

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER.
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State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.:
Dwight Williams, circulation manager, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of January, 1916, was 47,925.

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Fee grabs under whatever name take on the hues of the yellow dog.

As a weather prophet, Mr. Ground Hog is holding his own tolerably well.

As a true harbinger of spring the robin is outdistanced by the hoarse cry of fandom: "Play ball."

Democratic statesmen in Washington might reduce the wordy fever by applying the usual remedy for cold feet.

The capitol bomb scare probably originated in a mind which regards a blow-up more imposing than a fall-down.

Opposition to military training in public schools automatically places the superintendents in the mollicoddle class.

Destructive floods ravage Holland and the lower Mississippi valley. Neutrality affords no effective barriers to warring elements.

As a rule, the withdrawal of candidates does not begin until after the time for new filings has expired. But, then, this is an exceptional year in politics.

The signal success of the auto show ought to make it quite unnecessary to debate the question whether the show should or should not be abandoned next year.

"Lights out!" is now the rule at night in Scotland as well as in England. Keeping it dark is as embarrassing to natives as to visiting Zepps, but makes for home safety.

The automobile show exceeded the expectations of promoters. Planning a business hummer they achieved an avalanche. Publicity and popularity are unsurpassed for team work.

The task of keeping democratic coils from smashing the administration dashboard calls into play the patient tact shown in "bringing up Father Jiggs." Similar results are probable.

How to be with Wilson and Bryan at the same time, while they are opposing one another's policies, is the puzzle for democratic candidates who want to run on the same ticket with the president.

Necessity hands a solar-plexus to Oserism in Austria. The call to the colors of men between the ages of 50 and 55 is accompanied by the official statement that "old men make the best soldiers." A cheery word oft lightens the gloom of a funeral.

Race Segregation in St. Louis.
St. Louis is about to vote upon a social experiment that will attract great attention, should it be undertaken. The segregation of white and colored races is to be the end of the attempt, and this is to be accomplished by preventing commingling of the two in residence districts. Ordinances have been drawn to be submitted to a referendum vote, on the result of which will depend whether the experiment goes any further than discussion. By the provisions of one of these ordinances "black" blocks are to remain black, and "white" blocks will be kept white, forever. No white man may reside in a negro block, or vice versa. The second ordinance makes practically the same restriction, except that it applies to blocks where 75 per cent of the residents are white or colored.

The danger in this plan is apparent. Neither race will be especially benefitted by its application, while much harm may come from it. The restriction of the right of residence will serve as well to limit the aspirations of the men and women who suffer under the law. It is the old "pale" over again. If all white men were desirable, and all negroes undesirable, some logic might be found to support the plan, but grades of character are not determined by color of skin. The ambitious, the energetic, the industrious, thrifty and lawabiding citizen should have at least a chance to advance himself in whatever way he reasonably may, regardless of his complexion.

St. Louis has a serious slum problem, probably as engaging in its general aspects as that of any American city, but a better way might be found of solving it than is now proposed. The abject squalor of some of its streets can hardly be matched in America, yet this is to be remedied by better housing, rather than by setting a legal barrier between white and black so far as home-making goes.

Masters of Ourselves.

"He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city," said the Wise Man. In how far does this doctrine of self-mastery apply to the American people? Have we as a nation learned to rule our own spirit?

In the beginning this nation was dedicated to certain great principles of government, not new, but never practiced. It was founded on good morals and justice to all men. So far, the history of this country has justified the faith of the fathers, and the experiment in self-government has turned out well. Cynical skepticism, politely expressed by an older civilization, has been turned to wonder by a people whose citizens are sovereigns, and who rule themselves with prudence and moderation. Nor is this all. Without impertinent interference in the affairs of other peoples, Americans have extended their influence and example to the benefit of mankind, and still are doing the work of setting up a stronger foundation for the high ideals to which they are devoted.

Readily recalled illustrations of assistance afforded to those who could not help themselves are plenty. Cuba was freed and cleaned, politically, socially and industrially, and set up among the nations, where its people share in all the advantages that come from self-government. In the Philippines we have been pursuing a work that is constructive and philanthropic among a completely submerged race. It is not finished, but it will not be abandoned until the Filipino, too, is able to stand alone. In China we set such an example of generosity as shines in brilliant effulgence in contrast with the course pursued by the older nations of Europe. For longer than a century we have stood as protector to the weaker republics of the Americas, aiding them in all ways, even to our own disadvantage.

