

What a fine all-star stock company Reno could organize.

The announcement comes that Newport society is to fly. We knew that!

In spite of the objections to the long hatpins some women refuse to see the point.

Mark Twain is said to have died a millionaire. He was rich in more ways than one.

Many men would like to go back to the farm just long enough to get three square meals.

The man who doesn't mind his own business is likely to wind up with no business of his own to mind.

To cure indigestion, marital infelicity, divorce and other things, teach our daughters how to cook, wash and mind the baby.

A Boston court has decided that a prima donna's name cannot be given to a soup without her permission and, presumably, her price.

Says a dressmaking authority: "Men fall in love with the best gown woman." Here is a question for a pleasant fireside debate.

Over in London, where they are fairly good judges of explorers, they have decided that Peary discovered the pole and that Dr. What's-his-name is a faker.

It is rumored that an automobile trust is in process of organization. Can this be a fiendish conspiracy to sky the price of the poor man's automobile?

The story of the deluge has just been deciphered on clay tablets dug up after thirty-eight hundred years. Perhaps some day it will be discovered the original diary by Adam.

There is much that millions can't buy. For instance, the wife of a millionaire for nine successive nights has suffered from insomnia. Sleep cannot be purchased, and yet it is the boon of the humblest working woman.

Sailing of the Mauretania was delayed half an hour by the non-arrival of some cans of cream. We are surprised to learn that the Mauretania does not have among its attractions a cow pasture and creamery of its own.

A wife murderer in Georgia, pardoned by the President, refused to avail himself of the clemency and will remain in charge of the penitentiary pharmacy as a trustee. This would appear to be a case where the zeal of friends rather overran itself.

"Every time you get cold feet," says a Chicago health department bulletin, "mark it down and see how often you get a cold. Do the same thing every time you get your feet wet. You will find that your ideas about cold feet or wet feet have been more wrong than right." How does the Chicago health department know what our ideas have been about cold feet?

The appendix, thinking the human race has not enough trouble of its own just now, has started to make more by inventing for itself a new and exclusive disease. This disease the doctors have agreed to call "appendicitis gastralgia," and there is small doubt that those who wish to keep strictly up to date will contract it, without delay. Indeed, appendicitis may go quite out of fashion.

What it costs a young man to go through college is always interesting to the fathers who have to pay the bills and to the boys who have to earn their own education if they have any. The record made by the senior class of Princeton University is typical. The smallest amount spent by any student in the class during the four years of his residence at the university is eight hundred dollars. The largest amount is ten thousand dollars. The average is a little more than thirty-five hundred dollars, or about nine hundred dollars a year. Taking the whole country, it is probable that more boys go through college at a total cost of fifteen hundred or two thousand than thirty-five hundred dollars.

The prevalence of perjury in court has been discussed by many lawyers and judges, and various safeguards of a legal character have been advocated. Now a contributor to the Green Bag raises the more general question whether lying is increasing in our society and in the civilized, industrial, strenuous world at large. It is true, as the New York Evening Post observes, that the increasing complexity of life make lying "easier" and the discovery of the truth more and more difficult. The simpler the conditions and habits of people the easier it is to find the liar out and discredit him. But it must be admitted that a complex civilization, while it increases the opportunities of sophists, causers, shuffers and plain liars, also multiplies the agencies for propagating truth and opposing lying. Education makes men and women more intelligent and therefore less gullible. Industry and commerce, the wonderful credit system, the importance of contracts, the need of efficiency and responsibility in business, the rising standards of professional life, the fierce light of the modern press, the rapidity of communication—these and other things make for truthfulness in human relations. We do not believe that lying is on the increase or that character is deteriorating. Humanity is ascending, not descending, morally and intellectually, and moral advance is of course measured by the degree of spontaneous virtue and sincerity possessed by the average man.

Every reader of the newspapers must have seen dispatches from Washington reporting that Mr. Boardman had introduced a bill in Congress providing some amazing change in the law. For example, it would not be surprising to learn that some member has proposed a law that every railroad company doing interstate business shall provide a shower bath in every car. No one should be in the least disturbed by the intelligence that a bill has been introduced in Congress, no matter how reasonable or how absurd its provisions may be. In the House of Representatives the members merely drop their bills in a box; the bills are referred to some committee, and that is usually the end of them. The present Congress has already nearly thirty-three thousand bills on the calendars of the two houses. Leaving out of the account some hundreds of pension bills, almost none of the rest can be passed unless there is unanimous consent to consider them. Of course, there are many members who are always ready to object to the consideration of any "fool" bill. Inasmuch as a Senator or member can introduce any number of bills on any and every subject, and since some Congressmen are willing to present "by request" bills sent to them by any "cranky" constituent, the fact that a bill has been introduced does not suggest that it will be passed, any more than the gathering of a summer cloud implies that the earth is to be destroyed by another deluge.

