

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

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THE MAN WITH A VIOLIN IS AT LEAST AS MAN WITH A PURPOSE.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING WOULD ALL BE DONE EARLY IF THAT WERE ALL THERE WAS TO IT.

STILL, MR. BRYAN HAS NOT YET NAMED ALTON B. PARKER AS HIS IDEAL CANDIDATE.

CHAMP CLARK IS COMING TO THE NAME END ALL CONGRESSIONAL JOKE-SMITHS HAVE MET.

IT IS A 100 TO 1 SHOT THAT TAR-ROOFED HOUSES WILL NEVER BECOME POPULAR IN SHADY BEND, KAN.

YES, IT IS FORTUNATE THAT THANKSGIVING DAY COMES BEFORE THE RECONVING OF CONGRESS.

IN SIGHTING LIFE DO NOT MAKE THE MISTAKE OF PUTTING THE LARGE END OF THE TELESCOPE TO THE EYE.

WHILE IN SOUTH AMERICA MR. BRYAN MAY LOOK OVER THE ROW OF EMPTY PRESIDENTIAL CHAIRS.

FAIR-MINDED MEN MUST BE MIGHTY SCARCЕ IN CALIFORNIA, ACCORDING TO CLARENCE DARRAW'S DEFINITION.

EVEN MR. PANKHURST, IN DEFINING THE LAW'S USE OF THE TERM, MAN, ADMITS THAT MAN ENBRACES WOMAN.

A MISSOURI GIRL SCRATCHED ON HER CHEEK A YOUNG MAN WHO REFERRED TO HER AS A "LOUS." DO YOU BLAME HER?

OKLAHOMA'S BEST DAYS, WE ARE TOLD, ARE AHEAD. IT WOULD BE VERY DISCOURAGING TO THINK THEY WERE BEHIND.

WHAT IS THE USE OF WORRY OVER ANOTHER REVOLUTION IN MEXICO IF THAT IS TO BE THE NORMAL CONDITION OF THAT COUNTRY?

DR. WILEY HAS A FREE HAND NOW AND MAY GIVE THE ADULTERATORS OF DRUGS AND FOOD THE BITTER DOSE HE CAN COMPOUND.

"IT'S UP TO YOU, MR. PRESIDENT," EXCLAIMS MR. BRYAN'S COMMONER. WELL, AT ANY RATE, IT'S NOT UP TO YOU, MR. BRYAN.

IT MAY ALREADY HAVE OCCURRED TO THE SHADY BEND TAR EXPERTS THAT IT IS A GOOD THING THEY DID NOT RESIDE IN MISSISSIPPI LAST AUGUST.

EVANGELISM WOULD BE ASY IF PEOPLE COULD ONLY RISE TO SALVATION AS THEY DO IN FIRE—WASHINGTON HERALD.

TO INTERCEPT THEIR RACE TO FIRE IS AS PURPOSE OF SALVATION.

IN GOING OVER THE COUNTRY ATTACKING THE OWENS BILL AND SCHOOL MEDICAL INSPECTION, SENATOR WORKS OF CALIFORNIA EVIDENTLY PROPOSES TO CORNER THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE VOTE, ANYWAY.

THAT SEA GOD OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TRY TO SCUTTLE MR. BRYAN'S SHIP. HE HAS GONE THROUGH THREE STORMS THAT MAKE THIS ONE IN THE SOUTHERN WATERS LOOK LIKE A LITTLE SQUALL.

SENATOR HITCHCOCK'S NEWSPAPER TAKES ISSUE WITH MR. BRYAN'S ASSERTION THAT THE RULE-OF-REASON DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT nullifies the Sherman anti-trust law. The rift threatens and deepens.

A FRENCH PROFESSOR HAS DISCOVERED THAT SAPPHO WAS A VIRTUOUS WIDOW WHO KEPT A BOARDING SCHOOL. THE TRUTH WILL TRIUMPH IN THE END, AND WHAT A FINE CHANCE THE MADAM HAS FOR SOME EASY SLANDER LITIGATION.

