

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE. FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR. BEER BUILDING, FARNAM AND 17TH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Sunday Bee, one year, \$2.00. Saturday Bee, one year, \$1.50. Daily Bee, one year, \$1.00.

JANUARY SUNDAY CIRCULATION 43,627. State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company.

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

Mexico is the president's principal undusted security. Give a blackmailer an inch, and the next demand is for an ell.

Never mind, we get another Friday the thirteenth next month. The man of a single purpose generally lands a multiplicity of results.

Well, you may not say we have not had a snow this winter, anyway. "The horse remains," observes the St. Louis Times. And at very fancy figures.

Every sign of republican harmony is a nightmare to democrats dreaming of the plum tree. Colonel Goethals' example should be a mighty big incentive to officeholders to make good.

Nearly every time anybody attempts to unscramble eggs he smears the yellow all over him. Jimhamlewis should lay this to his mind, that even Samson's whiskers did not save him at last.

By the way, what is the status of the Thaw case? Can it be possible that his money has given out? If Lincoln were really as bad as all that, it would certainly have no license to shy bricks at Omaha.

There are some cities still afflicted with two telephone systems, but not one of them that does not wish it hadn't. Omaha's best business men pronounce the purchase of the Auditorium by the city a good business proposition.

If forfeiting cash bail bonds does not avail to stop prosecution, a lot of them will hereafter prefer to save their money. It would seem that the full possibilities of the so-called blue-sky law were not dreamed of by its most ardent advocates.

Mere Modest Man ceases his protests against the diaphanous gown about November 1, when Jack Frost takes up the cudgel. Now, if women had only already acquired suffrage rights and eligibility to jury service in this state it might be different.

The Lincoln highway is receiving much publicity in the current magazines, and incidentally Omaha is in the middle of the map. Russian poultry exports average about \$51,500,000 a year. It is evidently possible, then, for something good to come out of Russia.

What seems to humiliate Kentucky is, not that its pugnacious congressman yelled for a pistol, but that he was not totting one at the time. On which side of the Hindu immigration question would you expect to find a man named Sushindra Bose? Key: He is a college professor.

A southern paper remarks that that the man who bequeathed \$140,000 to the woman who killed him was a "noble soul." Well, he doubtless found that he could not take the money with him. Prominent men make such inviting prey for blackmailers that the public will be disposed to suspend judgment in the case of the United States senator now under the cloud until the lady proves her charges.

Raising Railway Rates. Railroads of the country are engaged in a tremendous effort to secure a general 5 per cent increase in freight rates on interstate business throughout the country. In order to carry out the program they must have the assent of the Interstate Commerce commission, and, knowing the influence of public opinion, they have been sedulously preparing the way by utilizing the various avenues of publicity to convince one and all that the proposed rate increase is necessary and justified.

From the inception of our railroads the cost of transportation has been invariably and steadily downward, never increased and the movement seldom interrupted. The plea now is, not that the service is different or more valuable to the shipper, but that it costs more to produce. In other words, it is a complete abandonment of the old theory of "charging what the traffic will bear," to which railway men clung so long and so tenaciously, and adoption of the cost-of-production theory, which they previously rejected and scouted.

An interesting phase of the situation lies in the fact that most of the big shippers—those who furnish railway tonnage in large masses—have been persuaded in advance to endorse the railroads' demand, and to accept an increase in the rate, satisfied that they will not be out of pocket because able to pass it along to the ultimate consumer as part of the price he pays.

This acquiescence of the shippers is also to be explained, therefore, by the transformation of business in general to the cost-of-production basis, figuring in all fixed charges, depreciation, losses and profits as elements in the selling price at each successive stage as much as operating outlay. It goes without saying that freight rates cannot be increased by 5 per cent, or any other material per cent, without correspondingly increasing the price of the articles transported, or preventing them from falling in consequence of other contributing causes. Mr. Ultimate Consumer is, in fact, the man directly concerned, although not the man in best position to come to a decision and to make his views effective.

The Old Frock Coat Wins. We wish to emphasize that the double-breasted frock coat is by no means relegated to the background. While the three-button cutaway just at this time is the most popular garment, the frock coat is worn by the highest officials of our nation, and this itself maintains the dignity of this garment—Decrease of International Customs Cutters' Association.

