THE OMAHA BEE

DAILY (MORNING)—EVENING—SUNDAY

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The Bee's Platform

1. New Union Passenger Station.
2. Continued improvement of the Nebraska Highways, including the pavement of Main Thoroughfares leading into Omaha with a Brick Surface.
3. A short, low-rate Waterway from the Corn Belt to the Atlantic Ocean.
4. Home Rule Charter for Omaha, with City Manager form of Government.

THE REAL ISSUE.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger lunges a prodigious jolt on the short ribs of the democratic body politics. The Ledger is strong for the League of Nations with reservations, and does not like Harding's attitude toward it. At the close of a column expression of profound regret it delivers this solar plexus punch:

But if he means that we intend, because of the failure of the republican candidate to take what we regard as the right attitude toward the League of Nations, to oppose the election of the republican ticket this autumn, he is mistaken. We are convinced there are far more vital principles to be safeguarded on this occasion by putting an end to the democratic regime in Washington and by barring out of the White House a chosen nominee of Tammany Hall and kindred plunder clubs than by confining our attention solely to the League of Nations which, as we said the other day, has ceased to be a practical issue in this campaign.

Those democrats who draw back in pained surprise because voters who may not be in entire agreement with each and all of Senator Harding's views, or with every paragraph in the republican platform, do not immediately declare for Cox, and think the voters inconsistent because they refuse to rally 'round the international flag, now know a potent influence that is wrecking their hopes. It is the general conviction that nothing would justify them in continuing the democratic party in control of national affairs. For every reason that can be presented against Harding' election, there seem to be forty against Cox's. For every million dollars of campaign funds raised for Harding's election, there are $500,000,000 of the people's money wasted by the Wilson administration to bid the voter pause.

The tug on the voter's judgment runs fully 90 per cent in favor of Harding, when there is a summing up of arguments and statistics. The democrats can no more escape this existing condition than they can suspend the law of gravity, or control atmospheric conditions. Indeed, it is in the air, and the plain fact is that Woodrow Wilson put it there by his arrogant, selfish, meanly partisan and unprecedentedly wasteful and autocratic administration. The people have had all they want, and more than they want, both of him and of "his'n." A change is what they are after, not a shift from one democrat to another, and the straight road to it is through the election of the republican ticket.

The big and real issue of the campaign is not the candidacy of Harding or of Cox. It is whether republicans or democrats shall administer our national affairs. After nearly eight years of democratic experimentation—plain, trimmed, fancy, visionary, foreign and domestic, the current runs irresistibly for a radical change. And that general desire will rush over every possible obstruction the democrats may set up. Neither speeches, nor changes, nor money, nor promises, can stem that tremendous tide.

Making Nature Do Stunts.

When Burbank produced the spineless cactus, crossed the cucumber and the cantaloupe, bringing forth the casaba, and achieved a variety of other wonderful transmogrifications of fruits and vegetables, folks thought the limit had been reached. Here comes, however, a Boston botanical sharp with a stoneless peach; the fruit resembles a Georgia peach on the outside, but has no stone inside. This means there is no limit. When one recalls that originally each kernel of Indian corn had its separate husk, and thinks of what has intervened since then in order to make possible the present day Nebraska ear, which holds at least half a peck of shelled corn as well as a cob as big as a man's forearm in a single enfolding husk, some notion may be had of how nature's ways have beeen improved upon by man. The pitless peach is an attractive promise, but one disconcerting thought intrudes in this connection. If we do raise such peaches, what will we do for charcoal to fill the gas masks when the next big war comes? Thus, you see, every rose has its thorn, but, just as the kick has been extracted from beer, so perhaps may the regret be eliminated from the pitless peach. It is worth trying, anyway.

Cure for Snakebite.

News from Texas may be disquieting, but is worthy of notice, just the same. A boy, bitten by a rattlesnake, relieved himself of the imminent danger by drenching the wound with kerosene. Thus the world is provided with a new hope, for, just as the old fashioned remedy of firewater copiously applied internally is disappearing from the ken of the ordinary mortal, the substitute comes as a benison. Kerosene is within the reach of all, usually, and ought to be just as efficacious as whisky against the effects of a visitation from a "sidewinder."

Even more so, for, as a matter of iconoclastic fact, whisky really is a menace in case of snakebite. Its only possible benefit comes in the way of stimulating the victim against the shock occasioned by the attack, and this is in a large measure offset by the increase in circulation of the blood, due to the effect of the whisky on the heart's action, thus ensuring the more rapid dissemination of the virus through the system.