MRS. PANKHURST QUICKLY DISCOVERED THAT SHE WAS TREATED BETTER IN THE UNITED STATES THAN SHE WAS IN HER NATIVE BRITAIN. ANOTHER CASE OF A PROPHET, OR PROPHETESS RATHER, MORE HONOURED ABROAD THAN AT HOME.

Going Into Debt.

One often hears it said that a man must go into debt before he can get ahead in the world. Put in another way, it is stated that debts are needed to stimulate industry and thrift, and many examples are cited of successful men who have made money through borrowing money.

But, individually, most people who have had experience with debt burdens try their best to avoid such obligations. Going into debt may be an incident to the conducting of successful business, but going into debt for personal expenses is a costly and unsatisfactory habit.

Some Peculiar Notions.

Many intelligent people who ought to know better apparently entertain some very peculiar notions about the function of the newspaper.

Some of these people have a notion that the newspaper is a free carryall, under some obligation of unwritten law to open its columns without price to all their fads and hobbies, and even their abuse.

Others write long-winded resolutions, or frame up bombastic proclamations, and instead of printing them as dodgers or circulars at their own expense, call upon the newspaper to pay out good money to put them in type and bring them to the attention of the public.

Some deluded people have the idea that by associating two or three like-minded individuals together under some high-sounding name professing a public purpose, they thereby acquire a right to supplant the editor of the paper without first acquiring its ownership.

Many other misguided persons fall utterly to draw the line between what is news and what is advertising and think they should have unlimited space for their own profit or notoriety, which a merchant would have to pay for at so much per line or per inch.

We submit that a newspaper owes a duty to the public, but it does not owe any duty of self-abnegation to self-seeking correspondents. When a paper is enlisted in a good cause it has a right to go about accomplishing its purpose in its own way without submitting to the unsolicited dictation of self-constituted interlopers, and so far as The Bee is concerned it proposes to proceed along these lines in the future as it has in the past.

College and Farmer Boy.

The point has been made that the farm is permanently losing too many of its boys who go to college. Ambitions nurtured there, lead them into the city when they have finished their course and the farm, which needs them, must look elsewhere for recruits.

It is apparent, of course, that the boy turns his back on the farm and his face to the city because the city has more attractions that appeal to the adventurous youth. The boy in college has longed for wealth, or power, or position and he has conceived the notion that he can get them in the city, but not in the country.

With his diploma, therefore, he hastens off for town. Later in life he may hunt his way back to the farm, but the promoters of this enterprise are doubtless correct in saying it is not safe to depend on his return.

But what is to be done? Surely the country boy must not be made to give up college or university. The nation needs the educated farmer boy. The remedy does not lie in deterring him from seeking a higher education, but rather in trying to

equalize more nearly the attractiveness of life on the farm and in the city by a natural process. For it was a natural process that sent the boy from the farm to the city in the first place. Formerly the economic prosperity of the farm was not as great as it is today. Then we are not vexed with this problem. It comes, then, along with a lot of others in the natural development of the country.

So the trend of modern improvement—the newspaper, the telephone, the library, the automobile, the good road, daily mail deliveries—these for example—is steadily moving toward the farm. In time it will attract more and in the current of migration it will, undoubtedly, bring back many young men who left the farm by way of the college.

Again, the Good Old Times.

A writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat recently deplored the passing of the good old log-cabin days, of which he said:

If one suffered it was second nature for all others to offer the hand of fraternal kindness. If perils came, all rallied to the defense. In the log cabin home there were times when not a cent of money could be raised, but there were forms of wealth there that will glorify log cabins for all time and make them worthy of admiration beyond anything identified with the Parthenon.

The Christian Science Monitor, agreeing with this fine sentiment as far as it goes, adds:

They were days of independence. The individual never came nearer kingship in the United States than he did when all the natural resources of a new country dashed attendance upon him in the backwoods. He could draw upon land, forest, air or stream at his full pleasure, and his drafts were honored. He could come or go, with no one to let or hinder. The world seemed to be all his; at least, as much of it was his as he could conveniently make use of.