We are masters of ourselves, and our country is safe in the hands of its citizens.

Growing Perils of Walking.

People who cling to the old-fashioned idea that walking is good for the health cannot avoid viewing with alarm the growing procession of automobiles on the highways. Public interest in the auto show points to a great increase in the number of vehicles in Omaha and vicinity this year. Nearly 60,000 cars were licensed in Nebraska in 1915, and Iowa is credited with more machines to population than any state in the union. These are fearsome facts for those who, from necessity or predilection, prefer the simple life of strap-hanging or wearing out shoelathers. Not only is walking becoming distinctly unfashionable, verging on social ostracism, but it is a question puzzling for doctors whether the risk is not greater than the established benefits. Still, those who persist in the practice are deserving of consideration and the attention of safety first and accident insurance promoters. If the city planning board gauges the future by present prospects it must see the wisdom of projecting highways for the exclusive use of shoe-store patrons.

What Are They Going to Do About It?

What are the lawyers of Omaha going to do about the new exposure of shake-down law suits bolstered by palpably framed-up evidence of perjured witnesses? The lawyers are always preaching high standards for their profession, but, apparently, never get beyond the talking about it. The local bar association is supposed to have a special committee to see to it that the ethics of practice are observed, and to take measures to keep the black sheep out of the fold. The district court, furthermore, has a standing committee to look into questionable cases. So far as results are concerned, however, none of these agencies have a thing to show as yet in the way of actual accomplishment, although instances of malpractice by legal slysters are so notorious and rank that no one would have much trouble locating the infected spots. It is the inactivity and indifference of the reputable lawyers to the disgrace which the sharpers and scalawags bring upon the profession, that is responsible for this deplorable situation. This rotten condition, as we have said, exposes every man, against whom a judgment is good, to be made the victim of some trumped-up suit, wholly without merit, for the sole purpose of forcing him to "settle," rather than fight for his rights, as the cheapest way out, while the loot is divided between the crooked lawyer and his crooked client. We repeat, that something should be done more than merely indulging in talk to put a stop to such a system of thin-disguised blackmail.

Ill-Timed Levity that Deserves Rebuke.

Something akin to state disgrace resides in the action of certain Lincolntes, whose lack of breeding is shown in their want of veneration for ancient things. That they have little or no regard for the sanctity of institutions hallowed by time and precious because of antiquity is proven by their lamentable attempt at a practical joke on the decrepit state house. Tettering to its well earned rest, its gaping cracks and shaky beams each a dumb appeal for consideration, this outworn pile should be permitted to end its days in such usefulness as it may afford and without being made the target for such pranks as the unidentified jokers sought to perpetrate. Their levity is ill-timed and deserves a stern rebuke. Let the old state house alone, and in good time it will fall down because of sheer decay and weakness. It needs no bomb, however mild, to hasten it along the way to oblivion. Which ought to forcibly remind everybody that the question of a new capitol building, to be a credit to the great commonwealth, is now vividly before Nebraskans.

Advocates of instant preparedness obtain little encouragement from builders of defensive necessities. The announcement that thirty months is required to build a modern 1,500-ton submarine is a guarantee against over-haste.

Turkey's war bulletin editor belittles the strategy of Grand Duke Nicholas at Erzerum and intimates that the duke took Mush with a knife. These delicate pleasantries materially lighten the pain of a disagreeable subject.

President Lowell of Harvard says we will all be in the next war thirty or forty years hence. The bright side of that prophecy lies in the inference that this war will end before the next one begins.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

By VICTOR ROSEWATER.

