

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

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OCTOBER CIRCULATION. 50,703

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation, less special, unsold and returned copies for the month of October, 1911, was 50,703.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 19th day of November, 1911. (Seal.) ROBERT HUNT, Notary Public.

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

Yep, nothing to do till tomorrow.

Take heed, Mr. Turkey Gobbler. They're after you.

Only a few more days and foot ball will be past for another year.

Mayor "Jim" is no silk-stocking, and he doesn't care who knows it.

Baltimore is going ahead on the right track now—Baltimore American. Must be on the trail of Omaha.

Your "Uncle Dudley" Veno still leads the road of the medical faker, rocky.

Do not bemean this world, for it is impossible to find another on earth better.

Few men find politics as bad as they had thought, if only they succeed in landing.

The governor of Nevada has come out in defense of Reno, showing he is not afraid of a man's job.

The one creditable feature about Maryland democrats' attempt to disfranchise the negro was its candor.

Trentlin has decided to sue Caruso for \$100,000. Caruso gets more good free advertising than most artists.

Europe is shaken by an earthquake. Nature doubtless thought politics was not doing a good job of it.

The 1911 gridiron death list is gradually lengthening. The safe and sane football game is plainly of the future.

Aviator Rodgers is to be congratulated more on the fact that he is alive than on his fine flight across the continent.

The last time woman suffrage was voted on in Nebraska it was beaten two to one. It is a safe guess that it will not be worse next time.

The slogan of the day is greater efficiency in life. That is a physical, moral, mental and spiritual uplift, which marks this as a good day.

A debate between Colonel Roosevelt and Congressman Stanley on "What I Know About the Steel Merger" would at least be interesting.

Though blind the later years of his life, Joseph Pulitzer yet had a vision of life and its problems larger and more penetrating than is given to many who see.

Mr. Bryan is evidently thoroughly convinced that our hyphenated democratic contemporary has degenerated sadly since he ceased to be its responsible editor.

The people voted \$200,000 for equipment and installation of our new Douglas county court house. The county board will do well to keep safely within the limit.

Norman E. Mack says Colonel Roosevelt is now an avowed candidate for the presidency. Still, we prefer to wait for the colonel, himself, to make the announcement.

"Joy is the crown which achievement places on the brow of toil," says The Continent. And it is one crown the common people may wear and under which the head will not rest uneasy.

A folder is out entitled "The Illinois Plan for the Prevention and Suppression of Monopolies." The Illinois plan for the election of United States senators furnishes some exciting reading.

A Year of Politics Ahead.

Although the common complaint is that we have too much politics, and the constant cry is for a rest from political controversy, the duration of the presidential campaign seems to be lengthening rather than shortening.

With the votes cast in the off-year election of 1911 not yet canvassed, the lines are already being drawn for the battle of 1912, and there is no escaping a solid year of politics ahead. People may debate whether this is a good thing or a bad thing; they may lament its depressing influence upon business; but the stern reality is there—that in this great and glorious republic we have politics because we want it, and we want politics because we like it.

Few, if any, subjects appeal so strongly to so many people at the same time, and no subject is able to hold popular interest so steadily and continuously as does that of politics. More than 15,000,000 will next year march up to the ballot box and express their choice as between those who aspire to head the national government for the ensuing four years, and the year of politics that is to precede this momentous act is the term at school for their education and preparation. The year ahead is to be a year of politics, but it will be worth while as the stimulating leaven of democracy.

A Friend in Need.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," runs the old adage, and it is sad, but true, that we usually have to meet with adversity in order to test our friends. The fair-weather companion who takes to cover at the first sign of threatened storm is found wanting at the crucial moment. His previous professions of devotion are proved to have been hollow, and instead of resembling a strong staff to lean upon, his promise turns out to be a fragile reed. It is the friend who stands firm through thick and thin, who, though unwilling to overlook or even to excuse mistakes and misdeeds, yet holds out a helping hand over the hard places, and asks only a sincere effort at self-help, who really counts.

People are often mistaken in their friends, but the discerning judge of human nature can frequently separate the genuine from the spurious as he goes along. It is for us to cultivate and strengthen the friendships in which we have confidence, and to waste as little time as possible on those we have reason to suspect. A tried friend, like money in bank, makes us feel easier to know it is there, and can be had when necessity requires.

