

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND 15TH. Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

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JUNE CIRCULATION. 50,401

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of June, 1913, was 50,401.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 13th day of July, 1913. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

A snake has been found in a Lincoln water pipe. Venomous!

Woman Wants a Pension—Headline. That ought to please her husband.

The early bird gets the worm provided the plowman does not oversleep.

The wise aviator will see to it that he is over a lake when the accident happens.

Omaha's good name is all right. The way to make it better is to boost instead of knock.

Lady Beckville succeeds at last in landing the sack of Murray Booth millions she was after.

It looks as if that graduated revenue tax on tobacco would go up in smoke like other pipe dreams.

What are comfortable rooms and good meals to a summer hotel that has a fine line of pretty girl guests?

Who says we cannot create a new industry by law? Look at the business of initiative and referendum autograph collecting.

It is to be inferred the dissenters would have signed up if votes for women and prohibition had been written into the charter.

The Boers are reported as chafing under British rule in South Africa. One John, what if they pooled issues with your militant suffragettes?

Miss Helen Stone, once kidnaped by Bulgarian bandits, must be keenly pained to read the recurring reports of Bulgarian losses on the Balkans.

Secretary Bryan will make a six weeks lecturing tour—News Item.

You can't keep a good chautauqua down, even by burying him in a cabinet office.

The secretary of war is to visit Omaha. When he arrives he will find us the most peaceable and peace-loving bunch on the face of the earth.

Photographs of the twenty-four-story building housing the Pittsburg bank that failed go to show what high-standing investments the owners had.

A box of jewels blown from Omaha by the March tornado is found in Iowa and now returned to the owner. Which at least makes a good wind story.

Our Omaha carpenters are at any rate consistent. They struck for higher wages, and to prove that they mean it immediately raised the pay of their own business agent.

It is in accord with the eternal fitness of things to have our blue sky law become effective in the middle of July, when the heavens hereabouts are their most beautiful azure.

It is easy to agree with Senator Davenport, who says the house and senate committees on investigation "are making themselves ridiculous" in their rivalry for the prior right to a witness.

Dr. Binstead, pastor of the Cleveland church, attended by John D. Rockefeller, referred to Mr. Rockefeller as "one of the roses in the Lord's garden." Of the climbing variety, he should have added.

Don't worry about the state's supposed desire to run Omaha's local affairs for us. The state is no more eager to run our city elections than it is to run our police department or to manage our parks or our water works for us. Home rule means that we manage our own affairs for ourselves.

Nebraska Scenery.

If you have conjured in your mind the illusion that scenic beauty means only immense mountains, with their yawning canyons and rugged steep, the sea stretching out in endless space or forest fastnesses, go for a few hours' drive through the country in Nebraska, and your own illusion dispelled. Even the farmer, always conservative, admits it. Nebraska was never more beautiful than now. The winter wheat harvest is on, some grain is in the shock, other falling before the reaper. Spring wheat and oats are ripening, corn is at its deepest green, alfalfa waving in the wind, fruit slowly turning and all promise immense, some record-breaking yields.

Over the hills and the dales of this vast farm of nearly 49,000,000 acres is just now painted a picture which no magic art could surpass. The old black, deep, rich soil seems to groan as if in the travail of its production, for it never yielded a more abundant increase. The season has been almost ideal and that is all that is ever required to make crops ideal in Nebraska. Once our state was known as part of the "great American desert." But it was a desert, like the one of old, that rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. No, it is scenery one is seeking, let him seek no further than Nebraska at this time of year and he will find back of our rural glory the literal wealth of an empire, the golden prodigies that are needed to keep the country going when more substantial things are required than picturesque scenery.

What Investigation Next?

"All the wars that have been fought between labor and capital, all the efforts that both have made to secure legislation that would profit them and the tangled skein woven about their relations in the last ten years" are now to be investigated by congress. And incidentally, in connection with these and other investigations now in progress, an inquiry is proposed into the financial operations of the New York Central lines. This, being of such minor significance and extent, comparatively may have been thrown in just as matter of good measure, to make sure that congress did not fall into snail for lack of something to investigate.

