

Some divorces are much better than others.

Does Kermit shoot those animals or does he dream them?

Spring is coming, but don't take off your winter flannels yet.

Chicago has snow to burn, but no furnaces arranged for the purpose.

It is never too cold for the Ohio river to assume a rowdy attitude.

German potash comes high, but some American industries must have it.

Mr. Halley's comet will have to move a little closer or it will be out-shone.

Persons with the dynamite habit could find useful work in breaking up ice gorges.

While the coal situation is improving, it still takes money to flag the coal wagon.

The aggravating feature of weather predictions is that the unpleasant ones always come true.

If you have finished paying the Christmas bills now is the time to begin preparing for Easter.

Mr. Halley's widely known comet still refuses to appear for anything so common as an opera glass.

Chicago needs an expert duty on its competent young bankers, whom New York insists on appropriating.

If that invention really enables us to see by wire, it will mean a lot of bother to dress for the telephone.

Japan also has a peace society, but meanwhile the triphammer keeps clicking away riveting Dreadnoughts.

Scientists are wondering what causes the yellow veil over Mars. Maybe Mars has shriek journalism.

However, it is a poor kind of man who cannot discover without the aid of a machine whether or not a girl loves him.

It is said by an expert that the feet of the American nation are growing larger. Not larger, we think, but more numerous.

St. Louis men have been getting tetanus from frozen feet. It should please the toy pistol to be able to prove an alibi.

About \$4,000,000 has been lost because of the New York shirtwaist strike, but only a man of family can credit the figure.

Paris policemen have been told to shoot when attacked by thugs. This will be much more effective than shouting for assistance.

There has been organized in Baltimore a society which aims to give babies a chance. It might begin by abolishing flat buildings.

A university professor asserts that Hamlet used slang. If so, some of the fellows who want to play the part should be right at home in it.

Competent authorities assert that stovaine is and is not good for anything. In this dilemma it is perfectly safe to retain one's health.

A report of cats gone up to \$2,000 apiece! If true, which can hardly be accepted, it should also tend to boom the values among mice and rats.

A New Jersey mayor asks all the citizens to tell him how he should conduct his office. Probably he is descended from the original Trouble Seeker.

At the sight of 20 American women at the Kaiser's court conservative Germans shook their heads. Well, turning heads is one of the principal industries of the American girl.

Skating and coasting have killed many more persons in New Jersey this winter than football ever thought of injuring. There should be invented some kind of "socket" winter sports.

If it is true as estimated that \$200 beggars in New York average a pick-up of \$37,000 a day, wherein lies the argument for honest labor at half the return? Still, as we think of it, some of us must work in order that the others can beg successfully.

When it is shown by official records that the United States in ten years exported \$9,000,000,000 worth of agricultural products there can be little doubt as to what country is the world's main reliance for such articles. And now that our exports of manufactures are approaching the same standard and bid fair to surpass it, there likewise can be no doubt of our industrial progress or of the headway we are making in the markets of the earth.

It is proposed to establish a chair of embalming at the University of Michigan. Some thoughtful student doubtless will offer the dead languages as fit subjects.

"To be honest as this world goes," said Hamlet, "is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." Hamlet was prophetic as well as reminiscent. Times have not so materially changed since the days of his pessimistic observations, though, to be sure. Diones had said practically the same thing before him.

TALLS OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

"Millionaire" Hobo Is Host at Tea



CHICAGO.—Hobo society was entertained at a "tea" recently by J. Eads How of St. Louis, one of the leading whippers in trampdom. Hod Carriers' hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with long straggling whiskers, disheveled heads and frayed clothes. Music was furnished in part by a "lady delegate," who bummed her way to Chicago aboard the "bumpers."

paused for a minute while 200 hungry "bumper riders" let out a lusty yell. Then he continued, "Consisting of sandwiches and tea."

"Tea," was the groan that went up from 200 voices.

As soon as the announcement was made the doors were flung open and six husky "casual workers" shambled in lugging two big wash boilers full of Japanese beverage and big platters piled high with sandwiches.

"Looney Pete" and "Big Star" Mulligan "poured" at the function. The sandwiches went like hot cakes, but one cup of tea was sufficient to each man. J. Eads How was visibly embarrassed. He announced that he had "eight bits" left or he would take the boys down in the saloon below and "set em up," but that he had spent all his change on the tea and was awfully sorry he had made a mistake.