Antidotes for snakebite are many, the most reliable being some form of alkaline preparation easily applied, such as ammonia, permanganate of potash, or something similiar. When bitten by a poisonous snake, the first move should be to cut the wound open transversely, to induce free and even copious bleeding; this prevents the poison being taken up into the circulation. Then ligate the member between the wound and the heart, binding tightly enough to stop all arterial or venous action. Alternately release and renew the pressure, that the circulation may be slowly established, and to permit any of the virus that remains in the wound to be assimilated a little at a time. If needed, light stimulants may be given to sustain the heart action and to overcome the effect of shock.

This relief may be applied in the absence of a doctor, but if one is available, his services should be secured as quickly as possible. Prompt and heroic treatment is necessary to avoid fatality from snake bite.

Cox's Impudent False Pretense.

Mr. Cox's campaign tactics so far seems to be those of an unscrupulous and blatant politician. They give little indication of having originated in the brain of a statesman devoted to his country. Rather they are an attempt to substitute false issues for true, to turn the thoughts of the people from the Wilson administration and its "solemn referendum," to a hypocritical fanfare on grossly exaggerated campaign funds, mixed with a deal of unmitigated falsehoods. In a recent speech in New York Mr. Cox said:

I know many men are making contributions for the purpose of using the bayonet to settle industrial difficulties.

It is said this statement, uttered without a scintilla of evidence to justify it, was received in silence by the 2,000 democrats who heard it, and perhaps understood how incendiary it was. With the democratic organization quite as desirous of a campaign fund of three or four million dollars as the republican, and more unlikely to get it because the people are against the continuance of Wilson's policies both at home and abroad, Mr. Cox charges an attempt to "purchase" the presidency. Does anybody between the Atlantic and the Pacific who is familiar with Cox methods in Ohio doubt for a moment that the multimillionaire candidate of the democratic party would hesitate to buy the election if he really thought it could be bought? It is out of the desire in his own heart that he draws his charges, and signs are not lacking that in the great journalistic debate now going on Mr. Cox is getting the worst of it and is conscious of the fact. It is not the intelligent vote he is now playing for.

Nobody will be able to understand the Cox campaign who does not understand that he is essentially a Tammany Hall politician, that his political successes in Ohio cities have been won by Tammany Hall methods, which have included servile devotion to the saloon, the brewer and the distiller. "Like seeks like" in politics as elsewhere. That is why Murphy and his Tammany heelers, Tom Taggart of Indiana, and Brennan of Chicago sought his nomination after making terms with him. It also explains the remark of a man who had a drink or two ahead, who noticed The Bee's bulletin board when Cox took the lead in the balloting. He said: "Cox is wet. I know he's wet." Another man standing near said: "I'll say you're right. I sold whisky out of Kentucky in Cox's town."

A Life Saving Decision.

Public opinion and justice spoke with one voice when Judge Alexander C. Troup refused comfort or relief to motorists found guilty of driving while intoxicated, in district court Saturday. Particularly wholesome respect for the laws protecting other motorists and pedestrians will be aroused by the addition of ten days to the original sentence of a drunken driver who appealed from the sentence of fifteen days given by the lower court.

When a man appeals, it is with hope of shortening or entirely lifting the original sentence. Once the feeling arises that an appeal may bring heavier punishment in flagrant cases of violation of the traffic rules, a new idea of the seriousness of mixing alcohol and gasoline will be developed.

It has been shown now that the police do not stand alone in the effort to eliminate perils of the streets. The unyielding stand taken by Judge Troup may well result in fewer accidents. We little know whose lives he may have saved, and the whole city owes him gratitude.

Rhode Island Champion Piebiter.

Old-timers who can recall the "One Hundred and Twoth" Rhode Island regiment of volunteers will not be surprised at the information that the state has produced a champion pieeater. A 16-year-old girl stowed away eleven generously constructed blueberry pies, and won a $10 prize for so doing. Such gastronomic capacity deserves even greater recognition. It is marvelous, in these days when pie is pie, and the cuts are smaller while the cost is bigger than ever, that so expensive a form of indulgence should be tolerated. Also, we can conceive that the young miss had so long been deprived of her normal ration of the traditional New England breakfast food that she was ravenous, and, spurred on by the thought that she might never again have such a chance, she simply laid herself out to see what she really could do. Gargantua himself scarcely could have done more to reduce the visible supply of blueberry pies, and "Little Rhody" may again proudly point to a "big" thing done in her name.

