

FURNITURE

A New line Just Received

The most modern in its structure and design. Each piece has a certain individuality of its own, and this, coupled with the fact that it is made strong and durable make it all the more desirable to Columbus people. We want to please with our Furniture and if you will call we will show you the newest things in furniture. We solicit your patronage.



HENRY GASS

CORRESPONDENCE

Route No. 1.

Eward Abrams had several teams hauling logs to market last Tuesday. John Brock, substitute for route No. 1, made a trip Monday, while the regular carrier took a lay off to look after some business matters. Last Saturday W. T. Ernst received word from Silver Creek that his pasture fence had been broken and his cattle were running at large.

Route No. 3.

Peter Shmidt returned from Omaha last Saturday evening, having disposed of a car of fat cattle and a car of hogs. Miss Phoebe Papanhansen arrived last Saturday from New York for an extended visit with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Papanhansen. Dick Menko is busy breaking prairie for Wm. Behlen.

Route No. 4.

Miss Hobe Bryan went to Omaha last Friday to attend school. Miss Emma Gerhold went to Kearney last Friday to attend school. Miss Mary Gerhold is visiting friends at Clark. Miss Dolpha Jahn is helping Mrs. O. M. Hahn.

Route No. 5.

Dave Leonard and wife of Atkinson Neb., are visiting Ed Hahn this week being on their wedding trip. A supper was given in their honor Monday evening and also a chivari.

Route No. 6.

Mat Jarak is building an addition to his house. Farmers are commencing to cultivate their corn. A good deal of the grading for the Union Pacific double track along this route has been completed.

You get it done just like you want it when you order your printing from the Journal Printing House.

Park Meat Market

Now open for business. Choice cuts of juicy steaks, tenderloin and pork chops. Fish and game in season. Orders promptly filled and delivered to any part of the city. We will buy your poultry and hides. Call and see us.

Korgie & Valosek

South side Park—Thirteenth St. Columbus, Neb. Both phones

Miss Nellie Evans, who has been attending a young ladies' seminary near Washington, D. C., returned to her home in this city Thursday evening.

Mrs. Leopold Jaggie, Mrs. John Graf and Mrs. Adolph Jaggie returned from Madison Monday, where they went to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Horst of that city.

A. G. Rolf of Woodville township was in the city Tuesday on business at the court house. He reports the small grain in his locality is doing remarkably well since the recent rains, and the prospects for good crops is not doing well on account of the cool weather, and is quite wedy.

After a lingering illness of acute tuberculosis, Mrs. B. F. Brown, formerly of Fullerton, died at St. Mary's hospital last Saturday afternoon. The deceased had been a patient sufferer for the past five years, and for the last two years had been receiving treatment at the hospital in this city. She leaves a husband and two small children to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother. The funeral was held Tuesday morning at St. Bonaventura church, and burial was made in the Catholic cemetery of this city.

HAY'S WRONG IDEA

STATESMAN ERRED IN SETTING LIMIT OF USEFULNESS.

According to His Theory a Man Had Succeeded or Failed at the Age of 40 But Time Proved Its Falsity.

A quarter of a century ago I was visiting John Hay at Whitehall Road's house in New York, which Hay was occupying for a few months while Reid was absent on a holiday in Europe, says Mark Twain in his autobiography in the North American Review. Temporarily also, Hay was editing Reid's paper, the New York Tribune. I remember two incidents of that Sunday visit particularly well.

In trading remarks concerning our ages I confessed to 42 and Hay to 40. Then he asked if I had begun to write my autobiography and I said I hadn't. He said that I ought to begin at once and that I had already lost two years. Then he said in substance this: "At 40 a man reaches the top of the hill of life and starts down on the sunset side. The ordinary man, the average man, not to particularize too closely and say the commonplace man, has at that age succeeded or failed; in either case he has lived all his life that is likely to be worth recording; also in either case the life lived is worth setting down, and cannot fail to be interesting if he comes as near to telling the truth about himself as he can. And he will tell the truth in spite of himself, for his facts and his actions will work together for the protection of the reader; each fact and each action will be a dab of paint, each will fall in its right place, and together they will paint his portrait; not the portrait he thinks they are painting, but his real portrait, the inside of him, the soul of him, his character. Without intending to lie he will lie all the time; not blantly, consciously, not daily unconsciously, but half-consciously—unconsciousness in twilight; a soft and gentle and merciful twilight which makes his general form comely, with his virtuous promises and projections discernible and his ungracious ones in shadow. His truths will be recognized as truths, his modifications of facts which would tell against him will go for nothing, the reader will see the light through the film and know his man."

