

Col. House, Who Speaks With a Straight Tongue

Charles Willis Thompson in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Why would it not be a good idea to begin talking Col. Edward M. House at the moment? There is this to be said in favor of the idea, that, revolutionary as it is, persons who have tried it have never gone wrong.

Some newspaper commentators, however, will by no means accept such a kludgical, straightforward and simple way out of their troubles; and whenever Colonel House reappears on the surface of affairs after a long dive under them these commentators insist on viewing his statements through a glass darkly.

Colonel House does not lie to newspaper men, which is a fact not universally true of persons in the public eye. He is given to withholding information from them, but on the rare occasions when he lets a line or two dribble out the line is correct. He has uttered perhaps as many as 2 sentences for publication in the last five years. It is not a large number, but there was not a lie in any of them.

His Judgment of Value.
Colonel House has been visiting the men at the helm of war, and he has reported to President Wilson everything that he thought the president should know. That much is certain, because when he was in Europe he said so himself. The assumption that he had gone there as a special presidential envoy to "talk peace" was pure guesswork. Evidently he was not going to confine himself to conversations about the weather when he saw Asquith, Lloyd George, Kitchener, Poincaré, Delcassé, Viviani, Jagow, Bethmann, Jolliffe and Zimmermann, all of whom he did see. Certainly he was going to talk about the war and communicate with the president about it; probably he was going to tell those whom he visited things that the president had told him, or ask them questions, the answers to which he would send to the president. What phase of the war was he going to talk to them about? Why, peace; and on that stately guess the whole theory was erected, and has grown into such an article of faith that Colonel House's rather heated denials can not disturb it. Yet there are several other sides of the war concerning which the president might desire either to get or to give information.

His Words Are Golden.
Colonel House is a man whose words are few, and when he does consent to drop one it is worth its weight in gold; not only because he tells the truth, but because his judgment and insight are very great. It was the perception of this fact that bound the president to him. The president relies more on his judgment than on anyone else's, because he has found it always right; and with this keen judgment and insight goes a wonderfully clarifying power of statement and an imper-

sonal and an objective way of looking at a situation which makes his views on any question things of golden value.

This being the case, Colonel House's few words on his return from Europe are worth a ton of language from other returning tourists. Let us get them together:

"There is a general spirit of hopelessness, or at least no spirit of hopefulness, for peace. Every one in England and on the continent is tired of the war, but there is no lessening of popular support among the masses of each warring nation. I cannot say that there is any feeling that peace is near.

"I don't think the United States ever had the job of peacemaker.

"I did not talk peace, and that was not my mission abroad. The report is the biggest piece of nonsense I have heard."

A Noiseless Personage.
What he did while he was abroad will come out when he and President Wilson are ready. His statement that he did not go there to talk peace is conclusive; what he did he does not know, but it is pretty certain that it was important. Whenever he goes anywhere it is assumed that he was sent by the president; it is equally possible that he goes at his own suggestion and for his own purposes, approved by the president. Colonel House is no messenger boy; he is a man who plays a part in events. Instead of assuming that he is merely a pair of legs for the president, it might be as well to assume sometimes that he suggests ideas and plans that commend themselves to the president.

He is such a very noiseless personage that perhaps he is underestimated. It seems incredible that any man should be in politics and not want anything. From the time when it became known that he was the president's next friend everybody has been trying to find out what he wanted. He doesn't want anything—not in that sense. It is strange, but it seems to be true, that here is a man of great influence and much strength of character who wants simply to benefit the country.

He does not seem to be a reformer or a philanthropist; yet, as he once said in one of his rare lapses into speech, it is "not men but measures" that enlist him. Most surely he is not a "reactionary." He appears to be a new sort of collector; an amateur of legislation and politics. He has not been active in business for some years; some men collect pictures or found libraries; here is a millionaire who finds another interest in his more leisurely years. In imagining such a man one would think of him as an energetic busybody, putting his finger into every political pie; but Colonel House is a discriminating connoisseur. If pictures were his hobby he would not spend all his time rushing around art galleries.