Oysters at a dollar a quart this season owing to increased cost of production is explained by weeds and salt water in the beds during the summer. Hail storms, winds, lightning, and the heavy expense of fertilizer must also be considered, to say nothing of cotton sheets for the beds.

The democratic press, after its sad experience in backing Cox's false charge that republicans planned the corruption of the coming election, is likely to "wait a bit" before giving its unreserved approval to anything else Governor Cox may say. It is chewing a bitter cud now.

That's a real story about the preacher who found one of his flock polluted with hootch and said to him: "John, when you're in this condition, you remind me of a certain animal." "Yesh," thickly replied John, "a lucky dog!"

Flies dislike mignonette so much that they will instantly leave a room where it is, which may be a suggestive fact for railroad station restaurant men and dining car conductors.

Another man seeing visions on the horizon. F. Roosevelt thinks all the fourteen western states but three will go democratic.

Senator Harding evidently knows the base ball language as good as any other "fan."

A Line O' Type or Two

How to the Line, let the quips fall where they may.

IT is eight years since we put any of our deathless lyrics between covers. Always we are meaning to make a third collection, but when we think of the trip to the attic, and the hunt for the box or basket in which the clippings repose, the native hue of resolution fades; besides, there is no urge of financial gain, as books of verse are a d. on the m. But there is one consideration which may stimulate us to activity. If we can get Mr. Barney Baruch interested, and if he will undertake to distribute two or three hundred thousand copies, we will undertake the trip to the attic. [Boy, send a marked copy of tomorrow's paper to Mr. Baruch.]

"HE seems to be bipartisan," remarked Mr. White of Prof. Hall of Willamette University. "Yes, he seems to be," replied Senator Kenyon. Yes, seemingly the gentleman is. And in this respect he resembles political leaders in both parties. That is why it makes little difference which party is in power, so long as it does not continue in power more than two terms.

Just as He Is.

Sir: Just as I am wiping the gore from my hands, after annihilating a cheerful idiot who tells me that Puls & Puls are dentists in Sheboygan, the c. i. in his last gasps springs one about a hotelkeeper in Elkhart Lake, Wis., named Otto B. Just. I find it is true; but as he runs a summer hotel, how can he be?

FALL GUY.

"AFTER all," concludes a reviewer, "why not go the whole length and claim everything for Bacon?" The whole hog, that is to say.

TRY CHICAGO'S CITY HALL.

(From the Racine Journal-News.)

Wanted, men; drop hammer and bulldozer. J. I. Case Plow Works Company.

APROPOS of Mr. Harding's aspiration for a Hague Tribunal with teeth in it. "Come and sit on my front porch," invites J. Q., "and help me put teeth in the Haig." Delighted!

Miss Shanks, Meet Miss Bonnie Legg.

Sir: If there is a department of terpsichore in the Academy may I not nominate Miss Flossie Shanks of Omaha? Oh, I may not? Well, no matter, no matter. T. T.

"WHEN I realized my greatness, at once I shriveled and grew little," sings Oscar Williams in Poetry. This is, we believe, unprecedented.

BEST MOUTHFUL OF THE DAY.

(From the Kansas City Star.)

"Thief steals tools valued at $200," says a headline. But your hope that maybe the thief intends to go to work is clouded by the possibility that they are motor car tools. About the only kind of tools one sees in operation these days are car tools and knives and forks—mostly knives.

THE League of Nations has bought a shack in Geneva for 5,500,000 francs. A large room, southern exposure, beautifully furnished, all conveniences, has been reserved for Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge.

YES, YES—GO ON!

(From the Marshalltown Times-Republican.)

The two girls whose calves were picked for the state exhibit are Miss Hazel Shipton, Green Mountain, and Marie Fricke, State Center.

"FRANKLY, the voters of the west do not like Senator Harding and the Old Guard."—Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt is nothing if not frank.

NOCTURNE.

Barrie, old chap,
If only you could have heard us
Talking about you. . . .

We were seated on a hotel lounge
Which faced the sea;
Looking through French windows
At the black wall of night
And the angry waves.

Over the terrace
The sea was breaking
Making
The many colored lights
Blink mistily at us,
Inside and comfortable.

In your dingy, book-walled room
On Threadneedle Street,
Above the din,
I see you sitting, smoking,
Meditating, lonely; conjuring up
These dream creatures.

