THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.

VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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1	43,560	16	43,850
2	43,600	17	44,220
3	43,000	18	44,080
4	43,570	19	43,760
5	42,930	20	43,900
6	44,200	21	43,910
7	45,290	22	43,590
8	43,210	23	42,930
9	44,680	24	42,620
10	45,470	25	42,740
11	44,640	26	43,150
12	43,920	27	43,960
13	44,200	28	43,280
14	43,950	29	42,340
15	42,950	30	42,930

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GEORGE B. TZSCHUCK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30th day of November, 1910.
M. P. WALKER,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

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

The rubber market is stretching again.

If prices do not hurry the Tower of Pisa will fall first.

The early shopper catches the pretty clerk's smile.

It may be noted that Salome got away with her head.

Every now and then that man Foss seems to fumble the ball.

Strange that all those "lame ducks" were shot while on the run.

A constitution for China means a triumph for Christian civilization.

Why do women want to vote? asks a correspondent. Because they cannot.

Congressman Tawney says an extra session of congress is necessary. For what?

James J. Hill insists that politicians talk too much. Evidently some kings of commerce do once in a while.

"Wealth cannot buy one throb of love."—Laura Jean Libbey. We hope Laura Jean is not daring anybody.

Champ Clark says his full name is Beauchamp Clark. Come on, now, with the rest of it, Flambeauchamp.

An Elgin man offers a reward of $5,000 for five chicks that are stolen. Do you wonder at the price of eggs?

Probably no one will enjoy the humor of Champ Clark's being speaker more than Uncle Joe, himself.

"I sat in the lame duck alley for a few minutes," says Senator Depew. It will be longer than minutes, senator.

Now it is that "Gotch may meet Hack." That boy cannot stand the nagging noise of money on his sensitive nerves.

Now Copenhagen asks Peary to show his papers. But, fortunately, Peary overlooked Copenhagen when the case was filed.

In selecting Spring Lake as their next meeting place those governors must have been determined to get as far away as possible from all suggestion of Kentucky's famous output.

Keep charity in mind while you are doing your Christmas shopping.—Baltimore American.

Well, we will try, but you must admit that it is an effort with prices as they are.

To gratify the curiosity of a correspondent will somebody tell us whether or not the once celebrated Barataria frog farm has ceased to exist as such?—Chicago Tribune.

Isn't there some way of compromising with this man by telling him a good bear story, for instance?

The Kansas City Star complains that Dr. Cook, though having confessed, has not remitted that check of about $8,000 he carried away for his K. C. lecture. Possibly the doctor would consent to have the check photographed and send an enlarged one back to his Missouri friends as a souvenir.

The Downtown Church.

In Kansas City the Grand Avenue Methodist church is erecting a new edifice on the site, Ninth street and Grand avenue, where the old building stood for so many years. When the old structure was put up, of course, this location was not "downtown," but with the progress of years and the growth of the city it became such. Today it is about the center of business activity, surrounded on all sides by commercial institutions. But this congregation, which has ample means and a courage and enterprise apparently equal to its financial resources, is not oblivious to the fact that in the heart of business lie manifold opportunities for the church and it is not running away from what it cannot help, but recognizes as its duty.

Most of the aggressive denominations, the Roman Catholic in particular, are agreed on the importance of a downtown church. Its mission is too plain to be misunderstood. It stands, or should stand, as the friendly port for every uncertain mariner, whether he be stranger or not within the city. It is accessible and if it is an institutional church, as it should be to attain its higher possibilities of good, it will afford him more than merely a place where he may go to hear a sermon, or listen to good music. Its opportunities cannot be measured or estimated.

