

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
EDITOR: VICTOR ROSEWATER
ADDRESS: 522 N. 10th St.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
Daily Bee, one year, \$3.00
Sunday Bee, one year, \$1.50

DELIVERED BY CARRIER:
Morning, 7:30 a. m.
Evening, 7:00 p. m.

OFFICE:
Omaha—The Bee Building,
312 North Main Street.

SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION:
50,085

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 for the month of September,
1913, was 50,085.

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

For them kind words, Miss Octo-
ber, many thanks.

Dr. Sun seems to have vanished
after shedding his light upon China.

So President Wilson is done tempo-
rizing with Mexico. Tempus fugit.

Huerta has executed constitutional
government in Mexico, in a grim sort
of way.

Don't confuse Prof. Buck with Dr.
Bok. They differ in more ways
than one.

"Safety first" would be a good slogan
also for those airship transporta-
tion routes.

Personal Ambassador John Lind is
nevertheless to be congratulated on
getting out alive.

The big circus man's wife who got
a divorce seems to have tired of his
three-tinged attentions.

Every honest and honorable lawyer
suffers from the operations of the
rinks in the profession.

China shows its progressiveness as
a nation by electing its president one
week and inaugurating him the next.

Probably some newspapers have
sided with Hobson in his tirade on
Underwood, but they have not as yet
come to notice.

It's a queer world. If the contractors
aren't tearing up the street, the joy
riders are.—Detroit Free Press.

So they do it other places besides
Omaha?

Omaha's average annual fire loss
has been increasing. The town has
had more to burn as well as more
left after the burning.

How convenient that those land
registration offices and the most
tempting duck-hunting grounds are
in such close proximity.

Omaha has been the center of two
big church conventions during the
week. You cannot keep the good
folks away from a good town.

Foot ball fatalities and casualties
seem to have been comparatively
light so far, but the open season con-
tinues for another six weeks.

Those administration folks are
talking mighty suspiciously about
government ownership of telegraph
and telephone lines these days.

A leading suffragette has ripped
up the slit skirt, but without any ap-
parent effect, at least none more ap-
parent than was apparent before.

From photographs showing sizes
and dimensions, President Yuan Shi
Kai seems to be "the strong man of
China" physically, as well as other-
wise.

The officers and men on the war-
ships can enjoy themselves just as
much in the neighborhood of Vera
Cruz as in any other waters we
know of.

"A Great Secretary of State" is the
caption over an article in one of
Hearst's papers. Guess whom he
means. No, you are wrong. Thomas
Jefferson.

Now, if any of those numerous
cities that are so eager to take our
Water board boss away from us will
speak up and disclose their identity,
we might appreciate more what we
have.

Oh horrors! Two school boards
have already authorized school offi-
cers to attend the coming state teach-
ers' meeting here in Omaha with ex-
penses paid. Suppose someone gets
out an anti-junker injunction.

The Contingent Fee Curse.

Most of the crookedness at the bar
can be traced to the curse of the con-
tingent fee by which unscrupulous
lawyers take cases for a third or a
half of whatever amount of money
in judgment they may get. When a
lawyer accepts "works up" would
express it more accurately—a case
on a contingent fee he acquires a per-
sonal interest in the suit—in fact, he
is suing as much for himself as for
his client, and, we regret to say, that
the crooked lawyer will resort more
quickly to questionable means and
unprofessional conduct to win a case
of this kind. He will run close to the
penitentiary doors for himself when
he would take no such reckless risk
for anyone else. It is notorious that
whenever a blackmailing game is
being played, or a conspiracy concocted
to rob someone by a legal
form, the lawyer, if there is a lawyer
in it, is there on a contingent fee to
share the swag.

Let us not be misunderstood as de-
nying that there is ever justification
for contingent fee services for legal
counsel or litigation. We know there
are instances where the sufferers of
oppression, or the victim of trampled
rights, are helpless to engage compe-
tent attorneys for a stipulated fee or
would have to have their cases inade-
quately presented against high-priced
and experienced legal talent
readily commanded by rich and power-
ful antagonists. Inability to retain
a good lawyer in such cases might
be equal to absolute denial of justice.
But where a contingent fee propo-
sition is justified it should be a matter
of record so that even the jury may
know how much, or rather, how little,
of the money is to go to the plaintiff
if they favor him. If every contin-
gent fee agreement had to be first
presented to the court for approval,
subject to revision downward if
the lawyer's split, and entered on the
record, we feel sure a great source
of festering corruption and perjury
would be cut out in part, if not
altogether.