But the Monitor draws the practical lesson, out of this beautiful rhapsody that men grew too big for log cabins and found place and preference elsewhere. It might have said that even as to the freedom, independence and lordship of man, in his kingly sway over nature and all its elements, it was not half as great then as it is now.

But the appeal does not end with business, it is sounded by education, by charity, by even religious enterprises, themselves. Charity and the church may not unduly exalt the rich man, but they are pleased when he decides to favor their enterprise. It is giving no ill or sinister aspect to say that the college, the church and beneficent institutions always seek the friendship and support of the man with the money.

Affinities and Common Sense.

Dr. Robert C. Auld, the originator of the "Human Welfare as a Science" craze, calls on this nation to conserve its citizenship, as it does its forests and mineral resources. He is abashed at the profligacy with which we throw away the opportunities of building up a stronger race. He scoffs at our philanthropic efforts at rearing better breeds of horses and cattle and preaches the importance of eugenics at us.

Like all other scientists in that groove, Dr. Auld has his own panacea for the cure of this national deficiency. It is affinity. "Affinity, far from being a thing to be despised and discouraged, is the condition that every human being anxious to make for higher standards in the sex relations should strive for," he says. "Affinity is the perfect condition of the human relationship."

And every husband should be his wife's affinity and vice versa. So far so good. But the doctor must admit the presence of one or two little obstacles in the way of this beautiful idealism. If every youth and every maiden were endowed with the genius of supernatural foresight and would act upon what that occult sense made plain, then, indeed, this eugenic ideal might be easily realized, but how many, oh, how many, men and women are deprived of this divine attribute! How many love-sick pairs honestly believe they have made the only choice and yet wake up some day to learn that they could scarcely have made a worse one!

The state, the parents, suggests the doctor. No, neither the state nor the parents could do it absolutely—though they might help—for they do not possess this faculty to penetrate the future and discern what it holds. And, then, there is that obstinate little cherub, Dan Cupid—he always has had his own way in such matters and he probably always will. Try to talk to him on the subject of eugenics when he is negotiating one of his matches and see how far you come to "fixing" him. There is nothing quite as perverse as the mind of a man or woman in love.

Common sense, it strikes us, is a

much more reliable and dependable element in such cases than this intangible something they call affinity. Let parents continue to exercise all the sane influence they can in such matters and let the state do what it can to head off mismatched pairs and obstruct the marriage of defectives—that is well, but it is asking a good deal at the outset to require each person to find an affinity before he weds. The truth is that affinities may be made; that is, with passions suppressed, with common sense and the determination to found a happy and substantial family altar, two persons can get along all right without being what you might call affinities, or become such, without making the race suffer for it, either.

The Man with the Money.

The all too common habit to rail against the man with money is largely the result of thoughtlessness. If people took the time to stop and think of this man's indispensability in every ordinary sphere of life they would be less likely to indulge this tendency. Wealth in itself is not a fault and should not suffer the ban of wrong. Prosperity, far from being evil, per se, is the purveyor of untold righteousness. Capital and labor, as factors in the industrial and social life, are interdependent, and when they are not permitted to co-operate it is because of an extraneous fault somewhere.

Many a crown has been laid upon the brow of honest toil, and deservedly so. It is easy to praise the thoroughgoing and thrifty laborer. Why, because it is popular? Well, it is right, but at the same time the meed of praise should not be denied the honest man of wealth. Men may play to popular prejudice all they please in railing against the man with money, but they do it unthinkingly or insincerely. Commerce depends on him, industry follows his lead, untitled territory is broken up and new lands colonized by him, homes are established, towns and cities and mills and factories and railroads built and maintained, and likewise schools and churches.

But does labor not play its part? Of course, it does, and it gets its credit for so doing, but too often capital goes without its credit. Our commercial club or chamber of commerce, in its effort to build up the city, lays out plans for inviting and securing new industries. It spends much time devising ways and means of inducing capital—the man with the money—to come and cast his lot in the city. And every department of the city's life is correlated with this effort.