The "Lady Cop" of Tonopah.
In the "Interesting People" department of the American Magazine appears an article about Mrs. Jehn McNamara, who is known as the "Lady Cop" of Tonopah, Nev. She polices a mining camp. Ex-officio, she is the wife of a lawyer and the mother of three children. Following is an extract from the article about her:

"Before Tonopah knew Mrs. McNamara it knew but two types of women: one mentioned that stayed in homes up on the hill, protected by some male—a father, a brother, a husband—and the other type, down in the gulch, unmentionable and unprotected by anyone.

"For some time there had languished in the camp a woman's club, few in numbers and insignificant in influence. In fact, its existence was practically unknown to the politicians.

"The Woman's club appeared before the county commissioners, told them the conditions surrounding youth in the camp, and asked for the appointment of a woman police officer.

"Well, who?" snapped a male. "There ain't a real lady in the camp as would take the job."

"The women looked at one another. They had not thought that it would be put up to them to choose. The politician rubbed his hands. 'There ain't a lady as would take it,' he repeated. 'Up spoke Mrs. McNamara. 'I'll take it.'"

"Who are you?" demanded the commissioner. "Just Mrs. McNamara."

"The politicians did not know her. For years she had lived quietly up on the hill with her husband and three babies, keeping house by day and reading law by night. Only the grocery man, the postoffice clerk and the butcher knew her, among the men.

"They tried me out," she said. "When they saw I wasn't afraid and they couldn't scare me out of my job, they decided to put up with me the best they could, like a necessary evil."

"I went around with her one night. 'I watched her after I bade her good night—an energetic figure in its long blue coat and tight-fitting cap. I watched her climb a steep trail till the big, looming mountains seemingly swallowed her up.'

"Exclusive" Gowns Are Duplicates.
Washington—Society has had another illustration of the fallacy of exclusive designs in gowns, even when buying direct from the Paris designers and paying duty through custom houses. Not since the Countess von Bernstorff, wife of the German ambassador, and Mrs. Stephen G. Elkins greeted each other in twin creations of black satin and steel beads at one of last year's most formal dinners has there been such a surprise as confronted Mrs. Samuel Hale Pearson, wife of one of the leading bankers of the Argentine, when she met one of Washington's widely known women at a party. She was wearing an up-to-the-minute creation of black chiffon and burnished silver.

Mrs. Pearson was the guest of honor at a tea at the Argentine embassy. Miss May Patten was one of the guests invited to meet the South American visitor, who is handsome and distinguished in the Spanish type of her native land. Also, being a woman of much reserve, she apparently was unconscious of the fact that her Paris gown, right from the Rue de La Paix to Buenos Aires, and worn for the first time during her Washington visit, had a duplicate in the gown of Miss Patten, which also was right from Paris and worn for the first time at the Argentine embassy.

LENGTH OF LIFE IS INCREASING

United States Is Shown to Lead the World in Centenarians.

EFFECTS OF OCCUPATION

More Women Than Men Live to Extreme Age—Proportion of Centenarians Does Not Vary From One Census to Another.

New York World: The United States, according to the last census, has 3,536 persons who are 100 years of age or over.

This, in a population of 76,000,000, is more than twice as many centenarians as are in Germany, France, England, Scotland and Serbia, with a combined population of 133,250,000.

Germany, with a population of 55,000,000, has 773; France, with 46,000,000, has 213; England, with 35,000,000, has 143; Scotland, with a population of 4,000,000, has 46, while Serbia, with only 2,250,000 people, has 576 persons who have reached the age of 100 years.

Of the 3,536 centenarians in the United States 1,299 are men and 2,237 are women. The native-born number 3,117. Of these 1,098 are males and 2,019 are females.

The foreign-born number 419. Of these 191 are males and 228 females.

The native white number 166 males and 304 females.

The native white with native parents number 147 males and 274 females.

The native white with foreign parents comprise 24 males and 30 females.

The foreign white number 179 males and 213 females.

The total colored, which include Chinese, Japanese and Indians, number 944 males and 1,730 females.

The negroes alone number 336 males and 1,067 females.

There are 113 Indian centenarians in the United States, two Chinese and one Japanese.

These figures in the census are scheduled as "for the mainland of the United States."

