

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.
 FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
 VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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 State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwigth Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of May, 1913, was 50,261.
 Dwigth Williams
 Circulation Manager
 Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 7th day of June, 1913.
 ROBERT H. HUTCHINSON
 Notary Public.
 Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.
 Remember the Fourth of July, to keep it safe and sane.
 The Pittsburgh school board was so hot over its Heater that it just fired him.
 We take it that the erection of the gibbon will await the result of this lobby hunt.
 Edward Payson at 78 starts on another cross-country walk. Boys will be boys.
 President Wood of the Woolen trust is guiltless as the colonel—the jury says so.
 If the president has those insidious lobbyists up his sleeve he ought to pull them out.
 W. E. Corey of the Steel trust says the Underwood tariff will not injure business. Poor Underwood.
 The grasshoppers have reached California. It may now be possible to trace their genesis to Japan.
 When "Met" becomes king of the Panama zone, "Brother Charlie" will be sole boss of the Commoner.
 "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Beal, Mammon and the feshpots of Egypt, though, are still worshipped.
 It does seem as if all of us should have plenty of money when Mexico, under Huerta, is able to borrow \$75,000,000.
 It is gratifying to know, as dispatches say, that there is still something to discuss in the American-Japanese affair.
 If our Water board continues subserviently to let their marine bellwether lead them blindly, they will never get out of trouble.
 If Sir Tom Lipton should, by any flap of the sail, win that next cup, it would be a hard-hearted American who begrudged him the victory.
 "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la" will be nothing to the posies those editors recently entertained here are throwing at Omaha.
 The Kansas City Journal thinks that Armageddon is one of the army posts that ought to be abandoned. For which it lays itself open to court-martial.
 No more gambling games at the street fair, whether the sheriff and juvenile court officers are "fixed" to look on and keep quiet or not. Mark this down in your hat.
 "We didn't know it was loaded," plead the innocent law-makers when the joker in their buy-the-Auditorium bill is put to work. As Mayor Dahlmann says, "Tell it to the marines."
 If the New York Americans were in the Matrimonial league they would have a hard time keeping up. The race now stands:
 Won. Lost.
 Nat. Goodwin..... 5 4
 De Wolf Hopper..... 5 4
 Lillian Russell..... 4 3
 The president wants it distinctly understood that his administration is not committed to the patent self-acting sure-cure remedy for trust evils invented by our democratic senator from Nebraska. Old Doctor Bryan has a few anti-trust nostrums of his own.
 Just by way of a flyer, we guess that the Water board will finish by discarding the lineal-foot assessment for extension, and pay for building the new lines of water pipe out of the capital account the same as it has paid for the old pipe lines already bought.

Responsibility.
 There is a constant tendency to undermine belief in individual responsibility, and this tendency must be combated. When a person commits an indefensible crime a lot of people rise up in excuse or palliation that the perpetrator is a victim of vicious surroundings and not accountable for his misdeeds. When we see human derelicts foundering around our tender-heartedness and compassion tempers our pity with the thought that perhaps they inherited an evil strain, or can trace their downfall to deficient schooling, pressure of poverty or the temptations of inadequate wages.
 These things doubtless exert an influence upon individual action, and yet, notwithstanding all untoward circumstances, a fixed and definite responsibility rests upon each person for himself. Out of every thousand of the population, for example, it can be figured out in advance, with a near approach to precision, just how many will be married in the year, or how many will commit suicide each year. But there is no way of telling the particular persons who will marry, or who will commit suicide. The exertion of individual will power unquestionably determines where the line is finally drawn.
 Strangely enough, too, when it comes to credit for praiseworthy acts, each one asserts his own responsibility, and scorns the suggestion that environment or inheritance is the sole impelling force. But if we are to have credit for good deeds, by what reasoning can we escape blame for bad deeds? And what stronger deterrent of evil, and stimulant for good, can there be than realization of our personal responsibility and accountability?

