

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

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MARCH SUNDAY CIRCULATION.
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Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of March, 1914, was 45,364.

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

Are we going to make John Bull the Colossus of our Rhodes at the Panama?

See any effect of the democratic tariff reduction in the size of the Easter bonnet bill?

Here, send somebody over at first base to coach this young recruit, Spring. "He's gotta go down."

Omaha is ready for that suburban trolley development fight now—in fact, we have been ready some years.

A whitelist of play has been issued. Some of the theater managers would prefer to have theirs put on the blacklist.

Whether Uncle Sam may free-toll American coastwise ships or not, grapejuice diplomacy has found a way to do it for Columbian vessels.

Secretary Bryan is going to Florida for rest and recuperation. He will not take his real vacation, however, until the chautauqua season opens.

Down in Texas a man accused of having sixteen wives has been handed a ten-year imprisonment sentence. That ratio of 16 to 1 always was unlucky.

When a banker gets in trouble the other bankers let him pay the penalty. When a crooked lawyer is caught with the goods—Oh, what's the use!

The price of crude oil in Oklahoma has dropped, due, it is said, to overproduction. We thought there wasn't any such thing as overproduction in the oil business.

The defeated Chicago women candidates insist the fight has just begun. It would seem that the craze for office-holding gets the women about the same as it gets the men.

"Beer in China" is the title of a labored editorial disquisition in our amiable hyphenated contemporary. But why tantalize us with needless reminders of the tea-cup days?

Well, can you blame those Mexicans for thinking they might arrest our sailors and humiliate them in the streets of the town when they have nothing to fear from us but "watchful waiting?"

It is to be hoped the weather man understands the need of lifting the mercury in the thermometer a little higher than usual in order to meet the full requirements of the latest Easter togery display.

It transpires that thirty-seven cities were after the regional banks. Pretty long ballot for members of the organization committee to tackle, and no wonder they got all mixed up in setting their crossmarks on it.

Ex-Governor Metcalf shyly admits that he will be quite willing to have the "ex" removed from his title, and the words "of Nebraska" added to it. Unfortunately for him, it takes more than his consent to make the change.

Lift up ye heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

The Psalmist offers here a good thought for Easter, ringing with faith and triumph.

Rev. Dr. James McCosh, president of Princeton college, arrived in Omaha. His visit is for the purpose of forming the Princeton alumni into an association. There are six graduates here, being Rev. W. J. Harsh, pastor of the First Presbyterian church; C. M. De Jalets, professor of English in Bellevue college; Rev. Thomas C. Hall, pastor of the Southwest Presbyterian church; Rev. P. S. Haynes, pastor of the North Presbyterian church; Lee Finkhouser, clerk in the Pacific Express office, and W. H. Scott, clerk in the Union Pacific headquarters. Another Princeton graduate is Rev. A. K. Bates of Council Bluffs.

The Swedish library association has elected officers as follows: E. M. Stenberg, president; A. Newman, vice president; Frederic Northwall, vice president; Charles Johnson, financial secretary, and E. K. Burdstrom, treasurer.

The third contest for the gold watch occurred at the roller skating rink tonight. Miss Georgia Chipman winning this time over Miss Lizzie Canfield.

M. B. Leavitt's big vaudeville show entertained a crowd at Bond's.

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Theme and Spirit of Easter.

"This immortal to die aspiring," runs a line in Chapman's "Conspiracy of Charles, duke of Byron."

Only abnormal men die unspiring. Hope lies beyond. What man is willing to believe that he can get done all that his powers are equal to in the brief span of life allotted to him here?

Labor with what zeal we will, Something still remains undone, Something uncompleted still, Waits the rising of the sun.

The dying gasp, "It is finished," belongs not to mortal man, but divinity. The very hope of immortality makes men feel the severe brevity of time and look off into eternity for the completion. This is the largest hope of the world and it is not reducible to the small terms of a single faith or system of dogma. It belongs to humanity. Easter, with its theme of new life and its spirit of triumph, has come to thrill the souls of all mankind, not alone those of one dispensation.

For all mankind needs resurrection, and claims immortality. The endless struggle between drastic literalism and scientific materialism cannot abate or diminish the sweeping, swelling power of that truth. But science builds on the foundation of faith. As to the assurance of immortality, Huxley wrote: "I not only accept it, but am disposed to think it the most important of all truths." Faith in the doctrine of the continuity of the soul is instinctive.