UNCLE JOE'S SPEECH. "This is the most comfortable chair, Uncle Joe. Won't you take it?" Uncle Joe looked at his nephew with a suspicious gleam in his eye. He was a cheerful, bluff old gentleman who was making a visit in his nephew's family, and had just come in from a brisk walk in the country. Now he strode to the fireplace and stood in front of it, warming his coat tails. His niece was busy with some fancy work near the window, and his nephew had just laid aside the afternoon paper.

"Do sit down in the most comfortable chair," urged the young woman with the fancy work.

"I prefer to stand up," said Uncle Joe. "Any objection?"

"Why, no," said his nephew. "Of course if you wish to stand up."

"Your intentions," said Uncle Joe, "are good, but with your permission I'm going to make a speech. There is such a thing as having too good intentions."

"What do you mean, uncle?" asked the voice from the window. "I'm sure we want you to be perfectly comfortable."

"So I am," said the old gentleman, "but you forget that I am old enough, and not yet too old. I hope, to judge for myself."

"When I want to sit down I know enough to sit down, and as a matter of fact, I consider some of the other chairs quite as comfortable as the one you are always compelling me to sit down in."

"When I am at dinner I know when I like to eat, and I don't care to be told that I have a poor appetite if I don't eat twice as much as anybody else."

"When I go out to walk I am still capable of deciding whether or not to wear rubbers. And when I stay in the house, it's my own fault if I sit in a draft."

"I like this place, and I should like to prolong this visit several days longer. That's my speech," finished the old gentleman.

There was a moment's silence.

"And a mighty good speech, too," said the younger man suddenly. "I hadn't thought of it that way before, but changing people to make them comfortable is a rather oppressive kind of hospitality. Sit down in any old chair you like, Uncle Joseph, and I cheer hereafter. Maud and I will be able to restrain our impulse to pick it for you."

"I shouldn't have mentioned it," said Uncle Joe, with a twinkle. "If I hadn't been sure that such sensible young people would agree with me."—Youth's Companion.

HYMN OF PEACE. These things shall be! A loftier race Than e'er the world has known shall rise. With fame of freedom in their souls And light of knowledge in their eyes. They shall be gentle, brave and strong, Not to spoil human blood, but dare All that may plant man's lordship firm On earth and fire and sea and air. Nation with nation, land with land, Unarmed shall live as comrades free; In every heart and brain shall throb The pulse of one fraternity. New art shall bloom, of loftier mold, And mightier music thrill the skies; And every life shall be a song When all the earth is paradise. There shall be no more sin nor shame, And wrath and wrong shall fettered lie; For man shall be at one with God In bonds of firm necessity. —J. A. Symonds.

IT WAS HER FAULT

On general principles Reynolds disapproved of young women. It has been his experience in the brief intervals he has wasted from business dallying with society—Reynolds calls it dallying when he makes a formal call and discusses the political situation with the girl's father—that all young women are dangerously designing creatures with an eye to matrimony and a laser ready for him.

His wariness dates from the time he was 21 and was young woman of 29. He had been sufficiently weak-minded to kiss her and the only reason she did not sue him for breach of promise was that he didn't have enough money to make it worth her while.

"I'm surprised—and sorry! You see, I'm engaged to another man. I never dreamed—knowing you had no fondness for girls. I'm sure I didn't try to lead you on, did I?"

"No," admitted the saddened Reynolds, "you didn't."

But to this day he somehow considers it her fault.—Chicago News.

The largest gold-producing country in the Transvaal, where the output increased from \$8,000,000 in 1889 to \$133,000,000 in 1907. The increase in the production of the Transvaal mines made during the year 1907 almost equaled the entire production of the gold fields in Alaska. In round figures, the world's production of gold from the discovery of America in 1492 to 1889 was about \$6,300,000,000. The entire world's supply of gold could not have been in excess of \$5,500,000,000. The last thirty years has doubled this supply, and if the present production is maintained for another generation, it will double again, the National Magazine says. As gold has long been the world-wide standard of value, these statistics certainly suggest that the increase in the production vitally affect prices. Our dollar can never have greater purchasing power than the exchangeable value of the gold that is in it. The statement that we see everywhere in the papers that all prices are going up is a truth that could as well be expressed in these words, "the exchangeable value of gold bullion is shrinking."

