

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROEWATER
VICTOR ROEWATER, EDITOR.
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SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION
50,085

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 September, 1913, was 50,085.

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

Our "new" Philippine policy is new chiefly in name.

One grand old sport always loses—the Thanksgiving turkey.

One touch of the world series fever makes the whole world kin.

Just for that, this "shameless" dancing is apt to be more popular than ever.

The Athletics' emblem is an elephant. Good old animal, bound to come back.

In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue and sighted the long-sought land just 421 years ago today.

Take note that all this hubbub over the tango started after the hoochie-koochie went out of style.

If the colonel stops in Brazil, he doubtless will wish three consecutive cups of that fine old native brand.

This working up steam for the autumnal world's series should put us in fine form for the bleak winds of winter.

Now, tell us honestly, if all the preachers and prudos approved, do you believe anyone would want to dance it?

It would be no more than natural for the foot ball stars to become impatient at being compelled to wait on the sidelines.

And still, none of those numerous other sties so eager to tempt our Water board boss away from us has yet made a bid.

Money may have wings, but it will never get away from Mr. Rockefeller now since he has gone into the automobile business.

Prominent Fresno Expert Married in This City—Headline in San Francisco paper.

There must be experts in marriage, too, the same as other things.

The presiding bishop at the Episcopalian council was a venerable and heavy-bearded prelate—and, as thus indicated, the low church won.

Bulser's principal defense seems to have been that he did it before instead of after, utterly heedless of the colonel's advice to "face the facts."

The governor of Nebraska may think it a distinction to work between two convicts. We may be sure the governor of New York would not think so.

When anyone finds fault with the proposed home rule charter, ask him to point out where retention of the present charter, which is the alternative, is better.

Information is vouchsafed that both Secretary Bryan and Senator Hitchcock endorsed our old friend, Jasper L. McBrien, for the job—which must make faithful democrats rejoice.

Speaking of the Indian's progress, you have perhaps noted the names of Chief Bender and Chief Meyers among those of certain prominent citizens of Philadelphia and New York, respectively.

The Washington Star insinuates that the colonel can keep before the public in "faravells" and "welcomes-home," if by no other means. The idea? Why, he went to South America to hunt big game.

Martin W. Littleton declares for Mitchell, the fusion candidate for mayor of New York. But how about Mrs. Littleton, who, we recall from the last election, is the real campaigner of that family?

The Propelling Force.

If the information that comes to us from Council Bluffs about a co-operative movement under way there for a general boosting of business through a systematic publicity campaign, our neighbor across the river is to be congratulated, and assured that it has our best wishes for success of the enterprise. The best sign of all is that the boosters over there have waked up to a realization that proper advertising is the first prerequisite and the essential ingredient of every such effort. It is interesting to know from the printed prospectus that the overshadowing growth of Omaha is attributed to that very cause, as evidence the following excerpt:

How Omaha skirted Council Bluffs is very plain. It was due to the fact that Edward Rosewater, Senator Hitchcock's father, Dr. George L. Miller, Casper E. Yost and a few more live ones, who knew the value of, and how to use, printer's ink, located in Omaha instead of Council Bluffs. These men would have built a city anywhere. They kept up such a continuous roar over there that you couldn't hear anything but "Omaha" for miles around, and Omaha grew and grew.

This is a tribute which we would be ungrateful not to appreciate, yet scores a point which comparatively few of our own people here in Omaha fully grasp. What Omaha owes to the newspapers, particularly to the founders, for its remarkable progress over other neighboring towns that seemingly started with an equal chance, is seldom listed in the inventory. But where would Omaha have been without the persistent pushing and well-directed publicity which the newspaper pioneers contributed to the propelling force? Where would Omaha be today, and how would it keep up with the procession, without continuous proclamation of its resources and achievements through its newspapers carrying the message all over the country, and to the far ends of the earth?

Omaha has always had at least one newspaper, which in quality and in the character of its enterprise has been really ahead of what the city would warrant or the support of the community would justify—that is to say, ahead of newspapers occupying a like field in other cities—and folks outside have measured the town up to its newspaper standards.

