

Keep cool and you will be cool.

Also, bash the pest that rocks the boat.

It must be great to be skinny in hot weather.

Do not overwork yourself taking hot weather advice.

More popular than others are hot waves with broken backs.

Now the man who sleeps out of doors finds it easier to make converts.

There ought to be a Nobel prize for the personage who invented shirt waists.

About the only time the women are good listeners is when the preacher is talking.

New York complains of a shortage of water, despite the fact it is surrounded by it.

Detroit's team loses a game on rare occasions to prove that its players are merely human.

Chicago is now advocating air baths. A short time ago one of its citizens died in a bathtub.

A New Jersey man who ate pie twice a day for 89 years is dead—gone to his desserts, as it were.

After college professors reach a certain age they don't seem to care what they say about women.

There has been discovered one of those old-fashioned baseball games in which one team scores 20 runs.

At the Hoe library sale "The Swan Book" brought \$21,000. Its new owner would not read it for twice that.

London dressmakers now propose a gown with a detachable train. Hubby, we presume, will be the switchman.

However, the aviator who threatens to fly up Broadway will not be the only high flyer on that wicked thoroughfare.

"The earnings of the average New York lawyer amount to about \$1,500 a year. "Earnings" is a diplomatic way of putting it.

Stealing a base on the rest of the country, a Massachusetts school is using battling averages to stimulate interest in mathematics.

New York has just sent \$2,000,000 of worn out money to Washington. The fellows the New Yorkers took it away from were probably sent to the hospital.

A New York miser committed suicide because he was lonesome, and yet you can hardly blame people for not wanting to keep a miser's company.

A western railroad has placed on its rails a car reserved for women only, but the women do not after all prefer an Adamless Eden on wheels.

Don't be discouraged if the results you get from your garden make it seem expensive. The price put upon Madison Square garden in New York is \$3,500,000.

A chewing gum famine is threatened in Chicago as the result of a strike. Our old-fashioned notion of nothing to worry about is a chewing gum famine.

A canvass of the co-eds in Chicago university shows that only two per cent. of them are planning matrimony. That's all right; there's no need to hurry the girls.

There are a great many unreasonable persons in the world, but few are more so than the New Yorker who stabbed a deaf mute because he failed to reply to a question.

A Boston street car conductor found a \$5,000 necklace on the floor of his car. And we thought that women who wear \$5,000 necklaces always rode in automobiles.

A Brooklyn woman who is 201 years old attributes the fact to her habit of arising every morning at 6 o'clock. Many feel that getting up at 6 every morning is enough to make anyone old.

Professor Sargent of Harvard has figured out that flowers will reform bad boys. The next time your youthful son pours water into the gasoline tank of your automobile, hand him a \$5 bunch of violets.

"Let the baby squall by all means," says Professor W. A. McKeever of the Kansas Agricultural college, thereby proving that all the massive intellects have not been coralled by the eastern universities.

St. Louis has provided a farm home for the horses of the city departments when the animals grow too old and fat for work. Appreciation of any kind of past usefulness in public work is so rare, either in man or beast, that this grateful act to faithful four-footed servants does credit to the city's public spirit and generosity.

# Saving Money

# Gives Some People Many Happy Hours

By P. EVAN JONES, Chicago



SOME days ago I read a letter from a teacher or a professor in a town or small city who asked if it is worth while to save money. He had, during eight or ten years, saved and invested so that he had now about \$5,000. His object in saving was to build a home for himself and his family. During these years of self-denial the lot on which he intended to build had gone up in value from \$600 to \$1,000 and the house that he and his wife had planned to build for \$5,000 would now cost \$8,000. Because of this the teacher or professor asked if it is worth while to economize and save money.

Certainly it is. The teacher's or professor's own statements are a convincing proof of it. The amount he now has as a result of his saving is so much money, whatever its buying capacity may be, or whether property or building materials have gone up or down. And when a person has \$5,000 he can, with his experience in saving and investing, very easily in a few years get another \$5,000.