True friendship, however, is reciprocal. The man who would accept the tribute of a friend must also be willing to give it to the extent of his ability no matter whether the exchange be disproportionate. Without the friend in need, life would be much more empty, and its enjoyment far less keen.

Mrs. Pankhurst's Address.

Those who heard Mrs. Pankhurst speak on woman suffrage must have been impressed with her intonations, her lucid argument and the fact that woman's need of the ballot appears to be much more urgent in Great Britain than in the United States.

No matter how radically opposed to woman suffrage one may be, he cannot possibly fail to give a respectful hearing to the cause when presented with the fairness, earnestness and logic which characterized the address of the distinguished leader of the militant suffragettes of Great Britain. Her diction and delivery are elegant and her entire presence admirable. All this does much to command respectful attention for the principles Mrs. Pankhurst advocates.

Taking conditions as Mrs. Pankhurst pictures them in England and in this country as we know them to be, they are not identical, and one may even see no immediate necessity of giving votes to women in the United States and at the same time sympathize with the struggling women in England. Heralded as she has been by sensational reports of her militant methods, Mrs. Pankhurst brings, not only a complete refutation in her gentle manner, but likewise a persuasiveness that is really eloquent in its reach. Like many of the great women who have led woman's rights in the United States, this quiet little English woman has a way of presenting her cause that wins respect for herself.

The Boy and the Home.

Many good men and women going by the name of reformers habitually complain at the moral and civic laxity of the times. They tell us this looseness is worse than it used to be; that standards are lower, wrong more rampant. The grown-up invidiously compares the youth of today with the young of yesterday and all agree that the man in public life is not what he used to be in scrupulous fidelity to his trust.

As a matter of course, the aggregate of error must be greater today than in former days in our country, for we are growing at such tremendous bounds, but is the average of error greater? If it is, why? What does that argue for all our uplift and reform movements? If the boy today is not as tractable, not as obedient, not as courteous, as was the boy of

other days, why so? The former boy did not have all these aids and agencies to help him be good and sweet. All he had was "ma" and "pa" and home, sweet home. Nor were such safeguards thrown about the conduct of our public men in former years.

Sometimes a sober, second thought suggests that possibly society is trying to do too much for the boy, to say nothing of the man. Here is the boy's club in school, in church, in the city, in divers spheres of public action. An expert teaches him this, another that and so on, until there is really little left for his father and mother to do for him. Can it be possible that society is overshooting the mark? If the boy of yesterday was a tamer, better lad than his brother of today, then it must have been because he had fewer temptations and more simple home-training. After all there is no influence like good home influence for the boy and only when home influence is not good, should outsiders step in and preempt this function.

Uplift for the Pulpit.

Colonel Watterson declares he would have all ministers of the gospel as free to discuss the things of this world as the statesman or the journalist, "but with this difference, that the objective point with them shall be the regeneration of man through the grace of God and not the winning of office or the exploitation of parties and newspapers."

Now, more than at any other time, perhaps, the need is for a worldly-wise and broadly independent clergy, but nonetheless devout and consecrated. The larger function of the church is not the propagating of any particular dogma or creed, but necessarily the recruiting of its ranks, but rather the service it can render in the solution of mundane problems.

But how can that be done unless the churchman knows what those problems are and knows how to get at them? A prominent layman, addressing a body of churchmen in Kansas City the other day, said many churchmen are too ignorant of the sins and evils of the world to be of useful service in dealing with them. He urged them to give more thought and study to these things, to the social evil, for instance, and to the culture. It is one thing to condemn without knowledge of what is condemned; it is quite another thing to know conditions and to know how to improve them.

Colonel Watterson places upon the church the largest share in this great work of mankind's uplift. "Journalism," he says, "is yet too unripe to more than guess at truth from a single side." The statesman stands mainly for political organism. Until he dies he is suspected. The pulpit remains, therefore, still the moral hope of the universe and the spiritual light of mankind.

But what of the hope and what of the light? Scholastic efficiency, deep piety, tender sympathy and emotion, not even oratorical power, will sustain either and give to the pulpit this penetrating potency unless there is back of it all a searching sympathy for the world as it is, a fellow feeling, a worldly wisdom, a breadth of view and the virility and independence in mind and action.