There is a subtle, devilish something or other about autobiographical composition that defeats all the writer's attempts to paint his portrait his way. Hay meant that he and I were ordinary average commonplace people, and I did not resent my share of the verdict, but I nursed my wound in silence. His idea that we had finished our work in life, passed the summit and were westward bound downhill, with me two years ahead of him and neither of us with anything further to do as benefactors to mankind, was all a mistake. I had written four books then, possibly five. I have been drowsing the world in literary wisdom ever since, volume after volume; since that day's sun went down he has been ambassador, brilliant orator, competent and admirable secretary of state.

There has been another change in the list of teachers for the Columbus schools for the coming year. Miss Blanche Wagner was elected teacher for the Third and Fourth grades in the Third ward school, Miss Beede, who was elected having failed to accept.

George Erb, an old settler in this vicinity, now living at Alliance, is here for a two weeks' visit among relatives and to look after the settlement of the Erb estate. He has been troubled for some time with rheumatism which has affected his hearing. One of his sons is connected with the Hord elevator at Platte Center.

Thursday afternoon at her home on east Eleventh street, Mrs. John Cover was delightfully surprised by a number of her lady friends who gathered at her home. Although the day was dark and gloomy owing to the heavy rain, the afternoon was spent very pleasantly. Refreshments were served after which the guests departed for their respective homes.

Saturday evening, Miss Mabel Douglas entertained a few friends at her home on East Twelfth street. An old fashioned taffy pull and music were the chief amusements. The honors of the evening were bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colten and Miss Sarah Cover. All those who were present report a royal good time.

Prof. I. H. Britell of Columbus, has been in St. Edward all week superintending the building of a large granary on his farm on Plum creek. Prof. and Mrs. Britell expect to leave next week for the Jamestown exposition, and will visit many places of interest in the east.—St. Edward Sun.

Twenty-six new cement crossings were ordered for the residence portion of the city at the meeting of the city council last Friday evening. A change was again made in the location of the city dumping grounds, this time the location being at the intersection of Washington avenue and First street. The report of the appraisers on the closing of Quincy street was before the council. O. L. Lund appeared before them and objected to the approval of the report, claiming that he was damaged to the extent of \$1,000. The council concurred with the report of the appraisers and accepted the same.

Received the Same Way. "And I went to her window and peered my face in." "And she?" "She did the same." "She did the same?" "Yes—peered my face in."

LAST OF LONDON'S OLD INNS.

Travelers of To-day Stop at the Taverns of Pickwick and Sam Weller.

A century ago London was noted for its coaching inns. To-day only one remains in London proper to recall the gaiety of coaching parties that assembled in the comfortable parlors for an evening of pleasure. George's Inn, the last of the famous taverns where the nobility of England gathered in years gone by was probably the most popular that lined the roadways of the English capital. It was through his association with the people who frequented George's Inn that Charles Dickens began to attract widespread attention as a novelist and writer. More than three score years ago he was a familiar figure to the old inn. Here it was that Mr. Dickens met Mr. Pickwick and the various characters he immortalized in "Pickwick Papers" and bounded at once into popular favor as a humorist and close student of character. The attractiveness of the old inn is still maintained at a high standard, and it is to-day a favorite stopping place for travelers and coaching parties. Nothing has been removed from the place to dim the memories of the past. The same old-fashioned chairs, benches, tables and furniture are there that were in use a century ago, and the decorations have never been altered. Ownership has remained with the same family for many generations, and it is said the present owner is a direct descendant of the man who originally opened it.

Joke on Lord Kelvin. Lord Kelvin, when he was Sir William Thomson, had, as professor of natural philosophy, an assistant named Day, who took his lectures for him in his absence. When the professor returned the students would listen eagerly to him, and for the first ten minutes or so he spoke clearly and intelligently to all. By and by, however, some new idea would suggest itself, and he would follow it in his lecture, getting more and more beyond the depth of his hearers, until at last not one of them could understand him. On one occasion a student remarked: "Work while it is yet day, for the (h) might cometh when no man can work."

Not What He Wanted. "I am selling a new burglar alarm," said the gentlemanly agent. "Can I interest you in it? This contrivance will fix it so that everybody will be awakened the moment a burglar steps inside the house. It can't—"

"I don't want it. If you have any kind of a contrivance that will keep my wife from waking up when burglars break in, come around and I will talk business with you."

