

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal

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"He laughs best who laughs last." Which will it be, Underwood or Bryan?

Haiti's idea as to the proper disposal of ex-presidents is to export them.

If it is true that the vacuum cleaners exterminate fleas, every dog should have one.

Mr Almoth Wright, the eminent British physician, says too frequent bathing is dangerous. The small boy is right after all.

Dr. Anna Shaw is against taxing bachelors. Quite right. Other taxes are based on success, this would be imposed on failure.

Grover Cleveland's son is attending school in Switzerland. If Grover had had all these advantages, he would never have been president.

The automobilists complain about broken glass thrown on our highways. They are quite right. Even an automobilist is a human being.

The dark man we say buying Japanese lanterns in one of our stores the other night must be the Japanese spy. What more proof is needed?

The principal question we have about the recall is, as to whether the voters would get out the first time if it took a second election to decide it.

An Austrian spy has been nosing around in this country, but he was probably more interested in the manufacture of sausages than war ships.

Prof. Sargeant of Harvard says flowers will reform bad boys. Does this suggest the reason why it is customary to present turnips to barnstormers?

Gov. Baldwin of Connecticut favors the whipping post, but would it not be better to punish the prisoners more severely by making them do some honest work?

Julius Caesar Burrows begins to despair of the republic, but if the country goes to the demnition bow-wows, just think of all the jobs there will be for kennel keepers.

Kaiser William is going to review 140 German war vessels Sept. 5, but only about fourteen of them would be really necessary to protect German ports and property from hostile neighbors.

In view of the obstinate preference of most people for buying their poisons of the druggist rather than of the baker and the grocer, Mr. Taft would better go a little slow about bouncing "Doc" Wiley.

Parisian women have created the profession of dinner taster, in which they go around and advise the cooks. We would like to be in some safe place when they came around to advise our cooks.

Seattle elected a mayor and then recalled him. Now the voters of that city are recalling the mayor they elected in his place. Wouldn't it be just as well to take more pains and elect the right man the first time?

Annexation is figuring in the Canadian election, though no one around here wants Canada. Congress would have to get up at 10 a. m. to legislate for so many new states, and that could not be brought about.

A pet cat was recently buried in a silky lined, mahogany casket and a marble monument erected over its grave. Meanwhile the dearly loved children of the honest poor are laid in pine boxes in the potter's field.

The new coast defense gun which can shoot fifteen miles is wasting its time waiting for a suitable target. It would need to be a shining mark and about the size of an ordinary mountain to be of service at that distance.

George Perkins says trust competition means sweat shops and child labor. But surely our benevolent children are willing to work in the sweat shops so the down trodden millionaire can have his motor cars and steam yachts.

The proposal to substitute English for Greek in the schools of Prussia has aroused certain German scholars, but the emperor is said to favor the change. Why not? It is certainly substituting the "livest" language known for the deadeast.

Mr. Bryan's position is that if a referendum shows that he was wrong, he will apologize to Mr. Underwood. Mr. Underwood's is that Mr. Bryan owes it to himself to take the initiative in

the recall of remarks for which he had no sufficient foundation.

The news that the grand old forest of Achnacarry, the largest and finest fragment left of the primeval forest that once covered central Scotland, has been sold to a timber merchant and is likely to be felled is causing great sorrow in Scotland and England. The trees are enormous and very old.

It would be one of the surprises of the year 1912 if William Jennings Bryan should succeed in coming back again and being the candidate of his party. It hardly seems possible but it has to be admitted that Bryan is still strong with a large number of voters. His election, however, is out of the question.

It takes some coal to run the machinery down in Panama, as is shown by the contract just awarded the Pochontas Coal company of Virginia for 550,000 tons of semi-bituminous coal, one year's supply. A British steamship line will carry the coal to the isthmus from Newport News. Will the day ever come when such transportation can be done in American freighters?

Among the changes that Gen. Wood is making in army regulations, with the approval of President Taft, is much lighter punishment for young soldiers who, through home sickness, go home without permission and later return to take their medicine. The punishments inflicted in the past have been out of all proportion to the crime. The military prisons are to be reserved in future for real criminals—not for homesick boys.

With all this talk about the cost of living and the tax placed upon society by the great number of middle men which exist, it must be remembered that we are demanding much in the way of service and we must somewhere along the line pay the price. There needs to be an economy of time as well as money. It is becoming too easy and too natural to let the other fellow do a great many things that we could just as well do ourselves.