Rough Road for Health Bureau.

Senator Owen of Oklahoma has given due notice of his intention to reintroduce his bill for a national health department at Washington. He proposes it as a move toward the conservation of human life and argues that we are employing scientific methods to protect our food and domestic animals, while neglecting that of the man himself. He gives a money side to his project and declares that, valuing a human life at \$1,700, the United States loses \$1,000,000,000 every year needlessly and another \$1,000,000,000 from incapacitation through unnecessary illness.

But his measure, which at the last session of congress, lost out, is destined to travel a rough road when it comes up again. It arouses the ire and opposition of other than the so-called orthodox schools of treating human disease. From this source comes the charge that the bill is in the interest of a medical trust and that the question "touches the liberty of the individual, that touches the home, that touches the whole life." Such an argument is made by Senator Works of California and lauded by the Christian Science Monitor of Boston. The San Francisco Call declares the proposed plan would "create a bureau of domestic interference and would constitute an intolerable invasion of the right of private judgment." Christian Scientists, of course, oppose the bill, so do some of the osteopaths and no doubt also the other various schools or cults not counted in the orthodox class. The argument is insisted upon that medicine will never be an exact science and that every person should be left free to choose his own physician and treatment.

To all such opposition the reply is made that the same gigantic interests that so bitterly condemned Dr. Wiley and his reforms are the real opponents of this bill. And so the fight goes on. The country apparently is not aroused to the prime necessity for such a department to come to the rescue, though undoubtedly if a feasible way could be found for the federal government to

aid in the conservation of health and life without unduly antagonizing the various faith cults, it would be welcomed as a forward step.

Ethereal Asphyxia.

Aviator Rodgers thinks he has fathomed one important problem in the mystery of aerial travel, that is that the common cause of many deaths is ethereal asphyxia, inducing a somnolent condition, which, it is easy to see, is almost certain to prove fatal. As he is convinced, this deadly ether lurks in the pockets of the upper air strata and breathes its noxious breath into the senses of the victim before he realizes it and, nine times out of ten, he falls irresistibly and unconscious to his doom.

At precisely what altitude this ethereal asphyxia is encountered, or the depth of the strata it occupies, is not stated, but this much seems true: If the theory of young Mr. Rodgers be correct, then certainly aerial navigation as a practical utility has run up against a serious snag at the outset, except under favorable conditions where lines of travel can be kept close to earth. For the number of people who cannot endure high altitudes is large. They are unfit even for the rarified air of the lofty mountains and many of these people are unable to tell until too late that they are thus constituted.

It remains to be proved whether Mr. Rodgers, who recently had quite a fall himself, is really correct in his version of the causes of death of Ely, Hoxsey and Johnston. There is no question at all about the atmospheric rarefaction in certain strata, but whether it has the effect described must be determined by the aviators.

Court House Marriages.

A New York judge who has his office in the city hall was recently quoted by the New York Herald as saying that nearly all the couples who apply to his court for divorce were married in the city hall.

That should not, of course, prejudice these marriages performed in city halls and court houses that do not end in divorce. Many happy unions are formed before magistrates in their offices, and so these must not suffer in name because all do not terminate as happily.

New York, possibly, is no different from many other cities in this experience. It cannot be gainsaid that very many of these marriages are the result of brief and unwise courtship, the product of impulse or passion. It is no wonder, therefore, that the percentage of their failure is large. Here is another suggestion for those who are interested in devising ways and means of remedying the growing divorce evil all over this country. If there were fewer of those made-while-you-wait matrimonial unions, in city halls, court houses, preachers' studies and elsewhere, certainly there would be fewer legal and illegal separations and fewer blighted lives.

But this, hop-skip-and-jump fashion of going to the altar is not confined to the public official. All too many clergymen are willing to take chances on couples of whose antecedents they know nothing. These churchmen have a duty in this connection even more serious than that of the magistrate and it is a sad day when they become the least bit callous to that duty. It is well enough to talk of marriages being made in heaven, but the real ambassadors of that kingdom can help to see that more of them are made in heaven by exercising more discriminating vigilance to prevent the untimely match. There is, after all, not much for which a minister of the gospel should strive in simply seeing how many marriages he can perform.