"Can anybody beat the piano?" queried the "millionaire tramp." There was silence for several seconds. Finally a time-worn "gentleman of the road" arose with an air of confidence. "My friend 'Booze' McGee can't rattle the ivories, but he'll throw anybody in the house," was the invitation he extended.

No one accepted the challenge. A lady delegate entered, announcing herself as Mrs. Charles G. Whitney, a "sister" from the east, acknowledged that she was "broke," strode to the piano and released the strains of "Annie Laurie" and "The Arkansas Traveler."

Has His Cash "Inspected;" Wiser Now



MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Paul Lidden of Belfield, N. D., is out just \$50 and a stern "government inspector" who met him in the Union station has \$50 more on the credit side of his ledger as a result of their little tete-a-tete.

Lidden had just arrived from Belfield. He was filled with confusion after getting off the train and was undecided just what to do first. He stood around the station trying to collect his thoughts and to decide what point of interest should first claim his attention in Minneapolis. He had never been in the city before and it was hard to decide. He was debating deeply with himself, when his reveries were brusquely interrupted by a gruff voice.

"Has your money been inspected yet?" asked the intruder.

"Why, no," said Lidden. "Is that necessary in Minneapolis? It was never done in Belfield."

"Well, this isn't Belfield. I'm a government inspector. Let me look at your money. I've a hunch that you're trying to bring some bogus coin into town," said the officious one. "Produce your coin," and he exhibited a large, awe-inspiring badge.

Anxious to comply with the spirit as well as the letter of the laws of his country, Lidden hastily drew out \$50 in bills and handed the roll to the stranger.

"This stuff doesn't look very good to me," snorted the man with the badge, "and I think it's about ten years in Stillwater for you."

"I got it all in North Dakota, and it must be good," said Lidden.

"Well, I'm going to take it right over to my office," said the self-appointed officer, placing the money in his pocket, "and you stay right here until I get back. If this money is phoney it won't do you any good to try to get away, because we'll follow you and get you," and the man turned on his heel and went out.

Lidden waited. He waited about two hours. Finally Detective Thomas Russell, thinking there was something wrong, went over to Lidden and got the whole story.

"Well," Russell choked, "let's go up to headquarters." That was all he could say.

Dogs Tree Police on Desks in Station



NEW YORK.—Policemen at the East Fifty-first street station had a lively time several nights ago with dogs believed to be mad. But big Jerry O'Connell, the doorman, was justified for his fright. And now Capt. Lantry and Lieut. Brady don't chaff him any more.

The first dog brought in was a tiny mongrel, Charlie, that belonged to Peter Grace, a grocer, and it had bitten Jerry Mandell, a baker's son. Jerry had a soft heart for dogs, so instead of having Charlie shot without the privilege of trial, he put him in a cell and sent for Dr. Morin of the health department.

When Dr. Morin arrived Charlie wanted his cell all to himself. He expressed himself to that effect clearly, and Doorman Jerry cleared out hurriedly.

Then the doctor, the captain and

the lieutenant began chaffing Jerry, and were about to show him how a big fellow ought not be afraid of a small dog, when two more prisoners were brought in.

There were two huge St. Bernards that had bitten Simon, the son of Charles Scheld and belonged to Michael Dabby and were named Jack and Jenny. Dabby carried them into the station, one under each arm.

But as soon as Jack and Jenny were free they made for the captain's room. Capt. Lantry intrenched himself on top of his table and armed himself with a typewriter, while he yelled for the reserves.

Then Jack and Jenny went for the lieutenant. Brady took a flying leap to his desk, nearly breaking it in his hurry, and almost tumbling off, only Dr. Morin had jumped up there, too, and the two supported each other in their difficult and perilous position.

Subsequently, Dabby talked some German to his dogs, and as they understood it, Dr. Morin found their minds were sound enough.

But poor little Charlie, who grew tired of his cell when the other fun began, barked piteously for liberty.