This much is certain, that when-
ever a crooked job, engineered by a
crooked lawyer, is exposed the curse
of a contingent fee is almost without
exception found behind it.

Running Cities.

The city expert manager plan of
municipal government rests, of
course, upon the principle of reduc-
ing the city's affairs to the same rigid
business basis as that on which pri-
vate concerns operate. It is of Euro-
pean origin and favorably received
in many American cities. But we
need to look for no panacea here any
more than in the commission plan.
Both alike depend very largely upon
the character and ability of those
elected to administer them. No plan
of city government will ever prove
successful without the right sort of
stuff in the officials in charge.

Germany, who have tried the city
manager plan, tell us to go slow in
adopting it, that is, not to proceed
upon the theory that it is strong
enough to support all the mistakes
we may make by careless or indiffer-
ent selection of public servants. As
the Chicago Record-Herald suggests,
"By copying fogies we may miss the
substance." Exactly that has been
done in some instances with the com-
mission plan of city government. You
can get almost any new plan adopted
these days, but that is the least of
the task of setting your city to rights.

Less experimenting with fads and
more exhausting of present possibili-
ties is the first thing needed. Even
the old mayor and council system
could be satisfactory with enough
efficiency and earnestness behind it.
But any scheme of city government
will fail a prey to abuses unless for-
tified by an honest, intelligent effort
and stern vigilance against graft
and favoritism as the source of inefficiency.

Kerosene Lamps and Family Life.

A speaker at the convention of
librarians in Omaha brought out
the interesting point that substitution
of gas and electric light for the old
kerosene lamp has led to less read-
ing by children in the home. No
doubt that is true. But there is
another aspect of the substitution's
influence even more disconcerting
and that is that with the greater
diffusion of light by means of gas
and electricity, has come a diffusion
of family ties, an apparent scattering
of the forces that formerly made
for a close, compact domestic circle,
fostering the fine old intimacies be-
tween father and mother and the
children.

Perhaps the disappearance of the
old kerosene lamp is not responsible
for all this and perhaps the change
is but a natural step in the evolu-
tion of life, but somehow one can
not help feeling that society would
be better off if, while holding onto its
legitimate modern accomplish-
ments, it might also retain, at least
in effect, some of those other old
influences. For this much is gen-
erally conceded: the unity of family
life in this country needs cultivation.
Lights more numerous and
radiant than that of the kerosene
lamp reveal that fact. The truth is,
the tendency is toward shunting off
of the home onto society some of the
simplest, most fundamental duties
and functions of the home. All
about us in our varied agencies and
propagandas we find evidences of

this. The school and the state to-
gether would, if this tendency con-
tinued, eventually pre-empt about all
the field of home influence. Sooner
or later there may be an awakening
to the gravity of the situation and,
it is hoped, a reversion to certain
fundamental conditions.

The Common Interest.

The boasted glories of our great
republic, the land of the free and
the home of the brave, have al-
ways included the opportunity of
freed energetic folks to rise, accord-
ing to their merits, to social and
industrial levels in which they
belong. This distinguishing char-
acteristic is what has lured across
the water millions of ambitious men
and women, realizing that remain-
ing in their native European coun-
tries would mean enchaining to
their station in life for successive
generations.

But notwithstanding these recog-
nized conditions, reinforced by in-
spiring examples of plowboys becom-
ing presidents, and lowly clerks
climbing to industrial primacy, we
keep on talking as if classes in this
country were separated by sharp
lines of demarcation, by unbridge-
able chasms. We speak of bankers
as if they had none but financial in-
terests and motives and were con-
cerned only in the borrowing and
loaning of other people's money,
when, as a matter of fact, the aver-
age banker in the average commu-
nity is also a merchant, a manu-
facturer, or a farmer, engaged in
numerous philanthropies and occa-
sionally in official public service.