"All the wars that labor and capital have fought!" And yet congress is called to enact tariff and currency laws at this extra session. Never has the country had a congress with such a capacity, such an insatiable yearning for work. Some day it may conclude one of these investigations. After it winds up all the labor-capital wars, what next will it tackle? Like Alexander the Great, it seems to lament for more kingdoms to conquer, but, unlike the great Macedonian, it does very little conquering.

The Mexican Situation.

As conditions in Mexico become steadily more tense, it would seem to be the part of prudence for our own government, before changing our policy, to run down the persistent reports of American aid to the rebels. This, of course, should be done, less to reassure the Mexicans than in justice to our own position.

When the present rebels, at least the Maderistas among them, were the federalists in control we refused to sanction the sale of munitions of war to the then rebels, who, for the most part, are now the federalists. For us now to permit or acquiesce in the shipment of rebel arms into Mexico would instantly involve our good faith. On the other hand, the United States cannot be expected to forbear indefinitely acts of overt hostility and violence to our citizens, as has been charged time and time again. No matter how rabidly the anti-American press of Mexico City foolishly advocate war with us, we must be sure we are right and then be ready to go ahead.

The Industrious Immigrant.

Attention is repeatedly called to the tremendous handicaps encountered by the immigrant who casts his lot in one of our large cities. In a way he finds himself something of an Ishmael, with the hand of society and industry turned against him. If not lifted in direct opposition to him, it at least is not extended as it should be in his behalf, indifference to his welfare being about the best construction that can be placed upon the average attitude toward him. A stranger in a strange land, he is left as a rule to work out his own salvation. The "suit" in the larger cities the foreign-born folk congregate in settlements according to nationalities. They support their lot with a grim stoicism that compels admiration in spite of prejudices and in time rise even under the heavy burden of disadvantages. No wonder our sociologists and some of our churchmen are beginning to take active interest in the whole subject of immigration, with particular attention to the welfare of the newcomers who are settling in the cities.

And now, in the face of the prejudice, injustice and exploitation of the immigrant, does he sink or swim as a rule in this vast sea of strange things? In Chicago, with its thousands of such people, only 177 immigrants who had been in the United

States less than three years were found among 17,000 cases of destitution last year handled by the United Charities, and 114 out of 22,000 handled by the Jewish Aid society.

Some day it will be more clearly appreciated that people with the grit to dare and do what the average immigrant does in coming to our shores are desirable material for American citizenship.

Relief for the Legislature.

The new volume of the Nebraska session laws containing the enactments of the late legislature carries eight different and separate laws in the nature of amendments to the charter for metropolitan cities, and, therefore, relating exclusively to Omaha. Compared to what previous law-making bodies have done, this is letting Omaha off tolerably easy, for some of them have handed us more than eight pieces of charter tinkering. As long as we have to go to the legislature for every change desired in the management of our city affairs, a continuance of this method of patching is unavoidable.

It is no longer necessary, however, for Omaha or any other city in Nebraska to remain a province of non-resident overlords. The home rule amendment to the constitution authorizes the framing and adoption of a home rule charter, which, when approved by the voters, supplants the charter made for us at Lincoln, and, while subject to modification at any time by our own voters, is immune from amendment or repeal by the legislature. After the home rule charter is adopted we will not have to bother the legislature in matters of purely local concern, nor will the legislature have any business or right to bother us. That is the essence of the home rule charters that are now in the making for Omaha and for Lincoln.

Subduing the Suffragettes.

In the midst of all his woe Johnny Bull is able to make his Uncle Samuel laugh. One day comes the rippling report that England at last has snuffed out militant suffragettes, the next the news that militant suffragettes have stormed another royal battlement and burned down a fine mansion or two.

It looks like a bally good joke someone had played on John or John on Samuel. At any rate, the torch wielders of General Pankhurst's army seem to be on the job with reinforcements and Colonel Bull has not snuffed out anything. This time it is the current residence of Sir William H. Lever, founder of Port Sunlight and chairman of the Liverpool College of Tropical Medicine.

Hal! Hal! Ask Sir William if there has been any snuffing out of feminine militancy. A rough old joke-smith is Johnny Bull, forsooth. What do the ladies say? Listen: "We shall do just as much as we choose."—Miss Richardson, who had additionally assaulted a few inoffensive and patriotic police.

Ferry in Japan.