If taxes get out of kilter, or the civic management of the municipality goes too far wrong, or vice become rampant, or unsanitary conditions run riot, the first thing one hears is, "That will repeal capital." But the appeal does not end with business, it is sounded by education, by charity, by even religious enterprises, themselves. Charity and the church may not unduly exalt the rich man, but they are pleased when he decides to favor their enterprise. It is giving no ill or sinister aspect to say that the college, the church and beneficent institutions always seek the friendship and support of the man with the money.

No one denies that this is right. But what is all wrong is for people to humor prejudice against wealth as wealth, which is not a prejudice at all, but often a sordid sort of envy, to nurture which fosters the worst kind of class feeling, that has no place in the life of this country.

A tie vote for mayor between the democratic and socialist candidates in Canton, O., was settled by the test of guessing the number of grains of corn in a cup, and in this test the democrat proved to be the best guesser. Here is a suggestion for our socialist friends; let them put their candidates through a guessing school before starting them out on the political race track.

The total vote polled in Nebraska at the recent election is 225,380. There are in round figures 275,000 qualified voters in Nebraska, which means there were over 50,000 stay-at-homes, or nearly one out of every five. Not a very good showing of enlightened citizenship.

Colonel Roosevelt says that in his recent pronouncement on the trust problem he merely repeated what he had often said before. Mr. Roosevelt is one of the few editors who is able to use the same copy over again, each time with more telling effect.

Reading in the natural history books that the turkey once roamed these prairies in plentiful numbers to be had for the taking, does not soften the shock produced when the tradesman quotes the present-day price.

To a man up a tree it would seem that the express companies should be thankful for the velvet they have had by staying off parcels post this long without insisting on perpetuating the monopoly.

By the way, what has become of those bankers who were so free with dire predictions about what was to happen as soon as the government installed a postal savings bank system?

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES NOV. 26.

Thirty Years Ago—The silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Woodman was commemorated by them with a number of their friends gathered to extend congratulations.

Among those present were Rev. and Mrs. Williams, Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Nason, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Woodman, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Goble, Captain James France, Mrs. Byrne, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Helden, Mrs. Barney, Mrs. Needham and the Misses Needham, McShane, Doyle, Day and Garstine.

The telegraphers are planning a ball for next Monday. The executive committee in charge being made of J. J. Dickey, L. M. Rheem, Thomas Curry, C. J. Smallwood and W. Shaw.

Omaha ladies have organized a Dedicative Art society. At Boyd's packing house \$300.00 has been paid out for hops since October 15. Mrs. Simeral, mother of E. W. Simeral, fell down the stairs of the Crighton block, having slipped on a piece of coal. She dislocated her right shoulder and was taken to Kuhn's drug store to be cared for.

This was another day of demoralization among the railroads. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy was five hours late and the Union Pacific and the Burlington southbound were both late in consequence. The stub train on the Quincy was also late an hour and the Kansas City train twenty-five minutes.

D. G. Hull went home to spend the Sabbath with Mrs. Hull. Mr. and Mrs. Addison Jones have returned from a visit to Missouri. F. W. Corliss of the Board of County Commissioners has returned from Cleveland.

E. E. Thompson, assistant superintendent of the Burlington main line, went to Lincoln this afternoon. Captain Marsh, first vice president of the Omaha street railway and general manager of the Cuming street barns, has returned from Green River.