Hurray for the old "Prince Albert," the statesman and "professor," they win! For years this grand old garment has served the grave function, not only of preserving the official dignity of our government, but as a mantle of charity covering a multitude of sins. When other garments, yielding to the subtleties of time and wear, have gone wrong—when, for example, the pantaloons, mayhap, have failed to resist the encroachments of decay, or the capricious waistcoat has not done as well as it should in withstanding the corroding test of time, then it is that this friendly, benevolent old garment falls like a charitable shroud over the whole system of foibles and frailties and presents to the world an aspect, not alone of dignity, but gentility, such as could be vouchsafed or accomplished by no sack or cut-away ever made.

Together with the lovers of official and professional dignity, therefore, those also who like the idea of smothering a man's shortcomings will applaud this resolution by the men who make the customs. Peril of Human Judgment. "Judge not that ye be not judged," in addition to being a divine injunction is a mighty safe rule for men to follow. Safe, first, for this reason, that one is apt in judging another to regard his faults instead of, or more than, his virtues. He is apt to base his judgment upon an act instead of a habit, or what is really more unfair, on a crowning fault, which, while most difficult for the adjudged to overcome, would be no test at all of the judge's powers. To be more specific, what tempts Jones to the very breaking point might tempt Smith at all. Jones, let us suppose, has a violent, almost ungovernable, temper and consequently does many things that are very bad, but aside from his temper Jones is an exemplary man. He is not, then, by any means all bad. He is bad only in the ratio that his crowning fault, his temper, bears to his whole character or all his other passions, which he controls. Then it is fair to Jones to judge him solely on the basis of his temper?

It is much safer, of course, for Smith not to pass judgment on Jones at all, for he not only runs the risk of doing Jones irreparable wrong, but of inviting Jones' judgment of him in return upon similar grounds. The chances are that Smith is constructed a good deal as Jones and the average man. Undoubtedly the Great Teacher had in mind when He said, "Judge not that ye be not judged," this very element of injustice im-

ment in all human judgment, and the instinctive failure of humankind to free the mind of all prejudice as a preliminary to a dispassionate and comprehensive survey of all facts and phases as the basis of judgment. The old axiom may hold good, that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, yet no character nine-tenths good can be rightly appraised by considering only the one-tenth bad. And pursuing this principle to its logical sequence will lead us up to the very helpful conclusion that while there is bad in all, there is some good in every man and every man is made better by a compassionate judgment, even though in minimizing the evil it magnify the good.

Stories Old and New. Some men are born story-tellers, some achieve the story-telling faculty, while others—who constitute the great majority—can only sit in amazement and listen to the man who can glibly reel them off, one after another, as if they were all new, fresh and original. You can recognize a good story by the number of times you meet it, for the good story is picked up and repeated, interchanged, enlarged, improvised and spread, until it is liable to reappear, au naturel, or in disguise, at the four corners of the earth, and at widely separated periods of time. That's what makes the modern story-teller such a delight, because until he finishes you cannot know whether you are about to meet an old friend or be initiated into novel mysteries. The redeeming feature of it is that every year another crop of listeners grows to maturity for whom the old ones are always new, and who in consequence must be the perpetual inspiration and the living encouragement to the story-teller.

Who is Running the School? Representing the president, Secretary Bryan went before congress the other day with a request that legislation on the Japanese question be withheld until diplomacy had spent itself in an effort to effect satisfactory relations with our honorable friend in the orient. Legislation with the diplomatic negotiations pending might, he said, precipitate a serious state of affairs. Congress tacitly agreed to hold off, how long, we do not know. But now comes Immigration Commissioner Caminetti, a Californian, with a more impassioned plea to congress for immediate legislation to exclude other Asiatics as well as Japanese. All of which raises a very interesting question. How is it that Mr. Caminetti ventures to kick over the traces of administration authority? Granting the force of much that he says in favor of rigid exclusion of undesirable, is it meet that a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water shall assume to ride rough-shod over the will and wish of the president and premier of the cabinet thus? Who is Caminetti that he chants his siren song to congress after it has received its orders? His obtrusion reminds us of the old Sol Smith Russell song, "Is It Me or Flannigan, the Boarder?"