It's just possible that the triumphant re-election by the biggest majority of all of our fellow townsmen, Frank L. Haller, as state university regent over Lincoln's preferred choice, may have had something to do with jarring loose that medical school appropriation.

Our socialist friends are unfortunately in the fact that their most noted leaders are foreign-born, and thereby disqualified from aspiring to be presidential candidates. This may be overcome in time, but right now it is a real handicap.

The Washington Post recently asked how "Marse Henry" would like to be called "Uncle Hank." Surely the Post does not think that Colonel Watterson has lived in Kentucky all his life and not been called worse names.

Send The Bee your preferred choice for commissioner under Omaha's new plan of city government. Give the reasons why he is entitled to consideration. Name one at a time, though, not the whole seven.

It is to be hoped that delegates to the recent convention of the Nebraska League of Municipalities realize better now from observation how complex some apparently simple problems may become in a big city.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

NOV. 19.

Thirty Years Ago—During the last week over 2,000 Young Men's Christian associations over the country were united in a praise service. The work's service in Omaha closed with a meeting at the association rooms to-night with short addresses made by a number of young men.

S. P. Morse & Co. are spreading out and contemplating further enlargement of their mammoth establishment to occupy the whole sixty-six feet front, Nos. 115-117-118 Farnam street.

A sensation was caused to passengers on dummy trains this morning by the maneuvers of a reckless individual on the river who seemed to be imitating the performance of Eliza crossing the ice in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." If any one else wants to try it, it may furnish a job for Undertaker Jacobs and an item for The Bee.

The case of Mary O'Brien against Jim Davis for alleged assault of Davis' dog on Mrs. O'Brien's little girl was tried in the county court. A verdict of no cause of action was rendered.

A big excursion party from Butte, Mont., arrived at noon over twenty hours late, in charge of Mr. Mac Brown, traveling passenger agent for the Burlington. There were twenty-five of the visitors in all, most of them proceeding on east at once.

Seventeen hundred dollars have been subscribed to improve Tenth street. Boys and girls' sleds 50 cents each at Omohara's.

One hundred dollars has been added to the Watson B. Smith fund by George M. Pullman.

Colonel Harry Brownson of the Union Pacific general freight office is suffering from a severe stroke of paralysis. Elmer D. Frank has been appointed clerk of the United States circuit court, being promoted from deputy clerk.

Colonel Switzer of Missouri is visiting his son, Warren Switzer of this city. Judge John B. Barnes of Ponca arrived to attend United States court.

The annual meeting of the Nebraska Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was attended by over 2,000 persons who listened to the program as already outlined. At the close of the meeting a number of new members were received, including Ed Walsh, W. F. Erdman, Dr. William McClelland, Samuel Johnson, C. S. Montgomery, Mrs. C. S. Montgomery, Mrs. J. E. Blake, Mrs. S. Harvey, Mrs. D. P. Whelpley, Roswell Smith, Dr. Leisenring.

Twenty Years Ago—A brilliant event was the marriage of Miss May V. Miller, to Donald Macross of Council Bluffs, at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. J. H. Weston, 1927 California street, the ceremony being performed by Dean Gardner of Trinity Episcopal cathedral. Mr. Charles H. Haas of Council Bluffs acted as best man, and Miss Ida Babcock was maid of honor. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Miller of Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Seligson, who had recently returned from Europe, gave a reception in the evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Bettie Seligson, at their home, 539 South Twenty-second street. Those present were: Messrs. Jerome Kaupman, P. M. Rose, Charles S. Klugrater, Rev. William Rossmo, Ed Wessela, E. Frank, C. B. Deches, Julius Meyer, M. Tranneman, H. Rosenthal, H. Rosenstock, M. Zander, H. Langstader, Arthur Rindskapp, S. Landsberg, H. Heyn, B. Bloom, A. D. Brandeis, Herman Cohn; Misses Pauline Jacobson of Erie, Pa.; Jennie New of Chicago, Tillie Sunnhill of Baltimore, Blanche Hellman, Alice Lund, Dollie and Mattie Polack, Tillie Newman, Carrie Goldsmith, Minnie Lohman, Addie Newman, Ella Heller, Hattie Becker, Flora Adler, Clara and Sadie Schostager, Bettie Haas, Clara Rindskapp, Olga Tewles and Olga Cahn.