Our Modest Postmaster General.
 For becoming modest, commend us to our new democratic postmaster general. For fear the postoffice light may be hid under a bushel, a publicity press sheet is now being sent out to the newspapers at government expense over the personal and official signature of Postmaster General Burleson to keep the people informed of the great services he is rendering them. On one of these sheets in hand the heading reads:
 Postmaster General Burleson takes steps to restore efficiency to postal service.
 And after reciting all the troubles confronting him, he further tells us:
 The businesslike and effective manner in which Postmaster General Burleson has grasped the situation, and launched the necessary plans to meet the emergency which confronted the service, is forcibly illustrated, etc.
 In reading on, the palpable aim is to convey the impression that everything in the Postoffice department was wrong before the new democratic postmaster general took charge, and that nothing would have been made right without him. One of the great achievements of which he boasts is that "he has ordered the discontinuance of the backstamping of all ordinary mail, which has heretofore delayed its delivery," when, as a matter of fact, we all know that there has been no backstamping here for several years, a change which, for that matter, we think decidedly questionable.
 So let all of us rejoice that we have such a live, energetic, up-to-date new head of the Postoffice department, and especially that he is not overwhelmed with any bashfulness about telling everybody what great things he is doing for us.

The Middleman.
 One of the first demands that came with the widespread complaint of the high cost of living was for the extinction of that factor in our commerce known as the middleman. This demand has been so far persisted in as to provoke invidious comparison by the mere mention of the middleman. The effect has been to foster the erroneous idea that this is a new and unnatural element breathed into the commercial life of our day by sinister powers in control of the markets and price schedules.
 As a matter of fact, the middleman is neither new nor strange, nor wholly unnecessary, nor is the complaint of him new. He formed a vital link in the mercantile life of ancient Rome, and then as now came in the logic of events as an effect, not a cause, of commercial development, a direct and natural product of the law of change and growth. "A law which," says Ferrero, "seems to be one constant element in human society and history." Rome's political and military aggrandizement brought industrial expansion. Coincidentally the oneness of rural simplicity began to disintegrate. Armies and navies must be maintained at a distance. Agrarian rights, involving wide distribution of national attention; increasing political obligations and all the multifarious tasks and duties occurring in the unfolding of a great social organism, presented themselves for treatment by a central authority.
 Continuing on this subject, says the Italian historian:
 As the Roman state, with its limited number of magistrates, originally intended to supply the needs of a small county town, was quite unable to cope with such extensive public needs, it became usual to entrust them to private contractors, and thus between the two, public works there rapidly grew up out of the middle ranks of society a class of men who seemed destined to be the first

purveyors of luxury and commercial greed in all agricultural societies, as they were, for instance, in Italy after 1848—the class of middlemen-contractors.
 Into our own country's commercial fabric this factor has woven itself much too firmly to be simply ripped out except with serious impairment. What must be done is just what has been undertaken, though perhaps none too definitely as yet, namely, the curbing of greed and fraud with a view, not of doing away with the middleman, but rather giving him his proper setting and holding him there.
Flood of Graduates.
 This is the season of the year when schools are turning out their supposedly finished products. Graduation to some means immediately taking up the practical work of life, while to others the entrance upon higher education. To all with the proper conception of life it means, whether in one realm or the other, simply a widening of the opportunity for preparation. It is axiomatic that the world needs more of preparation than service, but that is only true where preparation means the capacity and yearning to serve. That youth misses the vital part of his training who does not come forth a more refined product than he possibly could have been without it—refined in the sense of useful service to the world.
 From the army of forthcoming graduates the legal and medical professions will do some heavy recruiting. Chicago alone will graduate 655 youths into law and 641 into medicine, and that is only one center sending out its quota. As one surveys the field, everywhere, apparently well filled with doctors and lawyers, he naturally wonders where is the need for such constantly increasing ranks. Is it any wonder that these ancient and honorable professions have fallen under the imputation of commercial tincture? In spite of all that may be said as to their ethical aspect and the need for holding service above baser considerations, the multiplicity of practitioners has the harsh tendency of increasing competition and fostering the rude spirit of commercialism. Scientific critics seem to have ground for urging fewer schools and more thorough trainings.