One of our great financiers said not very long ago that it was hardest to save the first \$1,000.

It seems that the good teacher or professor was discouraged because he could not for \$5,000 build the house which he and his wife had planned for so many years. But, according to his own statement, the planning of that house was the mainspring of the saving of that large amount he now has. And, besides, it has given them many happy hours. But any one can build a very fine and comfortable house, with every modern convenience, for \$5,000. An unaccountable number of us—and myself for one—would be more than glad if we had that amount with which to build a home.

Both in Chicago and elsewhere have I seen houses, and good looking and comfortable they have been, that have not cost more than the amount the teacher says he has.



But if one has that sum to start with he can easily borrow some more, even \$3,000, if he believes he ought to have a home costing so much. Having his own home and the habit of saving, it ought to be comparatively easy to pay a loan on the house.

Certainly it is worth while to save money. The teacher's or professor's own letter is a conclusive and convincing proof of it.

# "From Under the Flying Chaff"

By A. W. MACY  
Author of "Shortcut Philosophy"

The human tongue is the only instrument that does not wear out with constant use.

Honesty may be the best policy, but the man who adopts it as a policy will bear watching.

What would the beasts think if one of their number should get drunk and make a man of himself?

Diamonds are ground in diamond dust; so must we be chastened in the grit of our own experience.

Some people have no more sense of propriety than a caged rooster that crows in front of a meat market.

(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowler.)

# Much Joy Found in Adopted Child

By FRANCES J. SCHNEIDER

Are adopted children ever a comfort? Several years ago we laid our little daughter to rest and then our little son also passed away. God only knows the pain of parting and loneliness.

Some months ago we went to an orphan asylum and took a little girl not quite two years old. Our home has changed since then. The child has crept into our hearts and leaves no room for sadness.

Trouble? Yes, of course; but she is ten times more pleasure than trouble.

When we contemplated taking a baby our friends told us we did not know when we were well off and that certain people that did not have trouble were foolish to put their foot into it, and so forth. But when my baby puts her arms around my neck and says "mamma" I feel repaid for any trouble or worry she may be. My husband also loves her as though she were our own.

Moreover, we have friends in Ohio that have adopted two little girls and I know that they would also advise any one to do likewise.

# Every Knock Boost for Better Things

H. W. WINESAP  
Buffalo, N. Y.

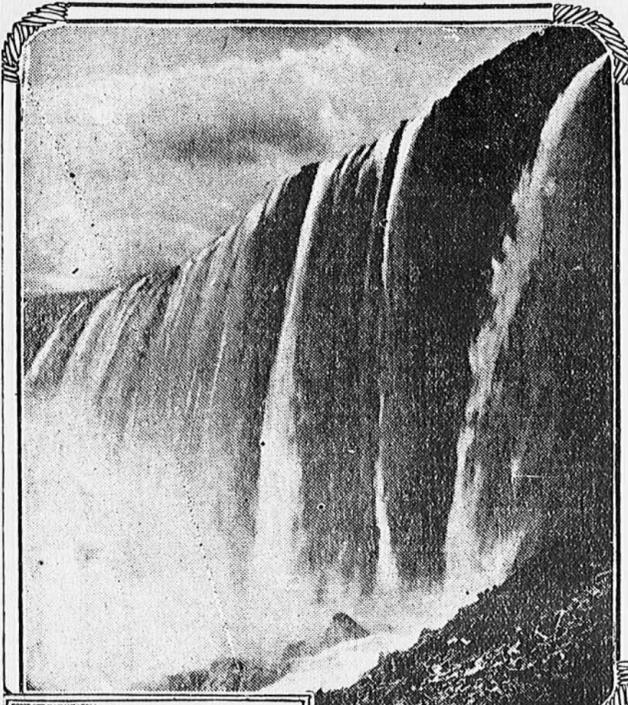
Many people of many minds go to build this busy world. The writer is acquainted with many excellent people who have the average amount of brotherly love, who could scarcely be called spiteful or narrow, who are as free from rancor and spleen as anyone (none of us is perfect), and yet they are intensely annoyed by the many unnecessary noises made by their thoughtless neighbors.

