

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER

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Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 18th day of February, 1910.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have the Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Mary never suspected that her "little lamb" would be worth \$10.

From all reports those Iowa reform school girls need a little more reforming.

The next annual in order will be Mayor "Jim" Hunsicker's proclamation.

A base ball pitcher gun has been invented. Better make it rapid fire and give it to the umpire.

Take note that the beek beer season has arrived on schedule time in spite of the 8 o'clock lull law.

A pound of platinum costs in the neighborhood of \$710, but it may yet have a fat rival in the pork chop.

Interviews that are not printed in the World-Herald would probably make still more interesting reading.

A Chicago servant left \$5,000 to the family by whom she had been employed for thirty years. Sort of a rebate.

Since Japan gives assurance that "war with the United States is inconceivable," we would better order those other two battleships at once.

The newest disease is "appendicular gastralgia," whatever that is, and fear is expressed in some quarters that that is "what is the matter with congress."

It might be a good plan to leave the mortgage on the old Webster homestead up in New Hampshire so that it will seem more as though Daniel were still alive.

If someone could get a corner on all the cold war jokes perpetrated at the expense of Mr. Fairbanks the cold storage monopoly need not be such a depressing matter.

That Los Angeles man who has two extra ribs which he is planning to have removed should take warning from the trouble Adam got into when he had one of his taken out.

It is an even guess that J. Pierpont Morgan will bring home several blocks of Roman ruins for bric-a-brac in that famous collection of his. And next time he will have a corner on Roman ruins.

Senator Dolliver's declaration that "the time has come when plain English must be used by congress in passing legislation," is something of a slam on the law-makers who have heretofore been on the job.

James A. Patten is a humorist, all right. While blowing himself to a trip to Europe, he is objecting because "the American people are too extravagant." They really have to be when he is boasting prices of what they must buy.

The industry of the World-Herald correspondents in searching out folks to stand for interview boosts would indicate that they expect to connect with the \$50,000 with which Candidate Hitchcock recently replenished his war chest.

A death from typhoid fever in the state penitentiary at Lincoln is reported, the victim having been incarcerated there for eight months, so that he could not possibly have imbibed the germ on the outside. Here is where the Missouri river certainly has an alibi.

Presidential Difficulties.

When President Taft spoke feelingly not long ago about the criticism to which his administration had been subjected he drew attention to the difficulties besetting the great office which he occupies. It is no easy task to be the chief executive of a critical people. It is not an easy task to be the leader of a nation of ambitious people with widely diversified interests and with sharply conflicting political ideas.

With the history of our republic many subdivisions and bureaus have grown up under the administrative departments, a tremendous volume of business has fallen upon the judiciary and the work of the legislative branch has increased almost beyond its power of accomplishment. While this has been going on the progress of the country as a whole has made many changes and reforms necessary. Everyone knows, of course, how these changes and reforms can best be brought about without reference to the conditions at Washington, and when the administration does not do things forthwith as demanded then the guns of criticism are trained upon the president.

Heretofore every subdivision, commission and bureau has had the ear of the public sometimes over the head of the department chief. The same thing has been true with regard to the policies of former administrations and everyone desiring publicity and political advertising has had an open door to the press. In fact, the public has often indicated a preference for the word of a subordinate over the word of the chief and with that as a basis many movements have sprung up to decry the administration. And the worst criticism which has arisen at this time has been the charge that President Taft has suppressed information because of his insistency that information for the public shall come through the responsible head of the department itself.

Of course, no administration is free from mistakes—some mistakes are inevitable, considering the complex governmental machinery which must be moved in all accomplishments. When a man has been given a great task to perform with complicated and delicately running machinery to be used in its performance, he has a right to expect a fair chance to make things go and to look for support, rather than obstruction, from those who are professing the same purpose.

Dr. Wiley on High Prices.

According to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the Agriculture department, the deep-down cause of the high prices is the desertion of the farms by the "city-struck country boy." The lights and dazzling show of city life, together with the accumulation of great fortunes in commerce, have lured the country boy away from the homestead and from the basic occupation of cultivating the soil. As a consequence Dr. Wiley says the number of non-producers to be fed is increased and the number of producers has decreased. To this condition he attributes the present high cost of farm labor as well as the high prices of farm produce. As an explanation of the fact that the total amount of the agricultural products are vastly greater now than they were in former years, the ratio between the amount produced and the amount necessary for food, in this country alone, indicates to him a decided increase in the demand over the supply.