Most cities have their downtown churches. There is the old First Methodist, most notable in Chicago, and the Old Stone (Presbyterian) church in Cleveland, both in the very heart of the business section and both, undoubtedly, wielding powerful influence. The business world is keen to pick out strategical locations, those that will make its institutions most conspicuous and draw the greatest number to them. The business world is after results. It is one of the irreconcilable things about the church's management that it does go in stronger for this principle. The general tendency, especially with the Protestant churches of greatest financial resources, is to seek a location out in the heart of the city's quieter precincts, away from the path of the wayfarer, who might unawares run into a church door if the church were down in the part of the city that he frequents. Christ, whom the church represents on earth, did not in His ministry go about seeking out the nice, soft, beautiful places and the cultured people only to preach to. He seemed to give preference to the bypaths which such as these did not frequent. And the command He gave to His servants, "Go out in the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled," does not seem so applicable to the elegant edifice set on the hill above the din and turbulence of earthly strife as it does to that one standing down yonder on the lowlands of less inviting scenes, but greater opportunities.

Conversation No Lost Art.

An eastern critic says Americans have lost the art of conversation. He laments it as "a symptom of the empty-headedness of the average man and woman." It is axiomatic that the best thinkers are often the least loquacious. So that on that score our friend need give himself no undue alarm. His premise may or may not be good, but we feel certain his conclusion is unsound. Because a person is not talking does not indicate that he is not thinking. It often indicates just the reverse.

It is possible that people do not give the time and care to polish their conversation today that they used to or that they should. Skill in conversation is an accomplishment that should be sought. Its value is manifold. It even has a commercial aspect. Look at your want ads and read, repeatedly, "One of good address." The person who is able to express himself effectively, even elegantly, has a great advantage over the one who cannot. It should be the part of our common school education to emphasize this fact. It should be the part of each individual to improve his diction, to make it as choice and precise as possible. If this be the art of conversation, then, perhaps, we as a people are not practicing it as we should, but still it does not seem to be lost, nor the status to indicate empty-headedness.

Our heads are often too full. That is one of the prevailing faults of the times. They are too full of the stern, pragmatic things of life to give us time for improving the artistic side of our nature. This is a very busy age, as, of course, our critic must know. It is not quite the day of the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," or the coffee houses in London, where people had time to sit and talk over their cups. Not even the old New England tea parties seem to be as much in vogue as formerly. And we are prone to lament that times have so changed; that the current of life has so quickened as to sweep us along too swiftly for such leisurely indulgences. It might be better in many respects if it were not so. Certainly it would be if the change has been made at the expense of such a rare accomplishment as conversation.

What the critics seem to overlook is the fact that our forms and fashions today do not permit us to go back to those of the yesterdays. But go to the busy noon lunch rooms in cafes where men gather from day to day, or to the clubs, or to the homes in the evening where now the big meal of the day is eaten and you will find your conversationalists. But they will not be the conversationalists of those other days. They are conversing about different things, more things, and in different ways. They have to to converse at all and keep abreast the times, for things are rushing in upon us so fast today we simply have to think fast, talk fast and act fast. But it is a good day, after all, and a day when man is thinking and acting as he never thought and acted before.

Vital Statistics.

The attention of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, in session at Chicago, has been called to the lamentable deficiency in our system of collecting vital statistics. Stress is especially laid upon the fact that the registration of births is neglected to the point where the few public records available are all but worthless because of their inaccuracy and deficiency.

The registration of birth is not merely an impertinent assertion of the state's authority. It is very pertinent to the future of the body politic that such a record be kept. Laws and practices touching on the individual in many ways are continually increasing in number, and it is highly important to the application of these laws that the state be in possession of definite information concerning the individual, especially as to his age. The insurance experts require it for the proper conduct of their business, the health officials need it in order that they may be perfectly equipped to protect the people, and the public officials demand it in order that they may be in a position to enforce educational and other restrictive laws. The neglect of the simple matter of accurately registering the births in the United States is a disgrace to a people who claim to be enlightened. It may be charged entirely to the carelessness with which we have hitherto borne many of the responsibilities of our organized existence. The demand for proper laws and the enforcement of them in order that accurate and dependable vital statistics may be had is reasonable and should be heeded.

Mankind's Progress.