Because a person admires the howling of a worthless cur or the crowing of that 3:00 a. m. nuisance, the rooster, it does not necessarily follow that every one must be overjoyed by these demonstrations. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, but don't twiddle your thumbs and believe you have no kick coming when the noise breeders try to rub it into you.

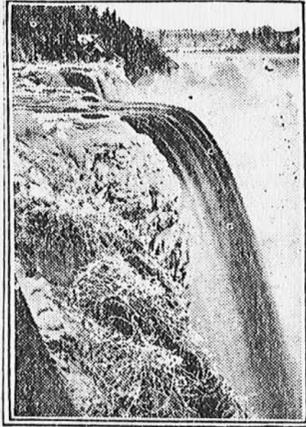
The kicker, the crank and the generally discontented person have been responsible for ninety-nine one-hundredths of all the betterments in the living conditions of the world, and history repeats itself daily.

Here's to the knocker—every knock is a boost for better conditions

# NIAGARA AGAIN IN REAL PERIL



VIEW OF NIAGARA



THE FALLS IN WINTER

sequently more harmful effects, both in the American rapids and at the cataract, or Terrapin point, end of the Horseshoe fall. . . . It is on the Canadian side of the boundary that the impairment of the falls is most serious. . . . As a whole, the falls have unquestionably been seriously injured by the diversions already made. Additional diversions now under way will add to the damage.

These words were written before the full diversion authorized by the Burton bill had been effected. Today conditions are worse than they were at the time of this report, and if the bold attempt to increase the skinning of the falls by 28 per cent. on the American side, and to double it on the Canadian side, should be allowed to slip through without check, it is the opinion of experts that a considerable portion of the Horseshoe fall just beyond Terrapin point, and well within the American boundary line, would be dry altogether.

### Rocks Barely Covered.

Even today with the possible maximum limit not yet being abstracted, keen observers have noticed that hundreds of feet of rock here and there along the break of Horseshoe fall are barely covered with water. The Bridal Veil is considerably lessened in volume, and those who have visited the fall most recently have not been able to avoid commenting on this fact. Portions of the rapids have also been affected and have lost a good deal of their former impressiveness.

Those who have calculated that a diversion of 25 per cent. would not materially change the form of the cataract to the eyes have been basing their figures on the erroneous theory, so it is asserted, that the falls of Niagara are like a canal, with an even depth and a smooth bottom and sides. Nothing could be further from the truth. The "wild glory" of the falls results, not entirely from the erroneous amount of water plunging over the great natural dam, but from the uneven character of the bed of the river, set with boulders, and also from the jagged edge of the cliff over which the surplus from four great lakes tumbles a hundred and sixty feet into the rugged cauldron below. Fortunately, for the power companies, the amount of water so far diverted for manufacturing purposes has not been noticeable, but the fact remains that every further diversion, no matter how slight, will increase the risk of ruining the falls forever.

In connection with their study of the Niagara situation, the government engineers discovered that the water in the great lakes is not a constant quantity, but that it apparently increases and diminishes in recurring cycles of high and low. Between 1864 and 1874, for example, the water of the great lakes was materially lower than it is today. Between 1874 and 1886 it reached the highest recorded points. From 1886 on during the next decade there was a drop, reaching its minimum in 1896, and since then there has been a gradual rise to a summit point in 1908. It looks, therefore, as if another recession of the waters had just started, and as this cycle of low water develops it is well within the bounds of possibility that parts of the American rapids will lose much of their beauty, and that parts of the Horseshoe fall may be likewise seriously damaged. The fact that the large power developments have taken place during the period of the upward tendency of the water has made the results of the drains upon the falls less disastrous, for the simple reason that there was more water passing over the falls than the average mean.