The great pure food expert refers to the well-known fact that for years the country boy has been "going to the city to seek his fortune." That he has found it in many cases is true, but that he has not in many others is also true, as evidenced in every city by the number of laborers, small-earled clerks, masons and carpenters of country birth and breeding. While the east abounds in abandoned farms the west raises a cry for help as every harvest comes around and the percentage of farmers to total population has dwindled to less than 49 per cent. In addition to this he cites to the large number of fruit and sugar orchards in the east, and especially in the northeast, which have been felled for lumber.

We may be thankful, however, that Dr. Wiley does not leave us entirely without hope. The equilibrium to which all natural forces tend will have to be restored by repopulating the farms or at least stopping the exodus and that is precisely the direction to which the increased prices of food-stuffs are pulling.

"Hoch Der" Hog.

With pork bringing 11 cents a pound on foot, the hog is in a fair way to become enthroned as the king of the barnyard. Only a short time ago "the American hog was a humble sort of a citizen," as a well-known humorist has said. He was fed on slops from the kitchen, sour milk and that grade of corn which would not sell, while he received a soft berth only at butchering time in the fall. His grunt did not sound like a dollar sign in those days and he was the least recognized of the domestic animals. But a fat hog today is worth more than a fat steer was in 1894. The market is calling for hogs of all degrees of fatness and the farmer with a pen full of hogs may ride in automobiles.

The rise in the price of hogs began about a year ago as a direct result of the law of supply and demand—so we are told by the Journal of Commerce. In the fall of 1898 the price of corn was especially high and the farmer

sold his surplus, preferring to make the big margin of profit from the corn rather than to run the risk of smaller profit by feeding to hogs and cattle. As a result, many hogs were marketed fattened only on alfalfa. Last fall when the price of hogs was up a little and corn was down, every kind of a hog was sold, big, little and fat and raorbark, leaving the supply of hogs in the country now small. The high price of beef has increased the demand for pork and the price is still soaring.

The present price of meat has added another incentive to the "call of the farm" for the average man who is inclined that way. There is no question of the profits to be realized from the soil. Some states are even discussing the advisability of a "hog special" as an educational feature of the spring agricultural campaign. It really seems queer that farmers have to be urged to get better seed corn and wheat, raise more and better fruit and raise more hogs and cattle when there is so much profit in all of these things for the farmers themselves.

Ahead of the Game.

Our old friend, Edgar Howard, has again gotten ahead of the game and, if voicing the democratic sentiment, as he claims to do, the purpose of Nebraska democrats is to get rid of the direct primary and restore the old convention system at the earliest opportunity. Judge Howard seizes upon an alleged remark of Judge Cobbe, who compiles our statutes, to the effect that in his opinion the decision on the so-called nonpartisan judiciary act killed the whole primary law, for a excuse to say that he will shed no tears if the law is dead. Further than that, this democratic oracle declares:

The convention plan of making nominations is really the ideal plan, provided all the people would participate in the party primaries. Nothing could come closer to the rule of the people than the convention system, if only some means might be devised to draw the people to actual part in the township and ward primaries. We thought the Nebraska primary law would get nominations closer to the people, and yet we have seen primary nominations made under that law only a handful of voters participating. For our part, we want to see a primary law which will encourage all voters to take part. If we can't get that kind of a law, then we are quite ready to return to the convention plan.

Judge Howard has here shown his hand, but has shown it prematurely. So far as anyone knows, the direct primary still prevails in Nebraska just as it would have prevailed had no fake nonpartisan judiciary law been perpetrated. The decision of the supreme court adverse to that law does not affect any other law not at issue. As a matter of fact three of our supreme judges are now sitting on the bench who were nominated by direct primary and elected after that decision, as were also all the county officers elected last fall in this state.

The direct primary is being used right now for the various municipal elections in Nebraska, and so far as anyone knows will continue in force until some legislature changes it. There is nothing to prevent any political party in Nebraska from resorting to the convention plan and using the primary simply for ratification, just as the democrats do in Wisconsin. Perhaps that is the ideal plan. If so, we will join Judge Howard in advocating that it be tried out.

A Joseph's Coat.