An Insidious Concession.
 It is plainly up to our political equality women to do something to discipline one of the most distinguished representatives of their sex. Let them read the statement of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young that as superintendent of the Chicago public schools she prefers men teachers to women teachers because the former are more ambitious, while the school ma'am is content with the thought of marriage and a home in the back-ground. For a woman to admit the superiority of man in the particular vocation of teaching, which is supposed to be woman's peculiar province and strongest forte, is like a thrust in the dark from behind in this battle for sex equality. It sounds altogether too much like an argument of the masculine usurper, and it will have to be resented and repelled.
Character of Our Immigration.
 The effort to restrict foreign immigration did not cease with President Taft's veto of the literacy test. In the present congress the claim has been again made in support of the restriction plan that the character of our immigration has been lowered with the shift of the tide from northern to southern Europe. It is maintained that those now seeking homes in the United States are of lower strata than the people who remain in their own countries, and that unless the bars are raised we will find ourselves overrun with undesirables.
 But this argument will not be accepted unsupported by proofs. It has always been a theory that men and women with enough grit to leave their native land and all it means to them for a strange and distant country in order to improve their lot in life had something commendable in their makeup. We have only to look about us in almost every realm of American life to find how admirably this theory has worked out in practice. On the other hand, there is little or nothing on which to base the assertion that "our new immigration is drawn from the poorest and least desirable" elements of population in Italy, Austria and Russia. Dr. Isaac A. Hourwich, in his book on "Immigration and Labor," observes that "no comparative study of the immigrants and their countrymen who remain at home is cited in support of this view. It still rests on purely deductive argument." He proceeds:
 Leaving aside, however, all speculative considerations, we have a purely objective standard of comparison, viz., the ratio of literacy. It is generally recognized that "probably the most apparent cause of illiteracy in Europe, as elsewhere, is poverty. The economic status of a people has a very decided effect upon the literacy rate. * * * Another phase of the economic factor is the need of children's services at home." (The quotation is from a report of our Sixty-first congress.)
 An examination of the figures (on literacy) shows that as a rule the ratio of illiteracy among the immigrants is considerably lower than among their countrymen at home. (This is confirmed by the immigration commission.) These statistics prove that, measured by intellectual standards, the average immigrant is above the average of his countrymen who remain behind.
 It does not strengthen the cause

of those opposed to all immigration to dispute these statements so long as they fail to reinforce their own arguments by authoritative proof.
Y. M. C. A. Extension.
 The late tornado carried away among other things certain pretentious plans of the local Young Men's Christian association for a money-raising campaign to extend its agencies into other needy fields. For instance, special work among the foreign-born population and among the colored people was contemplated. It was hoped to erect new buildings in which to carry on these activities. But the association directors have prudently decided that it would be ill-advised to attempt any such campaign for money this year, yet want it understood that they will not abandon, nor unnecessarily delay, the plans. There is need for the kind of social center work planned and carried on in other cities. When the time comes for projecting it here, if it is properly set forth, the response may, no doubt, be counted on, for business men, without much regard for their religious proclivities, have learned from experience that the fundamental work of the Young Men's Christian association brings substantial results when properly done. Fortunately, the Omaha organization is of a character to inspire confidence and elicit support. It has not often gone off on tangents, but stays pretty close to the lines of its legitimate occupation. It has a large and comparatively new central plant, but is steadily growing and spreading; in fact, the men in charge of the work feel that it cannot afford to wait much longer upon the extension contemplated.

Legislating on Woman's Dress.
 "Can't a woman wear what she pleases?" demands a body of women incensed at the Indianapolis chief of police's embargo against the new skirt without sufficient undergarments to supply a background. From the gamut of fads Dame Fashion has run we should be inclined to answer this question in the affirmative. Certainly it seems woman has worn about what she pleased. But this is not the first time public prescription has been issued against woman's dress, as remembrance of the mother Hubbard will suggest to those who recall it.
 Yet it does seem rather drastic for a man chief of police to fix the limitations on woman's attire and order his patrolmen to see that the decree is complied with. But the limitations were really drawn by the women and, in all seriousness, drawn very sharp and tight. What Indianapolis complains of is complained of in every city. Our American fashioners have a way of laying the blame all onto gay Paree, but even Paris is said to disclaim the authorship for this creation which has aroused the Indianapolis civil authorities.