We speak of the merchant as if buy-
ing and selling goods in his par-
ticular lines marked his horizon,
when the chances are at least pre-
ponderant that he has investments
in other lines, may be a director of
a bank or a building association, and
almost invariably was employed by
some one before he went into busi-
ness for himself. Those whom we
refer to as belonging to the work-
ing classes are properly so designated
from only one point of view—that
working for wages furnishes their
main support. But the wageworker
is a capitalist so far as he owns his
own home or has other investments;
he is a financier to the extent that
he puts his money in the bank, buys
life insurance or becomes a member
of a co-operative building associa-
tion; and in his church, lodges or
trades union he serves in still dif-
ferent capacities.

In a country like ours with av-
enues of progress freely open as they
are, and class lines overlapping as
they do, antagonisms between social
classes cannot be, certainly should
not be, either deep or lasting. The
common interest embraces all, and
the uplift and prosperity of a single
class falls of full accomplishment if
it does not have an all-embracing
reach.

Fashion's Favors.

Sound the tymbal! Shout with
joy! Read these glad tidings said to
have come through authoritative
channels direct from Paris:
Ears are coming into fashion again.
Those highly convenient and not un-
ornamental appendages to the feminine
head have latterly been concealed by
wearing the hair low, but the kaleidoscope
of fashion has taken a new turn and they
are again to be seen and perchance ad-
mired.

When the dear Lord equipped us
with ears He doubtless thought He
was doing us a good turn, and it is
gratifying to know that His wisdom
is to be vindicated. Women of fash-
ion are now to be allowed, not only
to admit that they have ears, but
actually to show them, and perhaps to
make use of them in a way which
they could not do when compelled to
wear them covered up and stuffed
with hair.

Of course, there are ears and ears;
and ears, unfortunately, must be
worn the shape, color and place
where originally grown; being to that
extent differentiated from hair, they
cannot be easily changed to match
each costume or refitted at will to
the whirligig of fashion. Ears, how-
ever, do come in handy once and
a while, and would be missed if we
did not have them with us, so the
condescension of accommodating
fashion-makers should be welcomed
and gratefully acknowledged.

The Wreck of the L II.

The L II, had it proved successful,
would have been attached to the aerial
corps of the navy, which after today's
fatalities now has only two men trained
to command dirigibles.—From the
account of the German balloon's destruc-
tion.

Twenty-eight persons, all who
were aboard this vessel, perished.
The story of the tragedy is much the
same as has followed the fate of
other aeroplanes or dirigible bal-
loons, of which great things were ex-
pected as impetus to the science of
aerial travel. But the L II did not
prove successful. And we are left
to wonder, though, perhaps, not in
the gloom of despair, when man
shall master the elements so as to
make a utility of aerial navigation.

Thus far he seems to have accom-
plished little more than the skill of
making a handsome airship, which
flies for a while, or until some little
something goes wrong, and then
falls. So long as all goes well, so
long as man is able to tickle nature
into amiability, he masters his craft

and imagines he is mastering the air,
but in an instant the merest tilt oc-
curs and all is lost.

Yet, of course, science in all lines
of invention has advanced at similar
costs of human life, and that, too,
without dampening the ardor of sci-
entists. Aeronauts seem to grow
more insistent in the belief, with each
recurring accident, that they are near
the goal of practical success, though
laymen are slow to share their faith.

Supervising Children's Reading.

The attention of parents is called
by the principal of the Omaha High
school to the prime importance of
safeguarding their children's read-
ing. The Bee had occasion very re-
cently to refer to this as one of the
most important duties of parents,
and it hopes that Miss McHugh's
counsel will be heeded. Parents
should be even more cautious about
the mental than the physical food of
their children, though both have a
moral effect as well. "As the limb
is bent, so the tree will grow," ap-
plies with equal force to mind and
body. Parents exert the utmost
care in selecting the schools for their
children's training, and yet often ap-
pear entirely indifferent to the read-
ing they do under their very eyes.
For all they know, their child is
feeding his plastic young mind on
the vilest of literature, or, if not ac-
tually vile, then of such a character
as to be unwholesome to juvenile
consumption. It is quite possible
for a book to be unfit for children's
reading without being positively evil.