Columbus Policeman Duped by a "Rube"



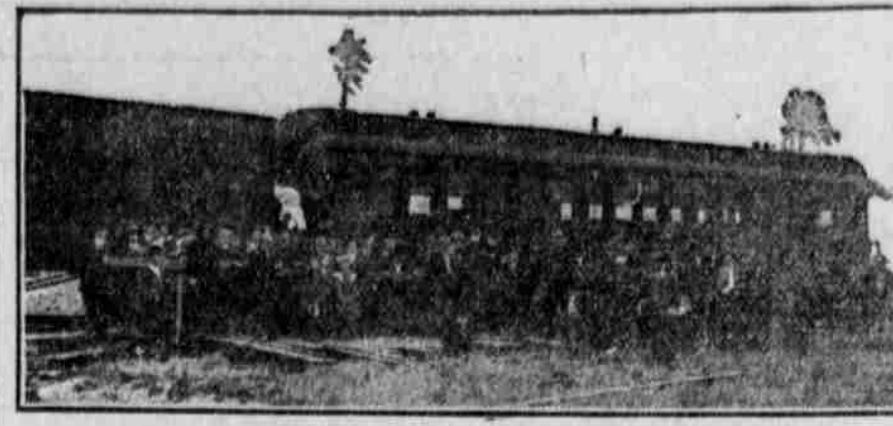
COLUMBUS, O.—If you were "one of the finest" on the Columbus police force, how would you like it if a constable from a little town near Urbana would come to Columbus, talk pleasantly to you about mutual friends, induce you to show him the interesting side of life in the capital, buy him everything he wanted to eat and drink and finally top it all off with an appetizing supper at a fine eating establishment and then, after you were out at least \$10, snap a pair of handcuffs on you by a ruse, take you off your boat up to a vile little ill-smelling jail at Urbana, where you were locked up for five days, on a charge of failure to provide for a wife you had almost forgotten? How would you like it?

All this happened to Patrolman Harry W. Heinz of the Columbus police department. And as a result Heinz is out of jail under bond and must answer to a charge before the courts at Urbana.

Heinz has been on the police force for some time. His wife lives with her relatives in North Lewisburg, near Urbana. He sent her money for her support at intervals, but some time ago she fled a warrant against him in Urbana, charging him with failure to provide.

He was covering his beat one night when a little bewhiskered individual stopped him and introduced himself as a constable from Lewisburg in Columbus "on business." He said he had been told to get acquainted with Heinz, who seemed glad to meet him.

After the evening's entertainment the handcuffs were snapped on the policeman's wrists and he was forced to accompany the constable.



A TRAIN LOAD OF SETTLERS VISITING BURBANK-OCALA COLONY.

WHERE THOUSANDS ARE FLOCKING

A BRIEF STORY OF COLONY BUILDING THAT HAS ASTOUNDED THIS COUNTRY.

BY CLEMENT YORE.

One of the most tremendous land movements ever seen in America is progressing at the present time towards Burbank-Ocala Colony, in Marion County, Florida. One simply cannot comprehend what it means to see a thousand people purchasing farms in just a few days. One has no idea of a country that one month contains no habitations, and the next thirty days is dotted over with cottages; is throbbing and active with life and movement, and is the center of improvement that equals, if not surpasses, those great days of the far west when whole counties were peopled over night.

conversation is almost wholly confined to the topic of Florida, and gives an insight into the real condition of the state of this great state, for these people come from almost every section of the North American continent. Every train carries many men and women who are going to Florida, and strange as it may seem, the majority of them are routed to Burbank-Ocala Colony.

From the worn-out hills of New England, from the cold and bleak mountain camps of the mining districts of the Rockies, from beautiful California, from chill and snow-laden Canada, from the cities and from the farms, Catholic and Jew, college professor and bricklayer—these are the people who are settling today in Burbank-Ocala colony. Every race, every religion, every trade and every profession has some man or woman who is a settler at Burbank-Ocala, and who from this fact, prove that this land satisfies all people and all classes of people.



CHARLES H. SIEG, Florida's New Empire Builder.

is far more interesting and of greater import than any movement towards land heretofore recorded in this country. The primal influence of this great movement is Charles H. Sieg and the organization which he has promulgated.

This man is the pioneer of Florida in the matter of placing northern men and women upon Florida farms. Less than one year ago Charles H. Sieg organized his first colony, which was located in St. Johns Park, Florida. Every acre of the 20,000 comprising this colony was sold within 30 days. The demand was so great that Mr. Sieg secured another tract of land, amounting to some 36,000 acres, at Jacksonville Heights, and this in turn was sold out with the rapidity of the first colony.

Today at these two great colonies, St. Johns Park and Jacksonville Heights, are to be seen many beautiful cottages; hundreds of farms are being worked; settlers are thoroughly satisfied; land values have arisen 100%, and many of those settlers who bought land, and have not even improved it as yet, are actually refusing in profits more than the amount of money they paid for their homes.

