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 FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
 VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: D. W. Williams, circulation manager of the Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of September, 1912, was 50,154. D. W. WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.

Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 13th day of October, 1912. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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Hey, how is the straw vote thrashing out?

The democrats feel sure their ticket, Bryan and Wilson, will win.

Money ordinarily talks, but it fairly yells as a campaign contribution.

So far in crops go, we ought to have a bumper Thanksgiving this year.

These nice autumn rains send the grass and pastures a-milking into winter.

Autumn leaves make slippery tracks. Even the motorman has his troubles.

These American Greeks will make things shine when they reach the battlefield.

Never mind! The world thump series will be along soon on the moving picture screen.

That is a bitter pill the Balkan apothecaries are preparing for the sick man of Europe.

The demand is for a searchlight on the city hall. A sulphur candle might be the proper thing.

Won't some one please remind Governor Aldrich that we are to choose a president this year.

The church that can arouse in a man a sense of his need for the gospel will not have to plead for pew occupants.

It would be interesting to know how that New York editor found out there were Wall street magnates in heaven.

New-fangled styles have put a big concern of petticoat makers out of business. Evidently couldn't make them diaphanous enough.

The head of the Havester trust says it did not contribute to the bull moose campaign fund. How about the individual members of the trust?

It has become as much the fashion for one stump speaker to trail another as for those detectives to dog the footsteps of the New York police.

If this war of the Greeks and the Barbarians make us brush up on ancient geography and mythology, it may have some compensating features.

The opposition has begun to annoy Candidate Sulzer with the irritating question, "Where does Sulzer stand?" on this and that. Let Bill (Hearst) answer.

In the old Roman republic the constitution might be suspended in great crises and all powers of government lodged in a single magistrate. How would that suit him?

"This is an outrage to an innocent man," exclaimed the New York police officer, when arrested on a murder charge. If so, there must be a turn in this line of incriminating evidence somewhere.

"How I Became a Progressive," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Theodore Roosevelt Is He Him," by Lyman Abbott; "Mr. Roosevelt and the Senate Committee," by Ernest Hamlin Abbott—The Outlook.

And he is only the contributing editor.

In the meantime, our reform democratic sheriff is trying his level best to get his hand into the state treasury and take out 50 cents for each day's meals furnished prisoners by the contractor for 1912.

Prosperity Talks—IV.

President Taft went into the White House on March 4, 1909, since which time the government has been administered under his leadership. Have the people had to endure hard times during that period? Or have they enjoyed not only the necessities and comforts of life, but also an increase in a large share of the luxuries?

Taking Nebraska as a close-to-home example, we have some impressive figures: Number of automobiles registered July 1, 1908, 216; Number of automobiles registered July 1, 1912, 2,706.

Using round numbers, the people of Nebraska have in that time bought and paid for 25,000 automobiles, which represent an outlay of at least \$25,000,000 and equal one to every fifty inhabitants, including men, women and children.

If people suffering the blight of hard times, or a burden of bad government, would not be expected to buy automobiles so fast and so furiously, the country must have gotten along pretty well under President Taft—well enough to want to keep on the same road under the same steady guidance.

Unofficial Foreign Missionaries.

Every Greek who leaves the United States in answer to his country's call to arms, goes an "unofficial foreign missionary" of America, to use a term employed by a late religious writer. Consciously or unconsciously, but in all events quite beyond his power to avoid, he will carry the influence of our nation and our boasted democracy. From our impressions upon him while here we shall be largely judged. What he has seen, heard and learned in free, untrammeled America will become inevitable standards of criticism among his fellows in Greece.

In nearly every case, perhaps, the returned Greeks will be better off financially than when they came, but if that is all the advantage they take back, then it would have been better for us if they had not come. America's mission runs through the life of every foreign-born man and woman coming to its shores. America's promise lies largely in its power to extend its traditions through them, in the gain or loss of its ideals abroad.

Immigration offers a supreme opportunity, but we must realize it to make the best of it. American churches maintain a few thousand official missionaries on foreign fields, doubtless doing excellent work, yet here in our own land come trooping to our very doors every year men and women, not from benighted lands, not all needing spiritual insight, but all subject to the influence of American ideals. And when they go back, they go inevitably as our missionaries and transplant the seed of free institutions to their native lands.

The Conversion of the Colonel.