It begins to appear as if President Wilson might have to make another demonstration of his ferruled authority merely to remind the boldest of the bad boys that he is still running the school. Constitution Makers. Hannis Taylor conceived a very interesting thing when he decided to petition congress for the memorializing of Pelatiah Webster as the real father of our existing constitution. He chose as the time for the presentation the 131st anniversary of the publication at Philadelphia of Webster's "epoch-making tract of February 16, 1783, containing the first draft of the existing constitution of the United States." Mr. Taylor has embodied his "petition" in twenty-four pages of booklet form, supporting his claim for Webster with an array of exceedingly interesting arguments, in the course of which he says:

Prior to Webster's publication there is no trace of any other plan or project of a new constitution that can be placed in contrast or rivalry with his "wholly novel theory." The great architect thus stands alone and isolated from all rivals in the "solitude of his own originality." Alexander Hamilton's biographer, one of whom is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, will find much of vital interest to them in Mr. Taylor's presentation of Pelatiah Webster as, not only the author of this "wholly novel idea," but also of the detailed plan of a federal government divided into three departments—legislation, executive and judicial. Hamilton's own draft never became our constitution, and his part in the making of the organic law was played chiefly in the convention of 1787, which rejected his plan. Hamilton, then, as Senator Lodge reminds his readers, "gave his loyal adherence to the new constitution and the new system," being a statesman instead of a demagogue. Senator Lodge even goes so far as to say that Hamilton had no expectation of the adoption of his own plan of government, which would have founded an aristocratic instead of democratic republic, though believing in it with all the ardor of his animated soul.

Yet John T. Morse, Jr. in his introductory to Mr. Lodge's book on Hamilton, declares: Washington created, or at least caused to be created, the national entity. Hamilton did actually create the political entity. This chiefly by giving the country a financial system. But in no sense does Taylor's presentation of Pelatiah Webster trench on Hamilton's part in the making of our organic law. He explains that: On the day Webster laid his complete and wholly novel plan of a federal government at the door of the continental congress, Madison, then 23, and Hamilton, then 26, were in their places in the assembly. Only the blind and infatuated will contend that these vigilant and ambitious young statesmen, intent upon improving conditions then crying out for remedy, did not read and master the contents of the great document, the first to propose the construction of a new federal system.

Webster was then 57, and "far better equipped to solve a problem, in its essence financial and commercial," than either Hamilton or Madison, Mr. Taylor contends. All of which is apt to provoke some interesting discussion on the part of historians. Buying the Auditorium. As the plan of voting bonds for the purchase of the Auditorium is better understood sentiment seems to be focusing more for the proposition. The bonds, to be voted on March 10, call for \$250,000, of which \$225,000 is to buy the property, and the remainder to make needed improvements. The price is generally regarded as reasonable. In fact, when the value of the ground, together with the cost of building, is considered, the price seems advantageous to the people. But in any event it is gratifying to find so much public interest manifested in the proposition. It would be well if voters considered all subjects with like care before passing on them.

One thing may be taken as final, the people of Omaha need and desire an auditorium. With the material and ethical interests of the city in mind, they certainly would not think of doing without one. They do not wish to close the doors to great conventions, bringing thousands from all states to the city; to great festivals, expositions, personages, statesmen and artists. That would be one of the worst things that could befall Omaha. Having definitely decided, then, that we must have an auditorium, the next thing is to determine whether we desire the one already built, ideally located, lacking only a few touches to round out its completion in the symmetry of architectural beauty, at a price generally accepted as fair. The alternative would be to buy ground and erect another building. Could a desirable location be bought at a desirable building erected for anything like \$225,000, or even \$250,000, to say nothing of the time lost in making the change? That question wants to be carefully considered.

The Reading Hour. In view of the tons of books constantly coming off the presses it will not do to say that this is not a reading age, whatever might be said for the quality and merit of many of these books. Besides the books, there are increasing numbers of papers, periodicals and magazines, which must be read or they would not be published. Granting that we do a lot of reading, does the average man do it according to a systematic rule as to time and character of literature? Does he have his reading hour, when he sits down and pursues thoughtfully some thought-stimulating book? Or does he snatch a few lines or pages, or perhaps a chapter or two here and there at such odd moments as he finds?

Does the average man drive himself so hard—or get driven by some one else—during the day as to find when the evening comes that sound reading and sober reflection is not nearly as welcome to him as some light and airy occupation? Does he not also find that a great diversity of demands on his time crowds out systematic and sober reading? Certain so-called "predigested" foods for the body are on the market. Is it also true to a large extent of the character of our literature? Whatever effort is exerted to maintain the "reading hour" for sound productions will more than repay itself in the fruits of sober thinking and acting, for which there will always be as much need as now.