Exports and Tariff.
 Long before President Taft's term of office ended our foreign trade balance swung around to a most satisfactory position. In the last ten months, as official reports show, American exports have amounted in value to \$1,251,000,000. "This," says Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce, "is the biggest human fact I know."
 The New York Herald calls upon Secretary Redfield to remember that another equally big "human fact" is that this export of American goods has come under the operation of a protective tariff policy, which President Wilson pronounces "restrictive of American enterprises." It would be interesting to the president to explain this obvious discrepancy between his theory and this "biggest human fact." American enterprises are not restricted when such gigantic foreign trade is built up. Therefore the question now is, what will be the effect upon our foreign exports of a reversal of this policy? It may be that the momentum of the present conditions will prove sufficient to carry us forward for a time, but it can continue to do so only if our producers and manufacturers succeed in readjusting themselves quickly and without serious setback.
 Do not confuse the so-called seventeen-year locusts with the grasshopper plague. The locusts we have with us every year, but never in large numbers, and the damage they do is comparatively negligible. The plague of grasshoppers is destructive, but extremely rare in this section.

Some fifty years ago fierce and sanguinary battles were fought around Chattanooga. The other day three men who participated in those terrible conflicts fell dead while merely marching in a confederate reunion parade in that city. Time tells.
 The New York World proclaims it "A Senate Reclaimed," because it is "investigating itself," in search of the insidious lobby. If reclamation depends on discovery, there is yet time for cheering.
 Our old-time friend, "Dave" Mercer, could probably give a good answer to the question, "What is a lobbyist?"—World-Herald.
 In the language of the immortal poet, this is the most unkindest cut of all.

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha
 COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
 JUNE 8.
Thirty Years Ago—
 The Ancient Order of Hibernians band is already arranging for a Fourth of July celebration at Hanscom park.
 Pomy & Segelke, the mineral water men, filed their trade-mark with the county clerk, as required by law.
 Quite a crowd gathered in front of C. H. Frederick's hat store to look at the fine lithograph of the new Brooklyn bridge, accounts of which have filled the papers of late.
 Omaha has quite a number of juvenile experts in bicycle riding who are exhibiting their talents on the new pavement.
 Among the best riders are the son of General Cowin, the son of A. Pollock and the two sons of J. W. Miller.
 Dr. V. McGillicuddy, Indian agent at Pine Ridge, spent the day in Omaha.
 Resolutions signed by A. Allee, Simon Bloom and George R. Rathburn, as a committee for Custer post, Grand Army of the Republic, tender thanks to the children's hospital on Dodge street has day exercises.
 The laying of the cornerstone for the children's hospital on Dodge street has again been postponed by bad weather.
 The musical union orchestra went to Wahoo to help open John Winter's new opera house there.
Twenty Years Ago—
 Central Labor union adopted a ringing resolution endorsing the candidacy of W. C. Boyer for president of the International Typographical union.
 James Wittingham, who ran a feed store at Twenty-second and Cumins streets, accepted a check in payment of goods from a man who turned out to be a forger, and the detectives began a search for him.
 City Engineer Rosewater and City Attorney Connell arranged to meet in joint session with the Board of Public Works to advise about paving matters, but when the hour came the engineer and attorney were the only ones present.
 John D. Ried, chief clerk of the Union Pacific advertising department, left for Ogden to meet the San Francisco Examiner's school children excursion, made up of public school pupils going to the World's fair in Chicago chartered by Mrs. Black. Mr. Ried intended taking them to Salt Lake City for a pleasure trip and then escorting them on to Omaha.
 Brownell Hall set the time for its twenty-fifth annual commencement at June 13, when the graduates would be Edna Elmer, Louise McCollum Rheem, Edith Abbott and Mary Ellen Baird.
Ten Years Ago—
 It was announced that John W. Alford, the hydraulic engineer chosen by the city, and George H. Bensenberg, the somnifer of the water company, would be in the city in a few days to select a third man to join with them in appraising the value of the Omaha water plant preparatory to the immediate compulsory purchase of it by the city.
 Junior day at Brownell Hall brought a season of fun for the girl students. A program was given in which, those participated: Misses Marion Johnson, Mabel Perry, Ruth Perkins, Helen Davis, Isabel French, Gertrude Graves, Blanche Weiden and Edna Perry.
 Councilman Fred Hayes announced a plan to force the paving of Sixteenth street from Douglas to Cumins at the expense of abutting property owners. He proposed for the council to condemn the street and proceed with the repairs, which certainly were badly needed.
 James Craghton, one of the city's pioneers, died at his home after an illness of several weeks. He was a cousin of Edward and John A. Craghton, with whom he had been associated in freighting between Omaha and the gold fields of the west in the early days. He came to Omaha from his native state of Ohio in 1836. He had been married three times. His first wife, Mary McCrystal, was the mother of Mrs. Con V. Gallagher. His second wife was Mary Elizabeth Largey and his third Katherine McCullum, who survived him. His surviving children were Mrs. Gallagher of Kansas City, John V. Craghton of Portland, Mrs. John O'Connell and Miss Mary Craghton of Vancouver, Charles, Arthur, Etta and Clara Craghton and Mrs. Mark Coad of Omaha.