How, when and why the colonel came to be converted is the subject of two labored articles in the current Outlook. In one of them the contributing editor undertakes to explain "How I Became a Progressive," leaving the casual reader to gather the impression that, like Topsy, it just "grewed" upon him, and that now, having discovered what a truly, genuine progressive he is, he cannot remember when he was not.

The other article is a personal appreciation of the contributing editor by the editor-in-chief in which Dr. Abbott describes the reluctance of the colonel in giving his consent to the seven governors, and how he became a candidate for the presidential nomination, only after being convinced that the progressive movement was in danger of utter failure for want of a leader. It was after conference with his associates, in which they all agreed "that he had no option but to accede to the apparently unanimous request," that he finally "entered on the campaign in February, 1912, at the call of honor, when ambition, ease and personal inclinations all combined were urging him to resist that call."

It just happens, however, that simultaneously with these confessions some other evidence has been forthcoming throwing light upon the conversion of the colonel. Before the senate investigating committee Ormsby McHard, officially retained to manufacture confessions in the south, testified that his first work in the campaign was to make a reconnoitering expedition at the request of William L. Ward, the republican national committeeman from New York. Prior to that there were no signs of any spontaneous uprising for the colonel, but it is known that Mr. Ward at the meeting of the national committee in Washington in December had avowed himself against Taft and for the colonel, and had then and there begun maneuvering to bring the colonel out again for the presidency. It is also known that but a few weeks later—early in January—George W. Perkins was personally laying the kindling which was to start the spontaneous fire, and finally, after much consulting and wiring, the telegram was framed up to which the seven governors were induced to subscribe their names, so that the pressure would appear strong enough upon the colonel to warrant his compliance.

It was only then—in February,

1912—that the third term presidential candidate found he had "progressed" enough to emerge into the open. He was then willing to accept the nomination if tendered, and lost no time to make sure that the tender should not fall because of any neglect to do his part. Finally he became a "progressive" to the extent of ceasing to be a republican only when his scheme to make himself the republican nominee collapsed along with his fake contests, for up to that moment he was eager to take the nomination as a republican and run on any platform the convention should adopt.

The colonel doubtless believes that his conversion is a natural evolution, a gradual seeing of the light, when, in fact, all the circumstances point to a carefully planned artificial incubation, a hatching made to order, and specially timed, for a poorly concealed purpose.

The Imperial Miss Hen.

Her majesty, the hen, has another cackle coming. She has been officially recognized as an international character. A world-wide poultry association has recently been organized in London. Her dynasty in the realm of commerce, therefore, is sure and lasting, not to be overturned by any vagrant trade wind which happens to sweep adversely across seas.

Long ago the hen achieved national importance in our own country, and the National Live Poultry Shippers' association, the National Poultry, Butter and Egg association, and the Southern Poultry and Egg Shippers' association, which recently held a joint convention in Louisville, are but a few of similar organizations officially attesting that fact. But resorting to more tangible evidence, we find that the poultry and egg business of this country last year amounted to \$900,000,000, while with the fine breed fowl trade added to this, the industry came to \$1,000,000,000.

The census of 1910 showed a total fowl population on our 5,655,754 farms of 488,468,354, aggregating in value \$202,506,272. In Nebraska, 115,512 farms reported a valuation of chickens alone of \$4,813,893. These figures, like all others, are prosaic, except when considered for their highest significance, when they become decidedly poetical.

Physicians' Gift to Science.

Medical science in general and pathology in particular, score quite a triumph in the sacrificial offer of 200 Long Island doctors to give their earthly bodies after death for autopsical purposes. The wholesale immolation sprung from a conviction that medical science is retarded by a dearth of autopsy material and that since the latter seemed slow to make the sacrifice, it was up to the profession to do so furthermore that their action might inspire public confidence and eventually serve to relieve the restriction.

It was pointed out at a convention of the Long Island physicians that while in Germany, where the science of medicine admittedly is far advanced, the law permitted autopsies to be held upon persons dying in public infirmaries, the operation could not be performed in the United States without consent of the relatives or friends of the deceased which was seldom obtained. Owing to the increasing democracy in our schools of healing, it is doubtful if the latitude of the law is going to yield any at this point. In fact, it begins to look as if the Long Island doctors had seized the only available horn of the dilemma in setting an example for others to follow if the gruesome demand remains in excess of supply.

