# 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.

| | By carrier per month. | By mail per year. |
|---|---|---|
| Daily and Sunday | 65c | $6.00 |
| Daily without Sunday | 45c | 4.00 |
| Evening and Sunday | 40c | 6.00 |
| Evening without Sunday | 25c | 4.00 |
| Sunday Bee only | 20c | 2.00 |

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—2318 N street.
Council Bluffs—14 North Main street.
Lincoln—26 Little Building.
Chicago—901 Hearst Building.
New York—Room 1106, 286 Fifth avenue.
St. Louis—503 New Bank of Commerce.
Washington—735 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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


MARCH SUNDAY CIRCULATION.

**45,364**

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 March, 1914, was 45,364.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 1st day of April, 1914.

ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

Well, if it is only "a matter of symbols," we won't go to war about it.

Possibly the president of Mexico is sparring for time to tap another keg of pulque.

Mr. John Lind is in Washington, but mighty few would know it if they depended on their ears.

Today is the anniversary of the beginning of our war of the revolution and of the first bloodshed of the civil war. Anything significant in this?

If it is to be a real tug-of-war between Secretary Bryan and Congressman Maguire as to which names the next postmaster for Lincoln, we bet on Bryan.

Rooster day in the merry month of May is an anachronism. The genuine real blown-in-the-bottle and burned-in-the-cork rooster day always comes the day after election.

While no one hereabouts has ever been held responsible in a blameworthy degree for these auto accidents, still it would not be a bad idea for the auto speeders to slow up, and be more careful.

A correspondent way off in New Jersey has discovered exceptional possibilities for producing champagne in Nebraska. Come on with your champagne, and be sure to open it before 8 o'clock!

The report of the census bureau on the state debt of Nebraska is both instructive and gratifying, and makes a headliner for our booster literature. In a nutshell, it is that Nebraska has no state debt.

To be mayor of New York seems to make a man more of a shining mark for gun-toting cranks than to be president of the United States. Or, perhaps it is only that there are more cranks in New York than in Washington.

Mr. Billard, the New Haven ground floor financier, denounced the Interstate Commerce commission as "a bunch of bluffers." But the commission called his bluffs and pried open his jaws with a grand jury indictment.

Sir Gaston Maspero, an Egyptologist of distinction, has discovered that the women of ancient Egypt also bossed their husbands. This discovery is interesting as showing that modern wives have nothing on their ancient sisters.

A campaign has been started, with publicity bureau attachments, to procure ratification of the treaty negotiated by President Wilson with Colombia. If we saw a chance to pick up $25,000,000, we believe we would be tempted to send out a few circulars and leaflets, too.

The value of the Department of Agriculture as a developer of natural talents may be seen in the announcement that "an acre pond will produce fish worth as much as the crop from any acre on the farm." To the average boy pulsing with red blood no other avenue of intensive cultivation could rival a farm fish pond.

It was mainly through the work of the late Canon Doherty that Brownell Hall was built up as an educational institution of the first rank in its field in this western country, and at a time when the obstacles in the way seemed almost insuperable. As long as Brownell Hall continues its successful career it will be the finest kind of a memorial to its former rector.

## Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES

C. F. Catlin of this city had gone to attend the sixtieth wedding anniversary of his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Catlin, at their home in Peoria, Ill. The old couple have several times visited in this city, where they have many friends.

J. Brandish, employed in the Union Pacific shops, was painfully hurt while oiling machinery.

Dr. A. S. Billings and family have left on a trip to the gulf in search of health and recreation.

General Manager Touzalin of the Santa Fe is in the city to remain several days looking after his property and financial interests here.

A representative of The Bee tells of his visit to the big agricultural warehouse of the Lininger & Metcalfe company, recently enlarged to meet growing business demands.

No. 1 wheat is quoted on the local market at 66 to 67 cents and corn at 35 to 36 cents. Eggs at wholesale can be had at 13½ cents a dozen and choice roll butter at 16 to 18 cents a pound.

### How History Might Have Been Changed.

The supreme court of Nebraska has just handed down a decision affirming the ineligibility under our state constitution of the lieutenant governor for the office of governor. How history might have been changed if that decision had been recorded twenty-five years ago instead of now! Not only the political complexion of Nebraska, but the politics of the whole United States, would without doubt have been far different had the supreme court heard and passed upon this case, or one like it, within a short time after the present constitution of Nebraska was adopted.