President Taft's message on the subject of disturbing the judiciary at times when it is most needed is clear and emphatic. He considers the independence of the judges of the land of far greater importance than the benefits to be derived by a sparsely settled territory from statehood. As time goes on even those who now disagree with the president on his veto will understand the logic of his position and give it their endorsement.

There seems little doubt that the Canadians will pass the reciprocity agreement, although there must first be a general election. There is not much danger, however, as to the results of the election. It is an important experiment. If it works out successfully, as a majority in both countries believe it will, it will be extended. If it proves unsuccessful it will be abrogated. But in any event there will be an increasing trade between two peoples so alike in tastes and separated only by an imaginary line.

An enormous dam is being constructed across the Mississippi from Keokuk, Ia., to the Illinois side. It will be the largest hydroelectric structure in the world and will furnish two hundred thousand horsepower. St. Louis, Kansas City, Springfield, Des Moines, Davenport, Rock Island and numerous other lesser cities are within the transmission limit for the use of this new power. A canal will make navigation possible round the dam, where there are now rapids that have made navigation impossible for large crafts. Thus the harnessing of the great river will serve a double purpose.

Postmaster General Hitchcock will recommend in his coming annual report the doing away with the weighing of mail matter by which rates for carrying it have been fixed by the railroads and giving compensation in accordance with the space required in the distribution and carriage of the mails together with the frequency of the service performed. In other words the postal department has come to the conclusion that the proper way for the government to do is to pay for the service that it actually gets. Mr. Hitchcock believes that under the new plan a saving of nine millions of dollars a year can be made.

That cholera scare, which only a month ago threatened New York and the whole country, has subsided and there is no longer any fear of its invasion this year. If we, as a people, have advanced in one way more than another during recent years it is in the care and protection of public health. It was not so long since great contagions of disease swept over the country and thousands died from them in a single season. A vessel bearing yellow fever or cholera patients, coming into New York harbor or any other of the Atlantic ports, was a signal of general despair and alarm because it was accepted that the disease would spread and much sorrow ensue. This year the cholera patients were taken care of who arrived in New York, and no contagion resulted. The country owes a great deal not only to the faithful officials at the metropolis for their care and alertness but as well to the thousands of medical men and health

officers and teachers and scientists who have been so effectively instilling the principles of modern hygiene into the public mind in recent years.

There is reason for special congratulation in the increasing value and dignity that is being placed upon special preparation for the diplomatic service of the United States. There was a time, we admit with shame, when diplomatic appointments were handed out as rewards for party service, with very little regard as to the fitness of the individual for the position. Those days are forever gone. Ambitious young men realize the change and are entering minor positions in the legations and embassies that they may by years of service become fitted for those of greater importance. A successful diplomatist must be a person of exceptional address, educated, cultured, a linguist and a compendium of general information. Especially must he be familiar with the manners, customs and governmental methods of the country to which he is accredited. But it is all worth while, for in American diplomacy is opportunity for a career of international prominence and celebrity.

TAFT UPHELD.

Congress stands pat with President Taft. The effort to override the president's veto on the wool bill has failed. The president, in his message, points out that the only intelligent thing to do is to await a report of the tariff commission, now making an investigation on a scientific basis, into the tariff. To act hastily now, without awaiting that report which will be available in December, would be a silly play to the galleries and not consistent with wise statesmanship.

HERE'S A SUGGESTION.

There is more human interest in the aeroplane today than in any other line of activity. A number of airship meets have been held in Nebraska, with varying success, but none that has yet been held would in any way detract from the interest that would center in a great airship exhibition in Norfolk this fall. For a couple of thousand dollars a line of flying of high order ought to be available, and such a program might furnish the feature of a fall festival which would give to the people of Norfolk's territory the entertainment that they crave once a year.

A famous band to make music and a live stock show, in which fine specimens of farm stock could be assembled, might also be drawing cards.

A POLITICAL LESSON.

As the balance of power, the insurgents in congress have been carrying things with a high hand. They have been able to dictate either to the republicans or democrats, neither of whom could act without them. But on Friday the regulars demonstrated to the insurgents that if they care to be branded as republicans, and to receive republican help, they must appreciate the fact that, all alone, the insurgent band is a mighty small caliber affair.