The negroes comprise 72.3 per cent of our human century-plus population. The census bureau, however, says that the rest of the colored people are subject to considerable discount, for it is notable that the old negroes do not report their ages correctly, especially when they think they are in the neighborhood of 100.

Ratio Does Not Vary.
The proportion of male and female centenarians does not vary with the census. More than three-fifths of the total are women and more than one-half the entire number come under the head of colored. These proportions have held good for four censuses.

Of the foreign born centenarians in the United States 49 per cent are Irish, 16.4 per cent German, 8.4 per cent Canadians, 6.6 per cent English, 2 per cent Japanese and 1 per cent Chinese. The following table, compiled by the Hundred-Year club, indicates the number of centenarians in the United States and the ages they have attained:

Age	Number
100 years old.....	1,596
101 years old.....	264
102 years old.....	205
103 years old.....	129
104 years old.....	213
105 years old.....	246
106 years old.....	114
107 years old.....	73
108 years old.....	90
109 years old.....	50
110 years old.....	215
111 to 119 years old.....	39
120 years old.....	8
121 years old.....	3
122 years old.....	2
123 years old.....	1
124 years old.....	1
125 years old.....	1
126 years old.....	1
127 years old.....	1
128 years old.....	1
129 years old.....	1
130 years old.....	1

The World recently interviewed twenty of these centenarians, ranging in years from 100 to 131. Twelve were women and eight men. They were asked to tell "how to live to be a hundred."

How to Live 100 Years.
Each gave his or her rule for attaining a great age. All agreed:

That excesses of all kinds should be avoided.

That worry should be absolutely banished and cheerfulness promoted.

That hard work in the open air was an essential rule.

That regularity of habit was necessary. Ten, including four of the women, used liquor and tobacco and approved their moderate use.

All insisted that the chief requisite for long life was hard work. Each of the centenarians had worked hard, 15 of them in the open air most of the time, from youth to old age.

All save one declared that marriage promoted longevity.

The latter statement is borne out by recent American statistics relating to 129 centenarians. To 39 women centenarians 367 children were born, or an average of 7.5 children each. To 29 men centenarians 225 children were born, an average of 7.7 children each.

Twenty women centenarians had four children each. Twenty-one men centenarians had three children each. Only one centenarian of either sex had but one child.

Only one centenarian, a woman, of the 129, was unmarried.

Of 530 centenarians interviewed by American newspapers in the last two years practically all have given the same rules for long life. These are:

Regular habits; hard work; plenty of exercise; simple food; marriage, and avoidance of worry.

SHUNNED BY THE MEXICANS

Caves Supposed to Be "Possessed by the Devil," into Which None Willingly Enter.

"Ancient caves in different parts of Mexico often contain the skulls and bones of former inhabitants, whether prehistoric or of later times, sometimes containing fine fashioned flint implements.

"The natives, as a rule, fear to go into these places. 'Do not enter, senior,' they will say, as, with Anglo-Saxon lack of superstition you determine to explore them; 'some evil befalls those who meddle with the remains of the dead.'

"And if they are prevailed upon to assist they cross themselves devoutly before descending or entering. Weird tales they unfold afterward of men who have gone into such places and found their exit barred by some evil spirit, they themselves having been encountered dead and cold upon the cavern floor when discovered by their relatives, who had searched for the missing one!

"According to the peons, the scenes of murder or wickedness which may have taken place in such situations are enacted again to the terrified vision of the unhappy witness who had the temerity to venture into those places possessed of the devil, for the king of darkness is an ever-present and active element of the poor Mexican's superstitious world."

The Last Straw.

Mary Jane's master is a slightly eccentric bachelor. He has one most irritating habit. Instead of telling her what he wants done by word of mouth he leaves on his desk, or on the kitchen table, or anywhere else where she is likely to see it, a note curtly directing her to "Dust the dining room" or "Turn out my cupboard," and so on.

The other day he bought some newspaper, with the usual die-sunk added imprinted upon it, from the stationer, and ordered it to be sent home.

Mary Jane took it in, and the first thing that caught her eye was a note attached to the package. She read it open-eyed.