On a promontory overlooking Yedo bay and visible far out into the sea stands a great monument of Matthew Calbraith Perry, commodore in the American navy. It was erected by Japan as an expression of its gratitude to Perry for inviting it into relations with the nations of the west. The invitation was sent by President Fillmore and sixty years ago this month—July 7, 1853—Commodore Perry on his flagship, the USS Michigan, put in at Kurushima, in the Bay of Yedo, and just one week later delivered his message to representatives of the Shogun, which the president of the United States sent to the ruler of Japan.

Japan took it seriously, acted upon the invitation just as though it were seriously meant. Today, sixty years later, we still crave Japan's relations insofar as they relate exclusively to the Shogun's patronage of our commerce and schools, reserving the right to restrict those relations when they extend to certain limitations arbitrarily fixed by us. What of results? So faithfully has Japan maintained those relations as to control today the commerce of the Pacific, insofar as it is controlled by any single power; at least it eclipses any hold that Americans have on it, and year by year as American trade losses, Japanese gains on this ocean that comprises one-third of the earth's surface.

Whatever action secures the domination of the Pacific and maintains it has reached the sphere and possibility of world-empire," observes General Homer Lea, writing in the North American Review, and Don C. Sells, contributing to the same publication, goes so far as to say that instead of our Pacific coast interests being helped, they will be hurt in this respect by the Panama canal, so long as we continue to yield our national treatment of Japan to a California. The trade from the east, he says, will proceed direct to New York, "the great hospitable free city that has no hatreds and no foes."

San Francisco has lost 70 per cent of her industries since the fire and the direct harbor on the Pacific

is empty of ships," he adds. But California at all hazards must maintain its anti-Japanese censorship at the Golden Gate. Under all the odds, rightly or wrongly imposed by us, Japan continues to stand by the Mikado's acceptance of the Fillmore-Perry invitation, and in such a way as to make our position somehow seem pitifully weak and inconsistent. How long our nation will be content to neglect her own interests at sea and let the Japanese question drag along unanswered, who can tell?

Kick Nick Off the Screens.

The publishers claiming a copyright on Nick Carter literature have gone to court to prevent exploiting their lurid hero on moving picture screens. Whether the authors win or lose, let us hope the youth of the country may be saved such impressions of heroism as Nick Carter pictures would make. There is enough of "Old Nick" on the screens without adding the dime-novel demons to the repertory.

Fortunately, the species of literature typified by Nick Carter novels seems to be not as much in vogue now as formerly, though perhaps some of the more modern species are no improvement on them. Regardless of that, there is certainly no occasion for visualizing such stuff by means of the movies, and our censor boards can well out them out.

Lost in the Woods.

President Wilson got lost in the New Hampshire woods today, finally reaching here at 5 o'clock, an hour late for dinner, after the longest automobile ride of his visit here—Corliss (N. H.) Dispatch.

But such an experience only adds to the zest and thrill of an outing. It is pleasant to be lost among the friendly old trees of the forest, especially when one knows he is sure to find the way out. President Wilson has another forest to penetrate, though, in which, if he gets lost, he is not apt to emerge so easily. It is denser woods than temple the gentle hills of old New Hampshire, and more treacherous in its undergrowth. In this timber of free trade and currency legislation the ground is latched with thorns and briars and trambolush, which try the mettle of the most experienced and skilled woodsmen. Many a one has been lost in them and none come out unscratched. Yet the president hurled himself into this unfriendly thicket as if he knew all about it and how to keep directions. Let him beware.

Let him at least tell the folks at home not to be anxious if he fails to return in time for the next meal, and not to count on him to do the carving lest the hungry crowding the democratic family feast board famish for pie.

Worry.

There is more philosophy than appears on the surface in the popular "I should worry" retort. It is without doubt susceptible of proof that worry produces gray hair, premature wrinkles and that haggard look that betokens lack of contentment. "Don't borrow trouble" is only another way of formulating the same idea on the assumption that every person has troubles enough of his own. The person who does not worry may lose out in many ways, but the chances are that untrifled equality will conduce to a happy disposition.

On the other hand, the "I should worry" admonition must not be taken to mean cold indifference to other people's needs, nor should it stop anyone from being helpful to a neighbor in distress. It should not prevent effort to relieve other folks of their worries. But if worry could be eliminated altogether for all of us, what a load would be lifted from the burden bearers.