Twenty Years Ago—One of the most delightful Thanksgiving parties was a dance given by Mr. and Mrs. F. Odler at their upper Dodge street home in honor of their daughter, Miss Elora Odler, who made her debut. Miss Odler welcomed the guests and the hosts of Mr. and Mrs. Odler were drunk in sparkling champagne. Speeches were made by Rabbi Rosenau, C. E. Elkuter and Julius Meyer. Many friends from in and out of the city, including these were present: Mr. and Mrs. A. Heller, Mrs. Hostetter, Obliqueque, N. M.; Mrs. T. Schiessner, the Misses Thille Tomlinn, Baltimore, Jackson, Erie, Pa.; New, Chicago; Carrie Goldstein, Ella Heller, Mattie Polack, Dollie Polack, Thelle New, Blanche Hellman, Lubbelle C. Adler, Addie Newman, Sadie Schlesinger, Clara Schlesinger, Bettie Haas, Clara Rindskopf, Minnie Lobman, Olga Tevelja, Hattie Becker, Bettie Selligohm, Messrs. Charles S. Elkuter, M. Gunder, G. Delcher, Ben Rosenthal, Trauerman, Julius Meyer, Buttenstein, Ed. Wessel, Alex Wessel, Martin Oberfelder, Simon Bloom, Arthur Rindskopf, Herman Heyna, Henry Lanastader, Rev. William Rosenau, Kaufman, P. Rose, Samuel Schlesinger, Dr. Charles Rosewater, Max Reichenberg, Lou Reichenberg, Samuel Frank.

General Brooke entertained the bachelor officers at thearrison on this Thanksgiving. The Iowa university foot ball team beat the Nebraska university at the Omaha park, 23 to 0.

Miss Kate Gleason, a 19-year-old domestic stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Heath, 282 Leavenworth street, was accidentally shot in the eye by a 12-year-old son of the Heaths with a twenty-two-caliber cartridge. The wound, though painful, was not dangerous.

Mrs. James Brown was buried at Holy Sepulcher cemetery, the funeral service being conducted by Father Bruen at St. Philomena's cathedral.

Ten Years Ago—Herbert A. Whipple and Mary C. Hodder were married at 8:30 p. m. at Seward Street Methodist church by the pastor, Rev. C. N. Dawson, in the presence of many friends, who with the bride and groom attended his supper at the home of Henry Hodder on Davenport street.

H. R. Reese, 193 Dodge street, reported being held up and robbed by two thugs of \$4.15 at night while on his way to the home of J. J. Meyer, 132 South Ninth street. Reese was the footpad, Reese asked the man to enter his home and one of the men replied by thrusting out a revolver while the other went through his pockets.

Word came of the death of John A. Horbach on his Wyoming ranch. He was one of the pioneers of Omaha, coming to this city in 1854, and he had been prominent in the life of the city and state. Thomas Loftuss, from out in the state, blew out the gas in his state room at the State hotel on Douglas street and cheated death. It was purely an accident, Mr. Loftuss being unfamiliar with the mysterious gas. Clerk B. P. Felman of the hotel in making his rounds looking for open gas jets, got a whiff of what was emanating from the Loftuss boudoir and hastened to burst in the door, calling Police Surgeon Francis L. Borglum in time, the night clerk made it possible for his unanticipated guest to prolong his days upon the land.

A hot fire in Hoeppe's music store burned to the tune of \$5,000. The South Side Whist club met with Mrs. J. B. Blanchard on Georgia avenue, prizes going to Mrs. Taggart and Mrs. Crookmore.

A Little More Proof Needed. Philadelphia Record. That the orient is adopting the customs of the occident with astonishing rapidity is illustrated by the eloquent words of the mother of the Chinese emperor with an actor. Now if a royal princess will slope with a chauffeur or a driver of the imperial car, or something of the sort, we should conclude that Kipling was wrong and the east and west have met.

Another Blow for Knockers. Indianapolis News. The Santa Claus knockers have received another blow. By order of the postmaster general, the department will receive letters addressed to Santa Claus and undertake their proper delivery in the act of restraining them to the senders marked "address unknown," which, of course, always was a wholly unconvincing statement.

Do You Get the Idea? Baltimore American. An Iowa professor suggests as a remedy for the higher cost of living to work the farm. The remedy is so simple it is a wonder no one thought of it before.

THANKS G... SPECIALS DIAMONDS

Invest in a diamond and be thankful in after years. They are steadily advancing in price. Making an investment now, you will be thankful for many years to come.