The republicans absented themselves, leaving the insurgents and the democrats with whom they have been making love, together. Seeing their opportunity, the democrats cut loose from their affinity and began voting through democratic measures. The insurgents, opposed to the measures, found themselves outvoted and helpless. They grumbled the faithless democrats and uttered angry words against the designing republicans who had thus left them in the lurch.

All of which demonstrates that the "balance of power," if it wants to get anywhere, must be faithful either to one side or the other in the fight that's on.

MADISON COUNTY TICKET.

Republicans of Madison county may well feel pleased over the result of the primary election held last Tuesday. A splendid ticket has been placed in the field—one which should command the support of every republican in the county at the election in November. This entire ticket should be given a very substantial majority and it will be if the republicans of the county will get into the harness.

S. R. McFarland has given a splendid administration as county clerk and is entitled to re-election. S. C. Blackman has demonstrated his ability in the office of register of deeds and should be elected to that position. William M. Darlington as deputy treasurer under F. A. Peterson's administration has proved his eminent ability and his training in the office has fitted him perfectly to take charge of the position. Mr. Darlington's nomination demonstrated his popularity in the county. W. H. Field, clerk of the district court, has made such an excellent record that he will be re-elected without opposition. H. G. Weygant, the nominee for county judge, is a pioneer resident of Madison county and will ably fill the office for which he is a candidate in a fearless and absolutely fair manner. Sheriff Smith has given such excellent satisfaction that he is to be re-elected without opposition, having been endorsed by the democrats. N. A. Housel has made a good record as county superintendent and has been endorsed by the republicans. A. J. Thatch is fully able to take care of the work of county surveyor. Dr. M. D. Baker has given good service as coroner. The republicans of the first commissioner dis-

trict have made an excellent selection in J. W. Fitch as candidate for county commissioner. Mr. Fitch is preeminently fitted to render conscientious and efficient service to the county in this capacity. The ticket is a strong one, from top to bottom.

AUGUST.

In many ways August is the crowning month of the year. It is a period of fruitions. And yet there is not that approach of the cooler weather of September that brings haunting reminders of the decline of the year. August is the high tide of nature's life, the full rounded consummation of her toils and her joys, and as yet there is no hint of the inevitable ebb.

To most people August is an unpopular section of the revolving year. The sun has gone a considerable distance southward, but little relief has as yet come to the heat. There are days of intense humidity when an air surfeited with abnormal moisture lays its oppressive and clammy hand on the human physique.

Most nature lovers would perhaps say that June is the high tide of the year, that glorious period of nature's adolescence, when all her greenery is untainted by the tan of the sun and the soil of flying dust, when all is hope and expectation.

And yet, just as there are few people of middle life who would care to live all through the struggles and questionings of their youth, even though that youth was gay with song and dance, so June at its best is a time of immaturity. The seed has been cast into the ground, but it has been left to the chances and changes of a fate beyond the power and ken of man. The future is a fog bank, and no one knows whether his toil is to bring a prize or a blank.

In August the harvest of the products of the earth fills the air with sweet odors, the shimmer of the glossy corn is the visible sign of the wealth of nutriment which a loving nature has placed out of sight in the black soil. The golden apples are reddening in the tree tops, and the air is harmonious with the hum of insect voices.

The work of the fields has so far progressed that the toiler at the worst has faced his losses and has little fear of future decline, and under usual conditions he is sure of ample reward.

September and October have a higher pitched chord of color and sound, and a riper and more abundant harvest. But in the frosts that set affame the tree tops there is the cold forbidding touch of death.

RAINFALL.

Is the cutting of American forests affecting general rainfall? If the theory of some scientists is correct, that the reduction of forest areas has caused general rainfall to decline, public water supplies will prove inadequate.

Prof. Willis Moore, chief of the weather bureau, threw a worrisome bombshell into the camp of the conservationists, when he said that forest cutting is not merely not affecting general rainfall, but he minimizes its alleged tendency to create freshets in spring, with a corresponding small run off of water in summer.

His statement as respects freshets was less significant than it was generally regarded at the time. Prof. Moore took the ground that soil under agricultural cultivation may retain water just as well as soil supporting an ancient tree growth. He produced figures from the valley of the Seine covering several centuries, tending to support his view that deforestation did not have these unfavorable results.