Scattering the Fire.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker of Austin, Tex., the gracious president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, offers her sisters the gentle suggestion not to scatter their fire by saying they "undertake too much and do too little." Assuming that the president knows what she is talking about, one must admit that her advice has a ring of wisdom and sanity, and might apply with equal force to almost any group of social workers. The woman's club is largely ethical in its purposes and if scattering its fire by undertaking too much, cannot afford lightly to regard the citation. But that is, perhaps, the most natural error for such an organization to make. In its eagerness to attain the ideal, it runs the risk of multiplying its ideals and diffusing instead of concentrating its efforts. Perhaps it is in irony that the question is sometimes asked, "What is the woman's club accomplishing?" Of course, the implication is not fair, for it is not always possible to discover the tangibility of such results as it is producing, yet there must be room for improvement, or the official head of the federation would not offer her criticism.

Japan in Korea.

One cannot read the annual reports on "Reforms and Progress in Chosen," published under authority of Japan, without concluding that the Japanese are really doing things of great moment in Korea. He will also be distinctly impressed with the fact that Japan is keenly alert to the advantages of scientific advertising, for this annual volume, attractively compiled and skillfully printed, is really a comprehensive work of art in the line of modern publicity.

The outstanding feature of Japan's "Reforms and Progress in Chosen" has to do with education. So great is the stress laid upon education that during the year, 1911, the only significant change in the organic regulations of the government-general and its affiliated offices was the appointment of a permanent educational inspection commissioner and a permanent text book compiling commissioner. Under imperial edict, educational provisions are made compulsory, and upon them is centered the best effort of the government.

The education is divided into three parts—common, industrial and special education, and generous appropriations are made for their administration. "The welfare of Chosen incidental to the prosperity of the empire must depend upon education," said the governor-general of Korea in his proclamation of November 1, 1911. Of course, the central point in the system is Japanese nationality, the cohesion of the forces in the empire into a strong, central government. But the Koreans, under a provisional agency, seem to be willingly co-operating, now that they have been awakened to the fact that, combined with the wealth and power of Japan and infused with its more

aggressive and progressive spirit, they have larger advantages than before, although, of course, at the cost of their national entity. It would seem idle, though, for Koreans to waste time mourning over that, for what they were confronted with was not so much the loss of their distinct nationality as absorption by Japan, China or Russia. In the nature of things, they undoubtedly would prefer the fate that has befallen them and evidently they are being uplifted instead of degraded as subjects of Japan.

A Landmark of Progress.

It was in 1826 that Henry Clay, then secretary of state, instructed American commissioners to the Panama congress to investigate the "practicability and the probable expense of the undertaking (building an interoceanic canal) on the routes which offer the greatest facilities." This was after the Spanish republics had gained their independence and the canal became a subject of discussion. That was about the origin of the canal project with us. Various negotiations and projects were launched and abandoned in the meantime, although never in the long time elapsing between 1826 and 1903, when the Panama canal treaty was ratified, did the United States cease to dream of a waterway across the isthmus connecting the two oceans.

What progress has been wrought between 1826 and 1913! What would the sapient and far-sighted Clay have thought if some painter of illustrations had told him that when this canal was finally completed, the president of the United States would sit in his office at the White House, place his finger upon a little button and thereby blow out the last obstruction of earth in the free course of the stream? But eighty-seven years is not an impossible lifetime. Men are living now, lots of them, who were living then. But it is not necessary to go back so far for the comparison. The wonder of the Gamboa dyke incident probably would have been equally as great and incredible to De Lesseps and his French confederates, as well as the Americans, involved in the original Panama negotiations in 1819.

Perhaps the want of celerity is what left the task of building the canal to this period. Though it ranks as the biggest engineering feat of the age, it is only in keeping with the pace of modern progress and that pace will, of course, be accelerated now as a result of the canal's completion. The knocking out of the Gamboa dyke by pushing an electric button is far from being a new thing in principle. Presidents have been starting spectacular affairs by this means for a long time. It really is approaching the trite stage with us.

Adolphus Busch.

Adolphus Busch, the St. Louis brewer and philanthropist, who has just died, is a fair example of the foreign-born American citizen whose constructive force is so largely felt in the affairs of this country. His life also is an illustration of what a boy, regardless of his nativity, may do in this land of liberty if he has the grit and gumption to seize his opportunities.

Young Busch began at small pay in a malt works, later establishing the brewery which became the largest in the United States, if not in the world. At death he is reckoned a multi-millionaire, with palatial homes in his chosen city, St. Louis, Pasadena, and in his fatherland upon the Rhine. But the fame that clings to the name is not of what he did for himself, so much as for others, in worthy benefactions to religion, to education, to science, to suffering, to whatever appealed to the sober senses and sympathies of a wise and benevolent rich man.