Siamese Object to Walking. The Siamese, above all nations to the world, hate to walk; no such mode of progression is tolerated by a Siamese if he or she can by any means ride. A Venetian gondolier will walk sometimes; even a Hollander will ride on his rough cart; but a Bangkok man—not if he can help it. His family must ride for him.—Windsor Magazine.

WORK AND THOUGHT

GOOD THING TO TEACH BOY USE OF HIS HEAD.

Writer's Ideas That Are Worthy of Serious Consideration—Let Youngster Indulge in His Dreams Once in a While.

I know a man, a father of five children, who has ideas about bringing them up, writes Robert Carlton Brown. Not one minute of the day are they idle. If of them unemphatically to find one who immediately expand his chest and give a long lecture on the pernicious habit of idleness. It is a strenuous household, indeed; no member of it is allowed one moment to himself—it is all do, do, do. Now, I don't know how this man's theory will work out, but I do know at present that his children are about as prosaic and dull as any in the neighborhood.

Let the boy dream. Let him alone. Point out the usefulness of work to him, but show him rather the use of his head than the use of his hands. There are more hands in this world than heads, and usually hand-labor does not come so high as the other sort.

As a man thinks, so is he. If a man does not think at all—draw your work—conclusions, I teach my boy to think—I want him to get the thought habit. In whatever he does there must be something of originality. I would not care a jot how well he could copy a picture at the age of ten years, but if he made an original little sketch, which showed an idea, no matter how crudely it was done, I would have some hopes of him.

Professional Pride Touched. The municipal grafter had made a full confession. "Don't you feel better now?" they asked him, kindly. "Well," he admitted, "I'm a little sore to find that I went cheaper than some of the other fellows."

Received the Same Way. "And I went to her window and peered my face in." "And she?" "She did the same." "She did the same?" "Yes—peered my face in."

STATE AS LIQUOR SELLER.

An Experiment in Gwalia, West Australia, Results Successfully.

The West Australian state government's experiment in liquor business control at the mining center of Gwalia has managed to live through criticism, and now appears to be a firmly established institution.

Within the last few days the new senator of committees of the senate, Senator Pearce, has come forward with first hand testimony. He had stayed a week end at the state hotel at Gwalia, and has now told a public meeting in this city how he found prevailing conditions, says a Melbourne letter to the London Chronicle.

Senator Pearce found that the manager of the hotel was paid a good salary and had no interest in adulterating drink or trading during prohibited hours. The hotel was strictly for public convenience, and there was no more incentive to make men drink beer than there was for a station master at a railway station to sell tickets. The result was that there was no sign of drunkenness about the town.

When a man was disposed to drink more than he could afford or was good for him there was machinery for exercising control over him. All that had to be done was for the man's wife or relative to speak to the manager of the hotel, and then the barman received instructions that he was to be served with only two long beers a day—one when going on to his mining "shift" and one coming off. The barman called this being placed under the Dog act. No one, however, outside the complainant, the manager, or the barman need be informed as to who was on the list—except, said Senator Pearce with a smile, when the proprietor man himself lectured his fellows on their disgusting intemperance in calling for more than two drinks a day. On Sunday not a drink was sold or asked for.

The Gwalia State hotel, after paying all expenses and supplying a splendid table and excellent bedroom accommodation, now cleared a profit of \$15,000 per annum out of pure liquor. The manager regarded himself as a guardian of the people, who would not give them poison to drink nor allow them to abuse the privilege of obtaining pure liquor.

All right, he says, go in there to No. 20 an' tell de lady Ah done sent yo' an' keep yo' to work until Ah come back. "Das all right. Ah goes to de house an' Ah rings de bell an' when de lady comes to de do' Ah tells huh what de gemmun says, an' she gives me er scrub brush an' er bucket er water en' soap en' stants me to work. Ah scrubs de do' en' den Ah wash de windows de dust en' second yo' an' den Ah goes en' gets mah callop beaten an' Ah takes up all de rugs an' totes dem out into de back yard. Ah want to tell yo' Ah hopped around lively. Ah didn't hardly tek de tahn to eat mah lunch an' Ah was mighty suah dat woman was satisfied wid de way Ah worked.

"Bimeby de gemmun comes home en' Ah hu'd de lady talkin' to him en' promptly he comes to weeah Ah was polishin' de brass teakettle de lady'd dun give me to clean an' watched me awhile. Wen Ah got froo he says: "Well, what do Ah owe yo', George?" "Ah'll leave dat to yo', suh," Ah says.