Verily, "the old order, changeth." China, which has slumbered for centuries, has finally awakened, and with the beginning of the new year will be governed by a constitutional cabinet, and not by a cabal of imperial favorites. The significance of this political change is far greater than can be expressed in a few words. It is an evidence of the working of the leaven that has been planted by the pioneers of western civilization, and proves the tremendous effect on the destiny of the race of the example and influence of the Christian nations of the world.

Just as a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, so no civilization is higher than its lowest member. One section or division of the race may step out in front of the general advance, but its position only becomes permanent when the gap behind it has been closed up. In progress this can be accomplished only by bringing up those who have lagged behind. This is the great achievement of civilization. The Christian missionaries going among the benighted peoples of the world did more than carry to them a new form of worship. In teaching their religion the missionaries taught a better way to live, a higher end for individual existence and a nobler purpose in organized government. The man of commerce who came after the man of religion served to emphasize and enhance the lesson, and between the two the cause of humanity was set far ahead on the road to perfection. Railroads and steamships, telegraph and cable lines, have blotted out distance and destroyed boundaries until today all races of man are neighbors, if not brothers.

The establishment of a higher and better form of government for China is but a manifestation of the great progress that is being made, and should encourage every lover of the race to greater efforts, because in it is the assurance that success will ultimately be attained. The way has been long and progress seems slow, but we are going ahead now, and moving so rapidly that we can scarcely appreciate the progress we are making.

The Crisis at Vassar.

Four of the six cooks at Vassar college broke ranks and left their kitchens the other day and 1,000 hale, healthy young women were left stranded without their regular meals or any way of getting them except as the two remaining cooks could provide. But, of course, where six cooks had been necessary to meet the demands of 1,000 students, two cooks could not be expected to do it. And those 1,000 girls were helpless, many hopeless and all hungry.

You ask why half a dozen of the girl students did not put on aprons, roll up their sleeves and pitch in themselves? Well, it evidently did not occur to them, and if it had, apparently it would have done no good, for cooking and serving meals is not a part of the curriculum for the average young woman who "goes away" for her education these days. She is receiving culture in far more esthetic lines.

This is not a pleasant commentary upon the popular training some of the American girls are getting. It is not to be supposed that girls at college are there to take the places of the cooks when they quit, but if they were capable of doing so they could take their places in the homes of their country with more ease and grace and usefulness. It is the home, the family, as the unit of society—not the individual—that the most practical and comprehensive system of education keeps chiefly in mind, or should. It is well that some of our institutions are devoting special attention to this fact; that they are equipping themselves with courses in domestic science and economy. These are the schools and colleges whose influence is bound to count largest in the sum total of life. And it may not be going too far to assume that they are the pioneers in a system of education that is bound to become the accepted one in the future. It need not discard the finer arts, for they have their place and always will. It is well enough that our girls and young women know how to scan a line of Latin poetry, providing they also know something about those sterner lessons of life, those which they will be called on to recite after they have left college halls on through the years.

It is not only important that young women have a working knowledge of domestic duties, but it is even more important that they have nothing short of the most exalted respect for them. It is dangerous to view such ennobling spheres of activity from a low level.

Safe to Leave it to Taft.

President Taft probably will announce his choice for the succession of Associate Justice Moody of the federal supreme court without further delay. Many men have interested themselves in this selection and many have been candidates for the place. We believe the matter could have been safely entrusted to the president without solicitation and that his judgment would have been safe enough to follow. His own training and experience as a judge, his naturally lofty ideal of the judiciary as one of the essential arms of government and his peculiar ability for knowing what is most required in the man who goes on the supreme bench at this time are elements which, we believe, make the president the one man to determine this choice, as, of course, he will be. He is fully impressed by the seriousness of the responsibility. He fully realizes that he, after all, is responsible for the appointment, and it is inconceivable that he should be indifferent to the importance of making the best possible selection.

