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Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness.

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A TEXAS CASE

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SIOUX CITY PTG. CO., NO. 20-1914.

WHY TEACHERS AGE EARLY

Fearful and Wonderful Excuses Given for Occasional Nonattendance of Their Pupils.

While the law of the land compels children to attend school up to a certain age, there is no law that makes it obligatory for them to be present at every session. They may be "excused" on the written request of parents, and we herewith present some of these reasonable excuses:

"Dier Miss Blank: Sadie had a pane in her left hart and could not home yesterday. If it goes to cutin' up today, plese let her went home and oblidge

"Mrs. B. P. C."

"Kind Friend: Kindly excuse James for lateness. I kneaded him after breakfast."

"Dere Miss H——: Willy was not thare yesterday becaws he had to have his shoes half-souled. They was so holey his feet got wet and I was afraid he would get tonsilightous. His konstitushion aint of the best. It is some Heredditary on his pa's side him being puling. So excoose."—New York Evening Post.

Faint Heart.

"I'm rather afraid Clara Vere de Vere is going into a decline."

"Why do you think so?"

"I'm going to propose to her this evening if I get a chance."—Judge.

Simplified Breakfasts

Make for good days

From a package of fresh, crisp

Post Toasties

fill a bowl and add cream or milk.

Then, with some fruit, a cup of Instant Postum, and a poached egg or two if you like, you have a simple breakfast that is wholesome and satisfying.

Toasties are bits of corn carefully cooked, delicately seasoned, and toasted to an appetizing "brown" without being touched by hand. They look good, taste good, and

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers—Everywhere!

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT

BY MRS. F. A. WALKER

THREE LIT TLE MICE.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate).

Once upon a time there were three little mice, Big and Little and Tiny. They lived with their father and mother between the walls of a house. At night they used to scamper around with their father and mother, looking for cheese.

Tiny would run into a very small place and sometimes Big would try to follow him, and he would get part of his body through the crack and then squeak for help. Little would try to pull him out by the tail, and Tiny would push his nose.

Big was very headstrong and was always in trouble. One night their father and mother showed them a trap that had been set to catch them, and told them not to go near it, but to run about the shelves and get their food. Big kept thinking of the nice piece of cheese he saw in the trap, and wondered if he could get it without being caught. He walked around the trap, so he put one paw in very carefully, when, snap went the trap.

Oh! how he did squeak. His father and mother came running to him as fast as they could. "What did I tell you," said his father.

"Oh! my paw, my paw," cried poor Big; "it will break off; get it out, quick."

His father and mother ran on top of the trap, when snap, snap, snap, went the trap, and off they ran; but poor Big's squeaks soon brought them back, and they tried again. This time there was no snapping of the trap, and his father put his front paws on the wire that was raised, and his mother did the same, and after a hard push together, they opened the spring, and Big pulled his paw out. He limped away with Little on one side of him and his mother on the other, but the father called them back. "You can eat the cheese now," he said, "the trap is harmless; all of the wires are sprung, help me push it over." So they did as he told them, and had a feast.

"But where is Tiny," asked the mother. "He was eating a hole in a mince pie when we left the shelf," replied the father; "we had better go and find him." And away they all ran to th eshelf, Big following behind.

"This was the pie," said the father, "but I do not see him." Just then the pie moved.

"He is inside that pie," said the mother. "Tiny," she squeaked, "you come out this instant. He'll be sick," she said. "I do believe he has eaten his way around the filling." Just then out poked a very much besmeared nose, and then out came Tiny. He could hardly walk, he had eaten so much, and as it was a brandy flavored mince pice, he could not see very well as he crawled to the shelf and lay down.

"You get up this minute," said the mother, "and come home," and she took one paw and the father the other, and they led him along. Big and Little followed. "Did it hurt you much," asked Little, "when the trap caught you?"

"No answered Big, very bravely, "those traps are not as bad as father tries to make us believe, and I am going out alone tomorrow; I am tried of tagging along behind father and mother; you better come with me."