It is with a full realization of the situation outlined above that the American Civic association has undertaken a campaign which, if successful, should result in the lasting preservation of the falls to the "real owners," the American people.

# The ONLOOKER by WILBUR D. NESBIT

## Fashions in the Garden



Miss Rose she up en shuk huh laid  
En 'low she thahed o' wealthin'  
Dese same ole blooms untill she's  
En ' Mistah Phlox come teahin'  
Erroun' de plot en say his say!  
'Tis thee wid dis ol' blossom!  
He say: "Hitts out o' style terday—  
Let's take dem off en toss 'em."

Den Mistah Phlox en young 'tudee  
Dey rouse up all de tudee  
En shout: "Come on! Let's git new clothes,  
Dey shotehs en po' bruders!"  
Miss Lily she ax fo' new styles,  
En Mo'nin' Glory, who styles,  
Say: "Bet I see done a million miles  
Dess climbin' up en gwinin'."

Den ol' Mis' Apple Tree say: "Zush!  
You' mighty foolish chilla.  
Don't go at dis in seein' a rush—  
Yo's all o' yo' too whin'!"  
But, huh! Dey dont bugh huh at all,  
Dey mek dey leaves all freckled,  
Miss Daisy clomb up de de fall  
En sit dah, red en freckled!

Out come de ladies, den, oompooh!  
I tell yo' dey is fashin'.  
Dey seel' dem flowahs thoo en thoo  
Almos' lak menfoka cussin'.  
Dey say Miss Rose is plum gone dah!  
En Mistah Phlox is silly.  
En all o' dem dey in laff  
When dey look at Miss Lily.

De 'cluston yo' muss draw fum dis  
Is dat de bes' to do is  
To do yo' bes' en no' let miss  
De chance to be what you is  
In co'se de flowahs made folks smile  
When dey all changed dey trimmin'  
Dey didn't know dat changin' style  
Wuz on'y meant foh wimmen!

### The New Disease.

"What are his symptoms?" asked the doctor to whom the mother of the young person, has come for advice.

"He seems to have an insane desire to buy post cards. Why, it's worse than the cigarette habit with him. He buys two or three dozen of them every day and sends them off by mail. He dreams about post cards, he talks about post cards, and unless he is given the opportunity to buy and mail as many of them as he likes he almost goes into collapse. I am afraid his heart is affected, he gets so nervous and excited when he is crossed in his wishes in that respect."

"Yes," says the physician, thoughtfully rubbing his eyeglasses. "The symptoms you mention indicate cardiac disturbances. We might call them postcardiac."

Without a smile he writes a prescription for something that will taste like the gum on the back of a stamp.

### Knew the Sex.

"Sir," said the eminent woman's rights agitress to the celebrated geographer. "I have called to protest against your unfair discrimination."

"In what way, madam?" asks the geographer, looking up from the map on which he is marking the new boundaries of Manchuria.

"You do not give proper recognition to my sex in the names you give to countries and places. For instance, you have the Isle of Man, and there is no Isle of Woman."

"Your complaint is perfectly just, madam," courteously says the geographer, "and the difficulty you speak of shall be remedied in the next geographies. We shall have an 'Ill of Man' and an 'Ill Not of Woman.'"

### Usually the Case.

"It is awful," moralized the professor, "to see how some coquettish women will lead a man on."

"Lead him on!" exclaimed the damsel. "I've noticed that after a man has followed a woman until she eludes him he sets up the plea that he was led."

### Innocent.

"Spiggles," says the host, "You are a judge of tobacco, aren't you. I'd like you to try one of my imported Havana cigars."

The host is lifting the lid of his cigar jar when Spiggles enters a stay of proceedings.

"I've tried 'em. They're not guilty."

### Her Curiosity.

"They say Flossie announced her engagement to Mr. Gatsap before he had proposed to her."

"Yes. She said she wasn't going to accept him until she knew how her friends would regard her engagement."

### Preference.

We dislike people who are cold—The trait is only human. We'd rather have our shoes half soled. By some good, whole souled shoeman.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.