To catch the force of this assertion let us recite a little chapter of Nebraska's political history, without, however, seeking to reopen the animosities which were engendered. It is a matter of record that the first populist governor elected in this state was chosen after a hard-fought and bitter campaign in 1894. The success of the populist candidate, Governor Holcomb, was due to the revolt of insurgent republicans led by The Bee and its editor against railway domination, in conjunction with a fusion of the populists and silver democrats. The democratic party was also split by a bolt of gold democrats, who, declining to follow the lead of Bryan, put up an independent democratic ticket.

Out of this situation developed the control of our state government for six years by the demo-pop combination and the ascendency of the Bryan wing of the democratic party. When the gold democrats marched out of their 1894 convention they yielded to Mr. Bryan and his friends possession of the party machinery, which alone enabled him to secure admission to the Chicago convention two years later, and to capture for himself a presidential nomination with his cross-of-gold speech.

But reverting to the 1894 political panorama in Nebraska, it is also a matter of record that the republican defection was a protest against the forced nomination by the railroad brigade, which had packed the republican state convention, of an objectionable candidate for governor, who at that very moment was serving as lieutenant governor. It goes without saying that had it been definitely and irrevocably determined by court decision at that time that the lieutenant governor was ineligible for governor no such nomination would have been made, and no other nomination could have produced a revolt of sufficient magnitude and power to land the populist candidate in the governor's chair. With any other candidate heading the republican ticket in 1894, the Bryan democrats would have had no incentive to join with the populists, without which fusion there would have been no open split of the democratic factions.

It is morally certain that had we had a court decision prior to 1894 barring a lieutenant governor in this state from aspiring to be governor, political conditions in Nebraska would have been so different that Mr. Bryan would never have secured his first nomination for president, and might never have become a factor in national politics at all. Without Bryan in the national arena, the history of the United States, yes, the history of the world, would not read as it does.

### Scope of City Planning.

Although the city plan movement in Omaha has hardly advanced beyond the incipient stage, some light on its possible scope is thrown by the program of the National Conference on City Planning which is to be held at Toronto next month.

According to the outline of discussion as arranged for this meeting, the conference will first listen to a report of the progress of the year in city planning, a paper on the relative importance of city planning with other functions of city government, and then take up particular topics embraced within the general subject. It is these topics which are suggestive of the reach of the movement. One session, for example, is to be devoted to the "rapid transit of the future" with reference to subway, elevated or open-cut, presumably for electric-propelled lines, and will also take up the auto-bus as a possible solution of the traffic problem. Another special topic deals with "Garden Cities and Garden Suburbs," which leads up to the consideration of protecting residential districts. Still another topic is "Toronto's Water Front Development," and again, "Recreation Facilities" in the city plan.

There are doubtless a dozen other side issues and viewpoint angles requiring attention in any comprehensive survey on the subject of city planning, but these are sufficient to indicate along what lines the modern growing American city must seek to advance if it is to keep abreast of the times and avoid being passed by competitors.

### Watterson on Wilson.

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!

Before the National Press club recently President Wilson reversed this thought by trying to make others see him as he sees himself, insisting that he could not recognize the pen pictures of him that are current. Fortunately, or unfortunately, no one can tell, while different portraits are in the making, which is the true likeness, and here we have a declaration by Henry Watterson that the president is no better judge of his actual self than many another great man, and that, like so many men, both great and small, he admires and covets that he has least of. "His strong suit is neither spontaneity nor ardor. 'Napoleon,' old Mother Letitia once declared, 'has no heart, but sometimes wishes he had one.'" Colonel Watterson thereupon comes to the rescue of the president with another artist-proof pen picture which is worth while viewing:

Mr. Wilson need not let these things trouble him. Nobody expects a Scotch-Irish Covenanter to be broad-gauge, he himself being of record to the possession of a single-track mind. Nor did we look for effusion in the temperamental pedagogue or the calculating party leader. The qualities Mr. Wilson claims would unfit him for the work he has to do. It is stern, unfeeling work. His lack of a high, warm sense of personal obligation; his easy way of turning down a friend; his superiority to sentiment—are of the first order of value in the meeting of the relentless duties of the great office he has been called to fill; in resisting the onrush for appointments by the political brigands in and out of congress; in checking the schemes of the thieves upon the public treasury and the national domain; in perceiving and thwarting the subtle approaches of the sappers and miners of corruption who are always organized and ever alert.