Mrs. W. B. Millard gave a yellow luncheon in honor of Miss Bradley, instructor in elocution and physical culture. Covers were laid for ten, and the favored guests were: Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Victor Caldwell, Mrs. Leonidas Funkhouser, Mrs. Lander, Mrs. Bradley, Miss Hams, Miss Boyd, Miss Bishop and Miss Wilcox.

The Double Eight High Five club gave a pleasant party in the evening at the home of Miss Hulda Schultz, 830 South Twenty-second street. After the games came music and dancing. Those present were: Misses Pella, Wittig, Buehler, Pannie and Lucy Fruehauf, Schultz, O'Toole, Wigman; Messrs. Knouse, Theodore Helgren, Charles Helgren, Wigman, Hoag, Gus Kuhn, Fred Kuhn, Olsen and Tuth.

Ten Years Ago—A large number of representative men with their women folks, assembled at Omaha club to welcome General John C. Bates as commander of the Department of the Missouri. The function was brilliant socially.

D. A. Campbell, former clerk of the supreme court arrived in the city, after a summer spent in California.

Edward Rosewater received notification of his appointment as president of the committee on legislation for the United States Military Telegraph corps, whose reunion was held at Montreal.

Mrs. Guy French entertained at cards for Mrs. Charles Helmer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Rosenberg celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary with about twenty friends at dinner at their home, on South Twenty-eighth street.

Messes of a Mystery. Indianapolis News.

Not long ago evidence was discovered indicating that the Maine had been blown up from within. Now evidence has been discovered indicating that it had been blown up from without. And the further indications are that by the time the work of removing the hull is complete we shall know just about as much about the explosion as we did at the beginning.

Mitigating Judicial Hardships. Chicago News.

Lawyers are to be allowed to talk only three hours instead of four in arguing even the most complicated cases before the federal supreme court. This will not only expedite justice, but will mitigate the hardships of being a supreme court justice.

Relief Preferred to Victims. Kansas City Star.

In the matter of the prosecution of those who constitute the Beef trust it may be suggested that the public would rather have relief than victims.

Watch and Sale Diamond Sale For This Week Only Special 25 single stone Diamond Rings, warranted fine white stones; regular price \$25, sale price \$15. 25 Ladies' Gold Filled Watches, 20-year case, O size, with Elgin, Waltham, Rockford or Hampden movement; regular price \$20, sale price \$12.50. 25 Two-Stone Rings, set with 1 ruby, 1 diamond, also pearls and sapphires set with 1 diamond; regular price \$25, sale price \$15.00. Select them now, as the above are great values. We are nearing Christmas—a small deposit will hold any article. Mandelberg's 1522 FARNAM GIFT SHOP

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT. St. Paul Dispatch: A St. Paul preacher says a minister needs legs, lungs and liver. And it was generally supposed that the equipment should include a small portion, at least, of brains. Baltimore American: A high priest of the Persian cult of sun worshippers now in this country is very angry over his reception here in his efforts to make converts. He is especially bitter over "the old cross" who listened to him in solemn silence in Boston. Boston Herald: Montreal Wesleyan theological college appears to have been defending the faith not wisely, but too well. Rev. Dr. Workman, who was dismissed from his professorship on the ground that his teachings were unorthodox, has been awarded a verdict of \$3,000 damages in a suit for libel by Justice Weir at Montreal. The judge ruled that the Methodist general conference was the authority with power to dismiss the professor; also that the college in its plea had reiterated the libel and incurred thereby an obligation to the amount of \$1,000.

Springfield Republican: The socialists are finding the clergymen affiliated with them "particularly good candidates for mayor. J. G. Phelps Stokes" reprints a New York paper that "three of the largest cities captured by the socialists recently have elected clergymen to the mayoralty—Schenectady, N. Y.; Butte, Mont., and Berkeley, Cal.—and that Bristol, Conn., came within ten votes of electing a socialist minister to the mayoralty two weeks ago." Perhaps one source of strength for such candidates is the general assumption that a clergyman mayor would be honest. A fool he might be, but a grafter never.