The next night the father and mother went out and left the three little mice at home. "Now is our chance," said Big, "come on, I know where there is a large house with plenty of food, and no cats or traps. Gray Mouse told me the maids are careless and never put away the food, and if you do not run about in the day time they do not care what you do at night." "I want to go," said Tiny.

"You can't," said Big; "you are too small."

"Squeak, squeak," cried Tiny. "I want to go," and he squeaked so loud they had to take him with them, but as they were crossing the yard a cat ran after them and Tiny just escaped being caught. This frightened him so that he ran home as fast as he could go.

Big and Little reached the house Gray Mouse had told Big about, when Little became frightened at some noise he heard and tried to get Big to go home. "You are a baby," said Big, "go home if you want to, I'm going out into the world for myself; come along, Little; don't be afraid." But Little was homesick, and ran back to his home.

Big reached the closet in the big house and such a feast as he had. There was a dish of cheese, just as though they had expected him, and there were nuts, all shelled, and cake, with frosting such as he liked. He nibbled until he was quite full, then he crawled into a hole and slept all day. The next night he wandered forth again. There were cheese and some crusts of bread; that was all. He jumped to the floor and ran into the dining room, thinking the food had been left on the table, but the room was empty. Then he went into another room, but that was empty, also, and he found all the rooms quite bare. Then he knew what had happened; the family had moved out. His heart sank, for he did not know what to do; he did not want to go home, after boasting to Little of his courage.

He went into his hole, and the next night looked on the shelf again, but it was quite bare. He found another hole in the closet and went in, and he ran along the wall until he came to an opening and when he put his nose out of that he smelled cheese; he followed the scent, when suddenly he came upon a trap, and he could see the tail of a mouse sticking out. This frightened him dreadfully, and he ran to the hole as fast as he could.

He was very hungry now, but he did not dare go out of the hole, as it was day light by this time. The next night all he had was a few crumbs he found on a shelf, and the next week he did not find much to eat. Everywhere he went there were traps and cats. Poor Big was geting very thin, and he thought many tmies of his father and mother and Little and Tiny.

One night he was very hungry and he ventured where he smelled food, and there he saw Little eating a piece of cheese. He had returned to his own home without knowing it.

"Hello, Little," he squeaked, faintly. Little looked at him and dropped his cheese and ran. In a minute he returned with his father and mother and Tiny.

"It is his ghost," his mother said, and began to cry. Tiny hid behind his mother and peeped out at Big.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's poor Big's spirit," sobbed his mother.

"No, mother, it is I," said Big; "don't you know me?"

He had grown so thin they did not know him, but his mother ran to him when he spoke and put her paws around him. "Oh, my poor Big," she cried, "you are nearly starved." They took him home and his father and Little brought him cheese and many nice things that mice like, and his mother fixed him a place to sleep, and in a few days he was as fat as the other members of the family, and when his father and mother took him out at night for food he did not have any desire to run away and hunt for himself. He had learned a lesson which he did not soon forget.

HOW MR. FOX WAS CAUGHT.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It had been a hard winter for Mr. Fox. He had not found it easy to enter the barnyard of the farmer on the hill on account of the big watchdog, who seemed to sleep with one eye open and always saw Mr. Fox creeping over the hill. So when spring came Mr. Fox was far from being in the condition he liked to be and, besides that, he was hungry. Under the hill not farm from the farm house lived Madam Goose and her 10 little goslins. The house had been well locked at night all the winter, but now it was warmer. Mr. Fox wondered if she might not have a window open, or perhaps the door might not be so tightly closed.

"I believe I will pay my respects to Madam Goose," he said one night. "I have never seen her goslins and I fear she may feel that I have slighted her. I have called several times on Mrs. Brown Hen and the others who have new broods, and if she heard about my calls she would of course feel hurt if I passed her door." Mr. Fox straightened his collar and put on his high hat, then he took his cane from behind the door and started for the home of Madam Goose. "That looks to me like Mr. Fox coming over the hill," said Madam Goose to herself. She was looking out of her window just before going to bed and saw the top of Mr. Fox's high hat. Madam Goose blew out the light and toucked the clothes more snugly around her 10 little goslins; then she ran downstairs and made sure the windows were fastened. Then Madam Goose went to the door and did a very strange thing—she unlocked the door. "He thinks he is a very smart fellow," she said to herself as she went up the stairs again, "but he may find out tonight that I have a few ideas of my own if he comes too near that door."