The country would not have Mr. Wilson a generous man surrounded by friends who know precisely what they want. It prefers him heartless, ungrateful, even ungracious. "Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell, a man quite as unlovely and unloving as Woodrow Wilson; "leave out a wrinkle or a scar and I'll not pay you a guinea."

I made no mistake in estimating the capabilities of Woodrow Wilson for shining public service; nor failed to hit the bull's-eye when I warned the party leaders what they were going to get when they got him.

Truth comes from those who have no interest in dissembling. Colonel Watterson is writing under balmy Italian skies of far-off Rome, and is not an applicant for presidential appointment nor in need of any distinguishing badge of honor.

### The Ethics of Grand Opera.

Experience, too fresh to be forgotten, prompts an inquiry into the ethics of grand opera. Operatic stars are proverbially erratic, sensitively subject to sudden maladies, particularly aggravated by small advance sales at the box office, yet responsive to quick recovery when the gate receipts warrant. Of course, no one can foresee or foretell—certainly no operatic manager—just when the delicate songbird's indisposition is to become so serious as to interfere with advertised engagements.

The ethical rule cannot, therefore, in fairness be so strictly applied to grand opera as it would be to other professions and avocations. On behalf of the opera manager it may be urged, too, that immemorial custom and established practice make it perfectly proper to announce that the headliner will sing, and to persist in the assurance, regardless of improbabilities, up to the very moment the curtain is to rise, and that all that the ethics of the game requires is an opportunity to the patrons to withdraw and demand their money back if they do not like the offer of a substitute "just as good," but cheaper.

It is highly important that all these delicate shadings of opera etiquette should be fully grasped and understood by persons uneducated to music except in its rudimentary forms of burlesque and vocal comedy, lest they be too exacting in the future.

### Forty Hoboes and a Mule.

Publicity is the gilded prize coveted by many persons who imagine the effervescence of printer's ink is the foundation of enduring fame. It is the spur to the activities of "General" Kelly in the west and "General" Tannenbaum in the east. Now comes "General" Jacob S. Coxey bidding for the spotlight west of the Alleghenies. With his unique "army" of forty hoboes and a mule, Coxey certainly deserves not one spotlight, but all the spotlights that can be concentrated on his procession in order that spectators along the way may fully enjoy the spectacle.

"General" Coxey will be remembered as the bubble-chaser of Masillon, O., who marched on Washington at the head of a "hobo army" in 1894, and was shooed off the grass by the capital police. In the subsequent score of years Coxey has grown rich in worldly goods and adipose tissue. Added years and high living have placed welts of weary flesh where supple muscle used to be and clogged the oil wells of his joints. For this reason and for scenic effect he employs a mule motor instead of the limousine he sports at home. The farcical absurdity of his performance as self-chosen "leader of the poor" is heightened by the fact that the strategy of his campaign for publicity was mapped out in a millionaires' hotel in New York in the presence of invited reporters. The measure of his practical sympathy for the workless may be taken from the copious rations of hot air he dispenses.

### "Correct Time, Please?"

"Correct time, please?" is the way the question is asked, and the response should come immediately in polite tones over the wire. Among the many things the telephone is doing for us, its service as a clock regulator has come to be not the least important.

One of the officers of the telephone company in Chicago takes pains to explain to the public that all the operators are under special instructions to respond to the call for the time of day by giving the time to the minute, and furthermore, that the time is to be given, not from the small clocks on the switchboard, but from the large office clock, regulated with great care and kept as close to standard time as possible. To insure still greater accuracy in furnishing this information to subscribers, the telephone company in Chicago is installing a new system of synchronized clocks controlled by a master clock governing the clocks in all their exchanges. If every telephone subscriber would keep his clocks set according to "central," it would not be long before the whole city would have all its clocks timed and regulated with almost absolute precision and uniformity.

The sun used to be the master timepiece, but now it is "central."

The clinching argument offered for paying Colombia a paltry $25,000,000 pin money is that "it perfects the title of the United States to the Panama canal." Well, what do you think of that? And after Colonel Roosevelt has publicly proclaimed our title to the Panama canal to be more perfect than the most perfect title ever before claimed by anyone!

There is no symptom of a tight money market in the bids for $53,000,000 of New York City 4¼ per cent bonds. Subscriptions were three times greater than the offering, and the premium ranged to 2 per cent. Money in even greater abundance would be available for business and industrial expansion if the uncertainty about congressional legislation were removed.