She was one
Of your fairies—but fairer
Than you have dreamed.

We spoke of war and soldiers,
Mozart, Mendelssohn,
Shaw, Swift, and you;
And with a radiant smile,
'O, I love Barrie,
The whimsical old dear!"

I say, old bean,
Let's trade.
Take all my happy days,
Give me your heartache
For that moment. T. C. C.

MR. WHITE testifies that the Democratic cupboard is in the state of Mother Hubbard's. Hence these tears, as Niobe remarked, powdering her nose for the thousandth time.

HE HATES TO DRIVE ALONE.

(From the China Press.)

Companion—Gentleman, (British), with house and car, but who hates driving alone, would be glad of a pleasant companion (about 26-28) for occasional evening excursions. A permanent secretarial position could be arranged if desired. This is genuine enquiry. Please reply, in strict confidence, with photo, if possible, which will be returned, to Box 89, The China Press.

ABB. art. aid is cultivated by the Hollanders more than by a. o. p. Frinst, here is a translation of a typical wantad:

"Neat md., a lin-swr., part. well rec., darn., knit., new rep. wk.-acq. w. woolw., prov. w. good ref., P. R. addr. lett. R98, t. t. paper."

"When I Was In——"

Sir: What suggestions have you for returned vacationists whose urge in conversation begins, "When I was in——?" Could you formulate rules and turn over the column to us some day after Yellowstone Park is closed?

E. G.

SUCH funds as the Democrats raise will be put to legitimate use, as in Ohio, where the farmers scorn the suggestion of bribery but are willing to be "paid for any time."

ADD QUEER DOINGS OF LIGHTNING.

(From the Mosinee, Wis., Times.)

During the storm last Thursday lightning struck the home of Jack Ahles and did considerable damage.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ahles on Saturday, a son.

[Suggested name for arrival, Ajax.]

"FIFTY thousand horse power from the Kerckhoff project put on the line in August. 17,500 horse power from the Bakersfield steam plant put on the line, in July. Mare power is wanted."—Fresno Republican.

What would happen if the horse power were crossed with the mare power? "You know what happened to Mr. Persichon," reminds Mucho Cuidado, "when he wrote 'mere de glace' in the travelers' register."

THE END OF A PERFECT SPREE.

(From the East Chicago Times.)

Lady will dispose of entire wardrobe, just as good as new, including fur coat, hats, etc., for half price.

WE see by the paper (trade) that Motor Van Meter has resigned as assistant factory manager of the Simplex Wheel Co. He will, we understand, operate a taxicab.

MON DOO. The cranberry crop is 100,000 barrels short. Silver lining: fewer cranberry pies. B. L. T.

Drys are very hopeful of prohibition in Scotland. Twenty years ago a young Presbyterian minister who went to Edinburg to study a year, wrote to his home town paper a letter telling of the strong drinks habitually used by the clergy over there. It so seriously offended his church that he went elsewhere on returning to Ohio—and did better.

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitation, where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

UNRELIABLE SCREENS.

Last night I spent a good part of the time fighting mosquitoes. This morning when daylight had come and the mosquitoes had left off I thought I would get some sleep before breakfast time, but the flies took up the day shift.

I concluded I would find the trouble. I took a rule and, laying it against the fly screens, counted the number of meshes to the linear inch. I found 12. Twelve-mesh screening will not stop mosquitoes. The screening must be 16-mesh, and nobody says less than 14. A hungry mosquito will go through 11-mesh screening without much hesitation. In fact, 11-mesh screening is not supposed to stop flies if the foodline is strong or if the rain or cold makes the outside air unpleasant.

Examining the screens, I found there were all kinds of places through which flies or mosquitoes could crawl. The frames of the screening did not fit the window and door frames closely enough to make these openings flyproof.

Maj. Gen. Gorgas, and no one was better qualified to write on this point, in his book, "Sanitation in Panama," always wrote of "skilled carpenters trained for the purpose" as being a necessity for proper screening. I am thoroughly convinced that the ordinary carpenter cannot or will not make a window or door frame that is true enough to fit a screen frame into or that the screen makers cannot or do not make a frame that can be accurately fitted into the opening for which it was intended.

Our screens are all new. What will happen when holes have been punched in them is another matter. The neighborhood is not a bad one. There are very few stables within a mile and very little stagnant water is found to furnish a breeding place for mosquitoes.

