makes her boast that nobody never seen her in anythin' less'n a 10-cent movie!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you know that whiskey will take the varnish off a bar?" asked Mr. Blenks. "Sure," answered Colonel Skeley, "the chemistry of whiskey does not interest me, and, besides, it is too valuable, a fluid which they will fire a band to drown me out."—Washington Star.

First Maid: "That rich young fellow that's courtin' Miss Ethel is awful stingy." "Second Dittie—What makes you think so?" "First—Why, I heard him say to her: 'A penny for your thoughts,' and he a millionaire, mind you."—Boston Transcript.

"It could be done if I had the nerve to wear 'em." "You're that?" "You remember that base ball players used to wear beads years ago?" "Giddy! A pitcher wind up nicely behind sidewalkers!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. B.: "This window open behind me makes a fearful draft. My teeth are chattering." Mrs. B.: "Well, you know you can take them out.—London Opinion.

LAND OF PLENTY TIME. St. Louis Republic. Ho, the Land of Plenty Time! 'Tis a realm of blissing rhyme; 'Tis a place of peace and plenty in a soft and sunny clime. There the sunlight ever gleams, And the lily scent of dreams Gives a bliss of joyous bloom By the marge of shining streams. There the golden rivers run, Unperplexed beneath the sun, And the afternoon is always, And the day is never done. In the Land of Plenty Time There is neither care nor crime, But the bliss of joyous tinkle In a mild and merry chime. 'Tis a land of dancing feet, That have never known retreat; 'Tis a clime of song and laughter, Wherein every sound is sweet. 'Tis the home of hearts that feel Love's unending bliss, And it never knows a clamor And the clash of steel on steel. There the verdant pines and palms Wave in never broken calms, And the airs of summer Southland Sing to them in endless psalms. Ah, this land we may not know 'Till we see the Land of Plenty Time In the land of Long Ago!

WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

The countess of Warwick, who is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, has decided to practice garden planning professionally. She planted some Mediterranean gardens for French friends and they were so pleased that she was persuaded to do more work of the kind.

Mrs. Francis Bowas Sayre, daughter of the president, led a movement at the annual meeting of the Alumnae association of Goucher college, to defer until next year any discussion as to whether the college should or should not have Greek letter fraternities.

Ohio women are planning a spectacular campaign for suffrage this summer. Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, president of the Ohio Suffrage association, says that it will rival in intensity and enthusiasm anything that has ever been seen in any of the states of the union.

To provide vacations for working girls in New York the Working Girls' Vacation society issued an appeal recently for \$10,000. The society has been working since 1883 and last year gave vacations to 124 girls of from four to six weeks. There are now other societies engaged in the work, but this was the pioneer.

Mrs. E. A. Watters of Fort Worth is one of the Texas women interested in the problems and was recently re-elected president of the First District Congress of Mothers and Teachers' associations. This organization has grown very rapidly in the south and there are associations in nearly every town of the state, which has been well distributed.

In a German hospital a series of mirrors reflect beams of light free from shadows upon an operating table from an arc lamp outside the operating room. A stream runs most rapidly one-fifth of the depth below the surface, and its average speed is that of the current two-fifths of its depth above the bottom.

For its buildings all over the country, the United States government every year buys enough coal to make a pile a mile square and ten feet high. To ascertain whether a room is damp, place a weighted quantity of fresh lime in an open vessel in the room and leave it there twenty-four hours, carefully closing the windows and doors. At the end of the twenty-four hours weigh the lime, and if the increase exceeds 1 per cent of the original weight it is not safe to live in the room.

United States lumber industry employs 735,000 persons. Coconut growing is to be extensively tried in Panama, by American capitalists. An average of 70 persons yearly lose their lives in forest fires in the United States.

The oldest known specimens of writing are in the British museum. They are of Chinese origin. Elopements are prevented in New Guinea by compelling eligible girls to sleep in the trees. The ladders are removed after their retire.

The silver service for the battleship Nevada will cost \$3,500, which seems like a good deal to pay for a set that doesn't include a punch bowl. A model house, with balcony, parlor, dining room, bedroom, kitchen, bath and toilet room, was erected by the sixth grade pupils of the Junco (Porto Rico) schools on the grounds of the third insular fair of Porto Rico.

The average farmer in the United States, according to government figures, tills a farm of 138 acres and has an average investment of \$4,448. Of this investment his buildings represent 284; his implements and machinery, \$22. There is an average mortgage on this average farm of \$1,715, bearing an average interest of 6 per cent. His gross income is \$80.53, and out of this he pays an average expense account of \$39.15. His net income after all charges are deducted is \$41.38.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The wise man acts and lets others do the talking. Let's be sure of our foundation before trying to put up a bluff. The gangway seems to be the path that leads to political glory. It is easier to drive some men to drink than it is to hold them back. The head of a wise woman is seldom tattered with blundering. Silence is golden when applied to any one who talks much and says little.

Many a man has been bunked by judging a woman's disposition by her smile. Every man's house is his castle until he makes an assignment—then it's his wife's. The safest get-rich-quick scheme is to have a wealthy relative die and leave you a fortune. A woman may not be fond of fiction because she listens patiently to the excuses of her husband.

A magazine writer says that a kiss on the forehead denotes reverence. We might add that a kiss on the ear denotes that the girl is an artful dodger.—Chicago News.

Elopements are prevented in New Guinea by compelling eligible girls to sleep in the trees. The ladders are removed after their retire. In a film soon to be released, a thriller and a clever trick of photography are to be shown in the fall of a horse, ridden by a woman, over a 300-foot cliff, with a policeman hanging to its tail.

While moving a setting of partly hatched eggs, Miss Jane Anthony cracked one of them and heard the chick inside peep. She mended the egg with paper and a few days later the chick pecked its way out. A Brooklyn man fell in love with the handwriting of a San Francisco girl, sought her out, married her, but it is to be feared this news will have a bad effect on the popularity of typewriters.

Mrs. Louise M. Oliver of Dallas, Tex., who has been separated from her sister, Mrs. Herbert Abby, for thirty-six years, and who has written more than 10,000 letters of inquiry, has finally located the last relative in Turlock, California. A. D. Moreland, councilman and automobilist of Geneva, O., has solved the vexing problem of passing a load of hay from the rear on a narrow highway. Noticing that drivers of horses usually were allowed to pass after their horses neighed a couple of times and began nibbling the hay, the councilman rigged up a new horn for his auto. Now he sneaks up behind the load, touches a button and the horn gives a perfect imitation of a horse with a mouthful of hay. Force of habit does the rest; the hay driver turns out and the inventive councilman is on his way.

Quaint Bits of Life. Elopements are prevented in New Guinea by compelling eligible girls to sleep in the trees. The ladders are removed after their retire. In a film soon to be released, a thriller and a clever trick of photography are to be shown in the fall of a horse, ridden by a woman, over a 300-foot cliff, with a policeman hanging to its tail.

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