A striking and progressive modern instance of the folly of leniency in dealing with lawbreakers is the succession of incendiary acts, assaults and ruffianism committed by the British militants. The first acts of leniency, though well intentioned, are responsible for the countless subsequent crimes against property and person.

It might be well for those seeking honest elections to take note of these cases in Louisiana.—World-Herald.

Also to take note of the recent city election in which the World-Herald's Council Bluffs office served as the pay department where punched cards showing that democratic "workers" had voted "right" were cashed in at $2 per.

### EDITORIAL SNAPSHOTS.

New York Post: Secretary Bryan's "opiate" in a Baltimore plank must have something to do with sleeping well on the soft side of a board.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: Simplified spelling has changed the spelling of 8,000 words, according to the simplified spelling board. But 8,000 words is about four times the length of the average man's active vocabulary. We must be spelling everything wrong.

New York World: Colombian statesmen who are urging the rejection of the new treaty on the ground that it would be as easy to get $100,000,000 as $25,000,000 must think, like some immigrants, that Uncle Sam's streets are paved with gold. Well, they aren't. Others besides immigrants may suffer by the mistake.

Brooklyn Eagle: What a wretched place New York City is to rear children in! The poor mother who left her babe in its carriage on the roof for a moment did not count upon the wind that suddenly sprang up and carried the child over the edge. In the streets no room, no room in the yards, and peril everywhere.

Philadelphia Ledger: Will there be any more big fortunes like those of Mr. Rockefeller and of the late Mr. Wyerhaeuser? It is safe to say that as the world grows opportunities will increase. An instance is the man in Chicago who pays the largest income tax. He gets his one and a third millions a year from the mail order business. There will always be new ways and new totals. Croesus was rich in his time, but his fortune would not cut much of a figure today.

Baltimore American: Harry Thaw, who avoided the electric chair by a plea of insanity, now gets another chance to escape the imprisonment which that plea involved; Jack Johnson, the plutocratic negro pugilist, whose disgusting conduct has been paraded before the public ad nauseam, gets another chance; Lieutenant Becker, convicted of being the inspiration of one of the most cold-blooded murders of recent days, gets another chance; but the poor, ignorant gunmen, who committed a crime, not because they wanted to, but only upon the command of a higher will to which they were slaves—well, they were only poor, ignorant gunmen, anyway.

### AROUND THE CITIES.

Boston spent $10,000,000 on baked beans last winter. Pretty tough winter, too.

The pastor of a colored congregation in Boston furnishes lunches to attendants who are out of work.

The tax value of all property in St. Louis totals $577,496,571, an increase of $12,662,191 over last year.

San Antonio, Tex., has adopted the commission form of government and Rhinelander, Wis., rejected it.

The historic Burnett house of Cincinnati, damaged by fire last year, has been transformed into a warehouse.

The purchasing agent employed by Atlanta, Ga., last year saved the city $30,000 in supplies besides securing a higher grade of goods.

Railroads entering Cleveland have agreed upon plans for a uniform passenger station and terminals which will cost around $17,000,000.

Sioux City has made a start in fulfillment of its dream of a union station. The Commercial club and the interested railroad head met and talked it over.

Backed by a comparison of garbage statistics, Chicago claims that its housewives are most frugal, inasmuch as the garbage collections are only ninety-six pounds per capita per year, while the next lowest of nine large cities is New York with 167 pounds per capita.

### MUSINGS OF A CYNIC.

All the world may love a lover, except the one particular object of his affections.

Nothing makes the rest of us so tired as the fellow who puts up a bluff at hustling.

Even truth has its ups and downs. Crushed to earth, we are told it will rise again.

Some people never know their minds until it is too late to take advantage of the knowledge.

If it is true that every man has his price it's no wonder the women are all bargain hunters.

Of course it may be possible for a man to be honest and succeed in politics, but it isn't necessary.

One man who does things is worth two of the fellows who tell us how a thing ought to be done.

A man is seldom as good as a girl thinks he is before she marries him, or as bad as she thinks he is afterward.

It's a good plan for a man to say nothing and saw wood, but, of course, it isn't a woman's place to saw wood.—New York Times.