People and Events
 Grape juice, now the favorite upple in Washington, is usually chased with a big stick.
 Bills abolishing cock fights and lotteries are before the Cuban legislature. National sports can stand a shakedown.
 The few Indians remaining have lost much of the proud and haughty spirit of the race. One was seen on the streets the other day carrying a baby.
 There seems no limit to the troubles passed up to the policeman. A Minneapolis woman wants the police to arrest a groundhog for foraging on her garden truck.
 The stuff that makes Milwaukee famous does not wear a collar on its brow. Its reason is the favorite distillate consumption averaging two gallons per capita.
 A Chicago preacher makes good his word by marrying people without fees, which he classed as "ministerial graft." But he insists on candidates presenting health certificates signed by a "reputable physician." While the condition excites suspicion, there is hardly enough in the medical operation to make a split fee blush.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.
 Washington Post: Dr. Frank Crane has just burst forth in a tender apostrophe called "A Vision of Hands." Tut, tut, Doc—stick to the uplift!
 Houston Post: A Boston minister says no man has ever yet acquired an accurate idea of hell. The idea most of us get, however, makes up in impressiveness for what it lacks in accuracy.
 Boston Herald: A New Jersey minister will try to reach his congregation by means of a phonograph, which is better than the recent practice of introducing salome dancers at church festivals.
 Boston Transcript: Rev. Edward Cummings would like to take the cross out of Christianity, but when a man constitutes a minority of one, the task of undoing single-handed, the work of 1513 years, becomes just a trifle difficult.
 New York World: Eighty young men and women are about to depart from this city for foreign missionary work under the auspices of the Presbyterian church. Zeal for this arduous form of religious service appears to show no abatement.
 Baltimore American: In a church meeting in a Pennsylvania town where the women members have lately been given the right to vote, the women outvoted the men, carrying a resolution for church improvements. It is one of those straw showing which way the suffrage wind blows.
 Philadelphia Record: The Chinese republic has granted religious liberty to the Chinese people and has solicited the favoring prayers of Christian churches for success in the establishment of free government. There ought to be an instant Christian response to this appeal.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.
 A good many failures are initiated with prayer.
 A man is not a pig just because he gets to the root of things.
 If Adam had got less out of the Garden of Eden there would have been more in it.
 A man can dream more in two minutes than he can accomplish in a hundred years.
 In courtship the opposition of the girl's parents is an asset. Their approval is a liability.
 The woman who has never been tempted is the hardest critic of those who have fallen.
 If you believe in a lot of things that cannot possibly come true, you will be regarded as progressive.
 The most leisurely parade is the one given by the man who has caught a good-sized string of fish.
 When a man flirts a woman it is considered an outrage. But when a woman flirts a man it is considered a joke.
 One of the authorities recently was asked whether a girl can love two men at the same time. Probably not. But she can give a sufficiently lifelike imitation of the passion to fool both of the men.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