THE NEW Grain Exchange building, now almost completed and before long to be dedicated with a formal opening, is a contribution to the up-building of Omaha which our people ought duly to appreciate. I looked into the building not long ago and was struck with the convenience and adaptability of the interior arrangement, as I had already been by the beauty and impressiveness of the exterior. I am not yet sure that the location is the best that could have been had, but jutting out, as it does, across Nineteenth street, it looms up on the landscape, looking south from Farnam, in a way that no sightseer can help noticing it. The trading floor of the Exchange is light and airy and commodious so far as present demands go, although it is quite possible the growth of another decade of the grain market here may require still more room for the buying and selling operations. I have seen the homes of various exchanges and bourses in other cities, the old and the new Stock exchange and the Produce exchange in New York, the Board of Trade in Chicago, the Cotton exchange in New Orleans and some in foreign cities, and by comparison Omaha's exchange ought to be a place for us to point with pride to visiting strangers as one of the chief attractions of the city.

Omaha has tributary to it the finest agricultural country in the world and in the natural market town for the products of this territory—the grain, the live stock, the dairy products, the orchard, and the farm yard output. When the Grain exchange was first organized there were many doubting Thomases, but the wide-awake and public-spirited men of Omaha outside of the grain trade, who saw its importance to the city, got behind it as a community enterprise, and to use a term more expressive than elegant, "put it over." The successful creation of a grain market in Omaha, holding its own with the oldest and strongest markets of the country in so short a time, is proof of what can be done when there is a will as well as a way.

Coming out of the new Grain Exchange building the obstruction of the fire engine house on the opposite corner—a squat, unattractive building facing this magnificent structure—makes a decidedly bad impression. When this new fire house was being planned, I urged in The Bee that it be kept off the corner, suggesting a readjustment by trade with the owner of the adjoining lot so that the fire house would "face" Nineteenth street along the alley rather than "deface" the Harney street corner and detract from the appearance of the public library. Official stubbornness prevented this change, but it will have to come sometime, perhaps by complete relocation of the fire house.

I used to walk down town mornings occasionally with the late Judge English and he was always a delightful companion. I believe the secret of his popularity and of his success is accounted for by his quiet, reserved demeanor, his politeness of manner and his obvious sincerity commanding the respect of even those who might be differing with him. I never had any business before him in court except once and that was when I brought the suit that forced a cut in the water rate which had been kept by the Water board at a figure denounced by the board itself as "extortionate" when excocted by the old water company. The case never came to trial because the Water board came down off its perch and the suit therefore effected the object without going to judgment, but it was only because Judge English turned down the plea denying jurisdiction, otherwise our water users would have been compelled to pay the old "robber rates" under municipal ownership longer than they did. Judge English here rendered the public a service which should be remembered.

Yes, we have had some striking exhibits of the fine quality of Omaha mud already this spring, but never again will we have the rich adhesive mud of the good old days. I was talking with a woman, well known socially, the other day, and she told me that when her family moved to Omaha in the early '80s, taking a house not far from Twentieth and Leavenworth streets, the wagon that brought the household effects up from the depot got stuck in the mud and remained there with the contents for three whole days. At another time the carriage in which a suitor was taking her sister to the theater became so imbedded in the mud that he had to carry her to the sidewalk, wading over his shoulders, and they had to proceed afoot, otherwise they might have spent the night in the middle of the street. Any wonder, the poet, Baxa, once wrote: "Has't ever been to Omaha, Where rolls the dark Missouri down, Where four strong horses scarce can draw An empty wagon through the town?"

The death of Peter Gooch last week recalls the palatial Gooch hotel on the site of the present Merchants hotel on Farnam street between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, which was the foundation of Gooch's rise to comfort and affluence. The jury, by custom fed there at the county expense, used to refer to it as the "Hotel de Gooch." When the Grand Central burned in 1874, depriving Omaha of its then only first class hotel, various projects were started to replace it, among them one for a new Gooch hotel, and finally culminating in the building of the Paxton. The new Gooch hotel also went up at the corner of Fifteenth and Jackson streets. Before the name of the Paxton was settled upon, one suggestion was to combine the old and the new by calling it "The Grand Paxton." "Well, then," exclaimed Peter Gooch, "I'll call mine 'The Grand Gooch!'"

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files.
The United German Singing society gave a delightful singing entertainment at Germania hall for the benefit of the German-American school. The organizations contributing were the Musical Union orchestra, the Maennerchor, the Swiss Singing society and the Turner quartet. Addresses were made by William Altstadt and J. L. Pruehauf.