"Well," she said, "he's asked me to do a few things in his blessed notes, but this is the limit. I won't stand it no longer!"

For the note read: "Die Inside This Package."—London Mail.

What He Might Do.

A man dropped into a cafe one afternoon and saw his Scotch friend Sandy standing at the bar indulging in "a lone one." He walked up to the bar and greeted Sandy.

"Will you have another one with me?"


"No, thank you," said Sandy, "but you can pay for this one if you will."

Becoming Bald.
"Mamma, I want a new hairbrush."
"Why, Tommie?"
"Because my old one is getting bald."

There Are Others.
"Mars has high aims these hot times."
"Yes, and so has Mercury."

Russia has forbidden the export of poultry, dead or alive.

WAITING FOR YOU



Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son—an industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$30.00 per acre—get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

J. M. MacLachlan, Drawer 197, Watertown, S. D.;
W. V. Bennett, 220-17th St., Room 4, Lee Bldg., Omaha,
Neb., and R. A. Garrett, 311 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.

Canadian Government Agents

Some Refreshment.
An admiral, during the maneuvers at Newport, told a story at a garden party.

"The navy is as abstemious from ethical reasons," he began, "as old Stingee was from miserliness.

"Old Stingee was entertaining a boyhood friend one evening at his shore cottage. After a couple of hours of dry talk the old fellow said, genially: 'Would you like some refreshment—a cooling draft, say—George?'

'Why, yes, I don't care if I do,' said George, and he passed his hand across his mouth and brightened up wonderfully.

'Good!' said Old Stingee. 'I'll just open this window. There's a fine sea breeze blowing.'

Divided Ownership.
A gentleman while, taking a morning walk down a country lane met a boy driving some pigs to market.

"Who do these fine pigs belong to?" asked the gentleman.

"Well," said the boy, "they belong to that dead big sow."

"No, my boy," said the old gentleman; "I mean who is the master of them?"

"Well," replied the boy, "that their little un; 'es a beggar fer fighting."

Logical.
"Why are you so violently opposed to woman suffrage?"
"Women haven't got the intellect to grapple with problems of state. Why, even we men don't know what we're talking about half the time when we're discussing politics."

Counter Irritation.
"Does that man wake you up at six o'clock in the morning, running the lawn mower?"
"Not any more. I get up at five and ask him to lend it to me for an hour."

Would Hurt Business.
"Are you still selling those illuminated signs reading, 'Nix on war talk?'"
"No. I got discouraged and quit."
"What happened?"
"I tried to sell one to a saloon keeper."

Used Force.
Lady—Have you good reference?
Bridget—Foine! Oi held the poker over her till I got it!

Drink Denison's Coffee,
For your health's sake.

Railways in Spain total 9,377 miles

It's useless to be good unless you're good for something.

Uncle Sam is in duty bound to take care of his trade relations.

It isn't always the loser in a pugilistic contest that gets the swelled head.

Guineas were last issued in England in 1813.

British yeomanry forces were first instituted by Lord Chatham in 1761.

It is easy to pick out the man from the small town. He is the man who wears rubbers.

Oxen and sheep are believed to fatten better in company than when kept alone.

Your objection to special privilege probably is based on the fact that you are not permitted to enjoy it.

Some men climb up in the world, and a lot more remain at the bottom because the elevator isn't running.

When things fail to come our way we can turn about and follow the line of least resistance.

Love's Dilemma.
"They are both in love with you, Fantine. Which one do you prefer?"
"I can't decide to save my life," said the summer girl. "One has a gorgeous roadster and the other has a stunning motorboat."

His Aim.
"What are you doing down there at the clock in the hall at this time of morning?"
"Arbitration, m'dear; tryin' to stop a disastrous strike."



Lunch Prepared in a Jiffy

Now for a rest while waiting for John.

Post Toasties

are always ready to eat right from the package—sweet, crisp and tempting.

And what a relief from fussing around in a stuffy kitchen on hot days.

The lunch is a good one—and John likes to find the wife cool and comfortable.

Post Toasties are thin bits of white Indian corn toasted to a golden brown. Eat with cream and sugar—and some fresh berries—They are delicious.