It is very important to urge this
matter upon the attention of the
homes, where, without realizing it,
many otherwise good and thoughtful
fathers and mothers may neglect one
of their most solemn responsibilities.
The schools do well, indeed,
to lend their voice and influence to
this agitation.

Lure of the Gate Receipts.

Mrs. Fankhurst may have this to
console her in the waiting hours at
Ellis Island, that if she does finally
break into this country the gate re-
ceipts at Madison Square should be
all the bigger for the delay and de-
portation talk. Nothing boasts gate
receipts like judicious advertising,
which, of course, is the sort Mrs.
Fankhurst is getting. We may not
need her lurid lecturing, it may even
be a direct injury to the cause of suf-
frage in this country, but that is not
the point now. If those mere men
at the ports of entry think they can
get rid of this demure mistress of
millinery by simply waving her aside
as she alights from the ship, they
have another guess coming. The
furor created by his excellence, the
honorable ex-president of Venezuela,
when similarly barred, will be but a
mild mimicry, we imagine, beside the
resistance of Sister Fankhurst. With
her skill at hunger strikes, alid and
abetted by Mrs. Belmont's strong-box,
she may make the immigration offi-
cials sit up and take notice.

A current magazine prints the por-
traits of Oscar W. Underwood and
Carter Glass, labeled "Two originators
of national legislation." But in
the case of the tariff bill, as it will
be with the currency bill, when it
reaches the statute books, the origin-
ator will have to be introduced to
his measure otherwise unrecogniz-
able after transformation.

An ex-convict has written a book
of prison observations entitled "Hell
in Nebraska." Presumably, the ac-
cident of place alone has constrained
the gentleman from immortalizing
some other state as the scene of his
experience.

Try to imagine any other depart-
ment of our local government besides
the Water board needlessly borrow-
ing \$500,000 and paying 4 1/2 per cent
interest on the loan, and then hand-
ing the money over to the favored
banks at 2 per cent and getting away
with it.

Evidently President Wilson has
completed his foreign appointments
of professors and authors and begun
on the near-authors, for he has now
named Brand Whitlock for the Belg-
ium post.

The mind that associates impurity with
the human body is itself impure.—Jay
Fox.

A much older authority put it
more succinctly by saying, "To the
pure all things are pure."

The Californian who committed
near-suicide by drinking a harmless
fluid, thinking it deadly poison, offers
another demonstration of the
power of mind over matter.

"The currency bill is the most re-
markable measure we ever have had,"
says Secretary Bryan, and
Friend Hitchcock is ready to second
the motion.

The question seems to be whether
a public library shall furnish the peo-
ple with books they want to read or
try to make them read books they do
not want.

It begins to seem as if the very
words, civil service, were a night-
mare to those pie-hungry democrats.

Market reports are to the effect
that the turkey crop is below par.
Well, we still have the trot left.

Looking Backward
This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM THE FILES

OCTOBER 19.

Thirty Years Ago—
The Home Circle club has elected the
following officers for the year: William
Nelson, president; vice president, Will
Laney; secretary, Fred W. Pickett;
treasurer, J. M. Hensman. The club will
give a series of four parties during the
winter at Masonic hall.

General C. H. Frederick, who leads the
van in time of peace as well as war, has
flung his banner on the outer walls in
the shape of an electric light, which now
makes the vicinity of his store as bright
as day.

Fire Chief Butler and Councilman
Charles Kaufman have gone to New Orleans
to attend the national convention of
fire chiefs there.

The Korean embassy passed through
Omaha in charge of Mr. Percy Lowell.



of Tokio university. They had seven
tickets and thirty-two pieces of baggage.

Bishop O'Connor is building a residence
on the hill near the Academy of the Sacred
Heart, in which he will move in a
short time.

Rev. Father O'Connor, now at Fremont,
but coming here, will occupy with Rev.
Fathers Jeannette and McCarthy what
is now the episcopal residence.

A landslide at the Florence cut-off took
a section 200 feet long and twenty feet
deep.

A telegram from Mrs. John G. Jacobs,
dated at Raton, N. Mex., says she will
arrive in Omaha Saturday with the re-
mains of her husband.

Colonel E. B. Myers, architect of the
new county court house, is in the city
to consult with the county commissioners
about various matters connected with the
structure.