Notice is officially served that the Anti-Saloon league had nothing whatever to do with calling the Nebraska county option convention recently held in Lincoln and that the County Option league formed on that occasion is entirely separate and distinct from the anti-Saloon league. This is interesting information, but does not alter the situation. It simply reminds us of the old days of the three-ring political circus when "the allied reform forces" exhibited in one end of the tent as democrats, at the other end as silver Republicans and in the middle as populists. So our versatile prohibition agitators are simply clad in a Joseph's coat of many hues. They meet today as the anti-Saloon league, tomorrow as a county option convention and the next day as the allied church societies, each time under some other color of the rainbow. The same speakers talk and the same auditors listen to the same old speeches, and they resolute under one name endorsements of what they, themselves, have done under another name. Some people will be fooled, but when Joseph's coat comes off they will see what is behind it.

It is suggested that Omaha put an upper limit on the height of buildings and draw the line at twelve stories. Omaha has not as yet been seriously troubled with skyscrapers, but has a far greater grievance against the ten-story buildings all on one floor. A lower limit on the height of buildings that will prohibit the erection of new structures of less than three stories facing the main thoroughfares would be quite in order.

Banker Gurney of Fremont reinforces his opposition to postal savings by saying before a congressional committee that while the legal rate of interest is 10 per cent in Nebraska, "it has gotten so that we hardly ever charge more than that now." One well known Nebraska banker got in trouble not long ago by writing letters. It seems that it is no longer safe for a Nebraska banker either to write or talk.

The Commercial club is to make an effort to help the census taker bring Omaha's population up to where it should be. The Commercial club could have helped the census taker

most noticeably by bringing about the consolidation of Omaha and South Omaha before the census date. But the time for bringing that about seems to have been allowed to slip by without even a serious attempt.

The University Democratic club has resolutely denounced the enforced retirement of President Crabtree of the Peru Normal. It will now be up to the Peru Normal students to form a democratic club, and denounce the enforced retirement of Colonel Bryan and Governor Shallenberger from the university extension lecture circuits.

Still, there is room for doubt whether the democrats would have been so averse to providing automobile transportation for the vice president and speaker if "Sunny Jim" and "Uncle Joe" were not republicans.

Judging from the samples we have had, Dr. Cook could be elected to the United States senate from Arkansas without much trouble. Arkansas is the place for him if he only knew it.

The slow movements of the camel must have been rather irksome to Colonel Roosevelt, unless he is so blamed tickled to get back to civilization that he does not care.

Judge Norris is said to be debating with himself whether to run for senator, governor or congressman. Now, if he were only triplert!

Abused Rights of the Public.

Either or any party to a labor controversy which adopts the attitude that there is "nothing to arbitrate" is reactionary and irritatingly unjust to the public. The public of St. Louis refused to be damned.

Freight Rate Boost Enjoined.

Philadelphia Record. Eight railroads have been enjoined by a federal court from raising the rate of coke from Connellsville to Buffalo until the Interstate Commerce commission shall determine the reasonableness of the increase. The complainants were Buffalo steel companies, which said that the increase would amount to a discrimination against them and in favor of the steel interests of Pittsburgh and Gary Ind.

Emulating the West.

The farmers' instruction trains—one has set out on a three days' tour through South Jersey—which are a comparatively new agricultural feature in the east, are an old story in the middle west. The railroads, operating with the state agricultural colleges, have been instructing western farmers for several years in the science of the soil. It is obvious that it pays the railroads to do this—an increase of crop means more business. It pays the state in advancing land values. Above all, it pays the farmer. So, all around, it is an admirable economic movement.

EXPURGATED LITERATURE.

Contents of School Books Prove Expurgated Literature. Philadelphia Record. It is becoming hard to find things that may be taught in the public schools that it may be necessary to turn them back exclusively to the three R's, and in view of the fact that the children are not over-educated in reading, writing and arithmetic, it is not surprising that the school books are being expurgated. School books are manufactured for the most part in the north and camps of confederate veterans have repeatedly denounced the sort of history of the civil war which the grand-children of the men who followed Lee and Johnston and Jackson are learning from their books. We can't blame them much; if our school histories of the revolution were made in England we should scrutinize them very closely.