One-quarter carat, white; up from \$30.00. One-half carat, white; up from \$62.50. One carat, white; up from \$175.00. CARVING SETS. Three-piece sets, heavy bone handles and high grade steel blades.

\$3.50 Carving Sets, now \$1.89. \$5.00 Carving Sets, now \$2.90. \$10.00 Carving Sets, now \$6.25.

My Christmas purchases of Watches, Diamonds, Cut Glass and Rich Jewelry are now complete—a small deposit will hold any article in my shop until Christmas.

Mandelberg's 1522 FARMAN GIFT SHOP

EDITORIAL SNAPSHOTS.

Washington Post: We shall not believe in the success of the Chinese republic until we see Yuan Shi Kai wearing his shirt inside his pants.

Cleveland Leader: Now that King George and Queen Mary have left England for India, William Waldorf Astor will probably feel compelled to live in Germany or Russia for a while.

Cleveland Inter-Ocean: Nell McMullen of Willow Island, Neb., while tearing down his old store building to make way for a new one, found \$4,500 in gold and silver that he had hidden in odd corners and forgotten. Mr. McMullen is 89 years of age and a bachelor. The last statement simply explains his financial absentmindedness.

Philadelphia Bulletin: New York is said to have 700 moving picture shows, and it is estimated that the cinematograph has increased the number of theater-goers throughout the country by 15,000,000 in five years. This must make a fairly respectable table item in the increased cost of living of the community, which finally resolves itself into the cost of living for the individual.

Baltimore American: The Federation of Women's Clubs, in session in New York, has put itself on record as vigorously opposing the deadly hatpin. This resolution is timely and the reverse of trivial. Women with long hatpins are a positive and deadly daily menace. Loss of sight and loss of life have already been the penalty of this foolish fashion. When women themselves take it up, it is to be hoped the whole sex will see the danger and cease wearing these sharp stilettes.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Washington Post: Virginia Methodists declare that card playing and dancing led to the downfall of Beattie. Is the cigarette going out of style as the universal seagoat?

Washington Herald: A Pennsylvania clergyman was robbed of his sermon by a pickpocket, who subsequently returned the manuscript. The only religious thing a thief likes is the collection.

St. Paul Pioneer Press: It is announced by a St. Paul minister that he will hereafter refuse to perform the marriage ceremony for women in his church unless they are fully garbed. They must have strange fashions in St. Paul to make such a rule as that necessary.

Chicago Inter Ocean. The Rev. William B. Millard of the Morgan Park Congregational church preached Sunday on "Ten Commandments for Daughters." He warned daughters against gossiping, loud speech, bold manners, the use of alcohol, imitating the "fine lady's languor" and allowing mother to wash the dishes. But his first commandment was: "Thou shalt not deceive thy mother." This practically includes all the others—provided that the mother is all that she ought to be.

People Talked About. The Arizona Bachelors' club, 229 strong, volunteers to go out of business if the 250 widows of Pasadena will cross over the range and mate up. Could gallantry go further?

Several men in New York are drawing fat incomes by simply lending their names as directors to various corporations, one in particular netting \$2,000 a year. The size of the pull attached to the name determines the rakeoff.

By a decree of the appellate court of Illinois divorced in that state who defy the legal prohibition of one year and marry in another state, returning to Illinois to live, are assured that the marriage certificate isn't worth the paper. Hundreds of affinity hitches are thus cut loose.

A Cincinnati woman teacher of domestic science boldly declares that the high cost of living can be knocked in a vital spot by simply banishing table luxuries and buckling down to spare diet costing an average of 12 cents a day. Nothing is said as to whether life on such terms is worth living.

The capricious Missouri is ploughing its way toward Lake Country, a body of water that bears to St. Joseph, Mo., the same relation that Lake Manawa does to Omaha and Council Bluffs. Formerly both lakes were parts of the river channel. But the Missouri, like fashion bankers for antique beds, has abandoned its former course.