Mr. Fox did come close to the door. He walked boldly up to it and knocked twice with his cane; of course, he did not try it, he was too polite to do that until he had knocked. Madam Goose put her head out of the upper window. "Who is there?" she asked. "Good evening, dear Madam Goose," said Mr. Fox, lifting his high hat. "I came to pay my respects. I have been so busy this winter that I could not attend to all my social duties. I also heard that your goslins were the very handsomest that had been seen around here in many years, and I feel quite ashamed of myself for not calling to see them before this."

"You are quite right, Mr. Fox, my little ones are as nice and plump as any goslins I ever saw, if I do say it myself, but you must know that at this hour any wise mother would have put her children in bed hours ago. You are most kind to call, but if you wish to see my handsome, plump goslins, you must call again in the daytime, Mr. Fox." "I am sorry I did not get around sooner, said Mr. Fox, scratching his head and wondering what excuse he could make to get into the house. "You see, Madam Goose, I do not go out much in the day time; the light is not good for my eyes, and the doctor told me to go out only at night." "He must be a very foolish doctor," replied Mrs. Goose; "you will strain your eyes more at night; you have to look so much harder to find what you are looking for." Mr. Fox pretended not to hear this last remark.

"I will try to get around in the day time soon," he said, "but now that I am here I will stop a while and chat with you. How have you spent the winter?" "Oh, I have had a very quiet time," replied Madam Goose. "With knitting for 10 and mending and baking you must know that I have very little time to run about and gossip with my neighbors. But I did hear you tried to call on my friends in the barnyard." "Yes! Yes," said Mr. Fox, twirling his hat on his cane. "I did try several times to call, and each time I would meet some neighbor who was on his way to my home and I had to turn back. I wonder if we could chat better, Madam Goose, if you came down here?" "Why don't you come in," asked Madam Goose, "you will find the door unlocked, I think. Go right in and I will be down." Mr. Fox was so completely surprised by this invitation that he did not stop to think, as he usually did, but tried the door and sure enough it opened. He stepped in and then before he knew what was happening he found himself in the cellar on his back. He made such a racket that all the little goslins jumped out of bed. "Oh! mother, dear, what has happened?" they cried all at once. "Has old Mr. Fox come to carry us off?"

"Hush! Husn," said their mother. "Get back into your beds or he will, for he is this minute in the cellar." The 10 little goslins jumped into bed in a hurry, I can tell you, when they heard this, and covered up their heads. Madam Goose went softly downstairs and looked about. Right in front of the door was a hole in the floor, and Madam Goose tiptoed to the edge of it and looked down into the cellar. Mr. Fox was sitting up rubbing his head. "Are you hurt," asked Madam Goose, when she was sure she was safe. Mr. Fox looked up, "I am almost kiled," he said. "You should keep your floors in better repair, Madam Goose. Perhaps you will be kind enough to tell me how I can get out of here. I do not see any stair." "You will have to get out the way you got in," said Madam Goose. "That board is always loose, but it is plenty strong enoug to hold me or anyone who should come in here. You are caught, Mr. Fox, and by a goose, too; think it over while I call Mr. Dog. He has been waiting to catch you all winter, but it seems he has not been quite smart enough after all." Off ran Madam Goose to tell the dog, and Mr. Fox knew that his minutes were numbered.

"WHY ALICE CHANGED HER MIND."

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I do not want to go to school this morning," said Alice. "I wish I could stay at home as you do, mother, and not have to study."

"And I wish I could go to school instead of staying at home this morning," replied her mother.