And now, his body is to be brought from his fatherland to the land of his adoption to lie at last in the old conservative city of St. Louis, to whose fiber and flesh great sinews have been given by the stolid old Germans who have done so much to build it up and sure to pay his memory a tribute worth while.

Militants and Money.

No one with a sense of justice and all the facts before him will blame Dr. Anna Howard Shaw for refusing to make her speech of welcome to Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst when she arrives in New York. Mrs. Pankhurst, with a trail of charred palaces, broken monacles and smashed windows behind her, comes on a guarantee of \$1,500 for this single sitting, while Mrs. Shaw, dead spent from a peaceful crusade for more than a quarter of a century, comes only to be denied so much as a paltry \$1,000. Up and down this land she has gone hallooing the cause of woman's rights and prohibition with a zeal as fiery as ever flushed the pilgrims in quest of the holy shrine. She never threw a brick, smashed a window, piled a torch, soaked an officer or sent a bomb through the mails, and yet these, her sisters, her associates, her comrades-in-arms on this side the waters, where they fight fair, deny to her the golden fleece and bestow it upon the militant for star.

gets the thousand first, even though it should mean the landing of the belligerent Emmaline without a word of welcome. Justice is more important than amenities, and as for ethics, what have they to do with the cause at such an angle? It is a poor prophet of reform who stands by and lets another "cop" his share of the Gate receipts. We are banking on the doctor. If she fails us, if she weakens and lets the British warrior land the big money, we shall never again pick her to win.

Incidentally, it is to be presumed that the grand old cause will wait while this little business matter is being straightened up. It takes lots of water to make some wheels go round.

Administration and Civil Service.

President Wilson's lifelong profession of loyalty to the principle of civil service has not yet been put to the fire test, but the manifest inordinate office-hunger of his democratic following makes certain that he must soon pass through that ordeal. So far the patronage grabbers have merely reached across the edges here and there for crumbs that cannot possibly satisfy, as a prelude to an inevitable general onslaught.

On one side the president will be exposed to an insidious hostile influence within his own cabinet family, as Secretary Bryan's opposition to merit appointment and good behavior tenure in the public service is well known. Mr. Bryan has always had a pet scheme of upsetting the civil service by establishing fixed terms for all government positions at the end of which the incumbent should be turned out, regardless of fitness, experience and faithful service, to make way for a new recruit.

It is reassuring, however, to find that other members of the cabinet are committed not only to maintain the civil service unimpaired, but to extend and strengthen the classifications. As an example we have Secretary of Commerce and Labor Redfield going square on record for keeping the steamboat inspection service "free from questions of partisan politics." To a member of congress questioning a statement to this effect, the secretary has addressed a letter in which he explains and insists that the steamboat inspection service be run solely on the basis of ascertained efficiency, contending:

It has no political function. Its sole duty is to enforce the law and this it should do without being tempted by political partisanship or personal partiality. If the supervising inspectors of this service owed their positions in any degree to political influence they would not be as free as they ought to enforce the law in cases where they might feel their political friends or sponsors were interested. In this connection it is interesting and carries a point of warning to observe that much political pressure against inspectors whose removal has been sought seems to have originated with those who have either been negligent or against whom the law has been enforced.

Secretary Redfield announces his determination to keep a good officer in the service "irrespective of his views on subjects of national politics," although when a vacancy occurs he will "endeavor to replace such an officer with a democrat who has the requisite qualifications." Incidentally, the secretary in this very letter pays a high tribute to the civil service records of previous republican administrations when he declares:

I am glad to say that a policy similar to that suggested has heretofore, in some measure, prevailed. The supervising inspectors in New York and in Pittsburgh are both democrats and the supervising inspector in Cleveland has the endorsement of the democratic mayor and congressman from that city and many others. It does not seem to me wise political judgment to lower the standards set by our political adversaries. I prefer, so far as I can, to advance them.

If President Wilson will heed such advice as this, and stand by the courage of his convictions, the impending assault on the civil service will be repulsed.