Great crises are outward evidences of that. The story of the last remnant of the Valencia's victims cast adrift in the Pacific singing triumphantly before they went down. "Nearer My God, to Thee," never grows old. This instinct at the last draws man near to his Maker and deepens within him the conviction that somehow that he calls soul he does possess and that it was not made to die, like the body and be no more.

The thought is all-pervading at Easter and it lifts men triumphantly and joyously out the summits and crests of life's mountains, out of the lowlands of evil things; inspires a zeal for new life and resurrection within the human as comes at this season in the vegetable kingdom. On this side of the globe, Easter marks the advent of spring, when nature's plants are shooting out new buds, and blossoms and leaves. So it should be the springtime for men, when the buds of their bloom shall burst into better thought and deed and the atmosphere of their lives become fragrant with the scent of newborn virtues.

Consider the Stranger.

The Bee is convinced that it is on the right track in endeavoring to arouse our civic and business organizations to consider the stranger who happens in upon Omaha, invited or uninvited. We do give some attention to guests who come for a particular convention or meeting, but we are almost wholly oblivious of the tourist who stops just to look around, and the newcomer here to locate and become one of us.

Other cities perhaps are also subject to criticism in this respect, but Omaha's inattention to the stranger is due to utter failure to realize its duty to give him some consideration.

We note reference to an article about Carlbad where, knowing that its prosperity depends upon its fame as a "cure," the municipality regards the comfort of invalids as of paramount importance. No building operations are permitted during the "season," and special care is taken to suppress street noises that might disturb the sleep. Omaha, of course, is not Carlbad, nor are its visitors in the invalid class, but comfort, convenience, courtesy and entertainment are equally attractive to hale and hearty people, and what is done in this direction for the visitor is also shared and enjoyed by the permanent home folk.

Omaha seems to overlook, too, the great extent to which the name and fame of the city is made and spread by the impression on the stranger. The man or woman who has been there becomes the source of information for those who have not been there, and the good or bad report, the enthusiasm or the indifference, carried away with him by the visitor has a more far-reaching influence than is generally accredited. In a word, when we consider the stranger we also consider ourselves.

A Token of Appreciation.

We have been greatly gratified recently with the high moral tone of many editorials which have appeared in our daily papers. It is most encouraging to have the mighty support of high minded editors. There is a decided moral uplift taking place in the city. Omaha is going to be a splendid place in which to live. We commend the editors for their sound and courageous articles on the moral issues.—Kountze Memorial Lutheran.

This token of appreciation came from a bright little paper published by the great, enterprising church which bears its name. We think we may be pardoned for making use of it. Even editors, being human, are not immune to the sweet consolation that comes from kind words. We may put it this way, that when newspapers do what is gratifying and pleasing, it does no particular harm, so far as we can see, for those who appreciate it to say so, especially in view of the common tendency to find fault on the slightest pretext.

Mingling with the Crowd.

Most men feel the need for deeper sympathies and broader influences. That is why most men seek to cultivate wider circles of association and friendship. Those content to abide in the restricted spheres of their own little groups, formed, it may be, as the result of business, religious or other class contact, are more apt to lose the large concern for and sense of value of the outer reach of acquaintanceship. This is narrowing, just as the other is broadening. It tends to make hothouse plants of those who give themselves over to it. They may become ever so conscientious in their views and convictions, but too much exclusiveness in the exchange and comparison of ideas and thoughts naturally is restrictive.

The question often occurs to the well-meaning man as to just how far he should extend his associations. The strictly religious man, for example, sometimes, though fortunately not always, gets the notion that he should avoid those who hold to views in harsh conflict with his own on matters of religion and ethics. He is deeply conscientious in this, but the broader-minded of his brethren will remind him of the scriptural injunction to be in the world, though not of it. And a hundred other similar scriptural rebukes might be quoted. The fact is, he is the very man who, above all others,

ought to extend his bounds of associations, both for his own and others' sakes.

We know of no sober, tolerant religious dictum that teaches asceticism. The man of character can mingle with the crowd without absorbing, spongelike, all the ways of the crowd, and at the same time do himself and those with whom he comes in contact immense good. And he owes it to himself and his friends to do this, if for no other reason than to avoid the tendency of narrowness, with all its mean little sequences, chief of which is the sordid, corroding passion of prejudice. Weakness may have something to fear from the crowd, but strength has not. It is an old and wholesome truth that there is bad in the best of us and good in the worst.

Fashion's Slavery.