James B. Haynes has resigned his position in the general ticket office of the Union Pacific to take charge of the Railway News as its manager. George L. Barney will step up a notch to take the vacant place.

The financial report of the managers of the charity ball show total receipts of \$5,127.00 and expenses of \$4,845.00, which left \$282.00 for hall rent and \$100 for music, leaving net proceeds of \$1,822.00.

The young women of Bradstreet's agency have organized a literary society with the following officers: Miss George Shipman, president; Miss Lillie M. Lawrence, vice president; Miss Nellie F. Dunn, secretary-treasurer.

City Engineer Rosewater and his assistants are working plans for the Sixteenth street viaduct.

A reader writes to tell of a woman in Omaha who possesses a Bible printed in the year 1890.

H. F. Cady, in care of the Chicago Lumber company, wants to rent for one or two years a good ten-room dwelling in a good neighborhood.

The county commissioners have obtained from the Wilson Boiler works the sheet iron to cover the bridge on the Elkhorn. There will be three bridges fortified with this armor to protect them from the ice masses when the river runs out.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.

Detroit Free Press: A swimming pool is to be built in a New York church. Let's go to church and take a squirt at the bathing suits.

Washington Post: Of course, there can be no relation between Doc Auld's resignation from his pastorate and Hank Ford's expressed determination to spend millions if necessary.

Baltimore American: A Pittsburgh pastor is advising women, on the score of health and comfort, to wear trousers. The large army of henpecked can assure this dress reformer that too many of them wear the breeches as it is.

Houston Post: A Philadelphia minister says "Do" ought to be the watchword of Christianity. And yet, we suppose, he thinks "Don't" ought to be the watchword of the law. It is a wise man who keeps his "do" and his "don't" properly employed.

Springfield Republican: The resignation of Rev. Charles E. Dole, for forty years minister of the Unitarian church at Jamaica Plain, will be acted upon at the regular meeting of the society in April. Mr. Dole is one of the notable divines of Massachusetts. He hopes, after his retirement, that "in various ways, quite free of the thought of compensation, I may be able by voice or pen to carry the message of religion, which always grows more beautiful and necessary for the welfare and happiness of mankind."

Philadelphia Ledger: The average salary of 430 clergymen in active service in the Episcopal church is supposed to be somewhat higher than it is in other denominations; but at \$1,300 a year (with \$100 paid less than \$1,000) it can be seen that the figure is nowhere near what it should be. The clergyman is expected to be superhuman at less than a competency. Even if his existence be a bitter struggle to keep alive, he is expected to be all things to all men, to preach with Pentecostal fire and intercolar rheumatism, to disregard his own ill and inspire fortitude and cheer in many who do not carry a tithe of his personal burden. It is a favorite economic theory of some congressmen that one who labors in the vineyard of the Lord should be well content with the consciousness of virtue, and should somewhere be able to depend on manna from heaven and benevolent ravens, instead of the coin of the realm whereby un consecrated mortals live.

BRIEF BITS OF SCIENCE.

The use of the oxygen inhaler alone has made it possible to make balloon flights above 25,000 feet.

Morning glory derives its name from the fact that it blooms only in the morning and the 4 o'clock because they open at that hour in the afternoon.

Seaweed offers a prolific source of fuel oil when present supplies are exhausted, according to an English scientist, who has obtained seven gallons from a ton of vegetable matter.

Those who expect to live until 200 have cause for worry, scientists having found that by then the world's capacity as regards population will have been reached, a total of 6,000,000,000.

German scientists have found that glucose is a valuable sterilizing agent. Various deadly germs, when heated in it to a temperature of 24 degrees Fahrenheit, were killed in one minute. This process is particularly valuable for sterilizing surgical instruments, for the reason that the metal is not attacked nor is the temper affected.

WRITTLE TO A POINT.

Dentists may be properly classed as root doctors.

Somehow an old man on a motorcycle looks out of place.

To have what you want is wealth; to do without is power.

No man can win success unless he is in love with his work.

It is a sign of rain when some one hypotheates your umbrella.