Down in Paterson, N. J., two policemen, unable to serve a warrant on a disturber, turned the job over to a husky woman volunteer policeman. The culprit, hiding at home, dashed for liberty when the Amazon appeared and sprinted out of her jurisdiction. Some mere men know when flight is "the better part of valor."

BLASTS FROM RAM'S HORN.

Trials are not sent to crush us, but to lift us. God makes some men strong in order that they may help the weak.

Whether truth is handsome or not depends upon who looks into its face. You can generally tell how much people love the Lord by the company they keep.

Some preachers have much success in fighting the devil, because they spend so much time in sandpapering the club with which they expect to swat him.

One great difference between a wise man and a fool is that the wise man does his thinking today, while the fool puts his off until day after tomorrow.

It is not with it that sometimes makes the recording angel lay down his pen and think. One great difference between a wise man and a fool is that the wise man does his thinking today, while the fool puts his off until day after tomorrow.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTIES. Kate—The very latest is the elastic gown. Maud—Another style to make the men "rubber"—Boston Transcript.

"Hello, hello, Central! Give me my husband." "What number?" "Oh, the fourth, if you must know, you impertinent thing!"—Judge.

"When your wife sees this portrait of herself, my dear sir, she will be simply dumb with delight." "Then paint me one to hang in every room in the house!"—Baltimore American.

The young man was disconsolate. Said he: "I asked her if I could see her nose." "Why certainly," she answered; "I will send you a picture of it."—Ladies Home Journal.

"Oh, I hear you are going to marry Mr. Dashaway." "Yes; just as soon as I get my degree." "I congratulate you, my dear. He's one of the nicest husbands I ever had."—Philadelphia Record.

"What did that man mean by saying he would not be a candidate?" "He meant," replied Senator Sorghum, "that it's time for his friends to get busy and raising money how much it needs him."—Washington Star.

"You seem to enjoy taking your wife to the theater." "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "It interests me immensely to see Henrietta sitting absolutely quiet while a lot of other people are doing all the talking."—Washington Star.

The base ball player gazed softly at her. "Would you sign with me for the game of life?" he whispered tenderly. "If you will depend somewhat on your making average and your capacity for backing home runs," she replied.—Harper's Weekly.

SERENITY OF AGE. Fall Mail Gazette. The world sweeps past me now, and other wars set their flame. The fights we fought forgot, the sacred cause. No more the same! The passions of our day are dead and dead. Or never found. Graven upon the tombs that mark moon-grown. Our buried ground. Where those we fought and those who fought for us. Together lie. Neglected, vanquished, and victorious—And none come nigh! I judge not, nor condemn. How can I judge? This alien age. With other thoughts and hopes? Why should I grieve? Their lot or rage? One prayer alone I make—a humble one—That I may sit in little in the sun. Ere I go hence.

FAT WOMEN LINGER OVER NELL'S DRINKLEY PICTURES. Nell, Brinkley, wonderful! The artist, draws solid fleshed girls, who also are purely aristocratic in line. In so doing she is the despair of all artists and fatted ladies. The point she illustrates is that artistry of figure is not founded on shyness, but on proportion. In this there is hope for "lumpy" fat folks. Under your fat is a fine, firm-fleshed figure. It is you; the fat is an overgrowth. Uncover that firm flesh and your lines will be pure and fine—compelling, as Brinkley's girls are. Prove this by melting off that foolish garment of fat. The process is simple. Take only one Marmole's Prescription Tablet after each meal and at bedtime. This will do you good, as well as drop off the fat a half of a pound a day. It will touch the fat with the sparkle of fascination, point your wit, exhilarate your movements. Be yourself—elevate your self-esteem. Marmole's Tablets (made from the famous fashionable formula by Dr. Marmole, 5, 62, Ft. Ex. Casarsa Aromatic, St. Louis, Mo.) are safe to use. They are also, reasonable in price. A large case, from the makers direct, the Marmole Co., 125 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich., of any druggist, costing only seventy-five cents.—Adv.