Our amiable, democratic contemporary, the World-Herald, says that reform of judicial procedure "must be accompanied, if not preceded, by advancement of the legal profession to a higher, more unselfish standard." That is what The Bee has just said, only we used much more pointed and forcible language. Had we used such soft and gentle words our observations would not have so keenly aroused the local bar association.

Why, of course, Mr. President, the bankers in their national convention, resolving against the administration currency bill do not reflect the sentiment of the country. If only had they resolved in approval of the measure, the voice would have been hailed as the voice of the people.

With all the fun we poke at women about not being able to throw straight, the brick brigade of London's militant suffragettes is said to have destroyed in all \$2,700,000 worth of property; not all windows, perhaps.

Still, considering his power was on the verge of utter collapse when President Wilson told congress why the Lind mission to Mexico had failed, President Huerta seems to be holding on tolerably well.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM THE BEE FILES

OCTOBER 12.

Thirty Years Ago—A fine brand of cigars has been gotten out by Keonard, Motter & Co., which they have christened the "Omaha Bee."

The fourth annual ball of the Omaha police force took place at Crouse hall last evening. Over 1,100 tickets had been sold and there were 200 couples present. Marshal Guthrie was master of ceremonies, heading these committees: Arrangements, A. L. Sigwart, Frank



Walker, Thomas Russh, Ed Whalen, Pat Kinchey, reception, Ed Gorman, George Whitman, W. A. Lane, Owen Buckley, James O'Boyle, floor, W. B. Armour, James Mundi, William Ashman, Pat Deamond, James Douglas, Pete Matts; door, John O'Donohue, B. F. Walker.

G. L. Green has returned from his trip east, reporting having a dandy time. Adolphus Boehme, born in Hamburg, Germany, but a resident of Omaha since 1892, died at his home, 414 North Eighteenth street.

A call is out signed by J. R. Lewis, chairman, and James L. Black, secretary, for a convention of the working men and farmers of Douglas county to put up a county ticket for the coming election.

A surprise party overwhelmed Mrs. William B. Mueser at her residence, 1215 Capitol avenue.

Dr. Darrow was called to relieve a man employed in the Union depot baggage room from choking on a peach stone he had swallowed, which the doctor could only do by forcing the stone down into the stomach.

Twenty Years Ago—The Knights of Pythias of Nebraska elected W. A. Dilworth of Hastings grand chancellor; H. L. Cook of St. Paul, Neb., grand vice chancellor; and H. M. Schaeffer of Lincoln, former incumbent, grand keeper of the record and seals. A three-cornered fight developed for this office, involving Mr. Schaeffer, George M. Wright of Fort Omaha and M. E. Stormer of Bellevue.

J. N. Frenser went to Houston, Galveston and other Texas towns for a ten days' trip.

Edwin Haney returned from St. Louis, where he had been visiting friends.

Colonel Al Fairbrother, editor of the Daily Globe of Durham, N. C., accompanied by Mrs. Fairbrother, arrived in Omaha and put up with friends at 218 North Eighteenth street. Colonel Fairbrother, who had formerly been active in Nebraska journalism and politics, was assuming a similar position in North Carolina, whither he went four years before from Omaha.

Councilman Bechel slipped and fell while trying to board a street car at Twenty-sixth and Farnam streets, striking the ground with his face with such force as to disfigure it somewhat and cause severe pains, but no serious injury.

Ten Years Ago—Little Irene McConnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McConnell, was accidentally shot in the head with a 20-caliber by a boy, who was careless, but not malicious. Danger of blood poison developed and made the wound serious.

Wolf's hall, Twenty-second and Cumings streets, was the scene of a lively Eighth ward republican meeting, addressed by E. J. Cornish, E. F. Bradley, A. W. Jetter, W. B. Bingham, Dr. John R. Vance and Jim Allan.

"The Two Little Vagabonds," a modern French melodrama, very mellow, had the boards for the night at the Boyd.

Dr. W. P. Slocum, president of Colorado college, was the guest at a banquet given by the women of St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church. He was introduced by Rev. H. C. Herring, pastor of the First Congregational church, and made an address on "The Mission of Congregationalism in the West." That mission lay in seeing the opportunity presented by all the great struggles for liberty enlightenment of the past and applying the lessons taught to the needs of the time.

President Horace G. Burt and General Soltner W. R. Kelley left for Salt Lake City to attend the annual meeting of the directors of the Union Pacific Railroad company, where a double track from Omaha to Ogden was to be considered. Rumors as to Burt's re-election were met at railroad headquarters with the assertion that it most certainly would take place.