Twenty Years Ago—
Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who lectured
the day before at the Boyd, went to
Council Bluffs for another lecture. His
box office receipts here were very large.

Ed Goodman, advance man for Oliver
Wood Byron's company, formerly of the
Lower Grand Opera house, and later man-
ager of a theater at Ottumwa, Ia., was
in the city.

J. W. Kinley of Helena, Mont., president
of the American Order of Home Pro-
tection, was in the city for the purpose
of making an address or two in behalf
of his organization and its work.

Mr. Kinley was a past supreme master work-
man in the Ancient Order of United
Workmen, having been exalted to that
office in Omaha in 1890.

An air of serenity settled down upon
Union Pacific headquarters, where S. H.
H. Clark, as receiver for the road, was
calmly attending to the affairs of his
office and enjoying even better health
than before the receivership set in.

The "Isle of Campaigns" began a short
engagement at the Boyd and flowed along
with sparkling wit, effervescing to the
delight of the audience in every act.

Lost—Between C. & N. St. P. passenger
depot and Broadway on Fourth or Main
street (Council Bluffs), a phaeton
lamp, Plunder will be suitably rewarded
by returning same to 229 Pearl street—
In Bee want ads.

Ten Years Ago—
President A. B. Stickney of the Chicago
Great Western railroad look another big
step in behalf of Omaha's commercial
importance when he completed the
formation of a separate corporation to
be known as the Omaha grain terminals,
the filing of whose articles would be the
primal move toward establishing the
local grain market.

He announced the
purchase of a large tract of land in the
city as the site of the commercial circles
quite ago with enthusiasm over the
prospects of this city becoming one of
the prime grain centers of the world.

Fred Metz of the Metz Bros. Brewing
company received a letter from some
blackmailer threatening death unless he
complied with a demand for leaving \$2,500
in gold at a certain spot under the
Eleventh street viaduct. Chief Donahue
said no one was much disturbed over the
letter and he had very grave suspicions
as to its author. Mr. Metz made no
move to turn over the coin.

Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, wife of
the vice president, arrived in Omaha
to attend the Nebraska conference of the
Daughters of the American Revolution,
in her capacity as president general of
the national body. She became the guest
of Mrs. John W. Griffith, 825 Cuming
street.

Judge Day of the district court ad-
vanced the old-fashioned whipping post as
an instrument of justice to be used on
recrunt husbands and fathers, who desert
their wives and children. He thought
its application might tend to mend many
a marital mischief.

People and Events

The discovery of a new alliance of land
north of Siberia will materially increase
the cold storage facilities of Russia.

One of the finest tests of optical nerve
is to look a man straight in the eye
without blinking in the glare of his dia-
mond stickpin.

However, New York is cheered by as-
surance of a substantial increase in the
lobster crop, exclusive of those who broke
into the Polo grounds.

Credit for originality, as well as nov-
elty, must be awarded Boston. The city
has entered suit for damages against a
contractor for failure to complete a school
building on contract time.

The theory that indigestion is the cause
of crime is now advanced in print. The
original author of the theory advanced
it by firing a slab of hardshell pie at the
cook. The charge denotes progress.

Ankaj's heirs will have to hurry.
A descendant of old Pete Menitt, who
bought Manhattan island with a string of
beads, has put in a claim for the whole
property. His claim will be adjudicated
if the Glantz win the world's pennant.

It is evident that Governor Richard L.
Metcalfe of the Panama zone has aban-
doned all hope of high office in Nebraska.
Otherwise he would not permit his photo-
graph adorned with a plug hat to escape
to the mainland for publication.

No matter how doleful things may ap-
pear, an Irishman finds some way of
driving a shaft of humor through the
sloom. Over in Belfast a Protestant
baker who discarded orange-colored
wrappers on loaves sold to Catholic cus-
tomers has been charged with dissolity
and boycotted by the Orangemen.

During the absence of The Bee's poetic
editor at the world series his sub litted
out of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat's
box the poem, "Be a Friend of Man-
hood," credited to Dr. Henry Keimann, which ap-
peared in last Sunday's issue. Both
credit and caption are a mistake. The
lamented poetic philosopher, Sam Walter
Foss, wrote the verses under the title,
"The House by the Side of the Road."