The conditions in the Seine valley, one of the garden spots of the world, are, however, different from those prevailing in our country when the timber is removed. The thrifty French peasants, one can well imagine, make careful use of the deforested areas for farm purposes, and the ploughed and fertilized land quite likely may retain moisture as well as the tree growth.

In our country, when a forest is removed it is quite likely to grow up merely to rough untilled brush land, which one would think would not retain moisture as well as the old forest. The observations of individuals living along great rivers has been during recent years, that in spring the waters reach portions of the banks never touched before, while in summer, islands not before accessible, can be reached with dry feet.

Rain comes from the clouds of moisture drawn up from the vast ocean wastes to the south and southwest of our shores. Until these dry up the supply will equalize in long periods of years.

One of the best rainfall records in the country has been that of Samuel Rodman and his son of New Bedford, Mass., kept from 1814 to 1908. For the fifty years from 1814 to 1864, this showed an average of 46 inches per year, and from 1865 to 1908, an average of 47 inches.

In spite of the deforestation in the Ohio valley, rainfall figures at Cincinnati from 1871 to 1889 showed an average of 41.3 inches, and from 1890 to 1908, of 41.8 inches.

It seems unlikely that it will become necessary for the human race to drink rum exclusively for some time yet.

AROUND TOWN.

That's what it is to be a baseball

pitcher; see how easy it was for Roy Bovee to get into politics in Pierce county.

Drouth may have kept landseekers away from the Berthold reservation lottery, but inasmuch as the Rosebud's been wet, there ought to be a record-breaking crowd through Norfolk in October.

It wouldn't be bad to have Norfolk avenue lighted with clusters from end to end, when those 100,000 housekeepers do go through the town.

Now's a good time to sign the West Norfolk avenue paving petition.

Two depots on the way.

We still need a hospital.

What's become of the o. f. woman who pulled the bed out from the wall when it lightnined?

What's become of the o. f. fishing party that spent the whole day seining, in broad daylight and in full view of people who might pass along the road?

And what's become of the o. f. beebird and of the o. f. beeman who used to kill the b. b. and find bees in its stomach? There was old "Pap" Gibsen, over at Ponca, for instance.

West Norfolk avenue ought to be paved.

Had any ptomaine today?

Bryan grandchildren and Roosevelt grandchildren get about the same amount of space in the papers when they're born, but Bryan's got into the dispatches, in that way, four times to the colonel's once.

Speaking of the Longworths, what's become of 'em, anyhow?

"I" beats more golf players than anything else ever did.

Atwood says he's going to fly from Albany to New York at one shot, because it's "down hill all the way." That's good enough to print.

There aren't many men past 70 years of age who would get out in the broiling sun, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, to rake the lawn of property owned by the city, without any pay and merely for the love of keeping the premises beautiful. That's what G. B. Salter did Thursday, at the public library. Can you beat that for citizenship?

That international tornado plying between Canada and North Dakota, ought to get hep to the fact that the reciprocity agreement doesn't take down the bars on twisters.

Ross Hammond submits a photograph with a write-up in his Fremont Tribune, to substantiate his claim to having landed a 16-pound "muskey" in a Minnesota lake, but it's so easy to have a picture taken with fish caught in the open market, that that half-tone will hardly go as evidence.

When a golfer has blisters on his hands, it's almost impossible to refrain from saying: "You see why I couldn't make a score today, don't you? It's these blisters."

Aren't men's sox a funny proposition, when you think about 'em?

The corn crop's assured now, even in drouth-stricken Missouri. Now what good did all that early summer worrying do?

It's easier to hear the rattle on the other fellow's car than on your own.

ED HOWE'S PHILOSOPHY.

A lucky man is one who works hard, and saves. All the hope and ambition in the world will not make an eagle of an owl. Some people have too much respect for books.

My experience with country-town society is that it is very pleasant until the singing begins.

Other people are as selfish as you are; that's the reason you must attend to your own affairs, or they won't be attended to.

When a man falls in business, some people always say: "I'll bet he feathered his nest."

Don't laugh at ugly people; probably you are no beauty yourself.

You might as well take your medicine bravely; if you don't, someone will hold your nose, and make you take it.

Whether a man's fault is foolish talking or foolish writing, does not greatly matter.

You may not always know the truth, but when you finally discover it, it is foolish to deny it.

That which we know as "learning," and which all of us are criticised for knowing too little about, is not so important as school teachers and professors believe. But learn all you can that's modern, and useful, and true.