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

To shoot without aim is a waste of powder. Earnestness is what makes everything else count.

If we will do our best today God will take care of tomorrow. The man who becomes angry at God's truth is mad at God.

An honest man may be God's noblest work, but an earnest man is His busiest. Some people are boneheads all their lives because they never do any thinking about anything.

The man who thinks will not be a cipher all his life, no matter where you put him. No man ever climbed a mountain who was scared dizzy at the sight of a molehill.

Every dollar taken in graft has had to be made good by somebody in blood and sweat. If the farmer put no more heart into his work than some preachers do, the world would starve. Adam was probably in the Garden of Eden a hundred years or more before he could find a name big enough to give to the lion.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Indianapolis Tribune: There is a shortage of ministers in Iowa. It has not as yet become so serious as to cause a noticeable increase in the salaries of ministers out there.

Chicago Tribune: Rev. "Billy" Sunday will not start a revival campaign in Pittsburgh except in a \$40,000 tabernacle. The high cost of salvation has hitherto escaped conjecture.

St. Louis Republic: A Methodist says it took the church ten years to learn that the bicycle was its enemy. The church will have to move faster than that if it is ever going to classify the motorcycle.

Springfield Republican: When an Anglican divine of the standing of Canon Henson rises in an Anglican church conference to defend divorce, we begin to see what is happening in England along the lines of the feminist movement.

New York World: One of the laymen attending the Episcopal general conference says that one reason why he consented to come here from California was his desire to see the world's base ball series. Base ball as an aid to church work has at least one frank defender.

Philadelphia Bulletin: The Methodist clergyman who advised his fellow preachers to stop bothering their heads about diaphanous gowns and silk skirts and stick to their texts, is wise beyond his generation. If they will convert the hearts and tend to the souls of men and women, skirts will take care of themselves.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

Lots of girls know that the prettiest apple isn't the sweetest. A man doesn't have to know that he is engaged to a girl as long as she knows it.

You can't make a woman believe it is wrong to gamble as long as her husband quits winner. When a man leaves town to go to another town he never gets a job, he always accepts a position.

A man who has too much sense to carry limburger cheese around in his pockets will often soak his clothes with cheap perfume and imagine he smells good. There was no such thing as the high cost of living in the good old days when a man who owned a high stepper and a buggy was looked upon as a millionaire.

In the story books you always read about the little man hitting the big bully on the point of the jaw and the bully goes down and out. In real life they take the little man to the hospital.

Every moving picture man knows that the audience wouldn't know a horse was galloping around a film unless a flunkey back of the screen slapped two cocoanut shells on a plank. There was a time when a boy thought he was really fit, he owned a pair of red-top boots. But nowadays he wants his clothes tailor made and he won't wear a hat unless it is in style.

When the Nice Young Man has reached the hand-holding stage and sticks around until midnight, father always starts something by yelling downstairs and ordering daughter to tell the milkman to leave three quarts.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES.

Miss Marie Sanford, professor emerita of the University of Minnesota, was one of the lucky persons in the recent government land drawing at Fort Peck, Mont., and will probably go out there and farm. She retired from the professorship in 1909 and has since given her time to lecturing. She is 77 years old.

Miss Helen Varick Boswell, one of the best women speakers in the country, is the chairman of the committee on political science of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and made her first report on the subject at the board meeting at Niagara as the committee was only formed a year ago. Two women in Portland, Me., were found guilty in the United States district court of smuggling liquor, which seems a very odd offense for women to be guilty of. However, it is said that many women smuggle goods from Europe that men seem to think it no crime if they can escape detection.

Miss Marie Marvingt is known in her native land of France as the first sports-woman of the world. She can swim, ride, shoot, climb, fish and drive a motor car and she does each beautifully. She scales mountains, hunts big game, rides a bicycle, wins at international shooting contests and moreover she has been up in a balloon several times.

Mrs. G. B. Lindsay of Atlanta, Ga., managing editor of the Golden Age and corresponding secretary of the Civic League of America, in an address before the Southern Citizenship congress said the girls of Atlanta were sometimes carried out of clubs and cafes in "stupefied insensibility." Atlanta clubwomen have resented the statement. Mrs. Lindsay replied by saying that a little watching of automobiles or the crowds that fill fashionable cafes would establish evidence of the statement.