"Why, mother, what a thing to wish," said Alice. "You would have to study and mind the teacher, and now you do not have to mind any one, and can do just as you like. I shall be glad when I am grown up and can stay at home."

"You may stay at home today," said her mother, "if you will promise to follow me everywhere I go and see how much fun I have.

"Oh, that will be great sport," said Alice, throwing her books on the table.

"The grocer's man is here for the order," said the maid.

"Come," said her mother, "I must go to the kitchen."

Alice went to the kitchen and listened to her mother give the order for the day's supplies and after that the order for the day's work to the maid.

"Baby must be dressed to go for his morning ride," said her mother, and they went upstairs. "I will stay at home," said Alice, when her mother started out with the baby in his carriage.

"Oh, no," said her mother, "you must follow me today; that was the agreement and first we must go to market and order the meat for dinner."

Alice went along, but when her mother came out of the market she asked, "Are we going home now?"

"No, I must go to the paperhanger's shop and select the paper for the rooms to be papered next week," her mother replied.

When they reached home it was time for lunch and Alice sat down on the veranda.

"We must put baby in his crib," said her mother, "come upstairs."

"I am tired," said Alice.

"I know, dear, but you wanted to change places with me," said her mother, "and you must do all the things that I have to do to know how much fun I have."

Alice followed, and when the baby was in his crib she followed her mother downstairs to get his bottle, then upstairs again to give it to the baby.

While they were eating their lunch Alice asked: "What are you going to do this afternoon, mother?"

"After I change my dress I have some mending to do," replied her mother, "and then I shall go out; I have a call to make."

"I think I will go to school this afternoon," said Alice.

"I thought you wanted to stay at home today and follow me," said her mother; "you have only had half of the day."

"I did not think you did so much work," said Alice.

"I have not worked much today," her mother replied. "I take the baby out every pleasant day, but usually in the morning I care for all the rooms upstairs as well. This morning I had an easy time. Don't you think it is fun going to market and walking with baby?"

"No, I do not," said Alice. "I thought you sat on the veranda and read.

That night when Alice was telling her father about the experience she had in the morning, her mother heard her say: "Father, mother does not sit on the veranda and read; she works all the time. I thought when little girls grew up they could stay at home and do anything they liked and didn't have to mind any one."

"That is one way of looking at it," her father replied, "but when most of the little girls grow up they have a duty to perform in caring for a home and children. They may not have to mind any one, as you say, but they have other things to do, and while they are not told to do them, they have to be done."

"If I shall have all the things to do that mother does," said Alice, "I better go to school and play while I can, for when I am grown up I shall never have a minute for anything but looking after the house."

"It is not so hard as that, dear," said her mother. "I would not give up the joy and happiness I get from my home and children for all the world, but I did not want you to think that all there was in life was fun, as you called it, after you were grown up."

HOW THE PANSIES GOT THEIR DRESSES.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Once upon a time there was a very rich man who was so fond of flowers that he built a house in the center of a large plot of ground and surrounded it with flowers of all kinds, and there he lived all alone with a gardener and his flowers.

The house was covered with beautiful pink and red rambler roses, which were separated by vines of white honeysuckle.

There were roses of all kinds growing near the door and graceful lillies lent their waxen beauty to the scene. There were also to be seen the hyacinth, poppy, hellotrope, geranium, the modest little violet in white and blue and flowering bulbs of every kind.

One day the rich man said to his gardener:

"You must find me a new flower; these are very beautiful, but I must have something new."

The poor old gardener was in despair. "Master," he said, "I have been north and south, east and west, and all over the country, and you have growing around you all the different flowers I can find. I do not know where to look for a new flower."

"Go," said his master, "and do not return until you find a new flower."

The poor man went into his garden wringing his hands and weeping as he walked along. "What shall I do to please him," he asked. "I know of no other flower and I shall be without a home in my old age, for I dare not return without the flowers for which he asks." And the poor old man sat down upon the ground and wept.

"Perhaps we can help you," said a voice beside him, and he saw through his tears a group of fairies.

"But I have found for him all the flowers that grow," said the old gardener. "Unless you can tell me where to go to find a new kind, I am lost."