WAR ON TIPPING GRAFT. Philadelphia Record: Tipping sometimes lead to trouble. The late strike of the London taxicab drivers, it is said, was precipitated by a system of observation on the part of proprietors as to "extras" earned and unaccounted for. Cleveland Plain Dealer: The strike in the street cleaning department of New York, the progress of which has been marked by "riot, mayhem and murder," is due to the words of one newspaper on the scene, was caused by an order of Commissioner Edwards compelling the men in the collection of garbage. "The real reason why night work is objected to," to quote another New York newspaper, "is that there are no tips in night work, no one awake and around to give tips."

Springfield Republican: In various quarters the war on tipping is having results. In Philadelphia the managers of several hotels have agreed on a reform, and last week the Continental began by breaking off the contract for the "cloak room privileges" which had been given to a New York firm for five years. In this case the full absurdity of the tipping system was shown. The boys, supposed to be benefiting by the liberality of patrons, were really paid \$1 a week and put all tips in a box for their employer. To guard against their retaining any part of what was given, their uniforms were made without pockets and they were vigilantly watched. Even the regularly employed giving away dimes and quarters to smart business men? Then why does it not pay double fares on the trolley cars instead of clamoring periodically for 3-cent fares?

People Talked About. In spite of the donations of eggs and vegetables with which he is favored Dr. Fred Cook finds that the high cost of living sticks to its lefty perch. A literary doctor esteemed for his perspicacity in print cruelly shatters the illusions of brides-to-be by declaring there is no such thing as a perfect man. Isn't he horrid? In behalf of the New York doctor who is suing for a balance of \$40,000 on a bill of \$50,000 for three months' professional services, the explanation is offered that the patient died without seeing the bill. Archbishop Farley of New York, cardinal-designate, takes to Rome the finest cardinal's ring he has had in this country, the gift of a life-long friend. The center stone is a blue sapphire with an unusually large surface, surrounded with diamonds. "Can Buffalo Bill 'come back'?" Assurances are given by an enterprising press agent that Mr. B. B. did not complete his farewell tour this year, but will finish it next year "by appearing in the saddle as in the past." Hatching is all right for those who like it, but, oh, you spotlight.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES. He—Do you know, an awful lot of women chased after me before I was married. She—They must have been an awful lot. —Chicago Tribune. Jack—Well, old man, she has accepted me and I named the day. That's a load off my heart. Married Friend—Yes; now the load is on your shoulders.—Boston Transcript. "I call my wife the real telephone paragon." "Why so?" "Because she calls me up, only to call me down."—Baltimore American.

Owner (feebly)—What happened to us? Chauffeur—A telegraph pole ran into us, sir; never seen such road work!—Puck. Mr. Styles—I have tickets for the opera. Mrs. Styles—Oh, good! I'll go and put my hat on right away. "All right, dear. I guess you'll be ready in time." The tickets are for tomorrow night.—Yonkers Statesman. "This," said the curator, displaying a mummy, "was an Egyptian prince." "Poor thing," exclaimed the conversationist, "she insisted on being buried in her hobble skirt, didn't she?"—Blue Bell.

"Nothing serious the matter with your father's lungs, is there, Jerry?" "I don't know, but he's been coughing for thirty-seven years, and he can cough louder than ever."—Chicago Tribune. "What's the trouble with the maid?" "Servants are so silly. Seeing the maid who our hopes and misgivings and fears, being the maid who takes care of baby."—Washington Herald.

THE CRUCIBLE OF LIFE. Clinton (La.) Advertiser. Sunshine and shadow, blue sky and gray, laughter and tears, as we tread our way. Heart that are heavy, then hearts that are light, eyes that are misty and eyes that are bright. Losses and gains in the heat of the strife, each in proportion to round out this life. Into the crucible stirred by the vapor, Oh our hopes and misgivings and fears, Glad days and sad days, our pleasures and pains, Worries and comforts, our losses and gains, Joy undefined when we pour off the dross. Out of our shadow and anguish and weep, Out of the travail and burdens we know, Out of the failure that tries us today, Have you a doubt that contentment will come? When you've purified life and discarded the dross?

Finetured with sorrow and flavored with love, Molested with tears that have flown from your eyes, Perfumed with sweetness of love that have died, Leavened with failures, with grief stricken, Savored and sweet is the joy that must come. From the furnace of life when you've poured off the dross.

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