The Middleman.

In nearly every discussion of the high cost of living, the changes are rung on the assertion that the "elimination of the middleman" will bring the desired relief. Even Colonel Roosevelt would lead the people to believe that he can solve this universal problem by a simple twist of the wrist. "Everything possible must be done to eliminate any middleman," he says, "whose function does not tend to increase the cheapness of distribution." When pinned down, the colonel might say that he wants to eliminate only the "bad" middlemen, but he does not indicate how to identify "the middleman whose function does not tend to increase the cheapness of distribution."

The fact is every merchant is a middleman, and every middleman, except possibly the mere speculator or gambler in the staples of life, will set up a claim of cheapening prices to consumers. The whole theory of the middleman is that he systematizes and facilitates the transfer of the products of farm, mine or factory to the ultimate consumer, just as does the railroad man who transfers the goods to market, the jobber, the commission man, the retailer or the delivery clerk, all of whom are middlemen. The same function, too, is performed by advertising in the newspapers, or other medium which brings buyers and sellers together, and enables them to do business with one another at a mutual saving and profit.

Eliminating the middlemen—all of them at one fell swoop—would not lessen, but would increase the cost of living. The real trouble is then, not the mere existence of the middleman, but the existence of com-

binations among them to impede competition, and exact excessive middlemen's profits. For the service the middleman performs, he is entitled to adequate compensation, but he should not be permitted to inflate this by artificial means. Declaring indifferently against the middleman, and demanding his extinction, therefore, will accomplish nothing substantial.

Fixing the Blame.

One chapter of a new book by a woman describing the advance of woman from the earliest times to the present is headed, "Woman as Man Has Made Her." It has been the universal custom from the days of the old Garden of Eden for man to put the blame for all his shortcomings upon Eve. Selfish man has defiled himself with the thought that without woman to tempt him he would approach perfection and that without woman all his follies and frailties would immediately disappear.

But now we may learn better, for here is conclusively demonstrated that woman is exactly what man has made her. So withering has been his influence that "it is rather a matter of surprise that there is any good at all left in her," and this is so presumably because man has not realized how complete was his domination.

Accepting the finality that "woman is what man has made her" places upon man the terrible responsibility of unmaking what he has made, and making her over again into what she should be. The mere thought of that task would, indeed, be crushing were it not for the assurance of help from women, not only in remaking her, but also in revising and improving the pattern according to which her lord and master has been molded.

Railroad Efficiency.

Commissioner Lane of interstate commerce says 110,000 cars loaded with export goods are standing on tracks in and about New York and that similar conditions exist at most of the other large seaports. This means hundreds of thousands of freight cars withheld from service at a time when they are most urgently needed. It means another car shortage at a time when every available car in the country is demanded, when the largest grain crop in years, together with other abundant farm outputs and the general run of merchandise and manufacture, impose tremendous tasks on the railroads.

It is the same old story of railroad inefficiency, whether the railroads are entirely to blame or not. Of course, they are not. But the fact remains that business suffers, the public—consumer and producer—waits and loses money. When is the problem to be solved? When will an autumn, with its teeming increases, find the situation any different? We know now that every fall brings a rush of business for the railroads. When and how are we going to meet the emergency? It is about time some effective way were devised for compelling cars to be promptly unloaded and put back into use, or more cars provided by another means.

In explaining "How I Became a Progressive," the third-term candidate says, "I was naturally a democrat, in believing in fair play for everybody." And then he turns with this dart at Governor Wilson: "But I grew toward my present position, not so much as the result of study in the library or the reading of books as by actually living and working with men." That ought to hold the enemy for a while.

Millie Christine, "the greatest twin freak of the human race," exhibited by Barnum all over the country, is dead. Nothing anywhere like it was ever discovered, except the double-headed twin freak presidential elector candidate who wears a republican face on one head, and a bull moose face on the other.

Misbranded bull moose electors make it impossible for any republican, knowing what he is doing, to vote a straight party circle ticket this year. The sufferers from this condition must necessarily be the candidates whose names appear further down the ballot.

It's pretty hard to change the nature of the beast. At the very moment they are objecting to the theft of the republican label by the bull moosers, the democrats set out to dress their electors again in populist garb. Stop the fraud, no matter who is perpetrating it.

Perils of the Picture Squads.