"You have pansies," said the fairy, "but only in white. Why not have them in colors?"

"But where will I get them," asked the old man.

"Leave that to us," the fairy replied. "Dry your eyes and go into your house and sleep, and in the morning look where the white pansies grow."

That night, when everything was still, the fairies hurried through the garden to the bed of white pansies.

"We must be careful not to color all of them," said the leader, "for the white pansy is very pretty; but I am sure the master of this garden will be satisfied when he sees the beautiful colors we put on the others."

Then each fairy began her work on a pansy. Some were colored a rich yellow with dashes of black, others were given a deep purple, while others were colored in three shades and some were left with white centers and tinted on the outer edge with soft colors of violet.

The next morning the old gardener went to the pansy bed and his eyes popped out with surprise and admiration. He danced and he sang in his wild delight at the beautiful sight, and ran towards the house making such a noise that his master jumped out of bed and ran to the door to meet him.

"My master!" he cried, "I have found the new flower; come quickly and behold it! His master followed him with all speed possible, and when he beheld the beautiful sight he embraced the old man and told him he should live in comfort the rest of his life, for he was satisfied with this new flower and felt sure that there was nothing more beautiful to be found.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Send for the doctor at once," said the bantam. "It will surely have to be attended to by one who is wise in the line of medicines," and the bantam strutted about in a manner which plainly said: "I always think of the right thing to do first. Off scampered the brown hen and the speckled hen as fast as their two legs would carry them to the office of Dr. Drake, down by the pond. Now what had happened was this: When the barn yard fowl went to drink from their pan of water that morning they found that it had a queer taste and in the bottom of the pan was something white. The gray hen discovered it first, for she took a deep drink and almost choked. Her throat smarted and she stretched her neck and ran about the yard cackling at a great rate. Then the brown hen very cautiously took a sip and stepped away from the pan. "It is salt," she said; "sometbody has filled our pan with salt. What shall we do?" All the hens and the rooster had gathered around by this time, and the rooster added his opinion to that of the brown hen. "It is salt," he said; "now, how shall we get it out?" Then it was that the bantam spoke and said it was a case for the doctor.

Dr. Drake waddled as fast as he could to the scene of the trouble and adjusted his glasses and looked very wise. "Now tell me all about how it happened and when you first discovered it," he said. All the hens began at once to tell how gray hen went to the pan and how she nearly died from being poisoned, but they talked so fast and made such a noise that the doctor could not understand a word. "Gently, gently, my dear madams," he said at last. "With such a cackling I cannot collect my thoughts and shall not be able to give you my best advice. Let one of them speak at a time."

"I think I should be the one to tell it," said gray hen, "as I was the one who first discovered the dreadful thing." "But I was the one who told you all what to do," said the bantam; "I am the one to tell the doctor about the trouble." "I will tell him myself," said the rooster, strutting up to Dr. Drake. "It was like this," he began; "gray hen tasted a peculiar flavor to the water in our drinking pan this morning and took on in the most dreadful manner, so I thought it my duty to investigate and found someone had put salt in our pan. Now we have called you to see what can be done to take away the dreadful taste."

"Yes, yes, quite right," said the doctor, looking very wise and opening his medicine case. "I think I have the very thing right here," he went on as he took out a bottle and dropped into the pan a few drops of liquid. "There," he said, stirring it, "now taste it, Mr. Rooster, and I am sure you will find the water all right once more." The hens ran to the pan and dipped in their bills, but they stepped back and shook themselves as though to get rid of the taste. "It is worse than ever," said gray hen. "Just awful," said brown hen. "Strange, strange," said Dr. Drake, shaking his head. "That medicine was never known to fail before. "I'll try this; it is a cure-all." But the hens said the water tasted worse than at first, and while Dr. Drake tried one thing after another, they could see no improvement.

"What is all this fuss about," said the dog, who had suddenly discovered the group and ran to find out the cause.

"That is easy enough to remedy," he said, after hearing the story. "If you are such a wise doctor," he said to the drake, "I should have thought you would have known what to do at once."