With this view of the situation one cannot but question the propriety of candidates and their friends making a campaign, as some have done, for this position. It is somewhat different in its nature from other governmental offices. It seems to be the one for which contests should not be waged. Of course, where the chief executive feels constraint from any consideration whatever to confer with leading men about such matters, that is his affair, but for him to be importuned from the outside for this candidate or that does not seem quite compatible with the character of the office. The appointment, when it is announced, is bound to create deep interest and we feel confident that, all things considered, it will be as good an appointment as could have been made.

Churches Oppose War.

A movement is on foot among some of the evangelical churches to enlist all religious forces in a concerted plan to stamp out war and propagate the principle of world peace. What more natural than that the agent on earth of the Prince of Peace should be the power to take this lead? Governments and principalities of the world have already evinced a willingness to follow, then let the church lead. It is world peace we have been preaching for these years. It is world peace as the indispensable factor in promoting the commerce and industry of the nations at which we have aimed in The Hague tribunals and the Portsmouth treaties. But the aim of the church is higher than commerce and trade; higher, yet including these.

Wars have served their purpose. Military prowess has left its impress. Nations have been built and destroyed by war. War is powerful. If we abolish it we must be sure that we have something to take its place. What will it be? The Continent of New York answers the question in a recent editorial on "The Fighting Spirit." It is this spirit as the equivalent of war, which the Continent says, we must have.

"It is not the quarrelsome spirit," says this religious journal. "It is the spirit that will stake anything, even life itself, on a great conviction, or a great cause." And it adds:

If the elimination of warfare should mean the decay of the fighting spirit and its virtues, then it is an open question whether the elimination of war would be a gain or a loss to society.

There is a thought for the churches in planning on the abolition of war. The Continent does not commend war, but it leaves no room for doubting the sanity of its proposition. And to show how righteously grounded is this "fighting spirit," it makes use of those famous words of Jesus, so often quoted as the maxim of anti-war, the justification of the soft doctrine of nonresistance:

Whosoever shall smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also.

It maintains that this very saying becomes forceful "only when we interpret it in the terms of the fighting spirit." It clinches its point by using the illustration of team work in a game of foot ball. Never mind yourself or the injuries inflicted on you. Brush them aside and go in to win. "Disregard fouls, play the game." That is the true fighting spirit and it is the spirit that is indispensable to success in any of life's contests. Unless we have it as the "equivalent of war" we had better not give up war. But, of course, there is no reason why we should not have it.

The Pennsylvania minister who denounced Governor-elect Tener in his pulpit during the campaign has now from the same pulpit made a retraction. How much better not to have made the attack. How much better to have informed himself of the facts before rather than after. It would have helped his influence far more. Incendiarism is as bad in the pulpit as in the press.

The New York Mail wants to know if there is any device for opening a letter. Yes. Take a slender, pointed instrument, made of steel or guttapercha, insert the point end in one end of the envelope and push. The result is certain.

Realism Frowned On.

Washington Herald.

Senator Tillman hopes the democrats will not "play the fool." It is more important they should avoid being the real thing.

Vocal Scrappers Hushed.

Houston Post.

With the restoration of tranquility, we dismiss the notion of licking Mexico, but the suggestion was one that opened a vista of ecstasy and glory. And the Lord knows grand old Texas could have done the job so completely.

Make a Note of It.

Chicago Tribune.

Let it not be overlooked or forgotten that President Taft takes a firm stand against the further use of the dangerous and deadly phosphorous match. This match, as he seems to intimate, is not made in heaven. Far from it.

Telegraphy and the Vails.

New York Tribune.

There is a fine historic fitness in having a member of the Vail family at the head of one of the great telegraph companies, because of the close relationship which two other members of that family sustained to the practical invention and development of the magnetic telegraph. The names of the Vails, father and son, of Morristown, N. J., the one the head of the old Speedwell Iron works, the other a student in New York university, deserve always to be linked with that of Samuel F. B. Morse.

Deserved Rebuke of Lawyer.

Baltimore American.