New York World. The belief that war in the Balkans would be no pleasure party is shown in the accident-insurance rate of 3 per cent on cinematograph operators at the front.

Right Drinking, Was Thinking.

Louisville Courier-Journal. "China has been drinking tea for 2,000 years," says a contemporary. That may account for her sane suspicion of the motives of powers that want to loan her money and direct expenditures as well as to take a mortgage.

Coming Down to Plain People.

Brooklyn Eagle. One automobile concern has reduced the price of its car and announces that it will manufacture 30,000 of them during the coming year. This news ought to encourage the inventor of the dollar watch to start something in automobiles.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha
 COMPILED FROM BEE FILES
 OCTOBER 13.

Thirty Years Ago— Is defiance of the superstition of Friday the thirteenth, the woman suffrage debate between Susan B. Anthony and Edward Rosewater took place at Boyd's before an audience that packed stable and standing room. Miss Phoebe Cousins presided.

The Presbyterian synod listened to an address against the liquor traffic by Rev. George Scott and several other speeches and then adjourned. Railway magnates representing the Union Pacific, the Burlington and the Santa Fe, met at the Paxton, and agreed on a pooling arrangement for harmonious settlement of Colorado traffic troubles.

The comet is now visible, much further to the south than at first. A third story is nearly completed for the steam laundry on Eleventh street. A paper card received by Rev. J. W. Shank, pastor of the First Baptist church, expects to reach the city in time to spend next Sabbath in his new field of labor. A workmen's meeting at Central hall was presided over by P. T. Murphy, chairman and T. L. Black, secretary.

Twenty Years Ago— The Cudahy Packing company announced its intention of augmenting its South Omaha plant by the addition of a glue factory. Dr. W. H. Hanchett and mother went to Elburn, Ill., on a visit. Mrs. Gertrude Edey and family left for the east.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Grossman returned from a four-weeks' vacation trip. Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Fowler and children left for a trip to the Pacific coast, where Mrs. Fowler and children intended remaining for a prolonged visit. Mr. Fowles was to return after transacting some business. Miss Helen remained at her studies at Brownell hall.

"Even the mighty Bryan" was unable to awaken the South Omaha democrat, to whom he made one of his characteristic thrilling speeches. Judge G. W. Doane, democratic candidate for congress in the Second district, introduced Congressman Bryan. Mayor Bemis and Judge Lake and Messrs. Linsinger and Kilpatrick of the Park board came to an agreement as to what changes were to be made for boulevards in the original platting of Bemis park. The matter had been hanging fire for some time.

Ten Years Ago—

J. W. Holmquist of Oakland, Neb. it was announced, had bought J. Gardner Haines' interest in the Haines-Merrifield elevator, 127 North Seventeenth street. Mr. Holmquist was the owner of a dozen elevators over the state. Rev. Newton Mann occupied his pulpit at Unity church for the first time since returning from his vacation in Europe. Mrs. Sarah Neligh, wife of William Neligh, an early Omaha settler, died at her home, 318 North Nineteenth street, in the morning, at the age of 78. She left her husband, with whom she had lived for sixty-one years, and these children: William T. Neligh of Parsons, Kan.; Mrs. J. E. Knowles, Mrs. A. Charles I. Hesse, Mrs. E. Wyman, Mrs. A. Hoopes, Mrs. Sarah L. Forby, mother of the late Captain Lee Forby, who was buried at Prospect Hill cemetery, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. T. J. Mackay at Myrtle hall under the auspices of the Rathbone sisters, of which order Mrs. Forby was a member. Services at the grave were conducted by Rev. William Van Buren.

Mrs. Emily Haubens and her two sons, Emil Victor and Walter William Haubens, were laid to rest in one large grave at Prospect Hill cemetery. The husband and father, Henry Haubens, was overcome by his grief at the home, 154 North Twentieth street, where Rev. L. M. Kuhns conducted the funeral services.

LEARNING THE LESSON.

Forgettingness Undermines the Foundation of Safety. Indianapolis News.