The Hebrews of Cincinnati have had the reading of "Shylock" in the public schools stopped, though it seems to us that the Christian civilization of the Shakespearean era suffers in that drama a good deal more than its victim does. Of course the stage Irishman and the stage Jew have been driven from the contemporary stage, and it is not entirely safe now to caricature anybody except an American, who, of course, has no friends.

A delicate-minded teacher in the Brooklyn schools some years ago excluded Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" because with poetic license—not to say licentiousness—he pictured the bulk rushing into the arms of the ocean. Now a Boston woman, not southern, but painfully anxious to efface all traces of sectionalism, demands that "Barbara Frietchie" be proscribed on the ground that it insinuates a shade of sadness, a blush of shame, over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred, and an unwarlike reflection upon the southern manhood of the following "Blow-up" Jackson through Fredericktown. Perhaps we had better confine school history to the Greeks and Romans, though there may be too many descendants of the Romans in this country, and in Boston, at least, too many descendants of the Crooks, to make even this wholly safe.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Word has been received that Dr. Cook is coming home. No certainty about it, however. Cook himself may have sent the word.

Dr. J. C. White of Boston has discovered that motoring causes women to become bald. If hair that is clinched by nature will not cling, what hope can women have for continuing the sport when they enter the wig stage?

E. H. Peery of Denver, Larimer county, Pennsylvania, 80 years old, gave up only two weeks ago his daily job of carrying newspapers. For sixty years he hasn't worn socks, and he says he hasn't had cold feet in all that time.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology faculty takes the present high cost of living directly at the door of her own sex. She asserts that man is driven daily nearer and nearer poverty by woman's extravagance.

Barney Kelly and Thomas O'Connell, two of the oldest locomotive engineers on the Southern Pacific, each over 70 years of age, have been retired on pensions. For over forty-five years they have handled the throttle, and for several years have been pulling the Red Bluff local between that city and Sacramento.

Millionaire and president of seven corporations at the age of 45, Daniel Waldorf Field of Brockton has gone back to school to make up the education he lost in youth. He is the richest student in his own right at Harvard, and the oldest. He probably is the only Harvard student that has made his millions himself before going to college.

Troubles Just Beginning.

Philadelphia Bulletin. Theodore Roosevelt's constitution is said to have related successfully all the dangers of tropical fevers and "the sleeping sickness." The indications now are that it will be subjected to a much more severe strain unless its owner manages to sidestep some of the banquets which are waiting for him.

Slashing Red Tape

Proposed Reorganization of the Business Methods of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Chicago Evening Post.

One of the most radical and interesting departures in the theory and practice of business organization is being worked out on the Union Pacific railroad. It is known as the "unit" system of organization, and while it comes as a relief to the more rigidly organized businesses, it is not without its significance for large business operations in general.

It is not to tell the truth, very well described by its name. Nobody would guess what the scheme comprised from looking at its title. But it can be explained simply as an attempt to unite the minor executive officers of the division in working for the interests of the company instead of for their own particular department.

In a system of a vast deal of nonsense about the "unit" system, the average large organization is frequently built up on the most completely feudal lines. There is the "big boss" at the top, and a handful of department bosses below, each endeavoring to "make a showing" for his own department, with one jealous of interference and quite unable to prevent the company's affairs in general from going to pieces if the crisis in question does not come clearly within his province. The relation between these minor barons is formal in the extreme. Letters pass back and forth; the files are filled with correspondence tending to exhibit the splendid and performances of "my department," and the red tape which the American business man professes to scorn is woven in and out around about some of the simplest "family" transactions.

That is the sort of thing which the Union Pacific railroad hopes to abolish through the reorganization of its system. Under the new scheme the minor executive officers of each division—the master mechanic, train master, division engineer, dispatcher and what not—are made assistant superintendents. Each one of these assistant superintendents is still interested primarily in his own department, he nevertheless has the power and authority, when necessary, to step into any situation and command it. If he happens to be on the spot at an ugly mix-up at the roundhouse he can take charge until the right man reaches the spot. Each is encouraged to work and think for the whole division, and not, primarily, for his own department.