In rebuking a lawyer who said that during the last two administrations it has been necessary to be "a great soldier to bow to the scepter and be a lickspittle," the supreme court was moved by respect for a co-ordinate branch of the government, the executive. Incidentally, Justice White, who administered the rebuke, gave a pretty strong hint to the offender by which he ought to profit. It would puzzle this lawyer to point out a great or distinguished soldier who has reached his rank by fawning on power. On the contrary, not a few of the promotions which have stirred up controversy have been those of men who, having rendered conspicuous service under volunteer commissions, were given equivalent rank in the permanent establishment. General Wood and General Bell are conspicuous instances of merit making its way to appreciation.

A SEASONABLE TEXT.

The Church and the Stranger, and What Happened.

Thomas Nelson Page in Scribner's.

His face was grave and marked as if by want or sorrow. His eyes, deep sunken as with care, were habitually cast down, and his shoulders stooped as though he had long borne heavy burdens. He might, but for his gentle expression, have been a workman out of work, who had known better days, but his countenance, as he talked to some little children who had stopped by him, was kind and gentle, and had something childlike in it. As he stood talking with and enjoying them, a number of the church-goers observed him and, after a consultation, one turned back and said something to the children in a commanding voice, at which they started and ran off, looking back, now at the stranger and now at the gentleman, who still remained in sight, as if to see that his orders were obeyed. The stranger, too, gazed after the children, as if in a sort of pleasant dream. From this he was aroused by another church-goer with an official mien, who, after a casual glance at him, paused at the threshold and then turned back. In his gloved hand he carried a small gold-headed cane, as fine as a reed, with which he pointed at the stranger as he approached him, and called in a tone of authority, "Don't hang around the church—go on." So the stranger kept on until he had crossed the street, when he turned just in time to see the gentleman enter the church. As the latter passed a bowing usher he paused to say, "I am expecting friends in my pew today—Lord and Lady— (the name was lost), so do not show any strangers to it." The usher bowed. Close on his heels came another who said, "No strangers in my pew; they annoy me." "Yes, sir," bowed the usher. At that moment a poor woman, dressed like a widow, in a thin, shabby, black dress, long worn threadbare, and with shoes old and broken, passed by, and entering the church, stood in the aisle just within the door, timidly waiting to be allowed to sit down in one of the empty pews. The official looking gentleman passed her, apparently without looking at her; but as he passed a verger he said to him, with a jerk of the head, "Give her a seat; don't let people block up the aisles."

Our Birthday Book.

December 11, 1910.

Judge John E. Carland of the federal bench for South Dakota was born December 11, 1853, in Oswego county, New York. He was associate justice of the supreme court of South Dakota and was appointed United States district judge by President Cleveland in 1896. He has held court in Omaha occasionally.

Harry P. Deuel, former register of deeds and now retired, is celebrating his 74th birthday today. He was born in Clarkson, N. Y., and came to Omaha in 1859 as steamboat agent and commission broker. When the railroad reached Omaha he was the first ticket agent and sold the first coupon railroad ticket in Nebraska.

Guy Liggett, president and manager of the Pantorium, is 35 years old today. He was born in Conway, Ia. He studied one year at the Iowa State college and came to Omaha in 1898 as an employe of the Pantorium, and in the same year bought a half interest in it, and a year later assumed its management with wonderful success.

Calvin C. Valentine, court reporter, was born December 11, 1854, in Keosauqua, Ia. He was the first offical court reporter in Dakota and is now the pioneer court reporter of Nebraska.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

Montana society will have to step lively if it gets a look at former Senator Clark's $100,000 dinner set.

Keen observers of social phenomena have not as yet noticed the Pullman company leaning on its "uppers."

A school boy strike broke out in Jersey City just in time to reverse a judicial decision on the uselessness of spanking.

The wise old guy who wants everybody to "make your Christmas gifts practical" will be found scrambling among the remnants in the eleventh hour rush.

If Paris succeeds in making gowns buttoned in front fashionable, indoor athletics will experience a boost. Husbands must have some exercise in place of the back hitch.

Here and there in the dry belt of Kansas soba may be heard over the destruction of the last link connecting the prosaic present with the populistic past. Farmer Coburn shed his whiskers.