Boast as we may about throwing off the shackles of custom, tradition and superstition, there are no visible signs of breaking the chains of fashion's slavery. Why conform to those idiotic decrees prescribing the cut of a garment, the shape of the shoe or the color of the hair, except you are expected to do so because other people are complying with the mandate? "As well be out of the world as out of style," holds good today more than it ever did, and the sway of Dame Fashion reaches not only to the palace and the mansion, but to the humble dwelling and to the lowliest hovel. What is more, Dame Fashion uses her privilege to change her mind more frequently, and to become more arbitrary in her decrees and more exacting of obedience to them day by day. Keeping up with the varying and variegated styles is what keeps people busy, to say nothing of keeping them guessing.

Rebellion is suggested, but why? Rebellion would be fruitless, for it would lead only to a new bondage under an equally oppressive slave driver. Let no one doubt that in the world of fashion it is better to bear the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of.

Opens Up a Big Question.

Has the Interstate Commerce commission the power to pass upon the financial as well as transportation affairs of a railroad? That question is opened anew by the refusal of the New Haven to produce records of financial transactions with another concern on orders by the commission, the order being based on specific request from the senate for certain information. The commission's prompt resort to the courts to force compliance indicates its determination for a final settlement of the question.

Undoubtedly an issue is involved in the controversy, which affects also the powers of the newly proposed Trade commission, and the sooner it is determined one way or the other, the better for all concerned. The present tendency is toward extension rather than restriction of such regulatory authority and, while certain reports arising from recent New Haven activities seem to warrant a good deal of inquiry on the part of the government, a more definite ruling may be required to show how far we may safely go in this direction.

Public sentiment, we may be sure, will demand for the commission such power as will emphasize to railroads this point, that they exist, primarily, as common carriers, and should be restricted in the exercise of any alleged right to carry on a purely financial or speculative business. There have been too many disastrous examples of late to make the public willing to ease up on that demand.

Little Girls and Their Dolls.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who has given us the "Kitchenless home," along with a few other advanced utilities, proposes now to discourage little girls from playing with their "dollies" as if they were their babies. True, so far as we are able to discover, little girls have practiced this maternal mimicry ever since there have been any little girls, just as instinctively as a real mother fondles and adores her own children. But to permit such antique idiosyncy in this highly illumined and pragmatic twentieth century is all too preposterous. If you mistakenly think otherwise, heed this from Mrs. Gilman herself:

Little girls should not be allowed to play with dolls and call them their babies. Whether it is done instinctively or in imitation of their own mothers, they should not play house and put their "children" to bed nor harbor any of the sentimentalities or duties of a mother. It is not childish; it is abnormal. That love of little girls to "mother" things is just another proof that with a woman her sex predominates.

Mrs. Gilman says it is "abnormal." Well, the answer to that is, under certain conditions, mothering "dollies" might become abnormal, but until that point is reached, it will be no more abnormal for little girls to "mother" their "dollies" than for their own mothers to mother the little girls. The more dollies the more motherly instinct and the more real girlies, and that is a consummation to be desired and not to be discouraged.

A suggestion is said to be under official advisement that a committee of representative citizens be invited to look into and report upon the municipal accounts. Fine! But why not have a real audit by experts, and include the Water board's accounts, so that the taxpayers, who foot the bills, may know what's what?

In explanation of his refusal to issue regulations Governor Morehead gives it as his opinion that a deserted wife is well rid of an errant spouse. If the governor maintains this attitude he practically nullifies the law against wife desertion for all offenders who succeed in getting out of Nebraska.

Our city commissioners will ask the legislature to increase the limit of city funds to be raised by taxation. One of the reasons urged for defeating the home rule charter was that no such raise should be authorized. But perhaps the charter opponents will have no objection to the legislature doing it.

Our democratic United States senator says he did not take any part on behalf of Omaha in the preliminaries to locating the regional banks. The senator is mistaken—he took a most active part, and apparently spiked Omaha's guns at the very beginning.

More women voted for "Bath House John" over in Chicago than for his woman opponent. The truth is that the woman candidate was put in the field by men in the hope that they could thus win where otherwise they were sure to fail.

People and Events

Unless some patriot jumps into the breach with a copious supply, people hereabouts will have acquired such a taste for rhubarb pie that the festive strawberry must be reintroduced to its admirers.

Several scores of citizens of Waco, Tex., signed up a cordial endorsement of the exemplary conduct of the Tenth cavalry. The troopers are generous spenders and Waco needs the money too badly to draw the color line.

The two Boston barbers who fought a duel with razors over the privilege of shaving a customer known to be a liberal tipper, and slashed themselves horribly, also executed a bit of poetic justice by slashing the tipper in the neck.

The cleverest specimen of home-industry booming that has come to hand this year hails from Harrisville, Va. Besides owning its own natural gas and oil wells and imposing no taxes, Harrisville offers a bonus for every baby born there.