When some great disaster comes we say "It takes a thing of this kind to give us a lesson." But does it give the lesson? Or is it only a warning? The lesson that we are not learning is that we are not comforting ourselves with a sham? Take the vast Titanic disaster. At once we indulged in the usual comforting reflections about the lesson. And then immediately were adopted more stringent rules regulating the lifeboat and other equipment of vessels flying the American flag. The general effect was to require ocean-going ships to carry sufficient lifeboats and life raft capacity to accommodate all on board, passengers and crew. The regulations imposed on our petted coastwise vessels and on lake and river vessels were somewhat less stringent for this summer. But they embodied the "lesson" of the Titanic. It was much commended, and we went our way in comfort over the wisdom of our "reflections." But now the steamboat inspectors have got over the Titanic horror, and they propose to relax these rules, and not insist that steamships shall be fully prepared to save all their passengers and crew. Secretary Nagel is wise enough to forbid this relaxation. And let us hope that this will be sufficient. But just as surely as American nature is as it is, the time will come—under another secretary, perhaps—when we shall relax again and then by the time of the next disaster, we shall find ourselves in the position to cry out with horror and talk about the "lesson" that the new disaster shall have taught us. The only way that this people will ever learn a lesson that will stick will be when there is some such alternative presented as can— to the negro who was condemned and sentenced to be hanged for a crime. The judge asked him if he had anything to say: "Yes, sir, yes, judge. I has sompin' to say. I has dis to say, judge. Dis will sho'ly be a lesson to me." When we make full preparation against disaster as far as foresight will permit, and then punish any deviation from the prescribed course, we shall learn the "lesson" and not before.

Patriotic Line of Boosting.

Chicago News. Everybody is boosting something or other, but among those who genuinely serve the higher interests of the race must be numbered that small but devoted band that educates the public as to the merits of squash pie.

Crowded to the Doors.

Chicago Inter Ocean. As we understand it, the Ananias club is truly progressive these days.

People and Events

Montenegro is the midget of the Balkan states, but it has more striking nerve than the rest of the confederation. Harry Furniss, the English artist, boldly defies the Ananias club by writing of Edison as "the world's greatest man."

A casual glance at the gate receipts of the world's series shows how easily the high cost of living may be swatted over the fence. A religious revival has taken so firm a grip on farm families in Delaware that many have pledged to the mission fund all eggs laid on Sunday.

As a means of varying the monotony and securing valuable information, candidates should hire a hall and invite the voters to do the talking. The unseemly haste of the king of Montenegro in declaring war and shooting up the Turks may be due to a crazy ambition to scale the heights of Armageddon first.

The three leading candidates for governor of New York solemnly pledge themselves to the principle of home rule and not a whimper of protest comes from Ulster county.

If the score board doesn't afford the satisfaction anticipated by all the world series players and managers the box office score can be depended on to furnish the comfort.

There is some warrant for the dread Europe feels over the Balkan war. Moving picture people are operating along the firing line, and Europe knows what's coming to it when the carnage ceases.

One of the few remaining jobs exclusively masculine and supposed to be away beyond the reach of woman, has surrendered. Mrs. Margaret L. Grange has been elected bishop of the New Thought church of Michigan.

A Harvard college man has invented a machine which can detect heart beats 100 miles away. While the reach is short, the device gives promise eventually of registering the first shock of a long range "touch" on "the governor."

Youngsters and elders and those in the summer of life are reminded by the death of Frank C. Bostock that showmen have no better show than the blunniest of the reaper. A multitude of joy seekers to the exposition midways from Chicago and Omaha to Buffalo and St. Louis or Cony Island will remember Bostock's trained animal shows and hang on memory's tablet a creped tribute to his skill as a trainer.

EPIGRAMS OF JOB.

Brooklyn Eagle Interview. "Praise often comes to the man who calls the other man a liar first." "Vociferation does not make an orator, any more than long hair makes a musician."

"The most pathetic case is that of a man who thinks he is in himself a moral reform." "It requires the use of honest money to make audible a protest against the use of dishonest money."

"Between Thou shalt not steal" and "Honesty is the best policy" lies the history of undisciplined men." "For men to say that they hold public office only and exclusively and entirely for the public benefit is to fool themselves as well as the public."

"Placitudes on dishonesty not directed toward individuals and specific acts are as useless to the ship of state as is the wind to a vessel with unset sails."

"It is a peculiarity of the forced reform that the man who brings it about usually demands his reward at once at the hands of the public, and that reward is frequently in the form of public office."

"While charges of inconsistency, maladministration and graft are occupying public attention, it may be pertinent to remark that the political crime of the present decade is not larceny, but hypocrisy."