"Yo know what yo' work is wuf, don't yo' he says. "Ah'd soonah leave dat so'ally to yo', Ah says. "Ah'll be pufekly satisfied, suh," Ah says. "Des what yo' are willin' fo' to give me, suh."

"He pulls out dat gol' watch an' looks at it. "All right," he says. "It's now five o'clock. Yo' went to wuk at er quartah to 11; dat's six houahs an' er quartah. Ah won't count youah lunch tahn en' Ah'll pay you 20 cents an' houah. Dat's \$125." An dat's all he did pay me, sure 'uff. Ah ain't got no mannah o' use fr' er man lak dat. Nossuh."

Just Like a Man. "John, the cook has left—" "Now, Gwendolyn, is it right to meet me with such news when I return home late from the office all tired out and hungry—" "But, John, dear, I merely want to say the cook is left—" "Yes, I know you merely want to say that. And I merely want to say that it's a changed shame that this house hold is eternally disorganized. Other women manage to keep their servants. Why can't you? Why—" "John Smith, I tell you that the cook knew you would be late, so she left a cold chicken, a custard pudding and a pint of claret on the dining-room table for you." "Well, Gwendolyn, why is the name of common intelligence didn't you say that at first?"—Judge.

Knew It in Advance. "Halloo, Badger," said Thorpe; "met a friend of yours the other day. He's been talking about you, and I feel it my duty to tell you what he said." "Ah, well, I don't care to hear what he said. I know it was something disagreeable," replied Badger. "How do you know that?" "Because you are so anxious to tell it. Good morning.—Stray Stories.

Back to the May. The foreign nobleman was keenly disappointed. "I was hoping, monsieur," he sighed, "that you might possibly install me in your glorious family." The wealthy mine owner laughed. "Install you?" he echoed. "Why, certainly. You will find our family stable to the left and if you don't disturb the horses you may have a stall all to yourself."

Sold "Suffragette's" Furniture. A crowd of more than 5,000 people witnessed the sale at Market Cross, Edinburgh, of certain furniture, the property of Lady Steel, wife of the late Sir James Steel, former lord provost of the city. Lady Steel refused to pay house and property tax as a protest against women not having the vote. The amount of the tax was £18 9s, and the first article put up, a handsome oak sideboard, realized nearly double that amount.—London Graphic.

To Improve Russian Ports. The Russian government intends to carry out a series of work connected with improving the conditions and general facilities of the leading ports in European Russia. A start is to be made in the port of St. Petersburg, and then either the port of Libau or the new port of Windau, both in the Baltic provinces, will be taken in hand. Afterwards the authorities will deal with the ports of Archangel, Odessa, Batoum and Astrakhan.

HE WAS FOOLED

"Ah, ain't got no mannah of use fo' him," said the handy boy in the checkered jumper. "Ah's got mah 'pinna' o' dose yer pussons what swells around in deir good clothes wif deir go' watch chains en white vests lak dey dos owned all de cart, yassuh; en when yo' come right down to it, dey's dem es close es de bahk on de tree. Dey all may have mo' money dan what Ah's got, but Ah'd des' spise ter be es close es some o' dem is. Ah subtently would."

"Did he beat you down on your pay?" asked the fat janitor. "Yessuh," answered the handy boy. "Das what he done. Yo' wouldn't think it to look at him wif de creases in his pants en' dat d'mund pin in his beektie, but das what he done. He handed me a lemon. Wen Ah fust looked at him wif dat hat on Ah took him fo' a spo't sure 'uff."

"You done the work, though, didn't you?" asked the fat janitor. "I seen you startin' off with your carpet beater." "What did you want to do the work for if he wasn't willin' to pay you what it was worth?"

"Well, suh, Ah'll tell yo' heuccum dat," said the handy boy. "Ah got fooled on dat man, dat's heuccum. Ah done de wuk fo' him. Ah wasn't feelin' 'spechully anxious fo' to do dat wuk on de fust place. Ah wasn't feelin' de parrectly well, but Ah was willin' fo' to be 'bliged en' Ah done mistook him fo' er gemmun. Yassuh, Ah subtently thought, seen' him wif dat ivry-headed stick en' dem yeller gloves on dat he was all right. Ah'll tell yo' how dat was:

"Ah was er standin' leanin' up er gains dem ralloh's wen he come out o' de house twirlin' dat ivry-headed cane an' wif his chest out like er pouter dove's, en' when he sees me he p'intedly stops en' asks me if Ah didn't want er job. 'Ah've got some winders Ah want washed en' some rugs Ah want beaten,' he says. 'en' yo'll look lak yo' heuccum nothin' 'spechul fo' ter outter yo' tahn."