There are no infected persons to infect the mosquitoes with malaria, and the great scarcity of typhoid fever means that the flies are not infected with typhoid fever. There are few babies in the neighborhood and this cool summer few have had diarrhoea. Therefore, the flies are not spreading much infantile summer complaint.

The weather is moderately warm and not for months will the flies be under the cool weather urge of getting indoors. There is no question of disease involved. There is nothing to it except the comfort of a bald old man who does not enjoy sleeping with his head under the cover.

How To Fight Worms.

E. M. B. writes: "Please tell me what to do to expel pinworms from the system of an adult and from a child of 2 years."

REPLY.

Enemas of quassia tea or of salt water are generally effective.

Attention, Joe McD.!

"To Joe McD.: May I say as an encouragement that my boy was in bed for many months, affected apparently substantially as you are, and that after compensation was established he gradually improved and for all ordinary purposes, was well. I do not think that you could be any worse than my boy was, and see no reason why you should not get just as well. I join with Dr. Evans in saying 'good luck.' W. L. C."

Joe McD. wrote that he had heart disease with broken compensation. I hope this attracts his attention.—Dr. A. W. E.

FROM HERE AND THERE.

Coal prices in Berlin are 1,200 per cent higher than before the war.

An English medical scientist recommends a visit to a museum as an excellent remedy for scholars' brain-fag.

Ireland's greatest bog is the Bog of Allen, which has an area of about 240,000 acres and extends into four counties.

Diamonds have increased 160 per cent in value, and emeralds 300 per cent during the last few years, while rubies have decreased.

In Japan tea is practically a religion. There are special ceremonies in connection with it, and special buildings in which it is drunk.

Turkey's population will, by the peace treaty, be reduced from 30,000,000 to about 6,000,000, and her navy must consist only of a few revenue cutters.

Under English law a marriage may be declared void if both parties give false names, but it will not be declared void if only one party gives his name falsely.

Down to the middle of the Victorian era it was considered quite the proper thing in England for a man to exchange kisses with his fair partner at the end of a dance.

About three tons of cotton are used in the production of cloth for every ton of wool. At the lowest estimate the shops of the world sell 11,000 tons weight of cotton goods every day of the week.

In the sandbag-carrying contest at the Bath centennial celebration the first prize was won by Mohammed Omer, a Syrian, who carried 150 pounds of sand for more than a mile on one shoulder without stopping to rest.

In spite of the increase in the use of fountain pens, there is still an immense consumption of old-fashioned steel pens. Every day of the year, according to estimates, about four tons of best steel are used in the pen factories, and each ton makes a million and a half pens.

The average man probably sleeps in a hundred beds or so during a long lifetime. A veteran commercial traveler whose home is in New York can afford to smile at this record, for he says: "I calculate that I have slept in at least 8,000 beds during my 40-odd years on the road, and I have slept well in them all."

The Bee's Short Story

At the Cross Roads

By LILY WANDEL.

(From International Feature Service, Inc.)

Stella knew, as Oswald Lautrelle's $5,000 racer glided noiselessly, gracefully in front of her home, that every eye on Ferry street watched her. Behind every starched lace curtain lurked an eager, awe-inspired feminine face. Though it had not yet been announced to Oswald's world, everybody on Ferry street knew the astounding secret—that they were engaged.

"It's been a wonderful day. Good-by," said Stella softly.

"I knew it would turn out this way and you were such a pessimist. Confess you like Mater and the girls, eh?"

"Oh, they seem to adore you, Oswald," she avoided tactfully.

"And you too. Weren't they just fine?"

"They could not have been nicer," answered the girl swiftly, "and now good night!"

Good night! Ring you up tomorrow, dear girl!"

Has Trying Day.

Stella ran lightly up to her little room and flinging off her hat and wrap threw herself exhausted over the bed. It had been a trying day—this meeting Oswald's people. She had nerved herself up to it for days ahead and now it was over. Oh, they had been kind to her, very gracious, very nice, all for Oswald's sake—she felt that. He had instructed them, perhaps pleaded with them. Oh, they had been so correct and everything had gone off so smoothly. As if there had never been the slightest objection to her—which she felt there must have been in spite of Oswald's assurances to the contrary. She was glad it was over, dreadfully thankful, and wished there were no more ordeals ahead of her. His mother and sisters were going to call on her own mother, and she dreaded that, mainly because it would embarrass her mother, throw the entire family in a panic. Getting engaged to Oswald had been thrilling, but she had not counted on all the natural consequences that would follow. It was remarkable that she Stella Harris, a little nobody, should inspire love in this wealthy young aristocrat to such an extent that nothing would suffice except marriage.