According to Secretary Mellor, the state fair is a purely patriotic enterprise, whose officers are entitled to a public expression of thanks for accepting the salaries and perquisites. We move the adoption of the resolution. Fence-Building Material. Indianapolis News. The senate, however, may not be so willing as the house to spend \$25,000,000 of the national money for state roads. And, really, the action of the house is somewhat surprising, considering the advantages of other kinds of appropriations as fence building material. Bank Discrimination. Washington Post. Senator Cummins apparently thinks the excess of agricultural experimentation money going southward constitutes a clear discrimination against the chinch bug in favor of the boll weevil.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha. FEBRUARY 15. Thirty Years Ago—The Concordia masquerade at the new German hall last night is declared the most successful of this season. The committee in charge included L. Raapke, William Heavers, I. Groebner, L. Heilmrod, J. P. Lema, H. G. Lehman, Max Eecht and George E. Stratman. The funeral of the late Judge Chadwick took place at his residence on Park avenue, the remains being sent to St. Johnsbury, Vt. for interment. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Willard Scott.

The Ruth Rebekahs gave their closing ball of the season last night at Masonic hall, those in charge being E. L. Armstrong, George A. Bennett, P. M. Foster, Edwin Davis, J. J. Cons and J. W. Nicholas. The Philharmonic society gave its concert at Boyd's, assisted by Miss Emma Thursday. Mrs. Russell Glover, Miss



Minnie Maul and Chevalier De Seonaki gave numbers on the program. J. K. O'Neill, the portrait painter, was presented with a beautiful valentine by his wife in the shape of a boy weighing about nine pounds.

Two petitions are in circulation for applicants to the vacancy in the district judgeship, the candidates being J. H. McCulloch and Ralph W. Breckenridge. William Fleming asks the person who picked up the spaniel puppy on Fourteenth street "to drop him like a hot potato at 514 South Twentieth street and save trouble."

Twenty Years Ago—Word was received from St. Louis that Judge Caldwell of the federal circuit court of appeals told Attorney Thurston for the Union Pacific and Cowin for the government in the Union Pacific to go back to Omaha and revoke the order slashing employees' wages and then he would take up matters with them, the receivers and the employees. The report was given the employees by The Bee and created a consternation of joy. They were to have their rights, work and fair wages.

General Passenger Agent Lomax of the Union Pacific declined either to confirm or deny the rumor that Howard Payne of the Missouri Pacific was to become assistant general passenger agent for the Union Pacific. Three of four men who had held high carnival, swindling Omaha people of prominence on various and sundry clever (like schemes) ostensibly noble methods of aiding charity, landed in the toils and the police felt confident of getting the fourth culprit. The arrest and exposure was proving embarrassing to several well known and otherwise clever business men taken in by the simple and transparent frauds.

The apartments of Mrs. J. M. Crissey, proprietor of a drug store at Twenty-fourth and Lake streets, were entered by a bungling robber, who, it was said, overlooked 400 perfectly good American dollars. Ten Years Ago—Mrs. Marianne B. Wilkins, widow of the late Charles Wilkins, died at the home of her son, Charles F. Wilkins, 1822 Chicago street. She was survived by six sons, Charles F., Walter B. of Omaha; Alfred T. of Tabor, Ia.; W. E. of Morris Park, Ia.; J. J. of Denver and Arthur Wilkins of Missoula, Mont. Mrs. Wilkins was born in England in 1828 and came to Omaha in 1857.

One of the matters before the meeting of the Omaha Women's club related to a report by Mrs. H. H. Heller of Miss Vandervee, a young colored woman, who, as a girl, the club had helped educate. She was then a responsible coworker of Booker T. Washington in his Tuskegee institute. Mrs. Heller proposed that the club advance another \$100 as a starter toward adding another worthy colored girl in a similar way.

City hall gossip centered about the probable successor to City Abstractor Norton, who was to leave the city's service to engage in private business March 1. Wood Hartley was the most prominently mentioned of the various men under consideration. William A. (Gabe) Runkles, for years head proofer on The Bee, died at his home, 278 Blondo street, of locomotor ataxia, at the age of 44 years. He was known as one of the most reliable proofreaders in the business and was a master of the craft, having learned his trade on the old Des Moines Register. He was born at Winterset, Ia.