In the death of Frederick F. Schinake another of the pioneer journalists of Omaha's early career passes to the great beyond. Mr. Schinake was a rugged character, fearless and outspoken, and unwavering in his devotion to the principle of liberty, both in his native fatherland and here, where for many years he wielded no little power through his German newspapers.

With the esteemed Commoner reduced from a weekly to a monthly visitor, the assumption is natural that the country has survived at least some of the more pressing dangers that so long menaced it. Of course, the fact that the editor-in-chief and associate editor have both "landed" has nothing to do with the change.

That must have been intended as a joke—that announcement of shorter hours for firemen at the water works pumping station, followed immediately by the purchase of automatic stokers, warranted to cut them altogether off the payroll.

While yelling so loud for publicity of lobbyists, it would be a great thing if there were some way to compel the fake reform organs that are opposing the home rule charter to light right out, and truthfully, in whose interests they are fighting.

Uncle Sam is not worrying over the fact that his flag was trampled in the dust at Wlanipleg. He knows it was not done by decent Canadians and that it is impossible for Canada as well as the United States to build this proof boundary line.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES. JULY 13.

Thirty Years Ago—

A bear riot is on against the council trying to force Colorado vandals for paying material against protesters of property owners who are to pay for it. Miss Etta Wells has gone on a visit to Kenosha, Wis.

The Misses Margaret Wilson, Berle Dickey and Lulu Cramer left for a vacation at Lake Geneva, Wis.

Miss William Emerson and son accompanied by Miss Anna Quigley of the center street school have gone to Milwaukee, Wis.

Rev. C. W. Savigde, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church is back from Minneapolis where he officiated at the wedding of his brother.

John McFadden, a young man who drives a team for Bradford's lumber yard, was killed by lightning during a thunderstorm this morning. It is said to be the first instance of a fatal lightning stroke on evidence in Omaha.

George W. Hopkins for a long time connected with the Union Pacific railroad in this city and subsequently moved out to North Platte, has returned to Omaha where he will make his headquarters hereafter.

A few of these elegant fag-ends were left at Wieg & Westberg's. Call and get some before they are all gone.

George F. Brown, opposite the post-office, wants an experienced dry goods salesman.

Twenty Years Ago—

Friends of Spud Parrish were planning a big benefit ball game for him at the fair grounds between Birmingham's Conventions and the Fort Omaha soldiers.

Joe Dolan was secured to play third base for the Conventions and Eddie Lawler left field, while Fred Rustin and Mon Best of the Yale college team, who were home on a vacation, were to play with the soldiers—Real second and Rustin third.

Kounize place, Omaha's fashionable suburb, was the scene of a happy marriage at 5:30 p. m., that united Miss Augusta McAvailand and Dr. W. M. McAvailand at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McAvailand, 2106 Locust street. Rev. W. K. Beane of Trinity Methodist church performed the ceremony. Following four cute little tots—Eugenia McAvailand, Laura Cranford, Rowena McAvailand and Florence Parmelee—came the bride and groom, walking to the wedding march, played by Herbert McConnell, a brother of the groom. Dr. and Mrs. McConnell left at midnight for Chicago to visit the World's Fair, then to proceed to Crawford, N. J., where the doctor had succeeded to the practice of his father, one of the prominent physicians near New York City.

W. J. Connel, city attorney, was in Lincoln, arguing a paving case before the supreme court, and E. J. Corliss, assistant city attorney, in Chicago, familiarizing himself with the best points in the World's Fair.

Very quiet wedding occurred when Miss Maude De Land of Norman, Okla., became the bride of R. A. Purpelle of Omaha. They arranged their home for the summer at 1523 Farnam street.

Ten Years Ago—

The official figures of the tax department showed that Douglas county would raise for all purposes the sum of \$44,972.54 under the assessment for the year.

It was held here night at the Ak-Bar, Ben De and Pa Bourke and Ed Nichols of Kansas City escorted their respective

teams out to do obeisance to ye goodly king and was so completely on the job that he didn't allow a hit, except what he made himself.

The body of Richard B. Berlin, one of the most popular men about town, was found at his death in his Continental club office, where death had evidently ensued as Mr. Berlin was addressing a letter to his sister, Aida. The discovery was made by Dr. H. A. Foster, an intimate friend, and Robert W. Patrick, a cousin, who had called to see Mr. Berlin on business. Mr. Berlin was escorted at the Patrick home in Dundee last evening dinner.