Major Charles Hines, who has been working out the details of the scheme, gave the following illustration of a fairly typical illustration of the situation which he hopes to meet:

"But now, when we have a blockade, instead of having to send two or three officials to one place, we hope that one man can perhaps go down and clean it up. If required by stress of weather or otherwise, we can scatter our officials where they can do the most good. We have probably all of us been through blockades, we have probably all observed engine houses at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning, and we have heard a man say: 'Now, this is not up to my department, it is up to the other; my part is all right.' And some railroads have gotten up a special blank to show whether the engine was ready first, and whether the train was ready first, and there is a long argument as to how many hours the power was in service, and the result is that they chase the engines out on the road and they die because there is a question of trains there. We expect to eliminate this whole question of whether the train was ready first or the engine was ready first. We claim that the time of our officials is too valuable to continue to be taken up in these personal—that is what it is—certainly to differences of opinion as to why certain things were or were not done. We want to move the train, and not talk so much about why it did not move. That is what we are all here for—to move the train."

The simplification has been real, it is said. The number of letters written has been cut by 30 to 50 per cent, and many other gains are claimed for it. And its larger significance the major expressed very well when he said: "All this system claims is to reflect what is a general tendency today in organization of the world over in various lines of work. This system happens to be adapted to railway work on the Harman lines. The navy has been going through a similar process. This system means in its last analysis decentralization. In nearly every line of activity today decentralization is the order of the day. In government work we have four branches of the executive which have been decentralized in the last year and a half. The national bank examiners have been divided into districts, the Post-office department has increased the number of its districts, the quartermaster's department of the army has been decentralized to a considerable extent. The big corporations like the telephone companies are introducing similar principles."

It may be that in the next few years, with this somewhat revolutionary scheme in operation, the Union Pacific will take the place of "Jim" Hill's roads as the "school for railroad presidents."

TEARS MOISTEN SOD FROM IRISH

Reverence Shows Imparted Turf and Shamrocks at Chicago.

Some fifty squares of Irish sod, sprinkled with growing shamrock, brought to Chicago for the festivities of St. Patrick's day, became an Irish shrine for two days before President Taft stood upon it while addressing the Irish Fellowship club. The sod was placed on a rough table and exhibited in an alcove of the La Salle hotel.

Young and old, rich and poor, last year's immigrant, and the young American reared by generations from Ireland went by the hundreds to pay their tribute, relates the Tribune. Some laughed, some were merely curious, some went as devotees to the sod, some as a man goes to his loved one's grave.

Men removed their hats as they approached and more than one woman kneeled in prayer. A detective was placed on guard for a time, but it was found that he was not needed. The sod had voluntary guardians, and it would have been a brave man who would dare to touch it.

Every one was curious about the shamrocks and great delight in discovering them. The turf was in fine condition, and the shamrocks green and numerous in spite of the fact that it was cut in mid-winter, subjected to a jolting voyage of 1,000 miles by land and 3,000 miles by water in rough grades, confined for some days in a pent house on the roof of a Chicago skyscraper, and again removed and stood on end in the electric lighted rotunda.

For a time one dear old lady constituted herself an apostle and custodian for the sod, telling strangers how the president of the United States was to have the privilege of standing on it, and explaining how a little care, and water, and sunshine would bring it to its natural green luxuriance, and she told them of the beauties of Ireland.

"How long is this going to be here?" asked a man, who evidently had not asked a block to get there. When told it would be open to public inspection for two more days he was much relieved. "I just heard about it," he explained, "and if this was the only day I was going right out to get my mother and bring her down, she'd be talking of nothing else for weeks, and feeling bad because only the few who could go to the banquet could see it. Gee! she'd be glad tonight."

A man, evidently a wealthy traveler, watched the crowd for a time and then walked over and asked who was the at-tendant. When he was told that it was the Irish sod from which President Taft is to speak he took off his hat and stepped forward, remarking:

"My mother came from Galway." A big young man who looked like a college student escorted his mother into the room. As she pointed out the shamrock she said to another woman:

"It's a many, many a year since I came downtown, and I never expected to again, but when I read of this I knew I had to come down once more." She sent for Jack and he brought her. Isn't it wonderful? A short time afterward a venerable woman wrapped in costly furs, a woman with a stern face and a "proud walk," entered. She looked at it with her glasses and without them, wiped them and wiped her eyes, crossed it and slipped a pinch of grass and shamrock into her purse. She left and came back again. Then the tears came and she knelt and kissed the sod and hurried away.