Times Have Changed. Philadelphia Ledger. The near approach of Washington's birthday and the recent appearance of President Wilson in congress to deliver his anti-trust message in very person, reminds us of that incident in the life of the Father of his Country, told by Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts. Our first chief executive had gone to the senate to confer about a pending Indian treaty, but the experience so disgusted him that he said, as he departed, "I'll be damned if I ever go there again." Evidently Mr. Washington hadn't trained his senate as carefully as Mr. Wilson has trained his.

Secular Shots at Pulpit. St. Louis Republic: A St. Louis church is planning an overflow annex to take care of its crowds. Taking it by and large that announcement is the strangest story in a single day's news. Cleveland Plain Dealer: The churches of two Philadelphia pastors are so overcrowded that official attention has been called to the congested aisles. There's nothing succeeds like advertising. Houston Post: The barring of Asiatic immigrants by the Burnett bill hardly tallies with the "Men and Millions Movement," designed to raise \$300,000 for foreign missions. If we can't endure a few Asiatics for the brief day we spend in this world, why neglect our home hearthens to save the Asiatic millions for comrades in eternity?

New York World: An Indian sailor was turned away from a church institution because the sailors objected to him. Some of the foremost families in the country, from John Randolph's time down, have prided themselves upon their Indian blood. Who can reconcile these facts? No one. The South street incident is simply a survival of barbarism. Brooklyn Eagle: The bulletin of the Central Congregational church, asking the women to take off their hats in church, is a case of zeal without discretion. The effort will probably fail, as it has failed before in this and other churches, because it is not founded on good sense, and it ought to fail. It is proper and desirable for women to take off their hats in a theater, because the theater is a place to see in. A church is a place to hear in and to worship in. To see the preacher gives an added interest in his sermon, perhaps—although we have seen preachers who ought to have been compelled to talk behind a screen—but you can get the whole effect of the sermon by listening, even if some woman's hat comes between you and the preacher's face. There is no proper place in church to keep the hat. People stand for the hymns and in some churches they kneel for the prayers. In either case a hat to be disposed of would detract from the spirit of worship not only for the woman who had to "stow" it safely, but for everyone who watched her efforts.

HERE AND THERE. Metal shavings and cuttings are now pressed into brick form and made use of in iron smelting. The output of musical instruments in this country is constantly increasing, but the number of factories is on the decrease. Gathering and selling acorns is a new industry in Arkansas to supply eastern nursery firms with material for forest planting. Discoveries of extensive deposits of limestone and silica in the Philippines have led to the formation of a company to manufacture cement there.

An elm was recently cut down in Lincoln Center, N. H., which measured twenty-one feet in circumference and had cast a shadow, when in full leaf, 150 feet in diameter. It was from Tolland, Conn., and set out as a small tree in 1779. A locality in Maine, in which there is a long chain of lakes, was recently drained that it might be turned into farming land. The land, however, refused to remain trained, and the lakes are gradually reappearing as they were before.

People and Events. As a weather prophet Mr. Groundhog is one-third to the good. The main objection of Dr. Anna Shaw to the income tax schedule is that she is classified as "it." Yet there are many in and out of suffrage circles who think the doctor is so. Six students of Gettysburg (Pa.) college have been expelled for dancing the tango. Seems there are extremists to which higher education will not hitch without bucking. Sartorial aristocrats are bucking against an adamantine ego in striving to put the frock coat in the has-been class. Men in the pursuit of happiness require an imposing foundation for a plug hat. The claim now advanced that St. Paul once visited England may have some basis, but how he did it and at the same time retained his golden halo is a problem for biblical scholars to wrestle with. Walter Wellman is not rushing into the list of aviators eager for a flight over the Atlantic. One try is a sufficiency for Walter. His successors no doubt are welcome to use his justly celebrated "accelerator."

New York maintains that as a center of population, area considered, it has London beaten to a standstill. But London is advancing. Men are doing business there now without wearing a "topper." That's going some. Will Rockefeller come back and come across? Cleveland is wondering. Since the city polity requested payment of \$12,000,000 in back taxes, John D. concluded his old home town doesn't love him any more and fled to the hills of Poconico. Base ball writers in search of something new in the descriptive line are commended to a sample of Egyptian lingo supplied by Maxfield and Gray. Describing a game at Cairo a local parrot told of a catch being "pouched in a tea-caddy." Old sport, do you get it? The women of Concord, Mass., keep in fine working order the revolutionary spirit of their grandmothers. Falling to secure relief from the local street railway company they persuaded the public service commission to order the steps of street cars lowered to within fifteen inches of the ground. Concord girls may be high strappers, but not for the benefit of the street railway company.