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

Consider the gas meter. It tells not
but see, how it can spin!

Ever notice how polite a man can
be when he has a favor to ask?

Lots of men who talk basso profundo
in a saloon are tenors when they are at
home.

Any healthy boy can wear out six pairs
of shoes while he is using one box of
shoe polish.

The reason women kiss each other when
they meet is because the Bible says we
should love our enemies.

Men get high salaries for knowing some
things. But it takes a woman to tell an
artificial blunder from a real one.

Fact is when you cover your mouth
with your hand and make the other party
believe that the yawn was a smile.

Some husbands want their wives to tel-
them all they know. And some of them
are lucky that they don't know all that
their wives know.

Any old time you find a man who
thinks he married the wrong woman you
can make a nice, safe bet that his wife
thinks the same thing.

A woman who can pretend she is sound
asleep when her husband wobbles home
at 3 a. m. never has any trouble getting
a new set of furs.

Cheer up. You may think you are get-
ting the worst of it, but it might be
worse. A hairless dog is an ugly looking
brute, but he hasn't any fleas.—Cincinnati
Enquirer.

CYNICAL MUSINGS.

The people who take offense easily are
kept busy taking it.

An obstinate man is any man who
doesn't think as we do.

A poor barber and a dull razor gen-
erally manage to pull together.

Some men are weighed in the balance,
and found wanting the earth.

Dead men tell no tales, which may ex-
plain why widows so often marry again.

There are lots of has-beens who never
demonstrate the theory of reincarnation.

One way of saving money is to lend
a man \$5 when he strikes you for \$10.

Many a man complains about bad
times when he is too lazy to wind his
watch.

Minorities are frequently right, espe-
cially when we happen to be in the mi-
nority.

Some men are almost as good guessers
as the prescription clerks in the drug
stores.

The fellow who is always harping on
one string soon gets out of tune with
the world.

Don't lose sight of the fact that the
man who won't listen to reason may be
thinking the same thing about you.—New
York Times.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Springfield Republican: "Mattie in the
ninth," was the subject of a Philadel-
phia clergyman's Sunday sermon. It
was a good sermon, too.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A Scottish
archeologist comes to the defense of
St. Luke as an accurate historian. This
beats some of the modern courts in
the delayed justice line.

Detroit Free Press: A Chicago woman
says that 60 per cent of the men would
rather contribute to the purchase of a
new carpet for the church than to wear
it out afterward. The other 40 per cent
merely wear out the carpet and refuse
to contribute to the new one.

Houston Post: A Kentucky minister
says the growing disbelief in hell is
responsible for much of the worldliness
of Christians. We do not believe there
is any particular disbelief in hell, but
it seems to us that there is so much of
it in the world today that people are
naturally getting hell-broke.

New York World: "If I suggest to a
mother of today," said Bishop Mc-
Ilwaine, "that her son take holy orders
she lifts up her hands in horror, say-
ing: 'I don't want my boy to go into
such a thing as that.'" The regulation
maternal ambition is to have the son
become president, at least of a corpora-
tion, and presidents are not chosen from
the ministry.

Philadelphia Ledger: Wisconsin min-
isters say that the restrictive laws of
that state are reducing the number of
marriages. When the restraint of law
becomes so burdensome that a premium
is put on its defiance and evasion, the
law falls of its purpose. The truth,
which is backed by experience, has a
broader application than to marriage
regulations. Law must be reasonable to
be successful.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

"Does your wife take an interest in
politics?"

"Yes, too much. She knows the dates of
all the political meetings and if I stay
out late and try the help-the-party ex-
cuse, she can nail me every time I get
my dates mixed."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

Editor—What's the trouble out there?
Office Boy—A woman out in the hall
has hysterics.

Editor—Have her escorted into the com-
puting room at once.—Boston Transcript.

"Stationmaster, can you give me any
new news about that rumored wreck? This
suspense is awful."

"Who on that train?"

"No; but I had a crate of eggs aboard."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Knicker—The Atlantic and Pacific are
wadded.

Booker—And neither of them can possi-
bly go to Reno.—New York Sun.

Lander—When you get in late at night
do you always tell your wife where you
have spent the evening?

Ludlow—Never, always. Sometimes I
don't know.—Boston Transcript.