Then Mr. Sieg began his search for his greatest and his best Florida farm community. After careful scrutiny of all Florida lands, he decided that Marion County, north of the County Seat, Ocala, held the greatest promise for his ideals, and he purchased a large tract of land here.

Upon one side of this property lies the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad; and on the other, the Seaboard Air Line; and

There are three new townsites in this colony, places where Chas. H. Sieg and his organization have decided to build cities. When one sees what these cities were but a short time ago, and looks at them when one arrives at Burbank-Ocala Colony, one has an idea of what their appearance will be six months from today.

The people are moving upon the fertile fields of Burbank-Ocala Colony in large numbers; they are preparing those fields for the reception of their first crops; they are building their homes, and in the wake of these settlers is traveling the commerce to the various lines of business, that depend upon an agricultural community for their existence.

Marion County, Florida, is the banner county of the state. It is the county which but a few years ago in competition at Tampa, Florida, and every county in the state, took first prize for agricultural and horticultural products.

Marion County has more fine roads than any county in the state. It has local and long distance telephones upon its farms, and one sees here more luxury in an hour's travel by automobile or team than one would believe possible in a farming section.



The Experiment Farm at Burbank-Ocala Colony.

over Florida, that these people whose homes we see, and whose fields we marvel at, make their money and build their homes, not by the man-killing toil of working 160 acres of ground like is done in the north, but Florida is the spot where a man is rich who owns a ten acre farm.

Without the question of a doubt, the greatest and most delightful portion of Florida, where pleasure and profit are bound and inter-wound, is Marion County, and in the very heart of this great county is located Burbank-Ocala Colony.

If you want to read something of this great colony; if you want to know in the language of irrefutable proof and undeniable facts and figures; if you want to see with the eye of a camera what is now being done at Burbank-Ocala, write for "Ten Acres and Freedom," a book issued by Chas. H. Sieg, and prepared with a most comprehensive knowledge of all questions arising in the mind of a man who contemplates making Florida his home.

This great book is very expensive, and it is filled with absolute proof that tells a story which no man can deny, and it tells it in the language of common sense.

In an interview with Mr. Sieg recently, he made the prediction that every acre of Burbank-Ocala Colony would be sold before farmers in the north were enabled to start plowing. This means that many thousands of acres must be sold each and every week, and that hundreds of settlers are buying this land every day.

The office of the Burbank-Ocala Colony is located at the city of Ocala, in Marion County, is filled with settlers and prospective settlers to this colony, and the best part of it all is that these settlers are satisfied. Many of



Settlers living in tents until their homes are built.

them are sent to Burbank-Ocala for the purpose of investigating and making sure, not only for themselves, but for their friends, relatives and neighbors, and most of these men buy

mediately after seeing this land for many people.

To give one some idea of the value of this property, and how firmly convinced the Company is that it will stand any investigation, the Board of Directors of the New South Farm & Home Company have authorized Chas. H. Sieg to sell this colony land upon the strict guarantee that if it is not satisfactory to the purchaser, he may ask for and receive back every cent he has paid, together with 6% interest, any time before the actual delivery of the deed.

This land is selling at the price of \$25.00 per acre, upon the terms of 50 cents per acre down, and 50 cents per acre per month until the land is paid for, thus giving every purchaser 49 months after his application has been received to complete his payments, while he can move on and take possession of his farm after a single payment of only 50 cents per acre. This is at the basis of 17 cents per day for each 10 acres purchased.

My advice to every man who really wants to make an investment out of his daily savings, that will come back to him in profits that are limited only by his own capabilities, is to write at once for the great book called "Ten Acres and Freedom," and inform himself thoroughly before he buys, and prove to his own satisfaction that Burbank-Ocala Colony is really entitled to all of the tremendous patronage which it is receiving today.

Just send in the coupon below. No letter is necessary, and you will receive by return mail this great book free.

BIG FLORIDA FREE BOOK COUPON

NEW SOUTH FARM & HOME COMPANY

950 Merchants Loan and Trust Bldg., CHICAGO

As per your announcement in our paper, please send me "Ten Acres and Freedom," which describes your Burbank-Ocala Colony farms in Marion County, Florida. I do not agree to buy a farm, but I will read this literature thoroughly.

Name

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