MUFFLED KNOCKS. When a man gets his first full dress suit he is so proud of it that he wants to wear it all day. Lots of men who do not believe in hypocritism will sit down and let a girl compel them to ask her to let them marry her. Any couple should keep company for a while. But some engaged girls have been that way so long that they look worse than married women. The guy who is always saying that clothes do not make the man is usually the first to laugh at the fringes on your pants. Too many men who belong to Boosters clubs and holler for a bigger city have a "No Trespassing" sign on their doors when the fool stork tries to aid in the good work. You imagine the men's fashions are pretty foolish, don't you? But give them credit, Ignatz. It has only been 100 years since they carried muffs and wore tight pants. What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to keep tea front room shutters closed tightly and the blinds drawn all year round until a wedding or a funeral occurred? Religion is the greatest thing on earth and helps make the world a better place in which to live. But the word "work" occurs in the Bible just four times as often as the word "worship."

When mother reads of some ogre in which a "September Morn" bathed in wine for a bunch of men, mother always glares at father and sniffs and says: "I'd just like to catch you at anything like that." And father gets mad and goes out and invests his carefare in a big beer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CYNICAL REMARKS. Peace hath its victories, but some of us hate peace. It doesn't take an editor to turn down a hard luck story. Friends are of two kinds; those we need and those who need us. Ambition is a tire that is frequently punctured on the rough road to success. Even the high cost of living doesn't seem to have any effect on the wages of sin. Marriage is a tie, which may account for the fact that so many fellows are roped in. The only reason some people want a finger in the pie is to keep other people from eating it. The world must be in a pretty bad way when even the promoter isn't faithful to his trust. Don't burn your bridges behind you. On the other hand, don't burn them in front of you, either. All things come to those who wait. Bluebeard's wives weren't the only women to lose their heads. It is more important to find something more substantial with which to pave the way. We can learn much from a study of insect life. Even the thousand-leggedger doesn't do so much kicking as the average man.—New York Times.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES. "Wasn't Poe's 'Raven' rather a strange selection to read at your temperance entertainment?" "Strange! Why so?" "Aren't you aware that the bird was on a bus?"—Boston Transcript. "When I married you," said Mrs. Nargers, "I thought to reform you." "Yes," answered the husband, "and like a number of reformers you seized the first opportunity to become a boss."—Kansas City Star. "Are you a political leader?" "No," replied Senator Borghum. "A political leader has to be away up in front where he can't see all that is going on. I make it my business to stay where I can maintain supervision."—Washington Star. First Hen—Did you see where the cunning men are trying to fool us into laying more eggs by electric lights in the hen houses? Second Ditto—How shocking! Baltimore American. "I suppose you let your husband assume a leadership in the affairs of the home?" "I do," replied Mrs. Tangolia Tripps. "He's the only one in the house who pays any attention to the alarm clock."—Buffalo Express. "He is always finding something new to worry me about." "What's his latest?" "He's afraid that if he goes to a dollar a pound, he'll have to give me three times a day."—Atlanta Constitution. "Pop, if anybody rides horse chestnuts—"

"Of course, nobody does. Why do you ask such ridiculous things?" "I was only going to ask if they did, could they use larkspur?"—Baltimore American. Visitor—What is the matter with that ornate rafter man, in a straitjacket over there? Keeper—He got that way trying to understand the income tax law. Visitor—And what delusion can the man have who seems to be always smiling? Keeper—He imagines he does understand it.—Boston Transcript.

LULLABY. Poetry: A Magazine of Verse. My little one, sleep softly. Among the toys and flowers. Sleep softly. O my first-born son. Through all the long dark hours. And if you waken far away I shall be wandering too. If far away you run and play My heart must follow you. Sleep softly, O my baby, And smile down in your sleep. Here are red rosebuds for your bed—Smile, and I will not weep. Forever rest here on my breast, What then for fear have I? Though long you sleep, I shall be near; So hush—we must not cry. Sleep softly, dear one, softly—They can not part us now; Forever rest here on my breast, My kiss upon your brow. What though they hide a little grave With dream-flowers fallen or true? What difference? We will just be brave Together—I and you.

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