The wise man takes a back seat and watches the fool but into danger.

The otterer a man falls the more he is addicted to the advice-giving habit.

Lawyers are so plentiful that but few criminals get a chance to plead guilty.

Some people seek pleasure abroad and find it waiting for them on their return home.

It isn't always what a man knows but what he doesn't tell that makes us believe him wise.

No man is ever born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but lots of men die with gold in their teeth.

If a married man ever becomes truly great, his wife nearly always assumes the responsibility for it.

To remove superfluous hair send your well filled mattress to be done over by a tricky upholsterer.

A heedless woman is fortunate in being able to talk without putting herself to the trouble of thinking.

People and Events.

A Philadelphia man, suing for a divorce, says his wife deserted him on Friday, the 13th. Hoodooed or lucky?

The imposition of a direct state tax boosted the tax rate to 3.94 in New York City an increase of 17 mills over 1915.

Robert W. Gardner of Hartwick, N. Y., has worked as a blacksmith at the same forge for fifty-four years. He started in as an apprentice pumping the bellows and his stickiness annexed the plant in short order.

A practical joker in Detroit sent an undertaker's "black Maria" to a hotel, expecting to shock a newly-married couple and their celebrating friends. But bride and groom had been married before and divorced, and the joke didn't tense 'em.

It is explained in behalf of a Minneapolis policeman accused of flirting while on duty at the railroad station that the incriminating kiss was given him by a mistake owing to the density of the fog. That helps to vindicate the young woman's taste, anyhow.

The pastor of Shady Avenue Baptist church, Pittsburgh, Rev. Dr. James E. Norcross, believes in trousers for women and said so from the pulpit. He thinks the Chinese imitation is more impressive than present feminine styles. It takes all kinds of tastes to make a world.

The financial solicitor of the American Defense society in New York City secured a campaign fund of \$60,000 before he was relieved of the job, retaining half of it on a fifty-fifty contract. With \$30,000 for less than a year's work he is convinced that patriotism pays.

Johnny York of Hicknell, Ind., was advised by a doctor that he was "a dead one" and urged to see an undertaker before midnight. Instead of obeying orders he took on board an extra large dinner, went to a matinee, rounded up the town in a taxi and woke up next morning very much alive and with a head that was a hummer. Human contentment now and then resents medical wisdom.

Rev. Dr. T. H. Hagerly of the Methodist Episcopal church of St. Louis told his birthday guests that the secret of his 55 years of life is the "loose collar." In his youth a doctor told him "his throat was so affected he could never speak in public." With this prophecy in mind Mr. Hagerly chose collars two sizes too large and has been preaching for seventy years. Even at 55 he preaches three sermons on Sundays.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

After ten years of experimenting a Massachusetts carpenter has built a small table that contains twenty-nine secret drawers.

Joseph Denise of Dayton, O., who claims to be champion trolley conductor of America, has ridden 712,000 miles in street cars, made ten trips a day for twenty-two years, with 4,550,000 stops, and collected \$1,500,000 for his company in fares.

The president of a produce company at Phoenix, Ariz., got the cold storage habit so badly that he tried keeping cider. He has recently been arrested for violating the alcoholic beverage law, which is regretted at Phoenix, for he has been ardent as a "dry" worker.

The Sawtooth National park, which will come into existence if the present session of the congress passes a bill that has been introduced, is a remarkable tract of 245,000 acres in the Sawtooth range of Idaho, a mountain country said closely to rival Yosemite in the grandeur of its beauty.

The Cheyenne Indians near Clinton, Ohio, held an elaborate "at home" in honor of the neighboring Kiowa chiefs and their people. Everything was in high style, many of the tents of both hosts and visitors being furnished with brass beds, carpets and a variety of such ornaments as most appeal to the Cheyenne and Kiowa sense of the artistic.

According to an account book of the Second parish in Falmouth, Me., dating back to 1765, which is in the possession of Henry S. Thresher of Portland, the minister received \$123 for preaching seven Sundays. His salary for the year 1785 was \$300, and the salary of Widow Elwell, the same year, for taking care of the meeting house, was \$64.