Sister Mary Lauretta McNichols died in the 90th year of her religious life at St. Catherine's academy, Eighteenth and Cass streets.

Dick Ferris came down from Minneapolis to take a personal part in the presentation by his stock company at the Ford of that stirring little comedy-drama, "Tally Ho," so popular in Omaha, where Mr. Ferris also had many friends.

Agreed on One Thing. Pittsburgh Dispatch. Prof. Wilson and Prof. Taff both wrote eulogies of Commodore Perry to be deposited in the cornerstones of the new monument at Erie. In the interest of the historical knowledge of future generations this might wisely be accompanied with a footnote stating that this is almost the only question on which these eminent gentlemen were agreed.

Some Work Ahead. New York World. A hint of the horribles task of the anti-tobacco and anti-tobacco reformers is given by the \$28,470,000 internal revenue receipts for last year, an amount \$18,500,000 in excess of that for the year previous.

Dark Spots Need No Light. St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Victory in Mexico and the Balkans would be most interesting if anybody could tell who whipped.

Cowardice. Philadelphia Ledger. Lobbying, trying and lawing appear to be partners.

People and Events

Graft rumors are abroad in St. Louis, and Joe Folk is off the job. Some few Chicago men are born great, others are achieving greatness by keeping house while their wives go out to vote.

The only obstacle to the appointment of ten women on the police force of Chicago, for service in the parks and beaches, is the problem of designing a suitable uniform and that's some problem.

Most members of congress are content to work for their salaries in Washington in midsummer. Whatever tears they shed are tears of real grief over the loss of the champagne circuit suffered by reason of their absence.

The people of this glorious corn belt will vibrate with the true melody of life when some genius perfects a plan for putting midsummer solar heat in cans which may be hitched to the tails of the coal trust in midwinter.

Among the improvements noted in San Francisco is the jump of the city tax rate from \$2.05 to \$2.29 per \$100 in a year. A few years ago the rate was \$1.10. But San Francisco is growing and takes money to stretch the bolt.

Ohio, rightly famous for its high percentage of patriots, points with pride to one citizen who wants only \$2000 from a railroad company which cut off both his arms and one foot. And the home-headed corporation insists on him suing for the money.

Eleven married women and one bachelor maid constituted a San Francisco jury which heard the evidence in a charge of blackmail made by one woman against another. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty in short order, the prosecution being unable to prove intent to defraud.

The moral welfare workers of Kansas City, headed by a preacher, have decided that eight inches is the proper distance between pairs must maintain to avoid suspicion. The rule is fairly well observed at public dances, but at private dances, the preacher, declares, the church is tight enough to flatten the front buttons. My, what an awful town!

The artistic temperament is a wonderful fiction. One of its victims in Boston, suing for divorce, accuses his wife of too much domesticity, though he was compelled to admit she is an artist in the kitchen. In his artistic mind, that which tickles the palate does not blend with the colors on the palette. By the scales of the sacred codfish, wouldn't that jar you?

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

The average man is a guy who believes he is better than his neighbors. A young woman can get more with a look that an old woman can with a long talk.

There are some things that the devil is too decent to do himself or he turns them over to the hypocrites.

A boy of 15 thinks all stage robbers wear masks. But a man of 50 knows that lots of them wear tight.

Some years ago a girl wouldn't think of going downtown in her nightgown. But it is different these days.

There are lots of ginks who believe they ought to get credit for it because their grandfathers fought in the civil war.

Some men are so suspicious that they split a lead pencil to see if the lead goes all the way through before they will purchase it.

The world is 600,000,000 years old, but lots of men believe that if they blow their nose today the blamed universe would quit revolving.

The reason Solomon is called the wisest man is because he never tried to tell each of his wives that she was the only woman he ever loved.

The man who brings the stump of an unlighted Flor De Guin Fag into a street car is one kind of a pest. But did you ever have an Honest Son of Toll stack up against you in a street car after he had finished his day's work? The above merely being ample proof of the fact that Sweat is Mightier than Nicotine.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

The saloon that forgets its past will never have much of a future. Without castles in the air there would never have been any palaces on the ground.

What the country will be after a while will depend upon what we are teaching the children now.