"Nossuh," Ah says, I haven't nothin' 'spechul fo' to do des at dishyer adshentical moment. Ah says, 'en' Ah'd be pufekly willin' fo' ter un'er-take sech er propersishun es yo'allis mensuhun."

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COLUMBUS MEAT MARKET

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S. E. MARTY & CO. Telephone No. 1. - Columbus, Neb.

WHEN ED BROKE THE BANK

"I see the reform wave is sweeping over the southwest, and it begins to look like the only bank they will operate now is a reform kind where the cashier lays awake nights scheming how to grab off more than the directors," grumbled Col. B.

"It's diffrent from the good old days when the farm banks were as thick as flies around molasses. Guess the country is prosperous, but money don't seem to circulate as freely as when the Indians were paid bi-annually and the joints were running wide open."

"Speaking of gambling and banks, reminds me of the time Ed Martin broke 'Shenny Joe' at the Fort, where they even stop the street cars on Sunday now. It was the biggest game ever pulled off there, and while it lasted it made the stakes at Hot Springs look like a four-card flush."

"Ed was on the ground first. He had three places which were adorned by green shades, and the table covers were of the same color. Guess it was kind o' hogwash of him to want a monopoly of all the cow punches' dough, but it's human nature to own a trust."

"Did you ever buck a bank game with a foolish determination to break it? No, well, guess you got money then. That's what Ed did, and he got away with it. He didn't invite Joe to come into his parlor to bet; he went to Joe's miniature Monte Carlo."

"Joe was dealing the game when Ed walked in. Ed sat down opposite him. Words were superfluous. They understood each other just as well as if Ed had said: 'Joe, this is to be a finish. Either you or I must leave this burg. There ain't room enough for both.'"

"The few pokers at the table sidestepped when Ed carelessly took the head of his bank roll and displayed layers of yellow backs to a dozen hungry eyes. Joe looked kind o' nervous, but he shuffled the cards with his accustomed skill and slapped them in the little silver box, ready for the new deal."

"That's the way it began. It ended many hours later, but I'm going too fast. It was a square game. The eyes of the two rival gamblers met on the first wager. Joe understood the flash from Ed's keen orbits. 'Deal 'em on the level or it's a pine box for you,' he might have said, but it wasn't necessary."

"Joe won at first, then his luck changed. It snowed this way throughout the afternoon and far into the night, when Ed began to stack up blue chips in front of him. 'Each was worth \$50. No two generals, trained in strategy, ever figured closer than did those two card sharks.'

"Greek met Greek," but the Celtic in Ed began to tell. Joe was breaking under the strain. Ed saw it, pushed his advantage and the stampede soon followed. With a reckless born of desperation, Joe turned the cards faster and faster. Little beads of perspiration began to pop from his forehead. As Joe's temperature jumped, Ed's coolness, his unrelenting play almost struck terror to your heart."

"It recalled tragedies. You inadvertently remembered the stag you had driven to bay and had shot as it stood glaring at you in all its majesty. The tension couldn't last; it had to break or I think we all would have died in our tracks. The end was as unexpected as it was terrible."

"Joe's face was of an ashen hue. His eyes seemed as if they would burst from their sockets. We gazed at him, fascinated, thrilled, frightened. He alone was self-possessed. He was a veritable demon in those last minutes. Faster and faster the play went, and then—"

"Joe's head struck the layout with a crash. 'My God, I'm broke,' we heard him say. He had come out with the loss of his idol, Gold. Ed gazed at him. Ed in contempt, then in pity. He buried him in regal style and the wreath he placed on his grave bore the epitaph, 'He was no quitter.'"

"After the funeral Ed claimed Joe's joint and bank roll. None contested his right. He's in New York now, and I guess he'll get a taste in Wall street of what he gave Joe. Those days have passed in the southwest when men will sell their souls to break a bank bank. I guess the modern kind is the best after all."

Girls Have More Liberty. One idea in the mind of girls of today is that parents should not interfere with their goings and comings. Why it has come about is somewhat of a question, for the parents to know a daughter's associates and the places she goes than there was on mothers concerning themselves a generation ago. A perfectly natural fact is that normal young people crave amusement, and if this is not provided at home it will assuredly be sought elsewhere. This is true of the girl who has nothing to do, as well as for her friend who has to work all day, and both will turn to recreation away from home if none is to be found there.—Chicago Daily News.