A stout, poorly dressed woman with big round red hands stood and watched the sod for a long time, starting jealously at every one who touched it. Suddenly she spoke:

"What are they goin' to do with it after the night?" "But it in some park," was the answer. "But they must put it in consecrated ground," she said. "It wouldn't be fit to put it just anywhere. Sure, if they don't bless the ground I don't believe the shamrocks would grow there."

Perhaps she thought of some one smiled. "This true!" she declared, defiantly. "Every bit of Irish ground is holy with the footsteps, sure an' the blood, too, of saints and heroes."

The man, whose mother was from Galway, had been standing by.

"This has been worth the trip from New York," he said. "My mother will be glad to hear I have seen and touched the old sod."

While the devout Irishwoman at the hotel was demanding that the sod be kept holy, Leo J. Doyle, chairman of the general reception committee of the Irish Fellowship

club, was receiving a petition from the Sisters of St. Ann, who have a convent at La Grange, to obtain for them a "bit" of the sod, promising to preserve it carefully forever in the shape of a miniature Ireland.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

Systematic Boost in Price of Hogs Worth Investigating.

Boston Herald. The allegation by The Omaha Bee, on the authority of members of the South Omaha Live Stock exchange, that present record-breaking prices for hogs and pork are the result of a corner which is being engineered at Chicago, ought to receive attention from the senators at Washington, who have professed a desire to discover all the causes of the increased cost of living. Here is a specific instance which bears all the earmarks of speculative manipulation of an important food product. If the senators will demand the presence of the pork packers with their books, and will trace the repeated increases in the last two months to their irreducible cause, we shall have much light not only on the cause of the increased price of pork, but on the increase in other food prices, where similar conditions may be traced through similar processes to identical causes.

LAUGHING GAS.

"I suppose life in the suburbs requires attention to many details." "Yes," replied Mr. Crossroads. "I have annoyed my wife terribly by forgetting to take down the curtains after when we had invited company."—Washington Star.

"We included our congressman in the 'grace' we said at the breakfast table this morning." "What was that?" "We ate the free needs he sent us."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two chorus ladies were at one of Victor Herbert's concerts on complimentary tickets. "I suppose life in the suburbs requires attention to many details." "Yes," replied Mr. Crossroads. "I have annoyed my wife terribly by forgetting to take down the curtains after when we had invited company."—Washington Star.

"We included our congressman in the 'grace' we said at the breakfast table this morning." "What was that?" "We ate the free needs he sent us."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Before elections you invariably say it is all over except the shouting." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "but I take care not to say whether we are going to shout for joy or revenge."—Washington Star.

Father—"What makes you so extravagant with your money sir?" "Well, dad, I thought you wouldn't like to spend a year after working so hard for it."—Boston Transcript.

"Why so gloomy, old chap?" "The doctor has ordered my wife to spend two months in the country." "Well, I understand that, but you don't understand! She won't go!"—Judge.

Lady Caller (confidentially to her hostess): "My dear, why doesn't the dean pad his legs, he does!"—London Punch.

"I'm afraid," said Deacon Hardesty, shaking his head, "we'll have to take our new preacher in hand and straighten up his doctrine." "Why, he ain't preaching heresy, is he?" asked Brother Keoplong.

"Well, he come mighty close to it. When I asked him the other day if he didn't think that the upbraidings of conscience would be one of the worst features of the lost souls in perdition, he said: 'Nonsense, deacon! Nobody that has a conscience will ever go there!'"—Chicago Tribune.

THE CONVERSATION.

W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Post. The packing light was low and dim. Yet not too dim and not too low. He talked to her, she talked to him—yet what they said they did not know. They talked about the latest play. They chatted of the newest book. But neither of them seemed to say a different thing with smile and look.

They talked about the flood in France. And of the row at England's polls. Of an amusing circumstance. Of chocolate, of breakfast rolls. Of making change on trolley cars. Of pictures in a museum. Of what they put in their cigars. Of how to crank a big machine.

They laughed at some unseasonable joke. They judged her latest photograph. They talked about the latest smoke. And of her uncle's epitaph. They agreed to know what either said. Of how fair woman's lack of guile would do away with graft and tricks. But more they said with look and smile.

At last he said that he must go; It took some time to say "good night"—The parlor lamp burned dim and low. But both their hearts were glad and light. In conversation aptly led. The evening had been nicely spent—Though neither knew what either said. Each knew just what the other meant.

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