What we would put into the life of the nation we must first put into the mind of the child.

Without the dreamers of yesterday the world would not be today as wide awake as it is today.

We ask what we are today because we did unto our neighbor what he wanted to do unto us—and did it first.

The Puritan came to this country more than 100 years ahead of the mule and did all the kicking until the mule arrived.

Every boy should be taught that he must sign his own declaration of independence, and fight his own revolutionary war.

Let us not forget the Puritan mothers. They not only endured all the Pilgrim Fathers endured, but also endured the Pilgrim Fathers.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

New York Post: A preacher of the prominent name of Binstead had the imagination to call Mr. Rockefeller "a rose in the garden of the Lord."

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A New Jersey minister ate thirty-two pancakes at one sitting. He should be tried for horney, for he shows an indifference to the hereafter.

San Francisco Chronicle: John D. Rockefeller's pastor describes him as a rose bush in the Lord's garden. One clergyman too practical to waste time talking expensive nonsense about tainted money.

Philadelphia Ledger: The clergy broaden and becomes more tolerant with the passing of time. The preacher who wanted "to debate the question of baptism with the pastor of the other church practically is extinct.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: A Scotch clergyman who visited this country gets into the press to explain a solution of one thing: "The pastor at Chicago he was told that for a stranger to smoke would ruin his reputation as a religious man." It was so at the Moody Bible institute at any rate. But to Louisville, where there is a large Baptist seminary, he found that smoking was "the most orthodox thing they did."

Wherefore Rev. Donald MacLean calls, perhaps with gentle irony, on the church people of the United States to find some means of determining whether the clergyman and church member may smoke or not. In the older countries these things are supposed to be settled by church authority. In this country if a church authority settles one of them in a way that does not suit you, you can organize a little church of your own or simply stay away from church—as many Americans do.

SUNDAY SMILES.

Tom—What's the difference between betting and bluffing? Jack—A good deal.—Yale Record.

Hi—Do you really think it is raining enough to put up the umbrella? She—Don't be undecided. That's the third time you've asked that question. Now either put up or shut up.—Baltimore American.

Smith—My wife told me today that she would have to have some new clothes this summer. Jones—Don't you believe her, Smith. They tell you that every summer if you listen to 'em.—Baltimore American.

"How do you like the new hat I bought for my aunt?" "It's rather nice, but it's not." "Oh, well, what's the difference? She's dead."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hub—So you've been to the teacher of physical culture. Well, what did she tell you? Wife—The first thing she told me was to keep my chin up. Hub—Huh! I hadn't noticed any falling off in that line.—Boston Transcript.

"Gerald, have I ever given you reason to think I would marry you?" "No, I never have, and if you don't want me to bother you any more I won't. Just give me my regular grocery man's kiss and I'll go."—Indianapolis News.

"I was so glad when my musical neighbor on one side got rid of his baby grand." "But suppose so." "But I got no relief from that, for my neighbor on the other side has a grand baby."—Baltimore American.

"Say, come on now, please do; won't you go with me to the dance tomorrow night?" "Yes, and be a wallflower all through the evening. You know very well I can't do anything but wait."—St. Louis Republic.

"Confound it, said the mechanic who was trying to mend the punctured tire, 'there's nothing standard about an automobile.' " "Yes, there is," replied the owner of the car. "It'd like to know what it is." "Trouble."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE FREEMAN.

From Truth. Let them levy income taxes. Let them cut their tariffs down. Let them cut their strikes and whacks us. Blow old Croesus out of town! What care I for trouble makers? Let them go and do their own business. I've a patch of good ten acres. And a roof tree all my own.

Head erect and independent. As a bird upon the wing. In these summer days resplendent. On my little patch of King. Stocks decline and wealth is fleeting. Only God's green earth is sure! Hungry man is always eating. He who feeds him is secure.

Heat my strutting biddies stockings. Heat my strutting biddies crow. While I'm sweating, digging, mucking. Where my peas and berries grow, Let my people do their own thing. Let loud spears mouth and talk. Jacks like me see fortunes climbing. Top of every green bean stalk.

Bankers, traders, corporations. Must to others bend the spine! All the devil and obligations. Who has freedom such as mine. Turns the law of all the ages—First in freedom ranks shall stand. He who holds no man's resentment. Owns the soil and rules the land.

Not for me the