A 75-year-old Jacksonville (Fla.) millionaire has married an 18-year-old Goshen (Ind.) girl at Pensacola, Fla. People who had had experience in the locality affirm that the girl breezes have a wonderfully stimulating effect on elderly sports.

A decision by the supreme court of Missouri was required to mortise the skull of the St. Louis Traction company and let in enough light for clearly reading and obeying a clause in its franchise requiring the issuance of transfers for continuous trips.

Mrs. Pankhurst's followers in England long ago threw into the discard the favorite weapons of the home. Wherefore there wasn't a flicker of surprise when, on relieving a bunch of militants of police bills, Indian clubs and slungshots, the authorities failed to find a broomstick or a rolling-pin in the collection.

The printed record of the testimony in the steel trust dissolution suit, about to be argued in court, comprises some 12,000 pages of oral statements and 5,000 pages of other evidence. The judge who will read the record from cover to cover and escape a padded cell will have earned a medal of honor and the hearty congratulations of friends.

The consolidation of the New Orleans Picayune and the New Orleans Times-Democrat under the double name marks the passing of an institution which reflected the older as well as the newer life of the Crescent city. For almost a century the Picayune has been the spokesman for French New Orleans in the English language and achieved an enviable record as an exponent of the best in southern life.

EDITORIAL SNAPSHOTS.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Charles W. Bryan refuses to be content with a job as representative of a bonding company. He wants to be governor of Nebraska.

Philadelphia Ledger: If the country is losing \$4,000,000 a month by the new tariff, possibly the foreigners who are getting it can be persuaded to patronize our summer hotels.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A woman lecturer says "the right woman can make a fool of any man." From which it may be gathered that the right woman is the wrong one for any man to choose.

St. Louis Republic: In the light of the fact that thirty-eight aviators were killed in the first three months of this year we suggest to Mr. Wright that he work night shifts perfecting his fire-proof machine.

New York Post: Critics of Mr. Bryan's diplomatic abilities might study the mastery series of manipulations by which Mr. Bryan has effected a saving of \$10 in this year's State department budget.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: That "country-wide investigation into the activity of Hindus in the United States suspected of fomenting sedition against the British government in India" is a new role for Uncle Sam. Particularly when Secretary Bryan's speech about British rule in India is recalled.

Baltimore American: The militant suffragettes threaten to extend their vandalism to Westminster Abbey. In the meantime the famous art galleries are closing, and the home secretary is patently asking suggestions how to deal with the situation. Britannia may still rule the waves and proudly boast that the sun never sets on its rule, but it has to confess that it can't extend that rule to its women folk, which is humiliating for a mighty empire.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

Old Fate evens things up. I'll bet Edison's next door neighbor has a phonograph.

It is a mighty good thing to remember that every man you meet is looking for the best of it.

Some men have so darn little to think of that they can remember to wind an eight-day clock.

A great man is one who believes that the other children in the neighborhood are as smart as his own.

Anyway, the man who would rather be right than be president, has a million chances to the other fellow's one to win out.

A man is nothing but an overgrown boy. Anyway, he gets whipped just as often when he insists upon having his own way.

In some families the children know when father has been drinking because he comes home and puts his arm around mother and tries to kiss her.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to have a Sunday suit and who squired his handkerchief in cheap cologne when he dressed up?

You don't see any of the big, broad wedding rings any more. It seems as though a woman can't see any sense in advertising the fact that she is dippy about any one man.

A man can fish for eight hours without getting a bite and he can play solitaire for four hours without winning a game. But if his wife keeps him waiting for four seconds he wants a divorce.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Novel Claim.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

New York World: The Baptist Missionary union in announcing that it found young men who "stay they stay off the streets as much as possible to avoid seeing the degrading spectacle of pure women wearing the style of dress prevailing at the present time," should get photographs of the youths, affidavits, witnesses and moving pictures to confirm the tale.

Philadelphia Record: Speaking of evangelistic services at the University of Pennsylvania and of religious faith as an antidote to the despondency that sometimes leads to suicide, Provost Smith uttered words that ought to be burned into the soul of every instructor: "I would prefer to turn out young men imbued with a desire to live righteous lives and with only a modicum of learning rather than the most learned and accomplished good-for-nothing in the world." Character is very much more important than attainments.