"It is a tremendous responsibility for any human being to say to another that that other is morally wrong. This implies a right of final judgment which is not only unauthorized, but presumptuous in the last degree."

"It has never yet happened that any one man knew more than all the rest put together. Therefore, if any statesman assumes that he is infallibly right and all the rest entirely wrong, it forces the conclusion that the average intelligence of the rest is at lowest ebb."

NAMES AND EVENTS.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It may be a matter of aesthetic displeasure whether the elder system of naming pageants of civic fall festivities is better than the later one, but one must admit that turning the name of your town's state inside out, as it were, produces some startling effects in nomenclature, but requires no thought.

We shall leave it to the reader, and we care not how he decides it, whether the "Rex" of New Orleans or "Comus" the "Momus" of Memphis, the "Yelled" Prophet of St. Louis, the Priests of Pallas of Kansas City are more magically imposing or mystically effective than Omaha's inversion of Nebraska into Ak-Sar-Ben, or Houston's No-Tu-Oh, or El Paso's Oe-Ale.

The telescoping of names on the same principle that an umbrella case is pulled off and put on has the advantage of facility and there can be none other like it. Still, is it not likely that a delving into nomenclature or classic history can produce something that will make deeper appeal?

SUNDAY SMILES.

"So you have won the American heroics, after all," observed the friend. "Yes," fervently replied the foreign nobleman, "I'm mine—a gold mine." Baltimore American.

"Opportunity really knocks at many a door." "Then why don't more of us succeed?" trouble is that opportunity wanted us to go to work."—Chicago Post.

"I guess their honeymoon is about over." "Why?" "She's quit telephoning to him during office hours."—Detroit Free Press.

"Can't something be done to make this hunting trip less dangerous?" asked the timid man. "Well," replied the guide, "if you want a real good time, you just let me talk along a few packs of cards and the fresh air and money to take along the guns and cartridges."—Washington Star.

"Isn't that Marjorie Mincer, the sourette star?" "Yes." "But she hasn't a particle of make-up on her face." "She doesn't wear paint and powder on the street any more for fear she might be mistaken for a society leader."—Life.

Husband—I don't believe that fable about the whale swallowing Jonah. "Wife—Why not? That's nothing to what you expect me to swallow sometimes.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Bessie—Her face is her fortune, I suppose. "Edith—No, only half. She has 20 cents in a bank."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"You are an honest boy," said the lady, as she opened the roll of five \$1 bills. "But the money, I lost was a \$1 bill. Didn't you see that in the advertisement?" "Tessie," replied the boy, "I was a \$1 bill that I found, but I had it changed so that you could pay me a reward."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DREAM OF AUTUMN.

James Whitcomb Riley. Mellow breeze lowly trailing Over wood and meadow, veiling Summer shades, with wild fowl sailing Salvo-like, to foreign lands; And the north wind, sweeping Summer's brink, and flood-like sweeping Wrecks of roses where the weeping Willows swing their helpless hands.

Flared, like titan torches flinging Flakes of flame and ember, springing From the vale the trees stand swinging In the moaning atmosphere; While in deadening lands the lowing Of the cattle, sadder growing, Fills the sense to overflowing With the sorrow of the year.

Sorrowfully, yet the sweeter Sings the brook in rippled meter Under boughs that likely later Lorn birds answering from the shores Through the windy, shady, shifty Interspaces, shot with tiny Flying notes that flick the wing Wave-engraven sycamores.

Fields of ragged stubble, wrangled With rank weeds, and shocks of tangled Corn with crests like rent plumes dangle Over harvest's battle plain; And the sudden whirl and whistle Of the quail that like a mistle, Whizzes over thorn and thistle, And, a missile, drops again.

Muffled voices, hid in thickets Where the red bird stops to stick its Ruddy beak betwixt the pickets Of the truant's rustic path; And the sound of laughter ringing Where within the wild vine swathing Climb bacchantes's schoolmates, flinging Purple clusters in her cap.

Rich in wine, the sunset flashes Round the tilted world, and dashes Up the south-west wind, and dashes Red foam over sky and sea— Till my dream of autumn, palling In the splendor all prevailing, Like a mallow leaf goes sailing Down the silence solemnly.

Woodward's
Pure Sugar Stick Candy
 makes him doubly welcome

When