The Milwaukee Old Settlers' club agreed to appoint a committee to view and report on Mary Garden's "Dance of the Seven Veils," but the plan failed because the rush to serve on the committee embraced the entire membership.

A jury fixer has been convicted in New York, two are about to be tried in Chicago and Omaha has one under judicial investigation. The fact that the fixers were caught tends to prove that they were amateurs butting into a fine art.

Although "up state" draws the greater proportion of public revenue from New York City, only five counties outside of the big city gave a majority for the bonds which insure the completion of the Palisades—Harriman Park. The state bonds carried by a majority of 50,000.

THE BRAVE STRANGER.

Iowa Outclasses Minnesota in Generous Chivalry.

New York Sun.

There was a story about the late Governor John A. Johnson, a true story we are sure, that endeared him even to his political opponents. He was hurrying incognito along a platform in a railroad station to catch a train when a tremendous hubbub in the Swedish tongue fixed him in his tracks: an unfriended and ignorant old emigrant woman was trying to retain her hold on a horsehair trunk which a baggageman had laid rude hands upon. She wept, gesticulated and railed, but could not understand that robbery and sacrilege were not intended. She wanted to go to Sauk Centre or some such place, and her soul was centered in the resolution to carry her trunk aboard the nearest train. The governor incognito, intervened, had her baggage checked, put her in the right coach, hat in hand, asked her how the folk were at home and wished her Godspeed, while she cried with delight. Then he disappeared, but had lost his train.

It was just like John A. Johnson, of course, but with due reverence to the memory of a very human man, they have a citizen of Iowa who risked more than the loss of a train to befriend a woman, an aged woman too. The story is quickly told (Des Moines date):

"When a spare, tall man in a slouch hat and an ulster, the collar of which concealed his features, volunteered at midnight to enter a burning building to bring out a trunk in which an aged woman said lay possessions priceless to her, the firemen tried to restrain him. But he evaded them, and regardless of danger plunged into the smoke and flame which poured from the open door. The crowd waited for what seemed to them nearly an hour for him to reappear, and the apprehension of the firemen that he had perished grew into conviction, when he emerged dragging the trunk after him."

The hour in the burning building, as the time seemed, had made awful ravages on the stranger's person and clothing. His face was black as if he had emerged from Pluto's realm, all the fine lineaments obscured by smoke. His hat was crumpled, his ulster scorched. His hair gave out a pungent burnt odor. He was pale and unsteady in his gait. He staggered past the trembling firemen and vanished. Only one man in the vast breathless crowd recognized the brave stranger; that man was Deputy Auditor of State Joseph F. Wall. He reports that the savior of the trunk and its priceless contents was no other than the Hon. B. F. Carroll, governor of the state.

And yet Colonel Lafayette Young thinks that he can be elected senator by the legislature.

IRRIGATED FARMS.

Government Land Free, but Water Costs Something.

San Francisco Chronicle.

A dispatch from Washington says that as a result of the expenditure of the $35,000,000, more or less, which has already been spent, Uncle Sam has now, in addition to those which have been taken up, about 400 farms distributed among the various projects, which he is ready to bestow upon applicants "free."

Literally that is true. No charge is made for the land. But the dispatch naively adds that "the chief expense incurred in obtaining one of these tracts being the payment of the cost of water rights, which amounts to from $30 to $60 an acre of irrigable land."

Probably this is also true, but while this payment of from $30 to $60 per acre may be the "chief" expense, the cost of the buildings, fences, leveling, road building, construction of school houses, churches and other requirements of civilization will count up pretty fast themselves.

Uncle Sam seems to be having a good deal of trouble in giving away these 400 farms, and yet it is certain that single private firms or individuals in this state, during the time that these "free farms" have been on the market, have disposed of more than 400 irrigated farms, for which, in addition to the cost of water, probably equal to that on the government projects, a round price has been paid for the land.

It makes all the difference in the world where the land is.

SERMONS BOILED DOWN.

No man escapes duty by fleeing to his devotions.