"Talk about the tip evil," said the traveled girl. "Now, last summer, just before I left London, I got cursed awfully. It was like this: I had tipped everybody on the place—the waiters, the maid-servants, the slaves, the bootblack. Then just before I got in a cab a man up and threw an old soiled cloth over the wheel to protect my skirts as I got in. Nobody asked him. It didn't protect my skirts, because it was worse than the wheel, so I didn't think it was necessary to tip him."

"I wish you could have seen his face. It scared me. He swore an awful oath. Then he said, 'I honestly hope the boat goes down wid ye, that's what I hope!'"

"I was pretty wabby all the way over, thinking it might, but the boat didn't go down."—New York Press.

The set of books I bought Are home, and 'tis no joke, She told me what she thought: 'Twas volumes that she spoke. —Detroit Free Press.

Notice to the public: A newspaper reporter on the street is not looking for jokes.

EDITORIALS Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

HUMANITY'S REVOLT AGAINST PROPERTY. HOW many mute, inglorious John Carters languish in Stillwater or other prisons through their best years for taking a few dollars under the spur of hunger in the first despairing moment of a blameless life? The real interest in this romantic younger is ethical, not aesthetic.

Our criminal law of property is descended by coverture of the English common law by the brutal statutes of Norman feudalism, from the most extravagant subordination of the rights of persons to the rights of possessed things the world has ever known.

AS TO POISON MYSTERIES.

IN THESE days when the murderous art of the poisoner is so often brought to public notice, the case of Mrs. Kelleher of Boston is enlightening. Mrs. Kelleher was accused of slaying six members of her family by the use of arsenic. Poison was found in the bodies of her victims.

In no case did the body of any victim show enough poison to have produced death. In several instances it was shown that the dead person had absorbed arsenic from a renovated hair mattress. In one instance epinephrine salts, improperly clarified, were blamed for conveying arsenic into the human stomach.

There are many poisons that may be absorbed into the human system, although arsenic is probably more frequently employed in everyday purposes where it

TEXAS FIRST IN IRRIGATION.

System Used by Indians Long Before the Coming of the Whites. TEXAS, although one of the youngest states in the Union in development, is the pioneer in irrigation, a Fort Worth correspondent of the New York Herald says.

Tradition tells us that the Pueblo Indians of Yuleta claimed that ancient irrigation systems of great extent were built centuries ago by the Yuma Indians on the Pecos river in the vicinity of Pecos and Grand Falls, but the constant raids by the Comanche and Apache Indians caused them to move on to the valley of the Rio Grande, only to be followed there by their old enemies and forced to move out to the Colorado of the West in the vicinity of the Toyah springs evidence is found indicating that these waters were used for irrigation purposes long before the first white man found his way there.

At San Antonio, where the Franciscan fathers founded their missions, they directed the construction of canals by the Indians. These canals were used not only for supplying water to the missions for domestic purposes, but for irrigation as well. Among the ditches constructed between the years 1716 and 1774 may be mentioned the Conception, Alamo, San Jose, San Juan and Espanola. In 1730 the San Pedro ditch was built by immigrants from the Canary Islands and was used for conducting water to the cultivated fields.

As early as 1852 the fourth legislature passed an act relative to irrigation. In 1852 the seventeenth legislature passed an act making large grants of land for the construction of irrigation ditches. There were several classes and a number of sections of land granted per mile of ditch varied with the class.

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would be likely to come into contact with people than any other. Therefore in cases of supposed poisoning it behooves the State, as well as the defense, to rigidly investigate all circumstances, lest grave injustice be done some innocent person.—Chicago Journal.

SIZE OF THE COLLAR. WE ARE NOT referring now to brass collars, but to those bands of white which are regarded as quite an essential part of the wearing apparel of the average man. It will doubtless be of interest to many of our readers to learn that an eminent medical authority of England has reached the conclusion that too tight collars are the real source of many bodily disorders hitherto ascribed to other causes.

As a result of his own experiences this medical scientist declares that he has adopted a collar several sizes larger than his shirt, with the happy outcome that headaches, rheumatism and other ailments have entirely disappeared.