Frequently you do not know, and cannot find out, but politeness, fairness, industry and temperance will never fail you. And if you add caution, and as much simple common sense as you can acquire as a result of experience and reading, you have about all there is.

Perhaps it has occurred to you that others have a good deal "given to them." A gift is seldom what you want, and it rarely comes when you need it. The best way is to take care

of yourself; and of three or four others.

The runaway horse must stop somewhere: it always develops that the brief excitement was dearly earned.

If ambitious for success in a big way, there are some callings you should avoid. Do not teach music in a country town and expect to become a rival of the money kings of the world.

You may not always know when you are wrong, but usually you have suspicions.

Half the family names are so ugly that they should be changed by the legislature.

Town men talk about farmers quite a good deal, behind their backs.

Nearly every man imposes on his women folks at the table; and as a result, women eat less than men, and live longer.

When a man sells you a book you do not want, that's hypnotism.

When a woman becomes careless, she first shows it in her skirt gaping in the back.

I suppose every one feels better after he has "made a fuss" about his wrongs, although he gets no redress.

I dislike a grouch, but a man who is always smiling, and insists on telling you "good jokes," is worse.

The few really well balanced men are quickly grabbed up, and given big jobs.

When there is a consultation of doctors, the verdict usually is that the patient is fatally ill; which the attending physician already knew.

How tired we all become of beef-steak! But what else can we do?

Don't abuse your rival; behave better than he does.

A second wife usually seems to do better than a second husband.

Let a dog into the house three days in succession, and you spoil him.

Bees and ants are so industrious they would probably manufacture poetry, if it were of any use.

UNCLE WALT.

Useless Doings.

There is no use in cussing when things are going wrong, for saying things and fussing won't bring good luck along. If fortune treats you meanly you'll find that it will pay to go around serenely, and smile the good old way. There is no use reining if you have got an ache; there is no use in whining as though your heart would break. It's best to sit and suffer your little pain and grin; your luck might be much tougher than it has ever been. Sometimes the gods correct you, and if you give no screech, your neighbors will respect you, and say that you're a peach. There is no use in ranting; the quiet man is best; that mouth is most enchanting which often takes a rest. Just do some silent thinking while jogging on your way; so many tongues are clinking clanking all the day!

UNCLE WALT.

The Book Agent.

He comes when I am sick at heart from toiling in the busy mart, when worn by grievances and woes, my soul is longing for repose. He comes, this weird and windy chap, and lays a volume in my lap, a tome that weighs a hundred, net, and says: "This beats them all, you bet! You'll never see it's like again—'The Lives of Fifty Famous Men!' Now, here's a sketch of ancient sage, and when you turn to 'Other page, you find a map of Dr. Cook—there never was so smooth a book!" And as he gets words on me desecrated, I know he'll get me in the end. He'll beat me by his sinful art, and wear me out and break my heart. And if, to shield my hearth and home, I brain him with his weighty tome, the janitor of the law will lead me to a couch of straw and clanking chains in prison cell—and I would ask if this is well? Why is it wrong to shed the gore of agents when they seek your door, and talk until your bosom bleeds, and sell you books that no one reads? I siew an agent long ago; with fervid zeal I laid him low, and I was fined some fifteen bones, and worked the fine out breaking stones.

UNCLE WALT.

Placing the Blame.

When things go wrong—as things will go in this old bully world of woe—we like to have a goat; to place a hefty load of blame upon some other fellow's frame our talents we devote. When I rise from my downy couch and find I have a large blue grouch, I say: "It's Jimpson's fault; I never liked that fellow's curves; to see him 'round gets on my nerves; it's time to call a halt. I might be happy as a bird if that man Jimpson was interred a hundred fathoms deep; but while he still infests this sphere and hangs around 'this village here, my province is to weep." But when I've soaked my head a while, subdued the mild attack of bile, I know it isn't true; for all the sorrows that I bear I raised myself, with tender care, and nursed them as they grew. When some affliction comes to rack your bosom, try and trace it back—you'll find you sowed the seed; your happiness and sorrow both, when analyzed are but the growth of your own word or deed. So, neighbor, be a dead game sport, and do not paw around and snort and blame some other guy's when sorrow grabs you by the heart and rends your bosom all apart, and tears bedim your eye.

SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THAT BEAU OF YOURS.

Text, "It came to pass at midnight that the man was afraid and turned himself, and, behold, a woman lay at his feet."—Ruth iii. 4.

The girl in the text was the seeker. Every woman is. That saying about a man being "the conquering male" is true enough, but a woman makes her choice. A man may not make a second advance without her consent. A millionth part of a glance permits him come or bids him depart. She's trained to it from childhood. She has a queer, subtle, psychic something that will make the laborer take off his hat or the king renounce his crown. The flush of her eye, the dawn of her smile, the flutter of her skirt, may sway a man or nation more than the thunders of Sinai. That's the magnet the Almighty hath given her. Woe unto her when she drops her weapons! She's helpless as a wounded bird. The lines—

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?" "My face is my fortune, sir," she said, are true. It's much of her capital surely, but her purity, womanly reserve, her very physical self, is a much larger part. When they're gone the beauty soon goes, and she's a miserable pauper. When she has given a kiss or permitted a liberty she has dulled her blade. Still, she's born to marry, and choose she must. A mistake is fatal. If a man blunders he goes to the lodge or club; with glass and pipe he forgets his woes. If a woman blunders chances are nothing but a funeral will help her out.

The Silken Cords of Love.

Say, girls, if you know your power over—that young man you'd be astounded. If he truly loves you he will go through fire, snow and water for you. In the full flush of courtship he will do your will through the sky fall. But it's his nature to be both Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He will flatter you, he will give you handsome gifts, he will sacrifice his all for, and the next moment he will tempt you. Being a man, he craves ownership, but you're not his property, even though a diamond glisters on your finger. Stand by your colors. Prove to him that you're sweet and modest and clean. Draw your line. He will not dare not—cross it. It's your peril. He will respect you for it. Down deep underneath you're the type of woman he wants. Whatever or however a man may feel after marriage, secretly before marriage he is delighted to feel that "that little girl" can make him do anything. There's your time, young woman. Conquer the rose on your cheek, the sparkle of your eye, all the charms of womanhood which he is so eager to possess. Make him pay a price for them. Let that price be none other than the upholding of his nobler self.

Fish to Leave Alone.

Marriage at best is uncertain, but there's no use insisting on having a rotten apple. When you hear girls say of a young fellow, "Oh, my, ain't he just irresistible?" "He don't care how he spends money on a girl so long as she shows her a good time"—that's a good type to leave alone. A weak man needs as much watching as a bad one and does as much damage. If you must marry him do it quick before he goes to jail or skips the town. You don't want to be disgraced before you are married. Don't marry a rake to reform him. It can't be done except on the stage or in fiction. If he won't be decent for his own sake and his mother's he won't be for yours. There's no magic in a marriage ceremony. You want to start a home, not a Keeley cure. Don't marry a scoffer of religion. You don't want a fanatic who is so pious no one can live with him, nor do you want a sneering skeptic. He's a shallow man who doesn't respect the sacred things of another. Don't elope. Occasionally parental tyranny demands radical action, but runaway marriages—ninety-nine out of a hundred—mean abandonment, disgrace, divorce and hell, so the desertion and divorce judges say.

Your Beau Ideal.

Of course you are seeking your ideal and you will expect to find him—until you are thirty. Strange to say, you would tire of him or he of you before the honeymoon would wane. What is your ideal—beauty? Remember Juvenal, "When the gods would torment a woman they give her a handsome husband?" Besides the beauty man will be vain and selfish. Rave over brains? But he's a dull bookworm or has all the rasping irritability of genius. Remember Carlyle's Jane? The college athlete? Next to society divorces and the stage statistics show the woman who marries an athlete is most likely to apply for a divorce. The soldier of fortune, dashing and handsome? But he has a deboard way of slipping off with some other romantic maiden, leaving unpaid bills, broken hearts and unwelcome offspring. Mightly queer, but the picture in the comic papers, uproariously funny for ages, of the man carrying the crying baby is nearest the real ideal. It represents the domestic spirit, the fellow who loves home, willing to share the trying things of a woman's life, the man who loves you in spite of your faults and endures things for your dear sake. The other ideal, half dervish, half saint, part scholar, part Don Caesar, is impossible and exists only in matinees and summer fiction stories.

What used to be called—sometimes derisively—"bargain hunting" has evolved into the practise of intelligent buying. The advertisements make it possible.