Looks to Future.

She sighed half blissfully, half anxiously. Maybe today was just a taste of what lay ahead of her, a series of ordeals. It would be the price she would have to pay for marrying out of Ferry street. When the honeymoon would be over there would be his mother and sisters and all his friends to please or at least not to offend. They naturally would be on the "qui vive" for her to make a misstep of some kind. There would always be that feeling of tolerance that "isn't it good of you to be nice to me, Stella Harris of Ferry street." Oswald would not notice at first and afterwards, when he did, what then?

Stella jumped up from the bed frightened by her thoughts and premonitions. She happened to glance out of the window and, leaning on the party fence, was Terry Burns with his pipe. What a good old friend Terry was, how everybody liked him. Before the Oswald days she had gone with him to the movies or to little dances; they had been good pals. Her thoughts ran away with her. Unconsciously she pictured how it would be if she were engaged to Terry. She knew his entire family—she had played with his sisters all her life. They had in a way always looked up to her, for she had been the prettiest and the brightest girl in the neighborhood. Her father and Terry's father were chums and the two mothers chatted with each other over the fence every day. How delighted the Burns would be if she were to marry Terry! They would only be too willing to cater to her, adore her!

Hears Her Heart Thump.

Stella's breath came in little freightened gasps; she held her hand over her thumping heart. She was at the cross roads; it was not too late to choose the right way. With a quick motion she smoothed her hair and hurried downstairs into the little yard.

"Hello, Terry," gaily, "how's everything?"

"Great! And how's the world treating you these days?"

Stella ignored his question with a little laugh and "I don't see much of you lately, Terry, what have you been doing?"

"Pretty nice things, I'll say. I got a mighty good job today—boss made me head of the department—just doubled my salary, Stella."

"Oh, Terry!" was all she could say.

"Guess I could get married if I wanted to, don't you think so, Stella? I have enough saved to furnish a little flat pretty nicely, I'll say. Do you think a young couple could get along on three hundred a month, Stella, do you?"

"Yes, Terry, I do," answered Stella, gravely, her heart pounding.

Bares His Heart.

Terry came closer and laid his hand gently over her little trembling one. Stella, I want to tell you something—I can't keep it a moment longer."

Stella swayed gently nearer, she did not care to raise her eyes. "Please Terry, tell me, I'm waiting."

"I'm going to ask the dearest little girl to marry me, Stella. You know who she is, don't you. Little Gertie Moyer! Remember how I used to make her jealous by taking you out once in a while. And all the time I loved her so it hurt, Stella!"

"I'm so glad, Terry," Stella managed to choke out after a few seconds, "I want you to be happy! Excuse me, now, they're calling for supper!"

She stumbled into the little dining room, greeted by an avalanche of questions concerning her afternoon.

"I bet you did not have the good time I had, at that," wagered Dad, pinching his pretty daughter's cheek. "Old Lautrelle dropped in to see me at the office. We had some time, believe me, talking over old times! I knew him in an instant—same old Billy Lautrelle that went to school with me in South Danville! And to think that he married little freckle-faced Sadie Wiler, the blacksmith's daughter—why your mother here used to sew doll clothes with her!"

"Dad, honest. Or am I dreaming? Mother, really?"

To Talk Old Times.

Her mother, very pink-cheeked, nodded gaily. "Wait till Billy gets home, and tells Sadie—I just can't wait till I see her. Won't we have one fine chat talking over old times!"

"Billy and I have planned a fishing trip in remembrance of those great old fishing days we had together—" the telephone ringing stopped him.

Stella, star-eyed, ran to answer it. "Hello, oh, Oswald!"

"Darling, how are you? Everybody's talking at once here. Mater won't give me any peace—I have to bring her and father over—will it be all right if we arrive in about an hour? And say, honey-bunch, you certainly made a hit here this afternoon. Funny about the old folks going to school, eh? But all that counts with us two is that we love each other, isn't it?"

"It's the main thing," she laughed back happily, "and that we are on the right road."

Going to Extremes.

Governor Coolidge shook hands with the town democrat while at plymouth, Vt., thus illustrating the lengths to which people will go when in politics.—Boston Transcript.

An agricultural spraying machine of English invention which has pumps geared to the wheels so that it operates as it is moved, is claimed to do the work of ten men.