### BURDETTE LOOKS BEYOND.

The lengthening shadows of life's winter are gathering about Robert J. Burdette, the once famous humorist and editor of the Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye, afterward lecturer and latterly minister and pastor of Temple church, Los Angeles. He recognizes and appreciates the approaching end, but welcomes it with the boundless faith of serene conviction. In a letter to a friend he says he is "neither bedridden nor housebound, but I am awfully weak." Of his faith in the future life he writes: "Well, beyond the gates of the sunset there is another land, farther away than the stars. I have never seen it. I have never seen anyone who has been there. But all that I know about the oriental lands wherein I have journeyed, is the merest conjecture compared with my knowledge of the blessed land which eye hath not seen. That fair and happy country I do know. Know it with a certainty, a positive knowledge which has never been shadowed by a cloud of doubt passing over my belief. I may be confused in my earthly geographical locations. But this heaven of ours—no man, no thing, no circumstance has ever shaken my faith in that. As the sun sinks lower, faith shines more brightly, and hope lifting her voice in a higher key, sings the songs of fruition. So, every evening when the sun goes down, I see that shadowless land of eternal noon. I know it is there—not because I have seen it, but because I do see it."

**Music for Nimble Feet.**
Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is asserted that some college girls and boys succeeded in dancing the tango to the music of a speech by William Jennings Bryan. A Roosevelt record for a turkey trot and Albert J. Beveridge for the hesitation waltz should admirably mingle the pleasures of the ball room with the edifying labors of the auditors at the chautauquas.

## People and Events

Twenty-three carloads of grape juice have been hurried into Texas, doubtless to emphasize the joy of Dallas for administrative favors.

"It is better not to marry until one is 44," says lovely Lina Cavalieri. Had Lina followed her own advice she would have missed a fine bunch of American money.

Twenty-three college graduates have just been added to the police force of Philadelphia. Yet there are some mossbacks who assert a college education doesn't pay.

Something novel is going on all the time in "little old New York." Its latest contribution to the gaiety of creditors is the death of one Ernest G. Stedman, who left debts aggregating $2,348,360 as souvenirs of his untimely taking off.

The chorus of an American operatic company now playing in Paris are reported to have chased away from the stage doors a flock of local "johnnies." Evidently the girls, knowing a good thing, are reserving their smiles for the Omaha millionaires headed that way.

Roosevelt, Sulzer and Barnes are three names most frequently mentioned just now as candidates for the governorship of New York. Bullmoosers await a favorable word from the Andean jungle to pitch in. Sulzer wants a vindication and Barnes covets the honor. Some pair is bound to get left.

Queen Eleanora of Bulgaria is booked to land on Uncle Sam's terrtiory about May 30. For the benefit of those desirous of basking in the sunshine of royalty it is announced that the queen is more on duty bent than pleasure, and will dispense her choicest smile among her professional sisters—the graduate hospital nurses.

The pantaloon gown may be tolerated in a crowd at Atlantic City, but it is a shade too strong of the moral tone of Brooklyn. The Fulton street end of the City of Churches on Easter Monday gasped when three live pantaloons, with trimmings to match, appeared. Long before the gasp subsided a policeman shooed 'em to a station house.

Without presuming to intrude or disturb the musings of Dan Cupid, it is seemly to note the development of a local poetic romance in the poet's corner of The Bee. "David" and "B. N. T." doth protest too much about the high cost of living in pairs, but it is a pretty safe bet that, if put to the test, they would not be obliged to sup "porridge from the self-same spoon." They could buy two spoons and then some.

Eastern railroads of the high-brow class have agreed to emphasize the high cost of living by boosting dining car charges from 10 to 25 per cent. Table d'hote dinners jump from $1 to $1.25 and order dishes advance in proportion. Bread and butter, heretofore on the free list, becomes an extra at 10 cents the order. One of the roads less rudely gets away with the goods by adding 70 per cent to the ticket "for service." Practically the only free thing on these roads is the dust and the water.

### MUFFLED KNOCKS.

The trouble with going hunting for trouble is that you never know what to do with it when you find it.

Practice may make perfect in other things, but it doesn't seem to improve the marksmanship of tobacco chewers.

You may imagine a blind man is in bad. But just imagine the feelings of a woman who has an impediment in her speech.

You may have noticed that none of the lads who are waiting for their ships to come in ever accept jobs as dock hands.

When a princess marries she feels sorry for the other girls in the neighborhood. But the feeling only lasts about three months.

The recall isn't such a bad thing. An Oregon judge decides that a married man should turn over everything but $1 per week to his wife.