"Well, what is to be done?" asked all the hens in chorus.

"Why, pour out the salt and water that is in the dish and fill it with clear, fresh water," replied the dog, walking away with a look of disgust as he passed Dr. Drake.

"These new doctors," he said to himself, "never think of simple remedies; they think them too old-fashioned to be worth trying."

Wash Day.

Walt Mason, in Judge.

In those olden, golden days, which the bards and dreamers praise, Monday was a day of dread, and the housewife left her bed before the break of dawn; then she "put the boiler on," carried water by the ton, and the day's work was begun.

O'er the washboard then she bent, as the long hours slowly went; and she rubbed and rinsed and wrung, till upon the line were hung all the children's Sunday clothes, whiter than the driven snows. Oh, she rinsed and wrung and rubbed, where the heaps of clothes were tubbed, till her back was warped with pain and an ache was in her brain; in the steam and suds she toiled, and her hands and arms were boiled, and the world semed shorn of hope, for her hair was full of soap.

When the husband came at noon, keen to ply the fork and spoon, keen to wield the carving knife, he would grumble at the wife, for no banquet had been spread, and he had to eat dry bread, with perchance a slice of beef; and he loudly voiced his grief. He rebuked that household plan which would force a hungry man to consume such victuals stale as they serve to men in jail. And the children raised complaint; hunger made them sick and faint, and they sighed, with broken hearts, that there were no pies or tarts.

So the housewife toiled and wrought, in the water, bubbling hot; toiled away, distressed and weak, in the steam clouds and the reek, till the long, dark day was done, and her hour of rest was won. When she went to her repose, she could taste the steaming clothes; in her dreams she tried to cope with tht wash tub and the soap. This was wash day in the time oft embalmed in poet's rhyme, in the olden, golden days, shining through a mystic haze.

In this unromantic time wash day isn't such a crime. For electric currents turn cunning little wheels that churn soap and water through the clothes, and the wringer gayly goes; and the housewives sit and read helpful books like "Kim" or "Queed," while the cranks and cogwheels buzz, doing work no giant does. And the husbands get their meals when the clock the noon hour peals, and the children, bless their hearts! do not pine away for tarts; and at eve unwearied dames come forth ready for some games of lawn tenins or croquet—washing done and put away!

When the latest Zeppelin airship cruised over Berlin it made hardly any noise. In the past the airships of this type have been conspicuous for the disturbance they created.

The forest service collected 40,000 pounds of tree seed last year for use in reforestation work. The total area reforested was about 30,000 acres.

ARGENTINA'S TWO GODS.

Pleasure and Commerce Worshiped in Southern Republic.

In Argentina as nowhere else in South America we see the Twentieth century symbolized. Through her territory runs most of the trans-Andine railway. At the Andean end of the city of Mendoza is the wine-growing country of South America. Here 100,000 people are growing rich on the fine vineyards. Along the railway great cities are rising like San Luis. In fact, we find the big towns now nearly all touched by some railway.

There are two great trunk lines besides the trans-Andine. The southern one from Buenos Ayres touches at La Plata, Azu, Bahia Blanca, and terminates at Neuquen in Patagonia. The northern trunk line goes to Rosario and on to Santiago del Estero, to Tucuman and Jupuy, and terminates in Bolivia at Lachiaca. Only 50 miles remain of this railway to be finished, and then there will be a second transcontinental railway in South America from Buenos Ayres to Mollendo in Peru.

Thus Argentina is a nation in the making. The Argentines have ceased to be Europeans and have not yet a distinctive nationality. But they are very proud of their great city, Buenos Ayres, and of their boundless plains. Patriotism is a mania among the Argentines. The magnitude of their interests secures against the recurrence of civil war. The optimism of the people insures all kinds of progress in the future. The wealth and bounty of the land will make a great nation like France or Germany, perhaps with the artistic and literary genius of Italy and Spain transplanted to the new world.