Stage thunder brings no showers of spiritual blessing.

The loafer has the longest hours and the shortest years.

It is always easier to love your enemies than your rivals.

Zeal is a consuming fire, but love makes it burn on an altar.

The greatest force for good is faith in the possible good in a man.

Folks who really have halos are never discovered before mirrors.

The heresy hunter will never find orthodoxy save in a phonograph.

Many churches mistake raking in the shekels for bringing in the sheaves.

Some are never sure of the love of the lord until their neighbors get into trouble.

Men never get to know their Father in heaven by going to church to find out the faults of one another.

The poorest way for the preacher to make sure of the love of people is to worry ever whether they like his preaching.—Chicago Tribune.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

St. Louis Republic: A local clergyman called the denomination founded by Mrs. Eddy the only religion of American origin. Has he forgotten the religion founded by Joseph Smith?

Baltimore American: A new religion has just been imported from Persia. It might not be a bad idea, however, to give a fair show, in the way of living up to them, to those we have already at home.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Cardinal Gibbons applauds the idea of church unity and points out that his church is the right rallying point. We presume that the clergymen of other churches will do likewise. And there you are again.

Philadelphia Ledger: A preacher arraigned in a Media court for non-support of his aged mother was constrained to pay her $3.50 weekly. Since many modern sermons are based on real life, the preacher in question might find a text in this episode.

Brooklyn Eagle: Texas Methodists are to allot farms of ten acres each to superannuated ministers. As to what the ministers will raise on the farms, "It may chance of wheat or some other grain," as St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians. Possibly more metaphor than wheat will be grown, and nearly as much of simile.

Springfield Republican: Rabbi Wise, the "modernest Jew," stands intrepidly to his guns in the Judea of New York against those who criticise the Jews who, like himself, have joined with certain Christian sects in union services within the past few months. "Can Jew and Christian unite in worship?" asked the rabbi in his Sunday sermon. His answer was a most emphatic affirmative. The union meetings, he declared, "illustrate the fact that neither church nor synagogue is an end within itself, but both are to be regarded as indefensible, except as they stir men to go forth and help their fellow-men, serving not as a fire to stand around, but as a torch with which the enshadowed souls of all God's children can be guided forward."

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"Why do you keep announcing that you are to be married to an heiress? Does it gratify your vanity?"

"No," replied Baron Fucash, "but it cheers my creditors."—Washington Star.

"Why are you saving this turkey foot?"

"It was such a good turkey we had for Thanksgiving," explained the young housewife, "that I want to see if the butcher can't match it for Christmas."—Kansas City Journal.

"Yes, it was George's idea to give me a silver spoon for every birthday."

"How many has he given you?"

"Why, twenty-two."

"Why did he stop?"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"What is woman?" asked the speaker.

"Woman," replied a man in the audience—a married man—"is an animate being, with the power of speech abnormally developed, and entirely surrounded by a dress that buttons up the back."—Argonaut.

"Mary loves to get her picture in print, doesn't she?"

"Yes. That's her only reason for joining so many women's clubs."—St. Louis Republic.

"My husband," proudly said a young wife, "loves me so much that he won't so much as look at another woman."

"Ah, my child," sighed the experienced matron, "the real proof of a man's devotion is not so much his not looking after other women abroad, as his looking after the furnace at home."—Baltimore American.

"Lil," said Kit, "you're trying to take my feller away from me. I'll get even with you, miss!"

"I s'pose you'll tell 'im some lie about me, Kit Skimmerhorn!" snapped the other.

"I'll do mor'n that, Lil Goovius! I'll tell Laura Jean Libbey on you!"—Chicago Tribune.

IN COMMON THINGS.

Minot J. Savage.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet;
In star and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For, see!
It is a flower that blossoms by thy door;
Bring love and justice home; and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought,
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command;
Life's common deeds built all that saints have thought.

In wonder-workings, or some bush aflame
Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed;
But in earth's common things He stands revealed
While grass and flowers spell out His name.