"I want a cake of the best toilet soap you have," a shopper in one of the big New York department stores said to a saleswoman the other day; "how much is it, please?" "Two dollars and ninety cents," was the staggering reply as the clerk brought forth from a case a small, daintily wrapped package; "and you're lucky to get this, for we're not getting any more of them now." It was a French soap, and the high price, it was said, was due to the exquisite perfume used in its manufacture.

CYNICAL REMARKS.

It's an easy matter to take a day off, but it isn't every man who can put it back.

If some people should ever try to swallow their pride they would choke to death.

Most women are curious, but the most curious thing in the world is a woman who isn't.

A man must be a pretty good waiter who expects to have greatness thrust upon him.

The one time a woman can always hit what she aims at is when she casts reflections.

No man is such a pessimist as to refuse to believe the good things he hears about himself.

It's all right to mount upward, but the fellow who falls from the top has the furthest to fall.

A woman feels that she has lost her grip when she can no longer twist a man around her little finger.

It sometimes pays to chuck a bluff. If you can't have your own way, pretend the other way is yours.

A man's memory proves that it is much easier to forget what to remember than to remember what to forget.

A woman begins to show her age when she doesn't care who looks over the birth records in the family Bible.

What a profoundly silent place this world would be if we should talk only when we have something to say.—New York Times.

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

"How much is beefsteak a pound?" asked the man with the hurried manner. "The meat merchant told him and added, 'How many pounds will you have?'" "I don't want any, I wanted to ascertain how much I am saving by eating scrap-plate."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Kries (calling down dumb waiter shaft)—Is that you, garbage? Voice (floating up)—No, mum, I am beans, spinach and potatoes.—New York Times.

Young Husband (angrily)—I want you to understand that I intend to be master in my own house, and I don't want any back talk from you about it. Young Wife (swoonily)—Why, dear, that's just like the rows father used to make.—Baltimore American.

"I told that boy," remarked the teacher, "to remain after school and write some word one hundred times. But I don't think it was any great punishment." "Why not?" "I noticed that he wrote the word 'Rotten' under what you times with an ecstatic smile."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, HOW LATE SHOULD A HUSBAND STAY OUT AT NIGHT? — A WIFE ABOUT AS LATE AS HE USED STAY WHEN HE WAS COURTING YOU!

Gillet—Has anyone an idea of the dead man's past life? Perry—Oh, yes—a complete history. He kept every will he ever made.—Life.

"These rooms are cold. That thermometer only registers fifty-five." "Why don't you send for the janitor to tinker up the radiator?" "Wouldn't do any good. He'd want to tinker up the thermometer and let it go at that."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Highpump—They seem like a very cheap kind of peddle. Mrs. Wrayton—They certainly are. They actually had the nerve to buy one of last year's bathtubs and try to palm it off as a yacht.—Puck.

Ruth—They say that music inspires men to heroic deeds. Betty—You ought to play the "Wedding March" when Jack calls some evening.—Boston Transcript.

TO A QUEEN OF THE MOVIES.

J. Kendrick Bangs, in New York Times. "Twinkle, twinkle, Movie Star, How I wonder what you are. As you fliver 'er the scene, Like an Eva Tanguyrine!"

How the snovy onvas quakes, How the flimby sequence shakes, As you quiver here and there In your joy and your despair!

Are your cheeks of dough, my dear, That so bloodless they appear? And your lips, so rosy red, What hath turned them gray as lead?

And your nose so distinguish In its charming reticence, Why is it that thing of grace Wanders loosely o'er your face?

And these teeth so pearly white, Once a dental dream of light, What hath happened, oh, alack, That to return them inky black?

And your stately walk that I Doted on in days gone by, What hath changed its godlike grace To this jerky, jumpy pace?

And those eyes whose lovely glance Was designed hearts to entrance, Tell me, what hath turned them bold Like two china marbles cold?

YOU WILL SURELY DIE WHY NOT LET THE Woodmen Of the World ASSURE YOUR WIDOW REMAINING IN THE HOME AND THE CHILDREN in School. NO CHARGE for Explanation. "TELL" DOUGLAS 1117. JOHN T. YATES, Sov. Clerk. W. A. FRASER, Sov. Commander.

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