Personally we find ourselves quite unable to take this illuminating person very seriously. If a man is idiot enough to wear a collar three sizes to small he ought to be afflicted with a liberal allowance of aches and pains. On the other hand, if he will persist in wearing one three sizes too large he ought to be haled into some sartorial court and heavily fined for being an all round stouffer.

There is a happy medium which any man with the intellect of a snowbird should be able to discover, and then appear among his fellows in reasonable harmony with the dictates of comfort and good taste. We fear that some of our medical scientists are wasting much valuable time.—Des Moines Capital.

THE DANGEROUS HATPIN.

SINCE the Chicago City Council took the matter up reports of action against the dangerous hatpin have been coming from all parts of the country, and a startlingly large number of serious accidents from long hatpins have been recorded. Devotees of the rapier style of pin may contend that it sometimes serves useful purposes of defense. So does the six-shooter. Yet wise lawmakers refuse to permit everyone to carry a gun.

The other day a Chicago man was granted a divorce from his wife, whom he accused of stabbing him frequently with hatpins. The accusation was not disputed. In what respect does a woman who jabs her husband with an eighteen-inch hatpin differ from the husband who threatens his wife with a carving knife?

At first sight the agitation may seem ludicrous. In the light of actual hatpin casualties and the menace of phrenetic females armed with deadly weapons, the argument of those who would prohibit hatpins of undue length seems well founded.—Chicago Journal.

MORE FARMERS WANTED.

No Danger of an Overcrop of Years to Come. There is no great danger that the supply of farmers will be a drug on the market for some years to come. The treasury department's actuaries estimate the population of the country now at ninety million. At an average consumption of 5 1/2 bushels of wheat a year for each person, it will take a little less than 500,000,000 bushels to supply white bread for the country, to say nothing of other varieties. This means something more than one hundred million barrels of flour to be ground, distributed and baked into bread for delivery at the consumers' tables.

But this is only one of the many demands which a population moving rapidly toward one hundred million souls makes every day of the year. The country consumes probably not less than thirty million head of live stock a year. This includes cattle, hogs and sheep, but takes no account of poultry and poultry products, nearly all of which have to be supplied from the farms of the country.

The two branches of farming which require the least labor for their successful prosecution, and the most thinking, are those which have much to do with the increased cost of living. They are poultry and poultry products and live stock growing. Within an hour's ride by rail of nearly every eastern city there are lands which lend themselves readily to occupation for these purposes. With modern facilities for transit to and from the cities and towns the possibilities of development of these particular sources of future supplies would seem at this particular time to be especially inviting.

As for the alleged drawback that schools and other institutional advantages are inferior in rural and suburban communities, there are some serious doubts in the matter. City schools are crowded because of having to work by the wholesale, in contrast with the personal attention which is possible and practicable in the rural and suburban schools. Moreover, the conditions of living make greatly for the physical if not for the moral advantage of the rural over the urban life.—Wall Street Journal.

Crime of the Butcher Bird, Expected to Kill the Sparrow. Ornithologists say that Prospect park in Brooklyn is right on the north and south bird route, the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent says. Because of that fact—and because it is protected from every one but the lawless Italians—it ordinarily contains a greater variety of bird life than any other similar park in the country, perhaps. Thirty varieties have often been counted there of a morning. It was only the other day that a tragedy of the feathered world was reported. A hermit thrush—murdered by the shrub, or butcher bird, and his soft little body impaled upon a thorn. The guardians of the park were ordered to kill the shrub on sight. "We liked him while he confined himself to a diet of English sparrows," said the superintendent, "but he's like the other foreigners against whom we contend here; a very little liberty goes to his head."

He walked on as he spoke. On a little patch of green sward half a dozen European starlings were hobnobbing about. They had been brought to this country by a rich New Yorker not long ago and placed on his Staten Island estate. They look like blackbirds, except that their tails are short and their bills are brilliantly yellow. On a bench by the walk a man sat, leaning forward, watching them. The superintendent spoke to him. "Do you know what they are?"

"Mein Gott, yes," said the man, never changing his pose. "In thirty years I haf not seen them—not since the day I ran away from mein fader's house in Germany to seek mein fortune. That day I heard them sing."

He put his head in his hands and burst into tears.

One of our Pet Phrases. "Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life?" inquired the man who wants barrowing details. "I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped without his life there wasn't much use in his escaping anyhow."—Washington Star.

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