Festis of Pinnage. Philadelphia Bulletin. If Yankee Doodle came riding to town these days and stuck a feather in his hat, he would be liable to arrest for violating the customs laws or the game regulations of the federal congress, unless he could prove that he had plucked it from the tail of his barnyard rooster.

People and Events

Merely from habit, New Yorkers occasionally will speak of Philadelphia as a slow town.

A giant comet is said by astronomers to be scooting through space at the rate of some millions of miles an hour. Conic black must be on the trail.

The various dance movements talked about these merry days will be beaten to a frazzle by the variety of stidesteps provoked by the income tax collector.

Having labored successfully to woo the presidency of the Chinese republic, Yuan Shi Kai blushed furiously as the prize was pressed upon him, exclaiming, maiden-like: "Gentlemen, this is so sudden."

An admirer of Moses as the great law-giver of ancient times proposes the erection of a monument to his memory at Pittsburgh, ignoring the superior claims of modern law-givers, whose output command more attention because they deliver the goods.

The supreme court of Oklahoma, unable to reach the governor with a contempt club, contented itself by metaphorically heaving a verbal rock through the executive windows. The trouble arose over the governor using a hammer instead of a fat mitt on the judicial knuckles.

The J. M. Jacobs family raised on a truck farm on the edge of Chicago is an even dozen just now, father and mother and ten youngsters ranging in age from two months to twelve years. The step-ladder picture of the family looks like a plagiarized copy of Dr. McCran's South Omaha letterhead.

By a stroke of superior foresight for which Boston is justly celebrated, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company hiked out of town as soon as the bankers' convention blew in. The commissary department of Boston is fully equipped for ordinary emergencies, but it could not survive the assaults of two sets of champion gourmands at the same time.

The rewards of long and faithful service are not as few as the rarity of pre-notice would indicate. A recent notable one is that of Herman Simon, a manufacturer of Easton, Pa., who left one-third of a \$10,000,000 estate to faithful employees who are to carry on the business. The Simon mills employ 2,000 operatives and there hasn't been a strike in the shops since the start in 1874.

SUNDAY SMILES.

"You are always talking about the high cost of living." "Well, that's about all I hear at home." "From your wife?" "No, from my wife's father. We are living with him, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"What is your boy Jack studying for?" "Well, replied Farmer Cortnessel, "the boy is kind or held up as to his future. His mother wants him to be a minister. I want him to be a lawyer. His rich uncle wants him to be a doctor and Josh is good-naturedly hangin' around an' lettin' us fight it out among ourselves."—Washington Star.

"Have you produced a play without a single suggestive line or situation in it?" "Yes," replied the theatrical manager with pardonable pride. "The public wants novelty nowadays."—New York Herald.

Brown—What are you going to make of your boy? Jones—We're thinking of making him a miller, he's so interested in meals.—Boston Transcript.

"The Old Fogey is a mighty patient man," observed the Wise Guy. "He sure is," replied the Grouch. "When he goes fishing he plays solitaire while he waits for a bite."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Spring Place Jimblecote is credited with this one: "We know him as Old Ten Per Cent. The more he had the less he spent; the more he got the less he lent. He's dead now, don't know where he went; but if his soul to Heaven is sent, he'll own the harp and charge 'em rent."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Times certainly change. I can remember the day when it was undignified to go to a restaurant and order a pork chop from the bill-of-fare." "Remember, too. Nowadays one has to have a knowledge of French to find it on the menu cards in the swell cafes."—St. Louis Republic.

BE A FRIEND OF MAN.

Dr. Henry Kelman. There are hermit souls, that live withdrawn in a place of their self-content; There are spolia like stars, that dwell apart.

In fellowship firmament: There are plainer souls, that blaze their paths; Whose highways never ran— But let me live by side of the road. And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road. Where the race of men go by, The men that are good and the men that are bad. As good and as bad as I. I would not sit in the accursed's seat, Or hurl the cynic's ban— Let me live in a house by the side of the road. And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road. By the side of the highway of life, The men who press with the ardor of hope. The men who are faint with the strife, But turn not away from their smiles nor their tears.

Both parts of an infinite plan; Let me live in my home by the side of the road. And be a friend to man.

BUY THE BEST SUNDERLAND'S CERTIFIED COAL EVERY TON A BIG ONE