The outlook for the future in this great republic south of the equator may well make one believe that in a century at least the Argentine Republic will be to the Latin people what the United States will be to the Anglo-Teutonic race.

SOUTH AMERICAN CHURCH IS CIVILIZING POWER

By Theodore Roosevelt, in the Scribner.

A very short experience of communities where there is no church ought to convince the most heterodox of the absolute need of a church. I earnestly wish that there could be such an increase in the personnel and equipment of the Catholic church in South America as to permit the establishment of one good and earnest priest in every village or little community in the far interior. Nor is there any inconsistency between this wish and the further wish that there could be a marked extension and development of the native Protestant churches, such as I saw established here and there in Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina, and of the Y. M. C. A. The bulk of these good people who prefer religion will continue to be Catholics, but the spiritual needs of a more or less considerable majority will best be met by the establishment of Protestant churches, or in places even of a Positivist church or Ethical Culture society. Not only is the establishment of such churches a good thing for the body politic as a whole, but a good thing for the Catholic church itself; for their presence is a constant spur to activity and clean and honorable conduct, and a constant reflection on sloth and moral laxity. The government in each of these commonwealths is doing everything possible to further the cause of education, and the tendency is to treat education as peculiarly a function of government and to make it, where the government acts, nonsectarian, obligatory and free—a cardinal doctrine of our own great democracy, to which we are committed by every principle of sound Americanism. But no democracy can afford to overlook the vital importance of the ethical in life; and in practice the average good man grows clearly to understand this, and to express the need in concrete form by saying that no community can make much headway if it does not contain both a church and a school.

Bad Teeth.

From the Baltimore News.

How many people realize the dangers of bad teeth. At a hopeful estimate, about one in 10,000. Every one knows that a toothache is about the most villainous pain human beings are called on to endure, and that a sore tooth always feels about an inch longer than any of its fellows. There public information on this matter stops; and, unfortunately, some doctors are not much wiser. Decayed or badly filled teeth may cause a whole host of troubles without their bad work being suspected by the patient. Pus pockets often form at the roots of such teeth, and poison the whole system by constant discharge of virulent germs. Many persistent headaches are due to this slow, unsuspected poisoning. Joint troubles usually diagnosed under the omnibus title of "rheumatism" have been traced to the same source, and it is worth noting that this particular form of rheumatism is very frequently followed by heart affections, sometimes of a very serious nature.

Good teeth are almost priceless possessions. But a tooth that has a pus pocket at the root and is emptying a steady stream of disease germs into the system is not much less vicious than a chronically inflamed appendix.

Race Horse Eccentricities.

A racing friend has been telling me some interesting facts about the friendships of horses. The derby winner, Spearmint, refused to be boxed without a black cat, and at Cheltenham my friend saw the notable hurdler, Vermouth, walking up to the course in the company of a very ordinary looking goat.

Vermouth is very nervous and excitable, and the goat always travels by train or road with him. He only cost a few shillings, and has been a splendid mascot, for Vermouth has recently won two $5,000 handicaps, whereas, before the goat's purchase, he was a notable failure.

The handicap winner, Chili II, was sent last summer to South America with Craganour. Resenting the company of such a terrible "Jonah," Chili became incorrigible and refused to eat. A lamb was introduced into his box as a regular companion, and the horse at once mended his ways and became tractable—quite lamblike, in fact.

Honor to the Great Silent.

From the New York Mail.

A statue of William the Silent is to be erected on Riverside drive by the descendants in this country of the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam.

This valiant and enlightened Dutchman, who laid the foundation for the Dutch republic and the independent kingdom which followed it, is well worthy of a statue in New Amsterdam. He was not merely the father of modern Holland—he was the father, on the continent of the doctrines of toleration and of intellectual and religious liberty for which Holland has stood for centuries. England, France, all Europe, and in a high degree America, profited by William's devotion to the cause of liberty and nationality.

All this, as we have said, richly entitles William the Silent to a statue here. And then again, he was a silent man. His effigy will stand near the tomb of Grant. On this clamorous island, we do well to honor the silent great.