EVERY ONE IN CHURCH.
 What Can Be Done When the Spirit Gets the Right Push.
 Chicago Record-Herald.
 According to one of the speakers before the North Baptist convention in Detroit, a study of twelve large American cities shows that in but one of the number do the communicants of the Christian bodies—Protestant and Catholic combined—equal the non-Christian population.
 But there is a note of another kind in a dispatch from Cincinnati which says that "as a result of a month's hard work by the Welfare association of Wyoming, every man, woman and child in that suburb of 3,000 inhabitants attended church" last Sunday. "Owners of automobiles arranged affairs so that their chauffeurs could keep their church attendance pledges, while wealthy families occupied pews in the churches where their servants worshipped."
 That shows what can be accomplished where the proselyting spirit is in full vigor. If the Welfare association did not go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, it brought all the world within the fold, which amounts to the same thing. But before we commend the movement without reserve we shall await a critical analysis of the last sentence in the dispatch, which reads: "Officers of the association contend the innovation will aid in the material advancement of their village."

BITTER AND SWEET.
 S. E. Kiser in Record-Herald.
 The skies cannot always be clear, my dear.
 The merriest eye may still have its tear.
 The sorrow that lurks in your bosom today.
 Like the clouds, when you've wept, will float floating away.
 And the skies will be blue that are sultry and gray.
 My dear.
 If it's going to rain, my dear, it will rain.
 The day will not brighten because you complain.
 There are sorrows that every good woman must bear.
 And the skies will be blue that are sultry and gray.
 My dear.
 The skies cannot always be clear my dear.
 Sweets wouldn't be sweet were no bitterness here;
 There could never be joy if there never was sorrow.
 The sob of today may be laughter tomorrow.
 There's gladness as well as black trouble to borrow.
 My dear.

PRODS OF A SPINSTER.
 Women who live in glass houses should patronize the best modistes.
 Buying a hat is like choosing a husband: you cannot find an attractive one which wears well.
 Women who pose as men haters are usually men baiters, with the wrong kind of angleworms on their hooks.
 Laugh at all a man's jokes and he will love you; applaud with discrimination, he will admire you; convey a doubt as to whether he or his joke is the subject of mirth, he will fear and avoid you.
 Ill things come to him who waits. You have to outrun the other kind.
 Life is like swimming: He goes fastest and farthest who goes with the current.
 Love is a comedy to all who think, and heaven and hell to the thoughtless.—Judge.

POLISHED NUGGETS.
 The actor never gets to the top by easy stages.
 Being on the wrong side of the fence is apt to become a habit.
 Many a man has found himself undone from trying to do others.
 Many a woman cuts her friends who doesn't believe in vivisection.
 There wouldn't be so much room at the top if more of us weren't too lazy to climb.
 Love always goes to extremes, either makes one very happy or very miserable.
 The woman who is always looking for the latest wrinkle sometimes finds it in her mirror.
 You can borrow enough trouble in an hour to keep you busy paying it back for the rest of your life.
 A man can make things uncomfortable for his wife, but she can always get back at him in housecleaning time.
 Don't judge by appearances. Many a man has acquired a reputation for dignity when he really had a stiff neck.
 When a woman no longer gets any pleasure from quarrelling with her husband it's a pretty sure sign she is getting tired of him.—New York Times.

SUNDAY SMILES.
 "The Declaration of Independence is a wonderful document," said the patriotic citizen.
 "Yes," replied the legal expert. "It's one of the ablest documents I ever saw. And the most remarkable thing is that with all the ability it represents, nobody appears to have received a cent for drawing it up."—Washington Star.
 "They say that unions raise the price of labor."
 "Quite right! Two of my clerks got married last week and struck me for more salary."—Boston Transcript.
 "Did your son who went to the city to make his fortune deliver the goods?"
 "No, he was caught with them before he had a chance."—Houston Post.
 "Put a poker scene in your drama if you want to win applause."
 "How will that help?"
 "Because a poker scene will be sure to get a hand."—Baltimore American.
 "I'm doing my best to get ahead," asserted Cholly.
 "Well, heaven knows you need one!" asserted Dolly.—New York Times.
 "According to this, so it would seem, the old skirts are money-makers for the hosiery manufacturers."
 "Yes, it's an ill wind that blows no good."—St. Louis Republic.
 "Here's something 'queer,'" said the donist. "You may find this tooth has never been worked on before, but I find small flakes of gold on my instrument."
 "I think you have struck my back collar button," replied the victim.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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