St. Louis Republic: Bishop Thurston of Oklahoma deprecates the conceit of youth. The cocksureness of the "twenties" irritates him. He pities the dogmatism of the very new graduate who has just finished looking upon the sun total of human knowledge and finding it good. Someone has said that at 17 years of age we know more than we shall ever know again though we out-Methuselah Methuselah. From that day till the day of our deaths we shed layer after layer of our knowledge that lies so heavily upon us in our teens.

Baltimore American: The one great need for the churches today is the note of authority—not in dogma, but in discipline. The time is as yet far distant when the churches will agree in their belief; the time has never been when they have not been in accord with the command of Jesus to take up His cross daily and follow Him. It has always been the case that persons have felt loosely the yoke of church attendance. St. Paul exhorts "not to neglect the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." So that listlessness and lassitude in this respect is not a new thing and is confined to no communion—all denominations alike feel it.

HOMELY HOMILIES.

When a man tells his side of the story, you have heard him talk, and that's about all.

There is so much foolish legislation that ignorance of law should be a perfect excuse.

The man who has had leasat to do with making his country famous, usually makes most of patriotism.

What a wonderful store of knowledge man has accumulated, and handed down from age to age! Where did it come from? The answer is in one word: Experience. And experience is truth.

The general impression is that an anarchist is a low-browed person who is lazy and poor. There never was a greater mistake. The leaders in anarchy are rich, and control great newspapers and public positions. They may have the experience of Mirabeau; the fire they set out may get away from them.

Our public affairs are conducted much as a woman's literary society is conducted: A member is invited to read a "paper" on "The Civilization of the Greeks" and she copies a lot of stuff out of the cyclopedias. She does not understand it, and the members of the club do not understand it; but they call it intellectual advancement.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

MUSINGS OF A CYNIC.

Luck has a perverse habit of favoring those who don't depend on it.

Knowledge is power; and yet many an old maid is single because she knows too much.

Love is blind; or at any rate the little rascal doesn't always succeed in shooting straight.

'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, but it isn't so cheap.

A girl should allow her parents to pick out a husband for her. Then she can always blame it on them.

Even when he can't make anything else a man can generally be depended upon to make a fool of himself.

The proper time to congratulate a bride and groom is after they have lived together for at least a year, and are still happy.

When a fellow makes a fool of himself he goes on the principle that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

An authority on child culture has discovered that boy babies learn to talk first. That seems quite natural. A girl always wants the last word.—New York Times.

PASSING PLEASANTIES.

"Of course, you rely on the wisdom of the plain people?" "But there are times when I expect them to be wise enough to recognize the fact that my 'fish' is superior to theirs."—Washington Post.

Mudge—Here's a man figured out that if all the money in the world were divided equally, each adult would get about thirty dollars.

Meek—Here wrong. My wife would get sixty dollars.—Boston Transcript.

"Why is old George so happy?" "Some university has agreed to accept \$100,000 from him provided he can get a few others to contribute an equal amount."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dear Old Lady—My good man, what on earth are you doing on my lawn? "Crafty Old Fraud—Bless yer, kind lady! I'm that 'nearly I got to eat grass."

Dear Old Lady—if you go round to the back you'll find the grass grows much longer and thicker there.—London Punch.

"My dear, do you realize where you were at the zoo when you told the acquaintance you met that often you were beside yourself?" "Why, where was I?" "Standing alongside the prize donkey of the show."—Baltimore American.

New Office Boy—A lady called with a horsewhip a few minutes ago. "Editor—With a horsewhip? What did you say to her?" "I said I was sorry you weren't in, sir."—Boston Transcript.

"I'm afraid our daughter is not going to make a very happy marriage," said Mr. Curmudgeon. "I asked his wife. 'She's worthy of the best of men.'"

"Yes, But she scares the really industrious fellows. I know a really able man is one who will sit on the front step and wave a little flag and holler, 'Votes for Women!'"—Washington Star.

Mrs. Casey—Och, Pat, when the docther told ye ye had something wid a Latin name to it a year or long, didn't it scare ye?" "Casey—Shure an' it did, Norah. But when he only charged me a dollar for it, O! Knew it didn't amount to much."—Boston Transcript.

"You can't fool all of the people all the time." "Do know that," snorted Senator Womble irritably. "And you can't please any of 'em."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"My Dear Reginald, now that you've left college, you must really begin looking for some sort of employment." "But don't you think, mother, it would be more dignified to wait till the offers begin coming in?"—Life.

LIFE IN CREEDE.

Cy Warman.

A thousand burdened burros filled The narrow winding, wriggling trail; A hundred settlers came to build, Each day, new houses in the vale; A hundred burros came to feed On these same settlers. This was Creede.

Sighting Annie, Gambler Joe, And Robert Ford