The man who lives in a house regards his home as his castle. But the man who lives in an apartment building usually regards his flat as his cabaret.

Every newly married man will tell you that the girl married him for love. But after getting a look at some of the brides you figure that Last Chance won, with Love among the also rans.

When father was courting mother he used to stick around until the milkman came. That's the reason why mother tells daughter that no gentleman will stay later than 10 o'clock when he calls on a girl.

There is more joy over the sinner who pays you the dollar he borrowed, and knocks you behind your back, than there is over the ninety and nine who sing your praises to your face and keep on owing the case note.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The English churches should hereafter use the pipe organ in contests with militant noisemakers.

New York Post: "You ministers talk over the heads of 80 per cent of your congregations." But after all isn't that what ministers and school teachers ought to be doing?

Houston Post: A Little Rock minister says no man tells a lie without a cause. Sure. The cause of the lie is to avoid the effect of a preceding cause. It is the endless chain that makes lying something in the nature of a glittering art.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: A clergyman found guilty of the "imprudent conduct" of kissing women members of his flock is to be "admonished." hereafter the husbands of the women may take charge of the matter of discipline.

Ed Howe's Monthly: Andrew Carnegie is not a religious man; nor is he above giving $2,000,000 to take a dig at the church. He has just given that amount to be used for the instruction of clergymen in the ways of peace. Was there ever a more cruel satire or a more brutal sarcasm than the grateful acceptance of this donation by various ministers of the gospel of the Prince of Peace?

### PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

"My dear, I saw your husband this morning when he was putting the baby to sleep in the cradle, with a bottle by his side."

"La, ma, that's only a case of rock and rye."—Baltimore American.

"Do you favor votes for women?"

"I don't see much advantage in the idea," replied Senator Sorghum. "The women have gotten so that they are just as hard to mislead on public questions as the men."—Washington Star.

Subbubs—I'm going to start a garden of my own. In a few months I won't be kicking about your prices.

Grocer—No, sir, you won't. You'll be wondering how in the world I can afford to sell vegetables so cheap.—Boston Transcript.

Teacher—I can't understand, Johnny, how it is you don't know your letters yet. At your age I could read quite nicely.

Johnny (innocently)—I expect you had a better teacher.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"There is something very attractive about Jones' good nature at cards, although he is a bad player."

"Yes, for such a good loser, he certainly has winning ways."—Baltimore American.

Mrs. Ayres—Oh, John, I've just learned that on the night of our party there's to be an eclipse of the moon.

Mr. Ayres—Good. We'll be able to get along without that high-priced fiddler.—Boston Transcript.

First Stranger (in Boston)—Can you tell me how to reach Washington street?

Second Stranger—That's just where I want to go. Let's work together. You go south and I'll go north, and we'll report progress every time we meet.—Puck.

"What is your idea of peace?"

"Peace," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "is a state of affairs in which everything is going my way so strong that there is no use of anybody's making a kick about it."—Washington Star.

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite a famous scientist at a dinner one evening not long ago. During a lull in the conversation, he adjusted his monocle and leaned toward the scholar.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Jones," he drawled, "I passed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Jones, quietly. "Thank you very much."—Harper's Magazine.

### THE SIMPLE LIFE.

W. D. Totten, in Case and Comment.

To hail the coming of the spring,
When divers birds are chirping
Good lawyers often sigh in vain,
To cultivate the fertile plain,
On flowery lea,
'Mid beet and pea
And till the virgin soil again.

They long to sow the garden seeds
And then, by proxy, hoe the weeds,
To feed the chickens, milk the kine,
And oft on cream and eggs to dine,
Nor would they shirk
From any work
That's not fatiguing to the spine.

With keen delight they'd greet the morn,
Amid the clover fields and corn,
When fragrant odors faintly rise
From orchard blooms where sunny skies
Above them bend
And beauties lend
Akin to scenes of Paradise.

They dream of roses of the May,
Of milking-maids, and making hay,
Of bumble bees and washing sheep,
And then, ah well,
'Tis strange to tell
How far from labor they can keep.

But, if into the fields they go
To exercise with spade or hoe,
And feel the sweltering, blistering heat,
No more they tend the pea and beet,
And find it's best
To loaf and rest
In some remote and cool retreat.

But why should lawyer sigh or sob
To have the noble farmer's job?
In case and client, book and brief,
He finds enjoyment and relief,
And every farm,
Despite its charm,
May yield but thistles, sweat and grief.